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The Aboriginal Tribe of Seri Indians

By C. M. GINTHER

THE savagery into which tribes of men may descend when they refrain from practising the peaceful and elevating arts of agriculture is well illustrated in the condition of the aboriginal tribe of Indians called the Seri, or Seris. Something has been known about this repulsive tribe of Indians since the time of Coronado, but no movement toward studying their characteristics was ever undertaken by the United States Department of Ethnology until recently, when Prof. W. J. McGee was intrusted with the important and difficult mission. Professor McGee selected the members of his expedition with much care, and set out from Tucson, Ariz., in the month of October. After innumerable difficulties and severe suffering the party reached the borders of Seriland in December.

SEP 24 1908
The Seri Indians were found to be a distinctive tribe in habits, customs and language. They inhabit Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, and a limited adjacent area on the mainland of Sonora, Mexico. They call themselves Kih-kak or Kmike, which may be translated "spry." Their habitat is arid and rugged, consisting chiefly of desert sands and naked mountain rocks, with permanent fresh water only in two or three places. It is barred from settled Sonora by a nearly impassable desert. Two centuries ago the population of the tribe was estimated at several thousand, but it has been gradually reduced by almost constant warfare to barely four hundred.

The Seri men and women are of splendid physique. They have fine chests, with slender but sinewy limbs, though the hands, and especially the feet, are large. Their heads, while small in relation to stature, approach the average in size, the hair is luxuriant and coarse, ranging from typical black to tawny in color, and is worn long. They are notably vigorous in movement, erect in carriage and remarkable for fleetness and endurance.

The Seri subsist chiefly on turtles, fish, mollusks, water fowl and the other foods of the sea; they also take land game, and consume cactus fruits, mesquite beans and a few other vegetal products of their sterile domain. Most of their food is eaten raw. They neither plant nor cultivate, and are without domestic animals, save dogs which are largely of coyote blood. They have absolutely no conception of the idea of using horses for domestic purposes, and so far as could be ascertained no Seri Indian was ever seen to mount a horse. They know nothing about leading an animal, and have never been known to depart from the custom of immediately slaying an animal as soon as they became possessed of it. Cattle and swine are altogether unknown; even cooking is essentially without practice among them.

The habitations are flimsy bowers of cactus and shrubbery, sometimes shingled rudely with turtle shells and sponges; in some cases these are in clusters pertaining to matronymic family groups; in other cases they are isolated, and are then often abandoned and reoccupied repeatedly, and are apparently common property of the tribe.

The Seri clothing consists essentially of a kilt or skirt extending from waist to knees. Sometimes a pelican skin robe is worn as a waist or mantle, and used also as



TYPICAL SERI HOUSE

bedding. The head and feet as well as the bust and arms are habitually bare. Cords of human hair and skins of serpents are used for necklaces.

The sports and games of the Seri Indians include racing and dancing, and there are ceremonial dances at indicated seasons to celebrate the epochs in the lives of their maidens. The dance is set to the music of rude improvised drums. Decoration is ordinarily limited to symbolic face painting, which is seen especially among the females, and to crude ornamentation of the scanty apparel. A peculiar pottery is made, and the pieces are sometimes decorated with simple designs in plain colors. This pottery is distinctive, and is remarkably light and fragile. Shells are used for cups and to some extent for implements. Their basketry is not extensive nor distinctive.

Their weapons are the bow and arrow and harpoons. The tips of the arrows are coated with a remarkable poison unlike any ever met with before. It is peculiarly fatal, and even a scratch from one of them will cause death in a few hours. This poison is gathered by placing the lobe of a liver on the ground, and then torturing rattlesnakes until the maddened reptiles strike their fangs again and again into the mass until it becomes thoroughly saturated with the poison. Then an unknown poison of vegetal origin, compounded by the priest doctors of the tribe, is added to the mass. Afterward the liver is enclosed in wrappings tied about with fibers of the poisonous cactus and hung in a retreat until putrescence causes other poisons to form within the substance, when it is considered fit. The tips of the weapons are dipped into this horrible compound, which is believed to be one of the most deadly and quick-acting poisons ever discovered.

The Seri vocabulary is meager and essentially local.

The terms designating food materials and other tribal essentials are fairly full, but abstract terms are lacking. In spite of their fine physical development their mental acquirements are but little above the beasts they run to death for food.

This remarkable tribe is exclusive, and intolerant of aliens, and strange as it may sound at this day, it is actually true that no white men have ever explored Tiburon Island, the stronghold of the Seri clans. Several years ago Admiral George Dewey commanded an expedition to take soundings and chart the Gulf of California, and for several weeks cruised in the waters of Tiburon bay, but no landing was effected, and no sight of the wary natives was obtained. No less than forty expeditions against this lawless and ferocious tribe have been undertaken by the Mexican government in the last two hundred years, but none of the various parties were successful, and none of the members ever returned alive from the shores of the stronghold. Notwithstanding Professor McGee was accompanied by a strong party, and the male members of the Seri tribe are known to be fewer than one hundred, he was warned against undertaking to penetrate Tiburon island, and heeded the warning. All of the natural elements that are adverse to the white man's conditions are present in Seriland; intolerable heat, absolute failure of pure water, impassable deserts, turbulent sea channels washing in every direction about the shore of Tiburon, and frequent gales that dash upon the rocks every form of craft known upon that narrow sea.

They are entirely without the "knife-sense," if such a term can be used to define utter ignorance of the uses and purposes of the edged tool. They have no knives as weapons or implements and utensils. When shown the use of a knife they failed to adopt it, and returned to their original way of crushing with a sea-worn stone weighing usually about three pounds. This stone is used in a multitude of ways. They will quickly beat the quarter from a carcass, mashing and crushing through tough tendons and fibrous materials, breaking bones and reducing to convenient dimensions any substance with which they have to do. Grinding they know nothing of, but the seeds of cactus are occasionally crushed in an incomplete manner by the use of this stone and a nether one, upon which it is pounded rather than rolled.

They cannot comprehend firearms, and do not possess any such weapons. They make a rude raft out of canes and dead cactus stalks with which they navigate the treacherous channels about Tiburon. These rude water craft are formed by merely lashing the stems or cactus together with fibrous strands stripped from desert growths. A paddle is used in propelling, the oarsman kneeling on the craft half submerged as he paddles.

Professor McGee enlisted the services of Senor Encinas, a ranchman on the borders of Seriland, who had occasionally treated with the stragglers of the tribe on forays across the desert. He had gained their confidence, and but for that the expedition must have failed. A large party was found near the ranch and detained in their camp. It was there that Professor McGee studied the habits, customs and history of the tribe in so far as was possible. The feet and legs of these Indians are

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A GROUP OF SERI INDIANS

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About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

THE TURKEY BUZZARD.—As in the case of many other birds, we may also have to revise our notions in regard to the economic standing and value of the turkey buzzard, so numerous in many of the Middle and Southern states. This bird has long enjoyed a good reputation and protection by law as a useful scavenger. Now the charge is made—and from what I have seen, I believe with good reason—that the buzzard is the most active agent in spreading hog cholera. If there is any infectious disease with which animals in the Southern states are afflicted, what else could be expected, when the dead carcasses of such animals are left out in fields and pastures to be devoured by buzzards, than that these birds will carry the germs of the disease into other fields and pastures far and near? In such, as in other matters, prevention is far better than cure. The only sensible way of treating these cases is by removing the source of infection. A law that will compel people to bury or burn their dead animals would be far more sensible than the one that forbids the killing of buzzards, one of the most disgusting, because filthiest, of all winged and feathered creatures.

AMERICAN ARROW-ROOT.—J. A. Pybus, a reader in British Columbia, Canada, gives the following report on the arrow-root business.

"In reply to your desire for a report on the domestic use of home-grown arrow-root (Farm and Fireside August 15, 1905,) I beg to say that when living in southern Queensland, Australia, arrow-root from "Maranta arundinacea" was usually a crop of paying character, in subtropical agriculture. It was grown much as sweet potatoes, and proved almost as heavy a cropper in rich, moist soil, in fact a ton could be grown on a piece of ground about thirty feet square. The finished arrow-root was sold at five or six cents a pound to the store-keepers. It was prepared as follows: After digging and washing the roots carefully they were thrown into a hopper, beneath which a cylinder of galvanized iron revolved against the sides. From the interior of the cylinder holes had been punched to the outer side, giving the latter a rough surface which scraped the roots until they had passed down, being assisted by a constant stream of water. The latter carried them into a series of horizontal troughs, the stream of water washing over the outer scales of the root and leaving the fecula at the bottom of the troughs (made V-shaped, of six or twelve inch lumber and about twenty feet long). The fecula was scraped out after being washed for a few hours, and was then dried in the sun, being then beautifully white. My neighbor on the clearing received a silver medal at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition for his arrow-root thus grown and

prepared with home-made utensils. I see American arrow-root is quoted at a similar price. It can be grown and prepared at two cents a pound with profit.

MILLIONAIRE FARMERS.—I like to see the great financiers, the railroad presidents and all those who are classed among the money aristocracy of the country spend money in building country seats, fifty thousand dollar barns and stables, and ten thousand dollar hen houses. If there is anything for which I might envy these money kings (with whom I otherwise would not change places) it is just for the ability to spend money in this way. It is money well spent. It means the employment of expert farm managers and gardeners; it means the use of the best modern farm machinery, devices and methods; it means an example of good farming that is needed in every neighborhood, for good examples are about as infectious as bad ones. Practical demonstration is the best argument. When one farmer in a neighborhood begins to drain his fields, and the latter produce good crops of grain or hay where only wild and worthless stuff grew before, draining will soon be a common thing in that vicinity. The fine breeds of cattle, swine, or poultry with which the wealthy neighbor stocked his farm, at possibly an enormous cost, will soon be found on the surrounding farms. In short, as a stimulus to progress this fancy, and perhaps expensive, style of farming should not be under-rated. Furthermore, these farm operations of the wealthy have a tendency to bring to agriculture the dignity to which it is rightly entitled. There is something ennobling in this close companionship with nature and nature's forces. No millionaire or millionaire's wife need be ashamed to do some planting or cultivating with his or her own hands. One of the Roman emperors in the best days of old Rome, when called upon by the "notification committee," as we might say in our days, to be told of his election, was found in his fields cultivating his carrots. He was not in any manner embarrassed or ashamed. He simply slipped off his overalls and donned the imperial toga and crown. Whether he was happier as emperor than he was as carrot grower is to be doubted.

BENEFITS FROM FANCY FARMING.—Our millionaire farmers do not take up farming as a business. They do not expect to make any money out of it—they have too much of it already. What they want is pastime and recreation. It may be a fad, a notion, but it is a wholesome one, and surely not without its rewards and returns. The milk which comes from their Jerseys, Alderneys, Guernseys or Brown Swiss may cost them more per quart than they could buy the best champagne for. Every egg produced by their high-priced fowls may cost them ten or fifteen cents, and every strawberry that comes from their gardens may cost them more than you could buy ten for in open market, but these things are worth to the owner, who cares little for the expense, all they cost. It is the benefits that go with them that count, the knowledge and certainty that he has the best of all the good things that the country affords, and that he is not only the producer but a leader in agricultural progress in his locality. These are some of the compensations for the expense of fancy or millionaire farming. Cold cash calculations then do not entirely occupy the wealthy man's mind any more. Brought in contact with nature, in the field, pasture, orchard or garden, and his interest in these things once aroused, his attention will be held by their innate attractiveness and loveliness, and he will become anxious to know more about them. He has known little or nothing of such subjects before. Now he is in a receptive mood. Publishers have watched this development of fancy farming, and they now offer a choice lot of agricultural kindergarten literature in the various garden and rural life magazines now being published for the special benefit of this class of people, and are so admirably edited and tastefully illustrated. These magazines fill a place, and I hope that they will have a full measure of success. They also help to lift agriculture and horticulture to a higher plane.

KEROSENE costs us twelve cents a gallon. But if its cost were fifty cents per gallon I would use it just as freely in the hen house as I am doing now. The little red mite or hen spider is a very persistent pest. I believe that there are very few hen houses in the country where you could not find a plenty of these tiny blood suckers. I do not know whether some of the expert calculators and statisticians in the employ of the U. S. government have ever tried to figure out, or rather guess at, the amount of damage done in the aggregate by this tiny insect in this country every year. Without question, however, this damage is very, very large, and to prevent it entirely is a very, very difficult task. Kerosene when brought in immediate contact with the insect, kills it, but we

may spray the entire interior of a hen house today, thinking that every mite must surely have been killed, yet when we make a close examination three or four days later we will find the mite again in clumps and clusters. The only thing we can do is to be just as persistent as the mite is. If we will continue spraying, or almost soaking the entire inside of the poultry buildings every few days for a few weeks, we will finally succeed in getting rid of the pest. But this is very likely to come on again at any time, so that in order to realize the greatest benefit the use of kerosene must never be omitted for any great length of time.

MARK YOUR HENS.—Whenever I caponize any of my own cockerels I never fail to clip off just the end of one of the toes so as to mark the bird for identification. It is an easy way to mark them. If there are several separate lots that I wish to keep track of, or one or more birds that I wish to mark so as to know them, I mark a different toe from what I clip off on the others. Just at this time I have a lot of old hens of different ages. I want to dispose of all of them except the yearlings. But in many cases I am unable to tell them from the older ones. If I had marked the pullets last year, as I should have done, and as every poultry keeper ought to do, there would now be no difficulty. Now I will have to do some guessing. I do not care to keep any hens over the second year. It is seldom profitable unless the bird is an especially good layer and I wish to keep her over as a breeder. But it is always better to keep some of the yearling pullets over for a second season's laying. Hens are then in their prime and they make better breeders than the pullets. We may also want them for sitting and brooding. It is very necessary that they be marked for identification. They are the ones to be killed off next year, but if not marked in some way we may find it difficult next fall to tell them from the yearlings. Any older hen that I keep over hereafter will be marked so that I can pick her out again when the time comes. We might, of course, mark her in the same way that we mark capons, namely, by clipping off the end of one of the toes. This will do for the practical purposes of the home poultry keeper. It would not do for any one who wants to raise fancy or exhibition birds. A show bird must be perfect, so a missing toe nail would be a disqualification. We could use the leg bands, such as dealers in poultry supplies sell, at from fifteen to twenty-five cents a dozen. For my own needs this fall I shall simply put a ring of copper wire around one of the legs of each bird to be marked. But we should mark them by all means.

INEXHAUSTIBLE SOIL.—I have never yet seen the soil that could be called inexhaustible. There are some who claim that they can grow crop after crop on a piece of ground, and yet by means of clover rotation and good tillage keep up the productiveness of the land indefinitely. It is true that by means of growing legumens, of which clover is the most prominent and perhaps to us most useful representative, we can not only maintain but materially increase the contents of nitrogen as well as humus in the soil. But our crops need other food elements besides nitrogen, while the humus can hardly be considered as plant food proper, it is very essential for putting the soil in the best possible mechanical order for crop production. By means of growing clovers, with their deep-rooting habits, we only draw all the more on the mineral plant foods of the soil, and help grain or other crops to remove such mineral elements, not only from the surface soil but also from the subsoil. There are just so many pounds of potash and phosphoric acid in an acre of soil. Even if there should be three, four or five thousand pounds of each, most of this not readily available at that, it is plain that the annual removal, in full crops, of fifty or one hundred pounds of each, without any return being made, would soon, say in the course of a generation or two, leave the soil in a condition coming close to exhaustion of mineral plant foods. It is not right or wise to put too much reliance on the natural and perhaps originally plentiful stock of plant foods contained in our soils. And if we grow certain crops, such as cabbage or cauliflower, which take up potash much faster than ordinary crops, perhaps up to five hundred pounds per acre, we will soon come to see that even the soil originally considered "inexhaustible" will be very thoroughly drained of its supplies of available potash. The better way is to see to it that these mineral plant foods are returned to the soil just as fast as taken up by the crops. When we use clover in short rotation, say once in three or four years, and apply annually at least fifty pounds of potash and one hundred pounds of superphosphate when we grow ordinary crops, or several times that much when growing garden or orchard crops, we are in the situation where we can well afford to laugh at the dangers of "soil exhaustion."

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

STICK TO A GOOD THING.—It is a very difficult matter to induce people to stick to a good thing. "Away off yonder" is a vastly better country than the one they are living in. Pure bred stock may be very good, they say, but it pays to mix around a little. Farming is slow and they hanker to get "into business!" With these ideas dancing in their minds they are constantly making changes that rarely turn out well. If they would carefully consider the certain and probable results of such changes before making them but very few would be made.

A hustling farmer acquaintance of mine who was doing very well on a good farm, and whom everybody regarded as a permanent resident of the locality, suddenly got it into his head that he could do much better in another State. As one of his neighbors said, "He suddenly became daffy and went all to pieces!" Instead of carrying his operations of that season to a successful issue, as he had done in previous years, he began to neglect first one thing and then another until his farm began to look like its owner had strayed away and become lost. As his farm was a good one it was not long before a buyer appeared and got possession of it. Then the farmer rented a house in town, put his family in it and started in search of the Eldorado he imagined existed "away off somewhere." He spent almost a year rambling about different states, closely inspecting soils and observing the methods of farming, and finally returned a different sort of a man. He gave the party who bought his old farm nearly two thousand dollars more than he gave for it to let him have it back. Then he became a permanent resident in fact, and is certain to remain one to the end of his days. He refers to his selling out and wanderings as a period of lunacy he does not fully understand.

CHANGED A GOOD PLAN.—Some years ago I induced a bright little woman, the wife of a farmer who was wrestling with a mortgage, to sell her mongrel poultry and raise a strain of pure bred Wyandottes. I procured the necessary stock for her to start with and gave her all necessary instructions as to management, and she went into the business with such enthusiasm that I at once predicted she would become an expert poultry raiser and have the best stock in the country. Her enthusiasm lasted four years, and in that time she raised and sold more poultry and eggs than any one in the locality. The third and fourth years she sold considerable stock for breeding purposes, receiving quite an advance on market prices for it. Then came an attack of the same sort of lunacy that induced my farmer friend to sell out his fine farm. A friend who had introduced pure Leghorn blood into her mongrel stock told her of the vast increase in numbers of eggs her fowls were now laying, and how much more money she was now making from her chickens, three-fourths of which was imagination, and she at once decided to "make a change."

Meeting a man who bought up the poultry in her locality I asked him how Mrs. — was succeeding with her fine Wyandottes. "She's been doing very finely the past three years, but she's gone and done a fool trick now," he replied. "She's gone and sold all her Wyandotte roosters and bought five Leghorns and is running them among those fine hens of hers. I told her she was ruining her flock and would lose good money by it, but she's got her head set on that line and you could change the wind easier than you could her. I told her to-day that I was sorry to see it, but she said she knows her own business." The following year her hens, the cross-breeds, laid very well, but the year after that egg production dropped to a low figure. She lost all interest in her poultry and now is where she was before she started, owning a small flock of mongrels that barely pay for their keep. It seems remarkable that she should have pursued the course she did when her cash receipts the year before she made the disastrous change amounted to nearly three hundred dollars. But it is a difficult matter to induce people to stick to a good thing any length of time.

EGGS IN ONE BASKET.—Four years ago a man living not far from Louisville, Ky., wrote me saying that he had recently failed in business, and all he saved from the wreck was ten acres of land with a little house and a few out-buildings on it, and he had decided that about the only thing left open to him was the poultry business. He thought he would commence with about three breeds, adding more as he became able. He thought that Leghorns for eggs, Brahmas for roasters and Plymouth Rocks for general purposes would be a good selection, and he wanted to know what I thought about it. I told him that I thought he would soon fail in business again. There is money in the poultry business when it is well managed, but when a beginner spreads himself over three or four breeds, or three or four varieties of one breed he is putting himself in direct line for failure. One breed is enough for any man, whether he is raising breeding stock or supplying the market. I told him if he would concentrate all of his efforts on one breed he would find that he had as much as he could attend to. If he should begin with good stock, and then continue to breed from such individual birds as came nearest to filling his requirements as a market chicken at the age at which he desired to sell, he would, if he used good business sense in his management, make a good liv-

All Over the Farm

ing and probably something besides. Happening to notice a little advertisement last year in a poultry paper of "utility stock" for sale by a party of the same name I wrote him making some inquiries. He proved to be the same man, and he wrote me at length telling of his work and success. He was well fitted up for his business and was doing very well, he said. He had learned from experience that one breed or variety was quite enough for any one person, as one set of yards, houses etc., were all that were needed, while with two or three breeds a complete outfit would be needed for each, and he was profuse in his thanks for my advice given him at the outset.

ONE PURE BREED.—I have always contended that one breed of cattle, sheep, hogs or poultry is enough for any one man to manage properly. If one becomes satisfied that some other breed than the one he has will serve his



A PIONEER HOME IN WESTERN KANSAS

purpose better he should make the change as soon as possible, and always procure pure-bred stock and keep it pure. Nothing is ever gained by mixing two breeds or varieties, but much is lost. Each breed has been perfected for a specific purpose, and no one who understands the principles of breeding will expect to obtain a superior class of animals or fowls through undoing the careful work of skilled breeders by crossing. All live farmers and stockmen are looking for pure-bred animals or fowls that will improve the stock they now have, and they are willing to pay high prices for them. Nobody is looking for mongrels or mixtures. Such stuff must be sold on the common market for what it will bring, and generally that is the lowest market price. Get one pure breed, improve it in every way possible, and stick to it.

WINTER HOGS WITHOUT MILK.—Some farmers think it next to impossible to carry hogs through the winter without milk. I know hundreds of farmers who raise large numbers of pigs, and who carry their breeding stock through the winter without a drop of milk. They feed corn and oats ground and mixed with bran and shorts—or "ship stuff" some call it—just enough to keep the sows in good breeding condition, which all good hog raisers know is neither fat nor poor. Some feed it dry and provide an abundance of water for the animals to drink, while others mix it to a thick slop with water. The dry feeders seem to think their method is the best, and the others think theirs is. I think the difference does not amount to a hill of beans—both are good. For young stock probably the slop method is the best, because it distends the digestive organs to some extent, and as one farmer puts it, extends the pig.

FARMING RENTED LANDS.—An Indiana tenant farmer says he has rented a farm for five years at a price that will compel him to work every inch of it to its full capacity to come out even. This is something no farmer should do, because it entails a hardship he can ill afford. The owner who rents land on such racking terms is very shortsighted, because he not only puts a premium on trickery, but also ruins his land. Every tenant farmer should have a chance to make something for himself and to keep the soil fertile, and every wise landlord will accord this. This farmer wants to know if he can keep up the supply of humus in the soil by sowing rye in the fall and turning it under in spring. I would advise him not to do it. Green rye will sour most soils, and shorten, instead of increase, the corn crop. A better plan is to make all the manure possible by keeping stables and pigpens well bedded with straw all the time, even if he has to buy most of the straw. He should not wait for the manure to become rotten, but draw it out and spread it as soon as it is fairly mixed with the droppings of the animals.

The first, second and third years it will pay him to buy manure if he can get it at a reasonable price,

and draw it out on the land during the winter. He should not apply it to the poorest spots on the farm, but to some of the best. There is more profit in manuring land that is already fairly fertile than spots of soil that are thin or underlaid by hardpan. This man can afford to invest every cent he can spare in manure for three years. He will get it all back with interest. Liberal applications of stable manure rarely fail to pay well on corn land.

Selecting Seed Corn

It is the custom with many farmers to pay no attention to the seed corn until it is needed. When spring comes the farmer goes to his corn pile and selects his seed from what is left from the winter's feeding. Often the corn has not been very dry when it was stored away, and has been exposed to hard freezing during the winter. Under such circumstances an ear of corn may look sound, and yet the germ may be killed from hard freezing. The corn is planted, much of it does not grow, and

the result is a very poor stand of corn. The field must be replanted, which requires extra labor. The replant does not make as good corn as the first planting, and the final outcome is a very much reduced yield of an inferior quality of corn. I have made it a rule to select my seed from the field as I husk the corn. I select it from the earliest husking. Whenever I find a good, sound ear that as nearly approaches my ideal of what an ear of corn ought to be as may be, I lay it aside, and by the time I am ready to go to the house, I have a number of nice ears in my seed corn pile. These are stored away in a dry place, where they will dry thoroughly before hard freezing sets in. I select more corn than I expect to use for seed, so that I will have a chance to cull again when I shell my seed. Since I have adopted this plan I have never had any trouble with corn not growing, and unless the worms damage my corn I get a nice, even stand of corn, which is one great point in securing a good yield. Seed corn well taken care of is not nearly so easily rotted from cold, wet spells that are liable to come after the corn is planted.

A. J. LEGG.

To Exterminate Burdocks

With a corn knife chop the plant off near the ground. Hack two or three times in the stub; then pour on about a tablespoonful of coal oil. If you look at it in a week or two you will find a hole where the stump was.

MARGARET K. RAILEY.

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Gardening

CALL A WEED a "garden huckleberry," and you will find a good many inquisitive gardeners who will wish to try it. I have something of this sort on the place, and shall probably find in it a "Phyllis" of little or no practical utility.

THE POMATO is reported to be a new vegetable, something like a tomato growing on a potato vine. Mr. Luther Burbank thinks it needs further improvement and perfection before he is willing to give it to the public at large. Most of the tomato hybrids and tomatolike plants heretofore introduced have proved to be more interesting than practically useful.

ROLLING DOWN ONION TOPS.—A friend asks me whether it is necessary to "roll down" his onions so as to break the tops over and make the bulbs mature all the better. When my onions are making normal growth, as they usually do under my system of onion growing, I like to see them remain green and growing until well along in the fall. Normal growth of Gibraltors and Prizetakers means an immense yield. When the time comes the tops will wilt and fall over, and the onions are ready to be harvested. They will do it whether you roll them or not. When, however, the onions refuse to make bulb, developing rather into what are called thick necks or scallions, the rolling down will do no particular harm, nor will it be of any particular benefit. You cannot make a good bulb out of what was bound to be a scallion. Or if the onion plant did set out to make a good bulb, it will do so whether you roll the tops down or not.

COST OF TRANSPLANTING ONIONS.—A reader asks how much it costs to transplant onion plants. Mr. Collingwood, of the "Rural New Yorker," I believe figures it at about thirty dollars an acre. When I pay youngsters of twelve to fourteen years of age seventy-five cents a day, I expect them to set about three thousand plants a day. I had on an average three plants to eleven inches of row, by actual measure. This makes a little over one hundred and thirty-five thousand or one hundred and thirty-six thousand plants to the acre and brings the acre rate of cost to nearly thirty-five dollars. This expense, however, is trifling compared with the results. I had bushels of Gibraltors that averaged seventy bulbs to the bushel. Consequently the cost of transplanting the onion plants required to make a bushel of one-dollar onions was only one and three-fourth cents. The average, of course, runs higher, but hardly above three cents. And this is really the chief, and often a much dreaded expense in growing the crops. A mere trifle!

HAIRY VETCH, I think, will do well enough if sown in the fall (August or September) in the corn field. I have sown some myself in my corn field in September. This is in reply to an inquiry.

ASPARAGUS QUERIES.—A Virginia lady reader asks about growing asparagus, when to sow the seed, etc. She also has eighteen plants in a corner of her garden where they have been neglected for several years. It is quite a task to take up and transplant old roots. Sometimes one can hardly plow them out with two horses. I would leave them in the old bed and try to dig it over, or plow it shallow, leaving the roots as much as possible untouched; then cover the spot deeply enough with manure to choke out all weed growth. At the same time you had better get ready to start a new bed. Good one-year plants can be had quite cheaply from seedsmen and nurserymen, and you can set them out in rich ground five or six inches deep, either this fall or next spring. Or you may gather the seed from your old plants now, and next spring early sow it in the garden to raise your own plants for a new bed to be made the fall or spring following.

DRUGGISTS, of course, know nothing of "disparene." Don't go to the druggist for anything in the line of agricultural supplies, except it be such things as liquid glass for preserving eggs and similar articles. What you want is the catalogues of seedsmen, fertilizer manufacturers, and general supply dealers. Disparene is a trade name for arsenate of lead.

LIMA BEANS.—I have had to plant my lima beans over three times this year. Excess of rain and cool soil had made the first two plantings rot in the ground. Only a few scattering plants had come up from them. I was not discouraged, however, and kept on planting. The third lot put in between the scattering of course were left standing) came up all right, and now we have not only had the benefit of the limited number of early pods on the few early plants, but we have also a full supply right along and for some time to come. Give me the pole limas for an early crop and for quantity. And how delicious they are when we gather them while young and tender! King of the Garden, Early Jersey, etc., are good enough for anybody. All my lima bean plants have nodules on their roots, too.

LATE PEAS.—We have just had a mess of green peas for dinner. I need not say that we enjoyed them. They were Alaskas, and very fine and tender. They had been planted on July 19th in some rows left vacant (accidentally) in one of the potato patches. The ground was not particularly rich, but the yield was fair, no difference being noticeable between the plants from common seed and seed inoculated with the pea bacteria. Nodules in moderate numbers were found on the roots of both portions of the patch. I have also a field of oats and peas sowed at about the same time for fodder purposes. The oats are badly rusted. The peas are doing nicely, but they are no better where grown from seed than had been treated with the nitro-cultures than were grown from untreated seed. There are plenty of root nodules in both parts of the field.

ONION YIELDS.—Some of my best rows of Gibraltar onion yielded at the rate of one thousand three hundred and twenty bushels an acre. I could not quite achieve such results with the Prizetaker, although that also gave a big crop. The former usually yields just about one half more than the latter. There has been a good call around here for onions, and I have disposed of nearly all of my Gibraltors and a good share of the Prizetakers. Not a single bushel of either thus far sold has brought less than one dollar. I will leave it to the reader to say whether this pays or not. As for myself, I am going in a little heavier next season. Am just getting ready to sow three pounds of Prizetaker seed. The Gibraltar will be sowed under glass in January or February.

MARKET GARDENING is an interesting business. And rightly managed in the right location it pays pretty well. It requires attention and personal supervision. But I like it now more than ever. There are new developments and new discoveries all the time, keeping up one's interest in the work.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—For a dozen years or more I have had right close by on the premises some excellent garden spots that I really needed for my operations, and did not know they were available. The tract lacked drainage, and for that reason I was afraid to tackle it. After I once took a right hold of the matter, put in a few surface ditches and a short line of tile drain, several acres of as good land as can be had for the purpose are made available for raising garden stuff. A car load or two of good manure (from the stock yards) put on this tract will put it in shape to raise a good many hundred dollars' worth of garden crops every year. A half acre of it is already in lunch onions for next spring. I have no time to give to regrets over the past loss of golden opportunities, for I need all my time in trying to develop the golden opportunities of the present and future.

CUCUMBER AND MELON VINES have held out well in this blight-afflicted season. Only a very few plants have thus far succumbed to disease. In fact, since I adopted the practice of spraying my plants before the fruiting season two or three times with Bordeaux mixture, adding arsenate of lead or disparene as a flavoring and seasoning, I have had very little trouble from either disease or insects on my vine plants. And now I feel perfectly safe and contented, never losing any sleep for fear that my promising cucumbers or melon vines will fall an easy prey to these pests.

EARLY POTATOES are for me a surer crop than late ones. I have not had a failure to record for a good many years. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that we usually select very rich soil for the early potatoes, while the late ones are planted on any spot that seems available, even if not so very fertile. In other words, the early potatoes are treated as a garden crop, and the late ones as a common farm or field crop. Other reasons are not far to seek. The early potatoes usually receive prompt attention as to spraying, and their season of growth being comparatively short, two or three sprayings during the season will effectually protect them. We are apt to stop with that number in growing late potatoes, thus giving them up to blight attacks after we have carried them safely through their earlier stages of growth and just up to the most critical period of their existence. Two more sprayings, promptly applied, would in all likelihood have kept the blight off so as to allow the potatoes to come to full development without rotting.

SPRAYING FOR BLIGHT.—An earlier press bulletin issued by the Ohio experiment station on the last day of July sounded a needed warning to potato growers. The blight had then already appeared in some patches, which is unusually early in the season. There was danger and need of immediate action. I have seen a number of promising potato patches go down with the blight rather early this year, cutting the yield of those patches down to almost nothing. These were not sprayed. Where sprayed, even only once or twice, the blight attacks were more or less delayed, or the progress of the disease retarded. One of my patches had been sprayed twice. When signs of the blight were noticed a third spraying was given, this time with a particularly strong Bordeaux mixture (about four pounds of copper sulphate to forty gallons of water). A corner of the patch was left unsprayed. Two or three weeks later anybody could easily see which rows had been treated and which not. The sprayed plants were still at least partially green while the unsprayed ones were all stone dead. Another treatment following the third spraying within, say ten days, would in all probability have kept the blight off long enough to make a full crop of potatoes.

COLOR IN COOKED TOMATOES.—The color in many of the store catchups (catsups) is quite attractive, and the flavor often quite alluring, but neither seems to be natural, and either is probably the result of artificial additions. Efforts are being made in various states to suppress the use of artificial coloring and flavoring matter in food stuffs. I sometimes use catchup with my meat when taking a meal in a hotel or restaurant but always in rather small doses. I am afraid of the extra additions in these concoctions of the commercial tomato canners. For our own home use, we never fail to make an abundant supply of catchup, and to can a good lot of tomatoes of our own growing. If any foreign substance goes into the catchup, it is a fair portion of onions, which seem to greatly improve the flavor of the resulting product. But we do not care much about color. Our own catchup may have a somewhat duller hue than the bright scarlet or vermilion of the commercial catchup, but we know the color to be natural, and not artificial, and that is sufficient. We are not afraid to eat our own tomato catchup in considerable quantity if our appetite calls for it. I have never seen a case of injurious effect from eating plenty of our catchup or canned tomatoes. And how we usually do enjoy these things.

GIBRALTAR AND PRIZETAKER.—The Gibraltar onion is quite a little later than the Prizetaker, but it grows much larger, and therefore yields more bushels to the acre to make up for it. Unfortunately it is not a good keeper, and must be disposed of soon after it is harvested.

FOR EARLY POTATOES next year I shall again plant the Early Ohio as the most reliable sort on my soil. It will be my main crop of potatoes. If the price at digging time is as good as usual the crop will be put on the market with other garden stuff, even if I have to buy my late potatoes. I have tried the Quick Lunch, a new introduction, and think it is probably a good and very early potato. In my limited trials, however, I have not yet discovered wherein it differs from the also newly-introduced Noroton.

SOW SPINACH Now for next spring's greens. We like it as it is a very wholesome vegetable, and comes quite acceptable to most tastes just after winter has finally bade us adieu. Scatter a little bit of marsh or salt hay over the bed for a winter protection.

TRIMMING EVERGREENS—L. T., Elkton Md. The best time to trim evergreens is early in the spring, just before the growth starts. If it is simply a question of pruning off a lower branch or two, then the work may be done any time when the tree is dormant, even during the autumn.

RUST ON MAPLE—G. H. S., Grand Rapids, Mich. Your hard-maple leaves are injured by a fungous growth that is occasionally quite troublesome. I hardly think, however, that it is sufficiently injured to make it worth while for you to attempt to use any of the known methods of prevention. I think that with improved weather conditions the chances are that the disease will disappear. The disease has a rather formidable botanical name, being known to botanists as "Gleosporium saccharinum."

GALL ON BLACKBERRY—W. S., Hanley Creek, N. Y.—The piece of blackberry cane which you sent on is infested with a gall that, so far as I know, has not been described. I have, however, had a little experience with it in Wisconsin, where it was very troublesome on some large plantations in Sparta, and where it finally destroyed the plantations. The best treatment is to remove and burn all the diseased canes. Give the best of cultivation, and if the plants do not recover with this treatment the plantation should be destroyed. In starting a new plantation be careful and avoid plants that are thus injured, and do not plant on land that receives the drainage water from land where the pest has been troublesome.

APPLE TREES DYING—J. C., Fulton, N. Y.—If your apple trees are dying as the result of a near-by sulphite mill, it certainly should have affected the other apple trees in your immediate vicinity. It is quite possible, however, that your trees

Fruit Growing

FRUIT FOR A SMALL GARDEN—W. R., Mosgrove, Pa.—On a piece of land, fifty by one hundred, which is about what you will have left for a fruit garden after you have put on your house and laid out your lawn, there is not room for many of the larger fruit trees. You could use the following trees to advantage:

One Red Astachan apple, one Orange quince, one Anjou pear, one Bartlett pear, one Early Richmond cherry, six Red Dutch currants, three White Grape currants, three Red Cross currants, six Downing gooseberry, twenty-four London raspberry, fifty Splendid strawberry, fifty Lovett strawberry, fifty Senator Dunlop strawberry. If you decide to plant blackberries, two dozen of the Snyder will probably be enough to use, but they are so sprawling in habit and troublesome that I think I should leave them out of a small garden like yours.

DISEASED GRAPES—S. E., DuQuoin, Ill.—I am inclined to think that your grape vines are injured by what is known as the Downey mildew and black rot. These diseases are very common in the grape-growing sections of this country, and I am rather surprised that you should have been free from them as long as you have. Most of the grape growers find it necessary to spray their vines several times during the season with Bordeaux mixture to prevent these diseases. In your case, however, if you have only a few vines, it would probably be best for you to sack them with paper sacks as soon as the fruit has set. Mere pruning of the vines in any way will not affect the spreading of these diseases. However, they are most troublesome in shel-

ELECTRIC WIRES HURTING WALNUT TREES—T. M. E., Wapakoneta, Ohio.—In regard to walnut trees. If they are cut back severely when dormant they will sprout from the branches, and I do not think there will be much danger of the wounds failing to heal well if all those one inch in diameter are carefully covered with white lead paint. However, such trimming of a walnut tree generally spoils its beauty. I do not think there is much danger of the electric wire hurting your walnut trees if it is merely a case where a portion of the branches come in contact with them. If, however, the wires come against the main trunk then it will probably make a bad injury. I have no doubt but what the traction company will be glad to cut the limbs.

PEONIES NOT FLOWERING—H. A. W., Cincinnati, Ohio. I do not know why it is that your peonies have not flowered. Some varieties seem to fail to flower owing to some adverse condition in the season, but most varieties flower regularly each year, provided they have plenty of sunlight. Many fail to get good results from peonies because they try to grow them in situations that are quite shady, or at least shady a portion of the day, or where the soil is very wet. Peonies generally delight in a rather dry, rich soil, with full exposure to the sunlight, but there are some varieties hardier than others and these hardier ones will make some show in any situation. I do not think your peonies will be helped by transplanting unless they are moved to a different location, and if next year is a favorable season it is very likely that they will flower then as well as they did in 1904.



FALL SCENE ON A NEW YORK FRUIT FARM

have lost their leaves on account of leaf rust, which in some sections is very destructive this year. This disease lives only one generation upon the red cedar, and the next year upon the leaves and fruit of the apple. Last winter was not especially severe on apple trees, but the preceding winter was very hard on trees in northern New York, and some of the tender varieties were killed out or so weakened that they have died this summer. I think an examination of other trees in your vicinity ought to satisfy you as to whether the injury has been caused by the sulphite mill near by. I doubt it very much, for I think it is too far from you. If the trees are as weak as you say they will probably die, and in that case I would replace them with some of the hardiest varieties. You do not state what kinds you are now growing.

tered spots where the foliage does not dry off quickly after rains.

ELDERBERRY—M. F., Oak Harbor, Wash. I think that the wild elderberry that flowers early in the spring with you and ripens its fruit in July is probably what we know as the red-berry elder, and that the one you have obtained from Michigan is what we know as the black-berry elder. The first flowers early in the spring, and the second flowers about the first of July and does not ripen its fruit until autumn. I do not know why it fails to bear in your section, as it is very productive in Michigan and elsewhere in the East. It is possible if you got some other plants from other sections that you might do better. I hardly see, however, what need you have in Washington for the elderberry, as you can grow so many other better plants.

RAISING STRAWBERRIES IN A BARREL. L. M. C., Chatham, Ill. This method of raising strawberries is of more interest from its novelty than from its special purpose of producing strawberries. To do it successfully you should use a good strong barrel, in the sides of which holes one inch in diameter should be made about eight inches apart. Secure enough good rich soil to fill the barrel, and vigorous, perfect-flowering strawberry plants. The plants may be planted in the autumn or early in the spring. In planting, fill with soil up to the first row of holes, then put a strawberry plant in each hole with the roots in the soil. Spread the roots well, cover with soil up to the next row of holes, and repeat until the barrel is full. When full, several plants should be set in the top of the barrel, and the whole placed where it can be easily watered.

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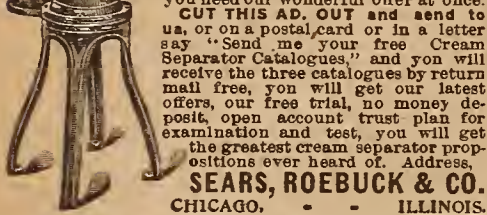
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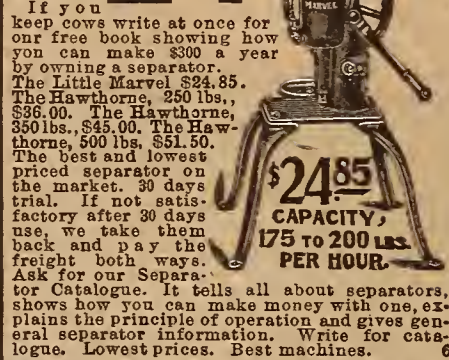
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Live Stock and Dairy

The Horse a Sensitive Animal

Many persons believe that a horse's power of endurance is gauged by the number of miles he can travel in a day, but Alfred Stoddard, in "Suburban Life," declares that "nothing tells upon a horse's condition worse than hacking work, such as going to and from the station, even though the actual distance is inconsiderable. He is taken from his restful stall, the harness thrown on him, generally in a hurry, and rattled to the station. There he is kept waiting, possibly in an overheated condition. The passing trains annoy him, in summer the flies beset him, and in many ways the task is an unpleasant and injurious one for him. Remember, the horse is a nervous animal. It is not the strain upon his muscles, but the wear and tear upon his nervous system, which so frequently ends his usefulness. Rest with a horse means peace and quiet, more than literal repose. Indeed, some horses never lie down."

Why Pigs are Prone to Disease

A pig is a pig until it gets its natural growth, which is reached at about four years of age; hence we have no hogs at the present day, except now and then a breeding animal. The pig is particularly liable to many diseases which trouble other species of animals but little. They often have fevers, measles, rheumatism, cholera, liver complaint, kidney disease and partial paralysis, in which latter affliction they drag their hind parts after them. If their nature were better understood, millions of dollars would be saved annually in the United States on the "hog question." In the first place, they are very sensitive to cold and storms. This came about by man breeding off a great portion of the hair and all of the undergrowth of fine, short, woolly hair that Nature furnished the pig for protection against inclement weather. Man did this, and as compensation for the loss he generally fails to provide proper shelter and comfortable quarters. The pig takes cold in consequence, and rheumatism, paralysis and other afflictions result. In the west, when there was snow on the ground, I have seen herds of pigs with no shelter except such as was furnished by a piece of timber land.

Those who do attempt to furnish shelter rarely do it in an effectual, or even sensible, manner. The pigpen is usually filthy, and the bedding perhaps wet or damp. Who at night in cold weather has not heard pigs quarreling and squealing in the pen in vain, endeavoring to crawl between or under others to find a warm place? They cannot do their best, or even fairly well, in such condition. Let a person sleep cold just one night, and there would be complaint loud and long the next day, and perhaps a spell of bodily sickness. Look at the veterinary department of an agricultural paper during cold weather, and see how often the question is asked, "What ails my pigs?" In almost all such cases the correct answer would be, "Want of sensible care." The veterinarian generally prescribes medicines for the ailing pigs, when it would be much more sensible to prescribe for their owner, and tell him to go and doctor his pigpen. As one who has done considerable of this sort of prescribing for pigs and expects to do more of it, I earnestly plead for the comfort of these helpless creatures. They would not be so tender if man had not made them so. It is cruel to permit them to suffer thus. All "calculate" to make the pen comfortable "sometime," but when will there be a better time than now?

There are many other diseases of pigs than those which come as a result of taking cold, which would be less frequent if the physical nature of pigs was better understood. The stomach and intestines of the pig differ from those of other animals. These differences have an important relation to the feeding and nutrition of the animal. The pig, having comparatively so small a stomach, necessarily thrives upon concentrated food taken in frequent meals, while having such an extensive intestinal canal, its digestive functions are active, and a large quantity of food can be disposed of. When feeding at large it is continually seeking food, which, passing through its small stomach, is rapidly digested; but in confinement it gorges itself full, and then sleeps while it is being digested; and digestion being rapid, though partial, the stomach calls for more food, and the appetite is again excited. A pig's gorged stomach always throws off more or less food undigested. Thus

frequent gorging tends greatly to disease, as well as being a wasteful practice. The pig is frequently injured by overeating, and its intestines are thereby subject to inflammatory disorders. It consequently suffers more than any other species of animal from intestinal and pulmonary fevers, and of these swine plague, or hog cholera, is a prevailing type. It is plain to be seen that the pig's excessive greediness should be restrained by judicious feeding. The ox and the sheep may gorge their stomachs to repletion without injury, for the feed lies there to be raised and masticated, and the intestines receive it in such small installments that they can readily digest and appropriate it without overtaxing their capacity, as is the case with pigs, hence, fevers with them are rare, while they never have cholera. That engorgement of the stomach with usual food in the case of animals that chew the cud does no harm, but it is liable to do so in the case of pigs. The internal structure of the pig indicates that his food should be given often and that he be not overfed at any time. Those who violate this rule by crowding their pigs with all the corn they will eat need not wonder if their animals contract fevers and the cholera, and especially if they eat the feed in filthy places and are not protected from dampness and cold. M. STENSON.

Putting The Hogs On Corn

The feeder cannot be too careful when putting the hogs on corn as the principal feed at the beginning of the fattening season, especially if they have not been used to heavy feeding. It is often the case that the digestion is impaired and the appetite destroyed by a little carelessness in this respect. It takes the animals quite a while to overcome this if they ever do entirely. A few pumpkins or a few apples fed occasionally to the fattening hogs will help to keep the digestion good. A few years ago I had some shoats that were growing rapidly on clover and apples with a very small grain ration. They were put up in the fall to fatten, but the sudden change from a variety of feeds to pretty heavy corn feeding was too much for them. The hogs would not grow nor fatten, they soon got so they would not relish their feed, and all efforts to bring them back to a normal appetite failed. They were finally got into pork condition, but did not make the pork that they ought to have done if better judgment had been used in starting them on corn. A. J. LEGG.

Farmer's Horse Notes

When you wean the colt give him plenty of oats and he will go through all right, but no other grain will take the place of oats.

Do you give your horses salt regularly or occasionally? They should have it where they can get it at any time. If you think it makes no difference, try eating without salt yourself for a month.

If you break any of your horses this fall, use plenty of judgment and common sense, for many horses are ruined for life by just trying to do a little too much at the beginning. Go slow at first.

I surely believe in humane treatment for horses, but will not give up the checkrein; but I want it used right, and when used right it is a benefit to both horse and driver. If you want sore shoulders all you have to do is to take off the checkrein.

Blinders should also be used with common sense. A horse will become quite tricky and shirk on you if worked without blinders. Yes, I have tried it, and if your horse does not, you have a wonderful horse, and I would like to see him. A horse can learn tricks all right.

Get a hoof trimmer, and keep the horses' feet in order. If neglected, horses sometimes get lame by the hoofs growing out too long and cracking. If you invest a dollar or a little more in a trimmer you will never regret it. It is also important to keep the colt's feet straight. Look to the colt's feet when turning out in the spring, and keep the toes cut short. E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

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The Cow to Own

There is a difference in cows. There is a difference also in the owners of cows, in the feeders of them, in what the owners require of them. Some owners of cows don't know a good cow when they have one, and would not know how to treat one should the discovery be made suddenly that such a one were in their possession.

Then, again, there are men who regard cows as they regard their wives—expect everything of them and give very little in return. Such are the men who go about the world hunting for the general-purpose cow, the kind our Department of Agriculture is going to breed and boom when it gets over the effects of breeding soil bacteria.

These men are looking for a slightly cow that will help them undo all or a part of the life work of those misguided but enthusiastic men who have devoted time, talent and means to the end of giving the world those breeds of special dairy cows that are daily proving their ability to do one thing very well. These men want a cow that will drop a fine male calf that will at once proceed to grow into a superb specimen of baby beef. The cow herself must give a reasonably large yield of milk and keep at it close up to her next time of freshening, and always be in that attractive condition of fleshiness that on short notice she may be driven to the butcher's and converted into beef-trust products. This is the cow the hopeful farmers are hunting, but which they have not yet succeeded in locating exactly, because no breeder has been able to produce her in merchantable quantities—just yet. No doubt, when the Department of Agriculture gets its hand well into the breeding business we will have the general-purpose cows grafted into all the big herds of the country, especially those at the experiment stations.

In the time during which we shall have to wait for this new cow dairymen will have to put up with such cows as we are now obliged to use, and look hopefully forward to the good time a-coming.

While we are waiting we may as well realize that there is a vast difference in cows as we now find them. The most useful cow to the butter dairyman is the one that is not forced to maintain a larger body than is needed for the proper operations of her milk-making functions in converting her feed profitably into milk. We regard it as desirable that a cow be a good eater; but as her eating is for a purpose, we expect her to be correspondingly as good a milker.

The maintenance food of one eight-hundred-pound cow is approximately equal to that of another cow of the same weight and physical construction; so if, for illustration, the maintenance ration of each cow costs ten cents, and the one being full fed uses fourteen cents' worth of feed and the other uses eighteen cents' worth, giving thirty-five to forty pounds of milk against the other's twenty to twenty-five pounds, obviously the heavier feeder is much the more profitable cow.

Estimating the value of milk at three cents a quart, or one and one half cents a pound, the one cow on an investment of fourteen cents produces thirty cents in milk, while the other, using eighteen cents' worth of feed, returns fifty-three cents in her milk, over twice as much profit as the other.

Thus from this simple illustration it is readily seen that the individuality, the working ability of a cow, is an important factor in computing her worth.

Again, that cow or that breed or class of cows that will show the largest productive capacity in the consumption of the common, cheaply grown crops of the farm is the cow or breed most useful to the farmer dairyman. In other words, the cow that will eat the most corn meal, silage, fodders and hay and show the greatest returns is manifestly the farmer's cow. That this cow will be found always among the special-purpose dairy breeds is, I think, a fact worthy the consideration of progressive farmers.

W. F. McSPARRAN.

Stock Notes

With an empty trough you can't keep a pig from squealing.

No sense in packing a lot of high-grade feed into low-grade animals.

While plowing, raise the horses' collars frequently to cool their necks and breasts.

The cow that insists that you shall board her for nothing and throw in your work too, is a mean cow. There are lots of them in this country.

Sheep bells are cheaper than murdered sheep. One to the dozen is a good rule. It seems to be a fact that the tinkling of bells has a tendency to drive dogs away.

Folks used to make one cow tramp all over a five-acre lot to get enough to live on. Now they are working to make one acre support five cows; and some farmers are doing very well at it.

—Farm Journal.

GATHERING THE CORN

THE time for gathering the corn crop is here once more, and it seems like the past year has stolen some time and come upon us sooner than it should. When the time comes and the corn is fit to husk there is only one thing to do, and that is to go at it right and get the corn out of the field as soon as possible. You never gain anything by letting it stand longer than necessary, and you sometimes lose by it. I like to get it out of the field before bad weather comes. I never could see much fun in shucking corn in bad weather. The work has to be done, and the sooner the better. The fodder will be more valuable as a feed the earlier it is ready for the stock. The longer the fodder stands in the field the more it is damaged by the weather, and the less palatable it is to the stock.

I think we will hear of a number of horses being lost again this year, and to prevent this I would advise all to get a pair of fifteen-cent muzzles before you begin. It may save you enough to buy muzzles for the rest of your life. The losing of horses in this part of the country (Missouri) is common at this time. One man told me that he fed his horses enough so that they would not eat in the stalk field. Well, that is something I haven't learned yet; so I cannot say how you can feed a horse so he will not be nibbling when he has a chance.

While shoveling off the load of corn I have a barrel handy, and save the best ears for seed, and as soon as thoroughly dry I select the best of them and shell, and store away. Some will say that this is not the best way to get seed corn. It may not be, but it is a good way. Some might say, send away and get some new corn for seed. It takes corn several years to get acclimated. If I wanted to get some new corn, I would try it on a small scale.

The lower the wagon you have the handier it will be, but you must keep one of those low-wheeled wagons out of the mud. You can keep out of much of it by getting the corn out without delay. A wide wagon box is more handy than the narrow one, both in throwing the corn in and shoveling off. Sometimes the wind has blown down the corn badly, and in such cases it will pay, and be easier, to gather the corn one way.

I like to shuck the corn in the field, as it takes less room in the crib, and is ready to feed. The rats are worse in shucked corn, and the only remedy for that is to fight the rats. In shucking the corn do not try to see how much of the shucks you can leave on. The market for snapped corn has been ruined in some places by the owners trying to put in as many stalks as they could. Corn is not shucked when it has several ribbons on every ear.

The corn crop of this country is of greatest importance, and we are always ready to learn more of it and more of better methods of harvesting. I know that we get more out of the crop by using the whole plant, but most of us are not fixed for that yet, and the most of the corn will be picked in the field.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

HOW TO FIGHT GRASSHOPPERS

From many parts of the state we are receiving reports of damage by grasshoppers. Since we must not only suffer from their depredations the present season, but may also have to contend against even greater numbers of them next year, if they are allowed to breed unmolested, this statement of methods of fighting them is submitted at this time.

For protecting gardens and limited areas from their attacks good results are usually obtained from using a poisoned bran mash prepared as follows: Stir together, while dry, two pounds of Paris green and twenty-five pounds of bran, then moisten with water that has been sweetened with molasses or dissolved sugar, making a wet but not sloppy mash. For plants set about three feet each way, use a tablespoonful near each plant, or the mash may be sown over the field broadcast. One treatment should not cost over one dollar per acre, labor not included. Keep poultry away from the poison.

To secure immunity from attack next year the eggs should be destroyed this fall or early next spring. These are usually laid in compact ground, especially along roadsides and in the uncultivated borders of fields. Bare, high, sandy ground and closely grazed pasture land is especially resorted to for egg laying. The female forces her abdomen into the earth for about one inch, and at this depth the eggs are laid in a mass of about thirty in a pod-like cavity.

Fall plowing to a depth of eight or

In the Field

nine inches will effectually prevent any of the young hoppers from reaching the surface when they hatch in the spring. Thoroughly harrowing infested land in late fall, so the surface is torn up to the depth of an inch or two, will break open most of the egg nests and prevent hatching. Disking the land in early spring before hatching time will accomplish the same purpose. The insects hatch from about the middle of April until the middle of May in Ohio, depending on the latitude and forwardness or backwardness of the season.

The young nymphs may be poisoned with the bran mash, or oftentimes by burning. If the stubble or rubbish on the ground is insufficient to burn, scatter straw over the field, and on cool days, when the insects have crept beneath it for shelter, set it on fire. If the surface of the ground is level, a heavy roller run over it will crush many of the nymphs, especially on cool days or in the morning and evening.

When the nymphs are very numerous over large areas it is best to resort to ditching. The ditches are made two feet wide and two feet deep, with vertical sides. The sides next to the field to be protected must be kept finely pulverized and not allowed to become washed out or hardened. The right condition may be kept by dragging a brush composed of dead branches through the ditch as often as necessary. Pits should be sunk in the bottom of the ditch at short intervals, in which the insects will accumulate, where they can be easily buried. Where it is possible to flood the ditches with water, the water may be covered with a film of coal oil, and the insects can be rapidly and certainly destroyed by being driven into the ditches.

The hopper-dozer, much used in the Northwest to destroy the nymphs, consists of a shallow receptacle of any convenient size, furnished with high back and sides, mounted either on wheels or runners. Large pans are provided with transverse partitions which prevent slopping of the water and oil when the machine catches a jar. The pans are filled with water and coal oil or gas tar, and are then pushed by hand or horse power over the infested fields, a set of shafts and handles being so arranged that the front edge of the pan can be elevated or depressed at will to adjust it to the jumps of the nymphs. A suggested form for operation by hand power is made of ordinary sheet-iron, eight feet long, eleven inches wide at the bottom, and turned up a foot high at the back, and an inch high in front. A runner extending some distance behind is placed at each end and a cord is attached to each front corner. This may be drawn by two boys. With more hands, several dozers may be placed end to end in a row, one man holding the cords of each pair of contiguous ends, and thus the work may be done rapidly and well.—H. A. Gossard, in Bulletin No. 268 of the Ohio Experiment Station.

PRACTICAL FARM NOTES

Resolve to have a better method of farming in the future than you have had in the past.

It pays to have good buildings on the farm; it pays an actual profit, and how much it improves the looks!

If you have a good farm the best thing you can do is to keep it and improve it, and make it seem more like a home. Better do this than to be wanting to sell all the time, and let the farm run down.

Every farmer should have plenty of shelter, grain and feed for all his stock. This does not mean that you must have expensive barns, but just so they are comfortable, and will protect from the weather.

Do not have more land than you can tend. Why not cultivate a few acres well than to have more and have time to only half tend? I like a medium-sized farm, and to have it well cultivated. On the large farm there is always something which is neglected.

You do not dose anything by having good fences and gates. Poor fences give lots of trouble with stock, and often with the neighbors. I feel much better with good fences, as I am not worrying about stock breaking out.

Don't let those tools stand out and take the weather all winter. Why not stop making the manufacturers rich, and put some of the saving in your own pocket? The farmer wastes more tools than he wears out. The average tool is only used for about a month, and

for the rest of the year it should be placed under shelter. It will pay to have a tool house.

All work is honorable, and the farmer has not the worst time of it. There are many city people who would be on the farm if they could, and are figuring on doing so as early as possible.

Manage to get a little more profit than usual this winter, and do it by proper feeding. The poultry is a source of daily income, and a few dollars each week come in quite handy, and help pay the running expenses.

How much do you get out of your farm paper? If we read it the right way it is worth many times the year's subscription price. There are ideas in farm papers which will be worth many dollars to the farmers. The farmer should be a reading man, and should have proper and good reading. Beware of poor reading.

Do not try to grow one crop as long as the land will grow it, but practice frequent rotation, and the oftener you change the better it is for the land. Rotation, together with fertility, is the life of the land. Change as often as it seems practicable.

If you have a poor farm make it good. If you have a good farm make it better. The highest aim of the farmer should be to make the soil of his farm better. E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

A PAYING CURRANT PATCH

The variety was Red Cross, and the plants were set three feet apart in the row, and the rows six feet apart. The soil was good average clay farm soil. The number of bushes fruiting the season was one thousand nine hundred and thirty, and the yield five thousand five hundred and thirty-nine quarts, or six thousand two hundred and thirty pounds. Last year the crop was something over five thousand pounds, and in 1903, seven thousand pounds. The total gross receipts from these three crops was one thousand and forty dollars. The bulk of the crops of 1904 and 1905 were readily disposed of to local canning establishments, but the crop of 1903 was largely disposed of through commission houses, and this paid us the better. We netted just about three hundred and eighty-five dollars that season. Last March the bushes were carefully pruned, all last season's growth being reduced at least two-thirds. Next to strawberries we have found the red currant the most profitable of the small fruits. When we set out another patch we will put the plants five feet apart in the row, rather than three feet, as we find the latter distance too crowded.

E. H. BURSON.

CRIMSON CLOVER

Crimson clover is not superior to red clover, nor does it displace it. It fills a place of its own. It may be sown during July or August among growing crops of corn, beans, tomatoes, etc., or on land especially prepared for it, from which an earlier crop has been removed. Twelve to fifteen pounds of seed should be sown per acre on freshly-worked soil. A light harrowing or rolling after sowing is beneficial. It makes winter and early-spring pasture, or a fine crop of hay that matures in May, or it may be plowed down at that time for corn or other summer crops. It makes its growth very early in the season, and when it ripens its first and only crop of seed, the whole plant dies. It is not perennial, but must be sown every year.

—The Country Gentleman.

LOCUST TREES ON STEEP GROUND

On a farm in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, eight years ago this fall the seed from a row of locust trees, which had been planted along a fence some thirty years previously, was scattered by the wind over about two acres of one of the fields containing five acres. The field is almost a perfect rectangle and extends from a valley to the top of a high hill. The lower part of it is very good soil, and easily worked, but the upper part of it is very steep, and rocks outcrop in several places. The seed for the most part was scattered over the latter portion of it. The field was sown in rye that fall, so that the seed easily became imbedded in the earth. As if by magic a luxuriant growth of young locusts sprung up. After the rye was cut the field was used as a pasture, and for two years very little attention was paid to the young trees. The third year, however, the owner determined to

again plow the field, but had not proceeded very far until he discovered that this course would be impossible without first grubbing the trees, so firmly had they become established. His first impulse was to proceed with the grubbing, but after giving the matter some thought, with the appreciation that locust timber is very scarce in that section, he decided to allow the trees to remain, and cease cultivation of that portion of the field, with the confidence that in fifteen or twenty years timber could be cut that would many times equal the profits that would be derived from the land in any other way. There are between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred trees in the grove, the largest of which are five inches in diameter and twenty-five feet in height.

M. G. SERVILL.

The Aboriginal Tribe of Seri Indians

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.]

clothed with a sort of scaly horn which effectually protects against the thorns and sharp stones that come in their path at almost every step. Trails that lead into bunches of thorny cactus are quickly and unhesitatingly followed by them, and the coyote and other denizens of the desert may not dare to enter where these hardy savages burst through with impunity.

Their speed and endurance are absolutely amazing and past all belief were their feats not witnessed by credible and unimpeachable witnesses. The boys of the tribe are supposed to catch the jack rabbits, for the grown men are above such minor pursuits. The antelope and full-grown deer engage their attention, and they pursue them always on foot and without any weapon. Their poisoned arrows would render the meat unfit for food, and so they simply start out and run down the fleetest and strongest animals. Professor McGee succeeded in obtaining the consent of a full-grown Seri runner to engage in the pursuit of a deer, alone and unassisted. The warrior ranged over the desert until a full-grown buck was seen feeding. He started in pursuit, drove the maddened animal toward the ranch, headed it off continually, and eventually, after three hours of straining pursuit, succeeded in driving it right up to the ranch gate, where he caught it by the heels, slung it on his shoulders, and carried it, kicking and struggling, into the inclosure.

Numerous reports made by commanders of expeditions sent by the Mexican government relate that upon numerous occasions bands of Seri were seen, but when the horsemen put their horses to speed in the attempt to catch them, they merely put off across the sands and soon outstripped the fleetest horses. Upon one occasion Senor Encinas, the ranchman, started to make a journey of fifty miles to a neighboring ranch. During his absence the baby of a Seri woman camped on the adjacent desert grew dangerously sick, and one evening at sunset the mother, carrying her year-old child, started to go to him in order to procure medicine such as he had given her before. At sunset she started and at daybreak she was importuning the Senor for the medicine, holding in her hand a large jack rabbit, which she had run down and captured for a gift-offering to insure the good offices of the Senor. Sixty and seventy miles a day under the parching sun is not unusual for these untameable Indians.

They have no religion, but are observant to a remarkable degree of the marital obligations. They consider it the height of Seri ambition to kill a stranger, and the depth of Seri disgrace to mingle Seri with alien blood. They are the lowest tribe of people of which the ethnological bureau has ever had knowledge.

NOTES

The imports of peanuts, principally for making peanut oil for table use, at Marseilles, France, in 1902 amounted to 182,010 tons.

There is a tradition in China that silk culture dates back to the origin of agriculture. From ancient times the Son of Heaven directed the plow, and the empress planted the mulberry tree.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that the government forest-planting and forest-preservation work is now conceded to be a grand success

Feeding Chopped Grass

When fowls are confined they highly relish a piece of sod, and are desirous of having grass in any manner that it can be provided. Birds prefer short grass, as they can pull it from its base in any desired lengths; but when grass is mowed for them, to be fed in the yard, it should first be cut with a feed cutter. One inch in length for adults and half an inch for large chicks will enable them to eat all kinds, and without danger of clogging the crops, as is the case when the grass is very long, in which instances have occurred where the crops have become packed and the chickens become crop-bound. If finely cut, the grass can be dampened and a little ground grain sprinkled over it, thus saving in more costly food, as cut grass, with meat in the morning and grain at night, is sufficient for feeding in summer. Grass is a cheap food if finely cut and given with more concentrated materials.

Animal Foods

Because corn and wheat are plentiful, the farmer does not readily invest in animal meal in order to provide his hens with the elements required for giving the largest possible production. Such foods as ground meat and ground blood are double the value of grain as egg foods, and they are also really cheaper, as they need not cost twice as much as grain, and are more valuable because they promote an increase in the number of eggs. Animal meal (ground meat) also contains a large proportion of bone, as well as nitrogen, which is an advantage, and when the hens are provided with such materials they require less of other kinds of food. For the growing chicks and young pullets there is nothing better than animal food, and young geese, ducks and turkeys grow rapidly when supplied with such foods in addition to the usual ration. Ground dried blood is a highly nitrogenous food, and has been found to have no superior as one of the ingredients of the regular ration. The animal meals are deprived of all fat, and the superheated steam used in the treatment of such packing-house products cooks the materials, even the bones being soft and rendered more easily digestible. It may seem to the farmer or poultryman that it is just as suitable to feed grain, which is already on the farm, as to buy other materials, but every additional egg laid by a hen is equal in value to a pound of grain, and as no kind of food is cheap if the hens do not lay, the use of more meat and less grain should be the rule. Of course, if fresh meat and bone from the butcher can be had, the result will also be satis-

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

The Turkeys For Market

It is not so far off to Thanksgiving that something cannot be said regarding turkeys. They must be kept steadily growing if they are to be marketed, and about the middle of October they should be fed at least twice a day, the meal at night to consist largely of corn and wheat, a mixed ration being best for morning. If milk is plentiful it should be placed where the turkeys can help themselves, or it may be mixed with corn meal. Let them have some kind of animal food at least twice a week, and keep ground bone where they can always use as much as they desire. Turkeys will not thrive if kept closely confined. They will forage over the fields until late in the season, but they do not get many insects after frost begins to appear, for which reason they then appreciate animal food. The best young turkeys that reach the market are those that are fed liberally during October and November, as more food is required for them at that time, and they should grow and keep fat. After November begins they may be forced by being fed all that they will accept, but do not confine them in small yards, if it can be avoided, unless for a week or ten days, and then never singly but in small lots.

The Drinking Troughs

Where birds are confined the difficulty of keeping fresh water before them is a serious one. Earthenware fountains are very difficult to clean, and they also break easily in winter from expansion of the water due to frost. Wooden troughs should be preferred as they can be scrubbed or swept with a broom and rinsed with pure water, freezing doing but little damage. They should have a movable top and be covered, leaving only a small aperture for drinking. This will prevent fouling the water. In winter when the cold is severe the fowls should not be allowed to drink in such manner as to compel them to get their wattles wet, and the aperture for drinking should be large enough only to permit the entrance of the bill. Should the wattles become wet, and if the winds are strong, they will be frosted and the birds rendered useless until the wattles become healed. If the hens refuse to lay

cold they may not lay before spring. Much depends upon how close to maturity the pullets have approached. If they are backward push them as rapidly as possible from now until the winter comes, not by feeding mostly corn and wheat, but by also allowing meat, bone and clover. Cold weather may begin at any time after October, and the pullets should be then well advanced in growth.

Insect Powder

Insect powder is largely used as a remedy for lice on poultry, but unless it is fresh much of its virtue will be lost. It should be purchased only of reliable parties, the Dalmation being considered excellent. It may be mixed with equal parts by weight of Scotch snuff, which it somewhat resembles, the mixture to be blown or dusted well into the feathers and on the bodies of adults and chicks. If preferred, the Scotch snuff may be omitted.

The Outlook and Management

This has been a good year for poultry and eggs, and as the time is approaching for reducing the flock to its minimum number, farmers and poultrymen should discard only those fowls that are known to have been unprofitable. For a change, procure better stock from a distance, if possible, and begin the new year with a determination to improve the quality of your stock and better their condition with a view to profits. Let the experience of former years guide in methods of management, and spare no expense to have the best that can be procured. One should not expect good seasons always, and whatever may have been obstacles at any time, farmers should not condemn their flocks because of difficulties that could not have been avoided under any circumstances. There are losses from poultry at all times, but if our cattle, sheep and hogs were as badly treated as poultry, every farmer would abandon stock raising and never try it again. There are fowls on every farm, but it is surprising how any farmer can be content with them when he makes no provision for their comfort. The tree tops and the weasel, and the friendly branches are the hiding places for protection



A Fat Machine

A hog is a fat-making machine. Soft corn or snapped corn makes quick fat, but it clogs the machinery, and produces a heated condition favorable to disease. Regular doses of Dr. Hess Stock Food should be given with the ration to keep the internal machinery clean and healthy, and increase the digestion, which means for market stock more weight; for cows, more milk.

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A BUSY DAY ON BROADWAY, HENVILLE

factory, but it is sometimes easier to procure the dried animal meals and keep a supply on hand than to miss their use. If a varied food is allowed it should include about half a pound of animal meal and the same of ground dried blood for sixteen hens once a day. If the blood is not used, then the quantity of animal meal should be doubled. Other foods, including grain, may also be allowed, according to the season of the year and the condition of the fowls.

after cold weather sets in, look for frosted combs and wattles. This difficulty may be occasioned by exposure to cold drafts and getting the wattles wet while drinking.

The Early Layers

Do not overlook the fact that as a rule the pullets that begin to lay in November will usually lay through the winter if fed on proper foods, but if they do not start laying before the weather becomes

against the owl. An occasional feed of corn is all that some flocks get in winter, and if the upper part of the stable or outhouse is occupied by them they are feasted upon by lice, bugs and other noxious vampires, while the filth and dirt is sufficient to breed cholera every day in the year. But sometimes a loss occurs when poultry is kept with every comfort, for some experience is also required to manage fowls when in the most careful hands.

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Grange Reunion

Once more the patrons of Ohio gathered at the splendid Grange Hall in the very heart of the fair ground to renew their faith and hope, greet old friends and make new ones. The days were perfect, the speeches excellent, the enthusiasm and good will contagious. State Master Derthick had prepared an excellent program and invited one of New England's most eloquent sons, Hon. George Ladd, master Massachusetts State Grange, to instruct and entertain.

Though the fair teemed with attractions, though the airship performed mysterious evolutions in the air, yet hundreds left off gazing to sit at the feet of those who spoke of grange principles, hopes, fears, possibilities, responsibilities, and to take note of that spirit which would bring a busy and thrifty people to a great city to spend several days in recreation and improvement. Mr. Derthick presided, and his generous words of praise for the speakers as he introduced each, his broad and high heartsomeness, his genial enthusiasm and hope for the highest and best possible life for the country people made glad the hearts of all. I wish that I might convey to you the spirit that pervaded these brief hours, give you the inspiration, hope, courage that was strengthened, and impart the enthusiasm that was contagious. Mr. Ladd is an excellent, logical speaker who has much to tell and does it in well-chosen words without attempt at oratory. He is possessed of that eloquence which is the outgrowth of a full heart eager to help his fellow man. I can give but the briefest report. I would that I might convey to you the spirit in which he gave his addresses each day, and the pleasure with which they were received. He said in part:

"I believe that if there is anything that will make a grange prosperous it is attention to every detail of grange work. The most successful granges in the educational, social, legislative and business work of the grange are those which give the closest attention to the ritualistic work. One hundred and seven of the best granges in Massachusetts have the opening and closing ceremonies committed to memory, while eighty five of this number can perform the entire degree work of all the degrees without aid of the manual. The very large increase in membership last year, when only six granges were organized, but with an increase in membership in all granges of over one thousand three hundred, was due to the excellence in ritualistic work. Those who can stand up and speak the lessons straight from the heart are the ones who win the hearts of others to the work. Pay dues promptly. Be loyal to the officers of national, state, Pomona and subordinate granges. Be true to the principles of the order. Help one another; help other states in their struggles.

Learn first the lesson of self-help and then of helpfulness to others. New England believes in the grange. It has helped us to do wonderful things. It is small in area but large in performance. The splendid prosperity that has been ours is due largely to the work of the grange in stimulating and helping the farmers to help themselves. I hear you speak here in Ohio of the abandoned farms. We have no abandoned farms. Methods of farming and conditions have changed, but the farms have not been abandoned. Rather have they been made more productive, and the same area yields far larger crops than under old methods. The fire insurance is a paying feature and Massachusetts carries more than two million dollars at less than half the cost of old-line companies. Through the efforts of the grange two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year is appropriated for good roads. We have won many notable pure-food fights, but there are other battles yet to win. There is one mistake that the farmers must rectify if they would win the best financial success, and that is to stop buying at retail and selling at wholesale. There is no reason why farmers' incomes should not be very largely increased and their lives made broader and fuller by better business methods. Education is the corner stone of the order. I heartily commend the splendid educational work the state grange in Ohio is doing. It is a grand work. There is no royal road to success. He who immortal palms would win must give great effort to the winning. The chances for success on the farm are greater now than ever before, and will be greater in the next fifty years. But the new opportunities bring increased responsibilities, and the old training will not do. We must get down to basic principles and study the science of farming. Do not cheapen the grange. Massachusetts has never lowered her initiation fees, and would not do so. People appreciate what they have to pay for, and the grange pays larger dividends in every way for every dollar spent than any other organization on earth. Finally, there is no time to come. It's now.

Snatch your share or starve."

Prof. Willis G. Johnson, editor in chief of the "American Agriculturist," made an impassioned plea for the young people, urging the granges to organize juvenile granges, and work the younger people into the order as fast as possible

that they may be nurtured in the principles and practices and grow to love it as an honored and cherished institution. He said the grange was a splendid organization, where the best people in a community were to be found, where they met for social life and to discuss mutual interests. He showed the love the people bear the order by stating that where you found families in the grange twenty five years ago you found the same ones today, loving it, cherishing it, making life better and sweeter and fuller of hope and performance than if deprived of the comfort and courage the grange gave. He said that the Agricultural College of the Ohio State University was the best equipped in the country, thanks to the grange and the generosity of the administration. He urged larger appropriations for it. Commended the work for good roads in Ohio and urged yet larger appropriations.

Mortimer Whitehead sustained his reputation of being the silver-tongued orator of the grange. He rapidly reviewed the things for which the grange stood, making earnest appeals for greater efforts, greater self-surrender to the cause of humanity. He was interrupted by frequent hursts of applause. He has a warm place in the hearts of his countrymen. They love him for what he has done and for qualities of heart and mind. Secretary Freeman spoke eloquently of the need of practical education that would help the men and women of the farms to make their lives large and useful. He was warmly applauded. J. S. Brigham, A. L. White, Capt. Witherspoon, C. W. Richards of the "Grange Bulletin," and Mrs. Lee made brief addresses. S. E. Strode, of the "Stockman and Farmer," in a few brief words told of the faith within him.

State Lecturer Begg urged the lecturers to send in more reports, saying that out of the more than five hundred granges not more than thirty or forty responded to his bulletins. He warmly commended the educational work and urged its adoption by the granges of the state.

Dr. W. O. Thompson, President Ohio State University and a member of the committee on education of Ohio State grange, made a splendid address Thursday afternoon, and the hall was crowded to hear Ohio's distinguished son who is bringing the university up to one of the greatest in the land, and who is a peer among educators. It is always impossible to adequately report Dr. Thompson because every sentence is full of meat. To report him is to write every word just as he said it, and it would be well worth the while of the husiest of people to read it. He spoke of the opposition that is always attached to an advance move, saying that when agricultural education was first proposed it met opposition from many farmers who were not awake to the possibilities it held out to the youth. "Be not discouraged at opposition and difference, but encouraged to do better, and work more effectively for what you believe to be right. The true education is that which helps people to do things. That makes their labor more effective. If education does not make a man or woman more efficient then it is of little value. People are just waking to the fact that farmers' wives should be more efficient. I do not mean that they are less efficient than others, but that all need the help that comes from careful study of one's work. Fifty years ago people were not awake to the fact that they needed special training for the best service. In every line of work specialists are demanded. Manufacturers employ experts to come into their shops and study how to reduce the cost of production. They willingly pay large sums to them and discard machinery that does fairly well for that which does better. Farmers and their wives are coming to that notion that special fitness is needed. This work which we are trying to do is not expected to give you the training of the college, but to bring as much of the college as possible to you through the grange. The aim of this new departure is to make your leisure hours help your work hours to be more effective. My daughter is taking a course in domestic science here at the university. Her mother is abroad. When I came out of the hospital the doctor told me that I had best avoid starchy foods for a while, and indicated what it would be best to use. I told my daughter, and she daily furnished me the food required to restore me to perfect health. She knew what she was doing and why she did it. Had I stayed in the hospital, as I would have had to have done if there were not some one to intelligently furnish the food required, I would have had to paid twenty dollars a week. You see I got the benefit of my daughter's education. She knew what was going on the table and why it should go on. We have been paying more attention to the feeding of cattle than to the food of man. Feeding is not an accident, but a science. And the one who feeds the most scientifically will do it most economically. Our homes, barns, farms need more intelligent treatment. Many do things because others have done them. Our fertile soil, our splendid strength have enabled us to accumulate some wealth as farmers, but not near

as much with the same amount of effort as if skillfully directed. We are not yet masters of the situation.

"Every young man and woman who comes into college confesses that he is not what he ought to be. He wants to be better, and he comes to the college to get the help to make him better. Likewise every one who takes up this educational work provided by the state grange confesses that he is not what he wants to be and wants to be and do better. An education is not to help one to get out of work, but to help one to get work and to do it well. If we are to get anything out of life we must study to make it worth much. Efficiency saves time, saves money. If you know your business in line of applied science you will make your life a success. A college is an organized appetite and the president must keep it in good form. So is the grange an organized appetite and the master is to keep it in good form. Be not discouraged if there is opposition. Work on, hope on. It is a splendid work and we are glad to help it along."

Mr. Nash, of Stark County, and his amiable wife received the visitors at the hall, and looked after their comfort. Every possible thing had been done for their welfare and happiness and brother and sister Nash have won a debt of gratitude from the patrons.

I cannot close this without quoting the splendid tributes paid by out-of-state and our own people to the great fair. "It is the greatest, cleanest, best fair on earth," said Mr. Ladd. "There is none to equal it." "When you come to Ohio," said Governor Bachelder to me, "you will find the best fair in the world. There is nothing to compare with it. I find it so. I want to congratulate you upon the fact." The praise was all true, every word. The hearts of the patrons are grateful for the splendid hall and the conveniences that the management have placed at their disposal. Come again next year and he renewed in faith.

Upon adjournment the patrons repaired to the grounds, where the official photographer made a group photograph. I understand that the State Board of Agriculture will send a photo to each one who registered at the hall."

The Observatory

"In the sublimest flights of the soul rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown."—Emerson.

The labor trust has passed a resolution asking that a demand be made on Congress to give any laborer sixty years of age who has not received over one thousand dollars a year, a pension of twelve dollars a month. And now it is in order for the capital trust to demand that any trust magnate who has not received over ten million dollars a year receive a pension of one thousand two hundred dollars a month. There is nothing like being just in all our legislation, and the farmer is quite willing to pay.

It is amusing to hear the political parties, that opposed rural mail-delivery as long as there was a ghost of a chance of defeating it, now claim the honor of securing it. With equal justice and expediency could England claim that she declared the American colonies free and independent. She did it after she was forced to do it. Even politics can furnish a fund of humor.

Whenever a neighborhood is sufficiently interested in good schools to make an effort to secure them it will get what it seeks. Poor schools are not a result of chance, but of the indolence of those who endure the present evils rather than exert themselves to remedy them. It is a condition to be condemned, not pitied. The only ones entitled to pity are the children who are compelled to take what is furnished them.

It is the duty of those who do not bring children into the world and have not the direct responsibility of maintaining another on his or her hands, to do something that will benefit the world, and thus prove one's right to the protection of society. Simply to exist, living for one's self alone, is a very mean and sordid notion of the meaning of life.

The last issue of the "National Lecturers' Bulletin" is worth the careful consideration of every Patron. It should be filed away for future reference. It will furnish excellent material to the deputy introducing the grange into other communities. It treats of that subject dear to every heart, the home, in a high and noble strain. Whether you are a Patron or not, ask the National Lecturer, N. J. Bachelder, governor of New Hampshire, for it. It is free. Address, Concord, N. H.

A Few Notes

The spirit of the age is nowhere more manifest than in improved methods of agriculture, by which the practical and scientific are being made to form a successful combination.

All honor to the leaders along agricultural lines who are so enthusiastic in their work that all who come within the sphere of their influence become enthused with a spirit of progress also.

Act of de Facto Officer Valid

P. W., Illinois, asks: "The town clerk failed to advertise an election as required by law. Does that invalidate the election? If so, would a deed made by a justice of the peace chosen at such election be of any value?"

It is not necessary to decide whether the election is valid or not. If the justice of the peace has received his certificate of election his official acts are valid. He is what is termed a de facto officer, even if not de jure—that is, one in fact, even if not by right—and the acts of such an officer in the line of his authority are valid and binding.

Administration of Estate—Duty of Administrators

L. B., Minnesota, inquires: "Can the heirs to a will remove an administrator who has turned against them and is likely to cheat them out of all the property (a nice farm) if he can?"

The administrator must follow the will, and work to the best interests of the estate. He cannot cheat the heirs out of the estate. If he is doing wrong, bring the matter to the attention of the court. If your farm is free from debt, the administrator cannot sell it unless the will says so. If you feel you are in danger, consult a local attorney, one in whom you have confidence.

Widow's Share

T. R., Kansas, asks: "My husband died in October, 1904, leaving children by his first wife, and also by his second wife. When all the children are of age can the children of his first wife sell all the land if they are not satisfied with half, there being one hundred and sixty acres in all? If they should sell the land, does not the widow have possession of the house during her lifetime, she having had no other home?"

She is entitled to one half of the real estate. This will be set off to her by the court or appraisers. She can probably arrange it so she can get the home, etc.

Indiana School Law

G. W., Indiana, asks: "If the school trustees called a meeting of the patrons of a school district, who would be a legal voter at such meeting?"

Write to your state commissioner of public schools, Indianapolis, Ind. Your local superintendent of schools could probably furnish you a copy of the school law.

A Wife's Troubles

J. B., Kansas, asks: "Can a man sell all the cattle, horses and household stuff at a sale and take all the money away from the wife, or is there any way that she can get a part at the sale. He intends to sell all and leave her on the farm without anything, and take the money and go to another state, and if it suits him buy some other land. He never gives the wife a cent of money for her clothes. She sells a few eggs and a little butter, and he expects her to furnish the table with everything they have except the flour."

Unless you apply to the court for a separation and alimony, and have the court stop him, I know of no law that will prevent your husband from selling his personal property. There seems to be a lack of a proper degree of confidence between you and your husband. I think your husband is too niggardly with you. If he has money, he should share it with you. It is just as essential that the house be run correctly as the farm. Show your husband what it takes to run the house, and he may change his mind; or let him try to do so. He is bound to support you, and his share of the farm is liable for it.

Renter's Rights, etc.

A. W., Illinois, asks: "A. rents a farm from B. He has been on it for two years, and is preparing to stay the third year, no fault being found. A. finds out that two other men have gone to B. and rented it without saying anything to him (A.). Can A. hold the place, there being no notice given and no dissatisfaction expressed? He was just simply undermined, and the place rented three weeks before he knew anything about it, and then was told by outsiders?"

I presume you rented your farm for a year at a time. If you did I do not see why B. could not terminate the lease at the end of any year. I do not know why he would be required to give you notice. It was his farm, and he could do with it as he pleased so long as he did not violate his agreement. Of course, it would have been much more in accordance with the Golden Rule if he would have notified you, but men do not always live by that rule. Perhaps you took too much for granted, and should have seen him sooner about it, and perhaps he would not have rented it to you anyway.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Renting House—Authority of Agents

J. A. M., inquires: "A. owned a house and left it in the hands of B. to rent. B. rented the house to C. and told him to go ahead and do work on the property, and some work elsewhere, with the understanding that said work is to go in on rent. After the work was done C. asked for settlement and receipt, but B. failed to give either. Can A. or B. collect money for rent, the amount of work exceeding that of the rent? If B. compels C. to move, can C. collect damages?"

Whether or not A. would be obliged to accept the bill for services would depend upon whether B. had authority to rent the premises that way. If A. has received the full value of the services I do not believe C. will have to move. If C. does have to move he could collect no damages from A.; he might possibly from B.

Inheritance

E. M., West Virginia, inquires: "My grandfather had a piece of land deeded to him and his heirs forever. My grandfather deeded it to my father. About ten years ago my father went security for a debt, and the land was taken to pay the debt. Could I inherit that land after my father's death or not?"

No, you could not. Your father had an absolute estate. The word heirs being used in that sense.

Branches of Trees Extending Over Line

J. T. M. asks: "A's orchard adjoins B's farm, and A. has a row of trees planted close to the line, and keeps them very poorly pruned, the limbs projecting as far as twelve feet over B's field, shading ground, and preventing B. from working close to fence. Can B. compel A. to cut off the projecting limbs?"

You cannot make him cut them off, but you can do so without being liable in damage. You should first ask him to do so, and tell him that if he did not you would.

Chattel Mortgage on Stock of Goods Retained

W., Vermont, asks: "A. and B. rent a store of C., and buy the goods of C. on a mortgage. All the time they receive new goods. How often should this mortgage be renewed? A. and B. also buy goods of many wholesale houses on commission. When A. and B. sell those goods they do not receive their pay. Can those sending goods on commission take the goods when sold to other parties and in their possession? A. has three heirs. One died leaving children. A. wills all, after paying the debts, to the living heirs. Before his death he gives his notes to the children of the one that died, payable at the decease of those who hold the will. Are those notes good for years to come? Will they not be debts due to me?"

It is generally held that a mortgage on goods in a store, where the goods remain in the possession of the person making the mortgage, is fraudulent and void, as to the creditors. If goods are sold to A. and B., and put in their possession, and by them sold to other parties, the original parties can not reclaim them, unless the sale is conditional and put on the record. The person who gets the goods holds them. I don't understand this part of the question. As I understand it I doubt if the notes are good. A gift of your own note, not being founded upon a good consideration, carries nothing with it—unless it gets into the hands of a third party, before death.

Advisable to Make Wills

H. B., Illinois: The best thing that you could do would be to put the property in the husband's name, and then let the husband make a will giving it all to you, or such part as he and you think proper. See a local attorney and have him make the will.

L. H. D., Pennsylvania: A parent has the right to open his minor child's mail, but a brother has no such right, unless he is the legally appointed guardian of such minor. If such action is reported to the post office authorities I think the offender will be prosecuted.

Husband's Rights

A. H., Pennsylvania writes: "A. marries a widow without children who after her marriage to A. inherits a sum of money and real estate in accordance with her father's will. She has a brother, a half brother and a sister. Should A.'s wife die without making a will, what part of the estate would her husband be entitled to?"

The husband would get all the personal property and a life estate in her real estate. After his death the real estate would go to her brothers and sisters.

Widows' Pensions

H., North Carolina, asks: "Can a widow who has a dower interest in land valued at two hundred dollars draw a pension? Her husband was a soldier in the Civil War."

Yes, I think she could. Write to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Deed Made by An Insane Person

H., North Carolina, asks: "B. had land her father left her. Her father and mother died when she was small. She got married and she and her husband sold their land. In less than two years after she was in the asylum, and will always stay there. All the people about them will swear she was insane. Is the deed good, or will this land go to her folks?"

I rather think the deed is good. A person is presumed to be sane until shown insane. Unless advantage was taken of her by one who knew her condition the deed would be good.

Foreclosure of Mortgage

L. S. B., Louisiana, inquires: "A. gives B. a mortgage on real estate to run three years, stating that if the amount expressed in mortgage is not paid in the three years that B. can enter in and take possession of premises without the formality of law. In the mortgage it is expressed that A. has given B. a promissory note of even date with the mortgage. A. failed to give the note to B. As the time has lapsed to foreclose, and no note given, can B. have any claim on the property? The mortgage has run seven years."

Yes, I think the mortgage is good if the indebtedness remains unpaid. The note is the mere evidence of indebtedness. It is not the debt itself. The time has not elapsed within which suit must be brought.

Investments.

L. R., Ohio, asks: "If a person intrusts a lawyer or other loan agent with funds to loan, does he do so without any security? Should the note or mortgage be held by said agent, and all interests paid to him? What per cent. should such agent receive? What is probably the best investment for a few hundred dollars by a woman of no business experience?"

Unless you demand some security, of course, you have none from the ordinary agent if the agent is not financially responsible. Whether the note and mortgage should be held by the agent depends upon his responsibility. If he is not financially responsible and honorable you had better hold your own note, and collect your own interest.—A savings bank is ordinarily a good place, and so is a building and loan association.—Government bonds are high, and the interest paid is small. Any banker will probably get them for you. I can hardly say what is proper compensation for an agent, as this varies, depending upon amount and locality.

Ground For Divorce

G. B. C., Massachusetts: Three years willful absence and failure to support will entitle you to a divorce. If your husband is worth anything you can get an order for alimony, etc., that will pay costs. You would need to consult an attorney if you brought suit.

Insanity Not Ground For Divorce

J. E. A., Georgia, writes: "About eight years ago my wife left home and went to her father's, leaving two small children with me. After she was at home three or four months her father sent her to the state asylum, and she has been there ever since. The superintendent thinks that there is no hope for her recovery. Can I get a divorce? Is there any law that would prohibit me from going with the young ladies or corresponding with them, or that would lay me liable to prosecution?"

The laws of your state do not make insanity a ground for divorce. In fact, very few of the states do. I do not know of any law that will make you liable to prosecution if you do not represent yourself as an unmarried man.

Embezzlement, Etc.

J. E. H., Massachusetts, writes: "A. is in business. B. is hired to run one wagon. A. has his routes. B. has his own routes. B. has a certain customer which A. knows nothing about, who runs up large accounts. B. is paid by checks. A.'s and B.'s names are alike. B. indorses check, draws money and keeps it. A. finds out this after B. is out of his employment. On what charge could B. be arrested, and whose money was he taking from the bank, A.'s or the customer's?"

I think B. would be guilty of embezzlement, and that it was A.'s money that he took.

Inheritance in Ohio

G. L., Ohio, writes: "What are the rights of a wife in husband's property in case of his

death? He owns a farm inherited from parents, and other property, some bought with money which he inherited and some with money he earned. The same condition exists in regard to the personal property. There being no children or parents but three sisters and one brother, what are his rights in wife's property in case of her death?"

In Ohio the rights of husband and wife in each other's property are alike. If there is no will the surviving consort gets a life estate in all the real estate that was inherited, and an absolute estate in all that which was purchased. If there is a will the survivor may be cut down to a life estate in one third of the real estate, and also but one third of the personal property absolutely. If there is no will the consort gets all the personal property. If either take their own money and buy real estate such property goes as purchased property and not as inherited real estate. Each can make a will, but cannot cut the other out of one third of the personal property and a life estate in one third of the real estate.

Hedge Along Line Fence

G. E. P., Ohio: The owner must not permit the fence to be more than six feet high. If a person permits hedge to grow beyond that height he is liable to the person injured in a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents a rod. This can be collected in a suit before a justice of the peace.

Entitled to Estate

E. G. L., Tennessee, writes: "My father died leaving a will. He had a farm which he willed to his wife during her lifetime, and then to go to her three children. Since then she has died. Am I entitled to my part at her death, being of age? There are two heirs besides myself, one being fifteen years old and the other sixteen years old."

Yes, you are entitled to your share at her death, if you have correctly stated the terms of the will. Guardians would have to be appointed for the minor children, and the property divided through court proceedings.

Wife's Right to Husband's Earnings

H. H., Ohio, asks: "Is a wife entitled to any certain sum of her husband's salary? Could she claim half of it for her household expenses and herself? Has he a right to put the saving account in his own name, and loan or invest it without her consent?—How long a time is a note good that reads thus: 'After three months I promise to pay?'"

She could not claim half, but the husband ought to give her at least half. In other words, he ought to pay the living expenses, and give her something besides, as pay for her labor. He has a right to open saving account in his own name, but he ought to let her have a saving account, too. Men should allow their wives to have some money of their own.—The note would be good for fourteen years and nine months.

Right to Lay Out Road, etc.

B. J., Nebraska, asks: "Can the county lay out a road without paying damages when a man owns land on both sides of the road?"

If there are no damages, of course none can be allowed; but if he is damaged, such as the requirement to make fence, etc., this should be allowed him. Besides, he is entitled to the value of the land taken for the road, etc.

Separation—Right to Property

H. D., Missouri, asks: "A girl married a man who had only three hundred dollars for a start. She had one cow. After living together nineteen years and accumulating considerable property and having four children, the husband repeatedly told the wife to leave. She is respectable and industrious. If they separated, could she get the children and part of the property?"

She would no doubt get a fair share of the property. As to the children, she would get them if she could and would do better for them than the father.

Lease of Land for Oil

W. O. T., Ohio, writes: "My father died four years ago, leaving no will. My mother is still living. There are six children, all married. At the time of my father's death we gave our mother a quitclaim deed for the farm during her life, all signing the deed but one child. An oil and gas company wants to lease the farm for oil. Can my mother lease it without the consent of the six children?"

I do not think she can lease the land unless all the children consent, and if they do not voluntarily agree, there is no way to compel them.

Inheritance

J. B., Ohio, asks: "A man and wife owns eighty acres of land in Ohio, it being in the man's name. There are no children. If he dies, what share will the wife get?"

If the man bought the property, the wife would get all absolutely; if he inherited it, she would get it for life only.

A Page of Pokes

BY GEO. F. BURBA

IT HAS been several years since some old fellow said that if the Lord would give him the luxuries of life he would manage to get along without the necessities. People probably laughed at such a fool prayer, and yet it has been answered. We have the luxuries of life and we are getting along tolerably well without the necessities. We have, in short, got beyond the age of necessities and have come to the point of civilization where everything is a luxury.

The old-fashioned "cards," with which our mothers and our grandmothers carded the wool for the winter's stockings, were necessities. Hog and hominy, that combination which was the staff of life to a whole section of the country, were necessities. Potted ham and health foods have taken their place to a certain extent. At one time it was necessary for every man to have a gun hung over his fireplace. Sheriffs and police forces and the teachings of the Bible are luxuries that have taken their places. So after all we are getting along with little else save luxuries. The farmer's daughter wears just as stylish clothes as anybody else. She has as many luxuries. Luxuries are no longer confined to the cities. Necessaries are as scarce on the farm as anywhere else. The answer to the old fellow's prayer reached to the remotest sections of the agricultural districts. And it included a spring seat to a riding cultivator.

Life must have been pretty prosy when anything outside of the crudest necessities was considered a luxury. And still folks got along fairly well. But they were different kind of folks from what we have now. If they had not been they would have died of starvation and exposure. Along with the answer to the prayer for luxuries was sent a different race of people to enjoy the luxuries. The modern girl, tight laced, has taken the place of the robust woman of years ago who spun the yarn and, if needs be, helped in the harvest fields. Much ease has made us tired. Rheumatism has given way to a certain extent to gout, fever and ague to appendicitis. The dentist has usurped the place of the country doctor who carried his "pullicans" with him and a gold plug keeps away the toothache. The boy now rides with his girl by his side in a buggy, instead of riding with her tandem on an old gray horse, and the telephone imparts secrets that once were long in being found out. Verily it is an age of luxuries, and it is well.

◇
"More rain, more rest" was invented before it was discovered that the more rain the more weeds there will be to use up a fellow's rest.

◇
Married life is all right when the persons who are married are all right.

◇
The man who doesn't expect to pay his bills cares nothing about the price.

◇
Three boys can think of three times as much devilment as one boy.

◇
The boy who hasn't courage enough to steal a kiss will make a cowardly husband.

◇
A woman never has to count up to tell how long she has been married.

◇
It isn't the man who rests the most that is best fitted for the world's work.

◇
If there were no difference in people you couldn't tell who owed you.

◇
The most successful liar is the one who sticks closest to the truth.

◇
Indigestion is an invention to let a fellow know that he has a stomach.

◇
People claim to think more of their children than of money, and yet they will risk their children with people they would not risk their money with.

◇
The man who doesn't kick occasionally will find himself suffering from atrophy of the legs.

◇
Always seems like the strangest things happen the furthest away from home, but they don't.

◇
A loaf of bread to a hungry man tastes just as good whether it was given by a man who loved heaven or feared hell.

◇
No, the value of a dog does not depend upon the property it destroys when a pup.

◇
Considering the shabby treatment a great many dogs receive, the wonder is that there are not more mad dogs than there are.

THERE are two systems of fishing. One is to sit on the bank and wait for the fish to find your bait, and the other is to go up and down the river and let the bait find the fish. Take your choice, but remember that you can not fish both ways at the same time—not conveniently. Both ways have at times proven successful, just as both ways have failed—when the fish would not bite. But the hint is that no matter how you expect to catch fish you have got to do some fishing.

Life is made up of fishing, dabbling in the water for something that is not seen on the surface, of expectations, of hopes and failures and successes. Some men have luck sitting in the shade of the trees, but they use some kind of bait. Others have had luck trailing up and down the stream, trying this place and that, but they had bait and fished. There have been times in every life, too, when the bait looked good, when the weather was propitious, when the water was clear, but when success just seemed to stay on the other side of the stream—when the fish would not bite.

Of course there is no such thing as luck. It is so stated in the books. The best fisherman catches the most fish—it is a matter of knowledge and effort. Success does not come from an accident, we are told. It is due to "hustle." It rains alike on the just and the unjust—and all of that kind of talk we read in the books. There is nothing in "signs," there is no foundation for saying that "the fates" are against one, there is no reason in quoting old sayings about "chance," we are admonished. Modern thought has gotten 'way ahead of "superstitions," so wise people assure us. And yet have you ever fished? Have these wise ones ever sat beside a fellow who got two bites to their one? Have they ever seen a limb break off with a boy who weighed only ninety pounds, whereas some boy who weighed a hundred had just tested it?

There cannot be anything in luck—of course not. It is so recorded. Every man's prosperity is due to his own efforts, and his failures to his own propensities. Do you believe that? Absolutely? It is a nice belief; it keeps men stirred up, and it works out all right in the majority of the cases. It is as it should be. And it is not well to tell the boys anything else; it might cause them to relax their efforts to succeed. But—

There are some failures that must be due to bad luck. They cannot be due to anything else. There are men who have had showered upon them more trouble than ought to belong to any one person in two lifetimes. There are old gray-haired mothers who have lived righteous lives for seventy years and yet who have never had a day's real pleasure, and through no fault of their own. There are women who have made the best of wives and mothers, and who have been overlooked some way, through some chain of circumstances they could not control, and who are destined to die without the quickening love that should be a wife's or mother's. There are men who have fallen into gutters and come up with a handful of gold, and others who have fallen into gutters and lost all they had. Some of the richest mines in the world have been found in a way that could not be accounted for. Men have bought farms and cities have grown up around them, and other men have bought farms and the county seat has been moved away.

There is no such thing as luck—of course not. But it does look a little mysterious at times, doesn't it? Especially just when sickness strikes this family and misses that one; when poverty persists in camping upon the doorstep of one man who works hard and riches roost in the yard of another man who does not seem to try very hard. Still, there is no such thing as luck, and it were well to let the boys continue to copy the old sayings in the books to the effect that "Sticking everlastingly at it brings success," or words to that effect. Maybe the fish will bite better tomorrow, whether we sit in one place on the bank or chase up and down the stream.

◇
A sewing machine has been invented which is said to be so simple that it can be sold for ten dollars. But the question is will it?

◇
After all the talk about the ills of married life, it is pleasant to note that the man who stays at home has less trouble than any other.

◇
You can't learn how to get rich by watching a bank cashier through a brass cage.

◇
A boy can be more places you don't want him, and fewer places you do want him, than any other animal.

◇
It is almost impossible to keep from loving a generous man, no matter what faults he may have.



AND so, little girl, you're back at school again; with wondering eyes you sit and gaze, half dazed, again; with fluttering heart and shyness all your own, you're back at school again. Well, well!

The summer days have come and gone, little girl. The tiny crawling things that made you screech and scream, the blossoms and the flowers you loved so well, the pebbles shining in the sun along the shallow edges of the little streams that kissed them with dimpled, wavelike lips—the fringe of a holiday is frayed and raveled and faded. And you are back at school!

You do not know why you're back at school, of course. Just seems as though the morning opened and found you there. Sitting behind the crude drawings of the pages of the books, the pulses keeping time with every whispering murmur, the eyes weary, the arms tired, the graceful body unsteady—we do not know why it is necessary for you to be there, unless it is to lend a sacredness to the place, or for the same reason that God gave fragrance to the rose.

But you are back at school! Centered upon you is still the love of those at home. Around you is the sweet halo of affection. About you, everywhere, are the hopes of the future. It is to you, little girl, that the world is looking for its salvation—to you and to the one who is to love you differently after a while; to you and to yours. You did not "just happen." You were created for a purpose. Such beautiful proportions, such purity, such gentleness, such sympathy as you possess, were not an accident. The strength of your weakness, the power of your love, the mightiness of your dependence could not have come by chance.

And, listen, little girl; somewhere, perhaps over in the corner of the room, standing up because he could not spell the word, or being punished for his rudeness—somewhere is a little boy. You may not know him—yet. If you do, he does not suit you; he's too much of a boy to suit any girl. But somewhere is a boy at school, digging with grimy fingers into the heart of a dirty book, wishing with all his might that he were somewhere else, where rabbits are, or other boys at play, or guns or dogs or horses, wishing with all his might that he were not at school. And in the days to come, when school is out, this boy is to find you sitting beneath the shadow of a tree, or on a moonlit porch, or in the parlor. He will find you. And when you have forgotten the lessons you are now studying, and have learned others, this boy will tell you the sweetest story you have ever heard. The thrill that startles you when your name is called for honors at the school will not compare with the symphony you will be able to hear ringing in his words. He will have forgotten the longing to be elsewhere. He will be content to be with you, and you with him. Then will it be that you may enter upon the life that will enable you to understand why you are back at school this fall.

◇
A fly seems to weigh several pounds more about daylight than at any other time.

◇
If weeds were worth ninety dollars a pound they would not grow as rank as they do now.

◇
A good housewife is one who keeps the floor so clean that it does not spoil your candy to drop it.

◇
We have always had a desire to know if some people when they arrive at the gates of heaven and are asked their names, do not insist upon giving their street and number.

◇
All homes seem well regulated from the outside.

◇
And now doth the butterfly begin to wish it had been born something else.

◇
Troubles are like other objects. The farther off they are the smaller they seem.

◇
If for one day the whole world would tell the truth it would usher in the millennium—after the divorce cases were settled.

◇
All bow-legged people didn't get that way carrying what they know.

◇
A good husband makes a good wife.

◇
It isn't right to blame a river for the things people throw into it.

◇
Kissing a girl for fun has brought many a man a fortune.

◇
There is a romance or two hanging around every home.

◇
About one half the trouble of the world would be avoided if women wore short hair, but the shape of their heads might cause a lot more.

◇
A little drop of rain is as wet as a big one.

◇
As Henry always said: "When a man tells the truth he is not afraid of forgetting what he told."

Around the Fireside

Signs of the Times

By H. H. H.

"Shoo! Shoo! Get away from there! Don't you crow on that doorstep! Shoo!"

There was an old lady with whom I was spending a few hours one summer afternoon made such a violent onslaught on the big red rooster on her doorstep that he fled squawking with uplifted wings. Returning to her chair the old lady said, "No rooster crows on my doorstep if I know it. It's a sure sign of death in the family within a year. You believe in signs, don't you?"

"I don't feel sure that I do," I said, evasively.

"I do," replied the old lady, with decision. "I've watched a good many of 'em, and I've known 'em to come true over and over. You take that sign of the rooster crowin' on the doorstep. I know that there's something in it. I was visiting a cousin of mine last summer, an' one summer afternoon we were sifting talkin' just as you an' me are now, an' a big yellow rooster run right up on the doorstep an' crowded there, an' my cousin's husband died before the year was out. Had a shock."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes. An' you take this sign of thirteen at table. Old Susan White had a birthday dinner for her husband last fall, an' I was there, an' there was thirteen at table an' no one noticed it until dinner was over, an' old Simon Hall died the next March in his ninety-first year, an' he was one of the thirteen at that table. An' I was over to Mary Hadly's one day an' her little boy raised an umbrella in the house an' within a week Mary got a telegram sayin' that her father had died over at Zoar. An' yet some folks say there isn't anything in signs. I ain't achamed to say that I had all of my six babies carried upstairs before they was carried down."

"Why did you do that?"

"Why, don't you know that it will bring bad luck to a child if it is carried down stairs before it is carried up? You must always carry it up a flight of stairs before you carry it down."

"I never knew that before."

"Another thing: If two persons wipe on a towel at the same time they will have a despr'it quarrel, soon. Jane Branch an' Ann Porter wiped their hands on the same towel at the same time at Mary Bryden's quilting, an' they had an awful quarrel before the year was out an' never spoke to each other again. There's my old cat scratchin' wood an' I'm glad of it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's a sure sin of rain, an' we need rain real bad. You see if it doesn't rain soon. My! I must be goin' to take a journey before long."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the bottom of my right foot itches so. That's a sure sign of a journey."

"What if it were your left foot that itched?"

"Then it would be a sign that some one was comin' from a distance to see me. It's just as true as it is that if your nose itches real bad it is a sign that you are going to quarrel with some one. There's a loose hair on your shoulder. Let me have it an' I can tell from it what kind of a temper you have."

I handed her the hair and she drew it quickly between one finger and her thumb nail. Then she said,

"Well, you're purty sperrited. The way the hair curls up quick an' tight like is proof o' that. If it hadn't curled up much it would've been a sign that you were mild tempered. Did you know that you were goin' to be a good deal of a traveler?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because your front teeth scarcely touch each other. The farther apart they are the more of a traveler one is likely to be. Henry Bryden's front teeth are so far apart you could run a knife blade between 'em, an' he's been all over creation, while his brother Joe, whose front teeth are jammed up close to each other, has never been fifty miles away from home. Mebbe you don't know that it is a very bad sign to burn hair combings?"

"I didn't know it."

"Well, it is. I've followed that sign out a number o' times an' it has always come true. My husband's niece was visiting here a few weeks ago an' she flung a bunch of her combings into the fire an' before night she got a telegram telling her to come right home for her husband was very sick."

"Don't you suppose that she would have received the telegram just the same if she had not burned the combings?"

"I don't feel sure of it. You know the old sayin' that if you move into a new house there will be a death in that house before the year is done?"

"Yes, I have heard of that sign, or saying."

"Well, if you send a new broom an' a loaf of bread to the house before you move into it nothin' bad will happen. When Job Dilloway built his new house he sent a new broom an' a loaf o' new bread over to the house the day before he moved into it, an' he's lived six years in that house an' there aint ever been a death in it yet. Of course you know that if you spill salt it is a sign that some one is coming?"



"MARIA JOSEFA"
The oldest bell in the United States is in New Mexico

"I have heard of that sign."

"There's something in it. I spilled salt this very mornin' at the breakfast table, an' here you are," she added in triumph. Then she said, "There's a good many cat signs that have something in them. I know folks that wouldn't think of takin' the cat with 'em when they move from one place to the other, because it's a sure sign o' bad luck, just as it's a sign of good luck to have a stray cat come to the house. An' I know that it's a good sign if you find a penny an' keep it. My oldest brother found a penny once when he was about twenty years old. He never spent it, but always

was so far up or down the street that there would have been no discourtesy in doing so. This was because of the old saying that if you cross the street in front of a funeral procession you or some one near and dear to you will die before the year. A college president admits that he has an indefinable objection to the number thirteen, and that he will have nothing to do with it if he can help it. There is no number thirteen in some of the most famous hotels, because of the large number of persons who decline to occupy a room with that number on it. And I have heard of a woman of superior intelligence who postponed a journey for a day rather than occupy a birth numbered thirteen on a steamer.

The conviction that Friday is an "unlucky day" obtains to such a degree among people of intelligence that they will not begin any important undertaking on that day, and it is something more than mere custom that has made Friday a tabooed day for weddings or the beginnings of journeys. We are a wonderfully superstitious people in spite of our boasted intelligence and common sense.

Oldest Bell in the "States"

By AIDA

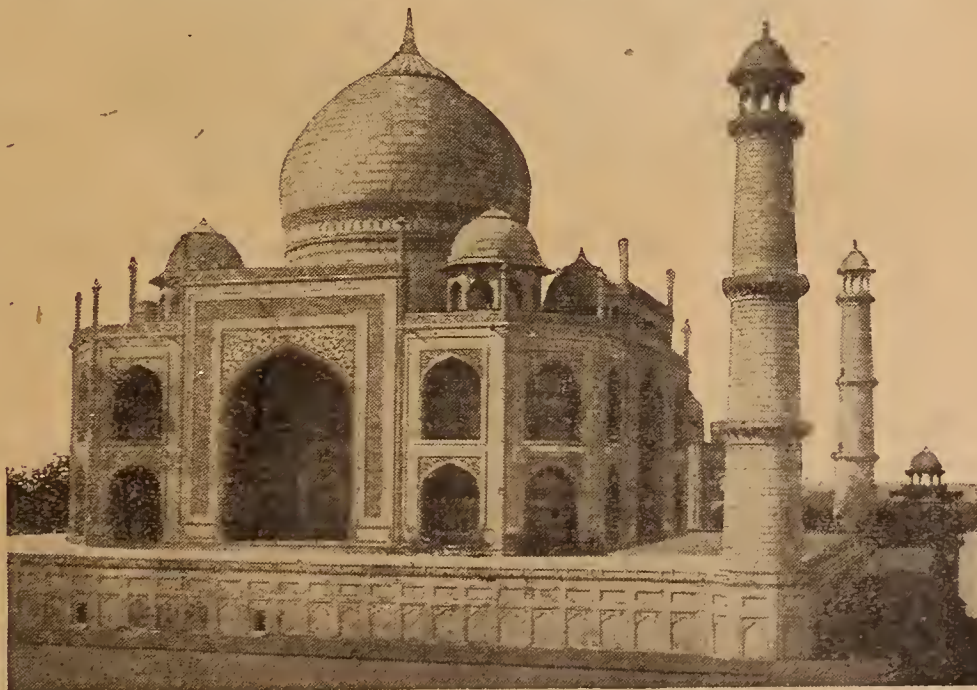
The "Maria Josefa," which was part of the New Mexico Ethnological exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, is the oldest bell in the United States.

The history of the Maria Josefa must be largely presumed down to the last hundred years. Its name and date of casting appear in raised letters upon its side, together with a Passion cross. The work is very crude, and the casting rough, and it is apparent that the material of the bell is almost entirely copper, which shows bright on its lips where it has been kissed by the hammer which for nearly five centuries has called the faithful to prayer, to baptism, to marriage and the solemn service for the dead.

From the name it is evident that this small bell, which weighs only two hundred pounds, was baptized and consecrated to the Holy Mary and her husband.

The Passion cross shows it to have been dedicated to the service of the church, and the date beneath is indisputable evidence of its antiquity, this being one year older than the bell now in San Miguel Chapel in Santa Fe.

The bell is believed to have been brought to New Mexico by Juan Francisco de Padilla, a Franciscan friar, with the expedition of Coronado in the year 1540. It was hung in the chapel of the Gran Quivira, which was destroyed with



THE TAJ MAHAL
Twenty years were required to complete this tomb, the greatest in the world

carried it in his pocket for what he called a 'luck penny,' an' he's been the luckiest one of our whole family. One o' my other brothers found a penny an' went right off an' spent it, an' he's had bad luck from that day to this. You can't make me believe that there isn't anything in signs. I know better."

There are many intelligent men, and women who are far more superstitious, far more mindful of many seemingly foolish "signs" than they like to admit. A most learned college professor told me not long ago that he could never bring himself to cross the street in front of a funeral procession even when the proces-

sion was so far up or down the street that there would have been no discourtesy in doing so. This was because of the old saying that if you cross the street in front of a funeral procession you or some one near and dear to you will die before the year. A college president admits that he has an indefinable objection to the number thirteen, and that he will have nothing to do with it if he can help it. There is no number thirteen in some of the most famous hotels, because of the large number of persons who decline to occupy a room with that number on it. And I have heard of a woman of superior intelligence who postponed a journey for a day rather than occupy a birth numbered thirteen on a steamer.

The Great India Tomb

The Taj Mahal, the Wonder of Agra and the "Crown of the World," is a mausoleum in India, wherein are the remains of the beautiful Arjamand Banu

Begam, the favorite wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan. This idolized wife of the Emperor died in 1629, and although the building of the tomb was commenced immediately, it was not completed until twenty years after, notwithstanding that the work was carried on continuously. The mausoleum occupies a space of nearly two hundred feet. The building represents an outlay of many millions of dollars. The finest white marble composed the principal building material, the carving and decorations on the whole being exquisitely beautiful and beggars description.

Flowers and graceful designs decorate the walls, and these are studded with precious stones. An especially notable feature of the structure is the great dome, directly underneath which rest the remains of the Emperor Shah Jehan and his wife, for whom the memorial was erected. It stands today in all its rich grandeur the wonder of all India, and the greatest tomb of its kind in the world. The Shah Arjamand lived thirty-five years after the death of his wife Arjamand. On his tomb are the words, "Defend us from unbelievers."

When You Were "It"

By MORRIS WADE.

Do you remember those old "counting-out" doggerels with which you and your playmates used to decide who should be "It" in the days of your youth? Do you remember how, when a game of "I spy" was suggested, and all the boys stood in line while one of their number made little jabs at them with a forefinger and said?

"Intra, mintra, cutri, corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn.
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese were in a flock,
One flew east,
And one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest."

And the boy toward whom the finger was pointed when the word "nest" was spoken had to be "It."

And again there would be a "counting-out" time when some one would say:

"Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,
Quovy, quavy, English navy,
Stigalum, stagalum, buck."

And the boy who was "buck" was also "It."

At other times the important question of who should be "It" was decided in a manner satisfactory to all by the use of this jingle:

"Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer,
How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three, and out goes he."

The last boy "out" was, of course, "It," and there was no appeal from this decision unless the boy declared that the boy who did the "counting-out" had not counted "fair." And there were now and then boys who would skip a clum or a favorite for the purpose of compelling some other boy to be "It."

A favorite "counting-out" rhyme in some parts of the country was this:

"As I climbed up the apple-tree,
All the apples fell on me,
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, you did, you know you did,
You stole your mother's tea-pot lid."

The "darkey" figured in a number of the old "counting-out" rhymes, and a favorite one in the locality in which I lived when I was a boy was the following:

"Ene, mene, mini, mo,
Catch a darkey by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Ene, mene, mini, mo!"

A variation of this way of "counting-out" was sometimes used, and it was as follows:

"Ene, mene, mini, man,
Catch a darkey if you can,
When you catch him don't get bit,
If you do you'll be—It."

There was another one about the "Nigger in the woodpile," but it has gone from my memory in all the lapse of years since it helped to make me "It." But I recall a particularly senseless rhyme which ran as follows:

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27]

Amusing Little Folks During Convalescence

ALL too often the period of convalescence with children who have been more or less seriously ill is cut short by their restlessness and eagerness to be about again and at their old pastimes. They become fretful, and in some cases their teasing leads the mother or nurse to accede to their demands for catables or games entirely beyond their strength. Oftentimes relapses are thus brought on, or the foundation laid for future nervous disorders. The complaints which frequently come as an aftermath to childish diseases are usually traceable to some such leniency on the part of those having the care of the child, sometimes from ignorance of the risk taken, but in many cases through a seeming inability to keep the little patient contented though quiet.

Since the child can not comprehend the extent of the hazard it would take, the only thing left is for the mother or nurse to be firm in her methods, and to substitute simple plans by which the patient's mind may be taken from those likely to do harm. One must vary these to suit the individual, its age and tastes being taken into account. Just at first, if the illness has been very severe, one can do little but try to soothe and quiet the restless body. I have found that music from a distant room will often aid in this, or, crooning some familiar song. Gently patting the hand or lightly rubbing the forehead also has a quieting effect at times. When stories are told care should be taken that something soothing in effect is chosen. Nothing that will work upon the imagination of the little one should be rehearsed while its mind is weary and worn from long illness. Simple little stories of flowers, birds, butterflies or animals, illustrated by bright-colored pictures, will interest.

When the child is a little stronger one can amuse him very often by using building blocks, cobs or clean pieces of pine for the structures he delights in. Do the work yourself largely, allowing him to aid just enough to keep up the interest without tiring his arms. In any play of this kind be sure that the articles in use are in range with the eyes of the patient, so that no strain or unnecessary effort will be needed on his part. Little folks usually like to watch any one cut out pictures or work with paste. While my little boy was recovering from scarlet fever we furnished a ten room house by cutting pictures from advertisements, and gluing them onto large sheets of paper, each sheet representing a room. I did most of the work myself, but by planning and arranging after his ideas, and letting him occasionally take part in the cutting, where no careful work was needed, his interest was keen to the very day he was permitted to go downstairs, and the precious pages were consigned to the flames before disinfecting.

At various times during convalescent periods, I have amused my little patient by stocking a farm, and supplying it with all needful machinery, etc. This especially appeals to boys, while paper dolls are a never-ending joy to the girls, and in some cases boys as well.

Games for older children, such as authors, anagrams, etc., are easily made, from pasteboard in contagious cases, so that they may be destroyed when the patient is well. These must not be resorted to in the early days of convalescence, because the thought necessary to win the points the children are always anxious for will be too much, but later on an occasional game will help greatly in filling up the lagging hours.

Never allow the child to play long at a time, but invent some little game in which nighttime frequently comes, when child and paper or toy animals must rest and sleep.

If one has a blackboard it will frequently be of interest to the little one if mother or nurse will draw pictures thereon where he can see the work as it progresses, telling him about the subject at the same time. These may be called "chalk talks" on a small scale.

Then there are numerous guessing games to be arranged at intervals. For instance, tell the child to think of some object in the room, and you must guess what it is he has in mind in a certain number of trials. If successful you take his place, if not he can again ask you to guess. If at any time his efforts to guess the correct object are unavailing for too long a time, it is an easy matter to give him some clue, so that his interest will not be hampered by lack of success.

Forming boxes, envelopes, etc., from paper, making little books with pasteboard backs, or Easter greetings, Christmas cards or Valentines, if the date is near any of these days, will all help to pass the time. Little scrap baskets, picture frames and furniture may be made from pasteboard, with decorations of paper or cloth, and many of the kindergarten tools brought into play with good results, always keeping in mind the main object—to amuse and interest the patient with the least possible effort on his or her part.

MAE Y. MAHAFFEY.

Pennsylvania Apple Butter

An old subscriber has asked us for a recipe for good old Pennsylvania apple butter. We are pleased to supply it:

Ten gallons of cider, one bushel of apples, one ounce of cinnamon, one-fourth of an ounce of cloves or allspice. Take seven gallons of the cider and boil down to about three and one half gallons. Pare and core the apples, place in



The Housewife

a copper, brass, or agate kettle; pour over them about three gallons of cold fresh cider, and boil over a brisk fire, stirring constantly until they are soft or like a sauce. Then add the boiled cider and boil (stirring continually) from four to seven hours, according to the degree of heat from the fire, or until it is jellylike, when the apples and cider will not separate; then add the sugar and spices, after which boil about fifteen or twenty minutes. Very often the sugar and spices are omitted, thus making a simple sour apple butter. However, this is not the rule. Stir constantly to keep it from burning.

Onion Soup

Remove skins from twelve small onions and cut in thin slices. Put in saucepan, add one third of a cupful of butter, and cook two minutes. Set on back of range, cover, and let simmer until soft, but not brown. Sprinkle with two and one half table-spoonfuls of flour, stir

oven. A cupful of raisins may be added to the latter. They should first be rolled in dry meal.

Indian Pudding

Heat one quart of milk with one teaspoonful of salt in a double boiler, stir in one cupful of corn-meal, and cook half an hour. When cool, stir in one cupful of molasses, two thirds of a cupful of chopped suet, one teaspoonful of ginger, two beaten eggs and one quart of cold milk. Pour into a greased baking dish, and bake four hours in a moderate oven. Serve with cream, maple syrup, caramel or hard sauce.

Hominy

The secret of good hominy is long, slow cooking. It should be put on in plenty of boiling water—say three quarts to three cupfuls of the hominy. Cook four or five hours, stirring gently occasionally. When done it should be per-

ful of flowers of sulphur as soon as you can obtain either the one or the other. Keep all the doors and windows tightly shut, and hold before the fireplace a blanket of some woollen article to exclude the air.

Stand the jar to be filled with hot fruit on a steel knife blade or a cloth wet with very hot water, and there will be no danger of a broken jar.

Potatoes haked in their skins will always come out dry and mealy if a small piece be cut off one end to allow steam to escape in the cooking.

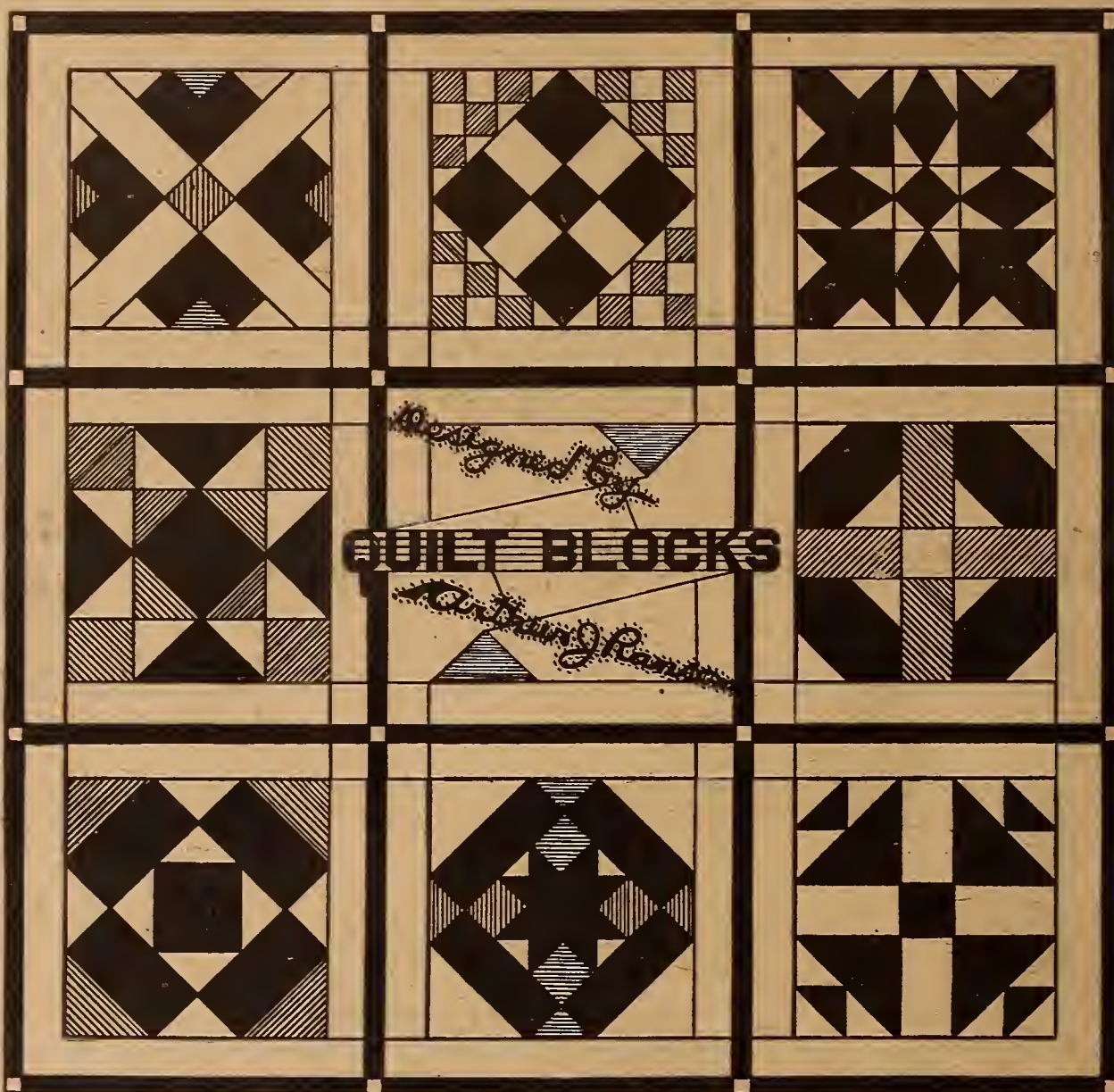
Instead of keeping parsley in water, which often turns it yellow, put it in an air tight jar in a cool place; this will keep it fresh for some time.

Breakfast Dishes

DEVILED EGGS, TOMATOES AND RICE.—Put a round of fried ham, a slice of tomato and a layer of boiled rice into as many little china cases as you require, and dust with black pepper; place a poached egg on the top, and fill up the case with a devil sauce.

DEVIL SAUCE.—Fry a small onion in fat until brown, then add a pinch of cayenne and one teaspoonful of curry-powder; fry together for a few minutes, then moisten with one teacupful of white sauce; simmer well together, and stir frequently, then skim off the fat, strain, and use hot.

CURRIED POACHED EGGS ON ANCHOVY TOAST.—Spread some squares of toast with a paste made



until well mixed, remove to front of range, and cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Add one quart of milk, and cook in a double boiler one half hour. Rub through a sieve, and season with one teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Beat the yolks of two eggs slightly, and add, gradually, one cup of cream; then add to the hot soup just before serving. If cream is not at hand rich milk may be substituted.

Mint Sauce

Mint sauce should always be prepared the night before it is wanted. Chop plenty of mint very finely, and put it in a small bowl of cup, pour enough boiling water upon it to cover it, and add the sugar. Cover closely until wanted, then add the vinegar; the proportion should be one-third water, the rest vinegar. This will be found a very superior sauce.

Boston Brown Bread

Two cupfuls of corn meal (scant), one cupful of rye meal, two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one half cupful of sour milk, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix the meals and salt, thin the molasses and sweet milk, blend the two mixtures together, and stir in the sour milk, in which the soda has previously been dissolved, until it foams. Beat the batter thoroughly, form it into a well-greased mold (leaving room for the bread to swell), and boil or steam (preferably) four hours. After taking from the pot or steamer remove the cover, and brown in the

fectly soft, yet in fairly distinct grains. The salt goes in when the cooking begins, and a good lump of butter is added just before it is done.

Frogs' Legs

In the first place they must be of fair size to have flavor; then they are really a delicacy. Treat them as young chicken in their cooking, but first putting them in scalding water to which a little lemon juice or vinegar has been added, allowing them to remain a couple of minutes before draining. Perhaps the most satisfactory method of cooking is to roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, then frying them, not too rapidly, in good, sweet butter until brown; serve on a bed of watercress. To fricassee, make a pan gravy, after frying as above, return the legs, and let simmer fifteen or twenty minutes. To stew, cover with weak white stock, and let simmer until tender; add some mixed milk and cream in which one or two egg yolks have been beaten; season, and serve.

In the Kitchen

When cooking sausages, let them heat very gradually, and the skins will not burst.

A burned saucepan should be filled with cold water to which a rather liberal allowance of soda has been added. Let it stand for an hour or so, then heat the water slowly, and let simmer for a few minutes, and the burned particles will come off quite easily.

To extinguish a fire in the chimney, besides any water at hand, throw on it salt or a hand-

of anchovy-paste and butter worked together, place a poached egg on each, and serve with a curry sauce poured around.

KIDNEY-MOLD.—Procure five or six sheep kidneys and chop them finely with half a pound of lean meat and three ounces of suet; then mix in one teacupful of fine oatmeal and a small minced onion, with pepper, mustard and salt to taste; heat an egg, and stir into the mixture, then place all in a buttered mold, and stir all together. Steam for two hours, turn out, and serve with good brown gravy poured around.

Peach Snow

Wipe and remove the skin from one peach. Force the pulp through a sieve, and if there is much juice, drain. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, using a silver fork. Add the peach pulp gradually, while continuing the beating. Sweeten with powdered sugar, pile on a glass dish, and serve with steamed custard or cream.

—Fannie Merritt Farmer.

Corned Beef Hash

To make a delicious hash, chop cold corned beef very fine, season it with pepper and salt and add a little sour cucumber or tomato pickle and two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine. Moistened this slightly with a little hot water or, better still, gravy. Put the mixture into a greased pudding dish, cover with mashed potatoes made very soft with milk and butter, sift bread crumbs over the whole, and bake covered half an hour, and then remove the cover and let the crust bake a delicate brown.

The Housewife



Doily.

Cut a circle of linen six inches in diameter, buttonhole stitch all around with embroidery silk. Cut a circle in center two and one-eighth inches in diameter. With number 24 thread wind around the forefinger twenty times; over this work 40 dc, *ch 7, sc in fifth st, ch 15, sc in same st, repeat all around. Work in buttonhole all around and catch center of 15 ch, at regular intervals. Around the outer edge work 7 ch, sc, about one quarter of an inch apart, making sixty-three spaces.

On this row 7 ch on 7 ch, repeat five times; ch 23, sc in same st, 7 ch on 7 ch, repeat twice; ch 23, sc in same st, repeat from beginning.

Begin the large outside wheels as given for center wheel. Make 20 roll sts of 20 overs, each in every alternate st of dc. Without breaking thread ch 11, dtr (double treble crochet—thread over twice) in same st, dtr between second and third rolls; *ch 7, dtr in same st, dtr between fourth and fifth rolls; repeat all around, always missing two rolls, and join with sc to fourth of 11 ch. Ch 3, fasten back in center of last 7 ch with sc, then five rolls in top of dtr, sc in center of next ch, omit the 3 ch, and repeat from beginning. Ch 7, tc (treble crochet) between second and third rolls; ch 5, sc in top of tc, making a picot; tc between third and fourth rolls, ch 7, sc between shells; repeat from beginning.

Join the wheels at picot of two shells on either side, picking up center of the two loops of 23 ch at lower joining. There will be five spaces of 7 ch between these two clusters of 23 ch. Join the two inner shells of wheel to second and fourth of these spaces.

JULIA A. WILLIAMS.

A Woman Who Baked Herself into Popularity.

There is constantly coming to my knowledge the efforts of self-helping women. Affairs with Mrs. A. were about as bad as they could be. The mortgage had been foreclosed, the farm was left, and no visible means of support. A

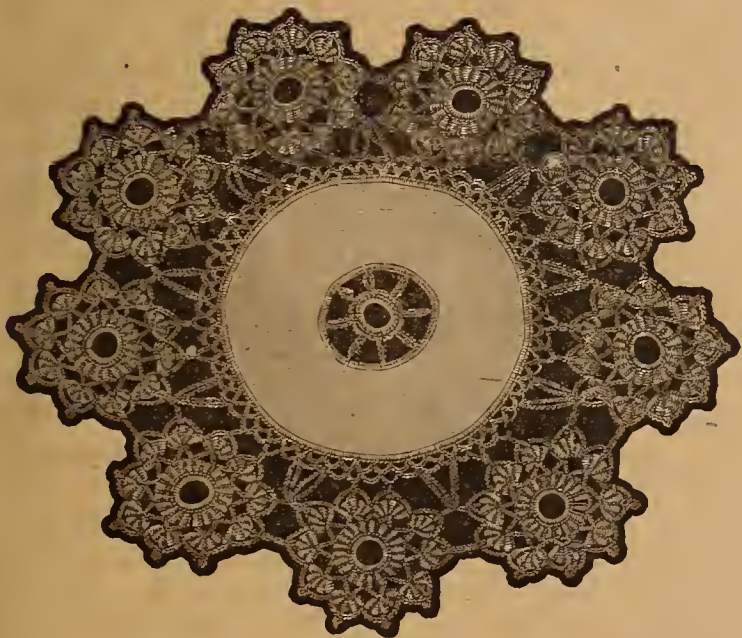
ice cream, and sold ice cream and cake. From discouragement she worked herself into encouragement, but she didn't do it sitting listless with folded hands, wondering what would become of her. She worked, and great was the dismay when something better opened for her and the little bake shop closed. Always neat, always wholesome and always good tempered, and yet always forceful, she made and held her customers. There was never any complaint of short weight, short dishes of cream, poor bread or poor cake. What she did was done with her might, and that was of the right sort. She didn't work just when she happened to feel like it. She worked every day and I doubt if few in that town made more money.

As her work advanced she could buy in quantities, and this made her profits more. It may not be every one who would want to open a shop, but if one must earn there should be no false pride.

Another woman who began in the baking line, writes me: "I had the postoffice of a very small place. It did not keep me busy, so one day I put in the glass case in the lobby a few loaves of bread. It was during a very busy time, many hops being raised and hands hired to pick. Soon a man came in and asked if the bread was for sale. It was, and he bought." He ordered more, he ordered cookies by the batch, and so her small effort almost at once sprang into success. Little was sold at the time of year when the farm work was lighter, but during the harvest time and threshing her wares were readily disposed of.

Success depends upon the attitude one takes. We need not start out with things to sell, as did the English gentlewoman who made hot cross buns. She was reduced to the utmost straits of poverty. Very faintly she called, "Hot cross buns, hot cross buns," and then looking timidly around, she whispered to herself, "I hope no one heard me." Let folks know if you have anything to sell and you will probably sell it if it is worth the price.

ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.



DOILY

small house was taken in a very small town. Mrs. A. began baking. She placed her wares in the windows, with cards indicating their object. Little by little people came in to buy her bread. She began simply with that. They found it good and came again. Little by little she added to her stores, molasses cookies, sugar ones, spice cake, pies, and finally put in a very small stock of confections. She never displayed or offered for sale anything inferior. It was all good, all perfect, and all homemade. To the people living in the small town her work seemed almost like that of a missionary. Were they hurried they ran to Mrs. A. for provision; did unexpected company come, Mrs. A. could at once supply the need for the "staff of life," or a dainty dessert. She could make a salad, and she went to different functions to prepare the viands. She employed the men of the household, she hired help, and she was certainly upon the flood tide of success in her line. During the summer solstice she made

Nut Crackers

- Are you tired of serving the same old crackers each time you have a salad? Try the following: Chop in a bowl equal quantities of English walnuts and pecan-meats; over the top of each cracker spread a thin coating of the beaten white of egg, then spread thickly with the chopped nuts, sprinkling salt liberally over all, and then put into the oven to brown.

The only particular part in preparing these crackers is the browning, as they require constant watching. It is far better to chop the nuts with a knife, but if a chopper is used be sure to use its coarsest teeth, and do not use the prepared nut-butter, as the taste is by no means the same. With all kinds of meat or vegetable salads, tea and coffee, these "nut crackers" are especially delicious.

-Mary Elizabeth Hardy, in What-to-Eat.



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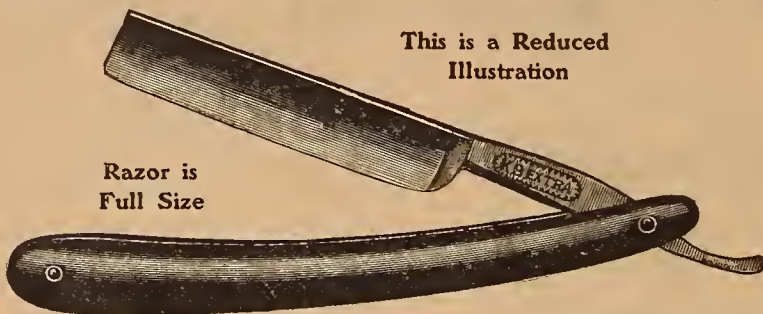
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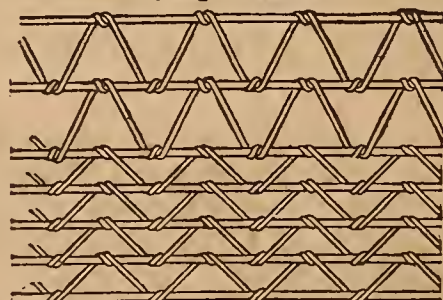
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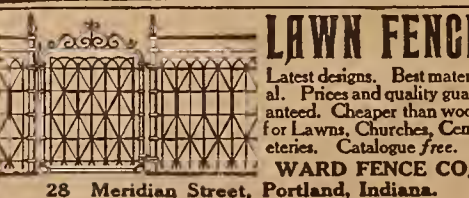
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Happenings Unusual

Monkey as Burglar Assaults a Policeman

A Paris policeman recently rose out of bed when he was violently assaulted on the head and looked for a burglar. He could find none. After binding up his head he went to sleep, when he was again awakened by the water jug being thrown at his face. Then he found that a monkey, which must have entered by the open window, was grinning at him from the bed hangings.

Cows Discover Oil Wells

The refusal of cows to drink water of the Jordan Creek has led to the discovery of oil in Low Hill Township, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania. The natives are very much agitated over the discovery and A. J. Schlooser of Allentown and A. P. Balliet of Oplay, petroleum experts, have leased one thousand and five hundred acres of land in the township.

Make Dresses out of Mail Bags

The Belgian postal authorities have discovered that the natives of the Congo Free State are making a strange use of the postoffice property.

For some time past the leather pouches in which the Congo mails were carried have been missing from the Brussels postoffice.

They have now been traced to the Congo State. It has been found that the native postal officials have distributed them as presents among their female friends.

The black women employ the pouches for personal adornment. Having cut out the ends, they pull the bags over their heads, and fasten them around their waists by means of the leather straps. They are wearing them with evident pride.

Rain That Does Not Touch The Earth

During some of the rain storms in the Colorado desert not a drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above, but when it reaches the hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed. These strange rainstorms take place in regions where the thermometer often registers 128 degrees in the shade.

Monkey's Heart in Human Being

From Chicago comes a disptach telling of experiments that have been made by Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Carrel at the University of Chicago, which may result in the grafting of vital organs. The hearts of dogs have been successfully moved up into the animals' necks and there performed their functions.

Circulation of blood in canines has been reversed without death. Many new things about heart action have been learned, according to Dr. Arrell, who will begin new experiments early in October. "What we have learned," he says, "gives us hope that some day we may replace a wounded or worn-out heart in a human being with the healthy, youthful and strong one from a living monkey."

Plan a Russian Colony

A Los Angeles dispatch says the Ranches Guadalupe, comprising thirteen thousand acres of tillable soil and wooded lands in lower California, has been sold to one hundred and four Russian families. The immigrants propose to establish on their purchase site a Russian colony for the raising of stock and grains and the milling of cereals. Water is to be developed at a considerable cost and a town laid out.

Stood on Head Until Dead

Peter Adrine, of Paterson, N. J., after unsuccessfully attempting nearly every ordinary method of suicide, finally killed himself a short time ago by attempting on his head until a blood vessel burst.

At the time he was confined in a padded cell and a strait-jacket for the express purpose of protecting him from a temporary fit of suicidal mania.

Rich Girl Starts a Dairy

Miss Margaret Astor Chandler, a great-great-granddaughter of the first John Jacob Astor, has started a dairy near Tarrytown, the home of Miss Helen Gould, and will conduct it in accord with the latest ideas of the board of health. As her income is already \$30,000 a year. It is evident that it is occupation and not money that she seeks.

Boys in Short Pants Rob Bank

At Youngstown, Ohio, a few weeks ago two boys, aged six and seven years, robbed the First National Bank of seven hundred dollars and got away with the money. They were captured after scattering money about the streets of this staid of village for some time, and when a crowd of boys had followed them to the river, where they finally took refuge. The robbery was well planned and the President of the bank, Wm. Harber, with Judge Thos. I. Gillmar, of Warren, sat within a dozen feet of them when they made the bold raid. The other employes of the bank were at dinner and they had chosen a good occasion for their theft.

The robbers are Leonard Park, aged 7, and Lyde Lenney, aged 6. Leonard was the one who planned it. He forced Clyde to go up to the counter and get the bills. The news of the robbery set the town in an uproar, and within a short time there was almost a run on the bank.

A number of boys saw theyouthful robbers come out of the window, and followed them. They were distributing bills to all who came along. Ten-dollar bills were the same as advertising dodgers, and the youngsters gave them out liberally. They were followed by the boys and were finally captured by Charles Harris and a newsboy known as "Bill Nye." The youngsters readily confessed and disgorged the money which they had in their pockets. It was not half of what they had taken, though, and it is said that out of \$700 which was missed from the bank that but only a part was received.

Amazons Form Military Company

A military company composed of the daughters of Boone county farmers has been organized with headquarters at Englewood, eleven miles southeast of Columbia, Missouri. The first public drill took place at a log rolling at Englewood, where in the presence of a crowd of curious visitors from all parts of the country, the girl soldiers gave a striking exhibition, going through the manual of arms like veterans.

War on the Sparrow

Bellefonte, Ohio, has a sparrow club whose object is war upon sparrows, rats and hawks. At its annual meeting held recently it was announced that Ray Hetzler got the first prize in the sparrow contest, having killed 1,680. Fred Hetzler won the rat prize for killing 576, and Charles Simmons was first in the hawk contest with a credit of 5. The records for the past six years show that the club has exterminated 106,103 sparrows and 104,983 rats.

Monster Turtle Defeats Five Men

The South Norwalk, (Conn.) correspondent to the New York "World" tells of a terrible battle between five men in a boat and a six hundred and ten pound turtle which recently escaped from a South Norwalk market-man, Captain Ducross by name. A reward of fifty dollars had been offered for the capture of the turtle, and Frank Petty, with his two sons, Frank and George, and two other men named Swanson, set out in a rowboat, intending to catch the chelonian. They took nets and spears and rope a-plenty.

The Petty party found the turtle asleep in the harbor on top of the water. They approached him slowly and cautiously. When right upon him one of the Swansons, who is an expert fisherman and sailor, attempted to drive an eel spear, to which a long and heavy line was attached, through the back of the turtle.

He was unequal to the task. The spear broke short off in the tough shell of the turtle, and then there commenced a fight which lasted almost an hour.

The chelonian seemed to have no fear of the men or the boat. He turned upon them and with his flippers almost overturned their boat. The five men beat him over the head with the oars. These he occasionally got in his mouth, and each in turn was crunched and broken off. It was in the thickest of the fight that Swanson in some way was struck by either one of the flippers of the "animal" or by his beak, and a long gash was torn in his arm. In spite of the wound Swanson assisted in the fight until the turtle withdrew and sank out of sight, apparently none the worse for his encounter.

A Girl in the Case

BY FRANK H. SWEET

Bronco Buster stepped to the door of the saloon, holding his glass so he could see the color of the sunlight through the liquor. The street was comparatively deserted, for when cowboys were in town it was customary for the inhabitants to bethink themselves of needed duties indoors. The color of the liquor proving satisfactory, Bronco's hand dropped from the significant position on his hip pocket, and his eyes swept the street.

"Hike here, you fellers!" he yelled suddenly. "Yonder's Billy Patterpat turnin' the corner. Let's cover the street an' corral him, an' then make him dance."

"Aw," drawled another cowboy who was leaning against the counter, emptying glasses and flinging them at whoever he thought might not be able to dodge, and holding his revolver in readiness to meet possible objection to his playfulness, "Patterpat won't dance. He's jined the little party o' Mennonites up country, an' gone plain. Ain't you heered? Billy ain't frivolous no more."

"We're goin' to give him a drink fust," significantly. "There won't be no trouble then. You use to know Billy?"

The figure at the counter straightened. "Why, of course, of course," he conceded; "a good drink will be ile for Patterpat's feet. I did use to know Billy. The only trouble with him was that all his brains an' fun an' everything was jest in his feet, an' with them gone plain there couldn't be no Patterpat any more. We'll ile 'em with Billy's special limberer." He hurled his last emptied glass straight at Bronco's head, but not so quickly as to prevent its being caught and hurled back with such instant and unerring precision as to be shattered into a hundred pieces against the hat crown of the sender. But instead of angering him, the cowboy at the counter only chuckled hilariously as he rubbed his head and shook the pieces of glass from his hat brim. He liked horse play that was mutually dangerous. As they filed out, a newcomer from Texas looked discontentedly at Bronco.

"Any special indocement about that Patterpat's feet?" he inquired. "I've been pretty comfortable settin' on the counter. We have dancin' down to Texas."

"Better go back, then," curtly, "or go set on the counter if you like. As to indocement, there ain't only one dancer, an' that's Patterpat. I'm been to 'Frisco an' to Kansas City an' to Chicago, an' I've seen dancin'—leastways, what they called dancin'. But I've never seen but one Patterpat. Only he has to be limbered up with great jags of whisky fust. Then his legs are all wheels an' parabolos an' ricoshays an' scintillates. It's what the good book has to the end o' it, the revelation. Now you stand right here, an' I'll santer out to the middle o' the street. That's him comin' yonder, an' beginnin' to dodge already. That's the way he used to do, an' we had to round him up like we would a wild mustang, an' then fill him up."

Billy Patterpat was a block away, coming on slowly and looking from side to side for some avenue of escape. The gradual spreading of the cowboys across the street brought up memories of past experience, and his eyes had begun to grow troubled and full of apprehension. At length he stopped and looked back; but it was too late now. Several of the cowboys were near their mustangs, and as he turned, they swung into their saddles and dashed up the street. In a few moments he was in their midst, struggling and protesting, his eyes big with terror of what he felt was coming.

"Don't ye give it to me, gentleman," he pleaded. "I'm plain now, an' 'twouldn't be right. I ain't danced in six months, an' ain't tasted a drop. Don't ye make me now."

"Look at that, Billy," said Bronco, holding up a bottle between Billy's eyes and the sun. "Don't that look good? Jest see how it smiles! It's the very best in town, an' we've got more bottles in waitin'. There's ten whole glasses for you, Billy, jest for you. Think how it'll feel movin' down your throat, an' remember how it smells. Lordy! I do feel almost like drinkin' the whole thing myself. But here, Billy."

He reached out the bottle suddenly, and Billy's hands—both of them—went hurriedly toward it. His eyes were shining, his lips trembling, his whole frame in a quiver; but even then, with almost superhuman effort he forced his arms back to his sides. "Don't, Bronco," he implored; "don't, don't, don't," his voice rising quaveringly. "You know how 'tis

with me. Please don't. I don't want it." "It'll do you good," inflexibly. "You're gettin' thin from goin' without it so long, an' it's better to enjoy the stuff tricklin' down your throat slow than to have it poured down in bottlefuls. You know what we say goes, Billy, an' you must drink the whole thing."

Billy dropped upon his knees. "Don't," he repeated, dully. "I don't want it. If I smell I can't stop then. You an' me's been good friends, Bronco, an' I've danced an'—an' drunk a lot for you. Let me off this time. An'—an' if you don't mind, I'd like to say why."

"Oh, let the poor devil make his confession, Bronco," interposed one of the cowboys, good-naturedly. "You know how 'tis with Patterpat. If he smells, as he says, he don't stop easy. It'll be two months 'fore he sobers up. Let him start right."

Billy shot him a grateful look. "It's like this," he said, with a pathetic eagerness in his voice. "Six months ago I happened to be up in the country, an' I saved a girl's life. She was caught by a bear, an'—an' I s'pose I acted some bravely. At any rate, she an' her folks thought so, an' took me in. Since then I've been up there, an' I ain't tasted a drop, an' I've been feelin' that mebbe I could make something o' myself some time, like I used to think a long time ago." There was a little catch in his voice; then he went on, in lower tones, "Me an' the girl was to be married. I came down to-day for a ring an' license. They believe in me up there, an' I've jined in with 'em, an'," his eyes suddenly becoming steady and aggressive at a giggle from one of the cowboys, "if 'twa'n't for the whisky I believe I could be a good man ag'in, a better one than you could ever be, Danny. But o' course," his voice dropping and his hand reaching mechanically toward the bottle, "this will finish it all. Up there they don't have any thing strong to drink, an'—an' they never suspected I was that way. When they find this out it'll be over with us. I'll run through myself soon's I can, an'—an' the girl an' they'll feel sorry; but you'll have your dance carnival, so we won't all lose. Now you can give me the bottle, Bronco."

But Bronco was now holding the bottle up between his own eyes and the sun. "Seems a pity to spile such good stuff," he said, regretfully, "but it's got to be did." Then in a loud voice he said, "Here, you fellows, see that stone over tother side o' the street. Well, every one who's got a bottle shy at that, an' the one who breaks into the most pieces will go with Billy to see 'bout the ring an' license. Then we'll all club in for a present, an'—"

Billy's head went up suddenly. His eyes were moist. "No, no," he protested, "I don't want no present, gentlemen. We been workin' hard up there, an' have got some ahead. I'm all right long's I can keep away from that stuff."

"Shut up, Billy," Bronco retorted, ungraciously. "Tain't you; it's a present for the bride. An' I reckon we'd better make it two o' our best ponies. They'll be handy's anything up 'mong them Mennonite farmers. Now, fellows, one, two, three, an' crash!" and with the last word half a dozen or more bottles, delivered from as many unerring hands, crashed against the stone.

Boys Play Indian and Almost Burn a Companion At The Stake

Whooping and yelling like Indians in a war dance around a diminutive captive in the West End, Pittsburg, Pa., a few days ago, six young boys almost burned a companion at the stake.

James Wigmore, aged four years, who was playing the captive, was perfectly willing to carry out his part, for William Weyman, aged fifteen, who was playing the part of the Indian chief, had assured him he would not be hurt.

The fagots were piled up around Jimmy, and Weyman, in his role as chief of the tribe, applied the torch, and as the smoke curled up the dancing and whooping were resumed.

Soon the smoke got into Jimmy's eyes, and he began to whimper. The dance was stopped and the burning embers were kicked away, but not before Jimmy's trousers had caught fire. Then the boys, frightened, ran away.

Jimmy's screams attracted his father, who hurried to the spot and smothered the fire with his coat after the boy's legs were frightfully burned. The child was taken to a doctor's office, where his injuries were dressed.



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Delivered by the Avenger



By Jessie Frank Boice

JUSTINE," said her brother, abruptly, pausing in his nervous pacing of the veranda.

Justine raised her beautiful dark eyes to his face. She dearly loved this handsome brother. They were much alike in their dark beauty, though his face showed lines of irresolution not visible on hers.

"What is it, Willard?" she asked, gently, noting his evident perturbation.

"I am in a deuce of a hole, sis," he said, seating himself close to her and laying his hand over her shoulder.

"What now, Willard?" she questioned, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

Though but a few years younger than she, Willard had ever leaned on her. Bereft of both parents when little children, she had been mother, father and sister to him ever since he could remember. She had been his helper out of all his boyish scrapes, and as he grew to manhood more serious affairs had often taxed her heart and mind, for Willard came to her with everything. His wild companions of late had caused her much anxiety.

"Willard," she said, gravely, "you are twenty-one now, and ought to endeavor to keep out of scrapes. I had hoped that on reaching your majority you would make an earnest endeavor to turn over a new leaf and cut the wild fellows who have led you so easily of late."

"I know, sis. I really mean to after this, for I am heartily sick of it all; but I must get out of this last affair or it will bring disgrace on the Davenport name."

"Willard, what have you done!" exclaimed Justine, startled out of her habitual calm.

Willard crimsoned. "It was just a dare," he said, uneasily. "It was wrong, but then I meant no wrong, and Arthur Bradford is beastly mean to accuse me of doing it purposely."

"Arthur Bradford," said Justine, growing pale, "what has he to do with it?"

"The whole story is just this, sis: The fellows said I could not imitate every style of writing, and Bradford dared me to imitate his—you know I pride myself on my ability to copy anything—so I," with a shamed look on his handsome face, "I—made out a check—and—took it to the bank—and got the money on it. Of course, I meant to give it back," hastily, as Justine gave an exclamation of horror, "but Bradford got hold of it first and charged me with forgery! And now he says he means to push the matter through the courts and have me convicted. He will not listen to anything I say! You know, Justine, I did not mean to commit forgery"—he hesitated in his recital as he saw her white face.

"No, I am sure Willard Davenport never meant to commit such a crime," she said, steadily. "But, Willard, how can I help you in this—the worst thing you have ever done in all your wild life?"

"Well, you know," lamely, "Bradford always thought a lot of you—even though you did refuse to marry him—and—if you would plead for me—I think he would let me off—but if you would rather not—Justine—I will not ask it. But he seems determined to make me pay for my folly."

Justine's pale face had grown crimson as Willard proceeded. Too well she knew what to expect if she made any plea to Arthur Bradford, a man whom she despised, but who had threatened, at her last refusal to become his wife, to make her rue the day she said 'no' to him.

She felt positive in her own mind that Bradford himself had led her brother on until the forgery had been committed, thinking in this way to revenge himself on her.

She put a few earnest questions to her brother, and learned enough to be sure that her suspicions were correct.

Her heart sank at the prospect before her, but she never thought of faltering after the whole story had been told. She knew that she alone could save Willard from the disgrace that Bradford meant to bring upon him.

"Willard," she said, you must not tell another soul of this, for though you are innocent of intentional wrong, yet the stigma will always cling to you if this story gets out. You tell me no one knows of it yet but Bradford and yourself. I will write him at once to come here, and will see what I can do."

She sighed as she finished, but Willard gave her a rapturous hug, great relief lighting his boyish features.

"You are a 'brick,' sis. If you get after

him I know it will be all right, and you may be sure I will never lisp a word about the miserable affair. And, Justine, I promise you that it shall be the last," sudden resolve in his voice. "Get me out of this, and from now on I will try to be a credit to the Davenport name."

Justine looked earnestly into his face, and the dawning look of steady purpose filled her heart with joy.

"No matter what it costs," she said to herself, "if it makes a man of Willard." Little did she think what that resolve would cost her.

Arthur Bradford's dark face assumed

than was necessary; and she dared not rebuke him as she would formerly have done, knowing the task before her.

She did not at once approach the subject heavy on her heart, but strove by music and bright conversation to make him pliable.

Bradford responded to her efforts most genially. He, too, had a purpose to attain, and was trying, even as she, to reach the given point in the race in the best trim.

Justine lifted her dark eyes to his face as he turned the last page of the brilliant march she had been playing, and throw-

disgrace and ignominy, Justine," he cried. "If you will promise to be my wife I will let the matter pass; otherwise," darkly, as she drew back and tried to wrench her hand from his grasp, "I will swear out a warrant for his arrest tomorrow on the charge of forgery, and the Davenport name will be dragged in the dust and the boy's future forever blasted."

He had calculated well the effect of his words. Justine grew white as death, and looked searchingly in his face with her wide dark eyes. She saw that he meant but too truly every cruel word he had spoken.

She ceased struggling to release her hand from the grasp which hurt her cruelly.

Just one moment she let thoughts wander to the man she really loved, and who had given her every token that he loved her, though no words of love had ever passed between them. Her heart seemed to contract with the agony she suffered at that moment. Then she glanced into the evil face confronting her.

No thought of escape occurred to her. Willard must be saved at any price.

In the spirit of the martyrs, who gave their bodies to the rack for conscience' sake, she gave him one look of suffering, and then, extending her other hand, she said, simply, "Take the sacrifice, Mr. Bradford. But to make sure that you mean to release your hold on my brother's fair name, give me that forged check."

He hesitated.

"I am a Davenport," she said, proudly. "My word has never been broken. You have my promise to be your wife at any time you name, but the price is that check given into my hands."

Slowly he drew the paper from an inner pocket. He had meant to use it as a threat to compel her acquiescence. Her unexpected surrender and proud humility made him feel ashamed. He gave her the forged check, and for an instant a spark of manhood flamed up in his breast, prompting him to release the beautiful woman from a compact which he knew was abhorrent to her. He crushed it back, however, and without a motion watched her set fire to the paper over the candelabra.

She held it carefully until it was all consumed; then, pointing to the door, she said, calmly, "I am ready to fulfill my promise whenever you wish, but must ask you to leave me now."

No word of reproach for his unmanly coercion, no glance of the hatred which he felt he deserved, and Bradford passed out of the room, feeling more like a whipped cur than the accepted lover of beautiful Justine Davenport.

Justine passed a night of sleepless anguish. Not only the fulfilling of her promise to Bradford, but the more difficult task of sending from her the man she loved, lay before her.

Her face was white and deathlike as she faced Willard at the breakfast table the next morning. He noted her appearance with alarm and concern. He knew that Bradford had been there the night before, and feared that she had failed to win him over.

Justine soon allayed his fears by telling him that Bradford had given her the check and that she had burned it. He did not ask how she had obtained the paper; but, boyish joy filling his heart at the dispelling of the cloud that hung over his head, he capered around the table and gave her what he termed "a bear's hug," calling her "a duck of a sister" and various other would-be compliments.

Justine bore this as best she could, dreading to tell him the price which must be paid for his liberty.

He was a generous fellow at heart, and when she finally mustered courage and told the balance of her story, he sat like one stunned.

"Justine, it must not be!" he burst out, finally. "Marry that scamp! You, my beautiful, cultured sister, mated with such a man! It shall not be! I tell you I will not have it!"

"Willard, which is worse? For me to quietly sacrifice myself—nothing will be thought of my marrying a wealthy man like Bradford—or for you to be incarcerated in prison and the Davenport name dragged in the dust?"

Willard was silent for a moment, then said, in a low, self-ashamed tone, "the check has been destroyed, Justine. He has no proof now."

"Willard, how can you suggest such a thing!" Her tone was one of indignation. "Truly, my brother is becoming like the company he keeps! How can



Bradford rose to respond. He raised his glass smilingly. Twice he essayed to speak, but no words came

an expression of sardonic delight when he received Justine's little note that afternoon.

"Ah ha," he chuckled, "you are in my hands now, my proud beauty. I little thought when I commenced cultivating your gosling brother how soon the game would come my way. 'Call on' you 'this evening!' With pleasure, my love," with an accent on the last word that would have turned Justine cold with horror had she heard it.

Promptly at the appointed hour he arrived at the handsome Davenport residence.

Justine was alone, and rose to greet him as he was announced. She had spared no pains to make herself attractive that night, and her dark beauty was wonderfully enhanced by the crimson silk robe trimmed with rare old lace, and the glittering rubies encircling her white throat.

Arthur Bradford surveyed her gloatingly with his sneering gray eyes as she advanced. "This is to be mine," he thought, as she greeted him, retaining her soft hand in his a moment longer

ing her whole soul in the question she asked, "Mr. Bradford, you will forgive Willard for my sake, will you not?"

Bradford looked down into the beautiful face, and drawing a deep breath, answered, "Yes, Justine, on one condition."

She flushed at his use of her name, but did not resent it.

"Ah, do not let your forgiveness be conditional," she pleaded. "Be generous and forgive his boyish folly." The tears sprang to her eyes as she gazed appealingly at him.

He drew closer to her. "You love the boy, Justine, very dearly?"

She bowed her head in assent, and again sought his gaze with pleading looks.

It pleased him greatly to have this beautiful woman so humble before him—she who had spurned his offer of marriage but a few months before.

"You would not like to see your brother in prison, would you?" he proceeded.

She shuddered, and the beautiful color left her face. "No, ah, no!" she breathed.

He clasped her hand suddenly. "There is only one way to save him from that

you even hint at overreaching even an enemy, and breaking the Davenport word?"

Willard's face grew dusky red. "Forgive me, Justine," he said, humbly. "I only meant to try to save you. I did not think for a moment what it involved."

"I know, dear," answered Justine, gently, with quick contrition for her hasty exclamation; "but there is nothing which can be done. I must fulfill my promise."

"Oh, sister," said Willard, tears, which did no dishonor to his manhood, coming to his eyes, "if I had been a different fellow this need not be. But from this time on I will be the man I should be, and never again disgrace our honored name."

High resolve was in every feature of the young man's face, and Justine, seeing it, said to her sad heart, "This is worth the price."

Nerving herself to the effort, she penned a note that morning to Rogers Dalton, the man to whom her heart's best love was given.

She would not tell him of her brother's part in the matter, so simply wrote that after earnest consideration she had last night promised to marry Arthur Bradford, adding a pathetic little plea at the close that for their friendship's sake he would not attempt to see her in reference to the matter, as no amount of argument would make her take back her plighted word.

She knew the high sense of honor in the man to whom she wrote. He met her several times before the day set for her wedding, but never once did he let fall a word of reproach. Only in answer to her note he sent back the one sentence: "You should have warned me in some way how vain were the hopes I cherished." And that little sentence was the bitterest stab of the many Justine suffered.

Her particular friends were astonished and disgusted that she should throw herself away on a man like Bradford, whose wealth alone enabled him to remain in the exclusive set in which she moved. The people whose opinion she did not value said openly that she was marrying Bradford for his money, hinting that the Davenport wealth had been slowly dwindling, owing to Willard's extravagances.

Bradford came frequently to the house, and Justine suffered his advances with a certain proud resignation which checked him more than a thousand words of anger or reproach.

He wanted a sumptuous wedding, and Justine acquiesced in whatever he desired. Several hundred invitations were issued, and Bradford ordered everything that wealth and ingenuity could devise to make the event as magnificent as possible.

Willard kept himself as much out of Bradford's way as circumstances allowed. When obliged to meet him, his forced civility and barely veiled contempt drew many a muttered curse from his brother-in-law to be.

"Never mind," he growled under his breath one evening, when Willard had been more than usually contemptuous, "when Justine is my wife I will make her pay for all your insolence. Insolent cub! I almost wish I had prosecuted him and made him feel the disgrace of imprisonment. But then my beautiful Justine would not be mine, as she will be very shortly now." And the smile on his evil face was not pleasant to see.

Justine was seated not far from him when that expression crossed his face. It filled her with a foreboding of evil which drove the color from her face, and a sudden trembling seized her. As in a vision she saw the life before her as the wife of this man, and her heart grew sick with fear and loathing.

"Oh, God," she prayed that night, "if I could only be delivered from this awful fate!" But no way of deliverance appeared.

The morning of her day of sacrifice dawned stormy and gray. Justine was glad, with a dreary sort of gladness, that it was not bright and sunny. It fitted her sad heart.

The chattering bridesmaids gathered early. If they noticed the bride's dreadful pallor at all, they attributed it to the nervous ordeal incident to the bride's part in a fashionable wedding. Justine in her bridal robes looked more like a corpse than a living woman.

Willard came into the room shortly before the hour set for the ceremony. He was as white as his sister, and the expression of sorrow on his face drew the attention of one of the bridesmaids.

"See," she whispered to her nearest neighbor, "Willard Davenport hates to have his sister marry that man. I wonder how she can do it?"

Willard drew his sister to his heart, and whispered, "Justine, it is not too late. Let me suffer anything—I cannot bear to see you sacrificed."

Justine pressed a kiss upon his cheek. His sympathy was very precious to her just then. "It must be, dearest," she whispered back. "Be brave and help me through the ordeal by being as pleasant

as you can to Arthur Bradford."

Willard gritted his teeth. "If he ever dares to say or do aught to you that will make you suffer, I will kill him," he muttered.

"Hush," answered Justine, warningly, "or you will be overheard. Never fear for me," she added, with a sudden glitter in her dark eyes; "the Davenport pride will support me."

"Rogers Dalton told me last week that he could not possibly attend the wedding, and I do not wonder," remarked Willard with sudden bitterness.

A hand seemed to grasp Justine's heart. All the morning she had been trying to put the thought of Dalton from her. These thoughtless words, showing but too plainly how Dalton felt regarding her marriage, nearly overcame her.

She put out her hands blindly, and Willard caught them, exclaiming, "You are ill, Justine!"

She recovered almost instantly. "Only a little dizziness," she said, calmly. Willard, of all others, must not know of her love for Rogers Dalton, for Dalton had been his hero from boyhood, and she knew he would do something rash if he thought for a moment that they were both unhappy through his folly. Fearing she might betray herself in some way, she sent Willard from the room.

Justine preserved her composure during the drive to the church, but she looked like one from the dead as she passed up the aisle. The church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage, but there was not a sympathetic glance given the pale bride; no smiles were visible, and there was a feeling of oppression over all; it seemed more like a funeral than a wedding.

Bradford met Justine at the chancel. His face also showed a sickly pallor. He feared that she might repent at the last moment and that he would lose her prize for which he had schemed.

The hand she gave him was as cold as ice. He looked fearfully into her dark eyes, but they seemed to gaze past him into space.

The clergyman began the ceremony. As the first solemn words fell from his lips Justine shuddered. Bradford also felt a chill pass over him. The awful mockery for the moment seemed to overwhelm them both. Justine nerved herself with a prayer that what she was doing might be forgiven because it was for Willard's sake, and her answers were given clearly but mechanically. Bradford had no such thought to help him. Knowing full well the despicable bargain he had made, he trembled from head to foot, and his answers came hoarsely and stumbingly.

It was over at last, and the bridal couple passed down the aisle. Bradford's face had turned from white to a bluish purple. He felt rather than saw the condemnatory glances leveled at him. Justine walked on with unseeing eyes. Even the wedding march seemed jangling and out of tune.

"They ought to play 'Saul's Dead March,'" said one young woman, aside, to her friend. "I never saw two people who looked more like the dead than those two!"

"No wonder," responded the person addressed, who believed that Justine Davenport had married Arthur Bradford for his money. "This bartering in marriage is growing to be one of the most hideous things in our social life."

A large number of guests had been invited to the sumptuous wedding breakfast. The magnificent dining room of the Davenport mansion had never held a more brilliant assemblage. The elegant costumes and flashing jewels of the women combined with the soft lights and beautiful floral decorations made a most gorgeous picture. Who would suspect what was hovering over it.

Under the influence of the delicious viands and sparkling wines the atmosphere of gloom which had hung over the guests at the church seemed dispelled.

Justine's deadly pallor was no longer noticed, and though Bradford's face still retained a peculiar purplish hue, he seemed to have recovered his usual composure.

The bridal couple were pledged again and again and finally one of Bradford's particular friends toasted Justine personally.

Bradford rose to respond. He raised his glass smilingly. All eyes were fixed upon him. Twice he essayed to speak, but no words came. The purplish hue deepened on his face. Wonderingly the guests watched him.

Suddenly the glass crashed from his hand, he swayed and fell in a limp heap to the floor.

There was instant confusion. Women screamed, and men sprang forward to assist the fallen man.

Justine, trembling in every limb, attempted to raise his head from the floor. Willard sprang quickly to her side, and gently pressing her away, assisted the

men in lifting Bradford to a lounge.

A physician present examined him critically amid breathless silence. "He is dead!" he said, briefly, in a low tone to Willard.

"Dead!" echoed those close by, in whispers, with glances of horror and affright.

"Are you sure?" whispered Willard to the physician.

"Positive. Heart failure. The excitement has proved too much for him. He probably had organic disease and did not know it," was the response.

All who heard turned toward Justine, who was watching the group about the lounge with a troubled gaze, while several of the ladies, pressing around her, were trying to allay her supposed fears by remarks, such as "He has fainted!" "Overcome by the heat of the room!" etc.

Justine feared nothing; she only wondered in a dull way if she ought not to be assisting the man whom she had vowed to cherish only one short hour before.

"Who shall tell her?" questioned one man.

Willard looked earnestly at the physician again. "Can you do nothing?" he asked.

The physician shook his head.

Wishing to save Justine from comment, Willard continued, in a low tone, "Do not mention it yet. Let me take her from the room and break it gently to her."

The group parted, and Willard, advancing to Justine's side, said, "Come with me, Justine, and let the ladies leave the room."

"Can I do nothing?" asked Justine, in a low tone.

He shook his head, and taking her arm, led her from the room. Most of the ladies followed, but a few, urged by curiosity, lingered, and hearing that Bradford was dead, one or two screamed and promptly fainted, and in the general confusion Justine's lack of agitation passed unnoticed.

When she had gained her room, Willard told her the awful truth.

"God has delivered me," she said, simply. "I was willing to do my duty, but the Almighty Father is merciful." And falling on her knees, she gave thanks for her deliverance, mingling petitions for the unprepared soul which had just passed to its final account.

The necessary investigations were soon over. The funeral arrangements were very simple, and the body of Bradford was interred in the Davenport vault. Willard had demurred at this, but Justine had insisted that it should be so.

For two years Justine lived a life of retirement, feeling that the tragedy of her life had rendered her unsuited for the gatherings she had formerly graced, but her friends finally persuaded her to enter society once more.

From Rogers Dalton she had heard nothing. A few days before her fatal wedding day he had sailed for Europe, and no word concerning him had ever reached her. Her heart longed for him, but in her pride she made no sign.

She was at a reception one evening, admired as one of the most beautiful women there, when Rogers Dalton was announced.

He soon perceived her, and at a distance watched her earnestly, but made no attempt to meet her face to face. A friend observed his close scrutiny, and said, laughing, "Ah, Dalton, so you are admiring our beautiful Mrs. Bradford?" Dalton shuddered a little at the name.

"Is she as great a belle as ever?" he asked, with assumed carelessness and with a slight touch of scorn.

His friend looked at him searchingly. "I do not like that tone in connection with Mrs. Bradford!" he said, warmly. "She has only recently come among us again, and deserves only praise for her devotion to Bradford's memory."

"Memory!" repeated Dalton, startled. "Is he dead?"

"Is it possible you do not know of that tragedy? Why, it was the talk of the city for weeks!"

"I left the city before her marriage, and have heard nothing," answered Dalton, in a suppressed tone.

The story of Justine's wedding day was soon told, and Dalton now watched the woman he so devotedly loved with a far different expression. Still he hesitated to approach her, and hope and fear struggled in his heart when he finally drew near.

She had noticed his approach, and steeled herself for the meeting. She thought he scorned her for a mercenary marriage, and feared to meet his calm gray eyes, knowing she could never justify herself without betraying Willard.

Their meeting was formal in the extreme. After a few ordinary inquiries regarding his travels, Justine turned toward another friend; none could suspect the storm raging beneath her calm exterior, and Dalton moved away, chilled by her reception. He met Willard in the hallway.

"Old chap, how glad I am to see you!" he cried. "Have you seen Justine?"

"Yes," answered Dalton; "but she did not seem so glad to see me as you are." The longing of his heart spoke in his voice.

Willard looked into his eyes with sudden comprehension. The young man's perceptions had been much quickened by the experience of the past two years.

"Rogers," he said, quickly, "come into this little room over here; I have something to tell you."

Dalton followed him wonderingly. Once quietly by themselves, Willard opened his whole heart to the friend of his boyhood, and told him of Justine's sacrifice for his sake.

A great pity and admiration filled Dalton's whole being. "Take me home with you, Willard," he begged, "and let me have an interview with Justine."

Willard acquiesced most gladly. "I was the means of parting them," he thought. "How glad I will be if I can make things all right between them."

He sent his coachman home with Dalton, and ordered him to return at once for Justine and himself.

Justine suspected nothing, and when Willard sought her, and asked if she would return home early, she was glad to go. Dalton's coldness had hurt her cruelly. She could make no explanation, and must suffer in silence his misunderstanding and scorn. In the darkness of the carriage she laid her head on Willard's shoulder and shed a few bitter tears unseen.

As they entered the house Willard said, "There is some one waiting to see you, Justine; I will be back in a few minutes," and left her at the door of the reception room.

"Who can it be at this hour?" she wondered; and entering the room, she found herself in the presence of Rogers Dalton.

A few words of earnest affection, of pleading for pardon for misunderstanding, and before she realized it Justine was in the arms of the man she loved, his kisses raining on her face.

With a sigh of perfect content she nestled in the clasping arms, once more thanking God for the deliverance which had made this happiness possible.

"BILLY"

BY FRANK H. SWEET

YOU take dot girl, I broke your head," cried the little German, fiercely, as he made a sudden and determined rush forward with the rake he had been using.

But the young man only reached out and caught the rake-handle in a firm grasp, at the same time smiling down at his wrathful assailant. "Let me explain, Hans," he urged.

"Dere ain't no explain," stormed the German. "You got off away, quick. My girl ain't for no college-man dot won't work, dot play mit golf-sticks and wear white clothes and haf no business. She better as dot. Her fader make rich money, und gif her everyding to learn und to trafel und to wear. Dot was all a mistake. Now he die, und leave her for me to take care for, und I going to make better dot mistake. I not going to haf no lazy man 'round mit her."

"But I merely called to pay my respects and—"

"Und make promise to call mit her some more, und den some more, und talk, und talk; und pretty soon, when we not looking, dere be a run-off for marry. Buh! I got no use for college-man who haf no strength for work."

The young man stretched out an arm suggestively. "Pretty good specimen, that," he remarked. "It helped do some record-breaking in the college nine, and went with me into a good many football-rushes. Just try the muscle."

Hans showed his disgust. "Und maybe it fine to hold a golf-stick," he sneered, "und swing a cane. You ought be 'shamed."

The young man laughed. "Look here, Mr. Strohm," he expostulated, "can't you and I manage to hit it off in some way? Haven't I heard Lena—Miss Strohm—say that you need more laborers in the hay-making?"

"I not need you," said Hans, grimly. "I hire men who work."

"Well, try me," said the young man, boldly. "You have some greenhorns who have to learn, I suppose, and you can rate wages accordingly."

"You want to fix to be mit Lena."

"Does Miss Strohm go out to the hay-fields, or the laborers visit your parlor? I understand they eat with your farm-manager. If I am not at work I shall very likely be loafing about with my golf-sticks, and will be sure to meet your niece occasionally."

"Yes, dot be so," said Hans, reflectively. "If you be working you not see Lena

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27.]

WHILE we are listening to the wild storms of winter howling around our comfortable homes, let us look at the home and life of the brave life savers, who are guarding life and property along our coasts. There are few people who realize what these men have to endure, or how many heroic deeds could be gathered from the records of even one of these little stations.

During the year ending in 1904 the disasters on our ocean and lake coasts numbered seven hundred and forty-nine with a passenger list of one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven. Of these one thousand nine hundred and forty-three were saved by the gallant keeper and his brave men; over one hundred other persons were rescued from drowning at the different stations. We can judge from this report how efficient must be the work done in this important department of the government service. Aside from the saving of many valuable lives, there are millions of dollars worth of property in the shape of valuable cargoes saved from the greedy ocean yearly by the crews of the Life Saving Service.

There are now on the American coasts two hundred and seventy-one stations properly equipped, and the cost to the government is made good by the value of lives and money saved; indeed, under the present system, there are fewer lives lost yearly on the whole coast line than were formerly sacrificed on the Cape Cod coast alone in that time.

The general superintendent of the Life Saving Service resides in Washington; there are district superintendents who have charge of all stations in their district which they must visit once in three months. Each district superintendent must inspect the public property, and drill the various crews in all exercises on the occasion of his visit of inspection. A journal of the daily doings of each station is forwarded weekly to the department at Washington. Where wrecks occur, and lives or vessels are lost, a rigid investigation is made by the department with a view to detecting any possible neglect or carelessness on the part of the life savers.

The station itself is a two-story house



The Story of a Life-Saving Station

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M. D.

two weeks, but in lonely stations they generally remain for the active season, which begins August 1st and ending June 1st. When a man leaves in June he goes where he pleases, and if he does not return by August 1st another man is appointed in his place. The keeper is held responsible for the condition of everything connected with the station;

beach in opposite directions, walk until they meet patrolmen from "A" and "C," with whom they exchange checks, and return to their own station. At the end of a week the checks are returned to their proper stations, and this is kept up during the season, week after week. No weather is severe enough to daunt these brave men, and they trudge all night.



LAUNCHING A LIFEBOAT AT PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

he must drill the men in their duties, divide the work evenly and see that the men are orderly. No liquor is allowed on the premises. Drunkenness or neglect of duty is punished by instant dismissal from the service. The man who is detailed to cook must keep the kitchen in perfect order; and each has his share of the housework to perform.

The crew are numbered from one to six, and at midnight preceding August 1st the station goes into commission. At

The two men leaving the station at midnight, going in opposite directions, patrol the beach until four in the morning. When these return to the station two other men take their places until sunrise. The next night at sunset two new men keep guard until eight in the evening, and at that hour their places are taken by two others, until midnight. Then returning to the station, the keeper is called, checks are given to two new patrolmen, who walk the beach until four

notify those on the wreck that they have been seen, and that assistance will be rendered. He then hastens to the station, and the whole crew turns out, the boat is run out on its carriage, all apparatus is collected, and they proceed to the part of the beach nearest the wreck. If practicable the life boat is launched, each man wearing a life belt. They pull off to the wreck, and under the keeper's orders, which are promptly obeyed, the passengers or crew are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued. If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line.

Coming abreast the wreck preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do; the keeper, assisted by man No. 1 has been loading the gun. He puts in a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line six hundred yards long, and so coiled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken the shot will pass over the wreck and the shot line will fall across some part of the vessel. The crew on the wreck haul in this line to which the life savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it. Both ends of this rope are kept on shore. Fastened to this pulley, or tailblock, is a tally board with directions in French and English, instructing the wrecked men how and where to make fast. When it is fast on board the vessel the life savers fasten a hawser to one side of the whip line and haul on the other, and the hawser is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whip line. Now there is one endless small rope and a large one three and a half inches in circumference connecting the wreck with the shore. To this large rope is fastened the breeches buoy (whose form is well known) by a snatch block. This block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser. Meantime the surfmen have buried the sand anchor deep in the sand, and tackles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a crotch is set under it upon the beach,



WRECK OF THE FISHERMAN, "DAWSON CITY," ON PEAKED HILL BAR



BATTERED TO PIECES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER FOUNDERING

built securely and solidly upon some good site along the beach. It is comfortable and roomy; furnished by the Government, and has the boat room and kitchen on the lower floor; a large bedroom for the keeper, another for the surfmen, and a storeroom occupy the second story. The boat room is large, and opens by great double doors upon the beach. It contains the lifeboat and all the life-saving apparatus—always in perfect order and readiness. The crew consists of a keeper and six surfmen. After December first an extra man is added, making from that time until the end of the season eight men all told. A man to be eligible for the service must have served an apprenticeship with "Old Ocean" for a master.

Each man must undergo a strict medical examination by a surgeon in the Marine Hospital Service. This examination is most thorough, and includes refraction of the eyes, test for color blindness, acuteness of hearing by watch and conversation and test of heart's action as effected by extreme physical exertion.

The keeper receives a salary of nine hundred dollars a year; he must be at the station all the year round, but is allowed a month's leave of absence in summer if he gives up his pay. A surfman receives sixty-five dollars a month, is at the station during eight months of the year, and has the privilege of leaving the station for twenty-four hours every

that hour the keeper gives patrol equipments to two of the surfmen and they start out on the first patrol, and the active season has fairly begun. Everything runs like clockwork after that, and as strict discipline is maintained as on board a man-of-war. The patrol from sunset to sunrise is one of the most im-

portant duties in the service, and the most careful rules are laid down in regard to its performance. The two patrolmen from station "B," starting along the

in the morning. So from sunset till sunrise our American coasts are patrolled by solitary watchmen on the lookout for vessels in danger. The patrol duty is so arranged that those men who have the long patrol one month are put on the short patrol the next; the night watches are divided into three watches of four

which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block one side of the whip line has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled off to the wreck. A man gets in, putting a leg into each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches buoy travels to and fro over this aerial railway until all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beachcart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to.

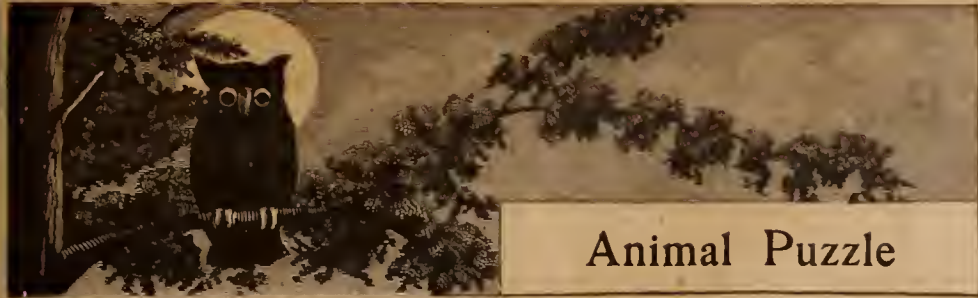
On Monday flags and bedding must be aired, weather permitting, and all the regular household duties performed. On Tuesday there is boat practice. This consists in hauling the boat carriage to the beach, unloading launching her, and pulling out through the surf, backing, turning or doing just what the keeper commands, he steering the boat. After practice the boat is put on the carriage, hauled back to the boathouse, cleaned and left in perfect order. Wednesday is signal drill day. There is an international code of signals composed of flags representing the different letters of the alphabet. Each surfman has a set of



LIFE-SAVING STATION AT NORTH TRURO, MASS.

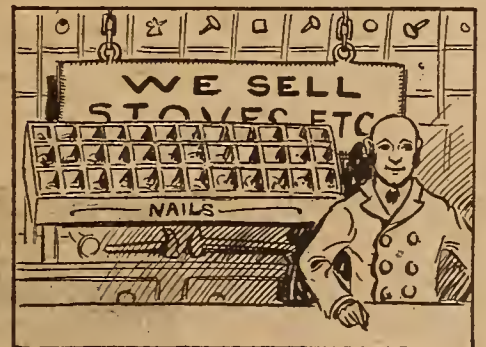
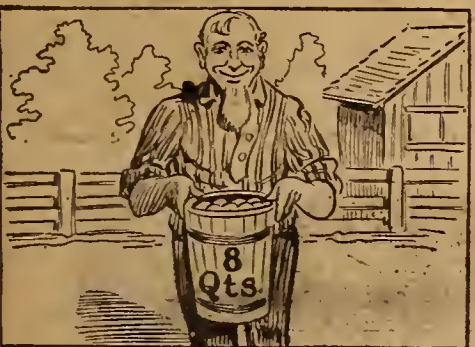
hours each. On the discovery of a wreck by night the patrolmen burn a red signal light (with which he is always supplied) to

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26.]



Animal Puzzle

The Names of Six Animals to be Found in the United States Are Hidden in the Pictures Below. Can You "Work Them Out?"



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER 15th ISSUE

Clifford, Donald, Charles, Edwin, Henry, Theodore.

A Dog Detective

Scip lives in Old Town when at home, is an undersized cur, with bright eyes and sharp ears, and is of badly mixed lineage. He is owned by one of the state game-wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined. The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the state of game-birds in any way whatever.

As the people alight from the train, few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this handbag and that bundle. Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and dropping everything, finds Scip dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the game "pointed" by Scip, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage-room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail in "pointing" game. He possibly may have missed some, but when he has made up his doggish mind that there is a violation of the law he has always been correct.

But inspecting the hand-baggage is not all of the little detective's work, by any means. After the passengers are all out, he hops into the baggage and express cars, and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight.

While making his usual inspection of the express car one day he came across a barrel to all intents and purposes containing fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scip sniffed at it, went on, and then came back and sniffed again. Around and around the barrel he went, whining and dancing. With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel, and in the center of a liberal lining of fresh shore-cod found several dozen plump partridges.—Boston Record.

Stoessel's Life May Pay the Penalty

GENERAL STOESEL, the world-heralded hero of Port Arthur, is a prisoner in his own house at St. Petersburg, and is soon to be tried by court-martial. While the world at large was at first inclined to think that the hero of Port Arthur was a victim of persecution, late ev-

idence introduced gives other color to the belief. A French merchant who remained in the fortress throughout the siege very strongly condemns Stoessel as follows:

"General Stoessel's conduct was disgraceful from beginning to end. His officers and men hated him, and they had good reason to do so. He never showed the slightest interest in their welfare or pity in their sufferings.

"He let the soldiers go without shoes and dressed in filthy rags, when the state houses were full of uniforms and supplies of all kinds. He let the common soldiers, whose courage and patience surpassed anything I have ever seen, starve when there were plenty of supplies.

"That is now proved beyond all doubt, as the Japanese found, according to their official report, in the storehouses of the fallen fortress—nine hundred and eighty tons of salt beef, eighty-one thousand pairs of boots, six thousand tons of flour and grain, one hundred and two thousand suits of underwear, and two hundred million cartridges and shells.

"When General Stoessel left the fortress his personal belongings filled thirty-two large baggage vans, while the privates were dressed in rags."

State Police Organizes

PENNSYLVANIA state police force becomes operative in October. The recent appointment by Governor Pennypacker of Capt. John C. Groome to command the force serves to call attention to a piece of pioneering on the part of the Keystone State which may before long find imitators in many other states. The new force has no counterpart in this country, unless it be in a measure the Texas Rangers and the Northwest mounted police, but there are many precedents for such an organization in Europe. Pennsylvania has about eight thousand coal and iron police, and it is the outcry of the labor unions against these which has led to the new organization. The coal and iron police were paid by the corporations whose property they were set to protect, and though they were appointed by the state, their relations to the property owners made them peculiarly obnoxious to the union miners. At any rate, the new force is to take the place of the privately paid police as far as possible, but it will do so in the immediate future only in a small measure, for it consists of only two hundred privates and thirty officers. The state police will have power to make arrests without warrant for offenses which they may witness, to execute warrants issued by local authorities, to act as forest, fire, game and fish wardens, and in general have the authority of policemen of cities of the first class.

Filtered Gas-Light at a Kerosene Price

SUPPOSE you needed an ounce of Gold!

And suppose that instead of sending you a lump of 24-Karat Yellow Metal, ready to use, they sent you a Ton of Earth, from the mines in Alaska, containing that ounce of Gold.

You'd then have a ton of something to pay freight on, but only one ounce of Gold after all.

And the freight would cost as much as the Gold itself. Well, that's the way most people buy their Light.

They buy Kerosene at 12c a gallon and get about 20 hours of 25 candle-power Light out of it, or about 500 candle-power altogether. That's about three-fifths of a cent per hour, for 25 candle-power light, plus labor, risk and bad smell.

They get lots of Flame for their money out of this Kerosene, but mighty little Light to read by.

Because, Kerosene Light, Gasoline Light, or City Gaslight, is only one-tenth Light, and nine-tenths other things that dilute, or discolor Light, and that poison the air we breathe.

You know it takes 4 times as much red light, and 5 1/2 times as much yellow light to produce the same clearness of vision that white light produces.

These are some of the reasons why an Acetylene Light the size of your thumb nail will give as much actual Reading Light as a flame from Kerosene, Gasoline, or City Gas, 12 times larger.

Because, Acetylene is all Light, without distorting color, flicker, or adulteration.

It is White and clear, like Sunlight, and so a little of it goes a mighty long way.

Now, this purity of Acetylene Light means many things in the Home.

For one thing, it makes Acetylene Light a full third cheaper than Kerosene, Gasoline, or City Gas Light, and half the price of Electric Light, per candle-power.

A 24 candle-power Acetylene Light which is white, brilliant, soft, beautiful, germ-destroying Oxygen-saving, and cool, costs you only about two-fifths of a cent per hour.

The best Kerosene Lamp made will cost you three-fifths of a cent per hour, for Kerosene alone, when giving the same amount of Light.

And, in order to give you as much Light, even at 50 per cent higher cost, it must burn up four times as much of the living Oxygen in the Air of the room you use the Kerosene or Gasoline Light in.

That's a loss to the Health of the whole family—greater far than the entire cost of the Light itself—a loss 365 nights in every year.

Then, there's the extra Heat of 12 times as much Flame, for the same amount of Light derived from Kerosene, Gasoline, or City Gas, and the extra Carbonic Acid they leave in the Air to poison the lungs and blood, viz., 10 times as much.

Oh, I know this sounds to you like "medicine talk."

But, just ask your Doctor what the Oxygen in 30 cubic feet of Air per hour is worth to you, in each year of 50 years living.

And, if you want to realize what that loss of Oxygen means to you, set a lighted Kerosene lamp in a room with doors and windows closed air-tight for a few hours.

When you see the Lamp itself die out, for want of the very Oxygen it



This is a standard "City Gas" burner. It consumes 5 cubic feet per hour to give 24 Candle-Power Light. That's equal to 1/2 cent an hour, with Gas at \$1.00 per 1000 feet.

burnt out of the Air, perhaps you'll realize what it means to breathe the ten-times-as-much Carbonic Acid which that Lamp leaves in the room in place of the living Oxygen it destroyed.

Acetylene Light uses up only one-fourth as much Oxygen as Kerosene, Gasoline, or City Gaslight.

And it produces only one-tenth as much poisonous Carbonic Acid. Please remember that.

Moreover, being a pure White Light, free from flicker, and unnatural color, Acetylene Light is twice as easy on the Eyes for Reading or Working.

And now, as to Danger—

There were only four Fires (just 4) from Acetylene Light among the two million people who used it in one year, as against 8,865 Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline, 4691 Fires from Electric Light and 1707 Fires from City Gaslight.

Isn't that a Record which talks out plainly for the Safety of Acetylene?

Now, all these Good Points about Acetylene Light are just beginning to be known by the People.

And, just so soon as they are better known there won't be so many Life-destroying Fires and Explosions, nor so much Sickness and Lung trouble as there is today in the Epoch of Oxygen-Consuming Lights.

Just think over the modern and improved Acetylene Lighting proposition for yourself.—Neighbor!

The whitest, clearest, softest, coolest, most beautiful and most healthful Light yet discovered, for less than the price of common Kerosene Light, per Candle-Power.

And, all the miserable, nasty, tedious, dirty, and expensive cleaning of Chimneys, snuffing of Wicks, and filling of Kerosene Lamps, cut out for all time to come, after Acetylene has once been adopted in your Home or Store.

It takes less time, mark you, to care for fifty Acetylene Lights than it does to care for one small Kerosene Lamp.—

I'm prepared to prove that to you.—

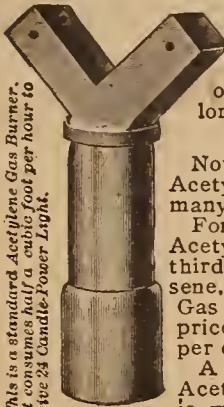
I said prove it!

Now, why don't you ask me to prove it, and send you the evidence?

Drop me a line today for my free book, called "Sunlight on Tap."

Address me thus—

"Acetylene Jones," 152 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



This is a standard Acetylene Gas Burner. It consumes half a cubic foot per hour to give 24 Candle-Power Light.

Advertisement for Steel Roofing, \$1.50 Per 100 Sq. Feet. Includes text about fire, water, and lightning proof roofing, and contact information for Chicago House Wrecking Co.

Advertisement for Telescope Sale, featuring a 3 1/2 foot long telescope and contact information for Richardson & Co.

THE APPLE

The day we were in the orchard
Shaking apples from a tree,
When a sturdy little laddie
With his questions came to me:

"Can you tell me why the apples
That we don't want always drop,
While the very ones we long for
Stay 'way up there at the top?"

And I answered: "If all apples
Without effort were obtained,
We'd ne'er know the joy of climbing,
Nor how victories are gained.

"What we have without a struggle
Of less value seems to be
Than the apple we must climb for,
Hanging high upon life's tree.

"Gather, then, what lies about thee,
Nor be satisfied till thou,
Too, hast climbed and plucked the Apple
Hanging on the topmost bough!"
—Elizabeth Ruggles, in New York Tribune.

MABEL'S PURCHASE

MABEL was just the kind of little girl whom everybody loves. She was very well behaved at all times, for her mother had often told her that a little girl in pinafores can be just as much of a lady if she chooses as any of her older sisters. She never thought of disobeying or of doing anything that would displease her mother, and as for being stubborn, and sulking in a corner when she could not have her own way—why, if you had even suggested such a thing to her she would have laughed at you, for her father had once told her that only a donkey acts in such a foolish way, and surely no one wishes to be like a donkey.

The seven years of Mabel's life had been spent on her father's farm, and no one but a child of the country can realize what jolly times that means. It beats life in the city all to pieces. Of course, the boys and girls of the city can play oftener with each other, because, you see, they live so close together, but that does not make them the happiest, by any means. And there is always one peculiarity noticeable in city cousins, and that is this: As soon as school-days are over in the summer-time they become fairly crazy to go to the country, and when they visit their uncle on the farm they run and romp and roll in the grass, for all the world like young colts in a pasture. Then when the time comes for them to return home to the city they make the longest kind of faces, and wish with all their hearts that vacation-days would last the whole year round. Now, don't you consider this pretty good argument in favor of living in the country?

So Mabel was very well satisfied to live just where she did. She had been to the city a number of times on visits to her grandmother, but somehow or other she was always glad to get back home. And when she was absent more than a day or two at a time a little touch of homesickness crept into her heart for a sight of the chickens and cows, and dear old Bob, the house-dog.

If there was one thing that Mabel delighted to do above all others, it was to feed the poultry. She would accompany her father out to the barn at feeding-time, and scatter the grain among the flock. Before very long the chickens got to know her, and when they caught sight of her coming through the pasture-lot they would run toward her, and crowd so thickly about her feet that she could scarcely walk. And her little brother Billy always wanted to help her. He would fill with some corn a little tin can he had, and dole it out a handful at a time. If, however, the hungry chickens had had to depend entirely on Billy for their meal they would have had a very long wait, for his chubby little fist could hold only a few grains at a time;



Feeding the Poultry—One of the Greatest of Childhood's Pleasures



The Young People



PHOTO BY CORA S. LUPTON
SAILMOBILE
Owned by Frank Mulford, Shiloh, N. J.

but he considered this a very important duty, and the smile on his little fat face showed that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

As Mabel was not very old in either years or experience, there were quite a number of things that she did not fully understand, and the fact that her father could go to the village store and get all manner of things in return for his butter and eggs was a source of great mystery to her. She always thought that one had to have money to buy things, and it never entered her head that her father's produce was equal in value to the goods he received in return. It was a very silly thought for a girl of seven, but Mabel imagined that a dozen eggs would buy as much at a store as a whole wagon-load. She often wondered why her father took so many when a considerably less number would have answered the purpose; nor did she ever think of asking for an explanation from her mother.

One day when Mabel went along with her father to the store she espied a doll in one of the show-cases. And that doll was precisely the kind that she dearly would have loved to possess. Her old doll at home was battered and worn, and through an accident had lost her nose. And what is worse than a doll without a nose? So Mabel was very anxious to own a better one, and she gazed so attentively and longingly into the show-case that her father soon guessed what she was looking at. He asked the price of it and was told two dollars, but he did not purchase. Christmas was not far off, and he decided to call the attention of Santa Claus to that particular doll. He felt sure that Mabel would get one just like it. It is really surprising what an influence fathers and mothers have over the jolly old saint.

A few days later, however, Mabel got to thinking over the matter, and evolved a plan of her own. One morning while her father was hard at work in the barn she hunted him up, and asked whether she could have some eggs. She held a small basket in her hand, and as he was very busy at the time he did not give the matter much attention, but naturally inferred that his wife needed a few at the house, so he told Mabel to gather some out of the nests. Mabel soon had her basket half filled, and then departed. But she did not return to the house. She headed straight down the lane toward the road that led to the village store. In one hand she carried a big apple, while the other grasped the basket of precious eggs. The satisfied look on her face was partly hidden under the broad rim of her sunbonnet. She was an exceedingly happy little maid, and as she trudged along her mind was diligently at work deciding upon a name for the new doll.

Suddenly she heard some one calling to her, and turned to look. "Hello, little girl!" greeted a voice by the roadside for the second time.

She saw a young man in a bicycle suit seated on the top rail of the fence skirting the road. His machine lay on the grass below him, and he seemed to be taking a rest.

Mabel knew that she ought not to stop and talk with a

stranger, but the young man had such a nice face and smiled so pleasantly to her that she could not resist stopping for a moment. So she walked over to him, and said, politely, "Hello!" At this he at once jumped down from the fence.

"I know where you're going," he said, in the most friendly way. "You're going to grandmother's with something nice for

her in your basket."

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Mabel. "I'm going to the store for a doll. Mr. Bell, the storekeeper, is an awfully nice man. He'll give you anything he has if you'll only bring him some eggs. See, I've got mine here," and Mabel uncovered her basket to show him.

The nice young man looked at the eggs as though he was very much interested, and he saw that there was just about a dozen of them. "I'm afraid it cannot be a very nice doll," he said, finally, "if that's all you're going to pay for it."

"Oh, but it is!" declared Mabel, with shining eyes. "It's a two dollar's worth of a doll. And my mama doesn't know anything about it."

At this the nice young man threw back his head, and laughed heartily. Surely a dozen eggs in payment for a two dollar doll would be a most amazing transaction.

"I didn't know you were going to make fun of me," said Mabel, in an injured tone, "or I shouldn't have told you."

The young man became as sober as a judge. "That was quite rude of me, little girl, wasn't it? And now I've hurt your feelings when I didn't intend to. But there, I know you'll forgive me, because I've got a little sister at home just about your age, and I'm sure she would. Her name is Daisy, and I was thinking of her as you came along. That's the reason I called to you. But I guess I'll have to be hurrying along. By the way, little girl, where does your Mr. Bell have his store? If I pass his place, and he's standing outside, I'll tell him to have the doll ready so that you won't have to wait."

Mabel told him how much farther it was, and then with a cheery "Good-by" he jumped on his wheel, and soon disappeared from sight.

When Mabel arrived at the store she found that Mr. Bell had the doll all wrapped up ready for her. He said that a nice young man on a bicycle had stopped to tell him that she was coming. When she offered the eggs in payment, Mr. Bell took the basket, and emptied it in a businesslike way. Nor was there the least sign of a smile on his face. But after Mabel had departed with her precious bundle he fell to chuckling to himself as though something unusually funny had happened.

On reaching home Mabel found her father and mother searching everywhere for her, and considerably alarmed at her absence. But when they saw what she had brought home with her they were so surprised that they forgot to scold her for going away alone.

"Where in the world did you get it?" asked her mother.

"From Mr. Bell," announced Mabel, proudly. "And he seemed awful glad to get the eggs. Papa said I might have them."

That same day Mabel's father paid a visit to the village store to see Mr. Bell. When he returned home there was a twinkle in his eyes, and a little later he and Mabel's mother had a good laugh about it.

When Mabel's father gave his little girl her good-night kiss that evening he asked her whether she didn't think that she had gotten a pretty cheap doll.

"I don't know," confessed Mabel, innocently.

"But I do," said her father. "Those eggs you took Mr. Bell were worth just sixteen cents."

"But, papa," protested Mabel, "he must have thought they were worth more than that, 'cause I didn't give him any money at all."

"But the nice young man on the bicycle did," explained her father, "just one dollar and eighty-four cents."

AMELIA A. FRY.



Mabel on Her Way to the Village Store to Make Purchases

"Home Sweet Home"

WITHOUT doubt the most popular song of home ever written, the song that has touched the hearts of the greatest number of people, and that will never lose its popularity, is John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

The author of this song has earned a place among the immortals by writing this one song of home. One of his biographers has said with certain truth: "John Howard Payne did a great many things in the course of an eventful life, and did them all well, yet the world really remembers him for one thing only—as the author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' That simple and touching lyric, inspired perhaps in a moment of deepest despondency, the outpouring of a heart wrung by disappointment, by unrequited hopes, the cry of a deeply sensitive soul from out of its inmost depths, finds such sympathetic response in so many other hearts, is so tenderly soothing withal, as to have become not only one of the treasures of the language, but one of its greatest boons to poor suffering humanity."

A man of whom such words as these can truthfully be written has earned the right to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, and it is not to be wondered at that the places associated with his childhood and boyhood have a special interest for us.

One will find away down on the extreme end of Long Island the beautiful and quaint old town of East Hampton. One may see here a number of houses that have sheltered famous men and women of bygone days—for East Hampton has already celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its existence. Here is the house in which Harriet Beecher Stowe lived when a child, and not far distant is a still more notable house because it was the childhood home of John Howard Payne. One who has been inside this ancient dwelling gives us this excellent description, which I quote because I was able to see but the exterior of the house on my visit to East Hampton:

"Very homely, indeed is the gray old cottage that is pointed out to you. Its hooded front door, its shingled walls, which are again become the fashion, its big brick chimney, stalwart and strong, belong to hundreds of other houses, in a hundred other villages. Happily, the noiseless footstep of time has passed over it, and left it only a little more grizzled than when Payne's young feet pattered in and out over the well-worn threshold. Upon going inside we find everything as plain as plain can be. There are the same worn floors and stairways; there is the same monster fireplace in the kitchen, besmeared with a back of velvety soot, where the boy Payne so often sat and watched the antics of the flames while he was painting pictures and dreaming the dreams of youth. Did he ever imagine that the day would come when he would bitterly put aside that "false money" reputation as a worthless thing, and sigh for the simple pleasures of youth he had once tasted here? The house is our best assurance that the sentiment of 'Home Sweet Home' had no luxurious background."

One must not depend too entirely on all that even "the oldest inhabitant" tells one when visiting an ancient village. It was not the oldest inhabitant, but it was one who had lived in East Hampton so long that he should have known better, who calmly assured me that John Howard Payne was not only born in this old house, but that he wrote his undying song beneath its roof. It is useless to argue with an old inhabitant, and I did not take the trouble to tell this one that I had positive knowledge of the fact that John Howard Payne was born in New York in the year 1791, on the ninth of June, if one would like to know the exact date. Nor did I think it worth while to inform my East Hampton oracle that Payne left his East Hampton home when he was but thirteen years of age and went to New York to become a clerk in a mercantile house. His tastes were more literary than commercial, and the dramatic instinct was so strong in him that he was determined to become an actor. He was but fourteen years of age when he edited in secret "The Thespian Mirror."

A rich man, who had become interested in the boy, and who had the acuteness of perception to see that he was a lad of unusual talent, sent him to Union College for a time. Then young Payne's father died and it was urgently necessary that the boy should become a wage-earner and help in the support of his widowed mother and a large family of small children. When he was seventeen young Payne went upon the stage and made quite a success as Young Norval in a New York theater. When he was twenty years old he made his bow before a London audience in Drury Lane Theater. He wrote a number of plays and experienced the ups and downs not uncommon to actors of even recognized talent.

"Home, Sweet Home" was written in an attic in the Palais Royal in Paris, and it was the outgrowth of disappointment and sorrow and poverty. Its author was down instead of up when the song was written. He had written a play called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which Charles Kimball, then manager of Covent Garden Theater, had asked him to change into an opera. Payne did so, and wrote "Home, Sweet Home" for Miss Tree, the prima donna of the company, to sing. The success of the song was immediate, and one hundred thousand copies of the song were sold in less than a year, but none

of the profits came to Payne, a fact that was to him a source of lifelong bitterness and resentment. He did not receive even the small sum of twenty-five pounds he was to have been paid as his share of the proceeds of the opera. His song enriched others and left him penniless. Indeed, he was so poor in some of the years following the writing of his song that he knew what actual hunger was. He died in Tunis on the tenth of April in the year 1852, and was interred there, but in the year 1883 the late American philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, had the remains of Payne brought to Washing-



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

ton and buried there. Though dead, John Howard Payne still lives and will live so long as "Home, Sweet Home" shall be sung throughout the world, into which the tender and beautiful song has brought so many sweet memories to the wayfaring children who have wandered far from the homes of their childhood, and who have said, through their tears, it may be—

"Home, sweet, sweet home,
"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
J. L. HARBOUR.

The Failure Of Bishop Potter's Saloon
With the closing of the Subway Tavern, the "sanctified saloon," founded a year ago by Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. E. R. L. Gould and other men prominent in civic and reform circles of Greater New York, is recorded the failure of another experiment to solve the drink problem.

Invested in the enterprise was ten thousand dollars. About four thousand dollars more was added, and when that was exhausted, the bishop and his associates decided that the experiment was a failure—at any rate they decided not to continue the work. "The tavern which was dedicated by Bishop Potter has been a signal failure," said Joseph Johnson, the managing director of the place, "and could never have been made a success. The people of New York want a barroom that is a barroom. Our experiment was never a success from the very start. We ran a clean place, and sold the best kind of liquor. But we had rules that sa-

loon patrons did not take to. We would not allow anyone to get drunk in the place, and that fact lost us a lot of patronage. The sight-seers that came to the place and pointed to men drinking and looked in their glasses lost us more patrons. We will not start any more taverns of the kind, for we are convinced that they would never succeed. We would need a capital of ten million dollars to go on with the experiment.

Thoughts That Are Beautiful

Says McCall's Magazine: If you see anything that is worthy of praise, speak it. Even if you can not do a worthy deed yourself, commend one who does.

Try to be something in this world and you will be something. Aim at excellence and excellence will be attained. This is the greatest secret of success and eminence. "I can not do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.

We can only give what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them, not your weakness, but your energy—so you will revive and lift them up.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure and good without the world being the better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.

Never revenge an injury. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. By little and little great things are accomplished, and repeated kindnesses will soften a heart of stone.

It is better to be sometimes imposed upon than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate when in order to secure it we are obliged to be always clad in armor and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellows.

"If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

"If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
If tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—
Then Love would kneel to Duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream."

The Real Trust Evil

Speaking upon the subject of trusts, District Attorney Jerome, of New York City, recently said:

"All this talk about trusts is mostly nonsense. No man has been in a position to know more of the iniquities of trusts than I have been, and yet I declare that nothing in this country has been touched by a trust that has not been caused to grow and improve.

"The side upon which the trusts are wrong, the side upon which they should be checked, and ruthlessly, too, is that they debauch our public life. Not content with the enormous profits they obtain they seek gifts at the hands



OLD HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT EAST HAMPTON, L. I.

of the people's representatives to which they are not entitled. It is there that I find fault with the trusts. It is there they should be held back. They buy legislatures, they buy judges, our administrative offices.

"Everywhere I go I am struck with the idea that the bulk of the people of America are honest and pure, and that they want good things. Do you know that despite this disposition, the honest man in office is a rarity? When a really honest man gets into office the people rally around him and pat him on the back and say, "good boy," simply for the fact that he has kept his hands out of the bag."

Autumn Reveries

The summer with its pastimes and its many merry sports,
Its picnics and excursions both to near and foreign courts,
Its sunshine and its pleasant shades, and all its scenes of mirth,
With all that sheds enjoyment to the children of the earth,
Has fled from us forever, like the hours of the past,
But left its footprints with us, as mementos long to last,
When the war drum shall be muffled and scenes of carnage cease,
With all the nations freed from conquest amid the reign of peace.
Now the days are getting cool and the nights are growing long,
And the katydids are singing their old katydidn't song,
The cornfields are preparing into shocks to soon be tossed,
And buckwheat fields are hastening to be sheltered from the frost;
The maple leaves of varied hues will soon be seen and brown,
The chestnut burrs will open and the nuts be coming down;
The chirping of the insect and the cooing of the dove,
And warblers of the grove, with their sweet tunes of mirthful love,
May soon suspend their piping and depart to realms unknown,
To enjoy a pleasant outing within some milder zone,
For the frost king is approaching with his sharp icy breath
To summon vegetation to the bleak confines of death,
But the harvest will be gathered, and the winter needs be stored,
Surrounded by the luxuries of comfort, bed and board.
Now note the many movements all around us to behold,
"Like the gay and merry manhood and womanhood of old,
A fair but sombrous lady seeks her pillow for relief,
Or soon in dreamland wanders to assuage her inward grief,
As the loss of dear affection by some mysterious turn,
Has caused her mind to wander and her heart within to burn;
But a lover and his loved one in close consultation
Are feasting there in quiet on sweet anticipation,
And bachelors are mourning o'er the woes of single life,
Not knowing how to manage to secure a useful wife,
And all the ancient spinsters and widowers of the land,
With comely widows added in this motley group to stand;
Oh, what a scene is shown us for the world at large to scan,
All waiting just to barter each lone woman for a man,
Yet with some misgivings that like a lott'ry it might prove,
And draw a blank in evidence of unrequited love;
But there they stood reflecting, with full pocket-book and purse,
That time had come for action now for better or for worse,
So let each pair be chosen in response to Cupid's dart,
Where rosy cheeks shall indicate the throbbing of the heart,
With this grand scene before us, we will drop the curtain here,
And trust to luck and Providence to see what shall appear
When all the gates are open for a clear and public view,
Though conjectures may arise on what further may ensue;
But when the faithful registry to all the world is shown,
May all be pleased and satisfied to take and hold their own,
And many thrilling scenes show occasions to remember,
Like the one here before us near the ices of our September,
While buckwheat cakes and sausage shall be part of our menu,
And all the choicest viands shall be added thereunto,
And this autumnal season with its rev'ries shall be classed
Among the brilliant memories and records of the past.
—Wm. Burgess.

Fancy Blouses and Indoor Gowns

By Grace Margaret Gould

Illustrations by Margaret Norris



No. 618—Double-Breasted Plaited Blouse

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with seven eighths of a yard of twenty-inch material for collar and cuffs, five eighths of a yard of silk for girdle and one half yard of twenty-inch material for chemisette

The new soft velvet, known as chiffon glacé, or one of the less expensive silks would be attractive for this waist. The model is made with an adjustable chemisette. Irish lace would look well for the collar, revers and deep cuffs. The blouse is made with four plaits at the back, running from neck to belt, two at each side turning toward the center. The front is plaited on the shoulders. It is best to select some soft white material for the chemisette.



No. 621—Draped Waist with Yoke

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and three fourths yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one half yards of forty-four-inch material, with three fourths of a yard of lace for yoke, five eighths of a yard of silk for girdle, six yards of lace edging for sleeve ruffles and jabot and two yards of lace for frills on sleeves

Here is a separate lace waist which is a bit different from the average, thus giving it a distinctive charm of its own.



No. 619—Low-Neck Surplice Waist

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with two yards of embroidery two inches wide and two yards of lace for trimming, as well as five eighths of a yard of silk for girdle

No. 620—Skirt with Plaited Panel

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-two inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, eight yards of thirty-inch material, or five yards of forty-four-inch material, with four and one fourth yards of embroidery for trimming

This effective tucked waist closes in surplice fashion at the left side, and blouses slightly over the girdle. The skirt is made with a box-plaited panel in front, and the circular side portions are fitted with darts at the belt.



No. 622—Waist with Corselet Girdle

Pattern cut for 32, 34 and 36 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or three yards of forty-four-inch material, with one yard of velvet for collar and bands and seven eighths of a yard of inserted tucking for chemisette and cuffs

No. 623—Plaited Gored Skirt

Pattern cut for 22, 24 and 26 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-one inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, nine yards of thirty-inch material, or five and one half yards of forty-four-inch material

This tucked waist has its fullness brought around in front to simulate a draped bolero. The skirt is cut in seven gores, with three plaits at the back of the front and side gores.

This is positively THE BEST Sewing Machine

in the world for the price

GUARANTEED for five years

It has all the newest and latest improvements with full set of attachments. Similar machines sell for \$40.00.

FARM and FIRESIDE

five years and this elegant sewing machine

\$18.00



The SUPERIOR

Hand Rubbed Woodwork	Full Directions Easily Understood
Nickled Face Plate Hardened Working Parts	Makes Perfect Stitch Positive Take-up
Steel Foot Attachments	Automatic Tension Release
Embossed Curved Front Wood Case of Our Exclusive Design	Ball Bearing Automatic Lift Automatic Belt Replacer

Our success with Sewing Machines last year was unparalleled

Every machine that we sent out won unbounded praise, proving unquestionably its splendid value. Our subscribers found that they were actually receiving a highest-grade machine for only two fifths the regular retail price. This year we offer a still more valuable machine. The illustration gives some idea of its appearance, showing the *New Curved Front*, a feature that adds very greatly to the handsome appearance of the machine. The wood is solid, polished antique oak. The illustration shows also the *Patent Drop Head*, which is so valuable in a sewing machine, keeping the running parts free from dust when not in use, giving the machine an extremely neat appearance, and keeping the needle and adjustments out of reach of children. The illustration cannot show, however, the invaluable *Ball Bearings* which make the machine run almost at a touch and practically without noise. Nor can the illustration show the unequalled shuttle device, the patent feed, nor any one of a dozen other matchless points of merit. This machine is worth five of the cheap machines which are advertised by some other publishers.

We ship the sewing machine prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains.

OUR OFFER

We will send this elegant Sewing Machine with full five-year guarantee, and also send you Farm and Fireside for five \$18.00 years, for only

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with bottom prices. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Write now: no obligation to buy. White Bronze won both

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AGENTS WANTED

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Cut this out. This advertisement and 5 cents gets a year's subscription. HOME HOURS, Crestline, O.



MEMORIES OF THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR

WORDS by JAMES O'DEA.

MUSIC by LEO FRIEDMAN.

Andante.

1. 'Midst the fields of cane and corn, In the
2. It was there I loved a maid, Fair as

land where I was born, Where the sweet magnolia's perfume filled the air;..... Where the darkies sang each night In the moonbeam's mellow light, And their heaven's light and shade, But the dark'ning hand of war took her a - way;..... Just the same as one whose love Seemed as if 'twere from above, For my

laughter drove a - way all thought of care;..... There I passed life's sweetest hours 'Midst the sunshine and the flow'rs, Just as hap-py as the birds that sang a - moth-er al - so rests beneath the clay..... And my broth-ers, young and gay, Should you ask me, "Where are they?" I'd re-ply, "They're sleeping in un-cared for

far,..... Lit-tle know-ing then that I, In the years to come, would sigh At the mem'ries of the South be-fore the war..... graves,..... For as sol-diers brave they died To pre-serve their homes and pride, And a - bove their forms the fra-grant clov-er waves.....

REFRAIN.

When the breeze from south - ern seas Comes to kiss the wav - ing trees, Then my soul is in a land where an - gels

are,..... And I live life o'er a - gain, For my heart is brighten'd then With the mem'ries of the South be-fore the war.

Geo. Bowers, Music Pro. 35 Franklin St., N. Y.



The HOUSE that HEATH built

Two years ago Alexander Heath, of Boston, determined that there should be more subscribers for

The Saturday Evening Post

in that city and its suburbs than in any city in the country. He wanted to build a new home and determined that THE POST should pay for it. Both results have been accomplished. Here is the home—paid for entirely through work for that magazine.

What he accomplished you can duplicate. The publishers are ready to announce one of the greatest offers ever made for work for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In addition to a liberal payment for every subscription or renewal secured

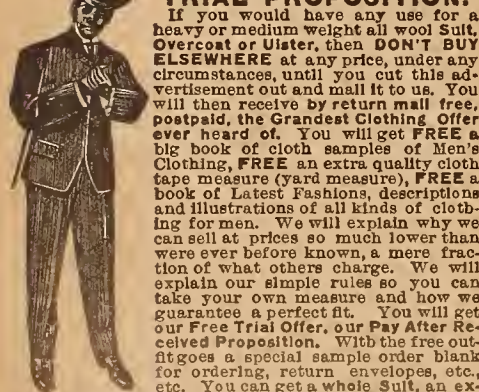
\$42,000

will be given to 2700 Persons

this winter and spring—a part each month—just as an extra incentive to good work. No experience necessary; no expense involved. Write for full details.

The Curtis Publishing Company
E 95 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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If you would have any use for a heavy or medium weight all wool Suit, Overcoat or Ulster, then DON'T BUY ELSEWHERE at any price, under any circumstances, until you cut this advertisement out and mail it to us. You will then receive by return mail free, postpaid, the Grandest Clothing Offer ever heard of. You will get FREE a big book of cloth samples of Men's Clothing, FREE an extra quality cloth tape measure (yard measure), FREE a book of Latest Fashions, descriptions and illustrations of all kinds of clothing for men. We will explain why we can sell at prices so much lower than were ever before known, a mere fraction of what others charge. We will explain our simple rules so you can take your own measure and how we guarantee a perfect fit. You will get our Free Trial Offer, our Pay After Received Proposition. With the free outfit goes a special sample order blank for ordering, return envelopes, etc., etc. You can get a whole Suit, an extra pair of Pants and an Overcoat under our offer for about ONE-HALF what some Chicago tailors would charge for one single pair of pants. The offer you will get will astonish and please you. Prices on the best clothes made reduced to next to nothing compared with what you have been paying. DON'T BUY CLOTHES until you cut this ad. out and send to us, and see what you get by return mail, FREE, POSTPAID. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

FREE

To introduce our up-to-date jewelry we will give away, absolutely free, this handsome Perfumed Lucky Charm, the latest novelty. Send your name and address to-day and we will forward it to you at once without expense to you. Wear one and be in luck all the time. Address, MILFORD JEWELRY CO., Dept. 132, Milford, Conn.

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Our STEM-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timekeeper of proper size, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE to Boys or Girls for selling 20 Jewelry Articles at 10c each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid, when sold send \$2.00 and we will SEND watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail, also GOLD LAID CHAIN, LADIES' or GENT'S STYLE. RAND MFG. CO. Dept 773 CHICAGO

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You can easily make \$5 a day selling our 16x20 reproductions of the world's greatest paintings. Send us 50c and we will mail, postpaid, 20 selected pictures, no two alike, which you sell at 10c each, thus making 400 per cent. Boy in Maine sold 78 in 1 day. Lady in Iowa made \$27 in 4 days. Return what you don't sell and get your money back. Wholesale frame and picture catalogue free with first order. FRANK W. WILLIAMS & CO., 1264 Taylor St., CHICAGO.

The Great Cedar Hill Maze

ON THE Warren county place at Waltham, near Boston, Mass., stands the now famous "Cedar Hill Maze," a novelty in this country that has attracted much attention. "Country Life" for September published an excellent description and some beautiful pictures of the Maze. The photographs were made by T. E. Marr and William T. Clark. The story of the building of the Maze is interestingly told by Cornelia Warren:

My mind had often turned on questions of how to adapt my grounds for the pleasure of children, and, from such simple matters as swing and see-saw, when I was twelve years old, when my father had shown me first, the maze at Hampton Court and later, the maze in the Villa of Count Pallavicini near Genoa. I remembered my perennial joy in running, and my special joy as I raced between the fragrant and mysterious hedges of these mazes; and so in the innocence of my heart I determined to have a maze of my own.

Plans of six existing mazes were drawn for me on transparent paper, so that I might lay them on a plan of the ground as it was. One of these mazes



THE PLAN OF THE MAZE

It is 949 Feet to the Center by the Shortest Way was in Versailles and five were in England. The most elaborate was that at Somerleyton Hall, but it was too large for the ground at my disposal. I at last chose that of Hampton Court, but in order to spare some existing trees I did not follow the sharp angles in the rear of the English maze, but rounded the corners. The preliminary work was considerable. Existing trees were cut down, the ground was leveled and sloped a little to shed water. Then it was piped, both for the future ponds and for four hydrants from which to water the trees when necessary. As a drought of six weeks followed the setting out of the trees this proved to be a wise precaution. Loam was then laid down for the trees, and for the paths a stratum of white gravel, and then one of red.

In the year 1895, in the month of August, the first spadeful of earth was thrown up toward the construction of the maze. May 6, 1896, the first of its thousand trees was planted, and within ten days all the rest were in place. Not long afterward lines of turf were laid on each side of the paths to mark their boundaries; three years later the center of the maze was adorned by a double pond, the higher water in the rear pouring over a fall into the lower. One basin was filled with Egyptian lotus. At the same time two straight seats of red Scotch granite were placed in the center of the maze, and in other places two curved seats.

The work was done under the direction of Ernest W. Bowditch of Boston, landscape gardener, and the trees supplied through his brother, James H.

Bowditch. Mr. Horatio Buckenham, then in Mr. Bowditch's employ, gave unsparing study to the many details.

The maze covers fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty square feet. The trees used were arborvitæ (Thuja occidentalis) of transplanted, bushy stock four years old and about two feet high. One of the illustrations shows their height fifteen months after they were set out. In four years the trees had grown into a good hedge. They get their growth between May and August of each year and are then clipped on top and sides. Their present height is five feet, ten inches, which is about as high as is desired.

When the local contractor brought me his first bill for labor from August 13th to September 1st. I was simply dumb-founded. It was for seven hundred and fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents; about a quarter of what I had blindly thought the whole maze might cost, and as yet the ground was hardly disturbed. I have been asked why the construction of mazes is not more popular in this country. It was not popular with me at that moment. Refraining with difficulty from personal violence, I pointed out to the contractor how impossible it was for me to build a maze at all if he continued to bring in bills of that character. He seemed not at all open to consideration of this kind, and left me to review the question in solitude. Ever since then I have had a new respect for things as they are. I made up my mind that if, by stretching every possibility, I could have my way with these few square feet, I would otherwise leave the configuration of my Mother Earth much as I found it.

The maze has proved to be as popular and enchanting as I had hoped. It is thrown open to the public on four days of each week; on Sunday afternoon it is most visited. It was found best to have some one watch the young people on that afternoon, to prevent rowdiness, or injury to the trees. In certain places that offered special temptation to boys to push through, the hedge has been threaded with several rows of barbed wire. In the summer of 1902 a rustic tower was built, to replace the steep ladder on which heretofore the watchman had inconveniently perched. A police officer in civilian clothes now took the duty of watchman.

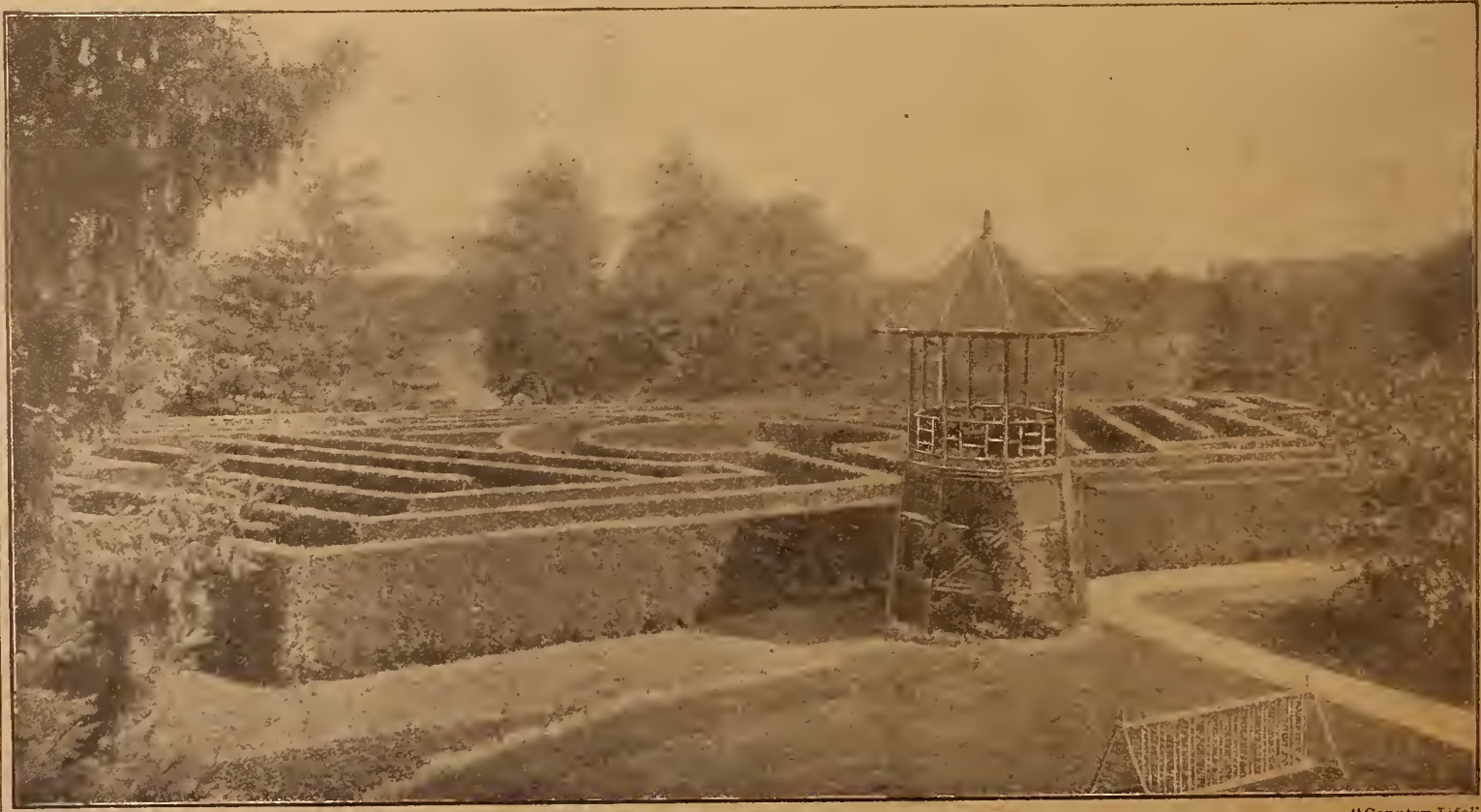
Visitors have come usually from a radius of five or six miles, from Waltham, Watertown, Belmont, Waverly, and the Newtons—on foot, on bicycles, driving, or in baby carriages. One woman wheeled a baby from Watertown, three miles away, bringing six other children also. It is at the less popular hours that a stranger may be lost entirely and have to be rescued by a relief expedition. Often he comes out without having found the center, or perhaps known that there was one. It is sometimes hot and thirsty work, and just the other side of the hedge is heard the splash of the waterfall, and by peering through one sees the green bronze frog on his island, spouting drinking water, and the Japanese stork two centuries old standing in the water and throwing back his head to swallow a fish.—From "Country Life."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.]

The Story of a Life-Saving Station

miniature flags, and he signals to the keeper, who answers them with his flags, so any man at the station can read a message from a wrecked ship. All the principal maritime nations have adopted this code, and as vessels are provided with flags and books containing the key to different signals printed in many languages, communication between vessels and stations can be easily carried on, whatever the ship's nationality. Thursday is the day for drilling with beach apparatus. A pole planted in the sand represents the mast of the wrecked ship. The beach apparatus, beach cart, hawsers, guns, lines, blocks and buoy are all run out in short time, and all the manœuvres gone through with as if in actually rescuing a crew. From the time the word "action" is spoken by the keeper until the supposed rescued man is brought to the supposed beach only six minutes have passed. It seems almost incredible, but their training has made all the men models of promptness and obedience. After this drill the crew returns the beach apparatus to the station, leaving everything, as usual, in order. On Fridays, the entire crew is drilled in the resuscitation of apparently drowned persons. The crew recites the formula laid down for treatment of such cases, and then each man takes his turn in operating on another as though at work upon a patient. If the method adopted by them were practiced in every case of supposed drowning, no doubt lives would be oftener saved. The rescued man's clothing is loosened, his month and nostrils wiped thoroughly dry, and he is turned upon his face, with a tightly rolled wad of clothing placed beneath the stomach, and the operator firmly presses the parts above that organ for a minute or so until all the water flows from the mouth. Then he is laid upon his back, the wad being so placed under his back as to raise the pit of the stomach above the general level of the body. The operator then kneels or sits astride of the patient's hips, grasping with his hand the small ribs, pressing with the balls of the thumbs on the pit of the stomach, and finally letting go his hold after a last push which forces the air out of the body. The ribs resume their normal position, which creates a partial vacuum in the lungs, air enters the empty space through the mouth and nostrils to fill it; this process is repeated from four or five to fifteen times a minute, and often is kept up for four or five hours—until the patient breathes naturally or all hope is given up. The clenching of hands and jaws, formerly considered signs of death, are now looked upon as evidence that some life remains; in many cases at these stations the jaws have to be pried open.

While one man is endeavoring to make the patient breathe, others are warming him with hot bricks, bottles of hot water and hot flannel cloths applied to limbs, armpits and the soles of the feet, but none of their ministrations interfere with the first operator who is restoring the breath to the patient. If any life is left, this vigorous treatment generally brings it back.



THE MAZE AND ITS RUSTIC TOWER WHERE THE WATCHMAN IS POSTED IN VISITORS' HOURS TO EXTRICATE THE BEWILDERED AND KEEP A TALLY OF ATTENDANCE

—"Country Life"

When You Were "It"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.]

"Nigger, nigger, hoe potater,
Half past alligator,
First man killed, a nigger, boo!"
The "boo" would be uttered in a peculiarly startling way, and it indicated the person who must be "It."

A "counting-out" rhyme heard in New England years ago ran as follows:

"Acker, backer, soda cracker,
Acker, backer, boo;
My father chews tobacker,
Out goes you!"

The last boy left standing in line was "It," and if the game happened to be "I spy," he would have to "hide his eyes" while he counted one hundred, after which it was his duty to call forth before beginning the search for the hidden boys:

"A bushel of wheat, and a bushel of rye,
"All that ain't hid holler 'I.'"

A popular "counting-out" rhyme in some localities ran in this way:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Count the lovely arch of heaven.
Seven colors make a bow,
Sweetest, fairest thing I know.
See the rainbow in the heaven,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

This was made briefer, and given variety now and then by saying:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven."
What "nonsense rhyme" could surpass in nonsensical quality this old "counting-out" rhyme:

"Tally, wally, sicky Sue,
What if you were I and I were you?
Tally, wally, sicky Sue,
Out goes you, and you!"
Equally senseless were the lines—

"When a tom-cat has a fit,
It snarls and says, 'You are It!'"

The years have been many and the years have been long since some of us were "It," and we know now that our elders were right when they told us that we were "eating our white bread" in the days of our youth.

"Billy"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.]

some more, and we make you work so hard dot you dink more 'bout sleeping when night come dan 'bout going for a walk. Ye-es, I dink I do him dot way. Mr. Rayner, or whatefer your name is, I dake you for my hired man, und I pay you maybe fifty cents for day—more dan you be worth."

"Very well, that will be perfectly satisfactory. You may fix my wages according to my services. I will come on this afternoon. But you needn't use the word 'mister.' Just call me 'Bill.'"

Hans grunted. "Ain't no need to say dot," he answered. "We ain't haf no 'mister' in our hay-field. But we haf one Bill now, so we shust call you 'Billy!'"

The first day Billy did his work awkwardly, though his trained, knotted muscles enabled him to do a larger amount of it than most of the old hands. But before the end of the second day the same faculties which had brought him to the lead in college and other contests set him to taking the head in the field. Hans looked on with wonder, a little disappointment, but finally with approval. Above all things in his estimation was a good workman.

"If you not dress so well, Billy," he remonstrated one day, "you be more like good workman. Everyding you wear seem like it made right on you."

"Which in a way I suppose it was," laughed Billy. "But look here, Hans. I heard you tell Tommy Dodd yesterday that he ought to dress a little better, and there was Pete Duffy right beside him, whose clothing wasn't nearly so good. And yet you said nothing to Pete."

"'Cause Pete not able to buy more, und Tommy is. A man mit good wages like Tommy, und nobody to look out for, ought to dress respectable."

"Yes, I think so. But the other workmen dress better than Tommy, and you dress better than the other workmen. How is that?"

"Mine gracious!" exclaimed Hans, with some little heat, "ain't dere difference mit circumstances? Of course I dress better as my workmen."

"Exactly, and perfectly proper," smiled Billy, as he threw the teeth of his rake over the swath between the windrows and began to rake back across the field. Hans looked after him with a line gathering between his eyebrows.

"Whatefer's der boy hinting at now?" he thought, perplexedly. "He's smart as Lena is mit words, und der way he

switch me off haf some meaning to it. If I don't drive him from dis farm right away quick he's going twist me 'round mit his finger like he haf Lena und all der men."

The farm was in the midst of a rich agricultural country, but where there was no satisfactory market for the crops. One day a rumor came of an enterprise being started in the nearest village that promised to solve this difficulty, and as the rumor gained stability the farmers became more and more jubilant. Hans could talk of little else.

One noon he took dinner with the men at the manager's, as was often his custom. "I tell you dis is going to be der greatest ding for farmers 'round here dot efer was," he cried, striking his closed fist upon the table for emphasis. "Dot man he is going to build a packing-house two hundred feet long und ninety wide, und he is going to haf offices, und a factory to make barrels und boxes und crates und everyding. All der farmer haf to do is to carry his crops to dot packing-house, und sell for cash, or let dot man pack up und send wherefer der farmer say, und den take his commission. If it be one bushel of apples, one pound of butter or one dousand bushel of wheat it's all right—everyding sell. Ain't you see all dot is being spoil on der farm now is going to be saved?"

"But won't this man try to skin you, like the commission-houses have been doing?" asked one of the men.

"No, no; people don't talk dot way. Dey say he own most all der big railroad dot run drough der next valley, und dot he tell our railroad if it don't give him good-freight-rate he going to build a branch over to his own road. He say dot he like dem to make fair profit, but not to take everyding. You know how it been mit us. When we go to der railroad und say, 'You charge two, four times too much,' der railroad laugh, und charge two times more. Dis man send off by train-load, und he make dem do what he say. What he saves on rates is going to make good profit for him und more profit for us. People say he rich man, und while he want some profit, he doing dis more to develop der country und help der farmer. If only der ding don't break drough now und be give up."

"Oh, it won't do that," declared another workman, positively. "I was in town last night, and bought a paper, and there are two columns in it about this very matter. The ground is already bought, and the lumber ordered for the building. I only read part of it last night, I was so sleepy. I meant to let you see the paper, but forgot when we started to work this morning."

He rose, and went out to where his coat was hanging on a nail by the door, soon returning with a paper, which he passed to his employer. Hans took it eagerly and ran his eyes down the columns. Presently he gave utterance to a low gasp, and his eyes rose from the paper to seek Billy on the opposite side of the table. Then he looked at the paper again, and then at Billy. "Mine gracious!" he cried, amazedly, "der paper say dot man who own der railroad und is building up dot enterprise is named William Rayner."

The men merely stared at him—to them the name meant nothing.

"Ain't you know?" he cried. "Our Billy is name William Rayner. Billy," sternly, "is dot man you?"

"Why, if you mean about the railroad in the next valley, I believe I do own some stock in it."

"Und dot enterprise?"

"I'm thinking of starting a sort of forwarding-house, yes."

Hans rose, and stretched his arm across the table. "Shake hands, Billy," he said. "I haf try you, und you can work, und I find your clothes fit to your station, und you dink 'bout oder peoples mit your money. Dot is all good. Now you may go und speak mit Lena."

Twilight

When twilight falls, and all the land is still,

The purple shadows steal across the hill,
And one lone star above a pine tree's crest

Grows ever brighter, while from out its nest

There breaks the low cry of the whip-poor-will,

And softly steals the laden hush until E'en winds list o'er the fields of daffodil

They all day waited. 'Tis so sweet to rest

When twilight falls.

Let not one drop of this rare nectar spill,

But with the beryl wine your goblet fill;
Drink with me, love, the golden of the west,

For all is made for love, and love is best.

And oh, the wonder of the moment's thrill

When twilight falls!

—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in N. Y. Times.



A WATCH FREE

A CHAIN FREE

BOYS

HERE'S A CHANCE—SNAP IT UP

Movement Regular sixteen size, and only three eighths of an inch in thickness. Lantern pinions (smallest ever made). American lever escapement, polished spring. Weight, complete with case, only three ounces. Quick train—two hundred and forty beats a minute. Short wind; runs thirty to thirty-six hours with one winding. Tested, timed and regulated. This watch is guaranteed by the maker for a period of one year.

The Guarantee In every watch will be found a printed guarantee, by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse the watch fails to keep good time within one year they will repair it free of charge, and return it.

DESCRIPTION—Plain center band, elegant nickel case, snap back, Roman dial, stem wind, stem set, medium size, oxidized movement plate, open face. Engraved front and back.

How to Get the Watch

Send us your name and address on a postal card to-day, and ask for a book of eight coupons, and say you want the watch.

We will send by return mail a book containing eight coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$2.00 to us, and we will send you the watch.

It is easy to sell the coupons. Thousands have earned watches by our plan, and you can do it in one day's time. Write to-day. Be sure to ask for a book of eight coupons.

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Six Silver Teaspoons

WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS

FREE

This Set of Six Elegant Silver Spoons will be sent free and prepaid to any one who will send only SIX yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 25 cents each.



THE primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering for the first time, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the French gray finish among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design. Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife to-day makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

A Sterling-Silver Design

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good by us.

"The Wild Rose Pattern"

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any design yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver. Sent prepaid.

Farm and Fireside one year and the Set of Six Spoons **\$1.00** sent prepaid to any one for only

PREMIUM No. 36

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio

LA BONTE and Gachet, the two soldiers who constituted the entire garrison of the fort, were leaning against the palisade in the listless attitude of men whose duties are few and whose ambitions are fewer.

"A dull life," commented Gachet, kicking at a log which had fallen from its place and lay at his feet. "'Twere more interesting to go with the Captain to Quebec than to doze here."

"It is not dozing I mind," returned La Bonté, "I never had too much of that, and a soldier often has too little. 'Tis well enough here now the Iroquois are quiet, if the fort had but a man at the head. I grumbled not two years ago when Captain De Verchères left his wife in charge while he was absent on the king's business, but Mademoiselle Madeleine is a chit of fourteen. A pretty business to leave her as head of the family. Pouf! 'Tis an insult to us old soldiers."

"Dwell not on it," replied Gachet, soothingly; "the day is too fine, and mademoiselle is off to the river to meet some crony from Montreal. Let out of sight be out of mind. What say you to a game of cards? 'Twill pass the time more merrily."

"Agreed," returned the other soldier, and the garrison sat down by the gap in the palisades to while away the long leisure of a frontier post.

At this period, in the region now known as Canada, no solitary settler's cabin would have been safe from attacks of the Indians. All cultivation of the land was, therefore, by men whose homes were grouped within the palisades of the fort of the lord of the land; from this defence they went forth to till the fields in the morning, leaving wife and children in safety. The fief of the Seigneur de Verchères was on the route taken by the Iroquois in their numerous expeditions against Montréal, and from its position it came to be called Castle Dangerous. But at this time the Indians were quiet and a sense of security possessed the settlers. Captain de Verchères himself had felt no alarm at leaving the fort with no other garrison than the two soldiers who were now taking life easy in the bright October sunshine.

Meanwhile Madeleine de Verchères, the young daughter of the commander was hastening toward the St. Lawrence. With her mother visiting in Montreal, and only her two younger brothers at the fort for companions, the girl had been lonely. Today she expected a guest to enliven her solitude, Marguerite Fontaine, her school friend at the convent, now to pay the first visit since she became a bride. Madeleine's thoughts were occupied with her friend when calling the servant, Laviolette, to accompany her, she sped down the walk to the river landing. Her heart was gay with thoughts of coming pleasure as she gazes eagerly up the river. No boat was in sight.

She lingered a moment, murmuring in her disappointment, "I did not think Marguerite would disappoint me. She may be just the other side of the bend. Hark," she cried, turning from the river to look and listen as a faint sound caught her ear. "Laviolette, run to the ridge yonder and see if aught be wrong with the cattle in the field."

As he obeyed she still scanned the river for the boat of her friend.

An instant later the frightened cry rang out, "Run, mademoiselle, run! Here come the Iroquois!"

Her heart leaped to her throat as she turned to flee. Too well did the daughter of Castle Dangerous know what that meant. Well for you, Madeleine, with forty or fifty of the painted savages within a pistol shot that you are fleet as a young deer, else for you the scalping knife and the stake, and what for the women, and children in Castle Dangerous yonder?

As if winged she sped on, and the swift-footed Iroquois gained not; then, seeing that they could not overtake her before she reached shelter their bullets rained about her head.

"To arms! to arms!" she cried, as she came within hearing of the fort.

At the gate two women, distracted with grief, bewailed their husbands, who working in the fields were already the victims of the tomahawk. With her own rush for safety Madeleine bore them, too, within the gate; and not a moment too soon were the bolts drawn.

"Gachet, La Bonté, Alexander, where are you?" she cried, running from one to another of the log cabins within the wall, then to the block-house, the strongest of all, and the spot for the last refuge.

"Ah, here you are at last," she cried. "What have you there?" and rushing forward, she snatched from La Bonté's hand the brand with which he was about to ignite the powder to save himself from Iroquois torture.

"Oh, you cowards! you cowards!" she panted. "Is this the way you would defend the fort? Out of here. To the palisade. We must mend the gaps."

She flung the brand on the floor and stamped out the blaze; then tossing aside her cap, she seized a man's hat and pressed it firmly on her head, and led the way to the walls. No Iroquois must catch sight of her woman's headgear and perceive that Captain de Verchères had left the command to a girl.

Abashed by her rebuke, the men followed, and the broken places were hastily repaired. The Indians, disappointed in not taking the garrison by

The Defense of Castle Dangerous

BY AMELIA H. BOTSFORD

(A True Story of Madeleine de Verchères)

surprise, lingered irresolute instead of making an instant attack. Never in the history of the fort had there been a moment when it was so poorly prepared to resist an attack, but this the Iroquois did not know.

"It is impossible," thought Madeleine, as she marshaled her forces at the loopholes, "that they can guess the fort contains but two soldiers, a servant, an old man of eighty, two boys of ten and twelve and the women and children. Come hither, Louis and Alexander," she called to her two brothers, who young as they were were already skilled marksmen.

"Listen! Let us fight to the death—we are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are horn to shed their blood for God and the king."

The fire in the boys' eyes responded to her own. The blood of generations of brave fighters flowed in their veins, and gun in hand they went eagerly to the loopholes appointed. As for her, the moment she entered the fort she assumed the command as if born to fight Iroquois. The sudden volley that the little band of defenders poured upon the hesitating Indians without the walls appeared good proof that the fort was well garrisoned, and the Iroquois withdrew a little, turning to search for

the landing as the boat drew up; a quick embrace of her smiling friend and a word of warning to the young husband who accompanied her, and the three set out on the breathless journey back. The Indians must have suspected that some strategy was involved for they did not interfere, and in safety the friends reached the fort and were let in by anxious watchers at the gate.

The hours of daylight were slipping away and the savages made no attack. Evidently they were waiting for the darkness. The night would be full of terror to the little company. But Madeleine was planning for the duties before them.

"Do you, Pierre Fontaine," she said, "with the two soldiers, Gachet and La Bonté, defend the blockhouse. All the women and children will be there under your charge, for it is the safest place and strong enough to be held though the fort should be taken. Do not surrender though I am captured; no, not if I am tortured before your eyes! The palisade I will take charge of with these two men, the old man of eighty and Laviolette, who has never fired a gun in his life. My two brothers will be with me, for so I am sure my father would wish it, and we three will patrol the walls till daylight."

All night the three young de Verchères,



As if winged she sped on, and the swift-footed Iroquois gained not; then, seeing that they could not overtake her before she reached shelter, their bullets rained about her head

any laborers in the fields cut off from the shelter of the fort.

Instantly perceiving their design, Madeleine bethought herself of giving warning so that any who had not yet perceived the approach of the Iroquois might have a chance to attempt escape. To this end she had the fort's one small cannon fired that the sound might be a signal of danger to the furthest straggler.

A little cry of consternation burst from Madeleine's lips as she glanced down the river. "O, I had forgotten Marguerite, and there is the boat. Some one must go to the landing and bring her to the fort. Gachet, will you? Or will you, Bonté?" she queried anxiously.

"No, no, Mademoiselle," they replied, sullenly, "we will do what we can in the fort, but march down to the landing place with half a hundred savages lurking about—why none but a crazy man would do that. We would but throw away our lives, and then there would be two less to defend the fort."

"Ay, two cowards less," returned Madeleine, scornfully. "I will go myself. It may be the Iroquois will think it but a ruse to draw them again within range of our guns."

Outwardly calm she walked forth from the gate and down the path to the river. She reached

Silence again, and flurries of snow as the night darkened and the long hours wore on to dawn. However weary the tread of the pickets they dared not sleep that night in Castle Dangerous. At last came morning, and the alertness of the defenders had kept the enemy from making any attack. The Iroquois believed the fort full of armed men.

Courage revived with the sun, but the Indians were still about the fort, skulking from tree to tree, and being fired on the instant they ventured out of cover. The little captain, in spite of her sleepless night, went cheerily from hasty to the blockhouse to see after the women and children and encourage them to take some food and keep up heart until succor should come. The mothers soothed their babes and watched and waited; some of them wept in a scared, quiet fashion, but none dared to cry out.

Marguerite Fontaine clung to her husband, her long hair half unbound and her dark eyes swollen with tears, and begged him to take her away, to try to reach Montreal with the boat, or at least to get her out of the fort and into some safer refuge.

"Fool that I was to come," she cried, bitterly; "I thought to have a fine visit, and how could I dream I would be caught in a trap by the savages. Oh, Pierre, take me away; I am so frightened." And thus she begged for hours, with all the tears and pleadings she could bring to bear on her husband's fondness.

With caresses and tender words Pierre tried to soothe her. Well he knew it was far safer in the strong log blockhouse than it could be seeking to escape through the fields and forests. And though he did not say as much to Marguerite, he would have been loth to leave Castle Dangerous when brave men were so needed within its walls. He was but one, but each man counted, and he soon found himself in virtual control of the blockhouse, preserving order and discipline, comforting the women, and inspiring courage in the soldiers, and through it all looking and listening for the brief visits of the girl commander and her boy lieutenants.

All night Madeleine had not slept, nor dared she on this day while the Iroquois watched for a moment of relaxed vigilance. Day passed, and the second night came, and the pickets made their rounds as before. Two days and nights of vigil and no attack, but realizing that it might come any moment and that she must have rest to be strong to meet it, Madeleine after the first two nights caught snatches of sleep seated at a table, her gun upon her folded arms, and her head resting on the gun. Thus she kept up for the days and nights that followed.

And she hoped and prayed that help might come, beseeching the Virgin and all the saints in the long anxious night watches until she felt that her prayers must be answered.

And truly the answer was on the way. While the besieged watched in the little fort one of the laborers, whose wife was moaning and lamenting his fate in the blockhouse, was cautiously making his way to Montreal. He had evaded the Iroquois and was pushing on as fast as was consistent with safety to give warning at Montreal, of the danger that encompassed Castle Dangerous.

Six days had passed, and the girl commander and her people were sick at heart for the wearing danger that threatened and fell not, and the morning of the seventh was near to dawn. Alexander watched on the side of the fort next the river. In the stillness of the hour before dawn, he heard voices and the splashing of oars.

"Qui vive?" he called.

Madeleine was snatching a moment of rest at the table in the cabin, but in her uneasy sleep she heard the cry and sprang up. Rushing to the walls she heard, not the gutturals of the Iroquois, but her own language.

"Who are you?" she shouted.

"We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie who comes to bring you help."

That blessed seventh day of the siege when help came to the fort on the river! How the women wept for joy, and the little children, understanding dimly that a great thing had happened, clapped their hands and shouted.

Marguerite sprang up all excitement. "O, Pierre, are the Iroquois gone? A boat load of soldiers from Montreal? Then we are safe; and we can go back to the city, can we not? Monsieur la Monnerie? Why, I danced with him a month ago at the ball in Montreal. Pierre, do I look like a fright?" she questioned, anxiously. "I must put on a fresh gown; this is shockingly rumpled. And my eyes are red; why, I look as if I had not slept for a month. Oh, Pierre, do help me for we must be ready to get away at once."

But Pierre was not listening, for his eyes were fixed on the scene at the landing. The two boys were posted as her sentries at the gate, and Madeleine was passing down the path by which she had come in the face of fifty Iroquois to rescue his wife and him. At the landing she paused; she saluted Monsieur like the officer she was; "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms."

And Monsieur la Monnerie, who, a soldier himself, could appreciate valor wherever displayed, bowed low to the girl defender of Castle Dangerous, and replied, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands."

Too Impetuous

A CERTAIN literary man whose manner of speaking was extremely deliberate, and who disapproved of impetuosity of any sort in any circumstances, had an amusing experience in a restaurant one day.

He was a well-known figure among the patrons of this particular restaurant, as he seldom dined anywhere else, and he generally was served by a waiter who had become used to his way of speaking; but one day a new waiter took his order and brought his soup.

"I can not eat this soup," said the gentleman slowly, not looking up from his plate, after he had summoned the waiter for the second time.

The man seized the offending dish before the customer could finish the sentence, and vanished with it.

He reappeared in a very short time with another supply of the same soup, which he placed before the gentleman, and then stood regarding him with an anxious face, wondering what could be the reason that the soup remained untasted.

"I can not eat this soup," again remarked the literary man, in the same slow and deliberate manner.

"Why not, sir? What is the matter?" stammered the unhappy waiter, who had been told he was serving an important person.

"I can not eat this soup," said the literary genius, calmly, for the third time, "because I have not as yet been provided with a spoon." And looking up to catch the expression of relief on the waiter's face, he indulged in the low chuckle which was the only expression of amusement to which he ever condescended to give way.

Bil's Letter

FARM AND FIRESIDE. DEER AND DISTANT FRIENDS—it has bin indeed a long time since i Rote too yu, altho i hav had a Worl ov work too do, wich i did with out a singel Murmur ov despere, the Swet rolin of ov me in Huje drops.

i Want too say thet i am goin too Skool now wich accounts for so many Capetul lcters, but there is wunt thing wich is fur more Importan wich i want too tell before i Close.

it also hapind in Skool wich dont make it any better for me, an also accounts for the Awful things on my Fase wich the boys all call Frekels, wich are relly lumps ov Clodded blud.

the Teers cum now in Torrents as i try too rite about the Awful deed. pa sed thet if i rote agin too Rectefy the state Ments in my last letter, wich tole about pa and the Fatel melon. he ses it wos the Bananers he ate jes before he took a Huje an pilin drink ov water that Mornin wich caused the mizerbel Feelin inside ov him, wich is Ainshent histry. Wel, let him hav it as he wil, pore feller, cos he is gittin ole. by the Way, i want too Preech too the boys an girls, triffin tho tha are, about thare pas and mas, in sum Futchur ishu, as spase wil not admit ov it this time. Grate wus the Excite ment this mornin wen pa Anounced too the rest ov the family thet he had Seen a hurribel rattle Snake as long as a ho banel, with 17 Rattels an a butten, wich is not for britches, neether is it for Shirts, but a kine ov instrument wich grose on thet Veriety ov surpents, an By and by develups into a full grone Rattel.

tha say Wisky is the Only shure cure for Rattle snake bites, also, i gess its not all ways a shure Sine a mans bit becaus he, is Drunk. i ast pa if he wus ever Drunk, but he never anserd me wich is a bad Sine. stil, hoo nose he hurd me. Tha say wot has bin wil be agin, so i say Wait an see, and if he gits Drunk in the Mean time, ile let you no by Return male. I wood also be pleased too hav a Visit frum yu sum evenin After supper if yu can cum.

boards aroun heer ar \$three a week an all yu want too Eat, for men an if yu bring a Women it wil cost you \$five more. mrs. Jones hoo livs a Mile an a haf frum us has Alredy takin in City Boarders, and we boys hav the Awfulest fun with em wich ile rite about sum uther time, spase bein Short now.

Ever hopin too heer frum yu soon. i remane the arthur wich is the never Changin BIL.

A Reasoning Patient

"I want this tooth pulled. I just can't stand this any longer."

"But, my dear sir, I am no dentist."

"What in thunder are you then?"

"I am an oculist. I attend the eyes, not the teeth."

"Well, that's all right. Go to work; this is an eye tooth that's bothering me."—Texas Siftings.

The Surgeon's Bill

DR. KEEN, the famous Philadelphia physician, praising the speed of his profession in performing operations, told a story of an English surgeon who had performed successfully a difficult and delicate operation on a millionaire banker's wife. The bill that he rendered for this operation was a large one. It was not exorbitant, but it was enough—a reasonable and just bill.

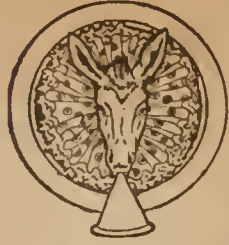
The banker thought otherwise. With an imprecation, he declared the bill to be an outrage.

"Why," he cried, "the operation took you only ten minutes."

The surgeon laughed. "Oh!" he said, "if



Wit and Humor



that is your only objection, the next time any member of your family needs an operation I'll keep the subject two or three hours under the knife."



VERY TRUE

She—"I don't see how 'money makes the man,' do you?" He—"No; and I don't see how some men make their money, either."

Degrees of Mourning

Irishman (to shopman)—"I want somethin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Shopman—"It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For some one not so near and 'dear you may have a broad band of black on your left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

Irishman—"Och, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoestring. It's me woife's mother!"—Tit-Bits.

Number of Hymn was Lucky

"THE London Tatler" tells why no hymn with a number less than 37 is sung at the English Church at Monte Carlo. A member of the congregation once used the hymn sung at a

morning service, Number 32, as a tip, and left the church to put the maximum on 32. It turned up. Gossip about his "inspiration" led a number of persons the following Sunday to play the number of the last hymn. Again it won. The next Sunday the church could not accommodate the crush of worshippers, but their intent was frustrated, as the highest number on the roulette table is 36, and 37 is now the lowest number ever given out in the church.

"Moderatist Weather"

"I thought I had silenced him," remarked the young fellow whose mind stoops to small things; "but I didn't."

"To whom do you refer?" "That old inhabitant who is always declaring that it's the hottest day or the coldest weather the city has known. I strolled up to him and said: 'This is very moderate weather we're having.' 'Yes,' he said, 'to my personal knowledge it's the moderatist weather we've had in sixty years.'"—Scottish American.

How "Uucle Karey" Ate the Possum

They were talking about "God's country" and 'possum hunting in the Southern Club, says the Philadelphia "Record," when Charles Hopkins of the Southern railway drifted in and told this one:

"An old darky I knew in North Carolina loved to go 'possum hunting by himself. He always took along a little frying pan and a little bag of sweet potatoes. Whenever he caught a 'possum he would build a fire right there and cook his catch with his sweet potatoes. One night, when he had caught his animal and was cooking it he fell asleep before the fire. Another negro, a youngster, who was also hunting, but who had caught nothing, scented the savory dish from afar and followed his nose until he discovered Uncle Karey asleep with the 'possum before him, done to a turn. The young darky sat down and ate the 'possum, while Uncle Karey dreamed on, and piled the bones between the old man's feet.

"When the last vestige was gone he smeared the gravy from the pan on the old man's fingers and on his mouth. Then he departed. The noise of his going awoke Uncle Karey, and he soliloquized thus:

"Now, I wonders ef I done et dat 'possum? Dat 'possum graby on my fingers and dat 'possum graby on my mouf. I 'sho' is done et dat 'possum and nehber knowed it. But, 'fo de Lawd's sake, dat wuz the mos' unfillinest 'possum dis nigger eber et."



PAPA'S FAULT

Mrs. Westende—"You never think of the future. You live only in the present." Westende—"Well, your father is to blame for that. He gave us our house for a wedding gift!"

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President ROOSEVELT Strongly Endorses Rifle Practise For Boys and Girls

From NEW YORK HERALD August 26 1905

PRESIDENT LIKES BOYS WITH RIFLES

Mr. Roosevelt Accepts the Vice Presidency of Public Schools Athletic League.

PRAISES TARGET WORK

Fully Approves of the Clean Methods Employed in Training the Young Men of America.

GIRLS NEED EXERCISE, TOO

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Friday.—President Roosevelt has accepted the office of honorary vice president of the Public Schools Athletic League, with headquarters in New York city. In his letter to General George W. Wingate, president of the league, President Roosevelt expresses his cordial approval of the objects of the league.

Following is President Roosevelt's letter accepting the tender of the honorary vice presidency:—

OYSTER BAY, August 19, 1905.
"My dear GENERAL WINGATE:—In answering your letter I beg to say that it will give me the greatest pleasure to accept the office of honorary vice president of the Public Schools Athletic League of which you are President.

Praises Rifle Practise.
"I am glad that you have installed in each of four high schools a sub target rifle practice and are teaching the boys to shoot with the Krag, and I am pleased with the great success that you have met in this effort.

"I'm also particularly pleased that you are about to organize a woman's auxiliary branch, for the girls need exercise quite as much as do the boys.

"The demands such a movement make upon the time and the money of those engaged therein are very heavy. You are doing one of the greatest and most patriotic services that can be done, and you are entitled to the heartiest backing in every way from all who appreciate the vital need of having the rising generation of Americans sound in body, mind and soul. Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

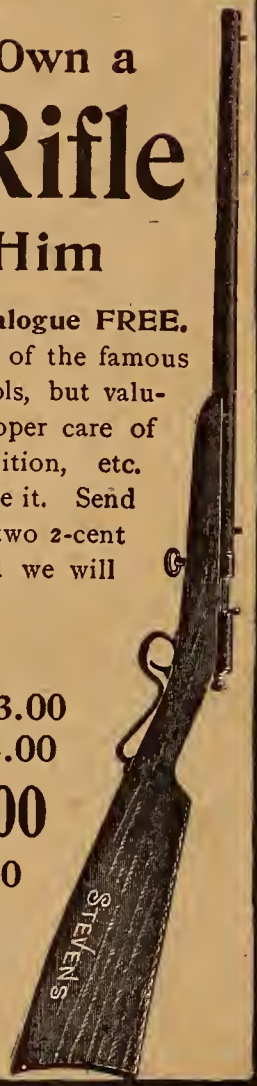


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Paragrapns About People

Do Animals Reason?

SOME Denver experimenters last month put a fox terrier in a box stuffed with a mixture of cotton and camphor, and took their prisoner by night to a farm near Pueblo. There they released him in the morning in a country as new to him as the interior of Porto Rico would have been; but under the stimulus of homesickness he vanished before night, and at eleven o'clock the next forenoon appeared at the business end of his Denver boarding house. In a bee line the distance is about eighty miles, and it is absolutely certain that he could not have steered his way forty yards by scent. He could not have traveled by any-clew of his adventure in the camphor box. Nor were there landmarks to guide him in the labyrinth of unknown mountain peaks. How did he do it?

Tesla's Anecdote on Faculty Training

NIKOLA TESLA was talking about his student days at Prague. "I remember well at Prague," he said, "an old professor of great originality and acumen. This professor insisted on the value of a free use of the perceptive faculties, and he was always pointing out the need for this use in strange ways.

"One day on rising to lecture he began, 'Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation as you should.'

"He laid on the table before him a pot filled with some vile-smelling chemical compound—a thick, brown stuff.

"When I was a student," he went on, 'I did not fear to use my sense of taste.'

"He dipped his finger deep into the pot, and then stuck the finger in his mouth. 'Taste it, gentlemen. Taste it,' he said, smiling grimly.

"The evil pot passed around the class, and one after another we dipped our fingers in it and then sucked them clean. The taste of the thick, brown compound was horrible. We made wry faces and spluttered. The professor watched us with a grim smile.

"When the pot was finally returned to him, his thin lips parted, and he gave a dry chuckle. 'I must repeat, gentlemen,' he said, 'that you do not use your faculties of observation. If you had looked more closely at me you would have observed that the finger I put in my mouth was not the one I dipped into the pot.'

Sounds Fishy, But Good

ALBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, a representative of a large shoe company in Brockton, Massachusetts, told a story at the Saint Denis the other night of a flagman employed at a railroad crossing between Malone and Huntington on the New York Central.

"While up in Malone a few weeks ago," said Mr. Breckinridge, "I remained over Sunday—I had arrived on Friday—and took a run out into the heart of the country. Some four miles from Malone, along the New York Central route to Huntington, there is a railroad crossing, and the situation is as peaceful and picturesque a spot as you could well imagine—in fact, what one sees in the colored picture books.

"On passing the crossing I got into conversation with the flagman, and was immediately struck by the man's remarkable power of conversation. I flatter myself on knowing a thing or two, but this fellow put me completely in the shade.

"Presently he invited me to his shanty, a few yards down the tracks, and we sat down and continued our talk. After we had chatted for half an hour or so I became curious to learn what the man did not know. He was a human encyclopedia.

"I asked him how he had managed to pick up all his knowledge.

"Why," he said, "I have little else to do here but read and store up information. Only a score of trains pass here in the day, and I while away the time reading and writing in my little cabin. See, here is my library."

"I examined the books, and was surprised to find standard works in various languages. He had mastered French and German, was in close touch with Greek and Latin, knew Euclid like a Harvard professor, and could write shorthand as fast as a professional reporter.

"I ventured to suggest that he should try to put his accomplishments to some better account. 'You might shine if you only put yourself forward,' I said. But he only laughed, and seemed to look at me pityingly.

"Why," he replied, 'I'm perfectly happy here—perfectly happy. The job suits me. I have no worries. I love the country, and I like study. If I went to New York, say, I might make more money. But money isn't all. I have blessings here that money cannot buy.'

"So I left him—obscure, but absolutely content."



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Farm Selections

Current Notes

Brazil produces more than two thirds of the entire coffee crop of the world.

The value of expert knowledge is beginning to be recognized by farmers more than ever before.

A want of the hour on the part of all cultivators of the soil is an increased knowledge of the processes of Nature.

The United States Department of Agriculture is now considered as a great clearing house for practical and scientific agriculture.

The growing of cucumbers for pickles puts about \$1,025,000 in the pockets of Indiana farmers every year. As a special line of farming it pays.

In Mexico the tobacco crop begins to mature in February, and the gathering and storing of the crop is completed in March and April.

The cherry season in California lasts usually about two months. The Black Tartarian is one of the leading varieties grown. The large white cherries are preferred by canneries. Among these are Napoleon and Rockport Bigarreau.

Scientists affirm that the destruction of forests is followed by excessive drought, excessive heat, devastating floods and tropical-like storms that wash the fertile soil from the hillsides and fill up the beds of small streams.

Marion county, Missouri, leads in the amount of poultry products in that state. Pettis, Greene, Lincoln, Franklin and Boone follow in the order named. At the low price of ten cents a dozen for eggs, the value of the annual production in the state exceeds \$15,000,000.

The Canadians have adopted a standard apple box with special reference to the export trade. The box is of the following dimensions: ten by eleven by twenty-two inches, inside measure; this containing two thousand and two hundred cubic inches, and holding one bushel, or practically the equivalent of one third of a barrel.

The estimated losses in the United States by reason of injurious insects is relatively the greatest for the fruit and trucking crops. The damage is estimated at one fifth of the total value of these crops, which aggregate in value \$4,000,000.

The growing of hay in the cotton states is a comparatively new industry. One of the leading markets is at Augusta, Georgia. Over seventy thousand bales are now grown in that section of the state. The yield is especially good on the bottom lands of the Savannah River.

The Chicago "Inter Ocean" is out with the statement that the turkey is unquestionably a native bird, and adds, "The wild species were formerly plentiful in the Ohio and Missouri valleys, and are still found from Kansas to Yucatan. Cortez is said to have found them in Montezuma's garden."

Porto Rico is about half the size of the state of New Jersey. One hundred and seventy thousand acres are devoted to coffee culture, sixty-two thousand to sugar and fourteen thousand to tobacco. The Porto Rico coffee is superior to most of the so-called Java and Mocha mixed. Why not use the Porto Rico coffee and encourage its culture?

The Maryland Agricultural College is about to establish a chair of highway engineering, with Professor Lanham in charge. It is the right idea. Every agricultural college should have such a "chair"—not to sit in and "resolve," but to train and send a graduate into each county in the state to superintend the construction and repair of roads and bridges.

Mr. Edwin C. Eckel, of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., has just completed a most timely and interesting report of the cement materials and industry in the United States. The annual production now exceeds twenty-two million barrels, and in 1903 was more than sixty-five times as great as it was thirteen years before. The industry is rapidly assuming vast proportions, and is likely to rank in importance with those of iron, steel, coal and oil.

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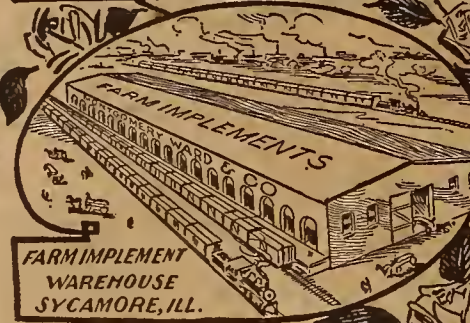
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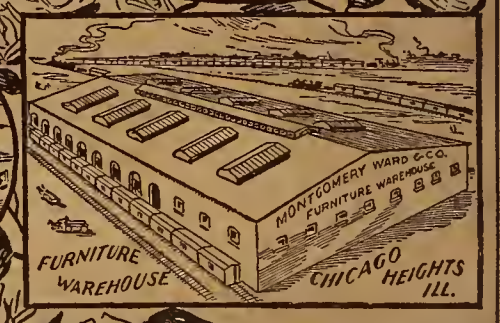
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The Philippines

No. 1

By Frederic J. Haskin

LET'S have a talk about this Philippine question. While hundreds of books and thousands of newspaper articles have been written on the subject, the authors and correspondents are generally prejudiced one way or another; they go to such extremes of praise or criticism of the administration that the reader remains clouded through it all. I want to be considered independent; to be regarded as neither a whitewasher, covering up mistakes, nor a critic stirring up trouble just for the sake of seeing the dust

are seven million civilized inhabitants and a little more than half a million savages. Included in those designated as civilized are forty-one thousand Chinamen and nine hundred Japanese. At the present time there are about twenty thousand Americans in the islands, twelve thousand of whom are in the army, the balance being civil employees, school teachers and private citizens. Most of the latter reside in Manila. The remainder of the foreign element consists of four thousand Spaniards, seven hundred Englishmen and four hundred Germans, with a sprinkling of Hindoos, Japanese, and natives of other far eastern countries.

As soon as we came into the possession of the islands the impression began to spread that we had bought a white elephant. Although public sentiment had forced the government into war with Spain, one of the first things that came home to Mr. McKinley and his associates was that the American people would not submit to prolonged military occupation of any of the territory that had been acquired as an outcome of the war. About the only thing that could be done under the circumstances was to declare for civil government and try to train the people to be capable of exercising the rights of self-government. This work has now been going on for seven years, and I will briefly review what has been done during that time.

While inexperience in colonization methods has caused many mistakes, as reckoned by the judgment of other nations who own possessions in this part of the world, the Americans have proved highly efficient in some respects. They have fairly won the right to be called the champion house-cleaners of the world. Whatever may be said in criticism of our government in Spain's degenerated colonies, there can be no doubt concerning the success of our sanitary work. Although our disease fighters had much to overcome in Cuba and Porto Riea, it was not a marker to what they have encountered here. Since American occupation of the Philippines there has been a veritable plague of man, beast and field. The cholera has claimed upwards of two hundred thousand victims, the rinderpest has destroyed fully eighty-five per cent of all the work animals in the islands, and the field crops have been ravaged by insect pests; yet we have succeeded in stamping out pestilence, and our methods are now being copied everywhere.

It was found that in the city of Manila, the center of all the civilization the islands possess, over half the people die without medical attendance. They do not understand the use of medicine, believing that all their physical troubles are due to their being the prey of evil spirits. That the people are being persuaded to forsake their superstitious ideas, and avail themselves of the virtues of medicine, is shown by the fact that the free dispensaries of Manila are now filling upwards of thirty thousand prescriptions a month.

One of the most disheartening discoveries made by the Americans was that there were sixty-nine different kinds of people in the islands who spoke thirty-four languages and sixty different dialects—less than ten per cent of the whole being able to converse in a common tongue. To overcome this an educational campaign was inaugurated which was the most extensive and far-reaching experiment any nation has ever attempted. Nearly six hundred American school teachers were sent out to the islands on one steamer, and others followed until nine hundred were at work here. These teachers were scattered throughout the islands, and for years have been prosecuting their work with unabating energy. The school authorities have their general scheme of education pretty well formulated and merely ask for time in which to demonstrate the practicability of their plans.

The total number of children in the Philippines between the ages of six and fourteen is one million two hundred thousand, and the object has been to have four hundred thousand of these in the schools at one time. At first it was feared this number could not be mustered, but the enrollment for 1905 has reached the astonishing figure of five hundred and twenty-four thousand. Although this remarkable educational campaign is just getting under way, it is said there are now more people in the Philippines who can speak English than Spanish. Almost any child spoken to in English will reply in that language. It will soon become the official language of the courts, and the people in all the islands are being brought into communication on account of a universal knowledge of it. Uncle Sam has always been a great believer in the virtue of the little red school house, and in the matter of education, as well as sanitation, he has set a pattern for all the world.

In the matter of physical improvements wonders have been accomplished. The first thing the Americans did after they marched their troops into the City of Manila was to organize a custom house. A postoffice was

opened the second day after occupation. During the seven years since our forces took possession of this musty, ancient capital, there has been no cessation in the work of organizing and renovating. The most important task has been that of improving the harbor of Manila. They have taken enough mud out of it to make a tract of new land one hundred and ninety acres in extent. They have dredged three hundred and fifty acres to a depth of thirty feet, and have completed eleven thousand feet of breakwater. Wharves are now being constructed so that the largest ships will soon be able to find accommodations here.

Electric street cars have been started in Manila, and are now carrying a million passengers a month. A new electric light plant is now being installed; a million-dollar ice plant has been completed; hundreds of miles of country roadway have been constructed; plans have been drawn for a four-million-dollar water and sewerage system in Manila; over one hundred miles of streets inside the limits of the capital have been built and improved; many acres of new parks have been created; and the old city has been overhauled and cleaned up.

Aside from all this the Americans have established courts of justice; have withdrawn the cheap and fluctuating money of the country and established the gold standard in its place; and have organized native troops for the preservation of law and order throughout the various municipalities and provinces.

The determined manner in which Uncle Sam has gone about his unwieldy job has created much talk among the European nations who have colonies in this part of the world. Their manner of conducting their possessions has been quite different. Their rule has been for the benefit of the home governments, while the American policy has been to improve the Filipino. The difference between the two is simply that one makes subjects while the other is endeavoring to make citizens. It has been a most expensive undertaking, costing thousands of lives and millions upon millions of dollars.



A FILIPINO WOMAN

fly. In short, this account is American without being partisan.

First, to get our bearings, let us consider how we came to be real estate owners away out here in the far east. It is a positive fact that our government no more thought of acquiring land possessions in the Orient, when it went to war with Spain, than it did of securing territory in South Africa. But no man can foretell the consequences of war. The outcome of that brief but decisive struggle found us with the Filipinos on our hands. For a long time we did not even know how many of them there were, nor how much land went with them. The zone which we acquired from Spain, as set forth by the Treaty of Paris (December 10, 1898), including land and water, amounts to an area almost thirteen times as large as all of the New England states. It is located almost south of Japan and north of Borneo.

A census of the archipelago has just been completed by the American Government, so that we are now in a position to have a better understanding of what our possessions consist. It shows that there are more islands in the group than Spain thought there were. The exact number, including everything which appears separately at high tide, is three thousand one hundred and forty-one. However, two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five of these islands are very small, each being less than one square mile in area. About one thousand five hundred of them are of so little consequence that they have never been named. The total area of all the islands in the group is one hundred and fifteen thousand and twenty-six square miles. Fully one-half of this territory is contained within the limits of the two large islands, Luzon and Mindanao, the former being about the size of Louisiana, and the latter about as large as Indiana. We paid Spain twenty million dollars for the whole archipelago, which was about twenty-seven cents per acre for all the land it contained. Upon counting the population it was found that there



A COUNTRY HOME

The Philippines being so far removed from our country caused many of our statesmen to contend that the conditions which eventually made our other acquisitions profitable could not apply to these islands. It now begins to look like their location is their principal advantage. During the next few years the Orient is going to be the scene of a great struggle for commercial supremacy between the leading nations of the world. America will be in the thick of the fight.

Again, the fact that the islands are tropical in character adds to their value, because they contain resources which our temperate climate does not afford. At present we scarcely know what they do contain, but enough is known of them to say safely that they will repay their cost many times over when their resources are realized upon. In all likelihood the present generation will see the white elephant developing into one of the richest and most valued possessions of the Union.

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A Big Season Last Year

The season for subscriptions is here again, and we want to say to you that from present indications it will be the greatest year FARM AND FIRESIDE has ever enjoyed. Last year was a "boomer," but this year will be still better. FARM AND FIRESIDE will be improved—we can't stand still, we must press forward. It is the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in America. It has more paid-in-advance subscriptions than any other twice-a-month farm journal in the world. What better proof do you want than this that it is the best. The great American people say it is the best and prove it by subscribing and paying in advance for it. Now, kind reader, we want your help—you can have ours when we can serve you. We want you to secure your neighbor's subscription and send it along with your own whenever you are ready, and we trust you will be ready real soon. Here is what it means to FARM AND FIRESIDE: If every reader would send just one new subscription the list will be doubled. It is such a little favor, won't you grant it? It is easy to do.

About Rural Affairs

POST-MORTEM RECOGNITION.—The park system of the city of Buffalo was the creation of the late William McMillan, a Scotch landscape gardener of rare ability, honesty and strong convictions of the eternal fitness of things. I first met this man about fifteen years ago at the meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, in Rochester, New York, where he read a paper advocating natural methods in the planting and treating of trees and shrubs, and in the laying out of parks, and opposing with quaint humor all artificiality, especially the bizarre and fantastical in the shaping of ornamental things, and in the designing of beds and plantations. His ideas were so firmly fixed, and his attitude became so uncompromising that the board of park commissioners finally had to dispense with his services in order to be able to carry out their ideas in favor of greater variation and more color effects in the plantings. He left Buffalo. His work remained. The public parks of the city are a living testimonial to his genius and worth. And the people of Buffalo have not forgotten the debt they owe him. A McMillan fountain has just been erected in one of the parks. It is an imposing structure, roughly carved out of mammoth granite blocks, and typifying the noble but rugged character of the man. The good that he has done lives after him. Buffalo may well be proud of the parks of which he is the father, and does well to honor his memory.

ORNAMENTAL PLANTINGS.—Entirely in line with the teachings and ideas of William McMillan is the observation that perfection and permanent value in ornamental plantings is to be found in single specimens rather than in groups. The latter are satisfactory for a while, and after that they will need thinning and trimming, and more or less looking after all the time, while the single specimen, say a Colorado blue spruce, or even a common Norway spruce, or hemlock, or some pine, will flourish and

grow bigger and better from year to year, the only attention required, perhaps, being an occasional clipping back of the leader for the purpose of preventing an excessive and straggling growth upwards. Sometimes when I pass some of the fine specimen evergreens on my premises, and admire their perfect form and development, I wonder what some wealthy person in the city would be willing to pay for one of them if it could be put right where he would like to have it. Hundreds of dollars, undoubtedly. And hundreds he would have to offer before he could have it. For small lawns no greater mistake can be made than crowding it with all sorts of shrubs and trees, especially in groups, and having flower beds and borders besides. There can be nothing more attractive, more aristocratic in appearance than a few perfect specimens of such trees as blue spruce or other conifers, purple-leaved maple (Japanese or otherwise), cut-leaved maple, catalpa, linden, or a number of other trees. The aim must be the perfection of the individual.

A SOUTHERN PLEA FOR THE ROBIN.—A Louisiana reader in a letter to the "Rural New Yorker" pleads for the protection of the robin in the northern states so that people in Louisiana, etc., may enjoy their robin pot-pies. He says: "When winter comes, the dear little robin comes to the South where the roses are in bloom, and the green grass and leaves on the trees and warm sunshine make life a pleasure. Then bang-bang goes the gun, and the dear little robin goes in the creole gumbo that tastes so good, and warms the stomach and strengthens the body; and in the pot-pie, or split down the back, smashed flat and fried in hot salt butter, and nicely cleaned, dipped in whipped eggs, dusted with cracker flour and fried brown, and in many other ways they are cooked and eaten by sensible folks. Of a truth, those Yankees are of use to raise plenty of robins for us to eat." To this the accomplished editor of the "Rural New Yorker" says: "Here is the state of New Jersey protecting robins and giving them a good start in order that southern people may eat them during the winter. The birds have bothered us more than ever before this season. What a pleasure to think that we may provide some of these toothsome dishes for our creole friend. I hope he will enjoy his meat. It certainly costs us enough." I myself wish to the southern pot-hunters the very best luck. Heretofore, notwithstanding their efforts, robins enough have always returned in spring to overstock the place here, and make themselves very "dear" to us, indeed.

A WHEAT ENEMY.—The Ohio station has just issued a press bulletin on the subject of the wheat midge, or red weevil. I have not heard much complaint about this wheat enemy in this vicinity. In Ohio this insect is giving growers more trouble than even last year, when ten per cent of the kernels of all varieties were reported infested with it. The parent fly is a relative of the Hessian fly. It deposits its eggs on the wheat head, and the young reddish larvae feed on the milky kernel, ceasing to feed after the kernel becomes hard. Some of the larvae when mature burrow down into the earth, making cocoons of mustard seed size, remaining about one-half inch below the surface, while another smaller portion of the larvae still remains on the wheat in harvest time, and are carried into the barn or stack, where they winter over in the chaff or grain as "cased larvae," in which state they do not feed. But they become active again when thoroughly moistened. As preventive measures against the spread of this insect it is recommended to promptly burn the chaff from the threshing machine, as this contains countless numbers of these "cased larvae," and all wheat to be used for seed should be well fanned or screened to prevent sowing midge larvae along with the seed. The screenings should also be burned. In order to dispose of the pupae or cocoons in the ground from which the great majority of the flies are derived, the stubble should be plowed under to the depth of about nine inches, so that the flies cannot make their way to the surface the next year. This should be done as soon after harvest as possible. Rotation of crops will be of some help in controlling this pest.

SOWING WINTER VETCH.—A Pennsylvania correspondent asks more questions about hairy or winter vetch. Will it develop sufficiently by middle of May to be of benefit as a nitrogen gatherer, the intention being to plow it down for corn? My impression is that it would. Seed should be sown early in August, but I have had quite a growth of it by the middle of May from later sowings. A good plan, probably, would be to chop the stuff up, if heavy, by running over it with a disk pulverizer before plowing the field. A dressing of lime might be given at the same time with advantage. The seed weighs about as heavy as wheat, and I believe that a peck (fifteen pounds), with about an equal quantity of rye, would be seed enough for one acre.

COTTON-SEED MEAL FOR COWS.—I have spoken of cotton-seed meal as the cheapest source of protein for cattle. It is useful if rightly used. In the hands of the careful feeder any feed stuff is safe, because he, observing the effects, regulates the quantities used accordingly. The trouble is that a large number of people think in all such cases that if a little is good more is better. Our friends must understand that much harm can be done with these highly concentrated feeding stuffs. People must use judgment in regulating the quantity fed. Cotton-seed meal has the enormous amount of forty-seven per cent of protein. It can be given safely only in very small doses and mixed with other grains or meals. It is also extremely constipating. When cows are turned out to pasture, especially in early spring, or in a new alfalfa or clover pasture later on, and their bowels show more looseness than desirable, then the feeding of a little cotton-seed meal can especially be recommended. For feeding at other times, however, and especially during winter, I propose to still rely on my old stand-by, linseed oil

meal, unless the price of that should soar higher than seems reasonable. At the present time I am using soy-bean meal as an addition to other meals in order to increase the percentage of protein up to the "balanced ration" standard. The combination has thus far proved very satisfactory.

ACQUIRED TASTES.—An Illinois reader writes that for the first time he has raised a crop of cow-peas, but the stock refuse to eat the vines, and he wonders whether that is often the case, especially after he has heard so much about the excellence of cow-pea hay. He also inquires whether cow-peas are good for table use, not having heard them recommended for that purpose. Horses and cattle that are not used to cow-pea vines, especially while green, often, perhaps usually, object more or less to the bean-like flavor of the article. On the other hand, they usually take very readily to soy-bean vines, green or cured, although these also have the bean scent and taste. I have never had any difficulty in making my stock eat cow-pea vines. If the animals would at first offer some objections I have simply cut the vines up with some other stuff, soy-bean vines, corn fodder, hay or oats in the sheaf until the animals got a little used to the smell and taste. After that they will take to the cow-pea vines quite readily. An animal is a creature of habit as much as is man. We can often learn to like the taste of things to which we at first object. It took me over three years to learn to eat tomatoes. After having learned that lesson thoroughly, I could just live on cooked tomatoes and mashed tomatoes for weeks at a time. In many cases the taste for tomatoes, as that for peppers, is acquired. The cow-pea is used as an article of food in the South, and some varieties of it are especially grown and recommended for that purpose. By skillful cooking they can be made quite as palatable as any other, or as common white beans. I have also used the soy-bean for the table, and would often do so if we could find a way to cook them as soft as we get the ordinary field bean. Anyone keeping poultry will also observe instances of acquired taste in animals. Fowls that have never been fed with common peas are often very slow to eat them on first sight. They will pick up one only to throw it down again, then repeat this process, and finally eat a few peas, but apparently under protest and without relish. But after they have been fed a few times with peas they will greedily take all they can get or hold. Fowls are still slower to take to soy-beans and cow-peas. After they get used to the beany flavor, however, they pick up these grains as fast as any other grain. At the present time I am feeding soy-beans in moderate quantities whole to my fowls quite regularly once a day. Hens may even be taught to eat common field beans, although it may take longer to get them used to that kind of food than to peas or soy-beans. If I had or could buy at a nominal price (as can often be done), a lot of spotted or otherwise unmarketable field beans, I would surely utilize them for chicken or hog feed, even if I had first to have them ground and mixed with other feeds. Boiling them also will make them more palatable. In short, if we have any such food materials that seem to be unpalatable to our stock at first, we can often educate the animals to get used to and like the taste of such things.

A PARASITE OF THE CODLING MOTH.—I see in a recent issue of "California Fruit Grower" an editorial stating that the writer in FARM AND FIRESIDE, who suggested that the discovery of a parasite of the codling moth would be worth millions of dollars to the fruit growers of this country, is evidently behind the times and has not heard of the work of George Compere and of the fact that California now has the parasite—the search for which he advocates. Its own columns are sufficient evidence to the careful reader that FARM AND FIRESIDE is never found behind the times. As a general thing I also find the "California Fruit Grower," our critic, in the front rank of the agricultural journalistic profession. I have a faint recollection that the paragraph in question, if it came from my pen, was suggested by a reference to the efforts in California in the direction of disposing of the codling pest through the instrumentality of one of its parasites. That, however, does not help us as yet in these great apple-growing sections where the codling is still rampant. We may go through our orchards at this time, the whole length and breadth of this famous (Niagara) county, only to discover that a sound apple was the exception, and a worm-infested one the rule. We have not apples enough this year to go around among the codling tribe. I repeat that the introduction of a parasite of the codling moth that would keep the latter in check, in this apple region, would be worth a great deal of money to the New York fruit growers alone.

Current Notes

The black bass is the fish that is now in most demand for stocking the streams in Kansas and Oklahoma.

History records the fact that whenever the forests were destroyed the country became a wilderness, and wholly unfit for human habitation.

The American people are now expending one hundred and fifty million dollars for sugar that ought to be produced in this country from the ribbon cane and the sugar beet.

The leading wheat-growing county of Oregon is Umatilla. Just across the line in the State of Washington, Walla Walla and Adams counties are striving to wrest the banner for wheat production from Lincoln county.

The common run of agricultural papers place great stress on crop production. It is high time that more strenuousness should be manifested in the securing of markets.

In the great corn-growing State of Iowa the five counties having the largest annual yield per acre during the past ten years are Cedar, Johnson, Muscadine, Jasper and Henry.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

BECOME A HOME OWNER.—We are likely to have some rainy, chilly days about this time of the year, and a great many people endeavor to get their minds into a sort of morbid, melancholy condition on such days, and to feel depressed and gloomy and try to make everybody about them feel as they do. When I see one of these poor disconsolates I feel much like the jolly old farmer said he felt. "When I run up against one of those disaster-hunting, mind-depressing parties with his woebegone phiz and life-weary expression," said he, "it strikes me at once that if I had the placing of him I would corner him up behind my little buckskin mule and touch the animal off with a long cornstalk."

On the farm, or almost any other place for that matter, there is so much to see, to do, to read and to talk about that I don't understand how any one can have time to mope and feel depressed. One cold, stormy night in November a good many years ago, when I was a farm hand, I was sitting on one side of the table reading, and my employer was on the opposite side looking over some account books, when his wife came in from putting the children to bed. "My!" she exclaimed, "isn't this a terrible night! Doesn't it make one feel glad he has a home of his own to shelter him from such storms? If I were a young man I would save every penny I could earn and buy me a home if it were only ten feet square." Her husband laughed and said, "I guess she means that for you, Fred." She said she was not aiming it at me particularly, but she meant every young man who had his own way to make. "Just listen to that wind roar through the trees, and that sleet beat on the window. Now aren't you glad that we have a good home like this, and that it is paid for, and nobody can drive us out of it?" "Well I should rather guess I am!" said he. "I honestly believe," she continued, "that it is possible for any young man who begins life for himself without a cent to earn enough to buy him a good home while he is yet young. I believe it is easily possible for him to buy enough land with it to supply him with food enough to live on, and to do all this while he is still young and strong." When I retired I did considerable hard thinking about the matter.

I know a very few young men who are working and saving for that home. I also know quite a large number who are spending every cent they earn as fast as it is paid to them. That it is possible for a young man to begin life for himself without a penny and earn enough to buy him a good home with from one to five acres of land I have seen demonstrated a number of times. By taking stock in a well-managed building and loan association he can buy the land and build the home and pay for them out of his wages as he earns them. Quite often a man can be found who will lend him the money at a very moderate rate of interest, part of the principal to be paid quarterly or semi-annually, and the interest on each amount so paid to be stopped. I have known several men to adopt one of these plans. Those in the building and loan associations will have the same amount to pay monthly until all is paid. Those who borrow on the other plan will have the same amount of principal to pay each time, but each payment reduces the amount

All Over the Farm

of them make it incumbent upon the buyer to earn wages and save them. One cannot live fast and furious; see all the shows, attend all the picnics and have a "big time with the boys." He must stick to his work like a business man who is striving to forge ahead, and keep his expenses down to the lowest notch. These things impose no special hardship upon him, but simply conditions that are recognized by all business men as necessary to success. I do not know any young man who earnestly set out to get a home for himself, and stuck to business and exercised good business sense in his transactions who did not succeed in getting what he started after. I have seen men who have frittered away more than half a lifetime suddenly right-about-face and step out of the ranks of the slipshod poverty-stricken and earn property and build up homes that fairly astonished their acquaintances.

There is no reason under the sun why any ordinarily healthy man should be homeless in this country. Thousands of farmers are working two-fifths to half their time for landlords because they imagine they could not make a living on a small farm of their own. Said one to me, "Of course I have money enough to buy and pay for ten or fifteen acres; but, bless your soul, what could I do on a little patch like that? I'd starve to death. And besides I wouldn't have work enough on it to keep me busy half the time. I'd pity any fellow that tried to make a living off a ten or fifteen-acre patch." He remained a tenant until he got too poor to keep up his outfit, then he moved into a little rented cabin in town and made a miserable living working at odd jobs. Farmers who have boys growing up should do something toward giving them a chance to make a start in life. I would not advise any farmer of moderate means to start a son for himself if it would impose even the least hardship upon him, but I would advise him to give the boy a chance for himself, and do it long before the boy becomes of age. A boy can be given a half acre of land, and told to make all he can out of it. He should be allowed to grow anything he pleased on it and to have every penny of the money the crop sold for. I have known boys who have had as high as three to five hundred dollars in the bank when they became of age, all made from a small tract the father had let them cultivate for themselves. One old farmer said, "I let Jimmie have a half acre when he was ten years old, and when he was fifteen I increased it to one acre, and the boy has made crops on it that made me ashamed of myself. It has made a business man of him, and he has over five hundred dollars on interest. It was one of my best moves!"

Alfalfa in Indiana

Mr. Alva Langston, a Henry county farmer, has succeeded in doing this year what has been regarded as impossible. He has grown alfalfa from seed planted May 20th, and harvested the first crop August 25th. The second cutting was made about September 20th

seed bed is regarded by Mr. Langston as the principal essential to a successful start of alfalfa. It is of more importance than the seed in his estimation. Nothing will serve to obviate the damage caused by an improperly prepared seed bed, and farmers are cautioned by Mr. Langston against permitting any consideration to induce them to neglect the thorough preparation of the ground before sowing the seed.

A good seed bed is probably well understood by every farmer. It may be defined as being compact, fine and smooth. Its under formation should be composed of the coarse earth, which remains as it is when the plow turns it, except that in working the seed bed the tramping and manipulation compresses it together and leaves it porous but not loose. The surface of the seed bed is fine as dust, and smooth and even all over. To bring about this condition requires going over a number of times with harrow, drag, disc and roller. Mr. Langston's plan is to keep on going over the tract until it is as nice as it should be, and then go over it again to make sure.

On May 20th Mr. Langston sowed the alfalfa seed. He used a cyclone sower, going over the field twice, once each way, and sowing each time fifteen pounds to the acre—a total of thirty pounds of seed to the acre. The object in going twice over the field in sowing is to secure a more even distribution of seed. The seed was purchased from an Illinois grower of known reputation for handling pure seeds, and Mr. Langston advises farmers to purchase no seed unless it is recommended by a well-known dealer or grower.

Before planting the seed Mr. Langston inoculated it with nitro-culture, a form of bacteria which he ascertained to be pure and efficacious. The seeds came up with astonishing quickness, and the stand appeared to be even all over the field. In just one month from the time of sowing the crop was first clipped, using the mower with the bar on the ground. There were few weeds, but it was desired to keep all there were closely clipped. On July 20th the crop was clipped a second time, and it appeared to stool out and spread very fast. The crop grew rapidly, and on August 25th it measured twenty-six inches tall, and was thick on the ground. Some roots measured fifteen inches long and were of sturdy growth. Mr. Langston estimated that the crop would make a little more than a ton to the acre after it was dried, and he determined to save the cutting. It made excellent fine hay, and weighed out some more than his estimate.

The crop will be cut once more during the latter part of September, after which it will be pastured. It is estimated that the next cutting will be heavier and better than the one just harvested. A remarkable feature about the crop is that it remained a beautiful, vivid green, almost exactly like it was when growing, after it was cured and hauled to the barn. It remains so now in the mow. This green color after curing is a property which growers very greatly desire, since the bleached alfalfa loses a big per cent of protein in the bleaching process. For this reason manufacturers of alfalfa products decline to use any alfalfa which does not retain its beautiful green color after it is cured. Mr. Langston does not know to what cause to attribute this condition, unless it is the effect of the nitro-culture which caused the crop to grow with astonishing vigor and speed.

Three years ago Mr. Langston planted another tract of six acres in alfalfa. The seed sowed then was not treated with bacteria and the growth was considerably slower than in this last experiment. The crop came on, and the second year the first cutting was saved and made a satisfactory crop. This year the tract has already been cut three times, the last time August 25th, and it will be cut once more this year. Not less than seven tons per acre will be harvested off of this old field. Alfalfa is worth from ten to twelve dollars a ton, and an estimate of the real value of this wonderful crop shows what it will do for the farmer who succeeds in getting a start.

Many farmers have tried to grow alfalfa last year and during the present summer, but most of them in this part of Indiana have failed. Almost without exception the causes of failure have been found to be carelessness in planting, poor seed or failure to inoculate the seed. All of these are essential, and the farmer who will not attend to all of the necessary details may as well not try to raise alfalfa, for he will fail. As a food crop alfalfa leads all forage plants. It is actually true that one ton of alfalfa contains more protein than a ton of wheat bran. All stock devours it greedily, and horses thrive on it while at work without receiving any grain. Mr. Langston's success has attracted wide notice from the agricultural press.

C. M. GINTHER.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

It is stated that the cost of producing alfalfa hay in Montana is but one dollar a ton.

Westward the potato is wending its way. Formerly Iowa led in production, but now Nebraska has become the banner potato state.

The English horse bean is being grown with great success in California. Two years ago but fifty acres were grown in the Pajaro Valley. This year more than seven hundred and fifty acres are being grown.

Alfalfa was first brought from Media in Persia in the time of Darius, and afterwards into Greece and Italy. In Persia alfalfa was known as Medica, in Italy as Lucerne and in Arabia as alfalfa.

In order to make twentieth century farming a success we must make a thorough study of the scientific principles which underlie the various phases of agricultural science and then make practical application of them on the farm.

The macaroni wheat does best in comparatively dry localities, those for instance where the annual rain fall ranges from ten to twelve inches. As to varieties, the flour made from the Kubanka, No. 5639, has been found by trial to possess good bread-making qualities, and also makes delicately flavored macaroni.



"ALOHA FARM" HOME, WASHINGTON

of interest to be paid. In either case it will be necessary for the borrower to make a payment of one to three hundred dollars on the property before borrowing to make it a safe loan. And in case any one should adopt either of these methods of securing a home before being able to pay for it, I would suggest that it would be a good plan to have a reserve fund of a hundred dollars or more to draw on in case of sickness or lack of employment for a time. I know two young men who borrowed of a building and loan association to build houses on two lots they owned; then rented the houses for just what their monthly dues amounted to, while they saved the wages they were receiving. At the end of five years they paid off the balance of the debts, and then the rents went into their own pockets. One of them said to me that it was the best investment he could have made, because it induced him to save every penny of his wages that he possibly could, while lots of the young men of his "set" did not save a penny. And he said that when the rent began to flow into his own pocket it seemed almost like finding money. One of them married and took possession of his house, while the other bought another lot and built another house on the same plan. There are quite a number of good plans for securing a home, but all

to 25th. The first cutting yielded almost a ton and a half to the acre, and the second cutting, it is estimated, will be fully as much.

This establishes a new history for alfalfa in Indiana, and removes the greatest objection which has been urged against the crop for the Middle States. Farmers complained that there could be no income from alfalfa the first year, and there have been known no exceptions to the rule until Mr. Langston proved otherwise. The significance of this experiment is important, for it is a well-known fact that most farmers desire to grow alfalfa, but have hesitated to attempt the experiment because of the precariousness of obtaining a start, and for the before mentioned reason that nothing could be realized from the crop the first year.

Last May Mr. Langston determined to experiment with a crop of alfalfa, with the object in view of harvesting at least one crop the same season. He selected a tract of five acres of land known as upland which had been in cultivation for thirty years or more. This is not a rich soil, being a sandy clay loam mixture. It was underdrained, but not with an elaborate system of drainage. There is a ditch at the west side, and one runs through the tract. When the weather was suitable early in May, the land was broken up and the work of preparing the seed bed was at once started. The

SALT, when sown into the seed-bed before sowing celery-seed, or over the patch before setting the plants in open ground, may not do a great deal of good, but neither will it do much harm. I have never seen striking results from its use, and therefore do not care to bother with it.

THE SILVERSKIN ONION is an old standard sort, and White Portugal is only another name for it. Under whichever name you plant it, it is a valuable sort when you know its place.

FROM FAILURE TO SUCCESS.—On a piece of ground on which a few years ago onions made scarcely growth enough to be worth mentioning I have this year a most magnificent crop of Prizetakers and Giblartars. A little ditching, much manuring and perseverance did the trick.

FOR AN EARLY TOMATO I do not see anything yet that can beat the Earliana or Maule's Earliest. I have a number of so-called first earlies claimed to be in some respects ahead of those named. For another season, at least, I shall put my dependence for early tomatoes on the older ones, and it will not make much difference whether they are grown as Earliana or as Maule's Earliest.

TO HAVE TOMATOES VERY EARLY in the season, the first essential is the early start. If we sow seed of our earliest sorts in February under glass, and keep the plants in good growth right along, giving them the room they require, and then set them out in open ground when every danger from freezing is past, without disturbing the roots of the plants to any great extent, we may well expect to get ripe tomatoes in July and a lot of them in early August. At this time tomatoes are a treat and bring good money.

SOLUBLE PETROLEUM will win the day. Other remedies for the pernicious scale, especially the combinations of sulphur and lime and kerosene and lime, have not proved uniformly and absolutely successful and satisfactory. Petroleum kills the scale for sure. If applied at the proper season, it has never yet injured the smallest twig on any fruit tree or bush to which I applied it. Yet we may be able to use cheaper solutions. Con-sol, which I tested, killed the scale, but seemed to contain some free oil. It has proved a sure thing for the cabbage worm. It was diluted with about twelve parts of water, and sprayed on the heads with a knapsack sprayer. Some of the outer leaves were slightly injured, but the application has cleared the cabbages so perfectly of the green worm and other insects (slugs, for instance) that I have not seen a worm or trace of worms on the treated heads since. Even the white butterflies seem to avoid the treated cabbages.

FULLER'S TEASEL, grown commercially in some parts of central New York, to a limited extent, is one of those crops like ginseng, squabs and some others that a few people grow with profit and a good many more with loss. It is not a royal road to wealth to grow teasel, ginseng, peppermint, mushrooms, bananas, squabs, or Belgian hares.

FOR THE REFUSE OF our garden vegetables we have use in the chicken yards, hog pen, etc. The unmarketable portion of our tomatoes have served almost daily as a relish to our fowls, pigs, cattle and even horses. All domestic animals, with exception of cats and dogs, are fond of tomatoes. Small heads of cabbages are saved up for our fowls to give them a welcome change, and a substitute for green stuff during the winter. Small potatoes, beets, turnips, even kohlrabi, unmerchantable squashes, both summer and winter, are put away to be cooked, mixed with meals and served to our poultry as a warm mash at noon in the early part of winter. Winter squashes are especially fine for this purpose.

THE SOY-BEAN AND COFFEE-BERRY.—A North Carolina reader writes that he bought an advertised coffee-berry which I am reported as having pronounced equal to the genuine coffee. I am not aware of ever having made such a statement, and if I have done so I will speedily retract. What I have said, most likely, however, is that the much-advertised coffee-berry is nothing more nor less than a soy (or soja) bean variety, and that it can be used as a coffee-substitute; also, perhaps, that I consider most cereal coffees—such substitutes as barley coffee, coffee made from scorched bran, wheat or other grain products or mixtures—much more wholesome than strong genuine coffee taken in excess. The latter often leads to stomach troubles and headaches. I have never noticed such effects from

Gardening

the cereal coffees mentioned. The flavor? That is a matter of taste about which I am not going into a dispute with any one. To tell the truth, however, I like the soy-bean more for stock-feeding than for coffee or for my own eating. It is valuable as a green forage crop, also. I have had it do wonderfully well on some soils and in some seasons, and then again give me several failures, suggesting the lack of the nitrogen-forming bacteria.

GROWING TOBACCO.—A reader in Kentucky asks me to tell him what is the best kind of tobacco to raise in that state. I am afraid he has come to the wrong door. I am not a smoker or chewer of tobacco, and know little about its culture except as I may grow a few plants for ornament or for insecticidal uses. All tobacco plants look alike to me—at least, those grown for commercial tobacco. When dried, we can make use of the plants for fumigating the greenhouse or for making the "strong tobacco tea" that may come handy for killing plant lice or cabbage worms. The plant is very easily grown. True, the seed is very small, but it has powerful vitality for so tiny a thing. If sown in nice, rich, mellow soil and lightly covered it comes up promptly, and soon makes a strong little plant ready for transplanting. It also bears transplanting quite gracefully, and comes up smilingly afterward. An old, established practice in Southern tobacco-growing sections is to burn a brush heap on a rich spot in some out-of-the-way corner, dig this over, making the surface nice and fine, and then sow tobacco seed over it for making the plants. A little protection by muslin or otherwise may be given in case there should happen to be some cold nights after the plants are up. I am just trying a similar plan for growing Prizetaker onion plants, intending to sow the seed about the middle of September in drills, and rather thickly, or at about the same rate in the drill as for pickling onions or onion sets, with the drills six inches or less apart.

POTATOES FOR SEED.—In a general way the charge is well founded that we do not pay enough attention to the careful selection of our garden and field seeds. It is true in regard to corn, and particularly so in regard to potatoes. Prof. J. W. Bonsteel, of the Department of Agriculture, is quoted as having said in one of his recent lectures: "Too many fields are planted with the refuse of the bin—small, sun-scalded, immature, unvital tubers of a character which no housewife will consider, and no self-respecting cow will eat. From such stock a large part of our annual crop is propagated." If we leave out the evident exaggeration in respect to the cow, the statement contains a good deal of truth. Prof. Bonsteel seems to lose sight of the very essence of this question so far as the potato and many other vegetables and cereals are concerned. The late Professor Goff, years ago, discovered, or re-discovered, the fact that even the smallest tuber, selected from the most productive hill in the patch, gave a larger yield than the largest tuber taken for seed from the least productive hill. We have to bear in mind that "one swallow does not make a summer." If we desire to improve our potatoes by selection, we should not pick for the most perfect single specimen, but for the plant that gives the best and largest number of tubers. The single specimen is in most cases an accident. If grown on a poor and unproductive plant, we don't want it. But every tuber, even if small and sunburnt, from the plant that gives the best average in yield, size, shape, etc., is fit to be used for the reproduction and perpetuation of that plant. The next thing we must try to do is to keep the tubers selected for seed in best possible condition for seed. On this point the whole outcome very largely depends, and more perhaps than on mere size or maturity of the tuber. We often find that we grow the best crop where rather small tubers had been used for seed. Nor would I object to sunburnt seed. Quite the contrary. We often "green" our seed potatoes. This is done for the purpose of killing the scab infection, and to cause the formation of strong and healthy sprouts. The rather small and somewhat immature tuber generally keeps in better condition for seed purposes than does the large and well-matured potato, which explains the good yields often obtained from patches where small tubers had been planted. Professor Bonsteel will have to revise his views on this question. It is a pity, however, that we do neglect

our chances of improving our potatoes in yield, etc., by the exercise of greater care and pains in the selection of our seed.

ONION YIELDS.—A Toledo, Ohio, reader who says that he has raised a crop of onions on new swamp land (not muck) this year, and realized an average yield of three hundred bushels per acre, can claim to have done about as well as the average onion grower in the country. There is no doubt in my mind that he can and will do much better if he makes good use of his chances. He has barnyard manure and wood ashes on hand to put on his land for the next crop. Should he use both? And how to apply the ashes? I believe that where a crop of three hundred bushels has been grown one year, the land with proper management can be made to produce two or three times that amount. The first condition, however, is to make the soil rich. Plenty of good stable manure applied at once and plowed under, with a dressing of wood ashes up to several tons to the acre if unleached, and perhaps in combination with a few hundred pounds of superphosphate, such as dissolved South Carolina or phosphatic rock, or a double portion of the ashes if leached, without the superphosphate, will be apt to give the desired results. I would re-plow the land once or twice in the spring, in order to get the manure thoroughly mixed in with the soil, and then apply the ashes and superphosphate on top, mixing them with the soil by thorough harrowing. This treatment would about make a sure thing of a good onion crop, and of almost any other garden crop, barring unusually unfavorable atmospheric conditions. Much, of course, depends on the variety planted. By planting Prizetaker and especially Gibraltar onions, sowing seed under glass in February and transplanting the young seedlings in open ground during April and May, I have for the last fifteen years never failed to raise two hundred to three hundred bushels of onions (that usually sold readily at one dollar per bushel) on one quarter acre or less of fertile land.

THE QUESTION OF WEED DESTRUCTION.—With three quarter acres of onions planted for spring bunching and experiment to look after, we are yet in the midst of weeding. When the weather conditions are right—in other words, in a dry time—this job is not so formidable so long as we attack the weeds while yet small. The hand wheel hoe is a great help, of course. It is only a question of being prompt and thorough in its use. I have often stated that any boy can run the wheel hoe. It is not hard work. Yet it makes a great difference how it is run. If this job is done by an inexperienced hand, there may be two or three times the hand weeding to be done than when it is run as it should be. I must try to cut the amount of expensive hand weeding down to the lowest possible limit. For that reason I usually run the wheel hoe myself rather than delegate this task to some youngster, or even the average "hired man." I may spend an hour before breakfast, or some other convenient time during the day, at this work, and it will soon be done. I leave only one of the hoes on the machine, and run this just as close to the row as can be done by keeping a sharp lookout and a steady hand. I run it to within an inch of the row of plants, which stirs up the soil almost or entirely into the row itself. In the hands of a youngster or careless person this would mean danger to some of the plants, as an occasional dip further in would cut the plants in those places down. Returning, I take the other side of the row of plants, and when I get done with the wheel hoe, there will be very little left for the hand weeder. Boys of eight years or older can with proper instructions do this weeding with the fingers well enough. The trouble comes in wet weather, when we cannot get on the land with our weeding devices. The weeds then continue to grow, and possibly by the time that it is dry enough again, the weeds have become well rooted. No time should then be lost.

T. GREINER.

Birds and Insects

According to Prof. H. P. Atwater, quails are of great advantage to the farmer, as are also some other birds. In the stomach of a quail were counted 101 potato beetles, and in that of another quail 500 chinch bugs. In a yellow-bill cuckoo were found 43 caterpillars, and in another cuckoo 217 web worms. A robin had eaten 175 caterpillars. The stomachs of four chickadees contained 1,028 canker worm eggs. Four others contained 600 eggs and 105 mature insects.—Farm Journal.

A Short Winter Course in Horticulture at Cornell University

The short winter courses offered by the leading colleges of agriculture are becoming increasingly popular. Time was and that only a few years ago when various advertising schemes were resorted to in order to inveigle the farm boy to the college for a few weeks in winter. Then only a single course was offered—one in general agriculture which included something of dairying, something of crop growing, of fruit growing, of animal husbandry and poultry raising.

Now the young man who has only the winter months to spare can improve himself by attending a special course in any of these branches.

The College of Agriculture of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, has recently added a special course in fruit, flower and vegetable growing for winter students. This course has been placed in the calendar in deference to a brisk demand for special instruction along these lines.

This group of horticultural studies will include the soil, farm chemistry, injurious insects, plant diseases, orchard management, vegetable growing, flower growing and something of decorative planting.

Particular attention is to be given to the practical and laboratory sides. The course is given by the staff of the Department of Horticulture and related branches of the College of Agriculture under direct supervision of Professor Craig, to whom inquiries may be addressed, or they may be sent to the College of Agriculture, Ithaca, New York.

New York stands second among the states of the union when measured by the standard of the value of her fruit crops. This is abundant reason why such a course should be created and maintained at the State College of Agriculture.

Colorado Potato Beetle

The Colorado potato beetle has invaded Europe three times within recent years, twice in Germany and once in England. In each case it has been "stamped out." Entomologists report that not a specimen of the insect can be found in Europe outside of the museums. The last invasion was in 1901, when the insect suddenly appeared at a seashore town in England. As soon as it was discovered the Englishmen were ready, for thirty years ago a law was passed giving the Board of Agriculture power to seize land infested with the potato beetle. The potato stalks were dried and burned. The soil was soaked with paraffin, and gas lime at the rate of sixty tons per acre was spread on the land and plowed under. This was done in the fall, the object being to destroy the old beetles which winter in the soil. Even this rough treatment did not kill the beetles, for a number of them turned up in the spring and started laying eggs. As fast as they hatched they were hand picked and thus destroyed. The country for miles around was examined, and every beetle killed wherever found. We do not understand in this country what it would mean to have this insect let loose in Europe. Here we accept its presence as a matter of course, spending millions to fight it, and losing millions more as a result of its work. Europe could not stand such a loss. As a food crop the potato means more to the European poor than it does to us, for we have sources of food in this country not known on the other side. The Germans grow nearly three times as many potatoes as are grown in this country. No wonder Europe is prepared to fight the potato beetle as she would an invading army. Once fairly established, the beetle would bring about a revolution in most European countries, for the land would be filled with hunger. The fact that Europe, all through these years, has been able to fight off this pest should be a lesson to Americans who are now in danger from several imported insects. The gypsy moth and brown-tailed moth are now in New England, and reported as working west slowly but surely. If these insects are permitted to spread all through the country the result will be fearful loss. The national government should come to the rescue at once, and help the New England states destroy these insects.—Rural New-Yorker.

The Canadian authorities require that all boxes in which apples are to be shipped to foreign ports shall be strong and must be made of well-seasoned wood. They must not be less than ten inches in depth, eleven inches in width and twenty inches in length, representing as nearly as possible two thousand two hundred cubic inches.

Abundance and other varieties of Japan plums planted on rather poor land, if allowed to overbear for two or three successive seasons the trees will die. Thin out the plums so that they will not be in clusters and touch each other.

WINTER ORANGE APPLE.—J. B., Boston, Mass. The Winter Orange apple is the same as the Newell Winter, and originated in Wisconsin. It is a large apple of good color, and a late keeper. It is worth while to experiment with it in a small way in New England.

PRUNING ELMS AND POPLARS.—W. F. B., West Duluth, Minn. Elms and poplars may be pruned at almost any time of the year. Perhaps the best time is early in the spring, before growth starts, but autumn is a good time, as also is June, wounds made in June healing over quickly. As to the method of pruning, that will depend largely upon the purpose of the trees. If they are street-trees, then you should plan to have a clear trunk for at least seven feet, and eight feet is even better where the trees are on good soil and make a vigorous growth. Poplar-trees require very little pruning, and it is only necessary to take off an occasional awkward branch. In the case of elms, however, it is necessary to do enough pruning to keep them in shape. I believe in encouraging the rather round form of head to the elm when it is young, and later on it will take on its graceful curves, which make it such a thing of beauty. Some elm-trees are naturally awkward, and it is almost impossible to make perfect street-trees out of them. Others rapidly take on the desired form without much pruning. I think it best to prune elm-trees to a straight pole eight feet high when they are planted.

TIME FOR PLANTING FRUIT TREES.—J. W. C., Beaverdam, Ohio. The best time for planting fruit trees in the hands of the average beginner is in spring, without any question. On the other hand, the skilled horticulturist may do some planting in autumn to good advantage. In your section I think it generally safe to plant in autumn when the ground is reasonably moist and when the planting is done before the twentieth of October. For such trees as apple, plum, gooseberries, currants, red raspberries and blackberries autumn planting is safe if well done and the soil firmly packed about the roots. Peaches, cherries and black cap raspberries generally do best when planted in spring, although even these latter may be planted in autumn to good advantage, provided that before cold weather sets in they are laid flat on the ground and covered with a few inches of soil. A stake should be put where the top of the tree lies so it can be readily found. In the spring of the year



A RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE

are raised, and are ready to go on and grow. This amounts practically to "heeling in" each tree separately where it is to grow in the spring instead of "heeling in" all in one bunch and then setting out in the spring. It is, to be sure, a little more work than ordinary planting, but it is oftentimes a great help to get rid of the planting work in autumn, when we generally have more time to do such things than in spring.

ROOTING ROSES BY LAYERS.—ROSES FROM CUTTINGS.—F. M. C., Waverly, Mich. In the growing of roses by layers the wood may be covered at any time, but the best time to do it is early in the summer, and for this purpose the new growth for that year should be used. Such shoots, however, may be layered as late as the first of August, and if watered carefully will generally

produce good roots by autumn. In layering the branches, cover about three inches deep and for the distance of at least eight inches. It is also a good plan to scrape off the bark with a knife for perhaps the distance of an inch or more on the portion of the branch that is in the ground. Some of the best growers of roses by layering prefer to make a small cut into the wood about half an inch long rather than scrape off the bark. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to do either, as they will generally root even if the bark is not broken at all; but I am inclined to think if the bark is broken a little that the branches send out roots a little quicker than otherwise.—Roses may be grown from soft or hard wood cuttings. Soft-wood cuttings are those taken off when the plants are growing freely, generally in June. They should consist of wood that is moderately hard. The soft, sappy growth of vigorous-growing shoots will not root well. To get an idea of the proper condition of the wood, I would say that the wood just below the flower bud when it is just opening is in the best possible condition for rooting. If cuttings of such wood are taken off about three inches long, and set two inches deep in a box of sand three inches deep, and the whole kept moist, being given a little sunlight each day, yet not enough to wilt them, they will generally root in the course of a couple of weeks. By hard-wood cuttings I mean cuttings of wood that has finished its growth, and is hard and firm, and in such condition as it would be on the approach of cold weather. If cuttings of firm new wood about six inches long are made in October, and buried in sand for winter, they may be taken out in the spring and planted in good warm soil, when a large portion of them will grow. In setting them out they should have not over one inch sticking out of the ground, and the soil should be pressed firmly about the base of the cuttings. You will find that if the cuttings are stuck in hot beds in the spring they will be surer to root than if put in the open ground. In this connection it should be understood that all roses do not root from cuttings. Such varieties as Mable Morrison and Baroness Rothschild are with difficulty

rooted from cuttings, even if they can be rooted at all in this way. Such kinds are generally grown by budding them or grafting them upon vigorous-growing roses. Budded-roses are generally the hardier.

About Luther Burbank

In a recent number of the "Record Herald" William E. Curtis gives an interesting letter on Luther Burbank's work, in part as follows: "Every plant has its own individuality and character," said Luther Burbank, the plant breeder. "Plants can be trained as well as animals. Science is training everything but men, and it is curious that we should neglect the highest order of animate being. Heredity exists in plants just as it does in animals and men and it can be transmitted. Acquired characteristics as well as natural qualities and peculiarities

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

can be transmitted by cultivation and care. The characteristics of plants are very simple, while the characteristics of men are complicated. Hence it is easier to change the nature of plants than of men. It is easy to change the nature of gold, iron or other metals by applying powerful forces. It is next easiest to change the nature of plants. As they are more responsive, less powerful forces are required. Sunshine will not affect iron, nor the application of moisture; but those two agencies will do everything with plants. Some plants respond more readily than others. Animals are more responsive than plants. Lions, tigers and horses can be controlled by the voice. Dogs are mind readers. Finally, children are the most responsive to influence of all living things in the entire universe. Every influence that they may be placed under will affect their conduct, their health and their happiness, either one way or the other. Plants have both good and bad qualities. Both or either may be natural or acquired, and both may be transmitted to their descendants.

"It is necessary to understand these principles before one can appreciate what I am doing and how it is done. I have here a plant school—an academy for fruits, flowers, berries, vegetables and trees—and I am trying to teach my scholars how to develop their good natural qualities, and to learn other virtues. I am trying to train them for greater usefulness; to teach them new virtues, new qualities, which will make them better and brighter—which they can pass along to the next generation, just as if they were men and women."

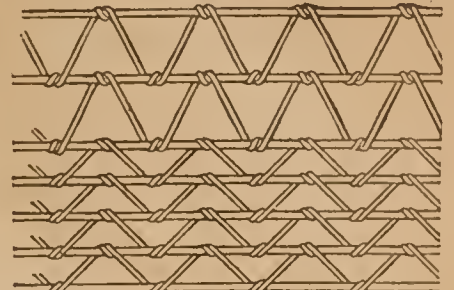
When I asked Mr. Burbank how many varieties of plums he had, he said that he was now studying three hundred thousand distinct kinds. The number of his trees is not so large. Some of them have from thirty to five hundred grafts, and when the fruit is ripe he walks along through the rows, studying them carefully and selecting the best. His men follow him, removing all of the trees which do not show progress. Later he goes through them again, making his selections almost by instinct, until at the end of the year nine tenths of his orchard has been torn away, and the three hundred thousand different kinds of plums are reduced to half a dozen varieties. These are then multiplied, while all the others are destroyed and replaced by new seedlings. In this work Mr. Burbank is guided by acute perceptions and gifts of judgment which no other nurseryman has ever had.

In the meantime processes of cultivation are going on. The fruit trees he has selected for preservation are those which, in his opinion, will respond most readily to the forces he can exercise.

"I am working just now," said Mr. Burbank, "upon about four thousand different kinds of fruit, with the special object of extending the season of fruiting. Most trees ripen within a few weeks—say six weeks or two months—and orchardmen are compelled to do all their work within that time or lose a part of their crop. If I can extend the fruiting season of prunes or plums six weeks, or even four weeks longer, you can realize what a great economy will be accomplished. I have already produced a crimson rhubarb plant that will ripen the whole year round, and roses and strawberries can be made to serve us every day in the year. I hope to be able to do something in the same way with the plum, the prune, the peach, the pear and the apple, and at the same time improve their size, flavor and endurance as well as extend the bearing season. I do not think it is impossible. It has been done with many plants. Sixty years ago the richest sugar beet yielded only six per cent of saccharine. This has been increased to twenty-six per cent. Sugar cane has been graded up in the same way. Fifty years ago the cabbage was a small bunch of leaves. Chestnut trees formerly required from ten to fifteen years' growth before they began to bear. I have some that will bear in eighteen months.

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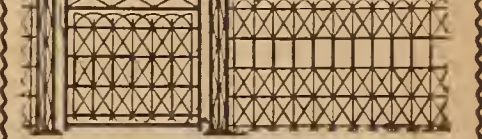


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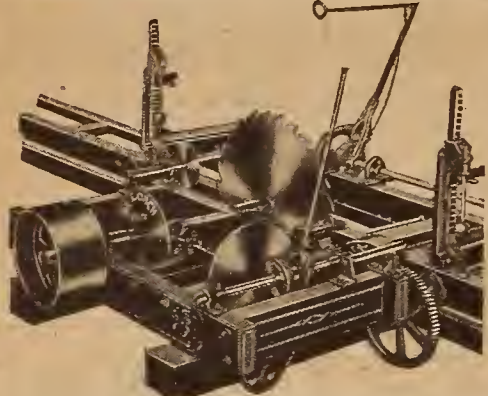
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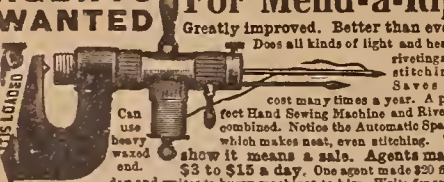
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Feeding Straw

EVERY little while some farmer is asking about the advisability of wintering his horses on straw. Occasionally some one advises it, and outlines a method of preparation and feeding.

A chemical analysis of wheat straw shows a low feeding value, and experiments have demonstrated a high content of indigestible matter. When wheat straw is to constitute the only roughage the usual method advised is that of cutting the straw fine, and mixing it well with bran, middlings or oil meal. It is well to suggest that the less straw and the more bran the better for the horse. To fill an animal's belly is not the only question, but to see that the animal gets real food and nourishment. When straw in large quantities is fed the vitality and muscle of the animal is certain to degenerate; for straw does not contain sufficient and suitable nourishment to meet the demands of healthy bodily action and growth. Often the vital functions grow weak and stagnant under the guise of ample fat and apparently natural condition.

Several years ago, when hay was rather scarce, the writer wintered one horse largely on straw for roughage. A number of other horses similarly fed were also under our observation at the same time. It took several months to get our own horse over the bad results of such feeding. Kidney disorder, before unknown to the animal, was persistent. One other horse died from a similar disorder attributed to the same cause. No season since have so many horses shown an abnormal condition.

A small ration of straw is often appreciated by animals, but its mechanical condition and nutrient content are insufficient to alone satisfy the demands of a healthy animal life.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

How He Made His Cement Floor in Stock Barn

In reply to your inquiry as to the economy of cement for stables when compared with plank, will say that I used the American Portland cement to lay about 4,000 square feet of stable floor a year ago last October. This cement was in part manufactured in Illinois and in part in Pennsylvania, and cost me in Iowa City \$2.70 per barrel. I used forty-four barrels at a cost of \$118.80. This same floor made of pine or hemlock plank, including sleepers and spikes, would have cost me at least \$225. You will see by the above statement that a saving of \$100 was made by using cement. There is another factor to be considered, aside from the cost of cement, and that is the facilities for getting gravel or broken stone. If your correspondent is so situated that he can haul his gravel from the pit, his floor will not be much cheaper, but far more satisfactory than it would be if made of plank. But should he be obliged to purchase the broken stone, his floor may cost as much and perhaps more than the plank, but when completed it will be so much more durable that the difference in cost would hardly be worth mentioning or considering.

To prepare for a cement floor, the first thing is to have a foundation of clay made perfectly solid and so fixed as to preclude all possibility of water soaking under. Then level from the lower side, or outlet of gutters to the upper side of the stable, giving a fall of one inch to ten feet. This will make the back of a thirty-foot stable three inches higher than the front and give sufficient fall to gutters to carry off all liquids. Then draw a line for your gutters lengthwise of the stable and on side next to cattle; from this line level to back of manger (which will be the highest point in the stable), making a fall in floor from manger to gutter of one and one-half inches to ten feet. Next dig your gutter, which should be twenty inches wide and two inches deep. This completes the foundation and should be perfectly smooth, with the falls in the ground as above stated and all well tamped in order to secure a firm foundation.

You are now ready for the cement, which should be four inches thick (including skim coat), and should be laid in the following manner: First, provide 2 by 4 scantling that are straight and surfaced on one side and edge, of sufficient length to reach across the stable parallel with the gutter. Then take iron pins (drag teeth is what I used) and firmly fasten said scantling on the edge with the smooth side up, three and one-half feet from the side of the barn. This will form

box for first section of floor. Next draw a line opposite your scantling four inches from the ground, which will indicate thickness of grouting on back side. Lay concrete in two layers, the first or bottom layer to be composed of one part cement to seven parts of coarse gravel or broken stone, filling box after being thoroughly tamped to within three-fourths of an inch of the surface. Have your mortar wet enough so that in tamping the coarse stones will be driven down and the surface be of a consistency to be leveled with a straight edge. This straight edge should be made one foot longer than width of section, and one side notched so as to level first coat three-fourths of an inch below top of section.

The second coat should be made one part cement to four of clean, coarse sand, or fine gravel, and made level with top of scantling. Be sure and have the first coat thoroughly set (but not dry) before applying second. After the second coat has partially set, and before it will sustain any great weight, thoroughly trowel down the surface with a plasterer's trowel, pressing the two coats firmly together, and your first section of floor is completed. Continue in this manner until you come to trench your gutter. Next fill trench with concrete level with foundation, and lay two planks, one six and one ten inches wide, side by side, to form gutter. Raise these planks two inches by placing blocks under them and in center of trench. This makes box for last section of floor and forms one side of gutter. Then fill with the first layer of concrete to within three-fourths of an inch of top of plank, and after it has stood long enough to work without settling, shave the corners well back from planks and round over the trowel. The object of this is to finish the gutter with round corners and prevent possibility of chipping off. Next run on your top coat, finishing edge of gutter as before. Then put section of floor on opposite side of gutter in like manner, remove your planks and fill gutter within two inches of surface of floor. This will make the gutter two inches deep and sixteen inches wide when finished. Mortar should be thoroughly mixed before wetting and well mixed after. Upon this precaution will the strength and durability of the floor depend.

—S. H. THOMPSON, in Farmer and Stockman.

Heifers Should Freshen in the Fall

It is acknowledged among dairymen that a heifer's first milking period largely determines her future capacity as a milker. If the first period be short she will have established a tendency to go dry earlier than if that period had been prolonged. For this reason a young cow should be kept in milk as long as possible in the process of milking, as clean milking stimulates to greater production. A policy that favors securing a long period of milk flow in heifers (as also in older cows) is that of having them drop their calves in the fall. The heifer that drops her first calf October 1st will keep up a more even flow of milk for ten months much easier than the heifer fresh April 1st will do. In the case of the first, grass comes at the end of the seventh month of lactation and the heifer is, provincially speaking, "fresh again." Under these new conditions she easily milks until August 1st or later. The heifer that drops her calf in the spring takes a bad slump during the trying months of August and September, and by the time she goes into winter condition and upon winter feed she is practically dry.

The dairyman who would have his cows give milk for a long period; who would secure the maximum flow when milk and butter are highest in price, and who would have the bulk of his milking to do at that season of the year when he has the most time to do it, that dairyman should have his cows come fresh in the fall.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

Greater Care in Horse Breeding

We find that many unsound mares are being mated with imported and home-bred stallions. The owners apparently expect that the good qualities of the sound stallions will offset the bad qualities of the mares, but this is a woeful mistake, and the results of such mating cannot but prove disappointing. We cannot expect to improve our horse stock by this absurd manner of mating. The principle of heredity is that "like produces like," and while there are exceptions to this rule, it usually proves true in the long run. The bad points of an animal are quite as

Live Stock and Dairy

likely to be transmitted and reproduced as the good ones, and the stallion, no matter how perfect he may be in every way, should not be expected to counteract the unsoundness or malformation of the mare, nor does he succeed in doing so.

Although these things are so, mares are being bred to good horses, although they are blind or affected with periodic ophthalmia. This disease is still quite common among horses, yet it might be wholly stamped out by simply discarding all stallions and mares affected with the disease. The same is largely true of side bones, ring-bones and spavins, yet farmers are still breeding mares so badly affected with these troubles that they are thereby rendered unfit for work.

Apart from the mating of actually unsound mares and stallions, too little care is being taken in the selection of mares of the right conformation. When a mare is seen to be crooked in her hocks or having "sickle hocks," she should not be bred; yet the owner deludes himself with the erroneous hope that the perfectly hocked stallion will offset this error in conformation. There is no more important joint than the hock. It should be sound, yet hock weakness is more prevalent among our horses than any other, and it comes from the continued mating of mares and stallions having imperfectly formed hocks, if not actually unsound ones. Then we see the same thing as regards errors of conformation in the fore legs. Straight pasterns, bowed legs, calf knees, bent knees, buck shins, base wide, base narrow, paddling and interfering mares and stallions are coupled without hesitation, and the breeder wonders why he has such "bad luck" in producing badly formed or actually unsound stock.

Education is much needed along this line. We can never become possessed of good stock unless we use good material and utterly reject that which is unsound and unsuitable. The stallioner has a duty to perform in the premises, and it would be well did he see his duty and do it. He should refuse to have his horse serve an unsound or unsuitable mare; yet he accepts for service anything that comes along, and for which the fee is offered. It is expecting too much, we know, to have the stallion owner act in this impartial and disinterested manner, but in the long run it would pay him to do so by

Bedding For Horses

This subject is a neglected one, yet it is of the most importance, and is one which should interest every horse owner.

It is important that we supply the horses with bedding for more than one reason, and the first thing which many are ready to ask is, "Will it pay?" and we reply, "Yes, yes, and pay in many ways, and principally it will pay in dollars and cents."

Whenever an animal is kept in a cold stable it will take more feed, or the animal will have to call on its own system to furnish the needed energy. The horse will not require near the feed if the proper care is given, and keeping them comfortable is the factor which counts most.

It is not necessary to have the most expensive stables and modern barns to keep the horse comfortable, for the cheap one can be just as comfortable. Close up the cracks in your stable, and you will have gone a long ways towards making it as it should be.

Some years ago I had a man to make fun of me for using bedding in the horse stable. Before this I had always thought him a much better horseman than I was. He happened to be at my place when I was bedding the horse stable for the horses at night, and what puzzled him was that he could not see how I could afford to waste bedding in that way. He had a hard floor in his stable, and he kept it cleaned out, but he never used bedding, for the horses did not need it. Ever since then I have been thinking of it, and the more I think the more profit I see there is in it.

The first profit is in keeping the horse comfortable, and it will pay for this alone. It will save feed, and you will not be counted guilty of inflicting unnecessary cruelty on the dumb animals. By all means use plenty of bedding and be among those to whom the wise man referred when he said, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beasts."

And there is another reason why it will pay to use bedding liberally, and that is for "looks." How does it look to see a horse going along the road that has been kept without the least sign of bedding? Did you ever take the time to look at such a horse? How did it make you feel?

When plenty of bedding is used it increases the value of the manure. It ab-



A MORNING DRINK.

the general improvement in the quality and character of the stock in the district where his horse stands for service.

It would be well, too, if he would dissuade mare owners from using his horse if the mares are of blood and breed different from his. Grading up can only be properly and successfully carried out by breeding in a right line, persistently to sires of the same breed. Where a mare is rich in the blood of one breed, highly graded up toward purity of blood of that breed, mating her to a horse of alien blood destroys at once all progress made, and should not be allowed by the owner of the mare or the wise owner of the stallion. It will be well, indeed, for the horsebreeding industry of the country at large when each owner of a mare will withhold her from breeding if she is unfit for any cause, great or small. It will be as good when stallion owners learn to do their part in the same direction by educating mare owners to use the stallion that will be more suitable for the particular mare as regards breeding as well as conformation and quality.

M. STENSON.

sorbs the liquid parts, and furnishes more humus, and makes the manure easier to handle.

The cost of bedding on the average farm is nothing, as there is generally much material which can be used on the farm. This is a good way to make use of a straw stack, or some spoiled hay, which will pay better to use for bedding than feed. I do not believe in making horses eat what is unfit, and sell the best; the best is none too good for horses.

The best material for bedding that I know of is threshed clover, for it is easy to handle, and the clover stems and leaves are rich in fertility, and the best material to absorb the liquid. I aim to have some clover threshed each year in order to get my own seed, and I like the straw for bedding for stock.

Cheese Makers' Meeting.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Wisconsin Cheese Makers' Association will be held in the city of Milwaukee on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 3d, 4th and 5th, 1906.

U. S. BAER, Secretary.

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In the Field

CORN AND ITS ENEMIES

Investigations at the University of Illinois to Ascertain Methods of Preventing the Pests

To the casual observer traveling through the prairies of the Middle West, and seeing the magnificent growth of corn as it matures from year to year, it might seem that this most important of all cereals sprang from the ground of its own accord, and matured without assistance. The farmer, however, knows better. He must be constantly on the alert from the time the seed is planted until the harvest is secured. His work is not merely one of tilling and cultivating; it consists, in part, in waging a continuous warfare against the multitude of insect and worm enemies which assail the crop from its roots to its stalk.

IMMENSE NUMBER OF CORN INSECTS

Corn, like most of the larger and more abundant plants, draws to itself a large assemblage of insects and worms which find in it attractions and advantages contributing to their maintenance or their pleasure. Very few of them are peculiar to the corn plant alone, since nearly all of them are equally attracted to other plants as well.

EFFECTS OF INSECT INJURY

With few exceptions the effect of injury to corn by insects may be compared to the effects of simple starvation. One common result is the failure of the plant to form the ear. Injury to the roots, if severe, so weakens the whole of the plant on the earth that the stock falls after it has become top-heavy with growth. Actual loss of root sometimes delays the development of the plant, acting in this respect like an unusually cool summer.

General measures of prevention and remedy for these evils, as worked out by Prof. Stephen A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois, consist in supplying the plant with better and more abundant food. A strong, rich soil, well cultivated, well watered and well drained may grow a good crop, notwithstanding a considerable amount of infestation.

SPECIAL MEANS FOR FIGHTING INSECTS

More special measures are a proper rotation of crops; timely ploughing to forestall the breeding of insects by depriving them of their food; timely planting, with reference to the period of greatest abundance and activity of certain species; and the use of barriers against the movement of certain destructive species into the corn from fields adjacent, combined with insecticide measures against hordes of destructive insects, which, if left to themselves, will work immediate harm.

For example, the chinch bug, the most destructive of all the insect species to corn, may be greatly hindered in its destructive activity by ploughing up a strip of ground six to ten feet wide around the corn field. Professor Forbes has found that the insects cannot enter the field when the strip is thoroughly and deeply pulverized, first with a disk harrow and then with a brush, and further when a short log or a triangular trough loaded with stone is dragged endwise back and forth over the strip until a deep groove or furrow has been made across the line of march of the chinch bug host. In this furrow the chinch bugs are caught, and if no avenue of escape is left they perish speedily of heat under the direct exposure to the sun. Nevertheless, to insure their complete destruction, holes a foot in depth should be made in the furrow with a post-hole digger at intervals of about twenty feet to serve as traps for the bugs. Here they will accumulate by quarts, or even pecks, in a single place. A further obstruction may be added by running a parallel furrow and by using a barrier of coal-tar. If, in consequence of mismanagement or accident, the chinch bugs manage to cross the entanglements of the corn field thus fortified and get at the grain they can be destroyed by spraying or sprinkling the plants with a kerosene emulsion. The cost of these protective measures is slight in comparison with the greatly added yield of the corn crop.

Fertilizing the Wheat Crop

One of the farms belonging to the Ohio Experiment Station had been rented for many years before it came into possession of the Station, and was reduced to a very low state of productiveness. On this farm a five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy has been maintained since 1894, the rotation being so planned that each crop is represented every season.

Part of the land in this experiment has had no fertilizer or manure of any description since the test began; another

part has acid phosphate only, used at the rate of 80 pounds to the acre each on corn and oats and 160 pounds on wheat, making a total of 320 pounds for each five-year period. Another part has received the same quantities of acid phosphate and muriate of potash in addition, 80 pounds each on corn and oats, and 100 pounds on wheat. Still another part has received the same quantities of acid phosphate and muriate of potash, with 400 pounds nitrate of soda, 160 pounds each on corn, oats and wheat. The total cost an acre for these different combinations of fertilizing materials for each five-year period has been as follows:

For acid phosphate alone.....	\$ 2.40
For acid phosphate and muriate of potash	8.90
For acid phosphate, muriate of potash and nitrate of soda.....	20.90

The average yield of wheat on the unfertilized land for the twelve years, 1894 to 1905, inclusive, has been 8.6 bushels to the acre. This yield has been increased by the different fertilizing mixtures to the following twelve-year averages:

By acid phosphate alone.....	15.9 bushels.
By acid phosphate and muriate of potash	17.5 bushels.
By acid phosphate, muriate of potash and nitrate of soda	24.3 bushels.

If we value wheat at one dollar a bushel, corn at fifty cents, oats at one-third of a dollar, hay at eight dollars a ton, corn stover (fodder) at three dollars and straw at two dollars, the total increase from all the crops for each rotation in this experiment would have the following total and net values, the net value being obtained by deducting the cost of the fertilizer:

	Total.	Net.
From acid phosphate alone.....	\$16.72	\$14.32
From acid phosphate and muriate of potash	24.08	15.18
From acid phosphate, muriate of potash and nitrate of soda	40.72	19.82

It is apparent that on this worn soil the complete fertilizer, containing nitrogen and potassium as well as phosphorus, has produced by far the most profitable increase of crop, although the cost of this fertilizer has been more than eight times as great as that of acid phosphate alone.

In another experiment on this same farm, corn, wheat and clover have been grown in three-year rotation since 1897. Part of the land in this test has received no manure nor fertilizer, while a part has been manured for the corn crop with cattle manure, used in all cases at the rate of eight tons to the acre and plowed under, the corn being followed by wheat and clover without further manuring or fertilizing. Part of this manure has been taken from an open barnyard, where it has lain during the winter; part has been allowed to accumulate under the feet of the cattle in their stalls until it could be hauled directly to the field, and with a third part—also stall manure—acid phosphate has been incorporated during accumulation, the phosphate being used at the rate of 40 pounds to the ton of manure, or 320 pounds to the acre.

In this test the unmanured land has produced an average yield of 8.9 bushels of wheat to the acre; the yard manure has increased the average yield to 16.3 bushels, the untreated stall manure to 17.9 bushels and the phosphated stall manure to 24.2 bushels.

Taking all the crops of the rotation, and estimating their value as before, the total value of the increase from each method of treatment has been as below:

From 8 tons yard manure, untreated	\$20.35
From 8 tons stall manure, untreated, 27.58	
From 8 tons stall manure, phosphated	44.35

The nitrate of soda and muriate of potash used in the first experiment have cost \$18.50 an acre for each rotation, and have been paid for, with a large profit besides, in the increase of crop; but the eight tons of stable manure, used in connection with the same quantity of acid phosphate, has produced a much greater increase of crop than these expensive chemicals.

These experiments demonstrate the vast importance of furnishing the wheat crop with an abundant supply of nitrogen and potash as well as of phosphorus when it is grown on worn land, and show that in farm manure we have a most effective source of nitrogen and potash, the value of which may be more than doubled by protection from the weather and reinforcement with phosphorus.

Dr. Moore's Reinstatement

In the last few weeks a studied effort has been made by Secretary Wilson to create the impression that Dr. G. T. Moore was not guilty of any wrong-doing in the nitro-culture affair. He has given out an interview to that effect, and announcement of reinstatement was quick to be made. The public was reached with this information through the many channels that the department commands. Some of our contemporaries are puzzled about it all, and in justice to them and to ourselves we give some facts that shed full light upon the inconsistencies of the department in this matter.

After Doctor Moore made his admissions in the presence of his chiefs, Doctor Galloway and Professor Woods, and of the representatives of this paper, Doctor Galloway professed to be shocked, and turning to Professor Woods in our presence began to discuss the question of punishment. That same evening Secretary Wilson said that Doctor Moore must resign. Doctor Galloway assured us that he never had heard of the West Chester stock holdings of which Doctor Moore made admission, and he seemed to think that such a statement cleared him of all responsibility. Doctor Moore did resign and we were called upon to furnish evidence to the Department of Justice for his prosecution. This we declined to do for several reasons. We had no desire to see him punished further by any act of ours, and moreover we felt that the chief wrong-doing was in remaining in the department and preparing matter for bulletins and reading proof of matter for magazines that contained misleading statements calculated to enrich a commercial concern at farmers' expense, and for this there was no punishment possible at the hands of the Department of Justice.

A few days ago, when declining to go out of our way as prosecutors of Doctor Moore, we said to the department that we were more concerned in determining the degree of culpability of Doctor Moore's chief, Doctor Galloway, who held Doctor Moore's resignation from near the middle of December to the time of our first investigation in April, and who knew all this time that Doctor Moore had the offer of a five-thousand-dollar position with the nitro-culture company under consideration, and who permitted or encouraged Doctor Moore to prepare the bulletins that encouraged farmers to waste their money. Doctor Galloway's influence with the Secretary is notorious, he having been much of the time the real power in the department until Assistant Secretary Hays was appointed to his present position. When we declined to press matters against Doctor Moore, and began to question Doctor Galloway's responsibility, the only way to present a consistent front to any such attack was to declare Doctor Moore guiltless of any wrong-doing and to bring him back within the ranks. WE KNOW THE ATTITUDE OF DOCTOR MOORE'S CHIEFS AFTER HEARING HIS ADMISSIONS, AND WE KNOW THE NECESSITY OF THEIR CHANGE OF ATTITUDE WHEN WE PROPOSED TO PRESS THE MATTER OF THEIR OWN RESPONSIBILITY. The public should understand by this time just what is the net value of a vindication published by our Agricultural Department. In the Division of Statistics and in the Bureau of Animal Industry are examples, and more are to follow.—National Stockman and Farmer.

The Small Farm

Many persons have the idea that at least one hundred acres must be possessed in order to do anything at farming. Now this is a very erroneous idea.

Fifty acres make a good farm, and with much less land than this a very successful business may be carried on if one adapts his crops and methods to the number of acres that he has; and even if it is rough and broken it may be made to produce a good deal towards a comfortable living if judiciously managed.

I have seen the poorest and roughest kind of land turned to good account by making a hog pasture of it. Poultry, too, may be kept on the same kind of land, while plums or some other fruit could at the same time be grown thereon. Bees, too, can be kept almost anywhere, producing honey to add to the year's income. Indeed, there are a great many persons in different parts of the country who make money from bees alone. The possibilities of the soil are wonderful if the cultivator will but do his part well, save all fertilizing matter and apply it to the soil.

I am sure that if many of the young men who go to the city would remain in the country and go to work on this line, something as I have suggested, putting their whole energy into it, they would be far better off and happier too. The places are very plenty where desirable farm homes can be built up, and many of these places can be purchased cheap.—F. H. Dow in The American Cultivator.

Save the Refuse Articles

THE cull potatoes, cabbages and other unattractive articles that cannot be marketed are just as valuable for food as foods of the best quality. There is no better or cheaper food for ducks and geese than turnips. These may be cooked or cut into thin slices and fed raw. When feeding such foods as turnips, carrots, beets, or potatoes, bran and cornmeal may be sprinkled over them with advantage. Cabbage heads may be placed in the yard to be picked to pieces by the hens, and the small heads are as highly relished by them as are those that are salable.

Exhibit at the Fairs

Everyone interested in pure-bred poultry or choice stock should exhibit at the state and county fairs, not only because such competition encourages the breeding of the best, but because there is something to learn at the fairs in comparing the individuals of the various breeds. Usually it happens that at the time of holding some fairs the fowls are molting, which renders a proper display almost impossible. About Christmas is the right time for a poultry exhibition, for then the birds are in the full luster of plumage and beauty. Every feather is in its place, and they present, in connection with plumage, the pride of carriage and comeliness of shape. It is then one can discover all the faults and see all the merits, and it is also the season of the year that farmers have leisure time to exhibit and compete for prizes. They would then become interested in the poultry shows also, as the best specimens are then brought together.

Losses of Young Pigeons

Many of the difficulties encountered in keeping pigeons can be overcome if close attention is given them. It is sometimes the case that fine young squabs nearly old enough for market are found dead in the nests, due usually to "sour crop" from feeding new corn, while the disease known as "canker" may appear. In young pigeons canker is recognized as a growth of tubercle with the formation of ulcers, and the growth is rapid. Large cheesy masses are found in the throat of the squabs before the owner has noticed that they were ailing. This is particularly the case when the disease has been contracted from their parents in feeding them. The parents themselves may appear to be perfectly healthy birds, the disease being in a latent condition, but it spreads rapidly and is perhaps incurable, as no effective or certain remedy has yet been found. In such cases there is no remedy but to destroy all sick birds, remove the others, thoroughly disinfect the house with burning sulphur and spray with Bordeaux mixture, not returning the birds until sure that no disease exists among them.

The Shells of Eggs

The lime which goes into the shells of the eggs will not be lacking if the food is varied, as nearly all foods contain lime in some form. Experiments in that direction show that the use of oyster shells does not insure a sufficiency of lime, though oyster shells will serve the purpose to a limited extent if the food does not provide the necessary lime. It is claimed that a hen may be confined on a board floor, allowed only flint gravel for the gizzard, fed liberally on plenty of green food, with a small allowance of grain and meat, kept warm and comfortable in winter, having ample opportunity for scratching in litter of some kind, and she will lay perfect eggs with proper shells, without even the least proportion of oyster shells or lime near by her. The lime will be derived from the food, and in a proper condition so as to be easily digested and assimilated and in a state in which it becomes immediately available as a constituency of the egg. There are hens in some sections that are far from the sources of supply of oyster shells, yet they equal those in other localities as egg producers. Nature prompts the fowls to select the food best adapted for their purpose, and, if given a variety, they will balance the supply so necessary for the production of eggs as well as provide for their bodily wants.

Keeping Eggs For Use

The secret of the keeping of eggs by the Chinese is a very simple one and is also practiced in this country to a certain extent. It is well known that if an egg contains a germ it dies, and then the decay begins, just as with a carcass. If an egg is not fertile the process of decomposition is delayed much longer. When an egg is hard boiled the decomposition is very slow, especially in cold weather or when the egg is covered with some substance which protects it from the air. If an egg is boiled, and while hot is dipped in some substance that keeps the air from entering, it will be then in the same condition

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

as fruit when canned. When a Chinaman preserves eggs he boils them hard when they are fresh, and protects them by a covering of adhesive clay. The eggs, being really hermetically sealed, are then perfectly wholesome and fit for the use of any person who has a partiality for hard-boiled eggs. In this country hard-boiled eggs (the shells being removed) are sometimes dropped in jars of vinegar and pickled, and they keep well. One method for preserving eggs for future use, therefore, is to have them hard-boiled, dipped in melted tallow or paraffine and stored in boxes or jars for future use.

Poultry Houses and Eggs

While the food is very important, yet success with laying hens in winter largely depends upon the poultry house. It is very difficult to determine which kind of poultry house is most suitable, as the cost and the location must be the governing factors. The houses for the accommodation of fowls in winter require to be well made and warm. When there is a plastered building that is available for the fowls nothing better can be had, and if brick or concrete is used the building may be too expensive, hence wood is the material usually employed. Boarding at least one inch thick should be used, and it should be tongued and grooved. When this kind is used the planks, if possible, should be put on upright and not parallel to the ground. The reason for this is that when the latter plan is adopted the damp-

ness is liable to get in between the boards and will remain there longer than when the planks are upright. Tarred paper on the outside of the wall makes an excellent protection against both cold and dampness. Heat is not necessary for adult fowls in winter if the house is warm, but warmth is usually required for chicks. When the houses are well made, the wood sufficiently thick, and the joints well fitted there is no necessity for artificial heating. The animal heat of the bodies should protect the fowls, especially if they are well fed. A warm house lessens the cost of food for the reason that less heat is required for warming the bodies.

Wire Fences and Frosted Combs

In a few months the cold winds will be in full sweep on all locations that have no windbreaks, and as the work of erecting wire fences will be well under way during the summer, it will be better to arrange all such fences so as to have the lower portion of boards. Such a fence could be composed of about two feet of boards at the bottom and four feet of wire above. By such an arrangement the males will be prevented from quarreling with those in adjoining yards, and the



A FLOCK OF PLYMOUTH ROCKS

fowls will have the advantage of being protected from the cold winds. A yard that is inclosed by a wire fence is a cold place in winter, and birds confined with no windbreak protection will be exposed to the risk of having their combs frozen. A few dollars spent in protecting the hens will be economical, as the hens will lay more eggs when allowed the privilege of a warm, sheltered yard. Almost any location will answer for them if the hens can escape direct exposure to winds, and a wire fence is not very inviting to them on very cold days.

Inquiries

SOREHEAD.—"Subscriber" asks a remedy for "sorehead on chickens." Some description of the disease should have been forwarded, as there are several causes. The ordinary sorehead is usually cured by a mixture of one tablespoonful of melted lard, ten drops of cedar oil and twenty drops crude petroleum applied once a day.

CLOVER HAY.—P. G. W., Knoxville, Tenn., "desires to feed clover hay, and the cheapest mode." Simply place it where the hens can pick off the leaves and help themselves; no preparation is necessary, unless one prefers to cut and scald the hay.

WHEN TO SELL.—H. W. M., Batavia, N. Y., wants to know "if he should sell his ducks now, at twelve and one-half cents per pound, or keep them until later, they being about three months old." After ducks are three months old they grow but little, and it is probably better to sell them when young, as they will cost more in food than the difference in price.



Banner Lye is different from old-style lye and is put up in patent safety easy-to-use cans. **Banner Lye** is the cheapest and best cleaner and disinfectant, and comes in handy every day in the week. It is odorless and colorless, and makes your cellar, kitchen—your whole house—clean with little work. It also makes your milk-pails, butter-tubs, dairy and all kitchen utensils sweet and sanitary.

Makes purest soap

without boiling or large kettles—nothing could be easier or cheaper. A 10-cent can of **Banner Lye**, 5 1/2 lbs. of kitchen grease, and in ten minutes' time the soap is ready, and you have 10 pounds of hard soap or 20 gallons of soft soap.

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Great thing for home work, a money maker for jobbers. Very speedy and durable. Saws wood, poles, posts, rip boards, pales, lath, etc. Three sizes. We make several styles and sizes Feed Mills. Write for free booklets. **New Holland Mach. Co., Box 116, New Holland, Pa.**



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Don't break your back and kill your horses with a high wheel wagon. For comfort's sake get an **Electric Handy Wagon.** It will save you time and money. A set of Electric Steel Wheels will make your old wagon new at small cost. Write for catalogue. It is free. **ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., Box 96, Quincy, Ill.**

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\$600 PER YEAR EASY, WITH HENS.

HOW to make Hens lay when Eggs are high. We do it. You can do it. Simple method explained in our Illustrated Poultry Book which also has Record and Expense Acct., showing gains or losses monthly 10c. Address, **G. S. VIEBERT, Clintonville, Conn.**

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

The Proposed Bond Exemption Amendment

An amendment to Section 2, Article 12, of the Constitution of Ohio, proposes to exempt from taxation all bonds issued by the state, as well as bonds issued by any city, village, hamlet, county or township in the state. This amendment will be submitted to the voters of Ohio at the election in November next.

This proposition is a flagrant violation of the fundamental principle of the Grange, which "declares in favor of a just distribution of the public burdens." If adopted it will offer a new field in which millions of dollars will be invested to escape taxation. It may be argued that the purpose of the law is to facilitate the sale of bonds. This argument proves too much, because bonds issued upon the credit of any political unit are, if all the steps have been legal, sufficiently buoyant and desirable now. Bonds are issued for some needed improvement, bids invited and the sale is invariably at a premium. They pass into the hands of banks, syndicates and men of large means, in blocks so large that those of small means are not able to secure them. They no longer belong to the state, city or township, but become at once private property, and should be taxed.

Farmers do not object to the payment of taxes, but they are insisting that every citizen be assessed in proportion to the protection he gets and his ability to pay. Once the amount of the appropriation bill is fixed, the sum total must be paid. If the rich hide away their wealth, the burden falls more heavily, therefore unjustly, upon such property as must remain in the open. While the withdrawal of public bonds from the duplicate might result in a lower rate of interest, there would follow a corresponding increase in the rate of taxation, as the "sum total" must be forthcoming.

The amendment is, I believe, against the farmer. It is an absolutely non-partisan question, for both the Democratic and Republican party have endorsed the proposition, so that it will be necessary for the voter in each party to vote "NO" on the bond exemption proposition. A cross at the head of the ticket is a vote for the amendment. Go over to the right of the sheet and write "NO" opposite the exemption amendment, scratching out the "YES." The forty thousand members of the Grange in Ohio, with all those who think that all the property in the state should go upon the duplicate, should be able to defeat this injustice, and they can if the campaign is begun now.—F. A. DERTHICK, Master O. S. G.

State Master Derthick gives in this letter a strong argument against the proposed amendment to the Constitution of Ohio, exempting bonds from taxation.

Friends of the amendment say that bonds really escape taxation, but secure a high rate of interest under the guise of paying taxes; that if the tax is removed a lower rate of interest can be secured and public improvements fostered.

The theory and the principle are both wrong. Each year the cost of government increases. More places and interests are calling for public aid under the plea that they are public enterprises, therefore should be fostered by the government. More people are turning to this form of business for getting a livelihood, and each little center of public improvement creates its own small army of people who must, for one pretext or another, profit by it. Then our increased needs bring larger legitimate expenses. The result is that the tax rate is increasing faster than the duplicate. And the property owner whose property is in sight pays a far larger proportion of tax than one who can more easily conceal his property.

Every dollar that escapes taxation lays a heavier burden on the dollar that is taxed. Every dollar that escapes taxation through legal means makes it easier for other dollars, represented by intangible property, to escape the tax by legal means. Private property is protected by the government. It should pay its just share for protection. Instead of making it easier to escape taxation, instead of legalizing a practice that has grown up in our midst by our lax enforcement of law, better far, if laws do not exist that will make property bear its just share of the cost of being protected, enact efficient laws and see that they are enforced. If this cannot be done, how then can one expect to exempt property from taxation and find an enforceable law that will lower the rate of interest?

No one can more earnestly favor wise public improvements than myself. But public improvements, to be of value, must be made with the same business acumen

that we give to private business. It is a notorious fact that any of our public improvements, for which we pay so dearly, could be done as a private business for less than one half what they cost as public affairs. The real problem is so to purify our public service that public improvements can be made on a business basis, that capital can be invested, pay its fair share of tax, receive its fair interest.

Each year it becomes more difficult to draw the line between private and public enterprises, so closely do they parallel. Better far let all property bear its just share of the burden of being protected by the government, make improvements on good business principles, let more of the money raised by bonds go for real improvements for the many instead of private graft for the few, than to legalize exemption of private property from taxation, take a long step forward towards other tax exemption laws, and thus load the small property owners, who now carry far too heavy a load in proportion to their wealth, with burdens others should bear.

It is a well-known fact that capitalists seek the bonds carrying a high rate of interest and of taxes, rather than those carrying a low rate of interest and low taxes, risking escape from taxation. Would they tamely submit to the enactment of laws reducing their rate of interest to the lower plane? The friends of the measure, it is noted, are not among the small holders of property, but the larger capitalists, who profit by the interest. What do they hope to gain by a lower rate of interest? What have they to lose by the present high rate? Are they afraid that public conscience is more tender, intelligence awake?

The Lancaster Picnic

The second annual picnic of the Granges of Fairfield county was held at Lancaster, Ohio, September 16th. A heavy rain the night before and lowering skies in the morning lessened the crowd, but over six hundred came to hear the addresses, meet friends and take a new start for future work. The picnic was held on the fair grounds. The committee had everything in good shape and the day moved off without a flaw. Every one went home with larger hope and promise of the future, satisfied with the day as being one of the happiest in their experience. John V. Tussing presided. Bremen Band rendered excellent music.

The picnic had been put late in the season in order to get State Master Derthick and Judge Henry M. Huggins. "The best speeches I ever heard" was the common remark, and the Patrons felt the delay justified.

Mr. Derthick urged the doctrine of peace, saying that, had the principle of peace on earth, good will to men prevailed, countless millions of dollars and precious human lives would have been saved. He contrasted the vast amount of money spent on army and navy to take life with the sums spent for education, fitting one to live. He urged the educational work; spoke of the different lines in which the Grange was engaged in bettering the condition of the farmer; spoke eloquently against the bond exemption amendment, and carried his audience with him. The address was timely, pointed, logical and enlivened by flashes of wit.

Judge Huggins spoke of the future of the American farmer. He contrasted the condition of the farmers of America with those of other countries, showed the crowded condition of the old countries, the vast proportions to which our immigration had reached, and predicted that at the present rate of growth it would not be many years before American soil would be called upon to support a population of two hundred and fifty million souls. This burden on the land must be met by the skill and intelligence of the farmer. He took a hopeful outlook for the future, depending on the various educational agencies at work to prepare the farmer for carrying on his business with intelligent skill. His knowledge of organization and concentration of effort, his habits of frugality and industry, must preserve him from the fate that has overtaken other countries. America is an experiment in republics. If she fails, republics will have failed for many years to come. If she succeeds, a long step forward will have been taken by the republican form of government. "The future of the American farmer," said he, impressively, "is the future of America; the future of America, the future of the world."

The address was full of thought, timely, scholarly and should be heard in every Grange.

Senator Dunlap and Mrs. Lee spoke briefly.



A WATCH FREE

A CHAIN FREE

BOYS

HERE'S A CHANCE—SNAP IT UP

Movement Regular sixteen size, and only three eighths of an inch in thickness. Lantern pinions (smallest ever made). American lever escapement, polished spring. Weight, complete with case, only three ounces. Quick train—two hundred and forty beats a minute. Short wind: runs thirty to thirty-six hours with one winding. Tested, timed and regulated. This watch is guaranteed by the maker for a period of one year.

The Guarantee In every watch will be found a printed guarantee, by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse the watch fails to keep good time within one year they will repair it free of charge, and return it. **DESCRIPTION**—Plain center band, elegant nickel case, snap back, Roman dial, stem wind, stem set, medium size, oxidized movement plate, open face. Engraved front and back.

How to Get the Watch

Send us your name and address on a postal card to-day, and ask for a book of eight coupons, and say you want the watch.

We will send by return mail a book containing eight coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$2.00 to us, and we will send you the watch.

It is easy to sell the coupons. Thousands have earned watches by our plan, and you can do it in one day's time. Write to-day. Be sure to ask for a book of eight coupons.

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

I Am the Paint Man

Let Me Give You
2 Gallons of My Paint
As a Test



O. L. Chase
St. Louis, Mo.

Suppose you went to a store and the man placed 2 full gallons of paint on the counter and said "Here is some paint I want you to try before you buy. Just spread these 2 gallons on your walls. When you have done so, if the paint is entirely satisfactory, come in and buy the balance of your order. If not, these 2 gallons are a present from me as a test."

You would think it was a mighty fair offer, wouldn't you?

But no paint dealer ever makes this kind of an offer.

I am not keeping a paint store. I am running a paint factory. My paint is not sold over the counter. I sell it direct from my factory to the user fresh.

Let me make you a better and more liberal offer than the above.

Here it is. Let me ship you an order of paint. I will pay all freight on 6 gallons or more.

You sign no contract, obligation, or send me a penny of money in advance.

When the paint arrives choose any 2 full gallons of the order, spread it on your building—it will cover 600 square feet, 2 coats—then you be the judge as to whether you want to use the balance of the order or not.

If not, return the balance of the paint—I will pay the freight back and the 2 gallons used are yours, free, for the test.

If the paint spreads better—further—and looks better than any paint you ever saw, and you want to use the balance of the order, keep it and pay me at the end of 6 months.

With the paint I send my pen-and-ink signed iron-clad Guarantee that it will last 8 years.

This Guarantee is binding and says "money back at the end of the Guarantee period if the paint is not as represented."

The reason I can make you this liberal

offer is because I manufacture and sell paint in a new way.

My pigment, or paint base,—which is white lead, zinc, coloring matter and drier—is ground fresh to order after your order is received, hermetically sealed in cans, dated the day it is packed, and shipped in separate cans from the oil.

My Pure Old Process Linseed Oil is shipped in a twin can.

My paint is ready to use but NOT ready mixed.

There are reasons for my manufacturing and selling this way. Good reasons.

Reasons that permit me to give an 8 Year Guarantee.

Briefly, here they are:

Paint pigment is a mineral.

Pure linseed oil is a vegetable.

When packed together the chemical action of the mineral pigment eats the life out of the oil—that shortens the life of the paint.

Old process linseed oil is scarce on the market.

Oil used in ready mixed paint is usually adulterated.

My oil is pure.

Shipping it separately gives you a chance to prove it.

Ready mixed paint settles—a cement-like substance forms in the bottom of every can.

This can never be properly mixed again by hand.

My method of shipping pigment and oil separately, does away with all settling. You can use every drop out of every gallon of my paint on your walls, and you get the full life of the paint on your buildings.

I want to tell you more about my plan.

Just drop me a line today, asking for my Paint Book, copy of my Guarantee, and other printed matter, which includes my free instructions "This Little Book Tells How to Paint." They are all FREE.

Do it now while you think of it.

O. L. CHASE,
The Paint Man,
615 C Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE—My 8 Year Guarantee backed by \$50,000 Bond.

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If you want absolutely the best Shot Gun that can be made for the money you'll be interested in our introductory offer of

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every one of your customers is a possible customer for our magazine each month. It is easier to sell them a copy for 10 cents once a month than to get a year's subscription, and you make more money this way. We have a new scheme for working up a big list of monthly customers that can be gotten quickly, and will mean an assured monthly income. If you are a hustler, write us at once, and we will do the rest.

Address Circulation Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Separation—Right to Children

W. A. S. inquires: "Three years ago my sister married a man who misuses her. They have two children, a girl two years and a boy four months old. If she leaves him, can he take either one of the children? He is a very profane man, and not fit to raise children."
The welfare of the children is the only thing that would be considered in the above case. If the mother is able to take care of them, she would unquestionably be allowed them in any court proceedings. Considering their age, the mother is much the fitter person to have them.

Not Keeping Bath Tub Clean

M. L. H., Pennsylvania: The tenant would be liable in damages for whatever injury the landlord suffered. He certainly has no right to do anything to the tub that will interfere with the landlord's use.

Scroll Seal, etc.

H. L. H., New Jersey, writes: "Is a seal written with a pen good in place of any other seal on a deed in New Jersey?—If a man has a deed in his name only, and has a wife and children, who would get the property in case of his death?"
Yes, such a seal is good, unless it is a corporation or public official.—The wife would get a dower estate—that is, a life use of one third of the real estate. The children would get the remainder.

Hog Law, etc.

G. G. D., Kentucky, asks: "A. lives in a county where there is a hog law. B. lives in an adjoining county, where there is no hog law. Can B.'s hogs come over and get in A.'s field?"
Hog laws, dog laws, fence laws, etc., are of such a local character that I am not able to answer them correctly when outside of the state of Ohio. I suppose if the hogs get in A.'s field B. will be liable for all damage they may do.

Getting Control of Land Held by Another

C. V., California, writes: "I would like some information in regard to getting control of a school section which is leased by another. Can you tell me of any way that I may get it? A. has had control of it for about four years, and does not want to sell his right."
I am not informed as to such laws. I presume A. holds it legally. If not, you might homestead it. Write to the land commissioner, Washington, D. C., giving number of section, etc.

Adopted Child Taking Under Will

W. L. E., South Carolina, asks: "A. died, leaving a will. After devising to his different children, it says: 'To my wife I leave the home place during her natural life; after her death to my daughter C. Should my said daughter C. die without leaving child or children (not bodily issue) then and in that event to revert back to my living children, to be divided among them.' Can the entailment go any farther than C? Should C. have a legally adopted child, would or could that child inherit her estate by said will."
An adopted child would come within the provisions of the will—child or children here means a child of the blood of C.

Sending Paper After Subscription Expires

A. K., West Virginia, inquires: "On February 1, 1902, I sent for a book, and with the book I got a paper for three months. When the subscription expired the paper still continued, but I did not take it out of the postoffice. The postmaster informed them that the paper remained dead at the office, but it still kept coming, though never taken out of the post office. Now they have sent a bill from the time of the expiration of the subscription up to the present. This bill is in the hands of a collecting agency. Can such an agency compel me to pay this bill? I can prove that the paper was never taken out of the post office from the time of expiration, and can prove by the postmaster that they were notified to discontinue same on several occasions. What steps should be taken if they enter suit, which they have threatened?"
You are certainly under no obligation, either moral or legal, to pay this bill. It will never be sued on. Perhaps if you had not notified them to discontinue it, and had taken it out of the office and read it, you would morally be bound to pay for it, but you certainly are not liable under the circumstances you mention.

Validity of Will

K. B., South Carolina, writes: "My father was twice married. Only a daughter remained from the first union. At his death a wife and three small children survived from the second marriage. I being the youngest child. He left considerable property, both real and personal, which he had acquired by hard labor. He left no indebtedness of any kind, but left one thousand dollars in the bank. He made a will, leaving the eldest daughter several hundred dollars, while the entire balance of everything was willed to his wife, my mother, stating as to his confidence in her business ability. He did not even deem it necessary to mention us little ones in the will in any way. She was very young. After three years she married a worthless, penniless young man. She put everything into his hands, and by the means of every conceivable vice he soon spent the last dollar. The case has been investigated by several lawyers, all of whom agree that according to the law of this state such a will is valid and binding. Is it not possible that this state law may be unconstitutional?"
The will is valid. Let me again say that children have no right to or in their parents' property that will prevent the parents from doing what they choose with their property. What a child receives from a parent is more in the nature of a gift than the right of the child. The law gives the property to the child on the death of the parent on the presumption that, considering natural affection, it is the way the parents desire it to go.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Tombstone of Stepmother

G. W. T. C., Ohio, asks: "Can children of second wife force children of first mother to pay half for tombstone of second mother by law?"
No, there is no legal claim on either to put up tombstone.

Niece's Right to Uncle's Estate

E. A. S., Pennsylvania: Your case is of such a character that you should consult a local attorney. I presume whatever rights you had you released. Anyway I could not give you an answer that would be of any value to you.

Description of Land Conveyed

L. S., Ohio: The fact that the survey was not mentioned would make no difference if the land is properly described, and the fact that A. has been paying taxes on it will make no difference. B. should consult a local attorney and bring suit, or if he can, take possession of the real estate.

Inheritance Tax

P. S. H., Ohio: This inheritance tax is somewhat of a new thing in Ohio. The tax is payable before the estate is settled. Unless the estate is very large it does not amount to much, as three thousand dollars is exempt and two per cent on the balance.

Boundaries Given in a Deed Control.

J. E. R., Alabama: It is a rule of law that the boundaries given in a deed control. And if the boundaries given in the deed make it more than ten acres still the trustees are entitled to all within described limits, be it ten or twenty acres. You should, by law if necessary, compel F. S. to keep off your land.

Line Fence

L. C., Ohio, asks: "My neighbor owns a woods which is not pastured and which adjoins my farm, but it is not enclosed. He intends to move his half of line fence. Can I compel him to build half the line fence?"
Your neighbor, under the present line law, must build one-half of the fence, whether his woods is enclosed or not.

Forfeiture of Real Estate Takes Improvements, Etc.

G. W. F., Ohio, asks: "A. deeded to township land enough to accommodate a school building, and to be used for school purposes. School being discontinued, can A.'s heirs hold building as well as land?"
If a forfeiture has occurred of the land it takes with it the building on the land. All the heirs have to do is to take possession of the land. The house is a part of the land.

Dower Right Fixed by Locality of Real Estate

R. B., Ontario, asks: "A Canadian went to California to live, taking with him his wife and child. In a little while he owned property there, but did not become a naturalized citizen. At his death who will inherit his property? Will his son, born in Canada, have equal right with those born in America? Would his widow have the same right of dower, etc., as she would have in America?"
His widow's dower right will be fixed by the laws of Canada. His sons will all share equally.

A Wife's Right

R. F. T., Pennsylvania, writes: "A family moved into the house next ours. They had a daughter, with whom my husband fell in love, which, of course, caused me much misery. They moved from here last April. Now my husband wants to sell our property and go away. I told him I would not sign the deed unless he agreed to give me half of what the property made at the sale."
Don't sign the deed until one-half the money is paid you. Make no agreement. When the property is sold tell the purchaser he must pay you one-half of the money.

Claim Against U. S. Soldier for Board of Child

C. J. W., Pennsylvania, inquires: "I am keeping a little girl seven years old, for my wife's sister's husband, her mother being dead. He left very suddenly and joined the United States Army. By not having papers signed, can I collect any money from him for her board and clothes? Being stationed abroad, it will be a hard matter to make arrangements with him? Can the government assist me in any way?"
I am not able to say whether you could get an order from the government for part of his salary. You had better write the war department, Washington, D. C. If you can get him here, or find any property of his here, you might sue him and get judgment.

Purchasing Land from Married Woman Without Husband's Signature

L. C., Ohio, asks: "A woman owns land in her own right, it having descended to her by will from her father. She and her husband are living apart, though not divorced. If I buy land of her and her husband refuses to sign the deed with her, can he, in case of her death, compel me to pay him for his interest in the land or might he elect to hold his interest in the land, refusing to sell?"
At the wife's death the husband is entitled to have one third of the property set off to him, or if that cannot be done, he is entitled to one-third of the rents and profits—as the real estate is at the time of the wife's death. He is not bound to sell at any price.

Breach of Contract

W. A., Georgia, writes: "In March, 1905, W. rented a crop from L., making a verbal contract. L. agreed to furnish stock and tools and land on halves. After W. had moved on L.'s place, L. refused to furnish such stock as would be suitable to make the crop. W. decided to move off L.'s place. L. said he would object to W. working in Georgia. Can he stop W. from working in Georgia, also can W. sue L. for damages or can L. sue W. for damages for leaving him? W. bought a cow from L. not signing any note. Can L. collect any rent from W. for the cow if W. fails to pay for her in the fall?"
If L. refused to comply with the contract, then he cannot object if W. moves away. Of course he cannot prevent W. from working in Georgia, or any where else. All such talk is bosh and seems to be of a bulldozing character. Yes, W. might sue L. for damages if it was L.'s fault that the contract was not complied with or if it was W.'s fault then L. can sue him. No, he could not collect rent for the cow, but he could collect the agreed price with interest at six per cent.

License for Book Agents

D. E. P., Pennsylvania, asks: "Does the law of Pennsylvania require book agents to pay license?"
I think there is no general law to that effect. Some of the villages and cities may have such a law. You see the States Attorney at your county seat, he can tell you.

Joint Ownership of Real Estate

E. M. S., Massachusetts, writes: "A man and his wife own a farm together. Can he sell the farm without his wife's consent?"
His wife has a dower interest in the husband's one-half. The husband can sell his one-half subject to his wife's dower interest, if he can find a purchaser without the wife's consent.

Removal of Road, Etc.

W. C., Ohio, asks: "Will removing a public road from school house prevent the use of the road for school purposes?"
The mere fact that the road has been removed will not be an abandonment of the old road. There must be a special proceedings and order to that effect. I would say the road cannot be closed for school purposes.

Line Fence

B. S., Pennsylvania, asks: "Must I keep my share of a line fence in repair, my land being farm land and his timber land, which he uses for pasture. If said neighbor's cattle break through my part of the fence into my corn and destroy it is he liable for damages?"
Yes, I think you must keep up your fence. Why not? No, I should think he is not liable unless they were breachy and broke over a good fence.

Inheritance

O. T., Ohio, inquires: "A man owning real estate has two brothers and two sisters, married a widow with three children. After about two years he died suddenly, leaving no will. Who will fall heir to his estate, the brothers and sisters or wife and stepchildren. He had no children of his own."
If the real estate came to the deceased by purchase, then the wife would get all absolutely, if it came to him by inheritance the wife has a life estate; after her death it will go to his brothers and sisters.

Statute of Limitations—Husband's Rights, Etc.

W. F. P., Pennsylvania, asks: "What is the statute of limitation on book accounts in Pennsylvania?"
A widow owning real estate, and having children, married again. After she died her husband left the premises, but claims everything raised thereon. Have her children any right on the premises?"
1.—Six years.
2.—The children have no right to any part of the real estate during the lifetime of the husband. It is probable the husband can make good his claim.

Right to Money, Etc.

H. P., New Jersey, writes: "My grandfather owned a place and when he died it went to four sons and a widow. They sold the place for five hundred dollars to a man and he has been there seven years next April. They have been paid only three hundred dollars on it and twelve dollars a year interest. They have the money in the building association. Can they be forced to pay it after seven years?"
What right have you to this money. I don't understand. You are only a grandchild and there are four children. I presume the purchaser has given his note and if he has made annual payments of interest the note can be collected.

Misusing the Mail

B. J. F., Ohio, writes: "If a man advertises for a partner and misrepresents to get one or to get a man's money, what steps are necessary to put him where he belongs? I answered an advertisement and the business was misrepresented. He said it paid from sixty to seventy-five dollars per week, and I put some money in it. It did not pay more than ten or fifteen dollars per week. Can I come on him for damages or will the postoffice department look after such cases?"
I would call the attention of the postoffice department to the matter. He may be liable to you in damages, but that will be more trouble than it is worth.

Compounding a Felony, Etc.

M. C. B., Tennessee, writes: "A. B., a merchant, suspected his store was being robbed. He got the sheriff and both secreted themselves inside the building. During the night the store was entered and the party arrested and held for the grand jury, under one thousand dollars bond. At the next term of court the matter was settled, it is said, by the robber paying A. B. one hundred dollars and twenty dollars costs. Under the circumstances had A. B. a right to settle the case by accepting the one hundred dollars. Did he not compound a felony? And how about the sheriff, who caught the party in the act, consenting to such a settlement?"
Strictly speaking all these parties may have violated the law. But such acts are generally done and allowed. On the theory I presume that if the injured party is satisfied, the law should be, there having been no great harm done the public.

Land Sold—Death of Heir

A. J. D. says: "My father sold me eighty acres of land. There are four of us children. After father dies I am to pay each of the other three a certain sum of money. One sister married and died, but left no children. Can her husband hold her money? If so, how much? If not, what is to become of this money?"
I presume your father is dead. If not, the contract could be changed with him. If he is dead, under the agreement this money should be paid to the administrator of the estate of the deceased sister, and I think the administrator would pay it back to the brothers and sisters after paying her debts, etc.

Fence Law

W. J. G., Ohio, writes: "A. and B. join fences on the line between them. B. says he does not have to fence against A.'s hogs."
I think he will have to.

Renter's Rights

A. II., Pennsylvania, asks: "Last April I rented a farm for a year by verbal contract. My landlord's cattle broke in and destroyed my crops. He agreed to give me the farm until next April rent free, as a recompense for crops damaged. Should he sell this fall could he compel me to move out before next April?"
You can hold the farm, according to your agreement with the landlord. A landlord must live up to his contracts. If there is no contract then he may compel him to move by giving proper notice.

Settlement of Estate

B. J. inquires: "A lady has one child by her first husband and four by her second, all of whom are of legal age. She had some property left her by her first husband. How and when should the estate of second husband be divided? The heirs want to dispose of it according to law among themselves."
As the heirs are all of legal age I do not see why they cannot with the consent of the mother, settle the estate at once. They can make deeds, etc.

Mortgage of Premises

I. L., Ohio, asks: "A man owned a farm which he divided among his children. He gave a deed for thirty-five acres to his son. The father holds a mortgage on this of two dollars an acre per year, with the provision that when the son fails to pay the two dollars the land goes back to father. The son borrowed money and gave a mortgage on the thirty-five acres as security. Is this mortgage worth anything?"
I rather think the mortgage of the son would be good, subject to the father's claim of two dollars per year per acre. Of course it would be good if the father signs the note.

Sale of Homestead

A., Louisiana, writes: "A. inherited forty acres from his father's estate. A. gets married and has a family. A., in order to save his land for his family, puts his land in a homestead, mentioning that he has a wife and child, and put the homestead on record. Can A. sell this land from his family? A. has sold fifteen acres without his wife's consent. Can the wife and children hold it?"
I do not clearly understand the above question, generally by the laws of Louisiana the husband may legally sell his real estate without the consent of his wife.

Should Get a Divorce

H. I. P., Pennsylvania, inquires: "A. married B. and they have one child. B. deserted A. and child. A. worked and paid all bills contracted for furniture, etc., and raised the child. About twenty-three years after B. deserted A., A.'s mother died, leaving her property. Then B. came back from the West and lived with his mother. A. made a will leaving all her personal and real estate to her daughter. At A.'s death can B. claim any of A.'s property? Can A. sell the property without his consent if she chooses?"
A. should at once get a divorce from B. If the marriage tie is not legally severed, B. will come in for his share. A. cannot sell real estate unless B. signs deed.

Death of Legatee Under Will

C. T. W., Ohio: Your query is not definite because it does not state whether the married daughter died before or after her father. This is only important upon the fact whether her husband would have any interest in her part. If the married sister died after her other sister, and after her father, she would have owned at her death, one-half of her sister's share in addition to her own. In this the husband would have had a life estate. The surviving sister would be entitled to it upon the husband's death. The surviving sister may by will dispose of all the property. If the two sisters died before their father, the surviving sister would get it all at once. Husband would have no interest.

Foreclosure of Mortgage—Settlement of Estates

D. S. S., Maine, asks: "I have a mortgage on a piece of land. The note runs two years. When one year was up, by mistake, I foreclosed. Is this foreclosure valid? Is there a limited time fixed by law to close up administration business on real estate?"
1.—I don't see how you could foreclose the mortgage before the debt it secured was due. Of course if you made the mortgage a party to your proceedings and he did not object, it might possibly be valid.
2.—While the laws at my command do not definitely say, I think it is eighteen months, unless further time is granted by the court.

Liability for Acts of Agent

D. L., California, writes: "About two years ago my windmill and tower was wrecked in a storm. My renter wrote me inquiring what he should do. I wrote him at once instructing him how to strengthen the tower, and if a new mill was needed what kind I would prefer to have put up and when he got through to write and let me know what he had done, but he didn't write. I wrote, but received no answer. Then I wrote my agent about the work and received no answer from him. Then in about a year and a half, a bill came to me for eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents for a steel tower no mention of a mill. Now that was put up on my farm without my knowledge or sanction. They have not informed me who ordered them put up, but my agent informed me now that they intend suing and attaching the rent money in the renter's hands for their pay, can they do it?"
Whether you are liable or not depends upon the authority of your agent. You are so far away that I expect as good a thing as you can do is to pay it.

A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA



HERE are two theories of conduct for governments. One is that in times of peace it is well to prepare for war. The other theory is summed up in the statement that what one prepares for he usually gets. Governments are nothing but big, husky men—all the men, if you please. It doesn't cost you anything to take your choice of theories. Everybody knows of instances where a country may have acted wisely in preparing for war in times of peace, and just as many people know of fellows who have hunted trouble and found it, men who got what they were prepared for.

At this time the papers are having a good deal to say about England and France and Germany preparing for war. When one of those countries builds a gun that can shoot through a foot of steel, forthwith the other countries put two feet of steel upon their ships. That calls for a gun that can shoot through two feet of steel. When one builds a ship with a hundred guns upon it, the others build ships with two hundred guns upon them. One erects a powder mill, the others build dynamite factories. And so it goes. It makes a fellow feel like pushing all three of them out in the street and forcing them to fight like the boys used to do at school when two lads were always bragging about which one could whip the other.

As a matter of fact, this international quarreling is getting mighty tiresome. Whenever one civilized country beats a less civilized country out of the right to rob it for all time to come, the other countries complain and growl and go to building guns and ships. Let one country sell a carload of opium or shotgun shells or red shawls to a bunch of naked savages somewhere, and you hear for weeks mutterings about "favored nations" and compacts and treaties. Every time a cannibal king eats a missionary, it calls for an explanation and an apology, and if some dusky old Hottentot marries more wives than any ordinary man can get along with peaceably, a "conference of nations" is called.

If there was as much fuss made over every horse trade as there is over trades with flat-nosed barbarians a fellow couldn't get any sleep, and the average horse trade is of about as much importance to the world as the average trade with these fellows who get along without trousers. It may be all right to shoot them full of holes so that our brand of religion can run into them—that is humanity—but there doesn't seem to be any sense in all of this monkey-business that is going on about the various sultans who are decorated with sardine cans.

And England and France and Germany—they are the boys who are kicking up the rumpus, generally. Russia and Japan went at it right, if countries still believe in war, but these other three seem to be watching each other from every corner of their eyes. Russia and Japan were prepared for war, and they got it, and these others that are preparing for war are likely to get it. There isn't any use of war, of course. Fighting ought to have gone out of style years ago, when the Sermon on the Mount was preached—but it didn't, and now you can take your choice—in times of peace prepare for peace, or in times of peace prepare for war, and you will get about what you prepare for.

Three inches in the length of a man's trousers is more noticeable than a mile between stations.

We have never known a loud-mouthed man to amount to very much, but of course we have not known all of them.

It is extremely doubtful if the person who has no desire to sin gets as much credit for being good as he thinks he is entitled to.

There is no such thing as a man being so learned that other people cannot understand him. When you fail to make people understand, it is due to ignorance.

Woman is a natural born philanthropist. She spends a good deal of her life in an effort to have herself attractive for the pleasure it may afford others to look at her.

MONDAY is the day after. It was the first day the old world started out with a full outfit, with every buckle on the harness. The first Monday there was just a week's work ahead. Sunday came and found the thing finished. Then Monday broke and she started off pell-mell, bright, new-polished, every axle greased, ready for business.

And what a glorious thing it must have been, that first Monday morning after the world was finished. A clean page, everything balanced, nothing carried over.

Peace there was in the land and no debts from last week; no hard feelings carried over; no heartaches from disappointments; no unfinished jobs, not even any mending to do, because everything was new and sound.

It sort o' seems like every Monday ought to be like the first. People ought to make it like that. No old sore spots should be carried through Sunday; they ought to be permitted to heal that day. There should be no effort to "get even" with anybody for anything that was done the week before. The mind should be bright, the body refreshed, the heart clean through and through. New tasks should be undertaken with a vim; new friends should be made and old ones remembered; the vexations of the days that have gone before should be forgotten—there will be new ones this week.

Every Monday should be the beginning of a new world, your little world and ours. It should be the starting point, the wharf whereat we take the boat for a pleasant sail upon a six-days' course, feeling certain that there will be pleasant weather, but knowing that with a brand new boat we can ride a storm if it arises.

Sunday has attended to the past. It has knitted up the ravels, it has rested the tired fibers and muscles and sinews, it has renewed courage, patched hope, painted the places in the affections where the trials of the week had worn off the varnish. It has refreshed, recreated the flagging energies—if we have given it a chance. It has enabled us to whisper words of love and hope and encouragement to our own and those whom we expect to make our own. All of this and more has Sunday done, and there is no reason, in the province of God, why we should not accept His Mondays as the day of the week whereon we shall start life anew, bigger and better and holier in mind and body and spirits than we have ever been before.

People are apt to be advocates of the things they like to do whether they are right or wrong.

People will tell more untruths about the length of time they were asleep than about anything else.

When a man begins to feel that he is helping the church by belonging to it, the church is not helping him.

It has occurred to us that it is not diplomacy to tell a man you are going to lick him. Many a man has been whipped while taking off his coat.

By looking at a lawn you can come nearer telling how much work the man has done upon it than you can how much he has thought of doing upon it next day.

It has never been determined whether it is better to have your good luck come in a bunch or scattered out. Women who have not had twins have no way of knowing.

IT IS AS old as the records of man—this "wages of sin is death." Spiritual death, they tell us it means, or the death of the conscience. Pretty pictures have been written about what it means, this "wages of sin is death," and learned men and good ones have devoted hours and hours to translating just what was meant in the statement that "the wages of sin is death." But may it not mean what it says? May it not be that we have tried to read mystery into that which is not mysterious? May it not mean that the wages of sin is death—physical death? We believe that the statement is correct; that the wages of sin is death.

Any violation of the law of nature is a sin against nature, and it spells death. The woman who dances until she is aglow with heat and then stands upon an open balcony in the night air, clad in flimsy fabrics, is sinning against nature, and the hacking cough of the next day is a funeral dirge. The man who works all day and tries to stay up all night with his friends is sinning against nature. Death writes down the number of his residence. The woman who doesn't take enough exercise, and the man who takes too much; the fellow who can "stand anything," as he says, and then undertakes to demonstrate it; the girl who dresses according to the styles instead of according to the weather—they are all making application for the wages that are said to be sin's.

The trouble is a good many people believe sin consists of doing something to the hurt of a fellow being. That's sin, of course, but there are a whole lot of sins—sins against nature, where the fellow man is not involved. He may be off somewhere doing the same things and not worrying over hurt that any one is doing him. Some of these days people may realize that there is nothing past understanding in such writings as that of the ancient old fellow who says "the wages of sin is death."



OCTOBER means business from the start, and crimps and curls and deadens every day of its existence. If the frosts of night do not bite, the dews sicken the gasping vegetation. If the cold rains of the days do not loosen the leaves, the sun but hardens them

that they may snap with the first embrace of a straggling breeze. If the fall rains have revived the drooping pastures, it is but that the nipping ices may get the stronger hold before October has departed, for while winter does not come until October has gone, he sends a spy or two and opens up a skirmish before the main body of his cohorts arrive.

If October, with its dying vegetation, is the saddest month of the year, it is because you are of little faith. It is because you cannot see through the russet of the leaves the fact of immortality, not the hope, only, of immortality, but the fact. It is because you cannot read the promise in the splashes of the red and golden leaves that tremble about the ripened nuts. It is not Nature's fault that October is sad, but yours. Nature has builded wisely. October is the funeral pyre of blasted efforts, but the birthday of another attempt. It is the time when she hands to the winter the seeds for the spring, knowing full well that in order to live there must be death, that in order to establish immortality she must show the things that are mortal. Nature seems to lie down and to die in October, but the full-rounded form of her ripened kernels tells us that—

There is no death,
What seems so is transition.

But October is not altogether sad. She has not the fragrance of the springtime, nor the billowy blossoms, but she has color, more profuse, more burning if not so delicate as the peach bloom. Her artists paint with a bolder brush, and are less sparing of the paint. They are not content to dab a little pink here and there upon the petal of a flower, but with a lavish brush scatter the shades over trees and all along the watercourses and through the forests—somber shades, mostly, it is true, yet with frequent patches of the brightest scarlet, fading away into a sea of unpolished gold.

And the health of her purified air—is not that something to be glad about? The stiffening of the blood to withstand the cold, the quickening of the movement of the muscles that she gives, the tightening up of the flabby sinews that have relaxed from the summer's heat, the buoyancy she pours out upon her tired children who have struggled through the glamor of the days just gone—are not they enough to make the world rejoice?

Then, there is the laughter of the children in the woods, and the scrunching of the newly-fallen leaves, and the scurrying of the squirrels, and the rustle of the feathers of the quail's wings as he tries them time and again to see if they will carry him safely away from the hunter. There are the blue clusters of the wild grapes peeping out from every nook and cranny, and a fall flower or two poking their heads above their fallen fellows, and the seeds with little fingers clutching to one's clothing in an effort to be transported to some other field where life may be lived and plans for the world's conquest worked out—the conquest of the weeds to possess the earth. There are more things in October to engage one's thoughts than this problem we call death. There is more of pleasure than there is of pain. There is more of joy than of sadness. Verily, October, is a glad month, not a sad month.

If a man is well and happy, it is his duty to look it.

Being a dog probably ain't as bad as being called a dog.

The best time to do a thing is when you can't get out of it.

It is the weakness of human nature that amuses; the strength that pleases.

No woman ever refused a man because his proposal was not in grammatical language.

You cannot convince a woman that an article that is not needed is dear at any price.

The happy home does not get as much advertising as the one where the divorce is asked.

Why is it that every time you mention the subject of returning borrowed books, people look uneasy?

It may be well before trying to live a hundred, to find out whether anybody cares whether you do or not.

As Henry always said: "The more spare time a fellow has to spend the less spare change he has to spend."

Around the Fireside

Sticks to "Fliers"

CHARLES M. GOGAN, a veteran locomotive engineer, who spent thirty years at the throttle, takes a fancy for creatures that fly fast. It was only when he was about to finish his life on the rails that he seemed to yearn for the companionship of something with wings capable of flitting from place to place just as he had done during the long years of a perilous life. Gogan lives with his wife in a pretty cottage home in Valparaiso, Ind., where he has fitted up a substantial loft where he now cares for sixty carrier pigeons of richest strain, and which have already distinguished themselves in making some record-breaking flights.

Mr. Gogan began railroading just after the war, when he shoveled fuel into the furnace of a locomotive on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway. In twenty-one months he was given an engine of his own, and graduated from one run to another until he was given a limited passenger train between Chicago and New York, his run extending from Chicago to Fort Wayne. On this and other trains he has made runs as fast as seventy-nine miles an hour. For years he was the engineer of the fast mail train out of Chicago. Three years ago he was injured in a wreck. The railway people, recognizing his long and faithful service, retired him with a pension for the remainder of his life.

Most of his time is now given up to the care of his birds. They come at his call and feed out of his hand like kittens. He has named a lot of them, and they seem to know their names as well as the more human family. He has already trained them to make some fast flights; on two occasions some of them have flown from Fort Wayne to Valparaiso, one hundred and five miles, in one hundred and three minutes, which indicates a speed of seventeen hundred and ninety-four yards per minute. Some of the birds that have been trained to race in championship races have made time much slower than this.

He began with but six squabs, but the carrier family under his tender care has multiplied until it now numbers sixty of the finest birds in the Middle West.—J. L. GRAFF.

Relic of the Field

Mr. Elmer Peffer, of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, has sent to us pictures of a very interesting machine, as shown on this page. The combined machine is shown in No. 1 as a mower; in No. 2 as a harvester. The machine was manufactured in 1869, and purchased the same year for the sum of one hundred and eighty-five dollars. The price of "sections" at that time was twenty-five cents; now six cents. During its early career the machine cut over eighty acres of grass and grain yearly, as it was hired to the neighbors. The machine has cut on an average of thirty-five acres of grass per year, and before self-binders came into use, was used to harvest the wheat and oats.

The amount cut this year was thirty-six acres of grass and fifteen acres of oats. The machine is owned by Mr. Peffer, and has been on the same farm for thirty-two years. The following advice was on the machine when sent from the factory, "Keep your knives sharp," in both the English and German languages. This same advice should be on every machine to-day, and should be heeded by the operators. The best of care has helped to prolong the life of Mr. Peffer's machine. It is good for more harvests.

Free Training of Nurses

By the terms of a fund to be administered in connection with the Philadelphia School for Nurses, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, a number of young women from every county will receive free training in nursing. It is planned to ultimately reach and help in this way every village and township.

The young women will be provided with room, board, nurse uniforms and all the refinements of a well-appointed Christian home. At graduation the diploma of the school and the Order of the Red Cross will be conferred, qualifying for practice in any state or country; the railroad fare will then be paid back home.

Those applying and chosen to receive the benefits of this fund will be given two years' training, with a rich experience in nursing the sick poor of the city under skilled leaders. The term may be short-

ened to eighteen months by taking a preliminary course of six months' reading and study at home. A special short course enables young women to quickly qualify themselves for self-support and a substantial income.

In addition to regular nursing, the young women are taught how to preserve their own health; how to recognize, avoid and destroy contagion; how to establish

More Pay For Army and Navy

It is current rumor in Washington that at the next Congress strong influence will be brought to bear to increase the pay of both officers and enlisted men in the army and navy.

The many scandals which have come to light through the raising of pay accounts, embezzlement of government funds and other irregularities which have come to light in the past few years have emphasized the fact that the officers of the army and navy are not allowed enough pay to enable them to support themselves and their families in a manner compatible with their station in life.

It has been more than a quarter of a century since the pay of officers has been increased, and it is pointed out that during that period the cost of living has increased many times what it was twenty-five years ago, and going higher steadily.

Officers say that the frequent changes of station ordered by the Department of War are a source of great expense to them. While the government allows part of the expense incurred, the allowance, so say the officers, does not nearly compensate them for transferring themselves and their families from one post to another.

Another source of expense is the constant changing and elaborating of uniforms. Formerly an officer's wardrobe was not a matter of any considerable expense, but now a different uniform is prescribed for almost every occasion. The social requirements which have become by custom to be a part of an officer's life are such as will not admit of any "hand-me-downs," and the most expensive material and workmanship are necessary if any officer wishes to be considered in the swim, and most of them do.

In the enlisted branches of both services it is shown that the demand for a high mental caliber in the men is increasing each year, and that the pay should be such as would induce a higher grade of men to become soldiers and sailors.

The Coal Strike

A movement is on foot to close all the bituminous coal mines in the country on

of common defense against the United Mine Workers, whose agreement with both the hard and soft coal operators will end on April 1st.

Francis L. Robbins, president of the Pittsburg Coal Company, the largest coal combine in the world, when asked about the situation said:

"On April 1st every coal mining wage scale in the country expires. The anthracite operators are lining up against the mine workers. President Mitchell has issued an ultimatum that the miners' union must be recognized, the miners must have an eight hour day and the boys and unskilled men must have an increase in wages. I know the anthracite operators will not grant all these demands. Already they are stocking up coal. We in the bituminous field cannot do this because our coal cannot be handled like hard coal. But of course we will fill our docks and barges and be prepared for the worst.

"The consumers have been getting their coal too cheap. There is overproduction, and to overcome this some mines will have to go out of business or we will all have to shut down together. We must protect our stockholders and we must get more money for our product. The consumers will not object to paying ten cents a ton more provided some other fellow does not get his coal cheaper."

Mr. Robbins pointed out that an advance of ten cents a ton meant a profit of \$2,000,000 a year to the Pittsburg Coal Company.

Gibraltar is Crumbling

The great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down, says the Chicago "Chronicle." Its crumbling, rotting masses must now be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement. The public is not aware of this, yet they who sail past the great fortress cannot fail to notice on the eastern slope of the fortress enormous silver colored patches gleaming in the sun. These patches, in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration. Of thick, strong cement, they keep huge spurs of the cliff's side from tumbling into the blue sea.

Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate than heretofore.

They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that in a little while the phrase, "the strength of Gibraltar," will be meaningless.

Relics From Peace Treaty

President Roosevelt is to have the chairs in which Mr. Witte and Baron Komura sat when they signed the treaty of Portsmouth. The furnishings of the conference building were hired from a Washington dealer, and before the treaty was signed they had all been sold.

The day after the treaty was signed President Roosevelt telegraphed that he would like to have the table and chairs. These had been purchased by Mrs. Parks, the wife of Civil Engineer Parks, U. S. N. Mrs. Parks, when she heard of the President's desire, agreed to let him have the chairs. The table she will retain. The chairs were sold for forty dollars each and the table for one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Historic Elm Falling Away

Age has so weakened and decayed the tree under which Washington took command of the American army, July 3d, 1775, that the life of the historic elm is believed by the Cambridge park commission to be nearly ended.

The Washington elm, long venerated as the site of Indian councils as well as of Washington's assumption of command, has received treatment in order that it might be maintained, but the best that could be done has not prevented the gradual wasting away of its substance. It is estimated to be more than three hundred and fifty years old.

We Want Good Photographs

We pay for good photographs of unusual things and scenes that would be suitable for printing in FARM AND FIRESIDE. We pay one dollar and upward for good pictures when accompanied by description. If you have anything in the photograph line that would be specially adaptable to any of the department pages of this paper, we shall be pleased to have you submit them. Be sure to enclose return postage; otherwise pictures will not be returned. Write your name and address on back of each photograph.



No. 1



No. 2

INTERESTING RELICS OF THE HARVEST FIELD

and maintain perfect sanitary conditions about the home; they are prepared for positions as office nurse and physician's assistant; they get a practical knowledge of City Mission movements, Deaconess training, college settlement work, and are trained for special positions of trust in institutions.

The school is ten years old and is endorsed by physicians, leading educators and prominent men throughout the country.

Restricting Marriages Unless Parties Have Certificate of Health

The homeopathic physicians of Nebraska, Colorado and Michigan have resolved to ask their Legislatures to pass laws compelling all applicants for marriage licenses to undergo a thorough physical examination before they are allowed

to wed, and the homeopaths of New York have now taken up the question. In this way the homeopaths hope to improve the human race by gradually eliminating the weak or unhealthy. The race, they claim, would soon become hardy, and tuberculosis and other diseases which now persist from generation to generation would disappear.



CARING FOR HIS SPEEDY CARRIER BIRDS

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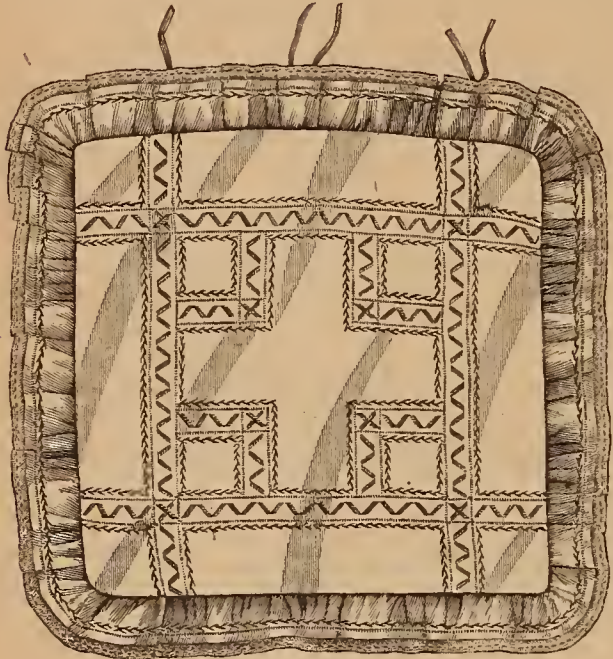
April 1st next, with a view of reducing output and making an increase in price possible. A meeting of all operators of both hard and soft coal mines has been called for Chicago, November 22d. It is not entirely clear what the object of this meeting is, but it is hinted that the anthracite and bituminous operators will try to get together and plan some sort

Preparing the Winter Window Garden

THE HOME certainly seems brighter during the gloomy months of winter if there are growing plants in the living-room windows. When the world without is bare and bleak the sight of something green and flourishing helps us to wait patiently for the awakening of nature in the coming spring. In order to have a window garden that will be a success it is necessary to plan for it some time in advance. Midsummer is none too early, but much can be done if preparations have been neglected till fall. There are two very important points to be considered: the selection of suitable varieties, and securing plants that are in the proper condition to bloom in the winter. There are many plants that are strictly summer bloomers, and no matter how they are tended will not blossom out of their appointed season. One must avoid these and select varieties which will reward attention with bloom. And even if a plant is of a kind that can be depended on to furnish winter bloom it is not reasonable to expect it to go on blossoming if it is exhausted by blooming all summer.

The different plants which are most suitable for the winter garden may be considered in three classes. The first consists of bulbous plants forced for winter bloom, mainly the so-called Holland bulbs. The second, the free bloomers among tender or greenhouse perennials. Third, young plants of free-flowering annuals.

Of these classes the bulbs are the least grown by the housewife, yet they are the easiest to care for and the surest to bloom. They require little attention, but there are a few conditions which must be complied with to secure good results. The principal one is giving the bulbs plenty of time to make root growth in the dark before bringing them to the window. The bulbs must



BABY'S PILLOW

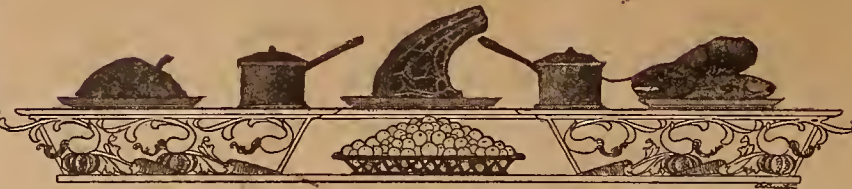
be potted and put away in a frostless cellar as early in the fall as they can be secured in order to get flowers for the holidays. If they are watered well when put away they will need scarcely any more water, but it is best to look occasionally to see that they do not get dust dry. They should be brought to the full light gradually, placing them first in a shaded position. The best bulbs for the beginner to try are the Chinese sacred lily (which is usually grown in water, but gives even better results in soil), paper white narcissus, double Roman narcissus and white Roman hyacinth. The crocus and the small but pretty grape hyacinth are not at all difficult to force in the ordinary window and jonquils are very pleasing. There are many varieties of narcissus which force easily and give great satisfaction, but it is best for the beginner to try a few kinds only the first year and extend the list later if she chooses.

Of the tender perennials, greenhouse plants, usually grown in windows, the best known is the good old stand-by, the geranium. If strong, thrifty plants of pleasing colors are chosen they are sure to give blossoms and satisfaction, for they are not particular about treatment, and though they respond to good culture they will endure some neglect and flourish without much "fussing." There are other plants not as generally raised which are also valuable for the window. The abutilon (Chinese bell-flower or flowering maple), is a shrub bearing flowers in profusion, very useful for winter blossoms. Plumbago capensis is a very free-flowering addition to the window group, and its phlox-like blossoms are light blue, a rare color in the garden indoors or out. For the shady window there is nothing better than the Chinese primroses, or some of the other varieties of primrose; the baby primrose (Forbesi) being perhaps the most free-flowering of all. The different kinds of oxalis, especially the buttercup, are excellent for winter flowering. They are bulbous plants, but not of the class of Holland bulbs, and do not require the six weeks sojourn in the dark. For rooms with little or no sun it is better to raise foliage than flowering plants. Pots of English ivy, of Madeira vine and of the beautiful so-called asparagus ferns will beautify shady spots and give much more satisfaction than would the attempt to flower the plants that love sun.

The third class of subjects mentioned for the window garden is the seedling annuals, young plants of which may often be found in the garden beds in the fall. Some very delightful experiments may be made with these. Young petunias, sweet alyssum or ageratum may be discovered if searched for, hidden by leaves at the base of the old plants. These should be carefully potted. If there are no self-sown plantlets, a little seed may be sown for the winter, but in that case preparations would need to be begun earlier. Petunias, portulaca and morning-glories may all be grown from cut-



The Housewife



tings, and in that way one can be sure of getting the color desired. Young plants of scarlet sage or salvia are gorgeous for the window. I have this year a number of young corn flowers, which I never tried for window culture before, but I see no reason why they should not be a success. Outdoors they are filled with their bright flowers for a long season, and fine in every way.

By taking thought beforehand one may easily fill the window garden and have a great deal of pleasure out of it all winter. It is best to make preparations as early as possible, for in that way one gets results the sooner, but even if one has delayed the work, something can be done by setting wits and fingers to work, looking over the plant stock and choosing the best for the living-room windows.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

An Attractive Apron for the Housewife

Where is the woman who is not delighted with an attractive apron, and especially when it protects her dress when about culinary duties, but adds to her appearance as well? The graceful cut of the one we are talking about does away with the usual bulky appearance of the ordinary article. Made of white dimity, finished either with a facing or a narrow ruffle, as in the illustration, it is attractive and becoming to most figures.

Four yards of goods thirty inches wide is required for the ruffled style.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Baby's Pillow

A dainty gift for an infant is a hand-made pillow-case of fine Persian lawn. The pillow-case illustrated is ornamented with a design of squares outlined with double hemstitching. Outside of this is a feather-stitching in white working-cotton following the design. On the plain bands between the hemstitching a zig-zag feather-stitching is made. A three-inch ruffle, hemstitched, brierstitched and edged with Valenciennes lace, complete the case, which can be made any desired size. One end open to insert the pillow is closed by means of narrow tape strings.

H. E.

Cut Work Collar and Belt

The design for the collar and belt are stamped on linen and done in solid and cut work embroidery. This work is usually seen in white, but may be very effectively done in colors. The larger openings are cut with scissors, but the small round holes are made with a stiletto. The collar is button-holed around the edge, which is trimmed out when finished and laundered. After the belt is embroidered it is mounted on drilling or canvas and is stitched around the edge. The eyelets for the buckle may be embroidered or of celluloid, which are inserted by a harness maker. This set is very serviceable and easily laundered.—O. S.

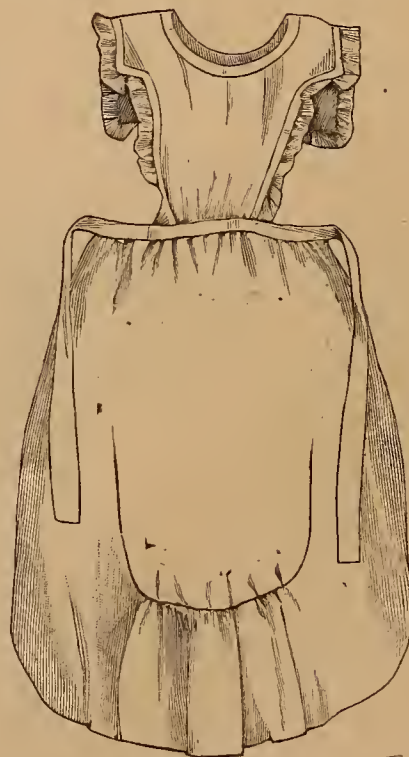
Fortunes in Attics

One of the most significant causes of poverty is in our attics. If you look over the top floor in the houses of average means you will find a great

difference in the amount and value of discarded articles. Some houses, though small, have much, while others which could hold more have attics almost bare. Perhaps this is the explanation of the small waste, for the average man cannot build a large house until he has saved the money for it, and the habits of saving evidenced by small amounts of unused material leads to the accumulation of the wherewithal to build the roomy mansion.

There is, it must be admitted, a drawback in not having enough odds and ends to use in cases of emergency, but usually it is better to have a structure comfortable to live in and beautiful to the outside world than to store your wealth in an attic. In most cases of this kind the fault is one of judgment. The clothes which might have been worn longer, or sold to secondhand clothes dealers or junk men, have been left to the moths and mice.

In truth, it is almost too much to ask that a man should come out exactly even in the balance of demand and supply of necessities, but this same quality which brings success to a man running a big business on the "small profits, large sales" plan is the one which makes small amounts of rubbish in the attic. A. R. ABBOTT.



AN ATTRACTIVE APRON

Seasoning

The proof of a good cook is in the seasoning she employs; and seasoning, be it known, is not merely "salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper," but spices, herbs and various condiments as well. In short, seasoning, in its broadest sense, is anything which adds to the taste or improves the flavor of the dish.

Especially in the matter of meats is the housewife neglectful of seasoning requisites. When she has waxed her roast to a delicate and uniform brown she is apt to consider that her whole duty by it is done. It seldom occurs to her that a handful of chopped onion, or a sprinkling of powdered parsley is as much a complement of roast veal or pork respectively, as a sprig of mint is of spring lamb. Sage, also, goes well with mutton, veal, pork, and especially with game. A southern cook would not dream of preparing ham in any form, whether baked, boiled or fried, without the addition of a few whole cloves, while the Pennsylvania Dutch way of frying bacon renders this breakfast stand-by a most delicious tidbit. It is nothing more than placing a teaspoonful of Orleans molasses in the pan in which the bacon is fried. It comes out crisp, brown and sweet, and devoid of that somewhat strong flavor which usually characterizes it.

In vegetables, seasoning possibilities are more limited, each fruit or vegetable having its own peculiar flavor which must not be destroyed. All vegetables, however, except potatoes, are the better for a small quantity of sugar, about the same amount as of salt being used. On the other hand, cakes and puddings are improved by a pinch of salt. In like manner, the sour fruits and vegetables, such as rhubarb, gooseberries, and apples, require a pinch of soda. Vinegar performs the same office for turnips and onions as for cabbage; it does



CUT WORK COLLAR AND BELT

away with the odor of the vegetable in cooking and renders the flavor more delicate and palatable. Spices, which are commonly dedicated to the sweet dishes alone, may also be used with good effect with many vegetables. The German housewife long ago learned the value of ginger and allspice in the vegetable soup.

The subject is a prolific one, and might be extended indefinitely. But, after all, the secret of good cooking is in the seasonings one discovers and uses for one's self. Under this latter head come also, besides those already mentioned, lemon, mace, carrots, cauliflower, and especially celery, stalk, leaves and seed. A jar of celery seed, one of powdered parsley and one of crushed sage kept on the same shelf in the pantry with the salt, pepper and spices, will be found great aid in the formulation of new dishes, and in giving zest to old ones.

ANTOINETTE VENSEL.

Grilled Steak and Oysters

Have about one and a half pounds of rump steak, cut one and a half or two inches thick, make a deep incision at the side, fill this with one dozen oysters (rock oysters are preferable for this dish), after removing their beards, sew up the side with strong white thread, brush the steak over with oiled butter or a little salad oil, broil over a clear fire. When cooked set on a dish; remove the thread and serve with fried potato ribbons or chips.

Fried Scrapple

There are two kinds of scrapple, one very rich (the original Pennsylvania dish) and the other very dainty. They are both made exactly as mush is made, stock being substituted for water. For Pennsylvania scrapple make a stock of pig's head, with ham or shoulder trimmings added. Season well with salt, pepper and sage, steam, and let cool over night. In the morning take off all the fat and make the mush; cool in bread-tins, slice, and fry. For a less "hearty" scrapple use beef, veal or chicken stock (or a combination of the three) well flavored. Treat as above. Scrapple is eaten plain.

Some Good Candy Recipes

COCOANUT CARAMELS.—One pound of sugar, one cup of grated cocoanut and one-half cup of rich cream; cook slowly until thick, flavor with lemon extract and add a tablespoonful of butter. When cool, form into little cakes and put on buttered pans.

COCOANUT CONES.—Beat to a froth the white of an egg, add gradually a small cup of grated cocoanut and some sugar. If not stiff enough to handle add more sugar. Make into cones. Use confectioner's sugar for all uncooked candies.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Boil slowly together one pound of brown sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-fourth of a pound of grated chocolate, one-half cupful of cream and one tablespoonful of butter until it is like thick molasses. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into buttered pans; when partly cool mark in squares.

MARSHMALLOWS.—Dissolve one-half pound of gum arabic in one pint of water, strain and add one-half a pound of fine sugar and place over the fire, stirring constantly until the syrup is dissolved, and all is of the consistency of honey. Add gradually the whites of four eggs, well beaten. Stir the mixture until it becomes somewhat thin and does not adhere to the finger. Flavor to taste and pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into small squares.

The Pretty Woman

WHATEVER philosophic advisers of the plain girl may say, personal attractiveness is almost an essential to a woman's success in life. We hear a great deal about the fascinating ugly girl, but we do not believe in her. "Goodness in woman, not her beautiful looks." No doubt, Mr. William Shakespeare! Goodness is, of course, a qualification which is indispensable to her, but it ought to be aided by beauty.

Why is it that since all ages, woman's most fervent desire has been to have, and to retain, beauty? Because the heaven-sent instinct within tells her that if she isn't pretty, she will have a rather dull time of it in life! This is principally because the world and most things in it are—unjustly, most unjustly—in the hands of man, and of all things in this world the lords of creation like best a pretty woman. So where does the poor plain woman see her chance of success? She applies for a post of typewriter or secretary. She may be as learned as Minerva, as efficient as the head mistress of a county council school, as accurate as the gramophone, or possess all the other business qualifications under the sun, but if she is plain, that is to say, indubitably plain of face and figure, the would-be employer says, "Hum! Call again, and we will consider it." Then he straightway engages the first pretty applicant! Probably the employer in question may not say two words a day outside business topics to the girl, but he objects strongly, that is all, to the presence of plainness.

Engage a nurse for your cherished infant. That cherished but misguided infant will turn scornfully from the homely, capable young woman who would compass his youthful hours with comfort, and cry for the rosy cheeked, blue-eyed maid, who is probably most incapable, but will amuse him and please his critical eye for the artistic. Your little boy will plead for a pretty governess, though your little girl, with more shrewdness, will perceive the beauty of goodness in the plainer face of another teacher. It is the pretty woman who gets all her burdens carried for her, doors opened for her, and her comforts considered, and is waited on assiduously by willing cavaliers—all for the reward of a smile and a brief word of thanks from the lips of beauty.

It is all very well to say it is charm of manner that counts, but charm of face is much more potent. A beautiful woman finds forgiveness where the plain woman may plead in vain, and what we term in the latter "shocking manners," we often call "originality" in the former. The pretty girl should see to it that she does not take undue advantages of her enviable position, for there are bounds beyond which even the most beautiful may not go. To apply the moral still further—beauty of person will fade, and the pretty woman who depends only on her charm of face, will find herself bankrupt one day if she does not provide for the future of her popularity in some other ways.—Melbourne Leader.

How to Make a Happy Home

Successful and happy home-making has been and will continue to be an interesting problem. McCall's Magazine, touching upon the subject, gives forth the following suggestions:

- Learn to govern yourself and be gentle and patient.
- Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
- Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
- Do not expect too much from others, but remember that we should forbear and forgive as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
- Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
- Beware of the first disagreement.
- Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
- Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
- Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
- Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.
- Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
- Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
- Never conceive a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.
- Be gentle and firm with children.
- Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.
- Do not say anything in their hearing which you do not wish them to repeat.
- Beware of correcting them in a petulant or angry manner.

Soft Sauerkraut

Answering a query as to why some sauerkraut becomes soft, Mrs. John Collins, one of our valued patrons in Pennsylvania, says lack of salt is invariably responsible. Mrs. Collins always puts one handful of salt to every four inches of cut cabbage in the barrel. If this is followed the kraut will be crisp and never get soft.

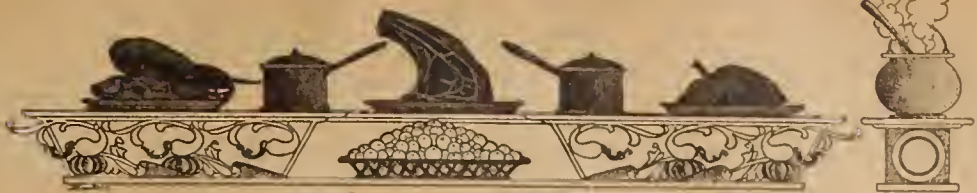
To Freshen Air of Sick Room

To freshen the air of a sick room camphor will be found to be very useful. Place a piece of camphor on a saucer and apply a red-hot poker to it. The fumes will quickly fill the air and freshen it.

Effects of Knitting

Knitting used to be looked upon as not a good thing to be indulged in by persons subject to rheumatism. Several eminent specialists now declare it to be a very helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from that complaint. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any similar affection of the fingers, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise.

The Housewife



Appropriate Refreshments for Halloween

TONGUE SANDWICHES.—Rub one-half salt-spoonful of dry mustard into two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding a little white pepper and a dash of cayenne. Spread on bread before cutting it from the loaf. Slice thin, and between the slices lay cold tongue no thicker than a wafer.

HAM SANDWICHES.—These may be made just like the tongue sandwiches. Another way is to chop the ham fine, add to each cupful of it one tablespoonful of salad-oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one salt-spoonful of mustard and a little minced parsley. This mixture is then spread upon buttered bread cut very thin. Either white or graham or brown bread may be used.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Scald two cupfuls of milk, and while hot stir into it two tablespoonfuls of butter, then



NETTED TIE END

set aside to cool. When luke warm add to it one-half cupful of white sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, half a yeast-cake dissolved in a little warm water, and enough sifted flour to make a very soft dough. Set the mixture in a tolerably warm spot over night. In the morning put with it three lightly beaten eggs and more flour until you have dough that you can just handle. Set aside again until the dough has risen and has doubled its bulk. Then make out your doughnuts, rolling the dough into a sheet, cutting out the shapes, and letting the doughnuts stand in a floured pan for thirty minutes. Fry in deep fat, testing it first with a bit of bread. This should drop to the bottom of the fat and rise a light brown almost immediately. Fry a few doughnuts at a time, taking them out with a split spoon when brown. If the fat is so hot that the doughnuts brown before they cook through, move the pot to the side of the stove. When a number of the doughnuts are put in at once they lower the temperature of the fat, and if the pot is not moved to a very hot place on the stove the doughnuts will become fat-soaked before they are done. Only experience can give facility about frying doughnuts or crullers, but once learned the lesson remains forever.

QUICK DOUGHNUTS.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar, and add to this one cupful of milk, two eggs whipped light, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon, and enough flour to make a soft dough. About two cupfuls will be required. Into the flour sift one-heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder. Roll out, cut into shapes, and fry as before directed, being sure to have all the doughnuts cut out before you begin to fry them. Do not heat the fat too rapidly at first.

INDIVIDUAL PUMPKIN PIES.—The best "pumpkin" pies are made of Hubbard squash. If the veritable pumpkin is preferred, this—or the squash—must be stewed. To one quart of this when cooked add one quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon, and five eggs beaten light, the whites and yolks separately. Line small, deep pie-plates or patty-pans with good paste, fill with the pumpkin mixture, and bake in a steady oven until the pumpkin custard is set. Eat cold, sprinkling sugar over the top just before serving. If you prefer, you may put strips of pastry across the top of each pie instead of leaving it open.

NUT-CAKE.—Cream one cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar; stir in the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, one cupful of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and three cupfuls of flour (in which two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder have been sifted) alternately with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Have ready two cupfuls of nut-kernels—white or English walnuts—well dredged with flour, and stir these into the cake. Bake in a loaf in a steady oven. When cold, ice and decorate with nut-kernels.—Christine Terhune.

Oxford Sausage

Chop one and one-half pounds of pork, and the same of veal, cleared of skin and sinews; add three-fourths of a pound of beef suet; mince and mix them; steep the crumb of a penny loaf in water, and mix it with the meat, with also a little dried sage, pepper and salt.

Tidbits

A piece of chamois skin bound on the edge, shaped to fit the heel, and kept in place by a piece of elastic rubber worn over the stocking, will save much mending.

A nice way to keep wax for the work basket is to fill half shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fastening the two half shells close together at one end. There will then be a small space at the other end through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used.

Rarebits, or "Welsh rabbit," are usually made with ale, but for the benefit of people who do not wish to use it try substituting the raw yolk of an egg beaten with milk. Otherwise proceed as follows: put in a small saucypan two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a pound of grated cheese, a salt-spoonful of salt and dry mustard, one-fourth of a salt-spoonful of pepper, a pinch of cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of ale or its substitute. Stir these ingredients over the fire until melted, pour on toast and serve at once. If the toast is made in advance the rarebit may be made on a chafing dish.

Another way that is exceedingly palatable for the same dish is to plentifully butter a shallow plate, cover with grated cheese, sprinkled with sugar, and fine cracker crumbs, then another layer of cheese sprinkled with sugar, and grated nutmeg; moisten with a few spoonfuls of cream and place in a moderate oven to melt and brown, serve hot. The cheese is casier prepared and melts quite as quickly cut in very thin slices or shavings, and placed in layers on a plate. The choice of cheese must be considered—a dry, sharp, mealy variety being the best.

A student of dressmaking at a famous school in New York City has a method of pressing seams which is most ingenious. She has taken an ordinary rolling-pin, split it in half, so as to make a flat surface, then covered it as one would an ironing board. It supplies just what is needed, a curving smooth surface, but one which remains firm beneath the weight of the iron.

Banana Shortcake

Make a rich biscuit crust, bake in jelly cake tins, not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks, and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread the fruit very thickly, well mixed with sugar, so as to form a sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Hot Bread and Cheese Sandwiches

Spread thin slices of bread with butter. Upon half of the buttered slices spread cheese, cut very thin or grated. Finish with the other slices of buttered bread. Beat an egg for each three or four sandwiches. Add half a cupful of milk, and in this turn the sandwiches until they are saturated with the egg and milk, then cook in hot butter until browned, first on one side and then on the other. Condensed milk diluted with water can be used for camp cookery. Deviled ham sandwiches are particularly good made after the same fashion.

Netted Tie End

Netted in cream linen or cream silk, this pattern is very pretty. It is sewn on a straight edge, which makes it hang in flutes.

First row.—Net twenty stitches over a bone mesh one fourth of an inch wide.

Second row.—Net plain over a medium-sized knitting needle.

Third row.—Same as second row.

Fourth row.—Net two into one over bone mesh.

Net the next five rows over needle.

Tenth row.—Net two into one over mesh.

Net the next eight rows over needle.

Nineteenth row.—Net two into one over mesh.

Net the next seven rows over needle.

Twenty-seventh row.—Net three into every other on over mesh.

Finish off with two rows over needle.

Darn with silk or linen floss, as shown in illustration.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lima Beans Baked With Salt Pork

Parboil one quart of lima beans with half a pound of salt pork. Take out the pork and score it in slices for serving, then turn the beans into a baking dish. Set the pork in the center, and bake until the beans are tender. Do not have the beans too moist when ready for the oven. Cover the dish for a time with an agate plate, then remove the plate to crisp the beans and pork. Use with the pork beans that are rather old and require at least two hours' cooking. Dried beans soaked over night in cold water may be used after an hour of parboiling. Parboil young, tender beans about twenty minutes. Add butter, pepper and salt, and bake nearly an hour. Do not use pork with young beans unless it be first cooked by itself two or more hours.

Baked Tripe

Cut the tripe into small pieces and blanch it. Rinse thoroughly, then put in a stewpan with an onion, carrot, a bouquet of herbs, a few cloves and peppercorns, and season with salt and pepper. Cover with stock or water, and boil gently for two hours. When quite cooked remove the tripe and arrange it in layers on a buttered baking dish or tin, sprinkling a little chopped ham and mushrooms between each layer. Thicken some of the gravy with brown roux, and pour it over the tripe. Cover the top with white bread-crumbs, scatter little bits of butter over, and brown in the oven.



A Mississippi Night

A True Story of the Real Negro of the Civil War and the Real White Girl in His Care

By Henry Whitney Cleveland, L.L.D.,

Colonel of the General Staff and of the Georgia Line, 1861-1865

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IT WAS only a few months ago that I went West to see after certain land investments, and was the guest of a remarkably beautiful lady whose husband was away from home. The mansion was on a wooded hill, and the veranda overlooked many miles of fertile plantation, as well as the broad, yellow bosom of the River of the West. At night, in the guest chamber which your true Southern planter has always ready, I looked about me, and, not to tire you with upholstery details, I found myself going to sleep looking at two oil paintings by Healy, as remarkable for their contrast as for their perfection. The one was a brunette girl of some seventeen years of age, small enough to remind one of the Persian proverb, "God never brings forth his rubies in the form of rocks and mountains," and beautiful enough to suggest that other, "Precious goods are always put up in small parcels." Great, beautiful eyes, not like those of meek oxen, but intelligent, feeling and full of soul, such as no animal has. Hair a mane of sunny brown; cheeks, lips—ah, me! I cannot tell of her beauty, and only saved myself from being in love with a picture by seeing that it was certainly my hostess as she had looked some twenty-three years before. The other was that of an African, with hair white as cotton, a noble and almost beautiful old face, despite its blackness, and with the evidence of great strength in his arms and shoulders, clad only in a coarse blue shirt, and with his pantaloons girt with a broad leathern belt at his waist. I got out of bed to look at it, and saw under the name of the great painter the words, "Scipio, in 1863." A large case of crimson velvet lay on the marble slab of the table where my lamp stood. I opened it to find something that took the edge off my curiosity about so strange a thing as the portrait of a negro in a Southern home, and that, too, as I knew, in one of the old landed and slave aristocracy that had its glory of "before the war." The opening of the case, indeed, gave my thoughts a new trend. It was a painting, on ivory, of a young man with the first bloom of manly beard upon his face. He wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the United States navy. The lovely girl was a proper belonging to such a home, but the negro and the Yankee—they were too much for me, and I went to sleep thinking over them, and what they did in such a home.

There was no hotel in reach, and I gladly availed myself of the kind invitation of the beautiful hostess to make the mansion my home until my business was finished. The next afternoon, as we sat under the vines below stairs, with ice-cold watermelon before us, with the cake and cream, I ventured to remark upon the excellence of the two oil paintings in my room, feeling that I was safe in any mention of the negro with these who are yet their truest friends. I avoided any mention of the handsome Federal.

"Yes," she said, "they are much admired for the excellence of the paintings, but I suspect you are a little puzzled by the costly portrait of Scipio."

I confessed that I was, and asked to be favored with some particulars.

She said, with a smile which became her well, "I have told it so often that it has become like a story, but if it will be of any interest, I shall not mind going over it again."

I was not only willing but anxious, and she began:

"You, as late a colonel on our side, will appreciate what I shall say of the fidelity of the negro race to their owners, in the contest between the states, in 1861-1865. If you have not found many homes with all of the white men gone in the army; with the women and children left in the care of the colored people; if you have not, upon the retreat of our forces, seen the wagons of the plantation packed in haste, and the aged mother, the young wife and helpless babes going in their sad refugee homelessness anywhere,

anywhere, away from the approaching foe, with the negro driver and the old negress cook, the sole dependence of the whites; if you have not seen these, you have not seen all of the war that I have."

"I see by your omission of the younger negroes," I answered, "that your experience has been like mine; that they were lured by the near freedom, by the drum and bugle and the uniforms, and the 'Rally 'round the flag, boys,' by 'The year of jubilee,' to forsake their old friends. But I have more than once halted a team driven by some old but well-preserved negro, and said to him and to his wife, 'Don't you know that the Yankees are just over that mountain, or up the river, and that you are going right away from freedom?' and I have as often heard the reply, 'Can't help all dat, marster, but me an' Linda here, we is bound to take keer of ole Miss and de lily chiluns, because ole Marster he pintedly tole me to do dat when he went off to de wah!'"

My hostess smiled approval, and then continued:

"My father was a member of the Confederate Congress, and had been in command of a regiment until a severe wound made him unfit for field service. We then, as now, lived on and owned this plantation, but the homestead of the Gordons, our family name, was two miles below, and at

demands for chickens, turkeys, pigs and cattle had been less than from our friends; but of course the willingness to give was on the latter side. I once heard father repeat the remark of Mr. Robert Toombs to President Davis: 'The greatest evil that can befall a country is the presence of a hostile army.' To this Mr. Davis assented. 'And,' continued Mr. Toombs, with a twinkle in his eyes, 'The next greatest evil is the presence of a friendly army, and I have lots of constituents down in Georgia who say they can't see any difference.'"

"There were a plenty of very bad people on both sides," I remarked, and the lady continued:

"General Grant had not yet crossed the Mississippi to the eastern side; the *Queen of the West*, *Henry Clay* and other boats had run the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries; and the gunboat and steamboat fleet of Commodore Porter above and the Hartford of Commodore Farragut's ocean fleet below the fortress of Vicksburg, had for several weeks closed the river to navigation. The sutlers' boats and transports still ran, but General Grant, who fought with his sword and not, like Sherman, with a box of matches, had given stringent orders not to molest citizens; although my father was in the Confederate Congress, I felt safe notwithstanding the Union flag passed up and down the river several times a

country, give time for floods to drain off in a gradual way. The Young's Point canal of Gen. Thos. Williams was, as you know, intended by General Grant to give a chance to the great river in its spring rise to cut a new way right across the great bend that the stream makes into the hills of Vicksburg. He meant to punish rebellion by leaving the city stranded in the mud of her lost river, as well as to open a new navigation miles away from its terrible batteries."

"I am not engineer enough to judge of the merits of his plan, but I soon had reason to know that the river does sometimes choose a new bed, and that with no help from man. The rise had been gradual, and caused no apprehension. The levee in front of our plantation was one of the best on the river, and had withstood the great freshets of the past, although backwater from other breaks above and perhaps below also had sometimes put the rear of the plantation under water."

"There was then no building on this hill where the house now stands, but I had the cattle all driven up here to be out of danger. My only brother was a prisoner on Johnston's Island; my father was in Richmond. My girl cousins who were wont to stay with me were in Vicksburg, cut off by the fleet and the army; and I was the only white person on the plantation, as the overseer, like so many others who had no property stake in the war, had joined the Northern side and was now at a small trading post, speculating in contraband cotton under a trade permit from the Federal treasury."

"It is hardly necessary to say that as a Southern planter's girl I could ride well, and I greatly enjoyed the gallops up and down the levee, and out to the cane brakes at the rear of the plantation. I felt myself to be a general, and gazed upon the slowly rising river as an antagonist worthy of my steel. That the steel was hoe and spade did not detract from the romance of the situation. I was Jack the Giant Killer, indifferent to the bulk of my foe, and again I was an Arabian Princess, safe in the enchanted circle of my levee from the huge genius of the river."

"Reports from the three streams came regularly, as the United States mail had been restored on the upper river, and the snows were said to be about gone and the peril over. If my father could come home, how proud he would be of his girl! Not that I so wished, for by the skiff that carried our private advices to friends on the eastern shore I had written to him not to risk capture and imprisonment, for I was entirely safe and could manage both the big plantation and the Mississippi at its flood."

"One night there was to be a corn shucking—the Northern people call it husking—and in neighborly courtesy I allowed father's negroes to go. I see that you are surprised that one was had so late in the season, but a great many of the young negroes had been tempted by the bounty to the new colored regiments—attracted more by the money, I think, than by freedom—to put on blue uniforms and practice the goose step, and learn to carry a gun at perpendicular."

"The sight of the awkward squads amused me greatly, although every stalwart colored youth was a loss to us of a thousand dollars, and the loss was even greater when the cotton hung wasting from the bolls in the field, and the corn was housed with difficulty by the old negroes and the women."

"Old Seip, as he was called, was now both foreman of the gangs and overseer! Our white man was growing very rich by buying cotton from plantations at sixty cents a pound in Confederate scrip, and selling it to the trade boats under the stars and stripes at a half-dollar a pound, in greenbacks. Scip had belonged to my mother's family, and been named Scipio Africanus as an after-dinner jest, but greatly to the delight of his inky black mother. He had been much in the house, and could cook and play butler at need."



"I felt myself a general, and gazed upon the slowly rising river as an antagonist worthy of my steel."

a place to which I will drive you in the morning. Ours was and is the largest plantation along this part of the river, and the yearly sale of our cotton in the Vicksburg market, with sugar and tobacco, made a fine income. We are, you see, on the division line, and this land makes the tobacco of Kentucky and the cane of Louisiana, the latter of the upland variety. The year 1863 had begun, and the Federals who had landed had not seriously troubled us, and indeed their

week, and the upper fleet had its regular mail, with not unfrequent tin-clads or bullet-proof transports carrying food and ammunition to the army."

"The winter had been one of heavy snow-falls in the upper valley, and the spring portended high waters in the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Ohio. The latter is perhaps the worst, as it flows east and west, and all the snow over its vast area of drainage may melt in a single week. The others, going southward and flowing from higher

"In the interval of rest, when the rich black soil was too soft for the plows, I gave him command of the levee gangs who marched up and down the river front with barrows and shovels, mending little washes and making weak places stronger under my direction. He was always the singing leader of one side or the other in the contests on the corn pile.

"I was left in the house alone with Mandy, a pretty little quadroon of twelve years. The fire on the levee, made to boil coffee, was still burning brightly, but I knew the negro race well enough to be aware that it was a log-heap safe to burn all night. The absence of any forms moving between the blaze and my vision was proof that the whisky bottle and the song and supper had already taken off my reserve to the shucking. The only boat left us was on the other side of the river, captured, as I afterwards learned, with its forbidden Confederate mail. I went to bed early, because too patriotic to read the flood of Northern war literature, and unable to get any of our own.

"It was one o'clock by the French time-piece on the mantel when I was awakened by a half-cry from Mandy, from her pallet on the floor: 'Lor', Miss May, what's that?' She was sitting up, but too much frightened to go to the window, and I too sat up in bed and listened. A flood is not noisy like a surf-beaten sea shore, and the low, growling monotone of the rushing waters had long been too familiar a thing to disturb us. But a crushing, grinding sound, not loud, but full of suggestions of strength, now came distinctly from up the river, and my little maid exclaimed, 'Hear it, Miss May? Hear it? Dare it is agin?'

"I had taught her to speak fairly well, but she always relapsed under any excitement; and as she now said in a half whisper, 'I se skeered enough to turn white!'

"There had been no rain in our part of the valley for several days, and while I slept the moon had risen in a cloudless sky. I got up and looked down into the yard, then ran and poured my basin full of water, and plunged my face in. Then with eyes free from sleep went and looked again. It was no delusion, for among the dark shadows of the trees the moonbeams fell in the intervals, and they shone no more on the dusk of grass, but reflected brightly from water. I was annoyed but not frightened. I knew that the river had been bank full, but as it was reported falling above, no more rise was expected by us. But some weak place had been unguarded, some little rill had followed the side of a log through the embankment, and growing unnoticed in the night and the absence of the gangs and patrol, had caused a break that placed the plantation under water.

"Mandy had gained courage to come to my side and said, 'Is a spring done bust up in de yard?'

"'No,' I said, glad to have even her to talk to; 'the levee has broken and the plantation is all flooded. It was the bank falling in that waked you.'

"'Lor', Miss, whatever sh'll we do?'

"'Do nothing,' I said, 'but get your clothes on, for we will not sleep any more. The provisions are all in the house, and the cattle are all on the hill. The chickens will roost high, and the geese will swim. If it comes up to the parlor floor we must take up the carpet, and it may take the polish off the legs of the piano. The boat will be back in the morning, and maybe the flood will keep your friends in blue off the premises until our side take the river again. That's all.'

"We dressed, and I went down and saw that the house on its stone pillars was yet entirely free from water. I lit the lamps, opened the piano, and, since no great harm could be done save to fences, began to enjoy my novel situation.

"Another crumbling sound and the sudden disappearance of the log fire on the levee told me exactly where the break was, and that I was cut off from the hands at the corn shucking. The perfect stillness at the quarters told me none were drowning there, and the women always carried their babies with them to a festival where pies and candy were part of the spread. To see it better, I went to the upper veranda, and from thence it seemed to me I could see a current in the lighted water, and even see some dark objects like trees or driftwood passing swiftly down.

"Mandy had followed me, and said presently, in the dolorous tones affected by her race when in adversity, 'Hit's done wash away de peach orchard.'

"I did not pause to correct her speech, but looked to see, and surely enough, where the orchard had stood was now a wide sweep of swift water, with trees

leaning over it on the hither side, and I saw what Mandy, with a child's taste for goodies, piteously described, 'Dare goes down dat big Injun peach tree dat I love hits peaches better nor sugar candy; see him make de water splash!'

"It was so, for I heard the sound and saw the fall of the favorite tree. I put my hand to my head and tried to recall the conversation between my father and Professor Yates, of New York, heard some years ago when I, a little child with sun tan on my face and short dresses, frisked at his side. It was something about great rafts of timber undermined by the flood and fallen in, floating, or rather pulled along by their tops and the roots deep in the river. Something about how such rafts would catch at some bend and, with driftwood and soil, partly dam the current; something of how the soft soil of the bank would be more easily broken than the obstructing and half-sunken timbers, and that the river would go around the obstacle; something more about this depression where the orchard stood having been the old channel, a mile wide, and the very soil now for a thousand trees. Yes, there had been a great bend before our house, and now the course of the river was straight as an arrow.

"Mandy prompted my thought in tones more sepulchral than I had thought could come from a child, 'Young Missus, dis ain't no crevasse; dis am a cut-off.'

"She was right, and the river autocrat in its flood had reclaimed its ancient domain, and was cutting its way relentlessly on, growling out its hoarse defiance to puny man. I, a poor little girl in my teens, had thought to be its mistress, and what might it not do with me? I had not thought of this.

"Suddenly, after perhaps an hour from our awakening, there was a great splashing, and I thought the great Newfoundland dog *Lion*, more loyal than his colored friends, had returned from the festival to share our danger. It was indeed the dog, but another swimmer, with him, keeping even stroke, as the sounds seemed, and soon in a belt of moonlight, and on the near side, I saw them, *Lion* and—'Thank God! thank God!—I cried, Scipio swimming with him.

"I waited breathlessly, and even Mandy was silent as she too saw the battle between intelligence and the sullen but terrible flood. The swimmer is a brave one who dares the whirlpools and undertow of the Mississippi, that lay hold upon even great timbers as with hands and drag them down; but to cross that swift-moving current of the cut-off, with no boat, was almost certain death.

"At last they escaped the swift water, and man and dog, as if nearly spent, caught at a leaning tree, and the man with his hands and dog with his paws clung for a time and rested.

"They saw the lighted lamps, and I would not hurry them by a needless call. At length they came on again, and soon the man could wade waist deep in the water of the yard, and fell panting on the steps where I was waiting with a big ham bone for the dog and a tumbler of brandy for the man. When he could speak he said, 'I t'ank de good Lord I got ter ye, little Missus.'

"I said, half crying, 'Why didn't you wait for a boat; we are in no danger?' 'Yes you is,' he said; 'see dem trees a leanin'—no, not dem fruit trees where you is a lookin'—dem oaks up yander!'

"'Yes,' I said with bated breath. 'Well, I see some of 'em fall from t'other side, and I know'd the house was a-gwine ter go too, and I was bound to come, for ole Marster tole me ter take keer ob his lily chile, an' here I is.'

"It was the eloquence of loyalty, and when the great dog lifted his royal head and licked my hand in dumb affection, I broke down and sat on the steps with the lap of the water at my feet, and cried.

"Presently Scipio said, 'I couldn't ever have done it, if it wasn't for *Lion*, for de suck got me under free or four times, an' I'd a been gone suah if *Lion* not grab me under de water, and hole me up till my breff done come.'

"I could not speak, but I put my arm about the neck of the negro, and my face down to that of the dog. In a moment Scipio said, 'De brandy done bring me right; now I mak a raft, my honey precious, an' we gwine down de ribber like Marse Abe Linkum's gunboat, suah.'

"I walked with him through the house and the man paused in the linen and blanket room and said, 'Miss May, de beadstead am ole mahogony an' rosewood, an' am too heavy, an' so am de burers, an' I got hammer an' nails an' axe in de tool house, but no pick nor mattock ter rip up de floorin'.'

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

Winning A Husband In Fifteen Minutes

By Marion H. Wallace

Jake Stout jogged along the dusty country road on his old gray mare. The sun was hot and he frequently mopped his face with a great red handkerchief.

A little bundle tied up in another gorgeous bandanna hung across the pommel of his saddle. He wore cowhide boots and his coat, minus buttons, was held together by a cord which approached dangerously near the dimensions of rope.

His strange dress was a matter of choice, for his saddlebags were well filled with greenbacks, for which he expected to get many a bargain in the shape of fat, sleek heifers and well-fed shoats.

His reputation always preceded him. He was known as a queer but kindly old fellow, shrewd in business matters, but utterly unsophisticated in all things else. Many a laugh was had at his expense in his absence, but he generally commanded grim respect at close range.

Although outwardly stolid, Jake was secretly pleased with the deference shown him, never suspecting that it was a tribute to his money rather than his personality. As the servility of those he dealt with increased proportionately with his wealth he had begun to swell with pride and importance; then had come the awakening. He had gone down into the river counties to buy stock, and, true to the instincts of a cattle buyer, hungered for the latest market reports.

One day while rounding up some cattle along the river bank he saw a boat in the middle of the stream. He hailed it, beckoning it to approach, and it soon came alongside and ran out its plank.

"Come aboard," yelled the impatient captain. He had stopped, as was the custom in those pioneer days, to take on passengers at several out-of-the-way places, and was a full day behind time on his run.

Jake stood immovable. "Come aboard, I say," repeated the captain, accenting the invitation by an oath. "I don't want to come aboard," replied the stolid Jake, his feet firmly planted where he stood.

"What in thunder do you want, then?" roared the enraged captain.

"I want to know what fat's worth in St. Louis," was the calm reply, whereupon the captain's entire vocabulary of choice oaths and imprecations was hurled at the enterprising cattle buyer.

As the little boat, puffing and panting, backed off, Jake shouted:

"All right; it's your turn now; but jist let me ever ketch you and your ole boat up at Snaghook an' I'll give you blazes."

As Snaghook was several miles inland, this was greeted with a loud guffaw from the deck-hands and captain alike.

It was all lost upon Jake, however, who in righteous indignation stalked toward his horse, mentally consigning the unobliging captain to parts unknown, and still wondering about the price of "fat."

Another time he bought up all the cattle for miles around and started to drive them to St. Louis.

The news spread ahead of him, and as Jake's drovers neared town, the market, which had been high, suddenly and mysteriously dropped.

There was much secret exultation, for the prosperous man has enemies in country districts as well as on Wall Street; but Jake also had friends, and the news of the market reached him.

He immediately stopped, stationed buyers on every road entering the town, and bought every animal traveling cityward. Very soon the market was stronger than it had been for years. Then he unloaded, reaping a fortune, much to the chagrin of those who had planned his ruin.

On this summer day, however, as he toiled up one clay hill and down another, no such trifles disturbed him. He had weightier matters to consider.

His sister, who had been his housekeeper for many years, had left him. His big house was lonely and he must fill her place. How could he do it? He ransacked his brain for plans, but could hit upon none that was satisfactory.

Suddenly an idea struck him. He pulled his horse up short, and his blue eyes twinkled as he exclaimed: "By jacks, I have it! I'll git married." Then, the problem solved, he rode on. But here was fresh trouble. Whom could he marry, or rather, whom would he marry? for numerous spinsters and widows had looked longingly at the big house on the hill, surrounded by its hundreds of broad, tillable acres; but their charms had failed to impress its owner.

"Never mind," he soliloquized. "I'll find some one; but she must be smart and spry."

He lapsed into silence, soon to break out again: "Women are funny critters, though, and some of 'em deceive you; if I could only test her aforehand now."

His test would be to demonstrate her ability as a cook, for Jake attended hurriedly but well to the wants of the "inner man." But to cook well was not enough. In his eye it was a besetting sin to be slow in preparing a meal. Any woman who had this fatal defect could never hope to rule over the heart and moneybags of Jake Stout.

With a quick jerk he again brought his horse to a standstill. He seemed puzzled. Surely he had forgotten something—but what?

He examined his bundle. It was secure. He even dismounted and inspected the saddlebags, but could find nothing wrong.

Suddenly he realized what was lacking. It was his dinner! Here it was nearing three o'clock and he had not tasted a morsel since four in the morning.

About a mile distant he saw a small house and in a short time had reached it—the home evidently of poor farmers; but the dooryard was neat and well kept and smoke was coming out of the chimney. This augured well for something to eat, so he dismounted and tied his horse.

An old man on the porch watched him curiously as he came up the gravel path. They were off the main road and visitors were few. He had been dreading for days one man—could this be he? Tears came in the old man's eyes as he rose, trembling, to greet the stranger.

"Howdy," said Jake. "Could I git a bite of dinner and some feed for my horse?"

"I dunno," was the reply in a dazed kind of way. "The ole woman is sick and Samantha is puttin' out the washin'." Then raising his quavering old voice he called, "Samanthy, Samantha, come 'ere."

A woman who had reached that uncertain age when she is no longer young, yet considers it an insult to be called old, soon appeared. She was not prepossessing, being tall, thin and angular. Her face was freckled and her eyes were small and close together. Her hair was thin, wiry, and of that peculiar sandy color which seems to match the face and give an appearance of baldness. Neat, thrifty and energetic she certainly was, and her parents as well as many neighbors could have attested to her goodness of heart; but these were virtues invisible, and the rural youths of the neighborhood, in their search for wives, had passed by her. Years before she had accumulated the necessary dishes, linen and bedding to begin housekeeping, but never having the opportunity to use them, she had resignedly laid them away with all her heart-hungry hopes—and devoted herself to her aged parents.

As the years passed her tone became a little sharper and her face more set and stern. Her voice was unpleasantly shrill as she replied, "Well, father, what is it you want me to do?"

"Here is a man wants his dinner. Kin you git it right away, while his horse is feedin'?"

"Yes, if he can do without meat. We have none unless I kill a chicken."

Jake moved uneasily in his seat. His mouth watered for chicken, but habit had made him a miser in regard to time spent at meals, so he said, "No, I don't want it unless I kin git it quick. Jist give me a snatch of anything handy."

The two men started to feed the horse and Samantha returned to the kitchen. In fifteen minutes she called Jake to his dinner. This did not surprise him, but when he saw chicken fried crisp and brown he gasped and held up his hands in astonishment.

"You didn't kill and cook that chicken in fifteen minutes?"

"Yes," was the blunt answer.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"No," came in a sharper tone.

"Would you like to git married?" he continued.

Samantha's small eyes for once grew large, but keenly alive to the main chance, she stammered out, "Yes."

"Well, then," said Jake, "ef you kin git ready as quick as you cooked this chicken, you kin git on the horse behind me and we'll go over to Plankville and have the justice tie the knot."

"But," said the excited Samantha, "I couldn't leave father and mother. They have no one in the world to take care of 'em but me."

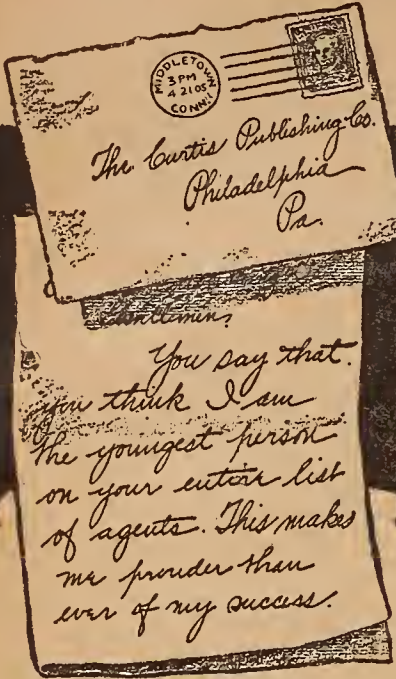
"Never mind that," was the cheerful reply. "We'll take care uv the ole folks. I allers liked ole people, anyhow."

As she started to leave the room he said:

"You ain't very purty, but I never went much on looks, nohow. I've been lookin' for a smart, peart woman an' you seem to fill the bill; so git ready while I eat a bite."

Samantha needed no second bidding, and soon she mounted behind her future "lord and master," feeling considerably elated that she had distanced all other women by winning a husband in fifteen minutes; but she had yet to learn the value of her prize.

How Young People Can Earn Money



Continuing, this Bright Schoolgirl in Middletown, Conn., writes:

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ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1239 Detroit, Mich.

The Ever Jolly Halloween

Who gets the candle painted green
Will wed the first man to be seen.

No wedding-bells for her who holds the candle red,
But a career of single blessedness instead.

She who holds a candle blue,
Matrimony must eschew.

JUST before October folds her gorgeous mantle around her and gives place to November's leaden skies and chilly winds, she gives us one night replete with fun and merrymaking to youth and full of prophecy to the superstitious. Halloween is the night of elves, specters, wizards and shades of departed spirits, and any one who does not "see things" on Halloween must be a hopeless skeptic.

It is the romance of the mind to have a shadowy faith in superstitions. On this one night of the year let us imagine ourselves really superstitious and glean all the fun possible out of uncanny things, and let the young people make it a chance for discovering their future husbands or wives, according to the rites of bonnie Scotland, or at least make it a time for merry pranks and mirthful gatherings. Without a doubt there is nothing more enjoyable during the year than a party on Halloween. The open fire, the feast of nuts and apples, the charms and spells, and, above all, the gruesomeness that this night, so curious of the past and future, always suggests.

As the hours of Halloween belong to the secrets and mysteries of the future every game of the evening should manifest some relation to coming events whose shadows are cast before. From the first there should be a tinge of mystery. Welcome your guests into a significantly dark house. Let the hallway be lighted only by a huge jack-o'-lantern, a mammoth pumpkin hollowed out, with eyes, nose and mouth cut into the rind and containing a burning candle. A sheeted figure, to take his position in the dim light and direct each guest upon his arrival to the proper room to enter.

The evening might open with fortune telling, some one in a bright costume, with a gaudy silk handkerchief tied around her head, personating the gipsy queen. Before the gipsy enters the guests seat themselves in the form of a circle. The circle is to be drawn in utter silence, so as to keep the charm unbroken. The circle completed, the hostess raps three times on the floor with the broom handle and bids the gipsy enter. Some one acquainted with palmistry can make the role of gipsy fortune telling quite interesting.

Having consulted the oracles and learned their fates, the guests are next invited into another room, in which the hostess tells them there are concealed somewhere in the room talismans of the future which are of extreme moment to

those who find them. She says the articles alluded to consist of a bean, a ring, a mirror and a small piece of money. For these the guests are requested to hunt. The person who finds the ring is to be a bride or bridegroom within a year, while the one who finds the bean will live single all his life; the one who finds the mirror is the beauty of the party, and the one who finds the money will have the greatest wealth.

No Halloween party must close without some of the old-time ways of consulting the oracles, as tossing an apple peeling over the head to make it form an initial on the floor. The initial is supposed to be the initial of the future matrimonial consort of the one who tossed the peeling. Or putting a walnut kernel in the half shell and setting it afloat in a basin of water, with a lighted match in each shell. If the matches go out it is an ill omen to the ones for which they were named. If the shells clash against each other in the basin, it presages a quarrel some time among those interested. If one of the half shells become submerged, it presages the death, within a year, of the one whose name it bears.

At the witching hour of midnight we finish our fateful spells to find what the future holds for us, and then go home with a shivery feeling that "the goblins-uns'll git us ef we don't watch out."

MRS. W. L. TABOR.

And monie lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn together trimly.
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out owre the chimle.

Novel Ideas for Entertainment

A crowd of merry high school boys and girls participated in this Halloween's jollification, and every one of them pronounced it "the most fun ever."

The invitations, quaintly worded and spelled, suggested that the guests array themselves in gipsy or freakish costumes, and such a motley group as gathered on the lawn of the hostess that evening! There were gipsy queens in all the bravery of silks and satins, of chains and bracelets, and kings in velvet and embroidery. And there were ridiculous costumes of seemingly every possible conception, these being largely in the majority and creating no end of amusement.

On the lawn a huge campfire burned brightly; jack-o'-lanterns grinned from every tree and shrub, and here and there torchlights flamed up gaily. The beautiful lawn, with the firelight and shadows rivaling each other for supremacy, presented a sight well worth viewing, and which needed only the gipsy fortune teller's tent of red and white striped canvas, half hidden among the trees, to perfect it. In this tent a maid in a gorgeous cos-

tume read the palms of the visitors, and from the truth and pertinent prophecies set forth it was clearly evident that no stranger face was hidden behind her mask. At various prominent places on the lawn notices were posted which read as follows:

"Doings of tHe Nite;
Rools and Reggulations:

1st. Kum in.
Second. Go up stares to Rooms A and B and remov Raps and Firearms.

III. Hide tHem to prevent loss.
4th. Desend the stares, slide down the Banisters, as the varNish in the Steps wood Krack at sech funny-looking Folks.

6. When all the aggregashun of Acktorts and Acktresses, and sech uthr things present, have collected, prepar for the Seventh Grand Rally and March to the Relms of Spook-Dom, livend with Musick by Sousa's Band in DisguSt.

Eighth. (a) Cards.
(b) Hammocks for Silver-Ware. (No one allowed to stay in tHem for more than 5".)

(c) Danzing scule in the Hayloft for all childRen under ten. (Only those without Nales in there Shoes allowed to Danz. Bee shure not to fall down StaRes.)

Nine.—We'll go to tHe Hous, and revive ourselves With varius DisAgreables.

P. S.—Recomember the fuRnitour iz ours; sum of tHe DishEs iz borrowd; so don't brake enny. We reServe the Wright to Kount the spoonS and to serch all gUests Befor tHey LiEve."

Besides the hammocks referred to, camp stools and cushions were provided near the campfire and a fagot given to each guest. In turn the guests placed the fagots on the blaze, and each beguiled the moments required for their consumption by relating a story, singing a song, or otherwise entertaining the remainder of the guests.

Sweet cider and doughnuts were passed while the guests were seated about the fire, and then all repaired to the barn loft, which was decorated with autumn foliage and the school colors. Here dancing, cards and other games were indulged in until midnight, when a delicious supper was served in the dining room of the house. The same color scheme was carried out here as in the loft. Place cards were of paper cut and tinted to resemble a variety of comical-faced jack-o'-lanterns. Between courses slips of paper and pencils were passed, and votes taken on the oddest and the handsomest costumes, both among the boys and the girls. The prizes for the two handsomest were a large bunch of chrysanthemums for the girl and a banner in the school colors for the boy. For the oddest a tiny pumpkin filled with candy and a jack-in-the-box.

Toasts and gay repartee filled every moment until the guests left for their own homes, warmly thanking their young hostess for a jovial Halloween.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.



WHEN THE GHOSTS WALK, THE GOBLINS APPEAR, AND THE FATES ARE TOLD BY THE ITINERANT GIPSY

The Wedding of the Seasons

By Maude E. Smith Hymers

Miss Summer's to wed with young Winter. The rumor was long in the air; The snow-birds themselves, little telltales, The story were first to declare. Then the Wind Brothers' orchestra told it In a little convention one day; They couldn't resist a rehearsal, So they gave the whole story away. Sweet Summer to wed with stern Winter! How softly she wept yesternight, As many a bride thro' her smiling Yet weeps for her freedom's swift flight. A cold breath came down from the Northland, A hush, and an impatient stride, And I knew in a twink 'twas the bridegroom Who hastened to comfort the bride. Then he hushed all her tears in a moment, And hustled about with such vim, That I knew by the way they were shaking The Poplars were laughing at him. A gossiping crowd filled the hedges, And I of the black-feathered train, Sought humbly the date of the wedding, But all of my queries were vain.

But late of a December evening When the lamps of the town were alight; I stood at my cheery west window And looked on a beautiful sight. For there stood the Pine and the Hemlock, With trim Mr. Spruce in a row, All dressed for an evening of pleasure White fronts and dark waistcoats below. And there was the lovely Miss Willow, And Lilac so modest and sweet; All draped in the whitest of raiment From the crown of their heads to their feet. And there were the Maples on duty; So stately they stood in their pride, I knew by the poise of their branches That they were attending the bride. The red and white Rose-trees were pages; The Dahlias were ushers, I think; And one little maid from excitement Was blushing the daintiest Pink. And the robe of the bride was of ermine, Her veil of the fleeciest stuff; The ring and her coronet sparkling With diamonds of ice in the rough.

The orchestra discoursed sweet music, Jack Frost twinkled mischievous eyes, Oh, never a prettier wedding Went on under sunnier skies! But who read the service above them, Or who gave the fair bride away; Or if she was timid or happy I'm not over-ready to say. But thus it appeared in the paper: "Last night, at the hour of eight, Sweet Summer was wed to King Winter. At home to the public from date."

The Origin of Road Hog

AS THERE seems some discussion as to the origin of "road hog" this explanation may be useful. In the early part of the last century, before speedways were made in the cities of the United States, owners of trotters were often annoyed when speeding their horses by drivers of slow and heavy wagons purposely and deliberately blocking the road. These were called "road hogs." There was a popular print, drawn by Morer, the best horse painter of the day, published by Currier & Ives, illustrating this: Three drivers of "light rigs" having a "brush," and a "road hog" pulling across their front, causing them to have a collision.—London Mail.

Theater Hat Causes Riot

SOME women over in Berne, Switzerland, recently caused a riot in a theatre by their refusal to remove their hats. The women paid no attention to the shouts of the crowd back of them, and finally one of the attendants forcibly removed some of the offending headgear. A riot ensued, and the management put out the lights. The place was soon emptied, but the fight continued for some time in the street.

One of the Effects of the War

RUSSIA has fallen from third to seventh place among the navies of the world. As compared with Japan she is now but half the latter's strength on paper. In effectiveness Russia is really about one-third the present strength of Japan, and so far as command of the sea goes Russia is practically an eighth-rate power.

Balloon Runs Away 30 Miles with Boy

FLOYD Wallace, sixteen-year-old boy, of East Oneonta, New York, at the Oneonta fair went up in a captive halloon. He had been pulled back to within two hundred feet of the ground when the rope broke and the balloon and the boy immediately shot skyward, blown rapidly toward the northeast. When they disappeared in the clouds the boy and balloon were two miles high. But young Wallace as soon as he had partially recovered from his fright reached the valve rope and began to let out the gas. Finding that the halloon

trembling on the edge of a fearful precipice, or is in some other imminent danger of a sudden and terrible death. These dreams are common enough, and nearly always the sufferer awakes, thankful and happy at his escape. But sometimes he doesn't awake. Sometimes the knife falls or the sleeper in his hallucinations plunges down the precipice. These are the dreams that kill.

In cases where dreams kill there is a sort of combined action between the dream and the disease through which death is accomplished. In the first place, the dream is usually the product of the disease. A person may have heart disease, which never asserts itself or allows the victim in any way to know of its presence until the fact is disclosed in a frightful dream. Moreover, terrifying dreams are often the first evidence of heart disease. Then the frequent recurrence of these dreams, dealing repeated shocks to the nervous system, aggravates the disease until the heart is so weak that one more shock is sufficient to cause death.

If a person has bad dreams it does not necessarily follow, however, that he has heart disease. Dreams indicating heart disease are usually of a terrifying nature and relate to death. On



WILLIAM J. CALHOUN

Who Was Sent to Venezuela by President Roosevelt to Study the Situation There.

awakening the sufferer will notice a violent heart palpitation. Chronic pericarditis is always preceded by horrible dreams, such as that of being thrown into a lake of fire or being crushed in a wreck or burned by a volcanic eruption.

The approach of insanity may also be revealed by unpleasant dreams, or insanity may be hastened by such dreams. There are many cases, where a person has been driven insane by a dream.—Chicago Tribune.

Arrant Nonsense

IF you saw a pink pug puppy playing ping pong with a pig, Or a great gray goose a-golfing with a goat, Would you think it was as funny as a big, brown Belgian hunny Blowing bubbles with a bishop in a boat?

If a gormandizing gobbler gobbles goobers by the gross, Which he pilfered from a peanut peddler's pack, Could he earn his absolution by an act of restitution If he gave the Dago man his full crop back?

If a singing stegomyia stung a Jap upon the jaw And injected venomous virus in his veins, Would the microbe not prove sterile, since each one's a Yellow Peril, If the homeopathic theory obtains?

If a gentle jokesmith jabbars nutty nonsense in a way That causes you brain softening to dread, Would you send him to a college where they try to hammer knowledge Into people that are foolish in the head? —Cleveland Leader.

Woman 171 Years Old

THE "Canadian Gazette" tells of a remarkable case of longevity—that of a Chinese woman who passed through Montreal recently. The woman claimed to be one hundred and seventy-one years old. She had nothing to prove her age, only the word of her friends added to her own, but her appearance was most eloquent and certainly tended to confirm her remarkable state-

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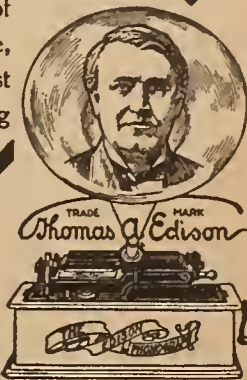
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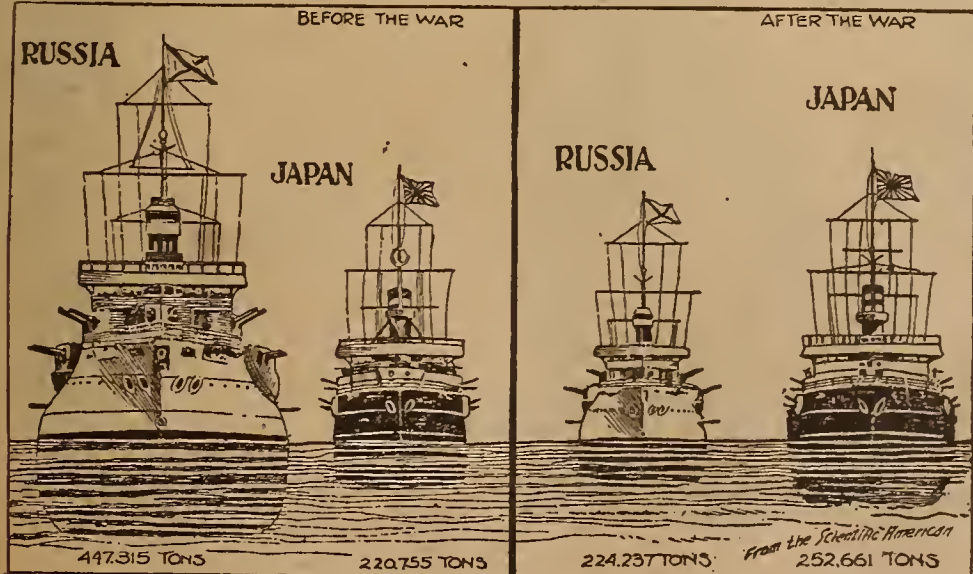
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A RUSSIAN-JAPANESE COMPARISON

descended, he carefully worked the valve, and an hour after he left Oneonta he made a safe landing with himself and the balloon unharmed at Summit, Schoharie County, thirty miles away.

Dreams May Cause Death

PEOPLE have actually been killed by dreams. Most persons have suffered from those terrible nightmare visions in which the victim is pursued by an assassin with upraised knife, or is

ment. As an official put it, she seemed as if she had been dug out of the great wall of China, built some five thousand years ago. She was on her way home from Demerara to China, in order to make her last resting place in the Celestial kingdom, because she feared she had not many more years to live. She was bent nearly double, and her face looked like crinkled yellow parchment. It appears that she left China when seventy years old, and has resided in Demerara for the last one hundred years.

A Nut-Crack Party for Halloween

LAST year some of the young people of our town held a Halloween frolic at the Country Club House. A jolly success it was, too, and worthy of note to those who desire to participate in a similar evening of merriment October 31st next.

The invitations were sent out to fifteen couples a week before the event. After stating the date and the hour, the following request was given: "Please come in the garb of the spirit-land. Bring the inclosed cards with you." These cards were significantly decorated with witches, owls, skull and cross-bones, bats and everything repellent. There were two of a kind, so that parties holding twin cards were destined partners for supper, at least.

The ladies were informed that the "witch's coach" would call for them at 7 P. M. They were to meet at one house, so as to save time, as the club house was a mile from town.

The "coach" proved to be the town band wagon with improvised black oil-cloth top and sides and squares cut out for windows. The harness paraphernalia of the four horses was decorated with tiny brooms crossed and tied with black ribbon. The driver, one of the men dressed as a witch, had beside him a huge lighted pumpkin lantern.

When they arrived at the club house, grinning jack-o'-lanterns greeted them everywhere—they swung from the branches of the trees leading up the carriage drive, and swayed from the beams of the spacious piazza. In the doorway sat a witch on a large pumpkin. In each hand she held a box, and demanded the cards which they had been requested to bring with them. She was careful that the ladies' were dropped in one, the men's in the other. Before entering, these were well shaken, and each drew for partners; then they were allowed to enter.

There was a glowing wood fire in the large fireplace, and aside from candles shaded with red-paper shades, this was the only light. However, this was sufficient to disclose the wall decoration of realistic bats made from black paper, together with black-cat posters, and several stuffed owls aided in the weird effect.

The first frolic of the evening was matching cards, to learn the all-anxious query, "Who's my partner?" All gracefully accepted their fate in this respect.

Most of the evening's program was the consulting of many an old-time oracle relative to fate. In the center of the room was a large table circled with chairs. Here the merry crowd gathered, pairing off as partners according to the matched cards which were held by each.

A lighted candle was placed in the center of the table, and each had three trials of blowing it out by means of a tiny fan, with which each was provided. No one was allowed to move from his seat. If some one was farther off, the candle was placed as nearly an equal distance for each trial as possible. The fanning was successive—that is, each had one trial, then the second round, then the third. As each made a trial, one of the witches cried, in solemn tone, "Blow one, you'll live alone"—that is, if the candle goes out at the first trial. "Blow two, there's hope for you." "Blow thrice, you'll marry twice."

This was followed by a "nut-shower." The old witch with a bag of English walnuts showered them upon the table. It was explained that there was to be a general grab. Nut-crackers were provided, and the jolly, unexpectant crowd proceeded to open and enjoy the meats. It was discovered that every thirteenth nut had been opened, the meat removed and its place made good by some herald of fate, then the shells cleverly glued together again. After the first find, great and eager expectation incited merriment. A cravat of white ribbon suggested a minister. A pen, the finder would marry a writer. A penny hinted of riches. A ring, a wedding. A thimble, an old maid or bachelor.

Another nut test was equally freighted with jollity. The second witch held a large frying pan over the hot embers of the fire, while each guest in turn threw two nuts in the pan, the witch meanwhile croaking her prophecy. In a most sepulchral voice she quoted:

"These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view."

If the nuts sputtered, she continued:

"The ill-matched couple fret and fume."

If they separated and cracked:

"From each other wildly start,
And with a groan forever part."

But when they burn side by side, she muttered:

"See the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness, while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn."



The Young People

As each nut is named for either girl or boy, each lover or friend attaches whatever value the lines mean to him or her.

An old-time supper of sandwiches, cold chicken, pickles, fried cakes, pumpkin pie, apples, nuts and cider was served picnic fashion while they sat around the table, with absolute freedom from formality.

Fortune telling from tea grounds was hailed with delight when the witch brought forth her black tea pot. For those who are not familiar with this all-fascinating sport to young folks, I give below the best interpretation of the enchanted tea grounds I have ever seen:

In the first place, the fortune teller must see that each cup has the necessary grounds to present some picture. Whether a tea drinker or not, the cup must be emptied, and inverted on the owner's saucer, having first been swung thrice around his or her head to scatter the leaves into form. If there remain any drops, these indicate tears. A succession of lines, long or short, reveal a long life. A circle in the middle of the cup shows one of two things—if small, a wedding; if large, riches. If either are near the brim of the cup, the quicker one or both will come. A bird betokens a letter. A figure of a man or woman, a lover or sweetheart. An initial, the name. A series of dots forming a line signifies a journey. A heart, an engagement. If at the bottom of the cup, an engagement will be broken; if near the top, the engagement will terminate in marriage. If only a few pictures are seen, the life will be uneventful, probably single. A small square, an unexpected letter; if large, it will contain money or good news. If two figures are seen close together, representing a man and a woman, a rival is sure to be found at hand.

One feature of the latter part of the evening was "progressive stunts." One of these was a contest of cracker eating, very dry crackers being provided, and a prize given to the person who could eat the most of these dry crackers in a given space of time. Doughnuts were hung on strings, the guests striving to see which could consume a doughnut in the shortest

other illumination except from this and the blazing logs, the company, looking weird and spirit-like in their flowing white garments, sat and told ghost stories until well after midnight.

PERCY FIELDING.

The Boy Who Shirks and the Boy Who Works

There are boys of both kinds in the world, but happily, the boy who shirks is very much in the minority. This is true because the average American boy has too much pluck, too much pride, too much ambition to be classed with the shirks. He may not be able to say in his very heart of hearts that he likes to work, but he can say that he does not propose to be classed with those who "stand around all the day idle," thereby bringing upon himself the deserved contempt of the better class of people in the community.

Every high-spirited boy detests a downright shirk, and admires the boy or the man who does things—who brings things to pass, and who counts for something because of his own achievements. Every boy of spirit admires the hustler and has contempt for the dawdler. I once went to the funeral of a man seventy-five years of age, and on the way home a man who had known the dead man nearly all of his life said of him:

"There was a man who dawdled away a life that might have been one of splendid achievements, for he was naturally an extremely gifted man, but work he would not, and he shirked everything that he could. His wife supported him by going out as a dressmaker up to the time of her death, and he nearly starved after that. A few of his old friends have to pay his funeral expenses to keep him from being carried to a pauper's grave. A man of good family, respectable enough in morals and of more natural talent than most men, his life has been a flat failure because of his own slothfulness."

I know several boys whose end may be like this if they do not "look a little out." They have good natural ability and good

wise enough to know that if they would succeed in life they must pay the price of success, and that is—work.

Never in the history of our country was there a time when there were better opportunities for the boy who is willing to work, and never was competition for the higher places sharper. The shirk and the boy who is looking for a "soft snap" are "dead sure" to be left far behind the eager, alert boy who is so little afraid of hard work that he is not at all anxious to find a "soft snap." The boy who is looking for a "snap" of this kind has in him all the elements of the shirk. I one day overheard two boys speaking about a third boy not long ago, and one said to the other:

"He! Bah! he's a regular jelly fish! Lazy? A snail has more hustle and more muscle than he has or ever will have if he doesn't bestir himself soon!"

Pretty scathing, wasn't it? But people are apt to be scathing when expressing their opinion of the shirk, just as they are apt to be highly laudatory when speaking of the manly boy who is known to be a hustler. Mere inclination has nothing to do with it, boys. Whether you want to or not you must be workers if you ever expect to "amount to anything" in this life. That's the gospel truth.—The American Boy.

"Trouble"

Among other pets on a Virginia farm is a black rooster named Trouble, so called because, happening to be the one chicken hatched from a late fall's sitting of eggs, he was taken from the mother hen and raised "by hand."

From the very first, Trouble showed himself to be possessed of more than chicken sense, and Jack, the little boy whose particular property the rooster is, has succeeded in teaching his pet many cute and, when we stop to think that Trouble is only a chicken, wonderful tricks. One of these tricks is to eat from Jack's pocket. First, the corn is dropped into the pocket, then a handkerchief is put on top of it. When all is ready Jack will sit down in a convenient place in the yard—Trouble has never been banished to the chicken yard—and call, "Come on, Trouble, and get your dinner."

Up Trouble will rush, and without further invitation down will go his head into Jack's pocket, and begins a peck, peck, peck, until the handkerchief is dragged out. All the time he is pecking at the handkerchief he keeps up a queer little scolding sort of a noise, as much as to say, "Where is the sense in making a fellow work like this for his dinner?" When the last grain of corn is swallowed, and every corner of the pocket searched to make sure that a stray grain is not tucked away under a seam, Trouble will jump upon Jack's knee and give a long, loud crow, which is rooster language for "Thank you."

One of the games Jack and Trouble play is being soldiers and fighting. Jack uses his forefinger for a weapon, and Trouble his bill. At last, after much sparring, Trouble is supposed to get killed, and at the words from Jack, "Bang! Dead soldier!" down the rooster will fall, and lie perfectly still until Jack tells him to get up.

But the most interesting of Trouble's many performances is his speechmaking. In one corner of the back porch is a low stool, in the other a chunk of wood, these being Trouble's platforms. They are never moved out of the usual corners. Jack will say, "Give us a sermon to-day, Preacher Trouble," and Trouble, very slowly and with much dignity, will walk over and mount the stool, where he will harangue in chicken language, the sound being very much like that a hen makes when she has found a fine, fat worm and calls her chicks to come and get a bite. When Jack says, "Church is over; now, Mr. Trouble, give us a political speech," Trouble will run with a rush to the chunk of wood, jump on it, and begin cackling in good imitation of a hen that has just laid an egg and is announcing the fact to the neighborhood.

KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

Hint to Ping-Pong Players

When the balls become dented, place them in warm water and the dents will disappear.

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We pay for good photographs of unusual things and scenes that would be suitable for printing in FARM AND FIRESIDE. We pay one dollar and upward for good pictures when accompanied by description. If you have anything in the photograph line that would be specially adaptable to any of the department pages of this paper, we shall be pleased to have you submit them. Be sure to enclose return postage; otherwise pictures will not be returned. Write your name and address on back of each photograph.



OUT FOR A STROLL

PHOTO BY WILL J. HELWIG

space of time without touching his hands to it. Apples also were suspended from the ceiling by strings, the contest being to see which could get the first bite out of his apple.

Last of all, the candles were extinguished, the guests gathered about the fire, and a saucer of alcohol and salt was set on the hearth and lighted. With no

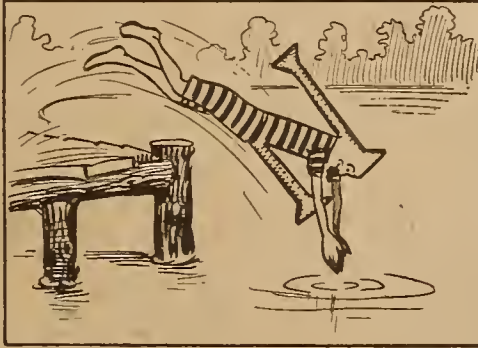
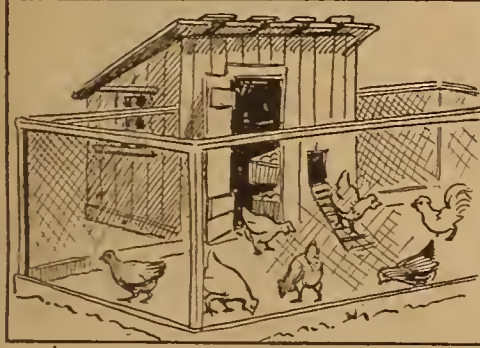
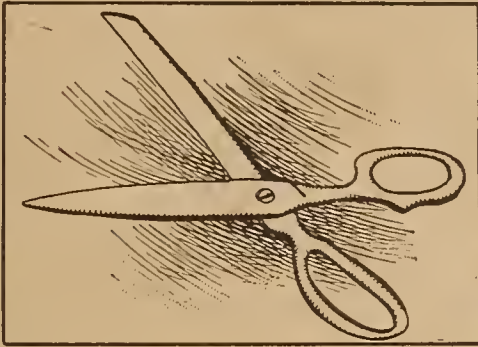
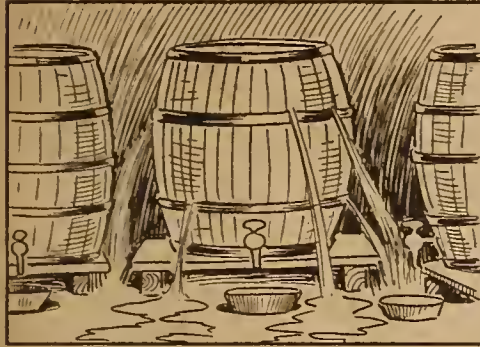
health, but work they will not. Boys with not half their talents but who are working hard have far greater chances of success in life than they. Once let a boy achieve the reputation of being downright lazy, and it is "all day" with him in the estimation of other boys—of the boys who would be lazy, too, if they yielded weakly to their own inclinations, but who are



Vegetable Puzzle



The Six Pictures Below Represent as Many Different Kinds of Vegetables. Can You Make Them Out?



ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN THE OCTOBER 1st ISSUE:

Deer, Mink, Badger, Beaver, Peccary, Weasel.

A Visitor From Another World

A unique and especially interesting exhibit at the Portland Exposition was a massive meteorite of many tons' weight. It is the biggest shooting star that has ever been found in the western hemisphere and perhaps the heaviest meteorite ever found in any land. Its weight has been estimated at about eighteen to twenty tons. Twelve of the most powerful horses in Portland were required to haul this mysterious mass of metal from the steamer to the Exposition grounds. A special platform has been erected for its reception, and a government official took charge of it as of some valuable prize. An interesting story is associated with this great shooting star. It is the only substance from some other world that was ever the subject of litigation. The man who found it claimed it by right of discovery and the owner of the land upon which it fell claimed it by rights accruing from the ownership.

The meteorite was found in the woods of Clackamas county, Oregon, in the autumn of 1902, about two miles from Oregon City, and fifteen miles from the Exposition site. The region immediately surrounding the spot where the strange visitor struck the earth is a series of rough and rugged foothills of the Cascade Range. On a hillside near the Tualitan River this great iron mass fell. How long ago no man can conjecture. It may have been centuries since some shooting star passed from its own sphere to the earth. Here in this wild region of primeval forests of pine and birch it has laid for years. When found it was partially covered by a carpet of accumulated vegetable debris.

This great meteorite is in the form of an abbreviated cone, having its base on two sides so prolonged as to produce an oval whose long diameter is one third greater than is its transverse diameter. There are no angular outlines to the mass as a whole; all, whether in vertical or horizontal section, is bounded by broad curves. When found, partially buried in the ground, the base of the meteorite was uppermost, and it is likely that in its long trip through space it held this position, or doubtless the rapidity of its flight gave to it the conical shape.

This great mass of molten iron, once a bright shooting star darting through space, has been named the Willamette, in honor of the river near which it found a resting place. Its dimensions are: Extreme length, ten feet four inches; breadth

across base, seven feet; extreme vertical height from base to summit of dome, four feet; total circumference of base, twenty-five feet and four inches.

Two analyses of the Willamette iron have been made, small particles having been chipped off the mass for that purpose. One analysis shows iron, 91.46; nickel, 8.30. The other analysis shows iron, 91.65; nickel, 7.88; cobalt, .21; phosphorus, .09. The specific gravity of the iron is 7.7.

The Wild Horses of Sable Island

Sable Island, which lies about eighty miles to the eastward of Nova Scotia, consists of an accumulation of loose sand, forming a pair of ridges united at the two ends and inclosing a shallow lake; tracts of grass are to be met with in places, as well as pools of fresh water. The droves of wild horses, or ponies, and herds of seals appear to be the chief mammalian inhabitants of the island. It is generally supposed that the original stock was landed by a Spanish wreck early in the sixteenth century, although some writers make the introduction much later. Twenty-five years ago the number of ponies was estimated at between five hundred and six hundred; at the present day there are less than two hundred divided into five troops. Not more than two thirds of these are pure bred, the remainder being the offspring of mares crossed with introduced stallions. The introduction of these foreign stallions (which is to be regretted by the naturalist) has been a matter of great difficulty, as the strangers were attacked and wounded by the leaders of the droves. The author comments on the likeness of these wild ponies to the horses of the Parthenon frieze and to the now exterminated tarpan of Tartary. They also seem to resemble the wild horse of Mexico, although their coat is doubtless longer. These resemblances seem to point to reversion to the primitive type of the species. All colors save gray characterize the pure-bred stock, but chestnut with a dark streak on the back and on the withers is the most common shade, after which come bays and browns.—London Nature.

A Record Family of Farmers

The Thorpe farm at Ashton, Upthorpe, Berkshire, England, holds a unique record. Recently the will of the late Benjamin Slade was proved, and by it the fact was shown that Slade was a member of a family which had occupied that farm in unbroken succession since 1553.

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World's Largest Steamships

It is many years since there was the same amount of interest attached to the building of a new liner for transatlantic service as is shown in the two turbine-driven Cunarders which are now under construction, one at Swan & Hunter's yard on the Tyne, and the other at the John Brown Company's works, Clydesdale.

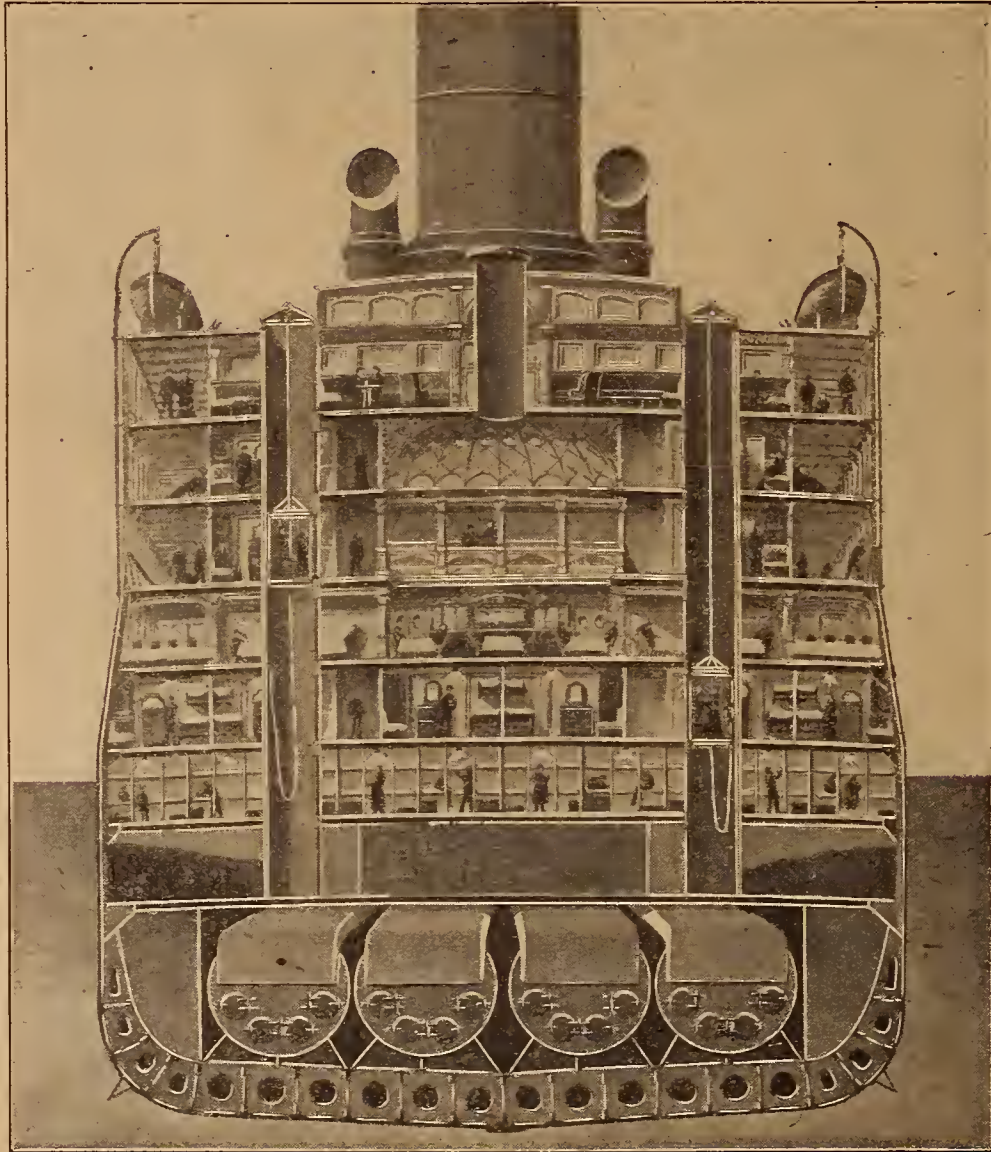
This interest is due to the extreme size, the high speed aimed at, and the novel character of the motive power. To find a parallel to the interest in these vessels we have to go back to the year 1889, when the Inman and International Company brought out the first twin-screw ships to be seen in the Atlantic service, the "City of New York" and "City of Paris." Furthermore, it is realized by the general public that these new Cunarders represent the determination of Great Britain to win back the Atlantic record, which was lost several years ago to the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," and which has subsequently been easily retained by those other fine German ships, the "Deutschland" and the "Kaiser Wilhelm II."

It is known that the new Cunarders are to be the largest ships ever built; but it is not generally realized how very much larger these ships are to be than any of the huge liners which now excite our wonder by their great proportions.

Comparing the Cunarders with the largest of the existing fast passenger ships, the "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," we find that she is longer by 94 feet than that vessel; that she has 7 1/2 feet more molded depth; that she has 16 feet more beam; that her designed horse-power is nearly twice as

of the largest size, to be placed four abreast, and still leave room for large coal bunkers in the wings. There are eight decks in all. First, the Orlop deck, just above the boiler rooms, on which, in this particular part of the ship, there will be space for carrying the regular ship's stores; the deck above, known as the lower deck, will be devoted largely to third-class passengers. A feature that will add considerably to the comfort of these passengers will be the subdivision of the space into separate staterooms. The waterline will be at the level of this deck, which will be lighted with portholes, and thus provide a large number of outside staterooms for the third-class passengers. The main deck will be given up to first-class staterooms. The upper deck, also, will be devoted to first-class accommodation, and on this deck will be the great dining saloon, which will extend the full width of the ship, providing a single room over 80 feet in width by 125 or more feet in length, and capable of seating over 500 people. In the center will be a large overhead well, which will extend through two decks and be crowned with a dome of cathedral glass. The fifth, or shelter deck, completes the molded portion of the vessel, and is 60 feet above the keel. The three decks above this, known as the bridge deck, promenade deck, and boat deck, are devoted to first-class passenger accommodation, and they have, on each side of the central tiers of staterooms, a broad promenade open to the weather.

How greatly these ships will exceed all others



SECTION THROUGH ONE OF THE GREAT 25-KNOT CUNARD LINERS

Length, 800 feet. Maximum Draft, 36 feet. Displacement, 43,000 tons. Speed, 30 miles per hour. These are the first transatlantic liners to adopt passenger elevators. Because of the great size of the ships, the average stateroom will be fifty per cent larger than in the existing fast passenger steamers

great; that her displacement is 13,000 tons more; and her sea speed will be 1 1/2 knots greater. Furthermore, in view of the fact that turbine engines invariably develop a horse-power greatly in excess of the contract, it is possible that on her trial she may make 26 knots an hour, or 2 1/2 knots more than the record-speed of the "Kaiser Wilhelm II."

It was not the original intention to make these vessels of such extreme proportions. They grew to the dimensions ultimately adopted, as the result of the elaborate studies that were made, both at the towing tank and at the designing board. The first tentative plan called for a vessel 700 feet in length. This grew to 720 feet and finally to the present over all length of 800 feet.

The drawing contains the first authentic information regarding their interior structure. The double bottom, which is the most important structural element in the hull, will be 5 feet 6 inches in depth between the outer and inner shells. Our sectional view is taken at about the midship section, and it passes through one of the boiler compartments. The great width of the ship enables the Scotch boilers, which will be

in the nature of the passenger accommodations is shown by the fact that the first-class staterooms are to be 50 per cent. larger than the customary size. The total height of the ship, from the keel to the boat deck, is about 90 feet, or the height of say an eight story building. In the presence of such dimensions, the problem of what might be called "vertical travel" becomes a serious one. On shore we have overcome it by the adoption of the elevator; and with the growth in size and steadiness of the giant passenger ships, the time has now come when the passenger elevator can be applied with perfect safety to these floating hotels. The Cunard Company was the first to incorporate the elevator in the plans for its new ships.

As regards the speed of the vessels, they must show an average of 24 1/2 knots an hour on actual voyages. Judging from the way in which the steam turbines in the British cruiser "Amethyst" ran ahead of the anticipated results, we shall not be surprised to see these vessels exceed an average speed of 25 miles an hour from port to port under favorable conditions.—Scientific American.

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Sunday Reading

A Prayer

HEAR thou my prayers, great God of opulence:
Give me no blessings, save as recompense
For blessings which I lovingly bestow
On needy stranger or on suffering foe.
If Wealth, by chance, should on my path appear,
Let Wisdom and Benevolence stand near,
And charity within my portal wait,
To guard me from acquaintance intimate.

Yet in this intricate great art of living
Guide me away from misdirected giving,
And show me how to spur the laggard soul
To strive alone once more to gain the goal.

Repay my worldly efforts to attain
Only as I develop heart and brain;
Nor brand me with the "Dollar Sign" above
A bosom void of sympathy and love.

If on the carrying winds my name be blown
To any land or time beyond my own,
Let it not be as one who gained the day
By crowding others from the chosen way;
Rather as one who missed the highest place
Pausing to cheer spent runners in the race.
To do—to have—is lesser than to BE:
The greater boon I ask, dear God, from Thee.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Language of the Smile

THE smile means "I am happy to see you," "to speak with you a moment," "to direct you on your way," "to lend you a book." It is not only the voluntary expression of all the agreeable sentiments and particularly tender sentiments like love and affection, but also a great many social acts.

No people has extended the meaning of the smile to so vast a degree and so generalized its expression as the Japanese. A Japanese can smile and smile into the jaws of death as in any other circumstances of his life; there is no bravado in his smile, no hypocrisy, nor any sickly resignation which we regard as an index of a certain feebleness of character; it is a law of etiquette elaborated and cultivated during a long period; it is a silent language. It is the smile of civilization and politeness which we know and whose origin is found in the reflexive smile of pleasure, but the Japanese go much further; they smile in their sadness, they smile in their suffering, and their expression in this instance may become slightly paradoxical.

Thus man has extended the smile, which nature has spontaneously produced as an indication of delight, into a mere expression of politeness, meaningless when it expresses nothing more, but of the utmost delicacy when it dissembles grief or confusion.

Between the natural smile, the simple reflex action and the voluntary smile there is a series of smiles, which may be termed automatic. The joys which bring to our lips spontaneous smiles are exceedingly rare, and the will is rarely absent from the polite smile which we distribute during a day; all our smiles have been conscious at a given moment of our existence, but habit early gains dominion over them. A man smiles in social life as he raises his hat; in by far the greatest majority of instances he is unaware that he smiled.

To the smiles of joy are bound by manifest parentage the smiles of love, of the tender sentiments and agreeable emotions; but the smiles of pleasure and the smiles of politeness are not the only smiles that are derived from them. There are smiles of mockery, there are smiles of disdain, there are smiles of defiance, there are smiles of bitterness, of resignation and of sadness.

The bitter smile corresponds physiologically to the association of the ordinary movements of the smile with the expression of the mouth and of the lips which provoke disagreeable tastes, particularly bitter tastes.

Generally the smile of scorn is complicated and associated with a certain number of motions which express disdain. The most ordinary manner of manifesting scorn consists in certain movements in the nasal region. All the motions are the same as those which provoke the perception of a disagreeable odor.

We thus have two distinct varieties of the smile, arising, the one from the simple expression of pleasure and the other from the laugh. The smile of pleasure can only express pleasure of a general state of joy, and cannot be associated, either naturally or artificially, with any sentiments save those of sincere or simulated joy. On the contrary, the smile of the laugh is rich in multiple meanings; from its origin it was charged with irony, disdain, pride and all the divers sentiments which are expressed by the laugh, and it has entered into combinations less frequent, perhaps, but more varied. While the smile of pleasure becomes a mere form at times the smile of the laugh remains ever filled with meaning. But the two sorts of smile are not so unlike but that they may be reduced to unity at least along their physiological conditions and their profound mechanism. Under whatever form the smile may appear it is first

and always a phenomenon of nervous excitation; it translates an augmentation of the excitation either in the periphery of the sensitive nerves or in their centers, and renders this augmentation under a motive form.—G. DUMAS.

Politeness

Good breeding is an accomplishment French people always acquire at home and in childhood; therefore their reputation for being the politest people in the world.

A Frenchman, his wife and a couple of children will observe all the most exquisite social amenities in the privacy of their own vine and fig tree, and the family life presents all the social advantages they require. A French boy of even the humblest parentage does not wait to go out in the world to learn how to offer a woman a chair, give an elderly gentleman his arm, invite you to dine, or discover the topics of conversation that engage your interest. He has lived from his babyhood in an atmosphere of family deference and cheerfully unselfish consideration, and he is charmingly polite by precept and example wherever he may find himself.

What Have We Done Today

WE shall do so much in the year to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"
—Woman's Life.

The Manly Man and the Method of His Making

One hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, does not make a man; a cranium packed with brains does make a man. The body, muscle and brain must act a man's part, do a man's work and think a man's thoughts and bear a man's weight of character and duty before they constitute a man.

You can put clothes on a statue and it appears to be a human being, but to be a man and appear to be are two very different things. Human beings grow; men are made. We have gentlemen loafers about—gas bags, air bubbles, which burst and are gone—masculine grasshoppers, good enough to dance attendance upon the butterflies of society—things that glow and die like autumnal insects—despised and forgotten.

There is plenty of room, work and welcome in the world for men and women of determined purpose. They bring premiums; but the dilettanti and the drones we can spare as cheerfully as the clergyman could his annoying admirer, who, carried away by his oratorical flights, often disconcerted him by her half-audible ejaculations: "Beautiful! Sublime!" And one day when she could not follow his soaring imagination she broke forth: "Oh, for another feather in the wing of my imagination that I, too, might soar into those heavenly heights!" The vexed pastor exclaimed: "Good Lord, give her that feather and let her go; she's a nuisance here!"

God made men and women for employment. Employment makes the man in a very great measure. It is not careful moral training, neither sound instruction nor good society that makes men. These are means, but back of these lies the molding influence of a man's life, and that is employment. A man's business makes him—it hardens his muscle, strengthens his body, quickens his blood, sharpens his mind, corrects his judgment, wakes up his inventive genius, puts his wits to work, arouses ambition, makes him feel that he is a man, and must show himself a man by taking a man's part in life.—DR. MADISON C. PETERS.

Compensation

As gleams of sunshine oft illumine
A dark and cloudy day,
As fairest flowers are wont to bloom
Along the loneliest way,
So one sweet boon the heart may grace
Amid a world of care;
For love's white rose will still find place
To bud and blossom there.
EUGENE C. DOLSON.

NATURE'S ESSENCE

Extracted from the Roots of Native, Forest Plants.
Go Straight Back to Nature for Your Health.
There is Your Strength.

Consider your body as an engine which supplies you with all activity of mind and body. Keep the machinery well oiled and it runs smoothly. It does not groan in doing its work. But let the stomach, which is the fire-box to the human engine, get "out of kilter" and we soon meet with disaster. The products of undigested and decomposing food is *poison* to the system.



We do not live on what we eat but on what we digest, assimilate, and take up in the blood. The blood in turn feeds the nerves, the heart, and the whole system, and all goes well with us if the blood be kept pure and rich. If not, then the liver, which is the human filter within us, gets clogged up and poisons accumulate in the body from over-eating, over-drinking, or hurriedly doing both. The *smash-up* occurs when the blood is poisoned by the stomach and liver being unable to take care of the *over-load*! The red flag of danger is thrown out in the shape of eruptions on the skin, or in nervousness and sleeplessness, the sufferer becoming blue, despondent and irritable, because the nerves lack nourishment and are starved.

Nature's laws are perfect if only we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to Nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries there, some of which we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the Wild-cherry tree, with Mandrake root, Stone root, Queen's root, Bloodroot and Golden Seal root, make a scientific, Glyceric extract of them, with just the right proportions, and you have *Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery*.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists and pharmacists, many months of hard work experimenting to perfect this vegetable alterative and tonic extract of the greatest efficiency. To make rich, red blood, to properly nourish the nerves and the whole body, and cure that lassitude and feeling of weakness and nerve exhaustion, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It bears THE BADGE OF HONESTY upon every bottle in the full list of its ingredients, printed in plain English, and it has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic. The refreshing influence of this

extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the invigorating tonic which gives life to it and the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated in the system.

The "Discovery" cures all skin affections, blotches, pimples, eruptions and boils; heals old sores, or ulcers, "white swellings," scrofulous affections and kindred ailments.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, pneumonia or a long siege of fever or other prostrating disease. No matter how strong the constitution, our stomach and liver are apt to be "out of kilter" occasionally. In consequence our blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood.

It is a trite saying that no man is stronger than his stomach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body and thus cures both liver and kidney troubles. If you take this natural blood purifier and tonic, you will assist your system in manufacturing each day a pint of rich, red blood, that is invigorating to the brain and nerves. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people suffer from, is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin and the feelings "blue." Dr. Pierce's "Discovery" cures all blood humors as well as being a tonic that makes one vigorous, strong and forceful. It is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that contains neither alcohol nor harmful drugs, and the only one, every ingredient of which has the professional endorsement of the leading medical writers of this country. Some of these endorsements are published in a little book of extracts from standard medical works and will be sent to any address free, on receipt of request therefor by letter or postal card, addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. It tells just what Dr. Pierce's medicines are made of.

The "Words of Praise" for the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, by leaders in all the several schools of medical practice, and recommending them for the cure of the diseases for which the "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised, should have far more weight with the sick and afflicted than any amount of the so-called "testimonials" so conspicuously flaunted before the public by those who are afraid to let the ingredients of which their medicines are composed be known. Bear in mind that the "Golden Medical Discovery" has THE BADGE OF HONESTY on every bottle wrapper, in a full list of its ingredients.

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Correct Styles for Many Occasions

By Grace Margaret Gould

Illustrations by Mary Ponton Gardner

Smart November Fashions

THE women who are anxious to know what's what in fashions for November and the months to come should carefully study the illustrations on this page. They will discover that in the costumes for best wear the elbow length sleeve continues to be fashionable, even if the summer days are gone. They will see that fancy cuffs are also emphasized in the new fashions, and that collars and shoulder effects are receiving much attention. Many of the newest cloth costumes are made with a velvet shawl collar, and, strange to say, exquisite velvet costumes have oftentimes the shawl collar and cuffs of cloth. Sometimes the cloth is embroidered or it shows a cut-out design, or it is perfectly plain. Double and triple collars are extremely good style.

Another point to be especially noted is that all the sleeves have a generous amount of fullness at the top of the arm hole. The sleeves in coat No. 640 cleverly illustrate the sleeve fashion trend of today. It is a full sleeve to begin with, but is carefully fitted with narrow, stitched-down box plaits at the wrist. At the shoulder the fullness is arranged in French gathers.

In skirts the women who want to know will observe at a glance that much of the style effect of a costume depends this season on the length and the lines of the skirt. The universal vogue of the all around short skirt is waning. The length of the skirt is determined entirely according to the occasion on which it will be worn. For the morning constitutional and shopping, the short skirt is advocated, but for afternoon, calling and church wear, never. The newest skirts for these occasions must trail to be modish. They must dip in the front and at the sides, and be gracefully long at the back. Long trains are again fashionable for full dress evening wear. A variety of panel fronts are used in the new skirts. Sometimes the front gore is plain, and then again it is plaited. The tendency is to have the skirts fit smoothly over the hips, unless in the case of a very slight figure, when a little fullness is introduced at the side gores. All the skirts are full at the bottom.

The smooth surfaced materials are those best liked this season. Broad cloth, Henrietta cloth and drap d'été are especially fashionable for every day wear. Manish effects in the suitings are good style. Velveteen is high in favor, and, of course, chiffon velvet, when one can afford it.

All the shades of gray, from London fog and Maltese to the palest of pearl grey, are very much to the fore. A deep shade of purple known as orchid is in favor, and the amethyst and petunia shades continue to grow more and more popular. Reseda green is also the vogue, and very many rich shades of red along the claret tints will be worn all through the winter.

Gold is extremely fashionable as a combination color, and silver is also introduced in this same way. Banana yellow is another shade which will be much seen in the trimmings of the new frocks. Lace continues to be a fashionable trimming, but this year it is more frequently beaded, spangled, or embroidered with chenille threads than used plain. The heavy laces like Irish crochet and point Venice are in demand.

No. 635—Waist with Fancy Yoke

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, one and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material, or two and one-half yards of thirty-inch material, with one yard of all-over lace, three-eighths of a yard of velvet and one yard of chiffon, forty-four inches wide, for trimming.

No. 636—Full Skirt with Panel Front

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, 43 inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inches waist, five yards of forty-four-inch material, or nine yards of thirty-inch material.

No. 637—Eton with Shawl Collar

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, one and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material, with five-eighths of a yard of velvet and five-eighths of a yard of lace for collar and cuffs.

No. 638—Skirt with Plaited Front Gore

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-one inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, 26 inches waist, four and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material, or eight yards of thirty-inch material.

No. 639—Circular Evening Cape

Pattern cut for 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measures (small, medium and large). Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inch bust, three yards of fifty-four-inch material, or four yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one-half yard of silk to line the hood. This charming little cape for evening wear will be most attractive, made of satin panne broadcloth, lined with silk in a lighter shade. If the pastel colors are too perishable, claret broadcloth or tan color may be used.

No. 640—Fancy Coat with Triple Collar

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, two and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material, with one and one-half yards of silk for collars, girdle and revers.

No. 641—Side Plaited Skirt

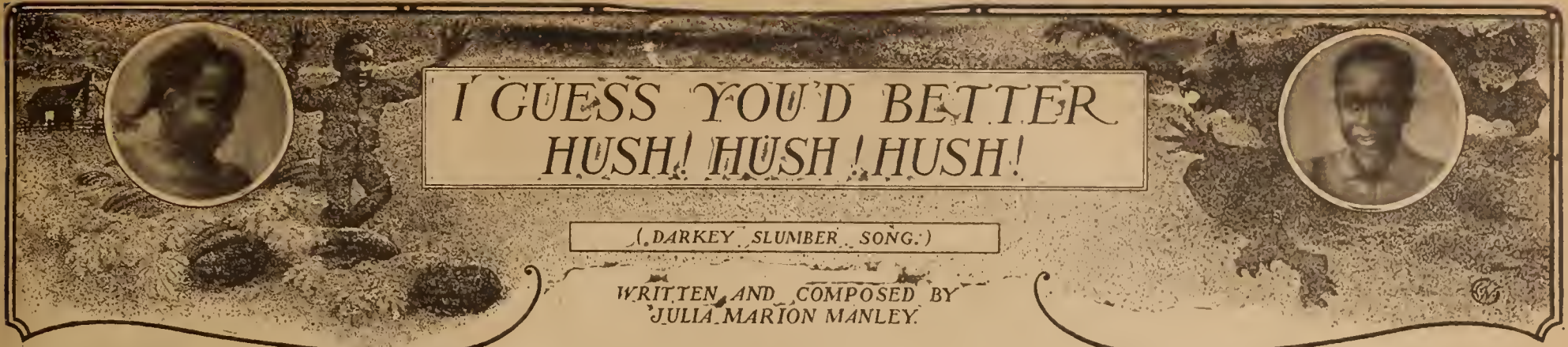
Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-one inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, twenty-six inches waist, five yards of forty-four-inch material, or nine yards of thirty-inch material.

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I GUESS YOU'D BETTER HUSH! HUSH! HUSH!

(, DARKEY SLUMBER SONG.)

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY JULIA MARION MANLEY.



Moderato. (Till ready.)

INTRO.

1. When the hoot owls am a-cry-in', and the bats they am a-fly-in', There's a great big gob-lin trav-els 'round..... Watch-in' am;..... Ev-'ry

2. Far a-way he'll sure-ly take yer, and to pun-ish you he'll make yer Just as white as an-y white folks

out for col-ored chillen who's been stealin' wa-ter-millen, And from mammy af-ter dark is found..... If you's good he'll never get yer, but day you'll get a lick-in', and you'll nev-er taste no chicken, Like your mammy al-ways gives her lamb..... If you ran away he'd catch yer, then he'd

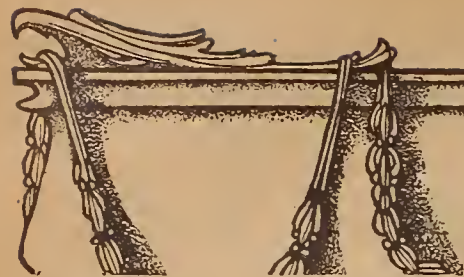
if you's bad I bet yer That sometime when you is act-in' black,..... Mis-ter Gob-e-lin 'll grab yer, in his great big bag he'll nab yer, And you beat and bite and scratch yer, Till you'd wish that you were dead, that's true;..... So you best be good, my baby, if you don't, I'll call him, maybe, 'Cause I

CHORUS.

nev-er, nev-er can come back. So I guess you'd bet-ter hush! hush! hush! my honey! 'Cause I know he's hid-ing way out knows he's watchin' out for you.

yon-der in the brush. If he sees you do-ing wrong, He'll take you right a-long, So I guess you'd bet-ter hush! hush! hush! hush!

G. W. Darrington Music Pro. 35 Franklin St. N. Y.



A Comedy in One Act

Wherein the Third Party is Accounted Dispensable

By IDA LUCELIA BROOKS



Characters:

PHILIP RIDEOUT, a young collegian, engaged in agricultural pursuits, and incidentally in love.

OLD SOL WILKINSON, a countryman.

AMANDA WILKINSON, his daughter.

SCENE—Secluded spot in forest—Moonlight—Time, 8:15 P. M.—A pleasant summer evening.

Enter old Sol Wilkinson, cautiously peering about.

Old Sol—Ain't here yet! 'Lowed that young cub 'ud be layin' round anxious like. Left Mandy wrestlin' wi' the pots and kittles. But 'twon't take her long to git here. All primmed up 'fore supper. Reckon she won't show no perspiration when she gits in sight o' Phil, though. (Chuckles) She's a smart one, but she ain't any smarter'n her pop. Been watchin' her close when she thought I's seein' nuthin' but corn-cob vapors. Ole men ain't allus blind. Never let a chance go by to say a good word 'bout that boy. Shouldn't wonder that's the reason she's kept him danglin' so long. Good thing for me her ma's dad warn't partic'lar struck wi' me. That circumstance made the gal just a leetle less 'verse 'n ever to havin' me, I'm thinkin'. Contrariment, yer name is gals. The Bible says suthin' like that. (Walks leisurely around) Must be the place. "Burned out stump nigh onter the clearin' by Sandy's pasture, at a half-past eight o'clock." And Mandy says, "All right, if the moon ben't too bright," and I'll warrant she don't think it is. Heard 'em myself—came nigh to bustin'. (Holds sides and shakes) I'll wait round and see the thing through with. Perhaps I can be of some use to the young feller. Hain't heard the like since I popped it myself to Mandy's ma. Never thought I'd be sentimental, but it's easy. When the time come, I just says, "Be mighty nice thing for you if you could be my wife, wouldn't it?" All there was to it. Like to give Phil a few pointers, but he's sort of sensitive. (Pulls out pipe, looks at it lovingly, shakes head) Daren't. (Takes up position behind large tree.)

Enter Philip Rideout, heated with hard walking.

Phil (after unsuccessful survey)—Fool to expect her. (Consults watch) Caesar! Five minutes to the good. I must have sprinted some.

Enter Amanda, unobserved and on tiptoe, carrying buttercups.

Phil—Well, perhaps I may as well go to meet her. Be hanged if she isn't a witch. I no sooner think I have her serious and can at last speak to her than I find her eyes twinkling to beat the band. Bless her!—But if she doesn't let me propose to-night, I swear I shall not try it again. I've made an ass of myself long enough. Thank goodness, I'm two hundred and fifty miles from home, so they can't twit me about it, anyway. (Exit.)

Amanda, alone.

Amanda (Laughs softly)—Poor, dear Phil! While he's gone to meet me I'll rest here. (Seats herself on the ground) He'll be back presently. Did a little sprinting myself. (Arranges some of the buttercups in her hair—takes out pocket mirror—surveys herself with apparent satisfaction and returns mirror to pocket) Phil likes 'em there. (Tosses the flowers about absently in her lap) I should like to help him out, but somehow I feel prodigiously inclined to tease. Well, if he isn't capable of making me listen to his proposal he doesn't deserve to have me, that's all. (Pouts) But I guess I'd better be careful. Wonder if he really means that this is my last chance? (He didn't put it that way exactly) I shouldn't absolutely object to marrying him, come to think of it, some time when he can make enough money to support me. If I were in his boots, I wonder if I'd get so upset about proposing to a simple little country girl? There's no doubt that he's in earnest. Oh! we'll pull through all right—but I rather think I'll have to help him out. Here he comes back again—sadly. (Melodramatically) For she whom he had thought to meet has failed him utterly. Guess I'll make him look for me. (Glides into the shadow of a tree.)

Enter Phil, dejectedly.

Phil (Glances about)—I can't stand this any longer. I'm the laughing-stock of the whole place. My work here is just about completed now. I'll get out at the end of the week, and perhaps with a couple of hundred miles between us I can succeed in forgetting her. (Starts to walk away, but is attracted by a slight rustling. Turning, discovers Amanda.)

Amanda (Picking herself up)—Oh, Phil! what kept you so long? I believe I must have been dozing. I've been waiting such a great while.

Phil (seriously)—I'm sorry, Amanda, I—

Amanda—That's all right. I went to the Sather's party last night with George Darby, you know (wickedly), and so I feel a little drowsy. That was all.

Phil (abstractedly, but with slight scowl)—Yes, yes—I merely wanted to—

Amanda—You wanted to tell me something, you said. (Anxiously) What is the matter, Phil? You seem so serious. Has your father stopped sending your allowance? (Binocular twinkle.)

Phil—No. (Profound pause) Amanda, am I never to get you to listen to me?

Amanda—Why, I'm perfectly willing to listen. But why don't you tell me what it is? I'm so interested and I can't guess. Suppose we sit down here.

(They seat themselves.)

Phil—I have a friend who is in trouble and I wanted to ask your advice.

Amanda (aside)—Same old story. (Aloud) How nice of you to come to me for advice! Now what sort of trouble is he in?

Phil—It is an affair of the heart and—

Amanda—Oh! well, then nothing can be done for him. That sort of thing can only be settled by one's self.

Phil—But you don't understand the circumstances. The poor fellow is bashful and the girl is a tease. She never gives him half a chance.

(Old Sol, forgetting necessity for caution, comes from behind tree into full view, filling pipe.)

Amanda—Does he suppose the girl is going to give him a chance? Why doesn't he take it? You just tell him to use main force if necessary and have the thing done with.

Phil—He's been trying for the last three months.

Amanda (scornfully)—Trying! Well, let him try it a month longer, and then if he hasn't summoned up courage for the dread ordeal, let him betake himself and leave the girl in peace.

Phil—He's sure the girl feels some attachment for him, but—

Amanda—So much the better. If she's in love with him, she's aching for a proposal, of course; but, being the kind of girl she is, she'd lose her mittens rather than help him out.

Phil (reflectively)—So that's the way you size it up? He's to use main force if necessary. (Puts arm around her.)

Amanda (looking up inquiringly)—I suppose this is only by way of illustration?

Phil—Exactly. And then, you know, it is best to be experienced in a matter upon which one gives advice to another.

Amanda (drawing away)—Perhaps you wish to insinuate that I lack experience.

Phil—Not at all. I had reference to myself. I don't doubt that you've had any amount of it.

Amanda (falling back into position)—Not such a very great deal; but some.

Phil (aside)—The thing is easy. (Aloud) Just enough to enjoy more of the same sort, perhaps.

Amanda—Or a better. (Cuddles almost imperceptibly.)

(Old Sol, gazing intently upon couple, pulls out match box—pipe filled and hanging from corner of mouth.)

Amanda (looking around dubiously)—I believe you're squeezing me. It feels like it.

Phil (solicitously)—You don't object particularly?

Amanda—No, considering that it is getting cold; but I shouldn't like it under any other circumstances.

Phil—Of course not.

Amanda—Did you want advice on any other subject?

Phil—I think not.

Amanda—I can't see what you had me come way out here for, if that was all you had to say.

Phil—I will make that point clear to you. I had two objects in view. The first was to solicit your attention with regard to another little matter—upon which I have not as yet touched—even if it were necessary to use main force, as you say. The second was to sit here a little while with you in the moonlight, where no one would be watching us, with my arm round your waist—this way.

Amanda (trying not very hard to free herself, and not succeeding)—That was very horrid of you and I must go home immediately. Please remove your arm.

Phil (without obeying)—I told you of my friend's affair because it has a direct bearing on the other matter.

Amanda—You do not intend doing as I desire?

Phil—With regard to my arm here? No, not until we get through talking. I think it's more comfortable for us both this way. (Draws her closer) Don't you?

Amanda—Perhaps so. But (whispering) do you—?

(Old Sol, beaming with satisfaction, draws a match across his trousers.)

Amanda (jumping up)—What's that?

(Old Sol discovered. Awful silence, during which match goes out before the unutterable scorn of Amanda.)

Old Sol (looking sheepish and crestfallen)—Shucks!

Amanda—Dad! How dare you come spying on me? (Goes toward him) You go straight home and go to bed. I'll never forgive you.

Old Sol—There, there, Mandy! I didn't mean no harm. I—I—thought Phil might need some assistance—you be so contrary—but I guess things is runnin' long smooth 'nough now.

Amanda (to Sol, whispering)—You'd no right to come here. Don't you see? He was just going to propose and now you've upset everything. You go along. (Pushes him off, headed for home.)

(Exit old Sol.)

Phil—Why so unkind to your father, Amanda?

Amanda—I don't like to be spied upon.

Phil—It isn't pleasant, but still when one is acting properly there's no harm done.

Amanda—I was acting properly enough, but you had your arm about me.

Phil—That was necessary on account of the cold, you know.

Amanda—Still, another person might not understand that.

Phil—No doubt your father understood. He seemed to have no objections to offer. I don't imagine there are many more people around. Suppose we resume our conversation.

Amanda—I'll give you just a few minutes, for I must be going.

(They reseat themselves.)

Phil—You might have gone with your father. Didn't you think about that?

Reënter old Sol, in rear, tiptoeing stealthily.)

Amanda (Adjusting herself to the curve of Phil's arm and cuddling quite perceptibly)—No. Now tell me about that "other matter."

Old Sol (aside)—Can't see as I upst things any.

Phil—I don't believe I'll have to tell you, because it's my private opinion that you have known about it all along.

Amanda—How can I tell whether I have or not? It would be considerably more satisfactory to be quite sure.

Phil—It might be better to consult your father about it first.

Amanda—He's way down the road now, and anyhow I don't see any use in involving a third party.

Phil—There's really none at all. (Whispers.)

Amanda (Smiling contentedly)—Oh! (Whispers.)

Old Sol (still unobserved, standing behind couple with hands raised in benediction)—May the Lord look down in pity on them as takes up holdin's on matreemorial territory!

(Curtain.)



THE FINDING OF THE RED EAR BRINGS BACK TO MEMORY THE DAYS OF THE OLD HUSKING BEE.

Prehistoric Cemetery

A REPORT was made to the Ethnological Department at Washington recently of the discovery at Webber's Falls, on the Arkansas River, in Indian Territory, of the largest prehistoric burial ground found thus far on the American continent. Webber's Falls is located on the river, about twenty-five miles south and east of the old army post at Ft. Gibson. The burial ground is more than two miles in length and contains the bodies of many thousand people, presumably the remains of mound builders, and for this reason the discovery is considered all the more important in that it may lead to something definite regarding that prehistoric people.

A few weeks ago D. A. McCorkle, an educated Indian of the Creek tribe, made discoveries on his farm, and informed the editor of the Ft. Gibson Post regarding them. This led to an investigation, which revealed the fact that this burial ground extends for more than two miles along the river, parallel with the river, the graves being in regular order, about four feet apart, corresponding with points of the compass. The dead people were buried facing the east, all in the same posture or position. With each was found an earthen bowl, in every instance being held in the bend of the right arm. In most cases the bones and bowls crumbled when exposed to the air for a short time, but some were in a fair state of preservation.

In no instance, save one, was any implement of war found, and that was a spearhead about nine inches long, in the grave of a man apparently about seven feet tall, while the other figures were below the average height of the American people of to-day.

According to Prof. Edwards, a prominent archeologist, who visited the territory to investigate a discovery at Redland, other graves in this locality were those of people who died twenty thousand years ago. The discovery at Redland was that of an immense battlefield, where Prof. Edwards claimed occurred the greatest battle ever fought on American soil. He expressed his belief that the battle took place twenty thousand years ago, thousands of men being killed. Redland is about twenty-five miles lower down the river from the burial ground recently discovered at Webber's Falls.

Prof. Edwards made a statement at that time that the geological history of the American continent possibly dated back about two hundred million years, in which there were seventeen periods, during each of which the face of the continent was changed.

The discovery made at Webber's Falls is to be subjected to a more thorough and searching investigation.—Guthrie (Ok. T.) Cor. New York World.

Cats That Go to Church

PHILADELPHIA lays claim to two remarkable cats, remarkable in that they are regular church goers. The cats are owned by a family named Torpey, living opposite Hunting Park, on Old York Road.

The "Telegraph" tells the story of how as regularly as Sunday morning arrives the pair of felines may be seen following the Torpeys to St. Stephen's Church, Broad and Butler streets. No matter what the weather or transpirings on back fences, the two pious cats brave probable attacks by impious mongrels and set an example that many humans would do well to follow. Neighbors will attest to the truthfulness of the statement that the churchgoing felines spend the very early morning hours of Sunday in licking themselves into that state of cleanliness which is said to be secondary only to godliness. Their fur is glossy, their paws immaculate, and not a whisker is out of place.

Arrived at the church, the cats content themselves with peering in at the door. They are seemingly content to delegate the praying to their owners. Then they slip into the vestibule of the priests' house adjoining, curl up and doze until church is out, when they follow the Torpeys home and live normal cat lives until another Sunday.

Three Thousand Love Letters

A COUPLE that was recently wedded in Constance, Switzerland, seems to be a prize winner in the number of years of courtship and number of love letters exchanged. Hertzfeld, the bridegroom, when a young man told his sweetheart that he was going away and would return to marry her when he had £20,000. He kept his word to the letter, and both remained true to their vows. They courted forty-five years, and exchanged three thousand love letters and four dozen photographs.

An Orchestra in His Throat

OUT in southeast Seattle, where Franklin John Cator lives, he is known as "the man with the tuneful tonsils." Something like the good old lady who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, Cator has violins and clarinets and things like that in his throat, and—he always has music, wherever he goes.

Cator's ventriloquial gift, or affliction, whichever it is, has always been with him—that is, since he began to talk. Cator himself says it's an affliction. It once cost him his job, and, in his kid period, it nearly drove his parents to insanity. In the days of his youth it was his happy habit to send dear old father down into the back yard at midnight to look for noisy cats that were not there, or drive his mother frantic with unearthly wails for help from the cellar.

Cator is a born ventriloquist, and in the thirty-odd years of his life he has developed his natural powers to a truly wonderful extent. Not only does he throw his voice to any point within earshot, but, with his lips tightly closed, he imitates with marvellous accuracy the tones of the violin, the blare of the cornet, the shrill pipe of the clarinet, the boom of the bass horn and the tones of a half dozen other musical instruments. And, as with ordinary speech, he has the power to project these sounds where he will, losing none of their harmony or accuracy. A "band in his throat"—that's what the doctors and throat specialists call it, and they have told Cator that such an extraordinary arrangement of the vocal cords as his is rare indeed.

"It cost me my job once, and I tried to quit," said Mr. Cator a day or so ago. "I was a motorman in the employ of the 'Little Con' in Cleveland, and one night I was bowling along under a slow bell when the car hit something in the track and came to a stop. Just for fun I dropped my voice under the car. 'Take that car off my neck; you'll kill me,' came from the wheels, and an old lady I hadn't noticed let out a real shriek and fainted dead away. The boys got to talking about it, and in a few days the 'super' got hold of the story. He called me in, to the front office and told me I was too good to be working for the company and he was going to give me a chance to get away and look for work with a sideshow. He gave it to me all right."

"When I came out here I got a job on the cable cars, but I never put any more unfortunates under the wheels. Instead, I used to make the wheels squeak. 'You got a hot box down there,' a passenger said to me one night,

Signs of the Times

and then I made the wheel play 'Dixie' for him, and he tumbled. "Carpentering is good enough for me now," ended Cator, and then from somewhere up in the air came, "Hey, you, don't you ever do any work?" and Mr. Cator picked up his saw. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

the hawk, balled, dropped on the main mast. Both birds remained in their places all afternoon. The presence of the passengers seemed to deter the hawk from falling on his prey. Both birds were still upon the masts when night fell, but in the morning both were gone.

Bears Hold Up Trolley Car

AN early morning electric car from Woodland, a suburb of Duluth, was held up by a big bear and her cubs recently and the passengers of the car experienced a rare sensation. No one on the car was inclined at first to expostulate with Mrs. Bruin, but at last, as she evinced no dangerous tendencies, two or three of the bravest approached. The bear was annoyed by their attentions and moved majestically away.

Cat Adopts Queer Babies

EVEN the Maine felines are becoming imbued with the idea of raising Rooseveltian families. A handsome brown cat, owned by Norris Smart of this place, was evidently not entirely satisfied with her fat cunning little trio of coon kitties, for only a few days ago the mother cat went out working in the interests of her family. In a short time she returned with a mouse-colored bunch of fur in her mouth, and carefully placed it in the box with the kittens. The owner of the coon cat supposed it to be only a mouse added to the feline lair.

But very soon, as the old cat returned from a second expedition, with a similar mouthful, which was as carefully placed in the box, the owner felt curiosity, and examined the results of the hunt. Both mouthfuls of gray fur proved to be young gray squirrels. They are thriving well, for they share the "full dinner pail," the family rations with the kittens, and the mother appears to think as much of them as of her own. —Westminster (Maine) Cor. New York World.

Eyes Drop Out but Sight Remains

AN unusual and very remarkable case has been brought before the Berlin (Germany) Medical Association—that of a Berlin man who recently awoke in terrible pain and found his left eye on the pillow. With the assistance of his family he put it back, but has to hold his head erect while on the street for fear it will drop out again. The right eye fell out soon after the first acquired the falling trick, and now the poor fellow fears that some time he will literally lose his eyes. His sight is as good as it ever was.

Men Strike for Animals

NEAR Terre Haute, Ind., one hundred and twenty-five miners struck because, as they said, the mine mule didn't have enough to eat. The manager of the mine promised that hereafter the animal should have three square meals a day and the men returned to work.

Hawk Hunts Three Hundred Miles at Sea

THE flight of a hawk in quest of a golden plover gave the passengers of the steamship "Minneapolis," which arrived at New York recently, a novel sight while the vessel was three hundred miles off Sandy Hook.

The attention of the passengers was first attracted by two small specks on the horizon. Straight as an arrow the two birds flew for the ship, only a few yards separating pursued and pursuer. The plover alighted on the foremast of the "Minneapolis" near the crow's nest, and

Child with Tack Hammer Blows Up Factory

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy with a hammer amid the loose powder in a fireworks factory on Bomb Hill, Meeker avenue, Greenpoint, N. Y., a few days ago, succeeded in rocking the neighborhood with an explosion that killed one, mortally injured four and sent three others to hospitals.

The six-year-old was blown out of the flimsy building and rolled down a grassy hillside, with naught to mark his participation in the tragedy except a soiled collar and an unsatisfied desire to find "Punk," his dog. "Punk" had been blown to bits.

Gorillas Seven Feet Tall

A RACE of giant gorillas is said to exist in Algiers. The discovery was made by M. Engene Brusseau, a French official and explorer who recently returned from Africa. The gorillas are about seven feet six inches tall, four feet cross the shoulders, and one of them, which the explorer killed after a thrilling encounter, weighed seven hundred and twenty pounds. One of its hands weighed six pounds. The explorer has many photographs of the animals in their wild state.

Accused of Witchcraft

ACCUSED of bewitching a neighbor by means of nine needles and pins and of causing an infant's death by the same sorcery, Mrs. John Tice was arraigned in the Quarter Sessions Court at Lebanon, Pa., recently. The formal charge against her was witchcraft.

After recovering from his astonishment at the weird nature of the accusation, Judge Ehrgood dismissed the charge. He recommended that the costs should be placed on the alderman who returned the case to court.

Longest Bridge in the World

THE longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge, near Saugong, China. It extends five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow sea, and it is supported by three hundred huge stone arches. The roadway is seven feet above the water, and is inclosed in an iron network.

Eagle's Battle with Two Young Boys

MADE desperate by hunger, a bald eagle measuring five feet six inches from tip to tip swooped down and attempted to carry off the pet dog of the Bitters brothers, near Vailsburg, N. J., a few days ago and was killed by them.

The eagle miscalculated the activity of the dog, which yelped and jumped to one side. The eagle made another dash at the dog, its talons extended, but missed, and struck the ground.

Edwin, the younger of the two seized the big bird by the neck and held on. The eagle fought desperately, tearing the boy's shirt waist and trousers into ribbons and badly lacerating his flesh with its powerful claws.

When Edwin shouted that he could hold on no longer, Felix, who was carrying a baseball bat, struck the eagle on the head, stunning it. Before it could recover Edwin and Felix had killed it with blows from the baseball bat and a stone. The terrier also joined in at the finish.

Children Who are Never Kissed

IT is always a surprise to people to learn that there are millions of human beings who do not know what it is to kiss—Japanese, Chinese, many Africans, Malays, Burmese, many Eskimaux and the native races of North America, says the "Pittsburg Press." One reason for this absence of kissing among the Japanese is that the women and girls have always used pigments to redden their lips, making kissing anything but attractive. A mother will bid good-bye to a young son who is going to Europe for years to be educated without an embrace of any kind. When children wish to greet a playmate they bow low, with their hands resting on their thighs and sliding them down to the knees as they utter their greetings. If the meeting takes place indoors the children kneel down upon the mats and bow until their faces touch the floor.

Chinese children clasp their hands in front of their breasts, then raise them to their faces and, inclining their heads, inquire if the others "have eaten rice." Grown people kneel and bump their heads in the ceremonial "kow-tow." —National Daily Review.

Slayer of Custer is Dead

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, one of the leading chiefs of the Custer massacre, who is said to have killed Gen. Custer, died at the Standing Rock reservation, South Dakota, Sept. 12. He was sixty-two years old.

Rain-in-the-Face was a pure blooded Sioux, and prided himself on his ancestry. While he was one of the most savage fighting generals Sitting Bull ever had in his campaigns, he never entertained much respect for the old chief, always contending, as did many others, that the Bull had a "yellow streak."

As trouble-maker, horse thief and Indian who would kill on the slightest provocation Rain-in-the-Face was widely known in the West. In 1875 he was arrested by Tom Custer, a brother of the famous general, and taken to the prison at Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri. The charge against him was murder. After being imprisoned about three months he escaped and joined Sitting Bull on the Rosebud and Big Horn Rivers, but he left behind him the threat for Tom Custer and the whole Custer family: "I will kill you all."

Fourteen months after the escape of Rain-in-the-face the Custers, with the Seventh Cavalry, and Reno and Benton, subordinate officers of the command, rode down the Yellowstone on the trail of Sitting Bull and his warriors. They found them in a valley of the Big Horn, and the Custer massacre, inspired by Rain-in-the-face and sustained by aboriginal hatred of the whites, followed, on June 25, 1876.

Rain-in-the-Face led the final charge on the little knoll where the Seventh Cavalry would not surrender.

Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull said Rain-in-the-face killed Gen. Custer with a rifle bullet and scalped Tom Custer.

Inventor of the Frankfurter

THE little sausage known as "frankfurter" and "wiener" was, according to the "Wiener Neue Freie Presse," offered for sale for the first time in 1805, and the centennial was observed in Vienna by the Butchers' Guild. The inventor of the sausage was Johann Lahner, who named it for his birthplace, Frankfurt. The business founded one hundred years ago by a poor man has yielded a fortune to its various heads. It has always remained in the same family, and is now conducted in Vienna by Franz Lahner, a grandnephew of the original Frankfurter sausage man.

The Mikado's Income

ONE million five hundred thousand dollars is the yearly allowance of the Japanese Emperor, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family. Besides, he has the yearly income of five hundred thousand dollars from the interest on the ten million dollars which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from his private estates, which amount to five million dollars more; of five hundred thousand dollars from the forests, covering an area of five million one hundred and twenty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-three acres and valued at five hundred and twelve million four hundred and eighty-seven thousand three hundred dollars, at one hundred dollars an acre; in all one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Thus his yearly net income amounts to two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are in all sixty members in and four widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth.

American Navy's Great Growth

THE United States is not building as many warships as Great Britain had on the stocks last year, but in tonnage the British ships were but little more than a third as large as those that slid down American ways to the music of crashing champagne bottles.

Great Britain launched thirty-seven ships. America launched only nineteen. But the average displacement of each of those nineteen American ships was eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-four, practically nine thousand tons. A nine thousand-ton ship is away ahead of the Olympia, the flagship of Dewey's squadron in Manila Bay. It is more than three times the tonnage of all the ships under the command of Commodore Perry when he won the victory on Lake Erie, eighty-two years ago and furnished a world's record, not equalled since then, of a whole squadron of the British Navy falling into the hands of the enemy. The tonnage of all his ships amounted to about two thousand five hundred.

Although France launched only nine ships, they were all large compared with Great Britain, and even in comparison with Germany. They averaged four thousand eight hundred and forty-four, just a shade smaller than Dewey's good old craft, which has now been set back among the second-raters, and pretty far down on the list at that.

Italy brought up the end of the procession in the number of ships launched, she sending only eight of them down the ways, each with an average tonnage of three thousand five hundred and eighty-three.

In merchant tonnage the nations ranked as follows: Great Britain, United States, Germany, France and Italy, Great Britain being equal to all the others in tonnage and number.

Texas Has Diamond Field

THERE is much excitement in the section north of Fairfield, Texas, over the reported discovery of diamonds. The stones were found in a blue slate soil while digging a well. They are pronounced to be genuine diamonds by local jewelers. They have been sent to an expert diamond merchant to be passed upon. The deposit in which the diamonds were found is said to be of the same character as that of the diamond fields of South Africa.



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UNCLE SAM'S BEST SUMMER GIRLS

A Tilt of Wits

IN CONNECTION with lawyers trying to confuse experts in the witness box in murder trials, a case is recalled by the "Kansas City Independent" where a lawyer looked quizzically at the doctor, who was testifying, and said:

"Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?"

"The same as lawyers," was the reply.

"But doctors' mistakes are buried six feet underground," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyer's mistakes sometimes swing in the air."

His Reason

ONE of the witnesses called in a Chicago divorce case last year was a highly respected clergyman in the Windy City. According to one of the counsel in the case the following conversation took place between the judge and the minister. Said his Honor:

"Dr. Blank, if you were on the bench in my stead, and were acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?"

"Assuredly I would, your Honor," replied the clergyman, without the least hesitation.

"But," said the judge, "how do you reconcile this assertion with the injunction of Scripture, 'Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder?'"

"Your Honor," responded the minister, with convincing gravity, "I am quite satisfied that the Almighty never joined this couple."—Harper's Weekly.

When a Lie is Popularly Considered Excusable (?)

When a woman asks you how old you think she is.

When a man asks you if you "have a ten to spare."

When the car conductor asks you if you have paid your fare.

When you are asked if you mailed a letter which was given to you to mail.

When you are asked if you received a letter which contained a "dun."

When wifey asks you what time you arrived home—if she was not sitting up for you.

When you are asked if you have read a popular hook you tried to and could not.

When an author asks you what you think of his work.

When an editor asks your opinion of his magazine.

When the family inquire what you have done with your money.

When you bet on the wrong horse.

When any one asks when you are going to pay your indebtedness to him.

When a child asks questions you cannot answer.

When a girl asks if you ever loved another girl.

When you are asked the name of your tailor or dressmaker.

When you are asked where you spent your vacation.

When a girl asks you to take her to the theater and you are "broke."

When you go home with a pair of black eyes or otherwise disfigured.

When a mother asks you what you think of her daughter or her singing or playing.

When mamma wants to know if her baby is not a wonder.

When papa asks if you ever saw such a genius of a boy as his.

When the servant girl asks for a "character."

When you've kept little Johnny home to chop wood and it's necessary to write an excuse to his teacher.

When your wife appeals to you to confirm any of her statements or opinions in the presence of company.

When you fail to reach home, but it is not because you missed the train.

When your best girl, whose hair is black, wants to know how a golden lock got on your coat shoulder.

When a girl asks you how she looks. Or if you think her photo does her justice.

When she asks you about another girl you like and know she dislikes.

When you are called to serve on a jury.

When you are a party to a law suit.

When you provide an "extra" fine dinner for company who do not know your usual bill of fare.

When the cook asks if you have been criticizing her.

When you want a "day off."

If you're a woman, when the conductor asks if you have not anything smaller than a five-dollar bill.

When a girl asks another girl how many proposals she has had.

When a competitor asks you "how is business?"

When the sheriff comes to make a levy.

When the servant girl can act as proxy.

When you are asked if you enjoyed the opera.

When you get late to the office.

When the doctor asks if you have followed his directions.

When a lawyer asks if you have told him the truth.

When you are called upon to eulogize the deceased.

When you are writing an advertisement of a "fire sale" or something similar.

When you are asked if you like to see your name in the paper.

When you are asked the amount of your salary.

When you are behind with your board money and the landlady asks if the steak isn't delicious.

When "the girl" wants to know where you were last night.

Most any time when the truth would be embarrassing and you are sure a lie will not be found out.

—Henry Waldorf Francis in Pacific Monthly.



Wit and Humor

Couldn't Leave Town

A LAWYER had a horse that always balked when he attempted to cross a certain bridge leading out of the village. No amount of whipping or urging would induce him to cross it, so he advertised him for sale. "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner would like to leave town."—Mount Jewett (Pa.) News.

No Time Wasted

FARMER CY WHIPPLE was said to have had more religion than any other man in Mendocino County. He boasted that, for more than forty years, he had never missed a meal or neglected to say grace. It was said that Cy's religion and his appetite merged so closely that it was hard to tell where the one left off and the other began. When the dinner bell summoned the family and the help to the dining room Cy always led the charge. While the others were seating themselves at the table the old man would start in:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for havin' given us such a beautiful day. Sanctify this food to our souls' good. Amen. Pass the meat."—San Francisco Call.

The Horse's Failing

HANS, the ruralist, was in search of a horse. "I've got the very thing you want," said Bill Lennox, the stableman, "a thoroughgoing road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, one hundred and seventy-five cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't gif you five cents for him. I live eight miles out in de country, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."—The Norman (Oklahoma) Voice.

Neck and Neck

THE lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, says Green Bag, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead, then," said the judge, wearily.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."—Youth's Companion.

Handed out Hot

IN a certain college a student greatly annoyed the professor of natural sciences by asking frequent and foolish questions. One day, after he had interrupted the lecturer several times with irrelevant remarks and questions, he asked, "Professor, how long can an animal live without brains?"

"Well," was the professor's reply, "I really don't know, Mr. Blank. How old are you?"

An Incident of the Road



AN AUTOMOBILIST who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh yes," said the man; "five dollars will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

—Harper's Weekly.

Somewhat Simple

A RATHER simple countryman had been induced to promise a fine hen of a particular breed in exchange for what was said to be a fine rosebush. When the rosebush was brought it turned out to be nothing else than a sprig with a little root. The countryman grumbled, but the other said that he only had to wait a few years and it would be a fine bush. He then claimed the hen. The countryman went to his fowl-house, and brought out an egg.

"That is not the fowl you promised me," said the other.

"No," said the countryman, "but you have only to wait a year or two, and it will grow into a fine fowl."—Scottish American.

Story Tellers

THE American truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.—Tit-Bits.

Somewhat Contradictory

I WAS teaching a summer school in a rural district in Nebraska about fifteen years ago, and had among my pupils a mischievous little fellow of about five years, who naturally became restless during the warm weather, and, as I suspect, to keep himself awake, he gave a little whistle.

I called to him, "Carl, come here."

He immediately replied, "Twasn't me."

"It wasn't you did what?"

"Whistled."

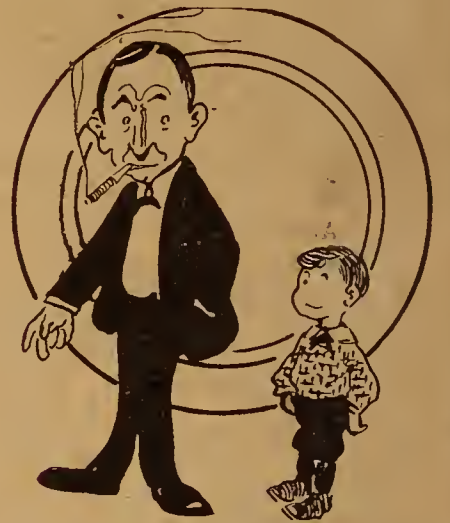
"Who was it?"

"Twasn't nobody."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause I seed 'em."

E. G. W.



Pop Knew

Tommy—"Say, pop, what's a diplomat?"
Pop—"He's a man who, when he can't have his own way, pretends that the other way is his."

Hans' Nightmare

VENERER I go on a party und eat more dan four hologna sausages I always don't sleep goot dat night.

Vell, I goes to de doctor's shop und tells him yust about how dat vas, und he said I haf de nightmare. Den he writes somedings in Swede on a piece of paper und sends me ofer to de hardware shop to get dat paper full of somedings.

Vell, I says at mineself, "Vhen I vaste money dat vay my name ain't Hans Fritz von Splattzengatzmeyer." So I trows de paper on de street und starts home.

On de vay I met a house mit a sign on de door: "Scarlet measles. Keep out."

Den I goes along, und I met anudder house mit a sign on de door: "Small pox. Keep out."

I tinks dats a pooty goot scheme, so I goes home und takes a paint brush und writes on my door: "Nightmare. Keep out." Und 'de nightmare don't hoddier me since. G. A. N.

Philosopher—"Young man, in order to succeed in life you must begin at the bottom and work up."

Young Man—"That wasn't my father's motto. He began at the top and worked down."

"And made a failure, I suppose."

"Not at all; he made a fortune coal mining."

A Lincoln Comparison

WHEN Lincoln was practicing at the bar, the opposing lawyer in a certain case had delivered a speech for the prosecution which was conspicuous for its exhibition of the man's conceit. When he was through, Lincoln, who was attorney for the defense, rose slowly to his feet, and, with that quiet dignity and droll wit for which he was so noted, addressed the Court as follows:

"Your Honor, my colleague, who has just delivered this brilliant exhibition of oratory, reminds me of a little flat-bottom steamboat that way back in the 50's used to pull up and down the Mississippi. It had a five-foot boiler and an eleven foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."—Boston Herald.

A Mountain Tragedy

LADY on tourist coach—"I say, driver, do serious accidents ever happen on these tains?"

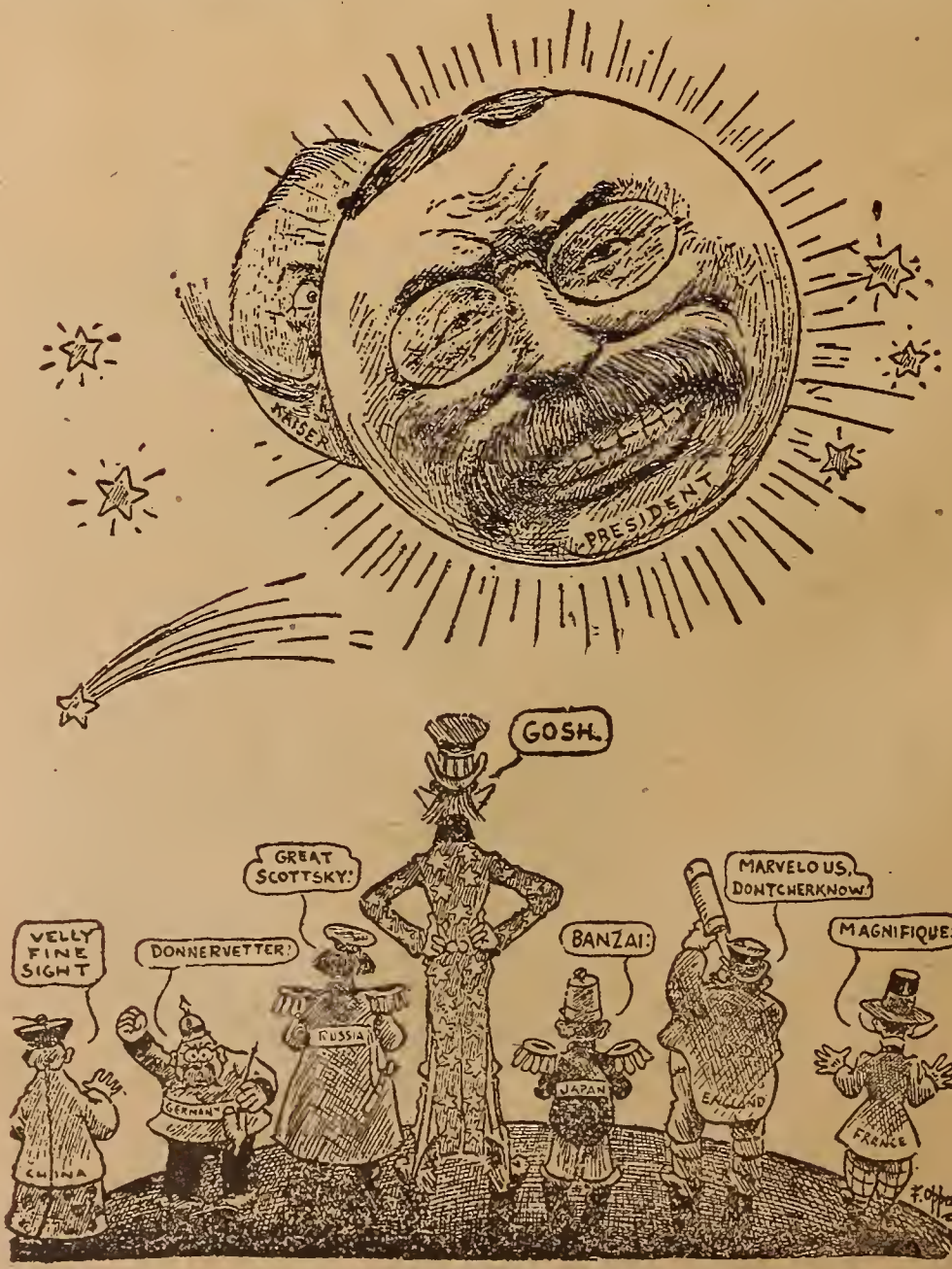
Driver—"Oh, yes, ma'am. Do you see that mountain up there?"

Lady—"Yes."

Driver—"Well, one day last year a party of ladies and gentlemen started from here to climb that mountain, and we never saw them again."

Lady—"Indeed! What happened to them?"

Driver—"Oh, they went down the other side."



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL ECLIPSE

—Phila. Pagan.

Wit and Humor

Sweets Not to the Sweet

THEY were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. She was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel. "I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered. No answer. "Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer. "Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!" There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: Madam, this is not a bee hive; it's a bath room!"—New York Sun.

Easier to Do

"ONCE upon a time I attended a country fair out in Kanss," relates "Jim" Stewart, of the Rock Island, "and I saw a family there that would have gladdened Mr. Roosevelt's heart. The man went up to a tent where some elk were on exhibition, and stared wistfully up at the sign. "I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would mean to go in without my family, and I can not afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." "The keeper stared at him in astonishment. 'Are all those your children?' he gasped. "Every one," said the man from the country. "'You wait a minute,' said the keeper. 'I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you all.'"

An Index to His Future

SMALL Thomas, long skilled in all the ins and outs of caddying, had just returned to the clubhouse after piloting the new minister on his initial trip around the links. "What sort of player is the Doctor going to make, Tommy?" asked one of the regulars. "Aw, no good!" replied the diminutive expert. "When he misses de ball he says, 'Tut! tut!'"

The Modern Fiancee

EDWIN—"I have to go to Yonkers next week. You will be true to me while I am gone, won't you?" Angelina—"Of course. But—er—don't be gone long, will you, dear?"

Two Scotchmen were conversing together one day, when one exclaimed, "I wonder what Nelson meant when he said, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' and never said a word about poor old Scotland?" "Ach!" replied Sandy, "he didn't require to tell the Scotchmen, for he knew they would do their duty without being told."

A little girl sent to school for the first time was asked, on her return, how she liked it. "I didn't like it a bit," she replied. "The teacher put me on a chair, and told me to sit there for the present, and I sat and sat, but she never gave me any present."

Lawyer—"Do you swear positively that you know more than half this jury?" Witness—"Yes, sir; and now that I have taken a good look at 'em I'll swear that I know more than all of 'em put together."



All Have Trouble

First Deaf and Dumb Man—"This world is full of trouble." Second Deaf and Dumb Man—"That's right. I have to tie my wife's hands at night, so that she can't talk in her sleep."

Kind of Him

A PARTY of Hamilton College students had been celebrating a varsity victory in the manner usual to enthusiastic collegians, and while en route to their train about 2 a. m. had occasion to pass the office of a crabbed old doctor who was known as one of the greatest cranks in the town. One of the lads sighting the button which connected with the doctor's night bell, halted the group and "pressed the button." Almost instantly a window above their heads was raised, the medico's benightcapped head was thrust forth as he snapped in a querulous voice, "What's wanted?"

"One of your windows is open, doctor," replied the leader of the gang. "Thank you very much," answered the doctor; "Which one?" "The one you have your head out of," said the student.—New York World.

The Horse Dealer

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the young man. "In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—Chicago News.



Another Negative in his Collection

Clarence—"You would never marry a photographer? But I'm not a photographer, Miss Cutting." Miss Cutting—"Really? Well, you see, I heard the girls all saying you had their negatives, so I naturally concluded you were a photographer."

GREATEST Magazine Bargains

Ever offered to the American people

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All magazines are for one year, either new or renewal subscriptions, and may be sent to different addresses. Subscriptions commence with a current number.

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Agents should write now for commissions allowed.

IN all the history of the magazine publishing business there has never been a periodical offer to equal the above or in fact even to approach it. It is the greatest magazine bargain in the world. At this time there is a tendency all over the country to increase the price of the different magazines, which only tends to make this offer still greater and more desirable. Each and every one of the above magazines is a high-class, world-wide known periodical, and excelled by none—an acknowledged leader in its class, and a favorite for more than twenty-five years. The three combined cover the entire magazine field thoroughly, and will furnish any home in America with the choicest and best magazine features and literature. All magazines are for one year.

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The Cosmopolitan	1.00		\$1.50	Cosmopolitan		1.00
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00		} Both	Review of Reviews		3.00
Pearson's	1.00	\$1.50		Success	1.00	\$3.00
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} Both	Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} All four—	
Success or Harper's Bazar	1.00		\$1.60	Cosmopolitan		1.00
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} Both	Current Literature	3.00	} \$5.00	
American Boy	1.00		\$1.50	Outing		3.00
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} Both	Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} All three—	
Little Folks (new)	1.00		\$1.50	Cosmopolitan		1.00
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} Both	Burr McIntosh Monthly	3.00	} \$3.00	
World To-Day	1.00		\$1.50			
Woman's Home Companion	\$1.00	} All	Woman's Home Companion Art Calendar may be added to any order for only 10 cents extra. See advertisement page 71.			
Pearson's and Success	2.00		\$2.00			

Agents should write now for commissions allowed.

All orders must be sent direct to any one of the three following addresses:

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NEW YORK, 41 Park Row SPRINGFIELD, OHIO CHICAGO, Tribune Building

THE LADIES' WORLD

is one of the largest, best, brightest and most practical magazines published for women and the home. Each issue contains from 36 to 44 large pages, size of *Ladies' Home Journal*, enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, Fashions, Hygiene, Boys and Girls, Mothers' Corner, Illustrated Feature Articles, Home Decoration, etc. It numbers among its contributors many of the best up-to-date magazine writers. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated. In order to introduce our magazine into thousands of new homes where it is not already taken, we will send **3 MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS**—including the special Thanksgiving and Christmas issues—to any address, prepaid, for only 10 cents in stamps. Being so firmly convinced that you will want it continued if you give it a trial, we make this extremely liberal introductory offer. The issues we shall send you will be rich in literary material and illustrations. A brilliant new *Serial Story* by the popular author, *Juliet Wilbor Tompkins*, commences in the November number. Send along the postage stamps and give our magazine a trial. A prompt order will bring you an *extra copy* of a recent issue *free*, which we will include for good measure. Address Dept. 'AW' S. H. MOORE CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.

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Hundreds of stoves are thrown aside when they might be repaired or parts supplied if the owners only knew where and how.

We have repairs and parts for *any* and *every* stove, range or furnace, no matter what make or how old.

You can make your old stove just as good as new. We carry the largest stock of stove, range and furnace repairs of any house in the world. We ship castings immediately on receipt of order.

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We Want Girls

and boys in every city and town, who are bright and energetic, and who want to make some money for themselves, or who would like to have a *steady income*. It is the most pleasant work possible, and will bring you in contact with the finest people. The work can be done after school. Write us at once. Address Circulation Department,

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MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout the United States and Canada to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$960 a year, or \$30 a month and expenses \$3 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars.
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Bright and Sparkling, easy to play. A beautiful Half-Tone Title Page of the largest Indian Mound in the World. For sale by all music dealers, or remit 25 cts. in stamps direct to publisher.
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WANTED YOUNG MEN

Passenger Brakemen, Firemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors, Porters. Experience unnecessary. Positions open in every state. Particulars for stamp. DEPT. M. INTER. RAILWAY INST., Indianapolis, Ind.

BEST PAY To agents, either sex. Work easy and extra profitable. Send for terms and Free Outfit.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Department of Agents, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

WANTED men to post signs, advertise, and distribute samples. Salary \$18.00 weekly. \$3.00 per day for expenses. State age and present employment. KUHLMAN CO., Dept. A, Atlas Block, Chicago.

FREE TO AGENTS complete outfit for paying business. All profits clear, as we prepay charges. Full particulars by addressing FARM AND FIRESIDE, Dept. of Agents, Springfield, Ohio

BED-WETTING CURED free Dr. F. E. May, Box 152, Bloomington, Ill.

MOLES AND WARTS removed without pain or danger. No scar left. We tell how free M. E. M. Dispensary 15, Rochester, N. Y.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

Miscellany

Ember Days

Dust is the beauty of the rose,
But in the forest's urns
The fire that April kindled glows—
Golden and red it burns.

The birds make ready for their flight;
A hush is on the hills;
But April's lyric of delight
With song the valley fills.

Once more before the winter comes
The garden shows her grace,
Wearing the bright chrysanthemums
That hint of April's face.

Dear ember days that so beguile
Our dreams, remembering
The April fire and song and smile,
It seems not long to spring!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in New York Sun.

Rats as Wire Walkers

A graceful exhibition of wire walking was given by a number of rats at Sligo yesterday afternoon.

An excise officer, who was cycling by the town hall, happened to look up and saw an enormous rat making its way along an overhead electric wire.

He pointed it out to the town hall officials and they watched nearly one hundred and fifty of the rats pass along until they were hidden from sight by a lofty flour mill.

The rats used their tails as the professional walker on the lofty wire uses his balancing pole, and although they were watched for more than two hundred yards there were no casualties.—The London Daily Mail.

Women of the Government Printing Office

An official of the Government Printing Office was talking the other evening of the personnel of the women employed in the big printery. He said the civil service rules went into effect at the office just ten years ago. The result has been to give the office a much better class of women workers than those who were appointed prior to that time.

"The women in the folding rooms, the bindery and the press room now," said the official, "are largely of the educated class. Some of them are former school teachers, stenographers and the like, and I will add they are a credit to the government service."

The statement was added that it frequently happens that these workers in the printing office are transferred to important clerical positions in the other departments by reason of the high percentage they make in competitive examinations.—Washington Star.

Kitten in a Mail Sack

One of the queerest packages that a mail clerk ever took in off a mail crane was that received by the clerks on the train on the Ohio River division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which leaves Wheeling about eleven o'clock in the morning.

At a little station called Vienna, where a mail sack is taken from a crane, as the train does not stop, the mail clerks the other morning made the regular grab for the mail pouch, and after opening it found that a live kitten had either been put in it by some one or had gotten in accidentally and had been delivered with the mail in that rough way to the car.

An examination of the kitten showed that one of its legs was slightly bruised, otherwise it did not appear to be injured. Since then it has been making the regular trips in the mail car and the clerks are very much attached to it.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Absent-Minded Stanford Professor

Oliver Peebles Jenkins, of Stanford University, is head professor of the department of zoölogy. He is a scientist, and therefore a deep thinker, and consequently often preoccupied and absent-minded. His most recent adventure attributable to his absent-minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for the faculty.

He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go up stairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said, when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."—The San Francisco Chronicle.

FARM AND FIRESIDE ART CALENDAR

FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

FREE



SEE
THE
ROLL

ROLL
PANEL
EFFECT

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION ACTUAL SIZE 11 1/2 BY 30 INCHES

A Magnificent Work of Art

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE MOST VALUABLE
ART CALENDAR GIVEN AWAY
BY ANY PUBLISHER THIS SEASON

This calendar is not to be compared with the calendars usually sold in the art stores, because calendars not nearly so beautiful sell in art stores for a dollar or more. Its novel construction, the beautiful moire silk effect and the blending of the colors, combined with the knowledge that it is a creation of one of the best known American artists, should arouse sufficient interest to cause every one of our readers to possess one. In the tastefulness of the design, the beauty of the coloring and the excellence of the lithograph it should certainly prove a most artistic calendar for 1906, and we believe there is nothing to equal it being offered by any one this year. Nothing more appropriate for the home or for a Christmas gift has been conceived.

Reproduced in Eighteen Colors

W. H. MCENTEE, the celebrated artist and pupil of Bougereau, conceived this beautiful and interesting design, upon which are most artistically combined his celebrated painting and a most magnificent spray of Azaleas by E. F. GEORGE, the American flower painter.

It is exquisitely lithographed in eighteen colors, being reproduced in fac-simile moire silk with a roll attached by which to hang it.

Our desire for an exclusive design has prompted us to pay the price demanded by the artist for his original painting, in order that we might present to our readers a calendar worthy of being hung in the homes. The original painting has been most carefully reproduced in all the colors and tints used by the artist, showing a background of a moire silk effect, and for the holiday season of the year will make a most appropriate gift.

The illustration herewith gives but a faint idea of the beauty and magnificence of this calendar, as it is finished in the original colors. It makes a rich and decorative art panel, to be exact, eleven and one-half inches wide by thirty inches long.

How to Secure the Calendar

This beautiful calendar may be secured **FREE OF COST** by adding ten cents to pay postage and careful wrapping, etc., to the regular yearly subscription price of FARM AND FIRESIDE when sending in your subscription, or by adding ten cents when accepting any offers in which the FARM AND FIRESIDE is included and requesting the calendar at the same time the subscription is sent. The calendar is not sold alone at any price, but given as above in connection with subscriptions.

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

PATTERNS FOR HOME SEWING

Only 10 Cents Each

Garments to be cut and made at home SEND FOR OUR PATTERN CATALOG
We design and cut our own patterns.

SIMILAR PATTERNS retail in fashion bazaars and stores at 20 cents each, but in order to introduce FARM AND FIRESIDE into thousands of new homes, and to make it more valuable than ever to our regular patrons, we offer our line of stylish patterns to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only 10 Cents Each.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. All orders filled promptly. For ladies' waists, give BUST measure in inches. For skirt patterns, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Patterns 10 cents each, or three for 25 cents

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.

FREE We will give any THREE of these patterns for sending TWO yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at the regular price of 25 cents each.

We will send Farm and Fireside One Year, new or renewal, and any ONE pattern for **Only 30 Cents**

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio



No. 571—Blouse Buttoned in the Back. 10c. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 572—Blouse with Adjustable Chemisette. 10c. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 618—Double-Breasted Plaited Blouse. 10c. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 619—Low-Neck Surplice Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 620—Skirt with Plaited Panel. 11 cents. Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.



No. 2037—Boy's Overcoat. 10 cents. Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 576—Stenographer's Apron. 10 cents. Medium size only.



No. 613—Empire Bolero. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust. No. 614—Gored Princess Skirt. 11 cts. Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 in. waist.



No. 621—Draped Waist with Yoke. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 605—Eton with Vest. 10 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 606—Plain Circular Skirt. 11 cents. Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 446—Kimono Sacque. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 615—Box Coat with Pockets. 10c. Sizes, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 577—Housework Apron. 10 cents. Medium size only.

Ask for Our New Fall and Winter Pattern Catalogue. We Send it Free.



No. 587—Tucked Waist with Fancy Yoke. 10c. 34, 36, 38 & 40 inches bust. No. 588—Tucked Circular Skirt. 11c. Sizes, 24, 26, 28 & 30 inches waist.



No. 607—Waist with Fancy Collar. 10c. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 in. bust. No. 608—Full Three-Piece Skirt. 11c. Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.



No. 610—Plaited Shirt Waist. 10c. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust. No. 611—Full Circular Skirt. 11c. Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.



No. 575—Fancy Work Apron. 10c. Medium size only.



No. 548—Fichu Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. No. 549—Full Gored Skirt. 11 cts. Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.

Farm Selections

WELL-KNOWN seed grower of New York state writes: "The National Nitro-Culture Company sold our concern several hundred dollars' worth of nitro-culture to be used on our contract beans that we were growing for seed purposes. We gave this to a number of farmers in three different counties in western New York, and in no case have we received any benefit." Our Washington department of agriculture had no use for such testimonials when issuing its bulletins booming nitro-culture, but if it should decide to issue a bulletin seeking to counteract the effect of former bulletins by publishing the failures it omitted in a previous bulletin, and thus second our efforts to save our readers from heavy loss of money, we shall gladly furnish the address of this grower.—Alva Agee in The National Stockman and Farmer.

Professor Holden on the Iowa Corn Crop

The daily papers in connection with their extravagant stories about the Iowa corn crop have been quoting Professor Holden as estimating it at about four hundred million bushels. Professor Holden has given such thorough and careful study to the corn crop in Iowa and adjoining states that considerable importance is attached to any estimate that he may make. We have never believed that he made such an estimate, but hearing the report from so many sources, and hearing also the criticisms of the farmers, who after all are the best judges of the yield of crops, we wrote him a letter asking him either to disavow the interview, or in case the interview was not a fake, give his reasons for such an estimate. He writes:

"I am glad you called my attention to the supposed interview in regard to the yield of corn the coming fall. Some years ago I adopted the policy of not being interviewed under any circumstances, and as a corollary to this proposition, that it was not worth anyone's while to try to catch up with any false statements that may be circulated.

"I have never dared hope for any such amount of corn this year as I am accredited with estimating for Iowa, and certainly there would be no advantage in placing myself on record in the way of a guess against the elements, as nine chances to one I would lose out. The corn root worm has done considerable damage in the state and there are a great many poor fields of corn, fields which have been washed out, and some weakened by the corn root worm and the corn root louse.

"You are at perfect liberty to say that I have made no such estimate. It is possible for Iowa to produce that much corn, but it will not be done this year."

This statement should go far to set at rest this and other absurd stories that have been circulated as to the yield of corn in Iowa in 1905. If frost keeps off to the 15th of September much of the corn in the southern part of the state will be safe. By the 20th most of it will be safe up to the Illinois Central; but there is a good deal of corn that will require the full month of September for its maturity. In our judgment we will have more than an average yield, but not more than thirty-five bushels per acre.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Catalogues Received

Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich. "The Page Fence Age," describing and illustrating a trip through the mills and factories, and "A Bunch of Daisies," containing many testimonials on the merits of the Page fence.

Clay, Robinson & Co., Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill. "The Plough and the Book," an address by John Clay upon the subject of agricultural journalism before the agricultural students of the Iowa State College. "Exports of Meat Animals and Their Products," an address by T. W. Tomlinson at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas.

Charles Schild, Cleveland, O. Illustrated catalogue of the Lightning lice killing machine.

W. Smith Grubber Co., La Crosse, Wis. Descriptive catalogue of stump pullers.

Hugo Beyer, New London, Iowa. Descriptive catalogue of Beyer's Perpetual Black Cap raspberry.

Stockton Chamber of Commerce, Stockton, Cal. The "Gateway Magazine," illustrating and describing the resources of Stockton and San Joaquin county.

W. E. Skinner, Secretary, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill. Catalogue of the International Live Stock Exposition, to be held in Chicago, December 2d to December 9th, 1905.



1150 LB. HOGS PRODUCED BY 3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

We will pay you \$500 in cash if this engraving is not a correct reproduction of the photograph of this hog as sent us by Mr. Gasaway, said photograph being on file in our office for inspection.

A 1150 LB. HOG RAPIDLY GROWING TO A 1700 LB. HOG

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR:—I enclose photograph of our big hog which is 39 inches high, 7 1/4 feet long and weighs 1150 pounds. This hog is strong and active and we believe he will develop into a 1600 or 1700 pound hog with continued use of "International Stock Food." Yours truly, THOS. GASAWAY, Latham, Ill.

We Have Thousands of Testimonials on File in Our Office and Will Pay You \$1000 Cash if They Were Not Written To Us by Practical Farmers and Stockbreeders.

\$1000. IN CASH PREMIUMS

FOR MEN, WOMEN, GIRLS AND BOYS WHO USE "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD"

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Goats, Colts, Calves, Lambs, or Pigs. You have as good a chance as anyone in earning one or more of these spot cash premiums and you may receive several hundred dollars without one cent of extra cost to you. These 24 Cash Premiums are absolutely free for our friends and customers who are feeding "International Stock Food".

If you have not received our complete list of these 24 premiums we will mail you one if you write to our office and request it. The smallest premium is \$25.00 cash and the largest is \$125.00 cash.

Dan Patch 1:56 Colored Lithograph Absolutely Free

This Splendid Picture is a Reproduction of a Photograph which was taken by our own artist. It is 18x24 and in Six Brilliant Colors. It is as life like as if you saw Dan coming down the track and shows him pacing a 1:56 clip with every foot off of the ground. Every Farmer and Stockman should have a picture of the Fastest harness horse that has ever appeared on earth. Dan is in better shape than ever this year and will surely lower his own wonderful record. In his first public appearance this year he paced a mile in 1:59 1/2 at the Minnesota State Fair and he followed this up in four days with a mile in 1:57 1/2, with the last quarter in :27 1/2 seconds, which is a 1:50 gait. Dan has been eating "International Stock Food" every day for three years and it has given him better digestion and assimilation and more strength, endurance and speed. He was not a champion when we bought him but has broken eight world records since that time. DAN PATCH 1:56 IS OWNED BY INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE MAILED FREE POSTAGE PREPAID IF YOU WRITE US

1st.—HOW MUCH STOCK OF ALL KINDS DO YOU OWN? 2nd.—NAME PAPER IN WHICH YOU SAW THIS OFFER.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A.

Advertisement for Dr. Hess & Clark's Stock Food. Features a large illustration of a product box with the text 'GUARANTEE DR. HESS & CLARK ASHLAND, O. DR. HESS STOCK FOOD'. Below the illustration is a detailed 'written guarantee' and a '5¢ per pound' price tag. The text describes the food's benefits for various livestock and includes contact information for the manufacturer in Ashland, Ohio.

Advertisement for Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. The headline reads 'BUILD UP your Health and STRENGTH with JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a pleasant, potent, and permanent Invigorator for WOMEN, CHILDREN, and MEN.' It also features a large price tag for '\$60.00 GASOLINE ENGINE' and a note that it is a record breaker for economy and efficiency.

Advertisement titled 'WE WANT NAMES.' It offers a reward of 'FOUR BEAUTIFUL PICTURES FREE' to farmers who provide names and addresses of livestock owners in the United States. It also offers a sample copy of the 'RURAL HOME' magazine.

Advertisement for 'AGENTS WANTED' for the 1905 Edition of the 'PEERLESS ATLAS AND PICTORIAL GAZETTEER OF ALL LANDS.' It describes the atlas as a fast-selling work in print, available in various formats and colors, and offers a 'BEST-PAYING AGENCY' for agents.

Advertisement for 'SAW MILLS' from American Saw Mill Machinery Co. It lists various types of saw mills and machinery available, including portable saw mills, shingle machines, and saws, with contact information for the company in Hackensack, N.J.

Advertisement for 'Lane's Steel Carriage Jack' and 'TELEGRAPHY'. The carriage jack is described as having no cast metal, no wood, and being strong, light, and compact. The telegraphy section offers special opportunities for operators trained here, with a free booklet available.

FARM AND FIRE RESIDE.

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TERMS (25 CENTS A YEAR
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Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

A MORTGAGED FARM QUESTION.—A young Kentucky farmer asks a question that is very difficult to answer with any degree of satisfaction. He has just come into possession of a farm that is badly run down and has a mortgage of twenty-five hundred dollars attached. It is in a good section of the state and only twelve miles from a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants. He has three horses, two cows, some pigs and a few farming implements. He asks whether he shall sell it or tackle that mortgage.

All I can say is what I would do if I were in his boots. If all my home ties clustered in that locality, and many of my best friends and relatives lived there, I would hold the farm and hoist that mortgage. If I were a stranger in a strange land I would sell it and buy a tract I could pay cash down for. It is possible that the soil still contains a large amount of fertility and needs only good, sensible management to make it grow very good crops again. A great many run-down farms in a once fertile section are not ruined by a long shot. The immediately available fertility probably has been removed by continuous cropping, but in most cases there is lots left that can be made available if the soil is given the right sort of treatment. It may be almost entirely devoid of humus and is heavy and quickly "runs together" and bakes, and so locks up all the fertility it contains. In this case the remedy is a supply of humus. Manure, clover, or cow peas will supply this. Either of these will unlock the soil and make the fertility in it available. Possibly tobacco has been grown on it until it has become deficient in potash. In that case the application of a fertilizer strong in this element will give good results. But it must be kept in mind that commercial fertilizers will have but little effect until the soil is opened up and made porous by humus.

In the first place, however, our young querist is paying too high a rate of interest on that mortgage. He should immediately make arrangements to cut the eight per cent down to five. I think this will not be a difficult matter; at least, it would not in most farming sections. Then the next thing is to find some manure—a whole lot of it. The more he can get on the land the sooner will he begin to get crops that will hack chunks out of that mortgage. He should not spread the manure he gets thinly over a large area, but slap it on heavily as far as it will go.

He is not very far from a good hog market and I believe it will pay him to go in for corn, clover and hogs, and let the other fellow raise the tobacco. It might be advisable to use cow peas more than clover at first. I know a quiet, steady young fellow who lifted a healthy mortgage off an eighty-acre, badly-run-

down farm with cow peas, corn and hogs. He fenced with three foot wire hog fence two five-acre lots in one corner of his farm and sowed both to cow peas. When they were a foot high he turned his pigs into one lot and let them run there until the peas in the other began to ripen up well, when he turned them into it, and they fattened up into good market shape. He spread all the manure he had in the first lot and the next season surprised the natives by raising forty-two bushels of good corn per acre in it. When he bought the place all his neighbors said he would not stay there two years. That was about twelve years ago and he is there yet and has made a cracking good farm of it, is out of debt, has a good outfit of buildings and has money in the bank.

Whether a man can make a sure go of the proposition the Kentucky farmer has before him depends very much on the man. I know that Kentuckians are generally stout-hearted, steady hustlers and not easily balked by a little hard luck, and the younger element are not much given

All Over the Farm

it. Take special note of those who are known to be successful corn growers and hog raisers and who keep up the fertility of their farms. Sometimes a few pointers from a successful neighbor will prove to be very helpful.

PENNY POSTAGE AND PARCELS POST.—There was held in St. Louis a few weeks ago a convention of secretaries of trade associations. These associations are composed of the "business men," merchants, dealers or traders, in cities and towns throughout the country, and naturally they have considerable influence, political and otherwise. These secretaries fully understand the inner workings of these associations and of course voice their sentiments. Among other performances they passed several resolutions. One was favoring one-cent letter postage. They write a great many letters and desire to cut down their expenses. They also passed one strongly opposing a parcels post on the ground that it would injure the little retail stores, and they want to make the farmers and laboring classes support these stores at any cost. If we had a

country value this system of shipping small parcels so highly that they would kick like bronchos if any attempt was made to stop it. At present our Congress is too boss-ridden to do anything along this line. And let me ask: Can any farmer be other than intensely disgusted with the graft, bribery and general rottenness that has been shown up in politics, and in some corporations? One of the lessons this corruption should teach farmers is not to be so bound by party ties as to swallow everything offered them by party bosses. The farmer's vote is his own, and he should cast it for men who are known to be clean and honest no matter to what party they belong. He should neither be blinded by prejudice, frightened by bossism nor cajoled by specious pleas into voting for men who wink at corruption, or uphold those who are tainted with graft.

Current Notes

The Farmers' Union of Texas, through the chairman of the executive committee, has advised the cotton growing members of the union to hold the 1905 crop at eleven cents per pound.

Cuba is on the right road to prosperity. The appropriation for educational purposes is close to four million dollars, for wagon roads between points of production and points of shipment, two million dollars, and for agriculture nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

No farmer is likely to become an all-round prosperous one who does not keep stock and practice a system of rotation suited to the locality. The one crop system is subject to frequent failures and the fertility of his land rapidly deteriorates, the soil becoming deficient in plant food.

The butter-making industry of Iowa is now on a firm basis. More than sixteen thousand hand separators for separating the cream from the milk are now in daily use. The cream, but no milk, is forwarded to the thirty-eight leading creameries in the state and nearly fifteen million pounds of butter are made therefrom yearly.

Mr. E. M. Freeman, late of the University of Minnesota, has been appointed in the Department of Agriculture as an expert to determine the cause of rust in wheat and other grains, and to ascertain if possible the best means of remedying the evil.

Of the wheat importing countries, France, Belgium, Switzerland and the United Kingdom, France leads with a per capita consumption of 7.8 bushels, the United Kingdom coming last with a per capita of only 5.6 bushels. The consumption per capita in the exporting countries ranges from 5.5 bushels in Canada to 2.6 in Russia. The consumption in the United States being 4.7 and in Argentina 4 bushels per capita.



SCENES OF MEADOW AND STREAM, No. 4

to moonshine nor "loaferin'," and I rather think this young farmer can shatter that mortgage and make a good farm of that eighty. It would be a good idea for him to get in touch with the Experiment Station work in his state and Virginia. I believe he can obtain information from them that will prove of great value to him. He should also write the Agricultural Department at Washington for a list of Farmers' Bulletins, select from them such as he feels will be helpful to him and ask Secretary Wilson to send them to him. They will cost him nothing, and some of them will give him lots of useful pointers. Then he should not overlook the successful farmers in his locality; those who have made money the past few years. Find out how they did

parcels post like all other civilized nations have had for years people might order more goods from the department stores because they could get them cheaper than from the little retail stores. These boys want to cut down their own expenses, but keep those of the farmer and laborer up to the top notch.

If we ever get parcels post it will be because farmers and workingmen who do the voting compel Congress to give it.

The German post-office carries an eleven-pound parcel forty-six miles for six cents, and to any place in the empire beyond that distance for twelve cents. And twelve years ago the revenue from this business amounted to nearly thirteen millions of dollars. And, what is most remarkable, the small merchants in that

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About Rural Affairs

NITRO-CULTURE RESULTS.—Usually I am not easily discouraged. If one trial does not give the results anticipated, I am willing, in most cases, to 'try, try again.' I confess, however, that the entirely negative results my tests of the nitro-cultures has so completely satisfied me that I have lost all my interest in this matter. I have the same report to make as that given by the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, where they have had absolutely no results from using nitro-cultures. I have tried peas and beans with and without inoculation, and these crops on soils treated with nitro-cultures and not treated, in open ground and in pots, some of the latter containing sterilized soil but in no case have I noticed the least advantage of the treatment. In open ground, I found as many nodules on the roots of these crops in untreated soil, or from untreated seed, as in the treated soil or from treated seed. The nitro-cultures used were the same as offered last spring by the leading seedsmen, and I have taken great pains to follow directions closely in using the cultures and treating the seed.

I desired (and yet desire) to try soy beans with and without treatment, but I did not succeed in securing seed this spring that would grow. Some authority had said that no bacteria (or nodules) were found on the soy bean in this country, until cultures were imported from Japan. This seems to me an absurd claim. I grew most magnificent crops some years ago with untreated seed, and where no soy beans had ever to my knowledge been grown before. Unfortunately I did not, at that time, examine the roots for nodules. I believe, however, that if we should grow soy beans several times in succession on our soils here, we would find the roots, possibly the first year, and surely the second and following years, full of root nodules, as I did find them on vetches grown even the first year. I shall at least make another trial of the soy bean.

*

STREET TREES.—All sorts of trees are seen as street trees. In one of our village avenues we find that abomination, the poplar, which in some of its species is a nuisance wherever planted. The silver-leaved poplar, notwithstanding its ornamental foliage, is especially objectionable on account of its tendency to fill the soil with roots for many rods, and send up sprouts thickly over a big area. This tendency it has in common with many of the other kinds of poplar. The best species for street planting is probably the balsam poplar or Balm of Gilead, from the buds of which a nice healing salve can be made. For the northern, or northeastern states, we have in the American elm and in the sugar maple two grand street trees. I know of no other tree that could compare with them in stateliness and general attractiveness and usefulness.

In parts of Europe fruit trees, especially the cherry, are much used as street trees, and there they are found to be satisfactory and profitable. The municipalities having charge or jurisdiction over the highways derive quite a respectable annual income from the sale of the fruit or rent of the trees. This plan would meet with certain objections here. It would be difficult to protect the fruit crops, and even the trees themselves. In avenues, I believe the sugar maple has hardly a peer. For more scattered planting, however, and for single specimens in proper locations, nothing can come up with the American elm. Bailey's Cyclopaedia of American Horticulture rightly names it as "the favorite tree for street planting and as a shade tree for dwelling houses in the northeastern states." "It is the most characteristic tree of this region and one of the most beautiful. Its habit is at once majestic and graceful, and the wide-spreading head, borne usually at a considerable height on a straight and shapely trunk affords ample shade and shelter." If the reader should travel on the highway along the east side of Honeoye Lake, one of the beautiful little lakes in Western New York, he would probably, when approaching the premises of Frank Barrett, gaze with admiration on the old twin elm standing close to the road side. This is probably one of the old landmarks, as many more of a similar kind are found along the roads and in fields, over this whole region. Even where these trees are in pasture fields or cultivated grounds, and where not particularly useful or desirable, it has seemed to the owners a sacrilege to cut them, and with their awe-inspiring majesty and stateliness, they are usually quite safe from molestation.

LIME FOR BORDEAUX MIXTURE.—I confess that I am unable to see quite clear into the question of using so-called "process" lime and good fresh stone lime. All authorities used to urge the use of fresh stone lime rather than air-slaked lime for making Bordeaux mixture. Since the new "process" lime has been put on the market, some of the station professors, especially Cornell's "bugman," Mr. Slingerland, who usually knows a thing or two, have changed their tune, and now recommend this new kind of lime. Yet what does this process lime consist of, chemically, after it has been in the hands of the buyer for a while, but mere carbonate of lime, the same thing as air-slaked lime? If there is any difference, I would like to know it. Let the manufacturers, or the station professors explain it. If I have to use lime for the mixture, I surely would yet prefer the fresh stone lime to this new and to me somewhat uncertain product. I have used it a few times for trial, but after a while returned to our "first love." The adhesiveness of the mixture seems to depend on several things recognized and possibly unrecognized. One sample of lime may act differently from another sample. Or the method of making the mixture may make some difference. I have had Bordeaux mixture made with stone lime in one case, and with soda in another, stick to grape leaves for months at a time, in fact almost the whole season. At another time the stains have disappeared within a few weeks. Until I know more about it, however, I propose to use stone lime.

*

BLACK SPOTS IN POTATOES.—A reader in Washington asks for a preventive of black spots inside of potatoes. The potatoes appear to be all right outside, but turn black inside, and the black areas seem to spread during the winter. This, like the soft rot, is undoubtedly a manifestation of fungous disease which begins on the foliage during the later stages of growth, and progresses even after the potatoes are stored. The preventive treatment consists in keeping the foliage in health by frequent and thorough spraying with Bordeaux mixture. I know of no other. The progressive potato grower never omits this treatment.

*

MOLES IN THE GARDEN.—The old question of what to do for the mole comes up again. No matter what may be said about the services of the mole as a destroyer of grubs and worms, and how much these services are appreciated, yet we do not like these inveterate burrowers in our gardens. I prefer to do my own digging around plants rather than let moles do it and at the same time dig the plants up, too, or killing them by disturbing their roots. Fortunately I have no moles in my gardens. Yet I keep the soil reasonably free from grubs and other injurious insect, and I don't care particularly about the common earth worm which is useful rather than otherwise. If I had moles on the premises in larger numbers, I would undoubtedly try hard to get rid of them. I know of no way to poison them, although it is often claimed that it can be done by means of scattering sweet corn soaked in strychnine into the mole runs. The only method of destroying moles that I know (except watching for them when they are burrowing, and dexterously throwing them out with a spade or potato fork) is by means of good mole traps kept skilfully and persistently set. Such traps may be secured at reasonable cost in hardware and seed stores. It is not difficult to make a simple dead-fall, with spikes, that will answer every purpose. Digging a pitfall with perpendicular sides across the mole run from which the mole cannot climb out, or better perhaps sinking a large earthen crock with upper edge even with the bottom of run so that the mole can easily fall in but not get out even by digging, may also be tried.

*

STOCK MANURES AND CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS.—Quite instructive and suggestive are the reported results of the trials of manures for a five-year crop rotation made at the Ohio Experiment Station. In one case eight tons of yard manure (taken from an open yard where it had lain during the winter); in another case a like quantity of stable manure (from cattle stalls where it had been allowed to accumulate under the feet of the cattle until hauled directly to the field); and in a third case eight tons of stable manure which had been treated, during accumulation, with acid phosphate at the rate of forty pounds to each ton of manure, or at the rate of three hundred and twenty pounds per acre, were applied to one acre during the five-year period. Considering the first crop (wheat) alone,

the unmanured land has given a yield of 8.9 bushels, the yard manure 16.3 bushels, the stable manure 17.9 bushels, and the phosphated stable manure 24.2 bushels per acre.

This, however, does not tell half the story. Taking all crops of the rotation, and estimating their value (wheat at \$1 per bushel, corn at 50 cents per bushel, oats at 33-1-3 cents per bushel, hay at \$8 per ton, corn fodder at \$3 and straw, at \$2 per ton), the total value of the increase for the five-year period has been as follows:—From the 8 tons of yard manure, \$20.35; from the 8 tons of stable manure, \$27.58; from the phosphated stable manure, \$44.35. The 320 pounds of superphosphate can be bought, even with freight added for \$2 to \$2.50 which would leave \$42 as returns for the eight tons of stock manure or over \$5 for each ton. Good stable manure alone gave a return of nearly \$3.45 for each ton. The 320 pounds of superphosphate costing not over \$2.50 that were added, increased the returns \$16.73, a very respectable rate of profit, and eminently satisfactory. But it is not all.

Nothing has been said of the greatly improved and more fertile soil, and its largely increased value. We can hardly expect such results from the use of commercial fertilizers alone. I am a firm believer in the virtues of good old stable manure, and again this year as in some former seasons, am buying some carloads of stockyard manure, supplemented with superphosphate. It does not seem to me that in view of the mentioned results, we can afford to do without the acid phosphate. I use it in the henhouse, sprinkling it freely under the perches and all over where fowls are apt to leave their droppings, and likewise in the horse and cattle stalls to catch the free ammonia that betrays its presence by that penetrating odor. For myself, however, I am not quite satisfied with the quantities here given by the Ohio station people. It is one of the cases where I believe that if a little helps, more will help more. I prefer to make larger applications, and often, especially in garden crops, I use twenty to thirty tons of stable manure, and several hundred pounds of superphosphate besides, per acre a year. For ordinary farming operations, light dressings, say eight or ten tons per acre, given every third, fourth, or even fifth year, will not only keep the farm up in good shape, but make it better and more productive from year to year. And that is all that is necessary for success.

*

A READER ON THE ROBIN.—D. M., of Peck, Idaho, gives the following version of the robin story: "Here we have no robins, and scarcely any other birds, on account of the magpie raising its young here. Grubs and cutworms do an awful lot of damage, killing one third of the corn and half the cabbage. Before I came here I have often watched the robin. In spring they live mostly on cutworms and grubs, but at berry time they congregate among the vines, and the very robin that lived on your neighbor's grubs and cutworms and raised its greedy family on them comes with them to feast on your berries, and when yours are gone it goes with its friends to the next neighbor, to feast on his berries. There is no law to protect the robin in the northern part of the state. Thousands have to be shot every year, or the hundreds of acres of strawberries would be cleaned of every berry by these birds. They must be kept down to a moderate number, as they raise broods of young twice a year. They harm no other bird, but feed strange young birds left without a mother. I once observed a robin feeding a woodcock twice its size which had a broken wing." Thus far our friend in Idaho. So far as I have been able to observe, the robin in early spring lives mostly on the harmless or useful earthworm. It does do some damage to strawberries, but such damage is not serious. The real mischief it is guilty of is the complete destruction of the cherry crop. The abundance of wild fruit does not appear to prevent them from eating the cherries, and we have become reconciled to the loss of that crop. Until Nature comes to our relief with unprecedentedly large cherry crops, or by checking the rapid increase of the robins in some way, or until the Southern pot hunters do more effective work in shooting robins on their return South in the fall than they have heretofore, we will have to do without canned cherries. I used to sell cherries. Now if I want them I must buy them elsewhere. As to the damage by grubs and cutworms, this is quite preventable by good culture. Continued thorough cultivation, with fall plowing, and keeping your fields entirely free from all herbaceous growth during the fall, with no grassy margins left near the fields, will give you freedom from these insect pests. Cutworms are also easily poisoned in early spring.

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Ohio Experiment Station

In a recent interview given to representatives of several agricultural papers that have large circulation in Ohio, Governor Herrick expressed hearty approval of the business management of the state experiment station. There has been some rumor, based in part upon a news item in the public press, that some reorganization of the station was contemplated, it being proposed that a business manager be appointed. Governor Herrick authorized the representatives of the agricultural papers to say that no reorganization of any kind was contemplated or would be effected. He assured his visitors that the rumor was baseless. He would not approve the creation of a new position that would entail expense upon the state while not adding to the efficiency of an institution that is doing most excellent work. This disposes of an idle rumor that caused unrest among the farmers of the state, and assures the continuance of Professor Thorne's directorship, under which this station has developed into one of the most influential agricultural institutions of the country.—National Stockman and Farmer.

*

Lespedeza, or Japan Clover

"Lespedeza striata," or Japan clover, little known at the north, but now familiar in every part of the southern states, is a native of the Orient, and is thought to have been first brought to the United States about 1850. The exact time and manner of its coming are not on record, but it is probable that a vessel engaged in the Chinese trade brought it, and that its first point of arrival was Charleston or Savannah.

During the civil war it spread very rapidly from place to place, being carried no doubt in forage wagons and by the horses of the army. After the war it was found in hundreds of localities where it had never been seen before. I have always been touched since I have known the southern people with the sentimental affection which they manifest toward this plant. For when the war was over, and the troops of dispirited, defeated men returned home with their hungry cavalry horses, they found many of their farms utterly devastated, transformed by fire and the pitiless tramp of millions of armed men to a condition of utter barrenness. Then appeared the lespedeza plant, spreading its close foliage over the hillsides and into the valleys, and the people of the South said that it was a miracle; that heaven had sent this succulent, purple-blossomed clover to save the farm animals of a stricken people from starvation.

The lespedeza plant does not need an annual sowing, but reseeds on the same place year after year, and through the agency of birds and of the animals that browse upon it continually enlarges its area. It has a slender, erect stock with small and numerous leaves. The flowers, pink or purple, are very small and are borne in clusters.

Lespedeza is not a true clover, though in habit of growth it much resembles the trefoil of Great Britain, having, however, a far greater power of enduring heat and drought than that famous plant. It is not at all suited to a northern climate, but, as I have said, has now naturalized itself fully in all the states south of the Ohio River. It will grow on any land, even that having the thinnest and poorest soil. On light lands it makes a dense mat all over the surface, but on rich ground will grow from eighteen to twenty-four inches high. The plant is valued both for pasturage and for hay; its matted roots hold light soils together, preventing their washing by rains, and fertilizing the soil by their natural process of decay. When plowed under in the late fall or winter they serve to loosen and enrich the land. So the plant, however used, is of much benefit to the farmer.

To begin a lespedeza meadow, the seed is sown early in the spring, half a bushel to the acre; it reseeds itself fresh in September, and by the first of November is ready for cutting. I have known lespedeza on bottom lands to yield two tons to the acre. Lespedeza makes good pasturage under almost any conditions, and is often highly improved for this purpose by sowing oats with it in the fall. It is thought generally to be deficient in protein, therefore to have less nourishing quality than the grasses. But it makes a sweet hay on which stock will feed the day through if you let them have their own way. I have heard farmers contend that the fattening qualities of lespedeza were not deficient as has been so often asserted, and pointed to their own sleek animals as proof of their contention.

Some farmers make two cuttings on their lespedeza fields, a light one in May and a heavier one in November. Others prefer to cut but once, in October after the seed has fallen, and claim that a heavier return to the acre is thus secured.

The true clovers so extensively grown

at the north do not respond to cultivation in the southern states. Red clover cannot be raised south of Tennessee. It burns out when half grown. White clover is spreading in Mississippi, and gives a good early summer pasturage for cows and sheep, but later dies down from the heat. Alsike will not grow here at all, and alfalfa only thrives on inoculated lands. Crimson clover can be cultivated in the Atlantic states, but not in the Gulf states.

A. C. CHASE.

*

Hogging Rye

For a number of years past an occasional swine breeder has been utilizing rye pasture in the spring, and later has "hogged" the matured crop with satisfactory results. Some exact data recently came under the observation of the writer in which a follower of this policy realized something over seventeen dollars an acre for a crop of rye harvested in this manner.

The acreage was sufficiently large and the swine sufficiently varied in age to demonstrate the general utility of the method. It should be brought to notice, however, that there was a good stand of clover in the rye field in that case, of which no account was taken in computing the final profits; but the young rye had been pastured during early spring, so that a proper estimate of this feature would remove from the experiment any handicap suggested by the presence of the clover pasture.

The results in the above case were based on weights taken the day the hogs were turned into the rye, and again at the time they were turned out.

In case of rye harvested in this way, when compared with wheat, no labor enters into the question. There is no cutting, no hauling, no threshing, and no returning of the straw back to the fields in the form of manure. We clip the rye field after turning out the hogs, but wheat stubble is always clipped in the same manner.

This is a good method to pursue in the case of impoverished fields. Rye is more persistent and hardy than wheat and consequently less liable to fail on poor soil. It is also less liable to injury by the Hessian fly.

When rye straw is hogged down it remains more evenly distributed over the

field and goes further than an equal amount of straw worked into manure. Of necessity the hogs go over the field slowly and remain on it most of the time; in this way the droppings are evenly distributed instead of accumulating around slopping places and in fence corners.

In the nature of the case the rye must be eaten slowly, by which means it is more thoroughly masticated than if fed in bulk; it is impossible for hogs to bolt this feed as they do small grains when fed from the basket.

In walking over our field hogged this season (October 1st), very little young rye is in evidence, which indicates that the hogs secured nearly all; in case more had been scattered over the ground it would have made excellent fall pasture and not at all a real loss. GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

*

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ELM ON THE EAST SIDE OF HONEOYE LAKE, N. Y., ON THE PREMISES OF MR. FRANK BARRETT

Gardening

SOME NEWER TOMATOES.—The early tomatoes of years ago were all trash. The Early Ruby finally marked a good step in advance. But we grew the Ruby only because it was early, not because it was good. It was small, or at best medium-sized, irregular, soft. We had to have it because there was no other better tomato in its season. Then came Earliana, or Maule's Earliest, a fairly smooth tomato, very early and

one of the clusters (cherry, plum, pear) tomatoes, and is simply an improvement in size. It shows cracks around the stem. The seed cavities are comparatively few in number and large in size, making this tomato watery and hardly as solid as it should be for a good market sort. I will not grow it again. A really good sort, however, is the Tenderloin, very large in size, quite flat in shape, and very solid, as indicated by its numerous and small seed cavities. In quality it is unsurpassed by anything we had on the grounds this year. It is pinkish in color, many of the mammoth specimens growing somewhat doubled up and irregular. I shall plant it more largely for market.

to use, say in July or August, we have to guard against the tendency of plants from seeds sown under glass in February or

PARSNIPS AND SALSIFY are two more vegetables that I want in my garden. Yet in many of my neighbors' gardens they are absent. They come very handy and acceptable in early spring when we have few green things to enjoy. Both vegetables are as easily grown as carrots or beets, except that parsnip seeds will grow only when strictly fresh, and that salsify seed does not run well from a seed drill, and is usually sowed by me by hand. One reason why these vegetables are not more appreciated, it seems to me, is the fact that many a good woman, otherwise a fairly good cook, does not prepare them in a manner making them most pleasing to the average persons' taste. If parsnips are "just cooked" with meats, dumplings, etc., they may be palatable to many, and not particularly so to others, but they, and salsify (vegetable oyster) also, can be prepared by frying, in various fashions, so as to make them most delicious and liked by almost everybody. For next season, better include a package each of these vegetables in your bill of seeds.



STORING VEGETABLES FOR WINTER.—B. H. P. of Bushville, N. Y., asks how to keep carrots, turnips, beets and onions fresh for winter use.

In the first place you must have young and tender, not old, overgrown and tough beets, carrots and turnips, if you want to have good vegetables of this kind during the winter. The only way to get them is by sowing seed rather late in the season, for beets and carrots say in July, or even later, and for turnips in August. Carrots especially, to be good, ought to be young, in fact little more than half grown. Winter radishes also must not be sown before August. If we have a cool cellar, the proposition is easy. The winter radishes, also salsify, if you care to store some for

early March to "bolt," or go to seed. It is safer, perhaps, to sow seed along in March, in flats in a frame or hotbed, transplant once in other flats, setting the plants two inches apart each way and then putting out in open ground, in rows that are three to four feet apart, having the plants stand in single or double row six to eight inches apart. White Plume will make what might be called white stalks, and Golden Self-blanching yellow ones, but in order to have nice well blanched stalks, either for table or sale, they must be further blanched by means of boards set up against the rows from each side. This "finishing off" process, in early summer, will require only ten to fifteen days' time, and the boards may be shifted to a new lot as soon as the first one is taken up. We prefer wide boards, those a foot wide being about right, but a ten-inch or even eight-inch width will do in a pinch. Celery is a nice thing to have, and it should be found in more people's gardens.

CLOSE ROTATION.—One of my patches which produced a profitable crop of bunch onions in April and May, of this year, was then planted with early tomatoes of the Earliana type, and yielded a very large crop of good and very salable tomatoes. This piece is now being manured and plowed, and is expected to be planted again early in spring with onions. Another of those bunch onion patches was planted with sweet corn, in June, and has given us a magnificent crop, lasting into October. The later ears and nubbins are now used to start the fattening process with our pigs. This patch has again been plowed, and will be planted in early cabbage next spring. Another of the patches after having produced a good crop of early spring bunch onions, has given this summer big yields of cucumbers and melons. It is now manured and plowed for planting early table beets and carrots, etc., next April. The patch that yielded those immense Gibraltar and Prizetaker onions in August and September, now grows, in one part, a promising crop of spinach, and in another part a crop of onions to be used for bunching next spring. With such repeated and close planting, I am not much afraid of weeds ever getting the better of me. They are not given the chance. Close cropping, in fact, I find to be the best and surest remedy for the weed pest.

T. GREINER.

Growing Onions For Seed

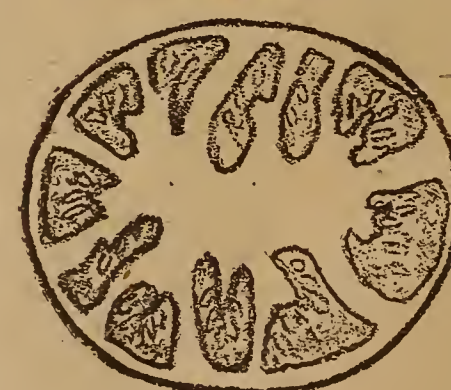
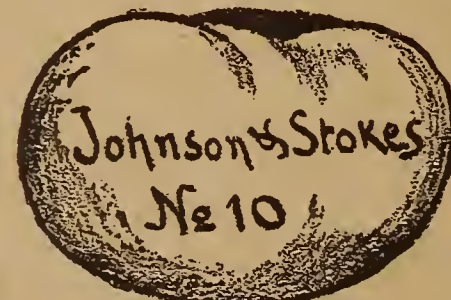
I sort out the best-shaped globes, medium sized, in the fall, and put them in crates and set them in a good, cool, dry place where they will not freeze. As early in the spring as I can I plow the ground, and set them out in rows about three inches deep and six inches apart, and the rows about four feet apart, so I can cultivate them with a horse and not knock the seed heads down.—W. P. ROGERS.

The man who wishes to grow half an acre of onions will need two and one half pounds of water-cleaned seed. A bushel of choice onions will grow from nothing at all to eight pounds of seed. None but the best should ever be planted for seed. The best seed and the largest yield is obtained by planting some sets of a choice strain, and from the resultant crop select what may be wanted for seed purposes; plant them the latter part of August or early in September, so as to obtain a good root formation before winter. I like to apply two tons acid phosphate with five hundred or six hundred pounds muriate of potash per acre and strike light on nitrogen; it is apt to cause blight. Plant five or six inches apart in rows six inches deep and at least three feet from each other. Start the cultivator in spring as soon as ground begins to change color, and keep it up when the seed is ripe (which will be known by the heads turning yellow). Cut the stalks five or six inches below the head, spread out thinly upstairs somewhere, and turn occasionally. When dry thrash with a flail and run through the fanning mill a couple of times. The man who grows seeds always has a full line of sieves, and to finish the onion seed he will probably need a No. 12 or No. 14. There is another and much more frequently practised method of growing onion seed. Just sell your onions as long as you have any fit to sell, then in spring plant the scallions and rotten ones, together with what may be left of your crop. You must issue a catalogue, of course, on cheap paper, first consulting the dictionary for adjectives sufficiently expressive to describe your product, and if you can get the loan of some wood cuts that go to show that you had to rent another field to cure your onions on, you will, no doubt, be able to hold the right of line in the procession.—M. GARAHAN in The Rural New Yorker.

LIMA BEANS.—At this time, way along in October, we are still enjoying our limas picked fresh from the vines. They seem to be just delicious, and if there is any

reason for us to regret that winter is rapidly approaching, it is for the very reason that our delicious lima bean supply is to be cut short. Few things in the garden are more enjoyable to my taste than young lima beans freshly gathered and prepared by a skilful cook. Of course, we have gathered seed from some of the earliest pods, low down on the vines. We need quite a supply, too, especially if we have to plant them two or three times over as we had to do last spring. We find limas also a very profitable crop for a home or retail market. There is usually good demand for these beans.

immensely productive. The plants regularly kill themselves by overbearing. Short as our summer was again this year, the entire crop has matured on the vines of this variety, or of these varieties. We had tomatoes when few other people had them. Our late tomatoes only matured a portion of their crop. In 1904 the only tomatoes we had came from the patch of Earliana. Very few of the later and better sorts got ripe. The season was wet and cool. I used to like tomatoes. That year they did not taste right, and I lost all my liking for them. This year they are better; but I only regained my full appetite for ripe tomatoes and enjoyed them as much as ever when we got nice ripe specimens from our late tomatoes, especially the Tenderloin. I shall continue to grow tomatoes of the Earliana type for market until we find better early sorts. Usually the tomatoes that have only four or five seed cavities are poor in quality, and watery. Earliana was a great improvement in point of quality on the earlier trash. In Johnson & Stokes' No. 10 we have apparently a selection from Earliana. It has the general characteristics of that now popular sort, especially the comparatively small and open growth of top and heavy setting of fruit, ripening most of its fruit before frost gets a chance at it, then dying down. It has an especially large number of seed cavities and



winter use, may be put in a box or barrel in sand, rather dry. The other vegetables will keep fresh and brittle if stored in a bin or box and kept covered with sods or cloths, or blankets to prevent evaporation. If left open, those on top at least are liable to wilt and become worthless for culinary use. What onions we desire to keep over for winter and spring use in the family, are carefully sorted over, and only those selected for storing that are perfectly sound, with small neck, the medium-sized ones preferred. A cool and dry room, whether cellar or garret, is what they need to keep well. If placed where they will be exposed to freezing, they should be covered so as to keep them frozen until used or until they thaw out again on the approach of spring. If kept in a frost-proof dry cellar, it is better to keep them in peach or other small and airy baskets than together in big bulk.

SELF-BLANCHING CELERIES, so-called, are mostly, or rather exclusively, grown for summer and fall use. When planted on rich, moist garden soil or some of our black bottom lands, they are easily grown as any other garden crop. First of all, we try to get good seed. I have a slight preference for French seed, although the American grown usually makes stronger plants. When we want early celery, fit

may be a little more solid as it is a little more uniform in shape and size than Earliana. It is good enough for a first early tomato to deserve planting again. Chalk's Early Jewel has a better foliage than these early sorts, is quite uniform in size and shape, and fairly solid. It is all right for early market. Among the new late or main crop varieties we have Livingston's Globe and Tenderloin. The Globe is what its name indicates, as perfectly spherical in shape as if made with the help of compasses. The long stem, which adheres more firmly to the fruit than the stem usually does in our standard sorts, indicates that this variety came from

PLANTS FLOWERING IN AUTUMN.—A. R., Basil, Ohio. The specimens of raspberries produced in autumn, and also the cherry flowers which you sent, I have looked over with interest. It is not uncommon to have some varieties of our red raspberries produce a small crop of fruit in autumn provided we have a very favorable season, and this is especially true when we have very dry weather in August so that the canes ripen up and stop growing, and later have a warm autumn. Under such conditions raspberries will flower and produce fruit, and strawberries will occasionally produce a small second crop. Snowballs and other early spring flowering shrubs will also produce flowers.

The condition that you find in regard to this matter in Ohio is found also in portions of Missouri, where many of the apple trees produced a small show of bloom in September.

As a rule we regard this second crop as being very undesirable, as it seldom amounts to very much and means that the store of plant food which should remain in the plant unchanged until spring is being used up in a new growth, and under such conditions the trees are very liable to be somewhat injured in winter.

In the case of cherries, there are a few kinds of sour cherries that naturally produce fruit all summer, but I do not think it is this class of cherries to which you refer.

INJURED FRUIT TREE.—J. A. S., Apollo, Penn. If you will send on a small sample of the injury to your fruit trees, I will try and identify it for you. When you send it also explain the way in which it acts and when it appeared.

INSECTS ON CURRANT BLOOM.—M. J. R., Kansas City, Mo. I do not know what the insect is that eats the flowers of your currants just after blooming. It might be one of several insects. It is quite probable that if the insect had not been troublesome in previous years until last year that it will not be troublesome the coming season.

In a general way it is safe to say that insects that eat in the manner which you describe can be held in check by spraying with Bordeaux mixture—made from the formula, four pounds sulphate copper, six pounds lime and fifty gallons of water, and to this add four ounces of Paris green. This should be applied to the plants just before the flower opens.

BORERS.—R. C., Terre Haute, Ind. The small white worms that live in the wood and bark of peach trees, near the surface of the ground, are probably what is known as the peach-tree borer. The best way of getting rid of this troublesome pest is to look over the trees in the spring and again in August and dig the worms out. A little practice will indicate to any one where the worms are working, since the bark over their tunnels will be discolored. In digging them out use a small, sharp-pointed knife.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.—L. S., New Cumberland, Pa. If you think your fruit trees need spraying you should know just the purpose for which you wish to spray, otherwise it is best not to attempt it. If you have no trouble with your fruit trees there is no use in spraying. The chances are, however, that your apples are injured by the codling moth, which makes what we ordinarily call wormy fruit. The best way to prevent the injury from this is to spray the trees just before the flowers open, with a spray made up of fifty gallons of water and four ounces of Paris green. After the flowers have fallen this should be repeated and again repeated two or three weeks later. Treatment of this kind will not injure apples, but it is very likely to injure plums and peaches.

If you will let me know what you want to spray for I will try and answer you more definitely.

SAN JOSE SCALE.—H. J., Fort Lee, N. J. Neither tobacco nor whitewash will kill the San Jose scale, and if you have what you think is this pest please forward specimens of the infested branches and we will try and identify them for you and recommend treatment.

TRANSPLANTING A LARGE SHRUB.—M. C. C., Fife, Va. The Euonymus to which you refer can undoubtedly be moved if handled carefully. I would suggest that you dig it as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. This will be pretty heavy labor to do it in good shape. The roots should be cut off about two and one half feet from the tree all around, and a trench dug two or more feet deep so as to get under the main side roots. The tree should then be undermined, a

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

large portion of the soil removed down to the roots, and an effort made to remove as much soil as possible with it.

WINE-MAKING.—B. W., Isabella, Oklahoma. The process for wine-making is very complicated and it must be made to suit different cases. This is especially true where it is made for commercial use, and we have not room in these columns for a thorough discussion of the subject. I would suggest that you get a book entitled "Grape Growing and Wine-making," by Hussman, for sale by the Orange-Judd Publishing Co., New York City.

STANDARD FOR VINEGAR.—T. S. R., Cleveland, Texas. A vinegar which falls below four and one half per cent of acetic acid and two per cent of solids is too weak to put upon the market. For ordinary marketing purposes a vinegar should have a specific gravity of at least 1.013. The hydrometer test is not always certain, as in the case of a vinegar that was partly made it might show the proper specific gravity and yet there would not be the full amount of alcohol present. The standard for vinegar varies in different states. I would suggest that you find out the standard in your own state by addressing the chemist of your State Experiment Station at College Station, Brazos county.

THE CANADIAN FRUIT MARKS ACT.—The Canadian Fruit Marks Act has for its object the establishment of a high grade for Canadian fruit. It has been very helpful, and in the English market, on account of this law, Canadian fruit is ranked even higher than fruit from the United States.

At the recent meeting of the American Pomological Society the subject of a Fruit Marks Act in the United States was discussed at considerable length, and it was the general opinion that such an act could hardly be made compulsory, but if to growers were given the opportunity of availing themselves of it and marking their fruit as inspected, many of them would be glad to have their fruit properly inspected, for it is certain that fruit known to be true to grade will sell much higher than that which is bought on the market where the buyer largely takes his chances.

The two principal clauses in the Fruit Marks Act are given here. These state what good fruit is, and what shall be considered false representation. Suitable penalties are provided for violations: "6. No person shall sell, or offer, expose, or have in his possession for sale any fruit packed in a closed package, upon which package is marked any designation which represents such fruit as of No. 1 or XXX, finest, best or extra good quality, unless such fruit consist of well-grown specimens of one variety, sound, of nearly uniform size, of good colour for the variety, of normal shape, and not less than ninety per cent free from scab, worm holes, bruises and other defects, and properly packed.

"7. No person shall sell, or offer, expose, or have in his possession for sale, any fruit packed in any package in which the faced or shown surface gives a false representation of the contents of such package; and it shall be considered a false representation when more than fifteen per cent of such fruit is substantially smaller in size than, or inferior in grade to, or different in variety from, the faced or shown surface of such package."

The Sod-Grown Fruit Theory

I will state the principles of the new horticulture, all of which are diametrically opposed to the old system. The old horticulture teaches that the more roots a tree has when transplanted the better; that the bigger the hole or the deeper the subsoil the better, and that continual cultivation is necessary. Opposed to this we believe in short roots, which compel the young trees to reestablish themselves on several strong, deep, vertical roots, instead of on many small lateral ones.

Next, we advocate a firm, unbroken subsoil and small holes, giving the tree a natural anchorage. A circle of three feet should be cleared around the plant and the space kept fertilized and mulched. Where ground is rough and rocky trees may be planted in sod, but they will grow less rapidly.

Until trees begin to bear any crop may be grown between them except small grain. Afterwards they should be left without

any manner of cultivation and the orchard sown in Bermuda or some similar grass, mowed often enough to keep down the growth.

Allow all shoots to grow from the short body until about one foot long, when all but the straightest should be removed. That is to form the future tree, and the knife should never be applied again, except if necessary, when the trees are four or five years old, to shear off the tops, which should be kept about seven or eight feet high.

Nature made the peach a spreading bush; man makes it a tree by pruning, thus destroying the equilibrium between the roots and the top, exposing the trunk to the blistering sun, and by continual cultivation, forcing out an excessive growth of branches which, to prevent overbearing, must be removed annually. If never pruned, the peach makes a broad, spreading bush, never high, shading the ground completely and retaining all of the plant food in the soil. Such trees never overbear or make long shoots, but set their fruit evenly all around on the outside, where it can be easily gathered.

Propagation, to insure early fruiting, should be from only the best bearing trees. These innovations save the cost of cultivation and pruning, and make possible a better fruit with greater ease in gathering.

I believe sod-grown peaches can be shipped successfully to Europe, experiments made by me having proved that the fruit has the lasting quality not possessed by any other. On July 17th of this year I sent to the "Practical Fruit Grower" two baskets of Elbertas, with the request that the editor forward one of the baskets back to me and keep the other as long as possible, noting the quality of the fruit when eaten. The basket, after a trip from Lampasas, Tex., to Springfield, Mo., and return, reached me in perfect order, and the peaches kept by the editor were not eaten until August 5th, when they were found to possess all of their original flavor. Similar test shipments were made to Rochester, N. Y., and Los Angeles, Cal., with highly satisfactory results.

All that I have written as to the advantages of a close-mowed sod is intended to apply exclusively to close root pruned trees. All the successes quoted were made with such trees, whose strong roots have anchored themselves deep in the moist subsoil and can laugh at grass and drouth. But for all trees set with long roots spread out in large holes cultivation and pruning are necessary evils, though the long, hot summer of Texas will surely kill them in eight years or less. Such trees established themselves entirely when planted on a lateral, fibrous system from the ends of the long roots, victims of man's ignorance, and they must pay the penalty. However, had I such an orchard farther north, so necessary are the feeding, surface roots to all fruit trees that I would put to grass, top dress with fertilizer the first year and chance results. Fertilizing would never be necessary again.—H. M. STRINGFELLOW.

STRINGFELLOW'S METHODS

Plant trees in small holes made in firm soil, with lateral roots closely trimmed and the ground firmly tamped.

Clear three-foot circle about tree, fertilize and mulch.

Plant orchard in Bermuda or similar grass, and mow often enough to keep the growth down.

Stop all cultivation when tree begins to bear.

Do not prune peach trees until four or five years old, and then simply shear off tops, which should be kept about seven or eight feet high.

Nothing should be allowed to disturb the roots, and the same freedom should be given the orchard trees as is afforded those of the forest.

Let nature take its course.—The New Southwest.

The Peacherine

In FARM AND FIRESIDE, September 15th, I notice under the head of "New Fruit Crosses" something about the "Peacherine" that I have produced.

The best and most experienced fruit men in California have decided that it is perfect. The color is dark red, the size is medium and the flesh is very fine.

The three-year-old tree has produced twenty-five fine specimens, and they were colored very bright fully four weeks before they were ripe, which will make it a good shipper. It comes at a time in the season here to fill a vacancy in the salable shipping fruit. J. W. PHILLIPPI.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Shelter For Live Stock

It is well for the farmer to consider before the storms of winter, and worse still, the storms of spring, are here, whether he has made sufficient provision for the protection of his live stock. There is an old saying that pine boards are cheaper than corn; in other words, that the farmer can not afford to burn the increased amount of corn necessary to keep up the animal heat where animals are not provided with proper shelter; and yet farmers may easily throw away good money by providing improper shelters. If they will take counsel from the animals themselves, considerable of this money might be saved.

A good many farmers have the idea that to feed beef cattle successfully they must be kept in a warm stable. In our boyhood days the underground portion of a banked barn was regarded as an ideal place for providing shelter against the cold and storms of winter. Experienced feeders hold no such opinion now. They have found out that feeding cattle in bank barns or any other barn involves largely increased labor cost, and that where cattle are on full feed they really need no protection except against blizzards of winter and the wet rains of early spring. The reason for this is that the heat invariably produced in the digestion of a half or even a third of a bushel of corn per day is all that the animal requires for comfort even in the coldest weather.

A tight board fence to the north, or a dense hedge and windbreak, with sheds long enough and broad enough to allow cattle to take refuge from the rains of the spring, is all the protection that feeding cattle require. They do need protection from mud either by paving the feed lot with brick or by deep bedding. This puts the manure where it ought to be, and saves a vast amount of cost. The experience of all cattle feeders and experiment stations is, we think, that cattle under these conditions do better than when kept in close stables and tended with a greatly increased amount of labor.

The cattle that need better protection than this are the dairy cows, and for perfectly obvious reasons. The dairy cow when properly fed is devoting her whole energies to the production of milk. She is therefore peculiarly sensitive to changes in the weather, especially cold winds and rain. She needs but very little exercise, and is therefore best cared for in a warm but thoroughly and scientifically ventilated stable, where she can have pure air day and night without exposure to drafts. In fact, it is freedom from drafts, cold winds and rains, that is required in a stable rather than a high temperature, for the reason that in the dairy cow, as in the steer, digestion and assimilation provide most of the heat necessary. The first-class dairy cow puts the results of this digestion into the pail, and therefore does not carry the amount of fat which serves as an admirable protection in the fattening steer at times when the temperature is low. Many farmers think the steer very foolish when he prefers to lie down on a dry bed in the open air with the thermometer ten degrees below zero. The steer prefers this simply because he is more comfortable, and his opinion is frequently entitled to more weight than that of the man who feeds him.

On the same line, cattle that are to be stocked through require more protection than cattle that are on full feed. A much larger maintenance ration is required for cattle that are exposed to storms and blizzards and all the inclemency of the season, than for cattle that are afforded the protection of a grove or windbreak on the north and west and have cover during the cold rains of spring. These cattle are usually fed forage alone, and hence do not develop the amount of heat which is developed in the process of finishing the steer on a grain ration.

The order in which cattle require protection is as follows: First, the dairy cow; second, stock cattle; third, fattening cattle. Horses require least of all, and farmers who keep colts other than weanlings in the stable or barn the year around do them an unkindness rather than a kindness. A winter pasture either of second crop clover or of blue grass that has not been pastured closely in the fall, with a hay stack to run to and a big straw stack on the lee side of which they can take shelter during storms, is about all that the colt requires. He needs exercise much more than he needs shelter.—Wallace's Farmer.

A Few Sheep Don'ts

Don't put us in a cold, bleak place to winter. We are very tender and need comfortable quarters.

Don't expect us to thrive without plenty of good water. Of course, we could eat snow for five or six months and live, but you try it for a single day and see how you enjoy the change.

Don't feed us buckwheat and then wonder why we pull our wool.

Don't confine us to a small open shed for the winter, but give us also a good yard where we can enjoy the sunshine.

Don't look for a profit from us if wintered on straw, or timothy hay, and no grain, but feed so as to keep us in a good, hearty condition. Then feed for milk on a ration of clover hay, oats, wheat bran, turnips, or any good milk-producing food, as this is very essential to our young, wherefrom all your profit is derived.

Don't, as I said before, keep us on timothy hay alone, for in case you find any of us cold and lifeless, you will be telling your neighbors we died of grub in the head, when in reality it was a lack of grub in the stomach.

Don't turn us out on some old barren hillside in the spring as soon as you can discover a little green spot in the valley and then declare there is no profit in sheep.

Don't, if we have become weak and thin, and refuse to own our young, kick, club and misuse us, and use language entirely unfit for your Sabbath school class to hear, but tie the dog near by, and as we are no friend to the canine race our mother love soon turns to the innocent, helpless creature at our side and the trouble is over.

Don't shear us the first of April, then leave us out in the open air exposed to the cold and storm.

You would not for a moment think of raising a good wheat or corn crop without some labor and expense, and it is the same with us. Just exercise a little patience, kind treatment and proper care and food, and we will amply repay you for your time and trouble.

A. P. WYATT.

Demand For Mutton

There is an increased demand for mutton and a decreased supply of sheep, which means good prices. There has been a conspicuous expansion in the consumption of mutton in the past decade and more attention is being devoted to this feature of the meat industry. The bulk of the sheep are in the western states. There are thirteen commonwealths that are each credited with upward of a million sheep. Montana heads the list with 5,638,967, and Wyoming is second with 3,267,887.

In the leading sheep producing states the principal feature of the industry is the production of mutton, the clip of wool being regarded as a by-product. Wool is a staple article of commerce and its advance in price indicates increased consumption demand, which promises prosperity to the wool growers.

Not only has there been a decrease in number of sheep in this country in the past two years, but also in both Australia and South America.

The vast range territory of the west is undergoing an evolution, great tracts of grazing land are being sub-divided into smaller holdings and devoted principally to the beef cattle industry. The price of sheep has reached a level where it is profitable to produce them for either wool or mutton. The future of the industry is in the keeping of the average farmer more than in the great range districts of the west.

The Chicago market has become the principal distributing point for sheep. Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin are well adapted to sheep husbandry and are destined to furnish a large percentage of the mutton annually sold at this point. In fact, many farms formerly devoted to dairying are changing to the production of wool and mutton, and find it a profitable solution of the farm labor problem so annoying to dairymen. The increased consumption of mutton and wool removes all danger of overproduction. At current prices sheep husbandry is a profitable branch of agriculture. M. STENSON.

Live Stock Inspection

The live stock inspectors have been very active this year against diseased sheep. It will take only one or two seasons of strict application of the law to rid the state entirely of all diseased animals. Then by careful watching the live stock of Idaho can easily be kept in a healthy condition. O. I. ELLIS.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Horse Facts

Are you planning to keep your horses comfortable this winter?

Do not expose the horse so that he is liable to take cold, but give him the protection that you give the family.

The horse which labors for you should have the best feed of the farm. Make it a point to see that the best quality of hay goes to the horses. And it is not hard to notice that they make the best use of the best feed.

It will not do to try to make the horse fit the harness. It is wiser economy to fit the harness to the horse. The horse has his shape, but you can change the harness—that is what it has buckles for.

There is not much use in grinding feed for horses if they have good teeth. You will make nothing by grinding oats for the horse. Some horsemen claim that crushed oats are not near as good as whole oats.

There is danger of overfeeding horses and they can easily get too much grain. The horse will have poor digestion soon enough without trying to bring it on.

Feed horses grain in proportion to the work done. The feed should be lessened on idle days, or serious results will often follow. Regulate the amount of the feed according to the amount of work done.

All animals need salt in their feed. Salt aids digestion, and by actual test on cows they give a certain amount of milk more each day when fed salt.

The more I work horses with all kinds of bridles the more I am in favor of the blind bridle. I find that the horse gets quite tricky when worked in an open bridle. He will learn to shirk every time.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

Confidence in the Future of the Live Stock Industry

Nothing can be said by man that would as clearly demonstrate a confidence founded on rock for the future of the live stock industry, as the construction of the enormous coliseum in Chicago by the Stock Yard Company for holding annual educational expositions of live stock by the International Live Stock Exposition Association. This year's show will be held Dec. 2 to 9. When complete

Professor Kennedy, in charge of animal husbandry at Amcs, Iowa, says:

"The International Live Stock Exposition is the greatest live stock educational institution in America. It is the one place where the best specimens of the various breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine may be seen. To the man who is interested in the production of market animals, this show affords the greatest opportunity available to study the very highest types. Here he can see the animals on foot and later on the carcasses on the hooks. This is something which every feeder should study.

"Nowhere else in the world is there a show of carload lots of fat cattle that can compare with that of the International Live Stock Exposition. It is the people's show.

"As an example of enterprise on the part of a large corporation, the International stands alone. It was started by the Union Stock Yards Company and maintained by them until the breeders and farmers of the country could complete an organization to carry on the same. In so doing the Union Stock Yards Company displayed a generosity which in live stock circles has no precedent. Now they are outdoing themselves by the erection of the largest and most complete set of buildings in which to house the show that are to be found in any part of the world. The farmers and stockmen have in the past shown their appreciation of the same by their exhibits and attendance at the animal shows. In the future they should and will show a much greater appreciation by bringing out more and better animals and by visiting the exhibition in thousands from all parts of this great commonwealth."

A Good Sheep Talk

"The farmers of this country, especially in the eastern part of this great corn belt, must go to breeding sheep if they want to take much of a hand in supplying the high-class mutton demand. And necessity is driving them into it. You have already observed that Michigan, Indiana and Ohio farmers are buying ewes and taking them east to put on farms and raise their own lambs." This in substance



SCENES OF MEADOW AND STREAM, No. 5

this building will be the largest of its kind in the world dedicated to live stock, 600 by 310 feet over all, with an arena 250 by 100 feet and capacity to hold 10,000 people in the auditorium.

Any one can aid in the upbuilding of an industry in fair weather, but have you thought what it means for strong hands to express a sincere belief in your industry and back it with cash? The agricultural and live stock interests of the country should support this great move by a large attendance, and give tangible evidence of their own views on their business interests.

Professor F. B. Mumford of Columbia, Mo., says:

"The International Live Stock show has done, and is doing, more to fix in the minds of stockmen higher standards of excellence for the improved breeds of live stock than probably any other one factor in America. It gives not only an opportunity to examine the highest types of animals, but the enthusiasm and inspiration that come from the association of the best live stock men of the country is one of the most important results of this animal show.

"The stockmen of America are certainly fortunate in having secured the cooperation of the Union Stock Yards corporation in establishing this great show upon a successful basis. The magnificent amphitheater now being constructed will give to this show one of the finest show buildings in the world."

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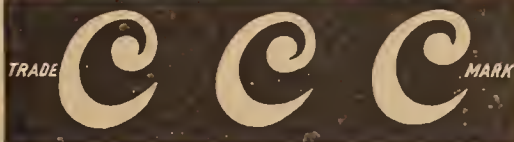
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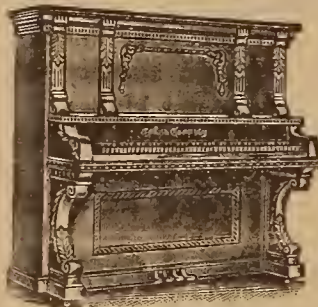
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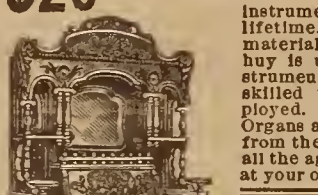
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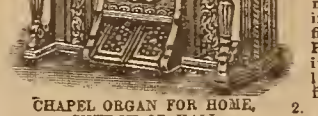
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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

O. E. Bradfute

Governor Herrick served well the interests of the State and of the Ohio State University and the farmers of Ohio, in particular, when he filled the vacancy occasioned by the death of J. McLain Smith, on the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State University, by the appointment of O. E. Bradfute, of Greene county.

Mr. Bradfute is a splendid example of what an agricultural college education will do for a young man of good moral and mental fiber, shrewd sense and high resolve. He would have risen to eminence in any walk of life. He has risen to that proud position in the agricultural field. He has served with eminent ability on most of the important agricultural boards in the state and had to resign from the Board of Control of the Experiment Station to accept this place as trustee of the Ohio State University. He brings to his public duties the same traits that have made his private business and life such a marked success—strict integrity, attention to details, close application, sound sense, and an ever abiding desire to make this life as helpful and rich to self, family, fellowman, as it is possible to do. He is a fit representative of the educated American farmer. His large financial interests attest his skill in money matters. His pride in his stock, his love for the beautiful and excellent, his interest in public affairs, the fine concern which he who lives best must have, in the welfare of his fellowman, are his.

Mr. Bradfute has been nominated for representative from his district and happy indeed would the farmers of the state be if he should be sent to the General Assembly. He has six thousand majority to overcome. Should he go to Columbus this year as representative there would be not only an able defender of the farmer's interests, but one absolutely incorruptible, one whose judgment could be relied upon and whose foresight and insight would be a valuable aid. Were it left to the state, he would be elected because of his sterling worth and integrity.

A Visit to Darke County, Pomona, and Juvenile Granges

Recently I visited Darke county, Ohio, in the interests of the educational work. There I saw great fields of tobacco, corn and clover fields that the Lord possibly could create better but never did, herds of stock that delight the eye and fill the pocket-book, fine houses, lawns carefully kept, barns bursting with their largess, millions of doves raised for the sportsmen, and above all this, men and women, young and old, eager and alert to make of life as much as possible. Pomona patrons were ready for the work in most of the granges. In the evening I visited German Grange, where there is a membership of above one hundred and sixty. A large class will be organized here. They are making liberal orders for books. It was a pleasing thing to see how completely the advantages of such a course as is offered by the grange and the Ohio State University were realized. There was eagerness and enthusiasm and a desire to begin the work as soon as it is possible to get the books. Brother Ware, lecturer of Pomona, was appointed a committee of one to take the orders from the various granges and have the books all come in one consignment to a central point, thereby saving transportation charges. All orders had to be in within two weeks to get benefit of first shipment. The problem with Darke county farmers is to maintain the great birthright of rich land which has been given them. It is so rich that it seems inexhaustible in its fertility, yet they are eager to make it more productive, increase its fertility, and make their work more productive of good.

I visited the Juvenile grange which Mrs. Harris told you about in the September 1st issue. We all envy the training of the town child who has had advantages of school, but out here in the country, ten miles from a railway, were boys and girls, mere children in years, carrying on a grange meeting with dignity and precision. The opening and closing exercises were committed by the officers, each had his regalia, and each was ready to respond in turn. The juveniles went upstairs to the subordinate lodge and held their exercises, after which their matron took them back to their own hall where routine business was transacted. In their program were recitations, solos, select readings, all given with that eagerness that characterizes the child, and with precision betokening training. At roll call each

one responded with a fact that had been learned between times and the matron, Mrs. Harris, drew out the reasons for the fact.

At Concord I met some of the juveniles and their matron, Mrs. Hartzell. This is one of the recently organized granges and is a promising one with a matron who is eager and alert. There are three juveniles in the county organized by Mrs. Harris. She will organize others also. Her husband is the county deputy and she goes with him on his trips, talking juveniles. She has done it to such purpose that each grange wants one. Counties not having juveniles, and I am sorry to say they are many, would do well to write Mrs. Harris and get her to come and organize several in each county. Rest assured it will do a great deal to build up the work in your county. A juvenile is not going to miss a meeting, so what are the elders to do but go take them.

Patrons who attended the Warren session of State grange will remember the two young men who were so eager for the traveling libraries that they took first choice, and to be sure of getting them, carried them home on their shoulders. These young men were Messrs. Shonaker and Bunger. Shonaker is taking an agricultural course at Ohio State University and Bunger will likely do so. Such young men have the right grit and spirit and will succeed.

The Bond Exemption Amendment

Opposition to the Bond Exemption Amendment is springing up in the state among the small property owners and the farmers. Not till State Master Derthick called attention to the injustice of the measure, was much attention given to it. Thousands who would vote upon it this fall had given it no thought whatever. The press is not discussing it. It is an absolutely non-partisan question, but one of great interest to every tax payer. A wave of indignation is spreading over the state which will be shown at the polls. The problem is to make all property bear its just share of protection by the government, increase the tax duplicate, lessen the rate of taxation, and thus relieve the burden that falls on the small property owner. Every attempt to legalize tax dodging makes the burden heavier upon land. Study well into the matter before casting your vote and be not misled by false reasonings.

Do Your Part

Not all can do the same work. Not all can serve in the name place. Let each do that which best suits his talents and serves the purposes of his station. It is very inconvenient for those to sing who have no voice. Moreover it martyrs the unfortunate innocents who must look interested or else perforce, offend. If you can't sing, but can plant a vine or tree or shrub to make your home more beautiful, do so, and increase the sum total of enjoyment. Likewise in the grange. Some can sing, others speak, others drape a curtain, or place a chair at just the right angle, or put a cushion in such a position that any other would offend the eye. One may be intensely interested in school adornment, another on collecting natural objects for a grange museum, another in good roads. All are interested, but there are those to whom the special interest belongs. They are bought and sold to that work. Let them do it. Let others do theirs.

One of the great reasons for the little jealousies and envyings that afflict some communities is that some strong personality will push forward his or her work, others will become interested; others, while interested, are not specially fitted for that particular place. They cannot do the work, therefore drop out and sulk. One side of the community's interests are advanced while the others suffer because there are not strong personalities to carry them forward. Or, if such personalities exist they permit them to be overshadowed. If symmetrical development of a community is secured it is by each doing that work for which he or she is especially fitted. The desire is the guide. Let each one find his place, do his work, make it easier for others to follow.

Change of Address

My readers will take notice that my address has been changed from New Plymouth to Oesterville, O. It was necessary to get near the center of the state to carry on the work which is coming to take most of my time.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Comparison of Eggs

As to the value of hens and ducks as egg producers everything depends upon the management of both. Regarding the chemical composition of hens' eggs as compared with ducks' eggs experiments and analysis made in France showed that a hen's egg weighing 60.4 grammes (equal to 14.43 grains avoirdupois) was found to consist of 7.2 grammes of shell and membrane, 52.2 grammes, or 88.07 per cent of contents. One hundred parts of the contents of a hen's egg contain 25.01 dry matter, 1.03 ash and 11.27 fat, while the proportions of the same substances in a duck's egg were found to be 28.32, 1.16 and 15.49, respectively. It was demonstrated, therefore, that duck's eggs are richer in fat to no inconsiderable extent, but fat is not the most valuable substance in eggs.

Material for Nests

There are some kinds of nests that afford the best conditions for lice, and the best material is that which does not pack too closely. While fine hay or cut straw makes good nests, a very good material is shavings from wood; select only the thinnest and softest, and make the nest well with them.

Size and Quality

Size does not indicate quality, nor are the largest birds always the best in the flock. To breed large fowls is the object of many who keep poultry for market, but it is doubtful if there is more profit in them than in the smaller breeds, for it takes time to bring a fowl to great size, and in that time the corn crib pays the difference. Often two smaller fowls can be produced for market at the same cost as one large one, and two small hens will lay a great many more eggs than a large one. Poultry meat is produced at so much per pound, and a quick-growing fowl is far more remunerative than one that requires a long period in which to arrive at maturity. Unless hatched early, the larger breeds do not always lay in the fall, but the smaller breeds, if given any chance at all for growth, will often begin to lay in September or October. Crosses make a great difference, however, in the quickness of growth of fowls, but it will be found more profitable also to breed fowls pure. To do so one must select new blood every year, and not adhere too closely to one family or strain. Careful selection is the most important work in connection with the improvement of a flock. Where the small breeds have been used they will be found approaching maturity much sooner than the large breeds, but they do not always make as good winter layers as do those breeds that possess heavy, fluffy feathers, nor is the tall comb of any advantage to them when the frost is keen and the wind cold. Liberal feeding, however, will assist materially to bridge over some of the difficulties, and it pays at that, as the eggs collected in winter are always worth much more than those of a later period.



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which is whole or undigested. In the meantime they work the manure into the finest possible condition for mixing with absorbent material.

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ALFALFA is the best and cheapest green food for poultry that can be grown. Have a patch handy to the poultry-yard.

their own melted fat. A morsel makes a popular soup, and it is the standard contribution for making sauce in the south-west of France. The excess of the melted fat is also carefully kept. It is ranked by the peasant to be as good as the best butter in northern France. The breeding geese, of four or five years of age, fatten quite as easily as those of fewer years only their flesh is not so tender. Three times a year the geese are plucked, May, July and September. Part of the wing will serve as a duster. A goose is said to yield eleven ounces of feathers and two and one half ounces of down, but the geese destined to produce fat livers are never plucked while living. With a sale for fat geese, and especially for enlarged livers, farmers in this country are also finding a demand that is increasing.

Scratching in Manure

The hens seem to delight in scratching in the manure heap, where they not only find quite an amount of waste material, but perform excellent service in rendering the manure fine. The method of some farmers is to throw all manure in a small heap, allow the hens to work on it, and then remove the manure to a larger heap, which permits of its being more intimately mixed with some absorbent material. A flock of a dozen hens will save a portion of their food, if allowed to scratch over the manure, as there is always more or less food that passes through animals which has not been appropriated or digested. The objection by some is that where hens work in barnyard manure the flavor of the eggs is affected, but it is doubtful if such is always the case. Consumers seldom find fault with the flavor, if eggs are otherwise satisfactory, while the material collected by the hens from the manure is usually that



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A Eulogy on Corn

Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, was a guest at the harvest home festival of the Fellowship Club, of Chicago, and responded to the toast, "What I Know About Farming." He rose slowly to his feet, looking deliberately upon the harvest decorations of the room, his eyes finally seeming to rest upon the magnificent stalks of corn that adorned the wall. Slowly and impressively he began his remarks, gradually rising to the climax:

"But, now, again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it! Look on its ripening waving field. See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore, sometimes jauntily, and sometimes after the storm the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant caskets of the corn field filled with the wine of life, and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art. And now the evening comes and something of a time to rest and listen. The scudding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whole of the moonlit beauty of the night, and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand thousand harps that hang upon the borders and the edges and the middle of the field of ripening corn until my very heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long melodious refrain. The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth and now they move, and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land. Glorious corn, that more than all the sisters of the fields wears tropic garments. Nor on the shore of Nilus or of Ind does nature dress her forms more splendidly. And now, again, the corn, that in its kernel holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or, shining in the eye of beauty, make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels of her lips, and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm and well-embodied soul—a woman.

"Aye, the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations. The corn triumphant, that with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the tufted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant transmitted by the alchemy of God sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song, and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life. Oh, that I had the voice of song or skill to translate into tones the harmonies, the symphonies and oratorios that roll across my soul when standing sometimes by day and sometimes by night upon the borders of this verdant sea I note a world of promise, and then before one half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man. Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant. Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God, that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides or in the valleys."

And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow.
—Longfellow.

But brown comes the autumn and sear
grows the corn,

And the woods like a rainbow are
dressed,
And but for the cock and the noontide
horn,
Old Time would be tempted to rest.

The humming bee fans off a shower of
gold
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,
And dry grow the leaves which protect-
ing infold

The ears of the well-ripened maize.
—From "The Maize."

Autobiographies of
Common Things---The Potato

BY GEORGE F. BURBA.

I AM THE Potato. My name comes from the Spanish "batata." Learned men who know Latin say I belong to a family which they call "solanum tuberosum." My home is in South America, and in the valleys of that country I grow wild in the woods just as I did before the white people found me and took me to their homes across the great waters.

My history is a curious one. I am neither a twig nor a fruit nor a root, although many suppose me to be the last. I am nothing more nor less than a tuber, which means a hump or knob, and my growing in the ground instead of above it was the merest accident, but it was such an accident that made me of value.

The sunshine does not agree with me. When the rains wash the dirt off my back, as they do sometimes, and the rays of light tickle my sides, I become green and bitter and am not fit for food for any living thing.

I have not always lived in the ground. One summer's day a wind pressed down upon my stalk and bent me to the earth. I was so weak I could not arise and as if in spite the wind kept piling dirt and leaves upon me until I was hidden. It was then that I bleached out and became a beautiful pinkish hue. In my dark home I took the starch sent to me through the stems, and with the moisture pumped up from the earth by the roots I builded a meat that men found to be palatable and wholesome and good. Since that day I have been compelled to live in the shadow, but I manage to gather into me the joy of sunshine, and I give it freely to those who consume me.

I still aspire to be something more than a tuber or knob. I strive mightily to throw out leaves and buds like other stems upon plants and trees, but the earth is so hard and my strength so limited that the leaves will not grow upon me. The places on my body where I attempt to sprout leaves people call "eyes." They are not eyes at all, and if you will look closely you will find that they are only a kind of bud, and you can see the scars that are left where the leaves fell away when they were crushed to death.

Take one of those buds of mine, or "eyes" as you call them, and plant it and you will find it not different from other buds; that it will grow into a potato vine, and that children of mine will be born down among the roots of the vine, even as I was born.

I belong to a large family. Some of my cousins are so unlike me that few know we are related. Tobacco is the outlaw of my family, and I do not speak to it although we are related. Then, there is belladonna and henbane—both first cousins, although I do not associate with them. Pepper or capsicum claims kinship with me, and the tomato traces its ancestry back to my family.

I wept bitterly for years after I found I was doomed to grow beneath the surface of the ground. My tops were harsh and nothing would eat them: The little flowers that grew upon my vines could not compare in loveliness to the brilliant orchids that blossomed in the trees above my head, and the birds did not care for the ripened seeds that came after the blooms had withered. I was depressed because I did not see how I was ever to be of use to any one. I was an outcast and saddened.

A naked savage once built a fire upon a little mound of dirt in which I was hidden, and I was burned until my sides were brittle. The poor savage was hungry, and when he uncovered me while raking in the ashes for an arrowhead he had lost, he looked around to see that no one was watching him and then fed upon

my form. From that moment my future was secure. When the white man drove the savage from his fireside he found me and adopted me, and since then I have fed mightier multitudes than any other plant that has grown upon the earth.

But with all my virtues it was not an easy thing for me to establish myself in society. Prejudice was my enemy for a hundred years or more. People doubted me for generations and libeled me. I was accused of bringing disease and death to communities, and good men who introduced me to their friends were scoffed and ridiculed on my account. Aches and pains produced by other things were laid at my door, and that horrible pestilence, leprosy, was said to be caused by me. The French people started that report, but I forgave them, and have since nursed life into their impoverished forms. In fact, I have seldom murmured. I have gone forward assuaging hunger, consoling, comforting, encouraging, until I have become as an angel of mercy to all who must eat.


I have traveled much. A thousand romances might be written about my migrations. Laws have been passed against me and men have been thrown into prison for smuggling me across the borders of empires. I have had to bear the brunt of the disfavor one country bore to another. I have been forbidden to rear my head in many domains of the powerful, and if I had not always had back of me wise ones who were brave I would have made slow progress in reaching my present position in the great economy of things.

Then, disease and death came upon me and my kind once, and that hardened the hearts of men against me for a time. Half a century and ten years ago the Rot attacked all growing Potatoes in whatsoever clime they chanced to be. It was a sad time with the world, too, that reign of the Rot. Men and women and children lay them down and died for want of food. Tears were shed in great profusion as the fields of Potatoes drooped and perished all over the world. Prayers were offered up that the blight might be stayed, and nations appointed their most learned men to divine the cause of my decay and to devise a way that I might be spared. When the plague was past, and the dead who died of starvation were buried, I was again exalted as the greatest gift of the Creator. The fields again became green with my vines, and roses came back into the cheeks of the children who had paled because I was not to be had.

To-day I am the uncrowned king of foods. Upon me more people depend for strength than upon any other one growing thing. I am in the armed camps of the warriors and the peaceful homes of the husbandmen. Rich and poor consume me. High and low pay tribute to my qualities. The fainting mother finds buoyancy beneath my jacket; the wan invalid propped upon his pillow prays for health through me and his prayers are answered. The schoolboy munches me greedily and romps and rollicks with the force I give him, and he whose hands are hard from pick and shovel smiles as he sees me steaming hot, ready to rebuild his flagging nerves and muscles.

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A Famous Literary Landmark

BY J. L. HARBOUR

NO AMERICAN town is more noted for its literary associations than is the beautiful old town of Concord, twenty miles from Boston. It is an old town hallowed by historical as well as literary associations. Here was fired the shot, "heard 'round the world," as Emerson wrote, and here lived Emerson himself. Here is the old "Orchard House" in which Bronson Alcott lived and in which his famous daughter Louisa wrote so many of her inimitable books for the young. Here lived Thoreau, and within a mile or two of the town is the Walden Pond of which he has written so charmingly, and on the shores of which he built the little cabin in which he lived alone for a time. But he had always his best-beloved companion, Nature, and she was more to him than any human associates could have been. Here are the Old Manse and The Wayside made interesting to every lover of romance, because Hawthorne lived in both places. It might be added that The Wayside is now the home of another delightful story-teller, Margaret Sydney, whose "Five Little Peppers" books have had such a very great popularity with the present generation of youthful readers.

Perhaps the most interesting house now standing in Concord is the Old Manse—that old manse described so delightfully by Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an Old Manse." It is of this same old manse that Emerson writes in his "Nature" when he says: "My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight."

The little river to which Emerson refers flows along placidly but a few rods from the old manse, and the Old North Bridge and a monument mark the spot "where the battle was fought," that famous battle of Lexington made immortal in song and story. The Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "sage of Concord," watched the battle for a time from his study window in the old manse and then shouldered his gun and went forth to battle for his country.

Hawthorne lived in the old manse in the first years of his married life and one of the tiny panes of glass in the room that was his study has his name on it scratched there by his own hand. Writers sometimes make the mistake of saying that it was here that Hawthorne wrote his great novel, "The Scarlet Letter," but that novel—declared by many to be the most remarkable novel ever written in America—was written while Hawthorne lived in Salem. The old manse is to-day just as it was in the days when Hawthorne lived his quiet, dreamy life there, holding himself aloof from the world and not welcoming even those whom he knew to be his warmest friends and his sincerest admirers. He cared for no companionship but that of his wife, and to the day of his death found it difficult to mingle freely and easily with the people of the world. There is not in all our American literature a more charming piece of descriptive writing than that given to us by Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an Old Manse." When one has read it one will care more than ever to visit Concord and discover its charm with one's own eyes.

Not far distant from the old manse is Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where one may see the graves of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson, Miss Alcott and her parents and Samuel Hoar, the American statesman. One will journey far before finding a more beautiful or a more interesting spot than this same old Concord town.

Woman's Work in California

BY HALE COOK

IN CALIFORNIA the question of wage earning for women is solved by the fruit. She begins with the cherries, that ripen in May, and is kept busy most of the time until late in the fall.

A few work in the orchards gathering fruit from the trees, or the prunes from the ground, but the greater number flock to the canneries, driers and packing houses, where hundreds of men, women and children are employed. Whole families move to the vicinity of these plants, rent rooms, or live in tents on ground provided free by the company for which they work. In some places the canneries are out in the foothills, where there are trees and bushes. Then the camps are pretty and interesting, for they are scattered about here and there, the white tents gleaming amongst the green foliage. Many camp gipsy fashion without any attempt being made to have things attractive, or even comfortable, but others get up very unique camps, with Japanese lan-



Around the Fireside

terns, flags, etc., having board floors and real furniture, curtain partitions and rugs.

Sometimes the older children of a family will take a tent and join the army of workers, or a number of girls will club together in one tent sharing expenses and camp work, but it is better that there should be an older person with each party, for as everywhere, there are influences that are not the best hovering about such places. No more than at any summer resort, where all sorts of people come and go; but young girls and boys, with immature minds, are not supposed to frequent such places without some older party to look after them. School teach-

kept by children, who cannot earn much, or are under the stipulated age.

The work is done in the open air under the trees, using generally for tables and cupboards boxes which they can discard when they break camp. This makes much less work in moving, as well as being less expensive. It is worth while to take a ride or walk through one of these camp grounds when the "folks are at home," say at meal time, or as they flock in at night. During the rush they work all day and from seven to nine, ten, eleven and even twelve o'clock at night. Excepting for the long hours, the work is not hard, although tiresome on account



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE CALIFORNIA FRUIT SEASON

ers, college students and city workers, who are not able to take an outing otherwise, find this employment a change, giving them fresh air and outdoor life, while they more than pay their way, even if they are slow workers. Merchants' and bankers' wives and daughters take advantage of the demand for workers to earn money for some cherished plan, or to add to their allowance for emergencies. Some, like these, who really have no need to earn their way, only work during the rush, when they can make the most.

The amount earned is largely according to the capacity of the worker, but again it is due to the quality of the fruit. Some slow workers make less than a dollar per

of the confinement to one position and room. One set of women prepare the fruit for the cans and are called piece workers; they are paid by the box; another lot work at tables putting the fruit in cans, and are paid by the hour, or so much per dozen cans. The latter generally make the most money and it is cleaner work, so of course to be a table worker is the aim of each, but only the best workers are put there, unless occasionally a favorite is taken on. The butcher, the baker and the groceryman send their wagons around to the city of tents daily, and the milk wagon is there morning and evening, so they fare as well in this regard as if at their homes.



"THE OLD MANSE" IN CONCORD TOWN

day, while the quicker ones will earn as high as fifteen dollars a week. Where they board themselves, as in camp, there is a scramble for meals, unless there is some one not strong enough for the continuous work with the fruit (for one is not allowed to work on and off as they feel like it), or some one who prefers to do the cooking. Sometimes a man who is physically unable to do manual labor, and again one who prefers to let the women and children do the wage earning, will do the camp work, which is never very hard, for they use canned goods to a great extent. Still other camps are

We know, however, that there is a brighter, an unchanging day coming.

The lovely flowers fade away,
But bloom again in spring—
Fair types of resurrection day,
The Easter of the King.

Like the flowers, "man dieth and wasteth away," but he shall live again. This we learn from the Bible, and besides,

We plainly read from Nature's book—
From field and glen and singing brook,
That beauty fades, that man decays
To bloom again—to live always.

Life is not all sunshine. There are thorns among the roses, light and shadow—merry music followed by the funeral dirge. However, the sun still shines bright in the old Kentucky home, albeit the summer girl, in shirt-waist and trimmings, fresh and alluring, has returned to town. In her stead a girl of different hue and pattern

"Beneath whose torn hat glows the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustie health,"

presents herself to view.

Again the scene changes. The small boy going to school is cutting queer capers and merrily whistling a rag-time tune, probably because he wears a crownless hat in lieu of a crown of thorns. When the boys make remarks concerning the peculiar fashion in which his hair is cut, one of his mother's ways, there will be trouble. Then, too,

He wears the pants his mother made—
To fit 'em he'll have to grow;
That's why they drag around his legs,
That's why he wobbles so.

The appearance of the boy diverted my mind from a tendency to moralize on the passing of the stately poplar, the stalwart oak and the wide-spreading elm. In vain has been the plea, "Woodman, spare that tree."

THE COLONEL

In Old Kentucky, the land of orators and big barbecues, the annual political campaign opens when "the bloom is on the alder and the tassel on the corn," and grows in strenuousness until "the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." Invariably, the "Colonel" attends the barbecue, takes a drink and makes a speech. I saw and heard him yesterday. When he appeared upon the platform, he had a loaf of bread in one hand and a piece of mutton in the other. Having reluctantly turned his "rations" over to a friend, he wiped his hands and mouth with his coat-tails, and then delivered his oration somewhat as follows:

"Kentucky is more than one hundred years old. She doesn't look it, but she is, and I dare a son of any other state to deny the fact. She was born under the star of war—the Revolution—that gave us freedom. She fought herself to peace and statehood, and with brawn and mind has held her own. She is peculiar—she may mingle, but she doesn't mix—and wherever you find her she is always Old Kentucky. She is warm-hearted and hot-headed, but deliberative and intellectual. Here are seen the fastest horses and the most beautiful women. We expend money freely, play big games of poker, shoot straight, and our hospitality is without limit. Some one has said, 'Kentucky hills are full of stills,' but that is not true. When we do drink whisky, we drink the very best, and when there is no mint we 'take our'n straight.'"

The "Colonel" paused while a friend handed him a tin cup that contained a fragrant beverage. Then, after casting a longing and suspicious glance in the direction of his mutton, he proceeded to soar on eagle's wings. Leaving the valley, he mounted to the summits of the eternal hills, gathered flowers by the wayside, climbed the leafy trees, caught the mellow music of the brooks, and, descending to terra firma, declared that our legislature was the worst in the world and that victory would certainly perch on his party's banner. Abruptly closing his speech, he passed from the rostrum exclaiming, "Gimme that mutton!"

A LEAF FROM THE PAST

"I charge thee, invite them all; let in the tide
Of friends once more; my cook and I'll provide."

Time in its flight turns backward for me to-night, and again I am a boy living in a "low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,"

"Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed."

In the perspective the willow-bordered
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.]

In Old Kentucky

BY GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE

TRANSITION

THE bloom of summer fading into the sere and yellow leaf of autumn reminds me that "this world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given;" that

Change is written everywhere,
From the cradle to the tomb;
The morning may be bright and fair,
The evening all be gloom.

The Housewife Department

Some Pretty Ideas For Christmas Gifts



The Merry Christmas-Time

The time when little children wake
At earliest dawn with laugh and shout,
When o'er the world for grief or ache,
A word of comfort goeth out.

WHEN the leaves begin to fall our thoughts naturally turn from the pleasures of summer to the merriest time of all the year, the time of good will to all. How eagerly we scan the pages of paper and magazine for new suggestions suitable for us.

A gift may mean many things. It may be the loving product of many busy days, when every moment is a delight in contemplation of the pleasure in store for the recipient. It may be a gift of some hours out of your busy day spent with some lonely invalid or old person, or it may be something bought with your hard-earned money. In any case it is a part of yourself. You have studied and planned, and the result should always be appreciated. There is no value in a gift that is a burden by reason of its extravagance, or that is given in the hope of a return or a duty gift. Herewith are given a few suggestions in the way of home productions.

The pretty soft ball for the pet of the family is so simple that the small brother or sister can make it. Cut two circles of cardboard six inches in diameter, with a hole in the middle two inches in diameter. Wind in a soft ball one ounce each of



BALL FOR BABY

red, white, blue and yellow Germanantown or Saxony. Cover the two pieces of cardboard by wrapping them, when held together, over and over through the center hole until all the yarn is used, one color upon the other. Cut the yarn around the edge of the circle between the two cardboards. Now, carefully slip a piece of strong twine between the boards, and tie several knots very securely; slip off the cards, and shake well. The result is a soft, spotted ball, a delight to any little one. For beauty's sake use ribbon instead of twine or attach rubber cord to the twine.

The little needle book is made of red crochet silk crocheted in single stitch over small twine made round as you go. Finish the edges with crochet scallops, place pinked flannel leaves between the covers and sew all together, concealing the same with a loop and bow of the ribbon or simply a bow. The powder-puff bag is very dainty for the young lady of the family. A circular piece of white silk embroidered with forget-me-nots in their natural shades is dotted over the circle, which should be nine inches in diameter. Mark around the circle one and one half inches from the edge, and turn this over, so the edge will meet the mark, for a casing; line the bag with stork rubber or chamois, stitching the turned-down edge of the silk over the lining. Cover the stitching with feather-stitch in blue, and draw up with ribbon the same shade of blue as the flowers. A dainty puff comes with the bag, stamped to be made. The silk, stamped, and the puff cost sixty-five cents.



NEEDLE BOOK

The collar bag is just the idea for papa or brother to put clean collars in where they will take up little room and be kept clean. The one shown is of pastel green embroidered in red, blue, green, brown and yellow filo floss, and lined with white linen. A novelty is the sewing of one half

inch Battenburg rings two inches apart around the circle, through which by means of a small white cord the bag is opened and closed. The dimension of the bag is sixteen and one half inches. The embroidery circles are simply stem stitched featherbone, and the spots are satin stitch. Of course these can be varied.

The work bag is made of the loveliest shade of corn yellow imaginable. A nine-



COLLAR BAG

inch square of white canvas forms the bottom and sides. Work on each corner, with a darker shade of yellow Roman floss, a design in cross-stitch. Make a bag of yellow taffeta with a seven-inch-square bottom, the bag ten inches. Four inches from the top mark the casing; turn over one half of this for the hem and casing. Edge the canvas square with a plaited quilling of number 2 satin ribbon the shade of the silk, and use two yards of wider ribbon to draw the bag. A circular piece of silk lined with white can be used for the bag if a small one is desired.

The jewel bag is almost a necessity in these days of travel, and a very appropriate gift in combination with the dainty sachet for a bride. Made of embroidered linen with scalloped edge, with the chamois bag removable, it can be freshened up by laundering innumerable times. Attach a narrow piece of ribbon by which to hang it around the neck when necessary to conceal jewels or money.



JEWEL BAG

The sachet is a triangle of white linen embroidered in violets. Fold a three-inch square of linen over four pieces of white cotton batting well sprinkled with sachet powder. Use frill lace of a dainty pattern along two sides, allowing the others to be hemmed down so as to be easily removed for laundering.

The tiny pincushion, in the form of a tomato, is made of yellow mirror velvet sectioned off in silk twist the same shade. The joining of the pieces covering the cushion, which is of wool covered with thin muslin, is concealed with number 2 satin ribbon the same color as the velvet caught down with catstitch embroidery. Hang by a loop of ribbon.



TINY PINCUSHION

A very dainty gift for a girl friend you wish to remember is a forget-me-not or daisy chain for the neck. Sew close together on narrow ribbon or velvet a yellow bead surrounded with light blue beads, or for the daisy chain, yellow and white, make the chain just long enough to go around the neck, and tie in a full

bow. They are quite a help in holding a lace collar up on the neck.

Grandmother must have a new cap, so make of lace two inches wide three rows of frills on a piece of milliners' net about four inches wide, in the middle of top and taper to each side four inches from center. Place a pretty bow of lavender ribbon on top as a finish, and see how dainty and sweet she will look in it.

But we must not forget the grandfather. What do you think of a box of "comfort powders?" Select promises from the Bible, have them printed on pretty paper, fold



HAIR RECEIVER

same as the doctor folds his powders, pack in a pretty box and tie with ribbon and a sprig of holly. A powder for every day of the year would be a daily reminder of the sender as well as the peace each promise gives to the soul. They can be passed along after being used, and so make a continual Christmas.

The dainty little receptacle for hair combs to be hung on the dresser in the guest's room is made of heavy red silk ribbon. Two round pieces of light weight cardboard covered with the silk and over-cast together form the sides. Hem the ends of fourteen-and-one-half-inch length of five-inch ribbon, and feather-stitch in white. Gather both sides along the card, and over-cast each gather about two thirds around the round pieces. Hang with two loops of narrow satin ribbon of the same shade of red, ending with bows on each side and both ends.

The fancy basket is made of the matting that encloses tea boxes. Select a box that a fourteen by twenty-inch piece of matting will cover. Gild it thoroughly with gold



SACHET

paint, and when dry, fit over the box by sewing the corners together as shown in the illustration. The matting should be about one half of an inch larger than the box so as to completely conceal the box. Cover the lid after removing the sides, sew it in several places with strong thread to act as hinges, line the whole box with lavender or purple crepe paper, edge it with the paper, ornament the corners with bunches of artificial or paper flowers and the top with a large bow of five-inch satin ribbon in the dark shade of the violets. Place several bunches of the flowers with their leaves among the ribbons; fasten the lid with a small button covered with purple silk on the front of the basket, and a loop of silk on the lid, and you have a very ornamental receptacle for candy which can be made use of in several ways after its contents have



FOR CANDIES, NUTS AND FRUIT



vanished. Of course, any size can be made, the smaller ones are more convenient if a distant party is to be remembered, and less likely to be crushed in shipping.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Emergency Desserts

TAPIOCA SNOW.—Boil tapioca in water till transparent and flavor with lemon extract after sweetening to taste. Heap in glass dish and crown with whipped cream.

MAPLE TAPIOCA.—Prepare quick tapioca and serve warm with melted maple sugar or maple syrup.

QUICK RICE PUDDING.—Put five tablespoonfuls of rice in boiling water in a double boiler. When nearly soft stir in a handful of raisins, four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, vanilla and a little milk. Stir occasionally and serve with rich cream. This is sufficient for four persons.

CREAM PIE.—Bake and cool a thin crust. Just before serving fill with whipped cream and dot with bits of bright jelly. When fresh these pies are delicious. The cream may be flavored or colored any tint with fruit juice. Do not sweeten till almost through whipping the cream.

FRUIT PUFFS.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough



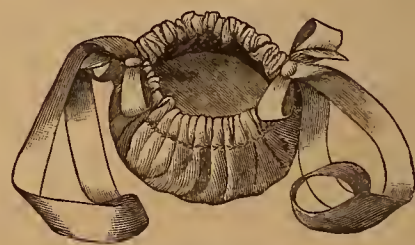
WORK BAG

sweet milk to make a stiff batter. Drop a spoonful of fresh or canned fruit in molds or buttered cups with a spoonful of dough on top and steam twenty-five minutes. Especially nice for a small quantity of fresh berries, peaches or the remains of a can of fruit. Preserves may be used if nothing else is at hand. Serve with hot sauce or cream.

COMBINATION PUDDING.—Slice oranges with layers of shredded cocoanut between. Sugar each layer and over the whole pour a pint of rich fruit juice just before serving. May be made with peaches, pineapple or any sweet fruit. Serve with wafers.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Stir together one small cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a tiny pinch of salt. Stir this into one quart of boiling milk and cook four or five minutes, beating all the time. Flavor with vanilla and serve with cream.

PEACH CUSTARD.—Mix and bake a rich custard in the usual way. Three eggs,



POWDER-PUFF BAG

one cup sugar and one and one half pints of milk make a very nice one. Flavor with vanilla and before it is perfectly cold pour over one dozen pared peaches that have been standing in sugar half an hour. One tablespoonful of sugar to two peaches makes them sweet enough. Serve without sauce.

CAKE CUSTARD.—Pour hot custard over slices of stale cake in individual dishes and serve at once. Use cream chilled and sweetened for sauce.

FRUIT CAKE.—Never allow your emergency shelf to be without this useful cake. Use any reliable recipe and store the cakes away in stone jars after they have become thoroughly cold and have been wrapped in oiled paper. It may be served with fresh or canned fruit and is always ready at an instant's notice.

HILDA RICHMOND.

A Few Novelties for Christmas Gifts

THE HOUSEWIFE.—A useful little article for the guest room is found in the housewife illustrated on this page. Useful, not only for the guest, who rarely comes provided for the repairing of breaks and tears, but in a greater degree to the hostess who, unless some such provision is made for the convenience of her guest, must often be interrupted at inopportune moments with requests for needles and thread, buttons or hooks.

The housewife occupies less room, being hung on the wall, than the work basket, and has the advantage of being always in order. The size is not arbitrary, the general arrangement being all that is necessary to follow. In the illustration a size of seven and one half by nine and one fourth inches is given for the foundation of the housewife, which is cut from heavy ten-ply Bristol board. This is first covered with wadding and then with the material of which the housewife is com-

posed, embroidered linen, silk, or whatever material is selected. Linen embroidered in pink and white clover is used in the illustration, the finished work being lined with green silk and tied with green ribbon. A straight piece of ribbon or linen five by seven inches is embroidered for the pin roll. The ends are lined two inches deep with the green silk, and a shirr stitched in one inch from the ends, through which baby ribbon is run after the seam is closed, the ends coming out on the sides opposite the seam. One end is tied perfectly tight, and the ribbon tied in a dainty little bow. The roll is then stuffed with sawdust or bran or curled hair, and the end remaining drawn up and tied. The ends of the linen and silk are fringed one half of an inch, and the roll fastened securely to the top of the panel.

A second piece of linen, about four by five inches, is embroidered for the pocket.

side. The roll is then joined together and fastened firmly to the panel below the pocket. A silk cord is passed through the back of roll one half inch from the ends and through the panel, being tied on the back, but first being passed through two spools of cotton, one white and one black. By bringing the cord through the roll and panel close to the end of the roll, two spools of cotton and one of silk may be accommodated. Before passing the ends of the cord back through the panel, however, the ends of the thread are threaded and drawn through the front of the roll, and left hanging where they may be pulled out, as needed. The back of the panel should be neatly covered with the material, and the edge finished with a white cord before the spools are tied in place.

A needle book to match the remainder of the work is embroidered and attached to the bottom of the panel with ribbon bows, and two crocheted rings are sewed to the top of panel through which a ribbon is drawn to hang it by.

Another large ring may be first covered with crochet, and pressed together, and one end turned up for a hook, the other end sewed to the panel as a catch for a pair of scissors. Brocaded silk in delicate colors, with plain silk for lining, panel, etc., may be used if one does not care to take the trouble to embroider, or the colored art linen may be adapted if one desires something less delicate than the white. These are more desirable for a man's room and should be well supplied with needles, coarse thread, and buttons of a suitable size.

NEEDLE BOOKS.—The needle books, for which several patterns are given, are embroidered on white linen, the linen then being mounted on heart-shaped pieces of cardboard that are first covered with wadding. Similar pieces of very thin cardboard are covered with a layer of wadding and delicate colored silk to match the embroidery, and overhanded to the outside pieces with silk of the same shade. Three pieces of inch-wide ribbon a little over a quarter of a yard long are sewed to the top and point of each piece to tie the book together. Three or more heart-shaped pieces somewhat smaller than the covers are cut from fine white silk flannel and pinked on the edges and fastened to the inside of the back cover with a few featherstitches in one of the colors of the embroidery or the shade of the lining. Or the leaves may be cut from wadding and buttonholed around the edge with silk in place of the flannel.

Violets form the motif for one of the group of needle books and are embroidered in white, shades of lavender and violet, lined with green, and tied with green or violet, and perfumed with violet sachet powder.

Yellow jasmine forms the motif for a second, and the linings and ribbons may be of pale yellow and perfumed with jasmine. The flowers and foliage are worked in Kensington stitch with filo floss, the ribbon effect with white royal floss.

Mountmellick work in blue and white on white mountmellick silk, or blue art linen furnishes the motif for the third, with lining and ribbons of pale blue. The maidenhair ferns and blue forget-me-nots complete the designs. These dainty little trifles are very salable at church fairs and women's exchanges. They also make acceptable prizes for card parties and the like. Gray art linen embroidered in shades of brown is very satisfactory and serviceable for every-day use.

PHOTO FRAME.—An exceedingly dainty frame will result from embroidering this design, using two strands of white filoselle for the leaf scrolls, which are worked solid in long and short stitch, and the straight bars in satin stitch. The forget-me-nots

are worked in three shades of blue filo silk in padded satin stitch, the petals being divided at the base and finished with a single French knot of yellow. The tiny leaves are worked in satin stitch in shades of green, and the French knots in pink royal floss.

The linen is mounted on padded Bristol board four inches wide by eleven inches long. The openings are cut out and the linen drawn through and glued against the back in the usual way. Or, if preferred, the linen may be mounted without the padding and finished in passe partout.

This design without the openings may be used for a photo book cover, shaving-paper book, letter or date book cover or for an oblong doily.

SCROLL DESIGN FOR BOX TOP.—This design is to be used full size or folded as a cover for a handkerchief or veil case, either in pad or box form, or for a bureau sachet. The design is worked in shades of green for the scrolls, with coral red for the tips of the anthers. The oval space between every other scroll is filled with Queen Ann stitch in white or pale green. The border is worked in a graduated buttonhole stitch, being deepest between the points of the scrolls. The design may be used for a mat or doily, and other pieces may readily be arranged to accompany it. It may also be used for a tall panel photo frame by cutting a suitable opening.—IDA D. BENNETT.

The Busy Woman's Club

We could not persuade some of the busy housewives to join a so-called woman's reading club because of their conscientious scruples regarding the amount of mending, darning and sewing, etc., awaiting them, and their utter incapacity ever to catch up with it. It was talked of and discussed, however, until at last one of the very busiest of us housewives proposed to organize a "busy woman's club," and appoint one at each meeting to read aloud while the others faithfully mended, darned and sewed until they caught up with their work. It was agreed upon, and has worked beautifully, and some of the most profitable as well as enjoyable hours have been spent with the "busy woman's club," as there were many intelligent, bright women met with it.

I thought perhaps some of the farmers' wives would like to know the methods, and as there are many delightful country neighborhoods with intelligent, progressive women in them, who need just such an incentive, I will tell how we conducted this circle. A farmer's wife said to me recently: "It needs a leader to organize and take the time to visit her neighbors and talk it over. It is the ambitious, conscientious worker in the home that makes the most valuable member in such an organization. They usually have executive ability and there is more gained from association than we get from the reading of books. The mind is brightened and kept healthy by contact with other minds."

"At first," said the friend, "we met at the home of a delicate member who did not feel able to go from home, but she had a fine library, and depended upon

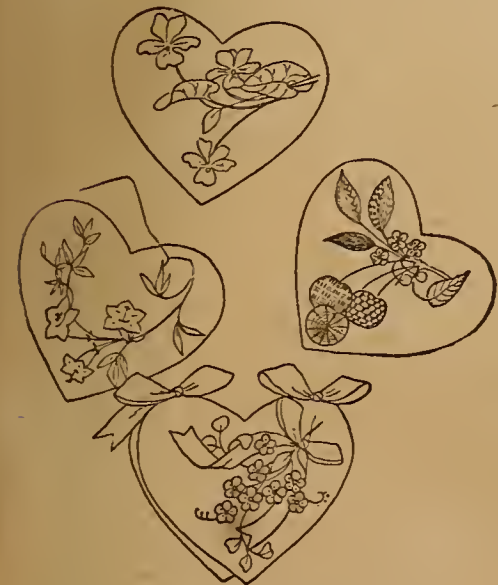
and to equip herself to be helpful. There were twelve of us, hence it only took one lady a month to be critic. No one was to feel sensitive or hurt at being corrected, as our sole aim was to be progressive and not to retrograde. Only one of our twelve had been abroad, and she had been a teacher for years prior to her marriage. She was a great help upon many mooted points. After meeting with our delicate friend some half a dozen times or more we concluded it would be better for her to meet with some of us, and she agreed to it readily. We made some of the



PHOTO FRAME

strongest friendships, as we found out who was congenial, and sympathetic, and near to us. We met winter afternoons from two o'clock until five o'clock. Everything was in readiness for us when we arrived. A cheerful fire, a table with Webster's unabridged dictionary, a pad, pencils to take notes, a large basket which the hostess prepared filled with extra scissors, needles, thread, darning cottons of all shades, thimbles, etc., so that if any of the ladies should forget anything they could draw upon this basket for supplies. There was no confusion or disorder. Such a warm friendship sprang up between us that there was no gossiping, but little confidences were given and hearts warmed toward each other. Environments hitherto unknown made many of us more charitable and broader. The happy beaming faces showed how much

reading for entertainment, so she proposed reading aloud while the others worked. It was thought best to study current events, and to inform themselves upon the topics of the day. We, however, all threw in and took several good magazines, and made a kind of circulating library. We appointed a critic for each meeting and met every Thursday. When a new book sprung up and was much discussed we also read it and criticised its merits. It was the critic's business to study and inform herself as regarded pronunciation



NEEDLE BOOKS

they were enjoying it. It was remarked in the neighborhood by many that the women in this busy club were getting much younger looking, and the families in each home saw the improvement in our dispositions, for there is nothing like interest in the outside world and in our neighbors to take the petty selfish spirit from us. To turn over a new leaf is not an easy task when one is erratic and has become wedded to their old habits, but the outcome of this club was broadening."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14.]



THE HOUSEWIFE



TOP FOR HANDKERCHIEF BOX OR VEIL CASE

reading for entertainment, so she proposed reading aloud while the others worked. It was thought best to study current events, and to inform themselves upon the topics of the day. We, however, all threw in and took several good magazines, and made a kind of circulating library. We appointed a critic for each meeting and met every Thursday. When a new book sprung up and was much discussed we also read it and criticised its merits. It was the critic's business to study and inform herself as regarded pronunciation

they were enjoying it. It was remarked in the neighborhood by many that the women in this busy club were getting much younger looking, and the families in each home saw the improvement in our dispositions, for there is nothing like interest in the outside world and in our neighbors to take the petty selfish spirit from us. To turn over a new leaf is not an easy task when one is erratic and has become wedded to their old habits, but the outcome of this club was broadening."



Washing Gingham and Prints.

New prints should be washed in lukewarm water in which Ivory Soap has been dissolved. Avoid much rubbing. Rinse well, wring thoroughly and dry quickly, *not* in the sun. The secret of washing prints so that the colors will not fade is in doing it quickly and in using Ivory Soap.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.



Ivory Soap
99 41/100 Per Cent. Pure



The Housewife



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.]

My friend said: "I feel that I worked my butter better, made better light bread, raised more turkeys and chickens and fowls because of that club."

And I dare say the men and children had never worn such well darned hosiery and carefully mended clothes. They also learned new embroidery stitches and fancy work from each other when not so busy. The club is still in existence, and the good work is going on. This enthusiastic member says if she can say a word to persuade other country neighborhoods to organize such a club she will feel that she has done a good work.

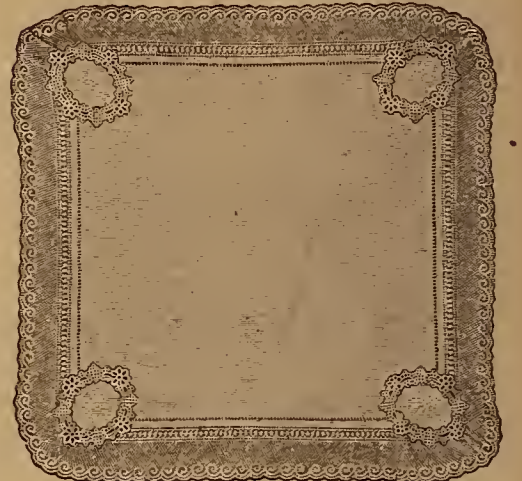
After hearing this and knowing how many dear friends I had in country homes who would enjoy a cultivated circle of neighbors I determined to write it up, hoping my friends will read this in the dear old FARM AND FIRESIDE, and organize one among its readers.

SARA H. HENTON.

Handkerchief With Medallions

The popularity of the medallions seems to be increasing; and they can be bought in such varieties, and lend themselves so readily to dresses, lingerie and so many different kinds of fancy work that they will, no doubt, continue to find favor in the eyes of women for a long time.

In the accompanying illustration medallions were used with good effect in a handkerchief. The center was made from a nine-inch square of sheer handkerchief linen. Eight threads were pulled for a narrow hem, and the hem basted closely and evenly. The medallions were then



HANDKERCHIEF WITH MEDALLIONS

basted on the corners and the edges whipped over and over with fine thread, close stitches fastening them securely to the linen.

The corners of the handkerchief were then cut from under the medallions close to the line of stitches, and the raw edge thus formed whipped down to the under side of the medallion, preventing its pulling out.

The hemstitching was done next and the lace sewed on in the usual way. In doing this it is important that a person be careful to get enough fulness at the corners to allow it to lie flat.

Medallions of point lace or teneriffe wheels instead of embroidery would add to the daintiness of the handkerchief, although they would make it less durable. One of these handkerchiefs will make a very acceptable Christmas gift. N. W.

Preserved Chestnuts

The housewife who wants to provide costly luxuries for her table at small expense would do well to preserve some of the chestnuts which autumn is now raining upon the earth. Chestnuts preserved in syrup can be served in a variety of dainty ways. They may be molded in orange or lemon jelly, or served in glasses with a covering of whipped cream and accompanied by wafers at the close of a dinner, will delight the most fastidious diner.

To preserve chestnuts in syrup, says "What to Eat," use as soon after they are gathered as possible. With a sharp knife score each nut on one side. Cover with boiling water, cook five minutes; drain and dry. Add a teaspoonful of butter to each pint of nuts, and stir or shake over the fire for five minutes. This loosens the shell and their inner skin, which are now removed together. Shell while hot. Cover the nuts with cold water, and to each pint of nuts add a tablespoonful of lemon juice. This is to harden the nuts that they may not break while cooking. Let stand over night. In the morning drain, cover with boiling water and simmer gently from one to two hours, until tender, according to the age of nuts. When tender, but firm, drain. Cover with a syrup made of sugar equal in weight to nuts, and half the quantity of water. Simmer for one hour, set aside until the following day; heat, drain syrup from nuts, reduce syrup by rapid boiling for fifteen minutes and add the nuts. Now add whatever flavoring matter is desired. One may use an inch length of vanilla bean to every quart of nuts, or the juice and thin yellow rind of a lemon. Or one may prefer orange flavoring, or half a pint of maraschino may be added to every quart of nuts. It is a simple matter to divide the nuts in portions and vary the flavorings. Pour nuts and syrup into small glasses and seal when cold.—Vick's Magazine.

Whisk Broom Holder

This is not a new idea, but the holder is eminently useful in any home.

For the making you will need twenty-one brass rings of medium size, one spool of silicone crochet-cotton and two yards of ribbon to match.

Crochet the rings and sew them together, six for the top row, five for the next row, four for the following, and so on. When all are sewn together, make a cross with the thread in each ring except the outside row. Sew a



WHISK-BROOM HOLDER

piece of elastic to match across the top to hold the broom in. Run ribbon through the outside rings, put a bow of ribbon on each corner and one at the bottom, and from each corner sew a ribbon with a bow at the top with which to hang it.

This looks well made in pink, blue or yellow. It makes an inexpensive and pretty gift and an invaluable and convenient article about the home.

M. L. S.

I Simply Say to You

"Take This Range, Use It Thirty Days Free—Then Decide."



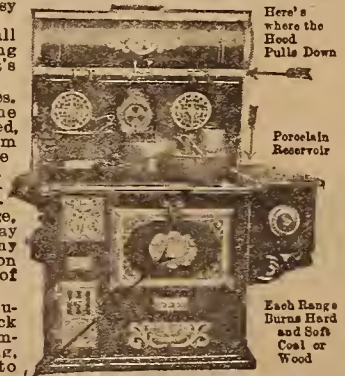
Odor Hood—finest invention ever put on Range. No food odors in house—heat all saved.

This range has 40% more exclusive features than any range on the market. Yet the price of it is lower than any range sold either by dealers or Mail Order Houses. I want you to know about these exclusive features; I want you to test the range—use it as your own—in your own home for the full month. I'll take all the risk, pay all the freight to your depot. You can send it back at the end of the month, and I'll pay return freight if it's not as represented. If you wish to keep it—and I'm sure you will—I'll let you pay for it on easy monthly payments. That gives you the range all the time while you're paying for it, which practically lets it pay for itself in saving in fuel and in its use.

For 25 years, I have been making steel ranges and stoves. I am familiar with every range and stove manufactured in the United States. I know their styles, I know the material used, I know the features they have. In offering the Imperial, I am offering you a range that has all of the good points of the best ranges on the market as to construction, material, finish and appearance, and in addition has 40% more exclusive features than any other range. Now I know this is a broad statement, but to back it up, I say, just let me ship you the range, use it for a month as a test then if it's as I claim it is, pay me on easy payments. Just a glance shows any woman that my ODOR HOOD shown in cut is the finest invention ever put on a high grade range. It takes all of the odor of cooking out of the kitchen and keeps the heat where it belongs.

My IMPERIAL STONE OVEN BOTTOM—another exclusive Imperial feature brings the old dutch oven principle back into modern use. This stone bottom gives an evenness in temperature to the oven that insures fine baking and roasting. It retains heat, when fire is allowed to go down sufficient to bake or roast.

The IMPERIAL OVEN THERMOMETER—the most practical Thermometer on any range, is a time, trouble and fuel saver—just as important on a range as a clock is in a house. It's impossible to give full description of our full line of ranges and stoves in an advertisement—just send me a postal today, and I will send you our large catalogue by return mail. All other ranges—which cannot be equipped with our IMPERIAL IMPROVEMENTS—must be considered odd style.



Here's where the Hood Falls Down

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Each Range Burns Hard and Soft Coal or Wood

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Address
H. F. TINERMAN, Owner
Imperial Steel Range Co.
68 State St., Cleveland, O.
The Mail Order Stove Factory.



Imperial Oven Thermometer—time, trouble and fuel saver.

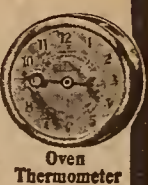
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At Lowest Factory Prices.

We will sell you, freight prepaid, direct from our factory any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a

360 Days Approval Test.

We guarantee, under a \$20,000 bank bond, that there is no better stove or range made, and we save you from \$5 to \$40 on every purchase, because we save you all middlemen's, jobbers' and dealers' profits. We're manufacturers, not mail-order dealers; we own and operate one of the largest and best equipped stove factories in the world; we guarantee the high quality of our product and ship on trial.



Oven Thermometer

SEND A POSTAL CARD FOR CATALOGUE No. 183.

Examine our complete line of ranges, stoves and heaters, note the high quality and low price, and save from 20% to 40%. All Kalamazoo are shipped Freight Prepaid, blacked, polished and ready for use. All our cook stoves and ranges are equipped with patent Oven Thermometer which makes baking easy.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

We probably can refer you to pleased customers in your own neighborhood.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT



Printing Colored Leaves

Many years ago children had a pretty way of printing leaves, of which all-but-forgotten pastime the young readers will be glad to hear. It is very interesting work, and will help to pass away happily many a rainy afternoon or long evening. First get several tubes of oil paint; red, brown and green will probably be the best colors. Also buy a little oil for mixing the paint. Have on hand a number of sheets of cartridge paper, or other heavy white paper with a rough surface.

The paper which gives the best results is of a very rough kind especially designed for work with oils, and can be bought at almost any store where drawing materials are sold.

Make a paint dabber out of several windings of cotton on the end of a stick, over which is tied firmly a piece of soft muslin. Cut your paper according to the size of the leaves you wish to print, allowing enough space for quite a wide margin. Procure odd and prettily shaped leaves of medium size, place them upon a piece of paper and strike them with the dabber a number of times until they are sufficiently covered with paint to make a good impression; then put them between two layers of cartridge paper and rub with the thumb and fore finger until a clear, firm impression is made. Use whatever color of paint you wish, but try as far as possible to reproduce the natural color of the leaf you are working with, especially if it is a leaf with autumn tints.

Many beautiful effects will be gained by mixing the paint, and if care is taken a leaf picture almost as perfect as one taken with the camera will be the result, with the additional attraction of a color true to nature.—NATIONAL DAILY REVIEW.

*

A Cup of Loving Service

Many years ago in the village of Trenton, lived a little boy by the name of Frederick Adams. He was a small fellow for his age, being then only eight years old. He lived with his mother and father in a pretty house on one of the main roads.

Freddie had a cup which he prized very much, for it was of silver and was presented to him on his eighth birthday by a nobleman by the name of Lord Donovan.

One day Freddie was out walking by himself and had with him his silver loving cup. He soon came to a large forest which he was very familiar with. He wandered about picking flowers and other things. Soon he came to a well which he had named "Jacob's Well," because he said it looked something like the one he had seen a picture of.

When he approached the well he was surprised to see an old woman sitting by it. "Good-morning, mother," said Freddie, "you look tired. Is there anything I can do for you?"

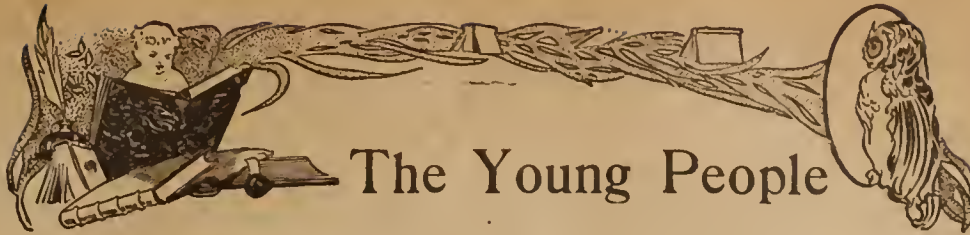
The old woman said that she was tired and thirsty. Whereupon Freddie, without another word, let the bucket down into the well and soon brought it up again filled with good, pure water. He filled his cup and gave it to the old woman to drink. She said that she wanted him to drink first, but Freddie, remembering what he had been taught, requested her to drink first. She did and then he drank after her. She soon disappeared in the forest and Freddie saw her no more.

Another day he was playing near his house when a gentleman rode up on a fine horse and asked Freddie for a drink. Freddie ran in the house and filled his ever-ready cup and brought it out to the gentleman. The man asked Freddie his name, and after learning it he rode away.

Soon war broke out and Freddie's father had to go to war. One day as Freddie was seated by a window of his house and looking very gloomy, because he was thinking of his dear papa, he saw a man stagger toward the house and fall.

Freddie snatched his cap from a chair near by and rushed out to the man. He raised the head of the stranger and saw that he was still alive. The man could barely speak, but managed to say, "Water." Fred laid his head gently down, and dashed into the house.

He soon returned with his cup full of water and a little pail full. He gently



The Young People

raised the man's head and put the cup to his lips. The man drank and then called for more. Freddie filled the cup a second and a third time. The fourth time he filled it it was shattered to pieces by one of the enemy. His own countryman killed the man who had broken the cup, for the bullet was meant for him.

Not long after that Freddie was presented with a gold cup. It was engraved "A Loving Cup Presented to Frederick Adams by Gen. George Washington.—Vincent Earl in Brooklyn Eagle.

*
Luck

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat.
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will,
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still,
When efforts meet with failure,
Will some day surely win,
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in.

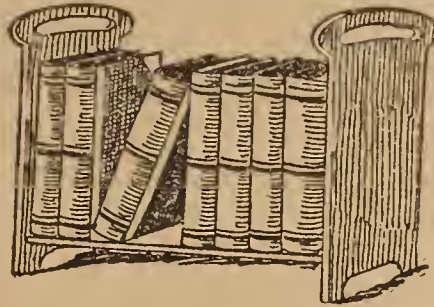
The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work;
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

*

Honor For a Dog

A dog belonging to Captain Bartoli, of a regiment now stationed in the Alps mountains, has been presented with a collar of honor by the French Society for the Protection of the Animals. Some time

where the books are likely to increase—it will be necessary to cut a framework consisting of two narrow strips and one end, the latter to be attached to one upright, while a tongue of the exact size of the gap between the two strips must be joined to the opposite upright. On the inner edge of each narrow strip a groove must be hollowed, and the center-piece, or tongue, must be halved at each edge so as to slide along these grooves.



An Easily Constructed Book Slide.



The Under Part of Book Slide.

The frame should have a thin strip of wood nailed across the under part of its mouth (see Fig. 1), and if a similar strip is nailed under the tongue after it has been placed in position this simple device will prevent the book-slide from slipping apart. The uprights can be fastened to the base by small hinges if it is desirable to fold the book-slide for packing, and the small amount of extra trouble expended on these details will be repaid, I think, by its greater usefulness, compared to the same book-stand made with a solid base and fixed sides. The latter style is, of course, very much more easily and quickly constructed.—Melbourne Leader.



FEEDING THE PUPPIES

By Courtesy of The Country Calendar

ago several French soldiers fell down a precipice. Their position was discovered by the dog.

All would have perished if they had remained the night in the open, but the dog conducted them to a place of safety after a long and arduous climb up the mountain side. If any soldier showed a disposition to lag from fatigue and cold, the dog was at his heels to bark and spur him on. There are few instances on record where such rare intelligence as well as bravery has been shown by an animal.—Round Table.

*

A Book-Slide

A book-slide is very handy for the writing-table, to hold the books of reference that every one is likely to want in a hurry sometimes. The one given here occupies very little space, looks well and is easy to make.

The uprights must first be cut and shaped; then, if the base is to be made expanding—which is decidedly preferable

The Letters of Two Boys

Mason E. Hyde, of Wilcox, Nebraska, has sent us a copy of the "Franklin Academy Mirror" containing the correspondence of two young boys. One of the boys is away at school acquiring an education, but would rather be at home; the other boy is, on the other hand, anxious for an education. The four letters that passed between these boys will be printed in as many different issues and should prove highly entertaining to our young readers.

LETTER NO. 1

DEAR IKE:

Well, I got here after so long a time an' have got settled in my nest an' know pretty good what the run o' things is. You asked so many questions that I don't know whether I c'n answer 'em all or not.

I like it fine here, an' if I continyer to do so, I'll stay here till nobody can't learn me nuthin'. They make a feller get a curve on 'im here t' git round 'nd git his chores (sich as bathin' 'nd combin'

his toilet, etc.) done 'fore breakfast. We all eat t'gether here, don't haft t' wait. Some times you miss it but your pay goes on jist the same. Yu don't no more'n git outside yer breakfas' till the bell rings fer some restation and it keeps aringin' an' people keep reseytin' every now and agin all day 'ceptin' when they unhitch fer dinner.

A feller kin take several diffrent kinds o' corsus here. I take the preparatory, 'cause I don't no more'n git ready to begin ter prepare any lessons when the bell rings—I guess that's why they call it preparatory. But I like it an' Prin. (that's principal's first name) said meby I cud take it every year. That's jist owin' ter how good I git along.

'Bout the most excitin' thing I ever see is foot bawl. It's called boot bawl 'cause a lot o' boys run up agin each other 'nd tramp on each other's feet, and the crowd bawls. They have some leather—hog hide they call it—sewed 'round a lot o' wind; that they use for signal, I gess, fer they all start when it does. It takes 24 boys (not countin' the water munkey) to play, 11 on each side, an' Empire an' referee. The Empire tells who beats, an' the referee blows a pitch pipe fur th' boys ter git off of each other's feet, an' gives the pitch fer the crowd t' bawl by. Nobody didn't tell me this; I figgered it out all by myself alone. I'll tell yu more 'bout the kickin', etc., nuther spell. I'm not very good posted yit seein' as I hain't been here very long, but I mought tell some about theyer cloths, but I got to hurry 'cause it's 'bout 10:30 (we allers say that 'sted o' half-past 10) an' I must go to bunk. Praps I ken draw a picture of a foot bawl player that'll give yu a better idee what they look like. They have theyer heads tied up in some kind o' gearin' 'cause sometimes a feller gits down an' they pile in 'nd tramp on 'is head 'stid o' his feet. They don't care an' the crowd don't neither, for the trampin' and bawlin' goes on jist the same. They have great big, hog-trawf-shaped things what they put on their nozes, an' they have their clothes stuffed more prominently at th' abos an' shoulders so they kin knock another feller off somebody's feet an' not hurt themselves. They have shingles strapped on top of the space that ain't covured by white muselene pants an' shoes. I don't know jist why, but I guess it's so they won't get theyer socks split.

Oh, yes, I must speke 'bout the girls an' the grub, 'fore I close. There's some of the prettiest girls here I ever seen and agin there's some that ain't so perty. None of 'em don't look at me 'cause they think I ain't doodish looking enuf. That's right, I gess.

The grub's prety fair—sum people seem ter make a perfession o' growlin' at it, but I see them what growls at the meet an' taters is the ones what eats th' most hash, so I gess it ain't so bad.

Well, I must bring this to a close by koncludin'; so good buy, I'll try and write nek' time, an' I'll learn some more 'bout foot bawl.

As ever your old chum,

JAKE.

P. S. I think I'm impruvin' in ritin' don't you?

J.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

*

A Child's Monologue

BY FRANKIE C. WILSON

We's all at home at our place,
But none of us are sick;
Though Pa's got the grip, they say,
And he acts jist like my Dick.

Do you know Dick—who Dickie is?
Don't know—why, where you been?
Why, Dickie is known as well as me,
Why, he's my own pet hen.

I'll tell you why, if you won't tell,
How they act—my Pa and Dick—
As if they'd swallowed shingle tacks,
And they cough, and choke and kick.

Another way they're both alike,
I can't tell why, but I heard them say
(For Pa hain't got feathers, but Dickie has),
"Just rub Pa's feathers the proper way."

I wonder if Pa will shed his coat;
Dickie does sometimes, for he's a hen;
But suppose that Pa should do so, too,
What do you think he would have then?





A Mississippi Night

A True Story of the Real Negro of the Civil War and the Real White Girl in His Care

By Henry Whitney Cleveland, L.L.D.,

Colonel of the General Staff and of the Georgia Line, 1861—1865

All copyrights reserved and taken from the Vicksburg or 1863 period of "Storm and Sunset."

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

"But for Scipio I must have taken that plunge into the water with it, for I did not have mind or strength for any raft. We untied from our shaking tree, and followed slowly at first, the raft revolving in the eddy pools near the edge; but soon the current caught us, and with no use for oars save to prevent somewhat the sickening rotation, we were off for the unknown perils of our way. Lion gave one bark at a dark object on the distant levee. He too had left his mate.

"There was little incident in the day, for the current carried us over to the eastern or Mississippi side, where too the river was out of bank, and we knew that to be cast over in the dismal swamps of the Sunflower or the Yazoo River was to die. The country, as you have seen, is so flat that rivers rise in the Mississippi, and after many miles of turgid flow among vast trees and by a few plantations they reënter the river again.

"The Sunflower Creek has been planted with the flower, because it is said to absorb miasma, and the Yazoo is the Indian name for River of Death.

"Two loaded trade-boats, puffing against the flood, passed us far on the Louisiana side, and a transport with horses, going down; but either they were too far, or they had other things more important than coming to see the meaning of the damask table cloth that flew from a fishing-rod as our only signal.

"We were too excited and eager to feel hunger until near night, and Scipio evidently feared the capacity of our clumsy craft to make the journey to Vicksburg. Propelling or guiding it with oars was out of the question, and the old man was much spent with his battle with the river and his exertions to build the raft. A tobacco barn, with the precious brown leaves still hanging from the drying beams, passed so near that Scipio wrenched off a lot of shingles from the roof, and said to Mandy, 'Now, gal, be spry an' light a fire in dat bureau drawer.'

"She began to expostulate, but he said, 'What for you reckon I put dirt in dere for, 'ceptin' to make it not to burn? An' now be spry, gal, an' I make coffee an' fry meat, and hab supper on de big ribber like quality folk—ha-ya-yah!'

"We had the supper, and a good one it was. I then devised a frame of wood from some strips we had from the window frames, and made a triangle for three candles raised as high as we could reach from one end of the raft, and ready to be lighted as a signal if any boat passed near us. Then we tied up to the top of a great tree that seemed firm on the submerged eastern bank of the river.

"When I lay down to sleep, Scipio prayed and sang as only the devout African can, and I slept and dreamed my dead mother stooped from heaven to the dark river, and kissed her child. Perhaps she did; God knows; but I never had a sweeter or more refreshing sleep. The others slept too, for we knew that Lion would awaken us at any sign of danger. He did only once, by barking at the lights of a distant boat."

I had not interrupted the narrator up to this point, but now did so with the question, "Will you please tell me something of the geographical situation, for to one living on the Ohio River, with its precipitous banks, frequent towns and abundance of houses and landings, it seems a matter of no great danger to be adrift, with a good raft and plenty of food, upon a river flowing through populated states. But, as I was in Vicksburg during the siege and before that, and as I now see this country about me, I can understand that to be in such a craft on the lower Mississippi is something different."

She answered: "The river from Cairo south runs through a rich alluvial valley of many miles in width, bounded on the east by land rising from eighty to two hundred feet above the river. On the west side the highest land, as here, is but little above the reach of the highest water. Through this valley the river meanders in a most tortuous way, varying in direction to all points of the compass. In places it runs very close to the foot of the bluffs, which are all on the east side.

"After leaving Memphis, there are no such highlands on the river coming to the water's edge, nor even in reach, until Vicksburg is seen occupying the first available highland. To reach firm land here one must pass over the Sunflower and Yazoo sections. The intervening land is cut up by bayous filled from the river in high water, many of them navigable for steamers. All of them would be except for overhanging and fallen trees, narrowness and so tortuous a course that it is impossible to turn the bends with steamers of any length.

"This is the country of Mr. Lincoln's description when he wrote, 'The gunboats run there wherever the ground is a little damp,' and when Admiral Porter complained of the impossibility of passing transports with the troops through such places, Mr. Lincoln, who had been a Mississippi flatboatman, suggested to him to put hinges in the middle of his steam-

umphal monuments by which alone the victor could easily mark his way. Passenger boats did not run save as government transports. The Confederacy held the river from Port Hudson to Vicksburg. Before she sank the ram Arkansas had made that part of the river terrible for Northern people. From Port Hudson to New Orleans, and from Vicksburg to Pittsburg, the stars and stripes floated, but not free from peril of rifle shots on shore."

I said: "I saw in Louisville the advance sheets of the personal memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant—a portion of the first volume sent for notice to the editors of papers. I knew him slightly, and as an evidence of his perseverance under difficulties, I copied a paragraph relating to the time of your adventure. Here it is:

"The winter of 1862-3 was a noted one for continuous high water in the Mississippi and for heavy rains along the



"Frow a rope quick! Stop de boat—hit's a white lady!!"

boats and gunboats, so as to bend them around the points.

"As you have been in Vicksburg, you know that Haine's bluff is high ground where the hills meet the Yazoo River, eleven miles above Vicksburg, and that the sluggish stream empties into the Mississippi nine miles above. Steel's bayou empties into the Yazoo River between Haine's bluff and its mouth. It is deep, narrow, very tortuous and fringed by a heavy growth of timber. It approaches within one mile of the Mississippi at Eagle Bend thirty miles above Young's Point. The peninsula made by the river in its eastward turn to meet the Vicksburg hills was the center of General Grant's camp.

"In floods, the whole country on both banks is under water, save at the bluffs. It was in that March, 1863, an inland sea for eighty miles up and in places nearly fifty miles across. Houses, towns and landings had little existence in this home of malaria and the moccasin snake.

"The nearer we came to the active field of army operations, the surer were we to find in the blackened chimneys the tri-

lower river. To get any dry land, or rather land above the water to encamp the troops upon, took many miles of river front. We had to occupy the levees and the ground immediately behind. This was so limited that one corps, the Seventeenth, under General McPherson, was at Lake Providence, seventy miles above Vicksburg. It was in January the troops took their position before Vicksburg; the river was very high and the rains incessant."

"Yes," she said, "that is correct, and it also accounts for military music we heard or thought we heard on the second day. To go on with my story, we untied at daybreak on the second morning, and Scipio, who knew the river, said the flush that had made the cut-off through our plantation and destroyed our home had passed in the night, and that the river was at a standstill, and likely to fall.

"I thought this was good news, forgetful that it was as impossible for us to go up the current to our place, as it had been for us to cross the cut-off to our friends on the unbroken levee, just in sight. But Scipio said no; it was bad. In the rise

all the drift was in the edge of the stream, thrown off both ways by the little convexity of the rushing water, but in the fall the suck of the current was to the middle. We, as drift, were out of the reach of help from shore, and from ascending steamboats that avoid both the current and the drifting trees.

"The day before we had been thrown to the eastern side by the force of the cut-off, and kept there by eddies, although we had floated a long way; but the second day of hurrying down midstream had one element of good, as it kept us from being thrown off into the still water of the swamps, out of sight of the river, and in a portion of it which, being the debatable ground between the North and South, could give no hope of rescue by friend or foe.

"We had prayer and breakfast, and now that passing time gave confidence, our hopes arose and I felt as if it had been weeks since I saw my childhood's home go down. About noon there seemed deliverance just at hand. I had yet to learn the selfishness of people mad with the hope of great gain.

"I knew from father that cotton speculation on the river was at its highest, the treasury of the United States with its trade permits being in direct antagonism to the policy of the War Department, but I had to have an experience. A great river boat, chartered in Cincinnati, but belonging once to the New Orleans trade, came slowly up, her mighty engines seeming to pant with the exertion of breasting the flood, her sides pure white with lines of gilding, and the windows of the cabin shining in the sun.

"The Goddess of Liberty was beautifully painted as a half-nude female robed in the stars and stripes, and as large as the great wheelhouse would permit. The bales of cotton and casks of sugar were packed dangerously close around her boilers on the lower deck. The cabin was full, as we could see through broken windows, and even on the hurricane deck, top heavy and making the great steamer stagger in the fierce current, there was cotton. The gunnels would dip at times, so deep was she in the water, and even the bows at times looked as if they must go under, and give up the effort to float the great load. It would have been hard to estimate its value in thousands of dollars, and it was easy to surmise that Southern people, still confident in their cause, might have parted with it for Confederate scrip captured in raids, or freely counterfeited by the skilful engravers of the North.

"Slowly she came on, on our side of the river, and puffing laboriously, while the black smoke from her pine fires rolled away in great clouds, through which shot up the white puffs of steam from her escape pipes. Very beautiful she was, swan-like and majestic even with her burden—a red steamer and Union flag flying, her paint and gilding shining in the sun, and white steam clouds rising above the dun smoke, like fancies of hope above our turbid river. I had always loved these river palaces, and while I foresaw some discomfort amid her freight, and the hostile flag over all, it was salvation, and near at hand.

"We were plainly seen, first by the pilot who would avoid what might break the paddles, and then by others who came to the front of the upper deck. We could see them pointing with their hands and the inevitable Yankee umbrella, and only left our signal flying because too excited to take it down. Scipio so managed the heavy raft with his two oars as not to cause her any deviation from her course, and made ready to catch the rope that we were sure would be presently thrown.

"Mandy retied the gay-colored kerchief about her wooly head, and I looked to see, with some dismay, that the labor of packing, the splash of muddy water and the cooking, had somewhat soiled my dress. They were right by us now, and we held our breath to catch the tinkle of the engine bell, and hear the slow, coughing sound of the escape pipes cease. Some colored wenches of the worse sort were now on the main deck, and several men, one evidently the captain, leaning on the rail, called, 'Hello, Sambo! been washed out?'

"Yes, sah; please frow a rope, sah; we is gwine to go up wid you, sah!"

"Any changes in the river, Sambo?"

"I is ole Scip, sah; yes, sah, he make a cut-off at Magnolia plantation, sah—wash our house away; dis is de young lady ob de General—. Frow a rope now, sah."

"Got any money—your young lady?"

"The negro was speechless with amazement for a moment, and then, as the third of the boat was by, he shouted back:

"Yes, yes; frow a rope quick! Stop de boat; hit's a white lady; stop de boat!"

"How much money, Sambo?"

"Free hundred dollars!" he screamed, at random.

"A mocking laugh came back. 'We don't talk of less than ten thousand these times. Stop a boat in this river for a nigger, a rebel woman and a band-box! Hah! ho, hol Wood up, you niggers down there; cotton is sixty cents a pound. D'ye hear?'"

The painted goddess on the paddle-box was just over our heads, a yellow-haired woman with eyes of stone and lower limbs only hidden by the flag drapery. I began to realize that we were to be passed by, and arose to entreat, only to see the wenches making way to the stern and laughing at the joke. A moment—and the vast bulk of the steamer ceased to tower above our heads, and the slow "puff, puff, puff" of the white steam was behind us, as also our brief hope.

"Scipio had been a Methodist class leader on the plantation for many years, and my father was a Methodist too. I had never heard my father swear but once, and that was when his new neighbor from the city of Brotherly Love and Philanthropy had wanted to whip his slave. I never heard Scipio swear before or since, but he stood up and cursed that captain and his crew until the sobs of Mandy made him turn to consider our desperate case.

"My pride was up, and likely as death was should a wind storm arise on that March flood, and possible as starvation might be, should we be thrown off into a bayou or swamp, I was glad to be on the ocean-like river, and not with the greedy master of that hired boat.

"There was no other incident that day, save the sound of military music on the Louisiana shore, of which I have spoken, and if camp and tents lay there, the levee and trees hid them from us. We saw no more people, and knew not if any saw us. Toward night we passed three plantations, all under water, the levees broken, as we afterwards learned, by military order to flood out the garrison at Fort Pemberton. The chimneys of the mansions were standing out, marked with fire and smoke, against the evening sky, but the negro quarters behind them were not burned. The negroes were gone, however, some to freedom and some with the refugee whites, and the occasional crow of a cock from the trees standing in the water told that the poultry gleaners had a plethora of chickens, and had not troubled the tough male fowls.

"That is a rich land which can support hostile armies for two years and yet not seem to miss the store from corn crib or poultry yard. Save the chanticleer's note and the hoarse growl of the flood, all was the silence of the dead. As we were well in midstream, we resolved to float that night and not tie up, and I sat up until midnight by my watch, giving Scipio the sleep he so much needed, after which he took the watch until daybreak. He said a transport with troops, as he supposed by the sounds, went down about an hour before the day, but no attention was paid to our lights, and we were a mile apart on the flood."

Here the fair narrator said: "My story is longer than I thought. We will have some tea out here where all is restful now, and then I will give you the rest of our adventure, which will show why I spent so much time in explaining the labyrinth of creek and lagoon and bayou that form the country above Vicksburg."

After a little feast, she resumed: "Day dawned, not with the brightness of the two and more before, but with a sky the color of lead, from which soon began to fall a persistent rain. This was bearable, since it was wind on that expanse of water that we feared, and we managed with oars and a sheet up as a sort of sail to get over to a levee still standing; but the plantation behind it was flooded with backwater, and we started again.

"That day we saw no boat nor man, only cows standing on the broken levees, and once where the cane was such as to show they had food, we landed and got some fresh milk which we much needed for our coffee. Scipio also cut into a sugar cask lying on the floor of what had been a warehouse that floated by us, and got us sugar that we had forgotten, save a little in a china bowl.

"Near night I saw that Scipio was very uneasy, and at length I made him tell me that we were nearing the dangerous eddies and whirlpools above the mouth of the Yazoo. Steel's bayou lay to the east one mile, but the rush of the flood across the swamp was equal to that of the cut-off.

Steel's bayou connects with Black bayou, Black bayou with Deer Creek, Deer Creek with Rolling Fork, Rolling Fork with Big Sunflower River, and the Big Sunflower with the Yazoo about ten miles above Haine's (or Snyder's) bluff, as the crow flies, but twenty-five by the river windings.

"By the Mississippi, it was thirty miles above Young's Point, and a red light below on the sky was probably the glow of the Union camp-fires. A large boat passed us in the dusk, not so close as the trade boat had been, but within sight and hail. Our white signal still flew, distinguishable against the dark trees and yellow river, and I climbed on a trunk and lighted the three candles on the triangle for our signal, sure not to be mistaken for a light in some fisher's cabin on the levee. We saw people come to the side of the boat, and we called, 'Help us; we are castaways of the flood. Help us; we are able to reward you!' And Scipio called out my name and color.

"The answer came back, this time not in tones of insult, 'The wind is against you and we don't hear well. This is a dispatch boat and we can't stop except by superior orders. You are in no danger; the fleet is below, and we will tell the guard boat to look out for you. Get out of your house sooner next time. Good-night!'"

"I was indignant, but not frightened, and said, 'Let us tie up for the night, so as not to be fired on in the dark, and then ask leave to pass to the city in the morning.'

"His answer was to point to the rush of dark water by our raft and say, slowly, 'Now de good Lawd help little Missus an' me an' Mandy, an' keer for my ole woman at home, for dis am de swamp suck, an' hit am got us at las.'

"It was true. Out of more than one eddy and side-suck of the river had we made our way with oar and a pole we had from the home tool house, and all the time had kept the open river. But now the water was checked in its down rush by the approach of the eastern bluffs, yet some miles away, and the six streams, all swollen to river power now by floods, made a conflict of waters and currents that even a steamer must feel. We no more went down, but diagonally to the bank, and soon were in the shadows of the vast trees.

"Scipio got his pole ready to keep from striking and shattering our raft, then suddenly turned toward the steamer, still plain in sight, caught up the pole with the candles in both hands, and three times lifted it, and slowly let it fall.

"What does that mean?" I asked in much wonder. He could not answer, for just then we were about to strike a tree, and the pole saved us from a violent blow. He took a loose rope we had used and tried to throw it around a small tree, but, save being nearly jerked into the water by the mill-race force of the current, there was no effect. The trees stood wide apart with little undergrowth, but in five minutes the river was lost behind us, and we, with no compass, and no guide save the current, were lost in the swamp.

"It may have been an hour, maybe less or more, of constant peril of the great trees, and of ineffectual efforts to stop the raft, in which my hands were blistered, my body bruised and one of the oars broken. Lion, our big dog, had joined his voice to ours in the hailing of boats, and one of the wenches on the trade-boat had said, 'That's a fine dog;' but now his short, sharp barks of remonstrance with the flood proved that he knew our danger.

Suddenly we shot out into an opening, and swung round, and then knew we were in Steel's bayou—lost.

The current grew sluggish now, like the pool at the foot of rapids, and we managed to tie up to a gum tree, and found to our relief that the raft, though shaken by some blows against trees, was still sound. A few more nails were driven and I said, 'We will never know how to get out.' But Scipio pointed to a large birch tree that probably grew on a dry spot when the flood was down, and which reflected our candle light and the fire we made from its gray bark. 'Do you see dat thick bark like, an' dem splotches on dat left side?' he asked.

"I said I did, with little relish for wood lore just then.

"Said he: 'Dare is where de tree puts on he winter close agin de storm.'

"I don't understand," I said.

"Dare is de nor'west side ebery time,' he said, with a chuckle. 'All tree put him overcoat on de storm side, suah.'

"I saw that it was a woodsman's compass, but was not much cheered by finding out which was the northwest of a Mississippi swamp.

"Presently he said, as he prepared a hoe-cake for our supper, with fried ham and the last of our eggs, 'You axe me what I lift up de light for, an' fore gracious, I dun know, only I see dat once.'

"Saw what?" I asked him.

"It war when I cook for ole Marster in ole Virginny, before he get bullet in

he leg an' go to Congress, an' we 'uns out on picket. Dat mean, shoot by your own self instid of ten thousand to onct. Ole Marster on a horse and me on a horse, and all to onct a Yankee wid gold on he close an' a short gun, an' he on a horse. Ole Marster he a old deer driver, an' quick as if it was a buck in the woods, his short gun go up to he face.'

"It was his carbine," I said.

"It war a dead Yankee," said Scipio, with a chuckle, 'and de Yank he know it. Down drap he carbine he hold, an' up go boff he hands. He look like he leave um up, but no, he drop um boff at once about six inches—den he stop; den he drop um boff at once about six inches—den he stop; den he drop um boff clean down. I think he done dat foolishness—den up boff of um high as befoa, an' he do dat all over, one, two, free times.'

"I listen for de crack of ole Marster's carbine. No, he uncock it, lay it across he arm, ride up to de Yank, shake hands, give him a plug of terbaccer an' get a newspaper, an' let the Yank go on about he business. I axe him why, and he say, 'I see de sign.' I 'member dat, an' I make de sign to de boat. 'Fore gracious, I dun know no more.'

"Leave the occupants of the raft," said the lady, "to their disturbed sleep, where the owls hoot at them and the wildcats cry like infants in the dark, and Lion growls low at eyes that look out of the foliage at him in the dark. There is no miasma on Steel's bayou, thanks to the all-washing flood. A few miles below where it had met the raft the steamer was halted by the picket guard boat, and its papers shown. The lieutenant in command of the guard boat was very young, evidently one of the latest graduates of Annapolis, but he had the air of command not all learned in the service, and to him the officer on the dispatch boat said, with some hesitation: 'I fear I have made a sad blunder to-night.'

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you. We were delayed at Louisville by General Burbridge, and only got away by saying that the Secretary of War had telegraphed that we carried important dispatches, and others than I must answer for this delay. Then a treetop got jammed in our paddle-box, and we were under full head of steam to get down. A raft hailed us, with a negro doing the talking, but with a triangle of candles, such as a negro would not think of, and I heard the voice of a young woman. I thought it stupid for white folks to get caught by a rise, advertised as this has been, and did not take them in. I was afraid, too, I might run on the bank, and the current had the raft. But—and here he grew pale—it was the cross-suck from the swamp that had it, not the down-sweep, and I saw the raft go into the woods.'

"Where were you?"

"Opposite Steel's bayou—Eagle Bend, they call it.'

"The young man stepped into the guard boat and said, 'I will commend every man for a ninety-days' leave to go home that does his duty to-night. Up the river. Give way. Steady men—it's for all night.' Not a word more was spoken until five miles had been pulled, and then the low, firm tones, 'Put the red light in the bow—he put the helm up hard, the bow pointed to the swamp—'Go on; steady, men!'"

"It was near three o'clock in the morning; the rain still fell, and the sputtering candles, often renewed and as often put out, had entirely burnt out at last. Trusting the fidelity of Lion, they all slept, worn out in body and mind. The dog only growled at the fierce eyes that glared at him in the dark from the branches where the half-famished denizens of the wood only lacked concentration from their scattered trees to attack even the great dog. Then, too, the cat hates to take water, even when starving.

"One great water snake, coming steadily on in spite of the growls, the dog had seized by the neck and shaken to death and let fall in the water, without ever waking those he guarded. Dog and negro, the only two faithful servants God ever made, had consecrated themselves to the death.

Suddenly the growls ceased, and the plaintive cries of the beasts also. There was a whine of expectation and delight, and had eyes seen the dog, his big form trembled all over. He had seen a red spark in the foliage, and caught the slow, rhythmic dip of oars of very tired men. Half an hour in the twistings of the black bayou, and he still quivered and whined low, but did not bark, and his friends slept on.

"At last, around the sudden turn in the stream, right where even a gunboat had needed Mr. Lincoln's 'hinge,' a barge swept into view, a red light at her prow, eight men at the oars, and a slight man in blue at the tiller.

"No one could have seen the dull lines of the raft in the shadows, and the fire had been rained out hours before.

"Suddenly in the ceaseless pour of the now heavy rain, from under a gum tree came out a great roar, not of warning, but the honest welcome of a dog. 'Here we are,' it seemed to say. 'Get up; wake up! Bow, wow, wow!' The deliverance has come. Bow, wow! Bow, wow! How did the dog know they were friends? Only God, who made man's guardian with his keen instincts, can explain.

"There was no more spark of romance than there was of fire. Eight men dragged with the drip of the swamp and soaked through in spite of the rubber coats, all aware how little hope there was in a request for furlough when the volunteers had been already called for to run the Confederate batteries, and even in the inscrutable face of Grant himself could be read the battle signal, 'America expects every man to do his duty.' How little prospect in a request that had to begin with a subaltern and pass through all the hands, each armed with a veto, up to admiral! What was one broken home, one shelterless girl, to those who had seen and would see ten thousand homes in flames?

"A very young lieutenant, very sleepy, and beginning now to see a court martial as the immediate result of his leaving for a whole night that broad river road he was expressly set to guard. A very wet old negro and little negress, the latter crying with fright of awakening and the discomfort, and neither with rubber coats. An umbrella set up as a partial tent, a soaked mattress, and, slowly getting her sleepy eyes open, a very wet and much-soiled young woman. A big dog, all a-drip with rain, and barking as if on a wager. This the scene, with the background of bayou and swamp.

"The young girl smiled faintly as the young man, with water streaming down his face as he took off his cap, said, 'I beg pardon for disturbing you—I—really—well, I had missed you after all but for the dog.'

The next day the lady of the mansion and I pulled up our horses on the river bank where a few fruit trees grew. "This is the limit of the great orchard," she said. "That island with the two magnolia trees is all there is left of the almost park about the house. They once stood as thickly there as they do now on the hill. This is the cut-off. I will show you the marble slab where Lion sleeps when we go back. Scipio is by my father's side. You know now why I treasure the portrait of a negro."

"But the young man in the ruby case?" I asked.

"That is my husband—promoted. He will be home to-night."

In the Swirling Waters

BY MILFORD W. FOSHAY

THE long road winding from the valley to the plateau lay before Susie Kendrick's eyes like a whiplash that had been carelessly flung on the mountain side and left there for the use of any one who might need it. When Dick Sanford noted the direction of her glance he renewed the conversation that had been suspended for several minutes.

"I suppose Norton will be up as usual on Sunday, and I may as well stay away," he said, with feeling.

"Because he will come is no reason why an old friend should stay away," she replied, earnestly.

"I shall not care to be present merely as a friend," he rejoined, decisively. Then he added, with a different note in his voice, "Although I don't know as I could be your enemy."

Susie looked up quickly, and searched his face for an interpretation of his words. Laying her hand lightly on his arm, she asked, "What do you mean, Dick?"

The touch thrilled him, and he stepped back so that her hand fell, as he said, pointedly, "I can't have your hand on my arm as a friend!"

After a moment of indecision he turned away with a quiet "Good-by," but without meeting her eyes or making an answer to her question.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning Sanford was sitting under the shade of a stunted cedar, screened from the roadway by a large rock that had rolled from the mass above and lodged on the very edge of the bank. The road itself lay twenty feet below, narrow where it had been cut through, and widening upward. Along the lower course of this highway Sanford was gazing intently most of the time, with an occasional glance at the roadbed immediately beneath him. He was thinking that if the rock behind which he sat should topple down when a horseman was passing an accident would be inevitable. Some one had dug the earth away from the under side of the rock toward the cut, and if he happened to push against it strongly at such a time as a traveler rode by it would be sure to go over.

All at once the sun went out. He looked up quickly and saw that a storm was coming. He could see that the clouds

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27]

"Pulling" Buildings

Al Ryther, a Sandwich (Ill.) man, has an odd business in which he interests more onlookers than usually stand around to see others working. Ryther causes towers to topple over with the ease that Samson of old displayed when he pulled out the pillars and let a house drop on the Philistines at Gaza.

Ryther wrecks water towers, after they have become so old and weather-beaten that it is no longer safe to allow them to stand. There is only one way to get rid of a contrivance of this kind after it has survived its usefulness, and that is to pull it over. Ryther takes out a part of the underpinning and then hitches a six-horse team to a block and tackle that has been attached to the upper works.

On such occasions all of the business houses shut up shop, the schools "let out" and it becomes everybody's privilege to stand around and see it done. Under Ryther's operations scores of Illinois towns have had "pullings," and generally there is more excitement than is provoked by a circus or a pair of runaway mules.

*

Woman Flung Man Over Her Head

A Japanese sword dancer, Miss Misago Soga by name, of New York city, gave an exhibition of jiu jitsu recently in front of a dry goods store on West 125th street that at once became quite remarkable.

J. F. McCullom, twenty-two years old, an electrician, of 261 West Forty-third street attempted to speak to her, she alleges. The young man no sooner had the words out of his mouth than Miss Soga grabbed him by the coat collar and threw him over her head as if he were a toy.

McCullom picked himself up, and when he tried to explain to her that he mistook her for somebody else she caught him by the arm and threw him again, and he landed on the sidewalk harder than he did the first time. A crowd quickly gathered and Bicycle Policeman Ajax Whitman, the strong man, went to McCullom's assistance. The young man was taken to the West 125th street station and locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

McCullom said he mistook the woman for another Japanese woman he had met last summer at Great Neck, L. I. He wanted to tell her that, but she did not give him a chance.

*

Rich Man Wills His Body for Dissection

"It is my wish that my body be given to the medical college in which anatomy and surgery are taught, nearest to the place of my demise, to be used by it in such a manner as will be most conducive to the advancement of medical and surgical knowledge."

The above remarkable clause in the will of George William Cobb, late president of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company, and whose funeral was held on October 10th, was carefully complied with and the remains were taken to the Bellevue Hospital.

Mr. Cobb's will was made in 1897 when he was in perfect health. He was deeply interested in medical science and used to say that it was rare that doctors and students had the body of a normal man for dissection and study.

Mr. Cobb was born in Davenport, Ia., forty-five years ago. He has been conspicuously successful as an engineer; his company have a \$3,000,000 contract in the Philippines. He was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Institute of Civil Engineers of London, the American Academy of Political and Social Science and many other organizations. Fifteen years ago he married in Seattle Miss Carrie Chapman, who became known as the president of the National Woman Suffrage Association and leader of the International Suffrage League. There are no children.

Mr. Cobb's will makes his wife sole executor and gives her the entire estate for life. At her death half will go to the Iowa College, her husband's alma mater.

*

Preacher's Novel Scheme to Pay for Winter Coal

Over in Clifton Heights, Pa., the Methodists recently paid the last installment of last winter's coal bill of \$112 and faced an empty treasury and empty bins. When the pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Purvis, suggested that it was better financing to pay for the winter's fuel before it was put into the church cellar, the trustees shook their heads and said it could not be done.

Dr. Purvis walked into the parsonage, which adjoins the church, pondering upon the question, when an idea struck him. He went into his cellar, took one hundred and twelve bits of coal from the pile, then went out and bought some tissue paper.

When the congregation next faced the



The Strange and Unusual

minister the coal was piled on the pulpit desk, and the people looked and wondered during the service. As a finale to his discourse, Dr. Purvis picked up a nugget, explained the condition of the bins in the basement, and said he would pay five dollars for the bit of coal he held in his hand.

In ten minutes the one hundred and twelve lumps of coal had been taken by the congregation, each subscriber took his nugget home in tissue paper, and the trustees have placed the order for the winter's fuel. The pastor disposed of the nuggets at various sums, the highest being five dollars, with the others going at sums from three dollars to a dime.

Phonograph and Stuffed Lion His Protection

Some weeks ago a wagon circus struck New Harmony, Indiana. A short time before that, while making a stand in a Missouri town, a storm blew down the

Oxen Cavalry

In the "Technical World" M. Glen Fling describes a unique army in Madagascar:

"Charging with heads lowered is part of the drill, and an exciting part, too, for the onlookers. Thirty natives mounted on their oxen stand at attention some hundred feet apart from thirty more natives similarly mounted. At the given signal they rush at each other, the oxen with their heads lowered ready to strike, the natives with their spears grasped firmly and eyes fixed on the oncoming 'foe.' They come to a sudden halt about three feet apart, wheel right-about-face and make ready for the second charge.

"To one watching it seems as though the two corps must of a certainty go crashing into each other, and this is what sometimes does happen in the early drills. These accidents never result in serious mishaps, however, and amid



WRECKING AN OLD WATER TOWER

tent and the cage containing a young lion was turned over and the animal severely hurt. When the show reached New Harmony the owner was told by a veterinary surgeon that the animal would not live unless given absolute quiet, and Editor Wolfe of the "Times" decided to buy the lion. A large cage was built in the rear of the editor's sanctum, and every effort was made to save the life of the "king of beasts," but to no avail.

Editor Wolfe had great plans for the lion. There are many rural poets in Posey county who in the spring and fall deluge the editorial room of the "Times" office with their compositions, and the editor believed that with the lion in his office these amateur artists would give his place a wide berth. He also had an idea that men who got the notion in their heads to "lick the editor" would pass his office by. Now the hopes of the editor along this line are blasted.

But the scribe has hit on a novel scheme, which may serve his purpose. He says he will stuff the hide of the animal and place it near his desk in his office. A phonograph attached to a wire will be arranged in the jaws, and whenever a bellicose delinquent subscriber comes into the office, the wire will be pulled and a roar will emanate from the jaws of the animal that will be calculated to frighten the bravest of men.

*

Wedded Under Cucumber Arch

In preparation for her wedding day, Miss Nellie Caring Arnois, of Middleton, N. Y., grew a natural arch of wild cucumber vines during the summer, under which she was married to Robert Merten Ford, of East Freehaven, recently.

The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. W. A. Robinson, was witnessed by one hundred and fifty guests, who assembled on the large lawn in front of the house. It was one of the most unique weddings ever witnessed in that section of the country.

A Poor Woman's Offering

The harvest decoration at St. John's, Blackpool, England, says the London "Daily Telegraph," has attracted much attention and been made specially attractive by the offering of a poor woman, who, unable to afford fruit, flowers, or vegetables, but still anxious to give her mite, filled a bottle with water, and labeling it "Thank God for the rain," sent it to the church. The vicar, appreciating her good intention, gave it a prominent place among the decorations.

*

Big Shark Story

The month just past has been in many respects one of the most notable in the fishing annals of Catalina Island, Southern California's most famous fishing ground.

The most notable prize of the month, and one that broke a world's record, was a ground shark weighing five hundred and ten pounds, landed with rod and reel through the combined efforts of three fishermen after over six hours of hard fighting. The shark took a fifty-pound tuna that had been hooked a few minutes before, and it took from 10 o'clock in the morning until long after 4 o'clock in the afternoon to get the fighting monster up to the surface and close enough to the launch to be gaffed. He was finally landed, towed ashore and for twenty-four hours was the wonder of the island. According to all the fishing records obtainable the big shark is the largest fish ever landed with rod and reel in the world. The tackle employed in his capture was the ordinary tackle used in tuna fishing at Catalina.

*

Barrooms Barred in Indiana Town

There will be no booze shops in the new town in southern Indiana, according to the story told by the Indianapolis News. The town is called Cuzzo, and is located in Dubois county, and fifteen miles from French Lick Springs. It bids fair to forever occupy a unique position, as one of the conditions to property owners is that no intoxicants shall ever be sold within its confines. Every deed issued contains a clause that if whisky is sold directly or indirectly on the premises the land shall revert to its original owner or his heirs.

*

King of Siam an Auto Fiend

The King of Siam has stirred up alarm in his dynasty by his auto scorching. His ministers are anxious about the safety of the royal neck, and presented to their august master the following petition:

"At the service of your majesty there are bearers, and when time presses, carriages. We therefore beseech you to give up the use of motor cars, or at least to go at a more moderate pace. This is expected by the dynasty and your people. We have been too much alarmed to remain silent."

To which his majesty replied in a marginal note: "Danger lies not in the motors, but in the hearts of men."

*

Kept Smokes Fifty Years

Jonathan Styer, one of the oldest residents of Norristown, Pa., "swore off smoking" fifty years ago. At the time he had on hand more than half a box of the best cigars of that time. He still has the cigars as a reminder of his act of quitting the weed, and he says that he has never had a desire to smoke since then. He is now past eighty years of age.

*

If You Can't Keep Cows Keep Goats

The Department of Agriculture has imported from the island of Malta a herd of sixty-eight milking goats. These animals will be taken to the Connecticut Experiment Station, where they will be fed, milked and propagated under scientific conditions. The young will be distributed throughout the experiment stations of the different states.

In a statement issued Secretary Wilson says: "The milking goat has been neglected in the United States. Goats are almost entirely free from tuberculosis. Their milk is peculiarly adapted to children, resembling human milk more than that from any other animal. It is also valuable for invalids. People who cannot keep a cow may keep a goat."

*

Negro Genius at Figures

Union, S. C., is said to have a genuine mathematical wonder in the person of an eighteen-year-old negro, a day laborer named Hill. He is rather tall, slightly built, jet black and has been to school but little. He stammers considerably, and appears half crazy on every subject except mathematics.

The rapidity and accuracy with which he solves the most difficult problems is astounding. As an example, he was recently asked if a man were twenty-eight years old on September 1st how many minutes had he lived. After thirty seconds' mental effort he gave the correct reply, though the figures were up in the millions. Many other calculations were promptly and correctly made.

Judge Lost His Dignity and His Job

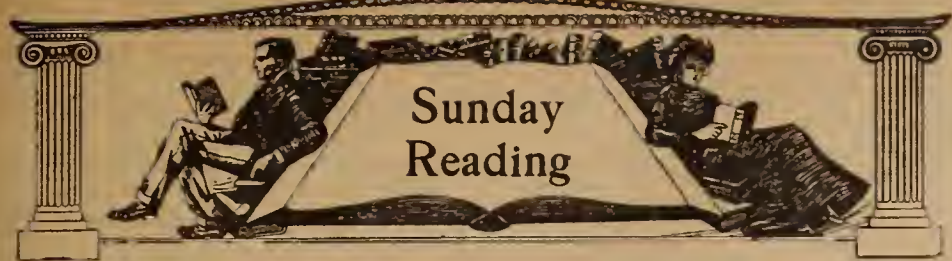
President Roosevelt has requested the resignation of Associate Justice Tucker of the Supreme Court of Arizona. One charge against him is that he would hold court at Globe, Ariz., only on condition that the people of that place made him the gift of a residence. It was also charged that when presiding in court he sat with his feet on the bench.

An investigation was made by the Department of Justice, and upon department findings was based the request for the resignation.

*

Fishing for Sheep

History tells the story that when sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian Sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives Bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch.



Honesty

I WAS once present in a home where there was an abundance of means, when the little son returned from doing an errand for his mother at the store. Of the money given him to pay for the articles he had been sent to purchase, there remained just one cent. This he handed over to his mother with an air which showed it to be a habit.

Later the lady spoke to me of this incident. She asked:

"Did it seem 'small' to you? While I freely give my children money for treats and individual pleasures, I have always taught them to return to me, or any other person for whom they do an errand, every cent of change that is left. Early in life they are taught that to use what belongs to another is dishonest."

"Do you think that laxness on this point would tend to make a child dishonest?" I asked.

"Not in most cases. However, there are natures to which a sense of what, for want of a better term, may be called lawlessness seems habitual. Such children need to be made to understand the rights of others. They need to know that taking and using what is another's is stealing. You know that it is at his father's money drawer that many a thief has taken his first downward step."

It may be that this lady put the matter too strongly, yet it is well to see that honesty is well defined in the mind of a child. —HOPE DARING.

Pope on Education

Col. Albert A. Pope, the celebrated manufacturer of bicycles and automobiles, has been expressing himself in the "New England Journal of Education" upon the kind of schooling which our young people are getting to-day. He believes that a few arts, or one art, thoroughly mastered, is, as a rule, of greater benefit to an individual, practically speaking, than all the wisdom of philosophers in one brain. He frankly says that the public school must be charged with accountability for the defects of our young people, so far as they fail to supply their pupils with such practical knowledge as will enable them, by hand or brain, or with the use of both, to earn a comfortable living for themselves and the families dependent upon them. He believes that the first work of an education should be to teach the pupil to secure for himself food, clothing and shelter, and on this foundation a superstructure may be built as individual taste may dictate. This view is a somewhat radical one, which many advocates of the old-time culture will doubtless challenge.

Lauds Christian Act of Japan

Japan's act in following the teachings of Christianity, accepting the proposal of President Roosevelt and making Russia the magnanimous offer which ended the war in the far East, was lauded in the annual convention of the New York Episcopal diocese recently by Bishop Henry C. Potter, who urged that some action be taken on the recent peace conference at Portsmouth and the action of President Roosevelt in bringing about the result.

"It is the most remarkable achievement that has occurred in the history of man that two great powers came to this country and amicably settled their differences, the significance of which only one whose vision is limited can underestimate," said the bishop. "I feel ashamed that the people of Christian faith should attribute selfish and sordid motives on the part of the Japanese to this great act—for it was a great act—that for the first time in the history of this Christian era the most august teachings of Christ should have been given practical adoption by a pagan nation."

The Rich Lose Many Privileges

The economic conditions of the last ten years have suddenly produced a portentously numerous class of American beings whose whole strength and wit are completely absorbed in devising the means of spending any reasonable proportion of their income. Their money has torn them away from the ordinary standards of home and civic life, created a new set of conditions for them, and made them its servants. They change their abiding place with the seasons, have no home and have forgotten where they vote. A

man buys more villas than he can live in, more clothes than he can wear, and more yachts than he can sail, and then he fills his life with false movements in a nervous attempt to keep the machinery going. One of the saddest features of lives pursued by the wealthy consists in their isolation from humanity. People who maintain steam yachts and dine Frenchfully at night, and flit between Lenox and Newport and Palm Beach and Homburg are naturally and automatically driven into the society of the like conditioned and bound there. Their sons attend the same expensive academies, their daughters are polished off at the same elite schools, their sons and daughters meet together, and they intermarry and interdivorce, and the caste of the great rich emerges. Sound judgment and clear perspective in the motives and movements of human life are seldom found among these people of the caste who drag the golden ball and chain.—BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, President University of California.

Art of Listening

"The good listener is as important a member of the social circle as the brilliant talker," remarked a critical observer of daily life.

"A witty conversationalist is an addition to a dinner party, but what would the hostess do if all her guests exercised the art? They would either neutralize each other, or a lack of listeners would render them mute, and the dinner would be a failure. Even one bright talker would make the occasion a success if he were provided with a background of intelligent listeners.

"But to be able to listen is not sufficient. There must be sympathy, a faculty of appreciation, and the tact which, by interposing questions and comments judiciously, keeps the conversational ball rolling. Then listening becomes an art, and one capable of reflecting no little credit on the person who possesses it."

Our Defective Jury System

Such an institution as trial by jury has no place among an ignorant people, or, indeed, among a people partially educated, contemplating, as it does, the selection of twelve men so deeply impressed with the necessity of punishing the guilty and of guaranteeing justice to innocent defendants that they will decide truly and justly. The result intended is quite impossible, either in the Philippines or in Porto Rico, and in the latter island, where the system is already in vogue, it has proven a failure. It has been almost as much of a failure in the United States, where the population is supposed to possess as great a percentage of intelligent persons as any country in the world. The function of the judge in our courts is limited to that of a moderator at a religious assembly. The law throws the reins on the backs of the jury, and the verdict becomes rather the vote of a town meeting than the sharp, clear decision of the tribunal of justice.—WM. H. TAFT, Secretary of War.

A Teacher's Morning Prayer

Once more I waken to an unused day
And thank Thee for the cup of strength it hears,
Grant that to-night, of all this chalice holds,
The record angel note no wasted drop.

I give Thee for Thy use my best of life,
Grant me the faith that I might spend it all—
All of my store of patience, hope and love—
Sure that the coming days would bring me more.

Since I have chosen that my feet shall tread
The teacher's path, the path Thy Son hath trod,
Let me so fitly teach the world-old tasks,
That, radiant with beauty and with truth,
New born they once may spring in every heart.

Let me by no mean selfishness or ease
Deny myself the joys of sacrifice—
The glow of dawning thought in listless eyes,
The fingers yielding to hard order's ways,
The childish love that recognizes mine
And answers with quaint speech and services.

Show me each day the vision of a race
Made strong and great, through these whom now
I guide
Into the joys of simple mastery—
The love of truth and pride in truthful skill.

When patience falters in the daily round,
Show me within each dull and wayward heart,
Through all its sin-perverted heritage,
That part of Thee which, too, is imaged there.
—HELEN FIELD, in Maxwell's Talisman.

How Many Children Die for Want of Oxygen?

A twenty-four Candle-Power City Gas-Jet, or—
—A 24 Candle-Power Gasoline Light, or—

—A good Kerosene Lamp rated at 25-candle power of Light, burns up all the Oxygen in about 30 cubic feet of Air every hour you use it.

Think of what that means to Health (365 nights in the year) in a living or sleeping room!

They produce, at the same time, about 20 cubic feet of Carbonic Acid every hour.

And that Carbonic Acid is what the lungs throw off when they breathe out dead tissue from the body.

It is a poison so dangerous that it would kill you in five minutes, if you breathed it pure.

Now, I'm not trying to scare you, but am merely telling you something you can prove for yourself by setting a lighted lamp in a closed room till it dies out for want of the very Oxygen it burns up.

It takes a lot of bad treatment to actually kill a person however,—bad Food,—bad Air,—Cruelty or Heart Ache.

And, the City Gas Jet, Gasoline Light, or Kerosene Lamp, as generally used, is only a slow poison.

Because Ventilation dilutes the Carbonic Acid so you don't notice the effect of each single dose at the time it is taken.

But, it "gets there" just the same,—weakening the System, helping on Disease, and obscuring the Merry Sunshine of Life,—its Cheerfulness.

That's why these Oxygen Consuming Lights need watching.

Kerosene used to be about the only Light that could be had in small towns, villages, country houses, and farm houses.

So that people had to put up with it, even though it poisoned the Air slowly, and raised the death rate heavily through Fires as well.

But it's different now! Acetylene Light can be had at less cost than common Kerosene Light.

Do you know about Acetylene? It used to be an experiment once, but now it is like the Telephone or Automobile—a perfected fact.

There have been hundreds of faulty Acetylene Generators made in the experimental stage of its history. But there has never been poor Acetylene Light when properly made, as it universally is today.

Acetylene is the clearest Light,—the purest, whitest, safest, coolest Light ever made by Man.

It comes so near to Sunlight that it will actually make Plants grow by night under its wholesome, healthful rays.

And, because it is so clear and pure, with so little color-fog to muddy it—so free from flicker and glare,—it is the easiest Light on the eyes yet discovered.

It is 10 to 15 times stronger than Kerosene Light, City Gas Light, or standard Electric Light.

On this account it is cheaper than any of the three.

Because, only a tenth as much of it need be used to produce the same clear-reading effect.



That is one reason why it burns up only one-fourth as much of the living Oxygen in the air of a room as Kerosene, Gasoline, or City Gaslight.

And that's why it leaves only one-tenth as much poisonous Carbonic Acid in the air of a room, after it, to be breathed and re-breathed by the people in that room, in place of the Life-Giving Oxygen consumed.

Moreover, that's why it is one-third cheaper than even Kerosene Light from the best Lamps yet invented.

A 24 Candle Power City Gas Jet costs you half a cent per hour.

A good 25-candle-power Kerosene Lamp will burn a 12-cent gallon of Kerosene in five nights, if lighted four hours a night.

That would make it cost three-fifths of a cent per hour, or \$8.76 a year, for Kerosene alone, to say nothing of broken Lamp Chimneys, new Wicks, and the everlasting Labor and Risk of cleaning them.

A 24-candle-power Acetylene Light will cost you a third less than that,—or two-fifths of a cent per hour.

That means only \$5.84 per year, if used the same number of hours for 365 nights.

And, there's less Work needed for fifty Acetylene Lights than for one single Kerosene Lamp, with far less danger, as the Insurance Records prove.

That's a matter well worth your consideration—the comparative danger. Over two million people in America now use Acetylene Light, and yet, the Insurance Records show that there were only four fires from it in one year.

The same authority shows that there were 8,865 Fires from Kerosene, and Gasoline, during the same year.

And, the Insurance Records can't afford to lie.

If you will tell me how many rooms there are in your house, I'll tell you about how much it would cost, per year, to light your home with that safest, most wholesome, clearest, cleanest, coolest, and most beautiful of all Lights—Acetylene.

I have also got a wee bit of a Book that's plumb full of information about Lighting in general, and I think you ought to have it.

Its title is "Sunlight on Tap," and it incidentally tells about some experiments made by Cornell University, this year, on Plant Growing under Acetylene Light instead of Sunlight.

Write for a copy today, and I'll send it to you free.

Just address me as—"Acetylene Jones," 167 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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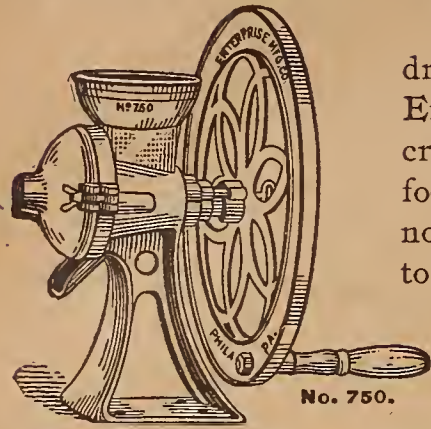
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Queer Things About Animals

Dog Finds Bones of Slayer

The retrieving instinct of a dog has resulted in the clearing up of a murder mystery that has long baffled the police. According to the story, James Gonney, of Clairton, Pa., was working at his stable when his dog appeared with a skull in his mouth. Taking the gruesome relic, Gonney followed the animal to the mouth of the Wabash tunnel, where, in a thicket, he found the remainder of a human skeleton, since identified as that of Harry Anderson, thirty-five years old.

Anderson had killed George H. Buchanan on July 18, and escaped from Clairton pursued by a posse. For weeks the police searched in vain for the man. The skeleton was identified by means of Anderson's revolver lying by it. In the skull was a bullet hole, indicating that he had slain himself.

How a Porcupine Fights

A dog never attacks a porcupine more than once. If he survives the lesson is enough to make him wise. On the subject the Los Angeles "Times" says:

"Ordinarily, and when at ease, the quills and hoary hair of the porcupine lie flat upon his back, but when angered he bristles up, and every part of him, even to his toes and the tip of his nose, is protected by the armament of sharp quills. His plan of fighting is wholly on the defensive, and so destructive is his veritable bayonet line to the attacking foe that even the bear, the panther and the lynx will not molest him.

That is why the porcupine knows no fear, and why he comes abruptly into camp and calmly investigates things. He has yet to learn that man and his unerring rifle are far more deadly than even barbed and poisonous quills.

Cat Breaks Up Lodge

A lodge of the Royal Arcanum that met in New York City two weeks ago had an unusual and quite remarkable experience, as told by the "World."

The regent thought he heard a member address him discourteously when "Praa-oh-h-h-yaow" or words to that effect broke on his ear.

"Order," the Regent commanded, frowning ominously.

"Oh, yaow! Praow-ow-ow! Pfwst! Pfwst!" snarled the voice again.

"Move we adjourn!" "Second the motion!" "Someone's butting in and listening!" cried a dozen excited voices. The lodge was adjourned in a hurry. As the Arcanumites drew near the door they were followed by something that was

A High-Jumping Hog

Recently at the Kansas City stock yards a jumping hog afforded no end of amusement. Although the animal weighed one hundred and eighty pounds it would jump board fences five feet high. The speculator who bought the hog found it impossible to confine it to a pen, so the pen had to be covered with boards. According to men who have been at the hog yard for years this was the first hog that had ever leaped a fence there.

Blind Doe Wandered Into Farmyard

The St. Albans "Messenger" tells of a blind doe that was found some days ago in the barnyard of Mrs. Hiram Winslow, at Sudbury.

The animal entered with the cattle and was suffering from a birdshot wound in the head, which caused the blindness. Warden Thomas was notified and ordered D. F. Lawrence to shoot the animal. Mr. Thomas went to Sudbury, but the doe had taken to the woods.

Faithful Horse Drew Dead Letter Carrier

Frederick H. Lockwood, of Canaan, Conn., recently died from a stroke of apoplexy while on his rural mail route. When taken ill he fell back in his wagon and was hidden from view by the mail sacks and canvas sides.

The faithful old horse, accustomed to going over the route almost daily, made the usual rounds. He stopped at the mail boxes along the route. After standing at a box for the usual time to allow for the deposit and collection of mail the horse would jog along to the next box.

He had almost completed the route when he came to a standstill in front of the residence of Daniel Hamilton. The fact that the horse remained still so long and nothing was seen of Lockwood attracted the attention of persons in the house. They went out to investigate and found Lockwood dead.

About Black Bears

Black bear are not, under normal conditions, formidable brutes. If they do charge and get home they may maul a man severely, and there are a number of instances on record in which they have killed men. Ordinarily, however, a black bear will not charge home, though he may bluster a good deal. I once shot one very close up which made a most lamentable outcry and seemed to lose its head, its efforts to escape resulting in its bouncing about among the trees with

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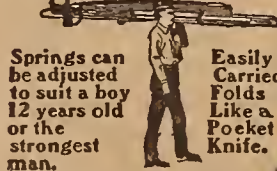
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STICKING TO THE TEXT

said to resemble the wail of a lost soul. The sound came from the direction of the dais upon which the Regent was standing. With agility not often found in one of his years the Regent skipped off his dais and made excellent time toward the door. Every man was pale.

"Waugh-aughrrh! Yaow-ee-ee-ee-ee!" the voice pursued him. The Arcanumites beat a retreat.

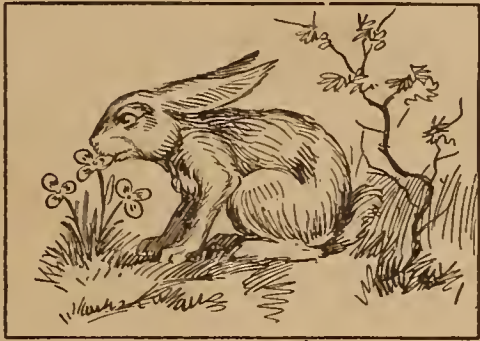
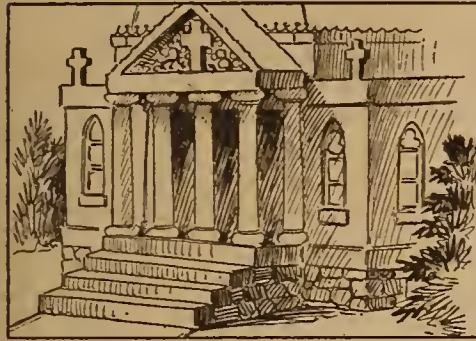
Tom Healy put two detectives on the job. They couldn't find a trace of any marauders. Yesterday morning a sweeper with a keen scent declared he knew there was something awful lodged under the dais in the lodge room. He called up Henry Wood, the carpenter of the house, and Henry, with hammer and chisel, soon took a plank out of the dais.

He found what was left of a once voiceful cat.

such heedless hurry that I was easily able to kill it. Another black bear, which I also shot at close quarters, came straight for my companions and myself and almost ran over the white hunter who was with me. This bear made no sound whatever when I first hit it, and I do not think it was charging. I believe it was simply dazed, and by accident ran the wrong way, and so almost came into collision with us. However, when it found itself face to face with the white hunter and only four or five feet away it prepared for hostilities, and I think would have mauled him if I had not brained it with another bullet, for I was standing but six feet or so to one side of it. None of the bears shot on this Colorado trip made a sound when hit; they all died silently, like so many wolves.—President Roosevelt.

Cent Puzzle

Six Different Things to be Seen on One of Uncle Sam's Copper Cents are Represented by the Six Pictures Below. Take up a Penny and Try to Solve the Puzzle.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE OCTOBER 15th ISSUE

Radishes, Beets, Leeks, Parsnips, Egg-plant, Endive.

Cats That Are Shrewd

Chief Clerk Samuel Roop, of the Philadelphia Bureau of Police, is a close student of animal life, and recently related in the "Record" an incident coming under his personal observation which goes far to prove the reasoning power of the feline tribe.

"For several years," said Mr. Roop, "a black cat grew sleek and fat in a snug berth at a grocery store near Twenty-first and Parrish streets. This cat undoubtedly was envied by all the cats in the neighborhood. I make this assertion confidently, because when poor puss was killed by an automobile the other night a dozen cats suddenly appeared in the vicinity of the grocery store, evidently in the hope of landing the cinch berth. You can believe it or not, as you like, but every one of those cats was black, and I can only assume that each expected to impersonate the dead feline and step into his shoes, metaphorically speaking, unchallenged. One fellow, a dead ringer for the unfortunate tabby, thrashed all the others, and actually palmed himself off on the storekeeper, who knew nothing about the accident, as the real pet. The grocery man didn't have the heart to fire him out when he learned the truth, and the new cat is waxing as sleek as his predecessor."

Hen Lived Three Weeks Without Water

While unloading a car of grain at the mills of W. H. Kaskell & Co., at Toledo, workmen heard the cackle of a hen from some part of the car.

After the grain had been unloaded they started an investigation and found the bird between the car partitions.

It had been on the road apparently for about three weeks, with plenty of food, but without water, and seemed none the worse for its experience.

Pet Woodchuck a Weather Prophet

Thomas Burkett, of Falls Creek, Pa., has a woodchuck, black as a crow, that is a great pet among his family and in the neighborhood. He caught the woodchuck about three years ago when it was in its infancy, and took it to his home, where it has since grown to be as much of a pet as a kitten, and is far less trouble.

Living the life of a pet woodchuck does not prevent him from fulfilling his

part as a weather prophet, but he takes his winter nap, as others of his race, only to awaken on the second day of February to see if his shadow is visible. If it is, back he goes to sleep again for the next six weeks. Last winter a cozy box was put in the cellar for him, and there he slept.

Giant Tree of England

The biggest tree in the south of England is said to be the King's Oak at Tilford, which stands on the village green between two ancient bridges over the River Wey, and is some thirty feet in circumference at a height of six feet from the ground.

It is mentioned in the charter of Waverley Abbey, the Cistercian monastery close by, now in ruins, which gave its name to the works of Sir Walter Scott. This giant tree is still in vigorous growth.—London Chronicle.

The Farmer's Boy

You ask about that boy o' mine,
An' what his inclination is?
Why, stranger, can't you read the sign
That's writ across that youngster's phiz?
He's such a master hand to shirk
That sometimes I can most admire him.
An' lazy!—if you gave him work
He'd help you make a chance to fire him.

His mother says he's quick to learn—
That when he's foolin' out o' doors
He's makin' poetry to burn;
But watch him fool at doin' chores!
His inclination is to be
A somethin' that they call a poet.
Such foolishness don't come from me—
I ain't that kind, not if I know it.

You see that critter on the wall
There in the frame? Well, that's a cow.
His mother says he's got a call
To be a artist; but somehow
'Tain't such a gift for him to draw;
There's nothin' in it to surprise us.
But what that boy is useful for
Is what I'd like you to advise us.

When I was young it wasn't so;
Boys had a different trainin' then—
They knew they had to hoe their row
An' work their way like little men.
There weren't no fine contraptions known
In them old days for savin' labor;
An' he who'd finished for his own
Would go an' help a friend or neighbor.

You think I'm hard on him? Why,
His mother says he'll turn out grand!
He's just the apple of her eye.
But, stranger, when I take a hand—
H-u-s-h! Here she comes. Is that you, ma?
I just was talkin' 'bout our Neddy.
So smart, I'm proud to be the pa
O' such a son—eh? Dinner ready?
Mrs. M. L. RAYNE.

Girlhood, Womanhood, Motherhood.

The first lesson that the young girl has of womanhood is usually a painful one. She learns to know what headache means, and backache, and sometimes is sadly borne down by this new experience of life.

All the pain and misery which young girls commonly experience at such a time may, in almost every instance, be entirely prevented or cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity. It tones up the general health, and cures headache, backache, nervousness, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other consequences of womanly weakness or disease.

MOTHER OF THE FAMILY.

The anxious mother of the family oftentimes carries the whole burden of responsibility so far as the home medication of common ailments of the girls or boys are concerned. The cost of the doctor's visits are very often much too great. At such times the mother is invited to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice, which is given free. Correspondence is held sacredly confidential.

IT STANDS ALONE.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women the makers of which are not afraid to print just what it is made of on every bottle wrapper. It is the only medicine for women every ingredient of which has the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers of this country, recommending it for the cure of the very same diseases for which this "Prescription" is advised.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love is so divine that the roughest man cannot help but appreciate it as the crown of womanhood. However, motherhood is often looked forward to with feelings of great dread by most women. At such times a woman is nervous, dyspeptic, irritable, and she is in need of a uterine tonic and nerve, a strength builder to fit her for the ordeal. No matter how healthy or strong a woman may be she cannot but be benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to prepare for the event. It makes childbirth easy and often almost painless.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION is a powerful, invigorating tonic. It imparts strength to the whole system and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

A STRENGTHENING NERVE.

"Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is

a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organism. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness or nausea, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

CURES OBSTINATE CASES.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

HOW TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

Young women or matrons should not allow themselves to look sallow and wrinkled because of those pains and weaknesses which become chronic and are the result of colds, tight lacing, and the imprudent care of the womanly system. Many a woman would look beautiful, have healthy color and bright eyes if it were not for those drains on her strength and those weaknesses which come all too frequently and make her life miserable. There is a ready-to-use Prescription, used a great many years by Dr. R. V. Pierce in his large practice as a Specialist in women's diseases, which is not like the many "patent medicines" on the market, as it contains neither alcohol nor any narcotic, or other harmful drug. It is purely vegetable. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and is sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation of the bowels, loss of appetite, coated tongue, sour stomach, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Persons subjected to any of these troubles should never be without a vial of the "Pleasant Pellets" at hand. In proof of their superior excellence it can truthfully be said that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial.

One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are cathartic. They regulate, invigorate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How to live in health and happiness, is the general theme of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work on medicine and hygiene, containing over 1000 pages and more than 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers.

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A Fair Booth Free to Any Church

THE church people of America have done much for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The magazine is glad to do for them when it can. To any church which expects to hold a fair this fall or winter THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will send, without charge, a beautiful booth measuring eight feet square and eleven feet high. Accompanying it will be sent, also without charge, twenty large reproductions of some of the most famous pictures which have appeared in the magazine. The pictures should bring Twenty-Five Dollars easily, and on every new subscription and renewal for the magazine taken at the fair a liberal cash allowance will be made.

Almost four thousand churches took advantage of a similar offer made last fall. One church made over Two Hundred Dollars, another One Hundred and Eighty Dollars, and so on. All of them made money.

If you are interested in a church fair to be given this fall or winter write now. We shall give only one thousand of these booths this fall. "First come, first served."

The Curtis Publishing Company
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The Newest of New Waists

By Grace Margaret Gould

Illustrations By Anna May Cooper



No. 642—Plaited Shirt Waist

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, thirty-six inches bust, three and one-half yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch material for binding and plaits

IT HAS now become a recognized fact that, no matter how fashions may change, the shirt waist and the fancy waist are always counted among the new styles. The convenience of the separate waist, the will of the girl of the moment and the clever way in which the waists accommodate themselves to the new fashion changes, are some of the reasons why the separate waist is not to be downed.

When the summer girl comes back from her vacation, waists are her first crying need, and as the season advances and her days are filled with one engagement after another, it is waists and more waists that she wants. Here is a page where she can find the best designs of the many varied models in shirt waists and fancy waists. The new styles are shown and the very latest ideas in trimming.

For morning and every-day wear there are a great number of materials especially suited for the making of shirt waists. Waists in the new ombre effects are among the novelty mate-



No. 643—Fancy Bolero Waist

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, thirty-six inches bust, two and three-quarter yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and a quarter yards of thirty-inch material, with two yards of material twenty-two inches wide for bolero and sleeves.

rials advocated for the every-day waist, and wool batiste and wool crash are both liked. So is mohair, to say nothing of the flannels which come in such an infinite variety of charming colors and artistically printed designs. The shirt waist of flannel or mohair, in white or some plain color with a touch of the plaid introduced as the trimming, is just a bit more in favor among the modish New York girls than the plaid waists displayed in many



No. 645—Lingerie Waist with Simulated Bib

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, thirty-six inches bust, three and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two yards of thirty-six-inch material, with three-eighths of a yard of silk for girdle and three and three-fourth yards of insertion for trimming.

also much liked. Waists of this sort should button in the back.

A very fashionable design this season for a fancy waist is the one that shows the bolero. This may be of lace, embroidered net or Pompadour silk, lace trimmed. The model shown in illustration No. 643 is made with a full sleeveless waist mounted on a shallow yoke. This waist opens in the back and is made of chiffon cloth. The shoulder trimming of little lace frills gives the design a very new touch, and the sleeves are the latest thing out.

They are elbow length and cut in one piece. At the lower part the fullness is arranged in three narrow box plaits which are caught with fancy jeweled buttons. A band of lace insertion trims the sleeve in cuff style, and a tiny frill of the lace acts as a dainty finish. This same model is most attractively developed in white silk mousseline with the bolero and sleeves of embroidered net. Lace is used for the trimming, and gold ribbon for lacings.

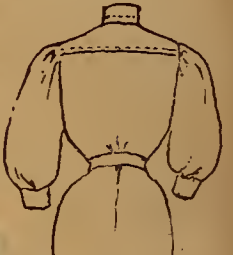
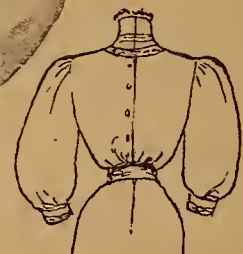


No. 644—Tucked Waist with Fancy Yoke

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, thirty-six inches bust, three and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-six inch material, with three-eighths of a yard of silk for girdle.

of the big shops. The design shown in illustration No. 642 shows how cleverly the touch of plaid may be introduced. The waist is made of a delicate gray French flannel with a box plait down the center front, two plaits at each side running from shoulder to waist, and two plaits also on the elbow puff of the sleeve. The edge of these plaits and the box plait are bound with an effective green and blue plaid. The buttons shade from green to deep blue, matching the colors of the plaid. This style of waist, particularly the sleeve, is especially in favor this season.

The fact that the usefulness of the fancy waist is broadening is emphasized by the great variety of the new models shown. These waists are extremely convenient to wear with a tailor-made suit, and for the theatre and the restaurant dinner they are invaluable, and just what the business young woman would do without a waist of this sort is a question hard to solve. These waists are made of the soft silks like peau de soie, radium, and the chiffon taffetas and messalines, and they are also developed in net. As for the lingerie waist of sheer linen or filmy cotton, it is to be worn quite as much as during the spring and summer. These dainty waists with their hand embroidery and lace insets are to be worn over underslips of China silk. The lingerie waists show many pretty new effects in the way of introducing lace insertion. The bib effect is among the latest and the simulated oval yoke is



No. 646—Yoke Shirt Waist

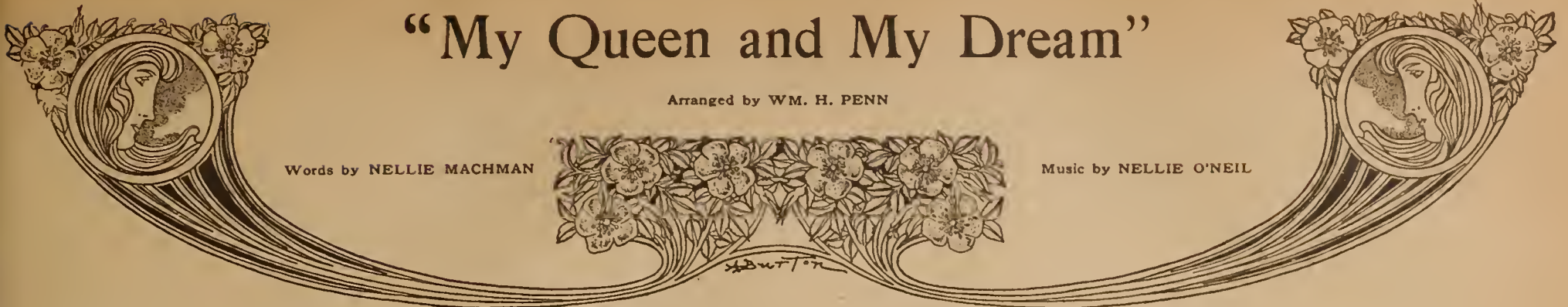
Pattern for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, thirty-six inches bust, three and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.

"My Queen and My Dream"

Arranged by WM. H. PENN

Words by NELLIE MACHMAN

Music by NELLIE O'NEIL



Valse moderato.

Tenderly.

1. On a moon - light night, while the stars shone bright, And
 2. Just a year a - go, in the coun - try church, They

mf *rit.* *p* *p*

all the world se - rene,..... I chanced to meet a maid - en sweet, She was a per - fect dream..... Her ro - guish
 stood there side by side;..... The vil - lage par - son asked of him, "Do you take her for your bride?"..... He an - swered,

eye, her win - ning way, Had won my heart at sight;..... And when I call at the cot - tage door, These words give
 "Yes, with all my heart, Be - cause I love her so;"..... And as they turned from the al - tar rail, He mur - mured

REFRAIN.

her de - light:..... You're my queen..... and my dream,..... You're my all, my own;..... Not a girl..... in the
 soft and low:.....

Legato.

world..... can com - pare with you;..... Tur - tle dove,..... you're my love,..... You're the on - - ly

cres. *f* *p* *cres.*

one,..... And I'll be hap - py for - ev - er when you're my queen..... You're my queen.....

cres. *fz*

Geo. Baermann, Music Type, 55 Franklin St., N.Y.

Value of the Weather Man

In spite of the standing jokes about the weather man, says "Country Life in America," it is probable that for every dollar spent on the Weather Bureau ten dollars are saved. At the time of the Mississippi flood of 1897 \$15,000,000 worth of live stock and other property were saved as a result of warnings issued a week ahead. Signals displayed for a single hurricane have detained in port vessels valued, with their cargoes, at \$20,000,000. The West Indian stations, established in 1898, inform us of hurricanes as soon as they begin. The course of the hurricane that caused the Galveston flood was charted for a week before it struck our shores—for hurricanes move slowly. Eighty-five per cent of the forecasts now come true, and by the aid of rural free delivery 25,000,000 forecast cards were distributed last year to farmers, many of whom could not have had them five years ago.

*

Preacher Rich From Apples

The "World's Work" tells of F. Walden, of Zillah, Yokima county, Wash., who as a retired preacher went to the Yokima valley about ten years ago, bought a tract of land at a low price and set out an orchard. Three years ago it came into bearing. But Mr. Walden thought that he would sell it. He put it on the market, asking ten thousand dollars for it. He failed to get a buyer that year, and he had the crop on his hands in the fall. The fruit that year brought him twelve thousand five hundred dollars. The farm has not since been on the market. It is now producing every year from twelve thousand to twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Walden lives in Seattle ten months in the year, and spends the other two months harvesting and marketing his fruit crop.

*

Eyelids Cut From His Arm

W. L. Kerr, of Columbus, Ohio, was the victim of a natural gas explosion some months ago in which his lower eyelids were burned away. His sight was not injured, but oculists feared that because of the unprotected condition of his eyes he would soon become blind.

An attempt to elongate the bases of the missing eyelids made some weeks ago failed, but now, as a result of an operation performed at Mount Carmel Hospital, Kerr has new eyelids. In this operation living tissue was cut from his arm and quickly fashioned into lids, the bases at the same time being roughened for engrafting. The new lids were then placed in position and secured by delicate ligatures. Kerr's eyes were bandaged shut and left in that condition for some days. When the bandages were removed the surgeons pronounced the operation a success. The new lids have grown fast and Kerr will be very slightly disfigured. His sight will be saved.

*

Don'ts on Naming the Baby

Parents so often inflict upon babies names that are a bore to them all their lives. The Portland "Telegram" speaks of a few "don'ts" that might be helpful to some people:

Don't name a baby after a hero unless the hero has been dead several years.

Don't hamper a boy with a name that will prove a heavy handicap in life.

Don't name a girl after a flower. Think of an old woman called "Pansy" or "Daisy."

Don't name a girl Violet, when her disposition may be that of tiger-lily.

Don't tack a fancy name on a kid. It makes him a target for his companions.

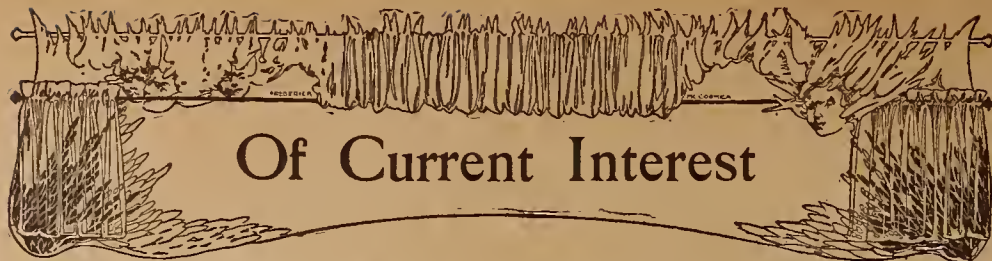
Don't name a child after a relative from whom you have "expectations." The relative may yet marry.

Don't forget that the man with the common name of William is more likely to write checks than one labeled Percy.

*

Famed Violinist Beggared in Old Age

Men still middle aged can remember the fame as a violinist of Segismund Sicard, the youthful prodigy encouraged by Wagner and Gounod, and patronized by nearly every crowned head in Europe. In July, 1879, Sicard, whose adult powers had confirmed the promise of his boyhood, was staying in Brussels after a successful tour in America, and during a walk with his friend, Wieniawski, was struck by lightning while sheltering under a tree during a thunderstorm. Wieniawski sustained a shock from which he died in the following year, and Sicard, paralyzed in the left side, only recovered after ten years to fall into hopeless relapse under the shock of his daughter's death in 1892. Beggared, forgotten and reduced to mental mediocrity, though able to walk, poor Sicard is to-day eking out the last dregs of a miserable existence as a street hawker in Liège.—London Globe.



Of Current Interest

Deserts Society to Manage Farm

Miss Georgia Gerston Jones, daughter of the late Isaac D. Jones, who was attorney-general under Gov. William Pinkney White, has deserted fashionable life in Baltimore and assumed the active management of a large farm on the Eastern Shore to which she fell heir when her father died.

Inability to find a good manager and distress at the condition in which tenants had left the estate impelled her to take up the work. She has been so successful in her superintendence that her crops are highly complimented by her friends in the Chamber of Commerce, and are envied by her less fortunate neighbors.

Her farm lies on the bank of a small stream in Somerset county, contains four hundred acres which are under cultivation and two hundred acres of fine woodland and a roomy old mansion. Fifty thousand dollars has been refused for the place.

"I did not come here to stay," said Miss Jones. "I came here fully intending to get a good tenant, to get the dear old place, the house of my father and the home of my childhood, straightened up. I failed to get the kind of tenant I wanted. In the meantime I am managing it myself."

"It had been under the care of tenants who seemed to be able to make money for themselves, but none for my father and none for me when I came into possession of it."

"I have restored the farm to what it was, in greater part, during my father's lifetime. This year I beat all my neighbors in raising wheat. My wheat averaged thirty-five bushels to the acre. I have been told the average in the county was twenty-five bushels."

"I derive pleasure from farming, in a way. I would find it a great pleasure if I could get the kind of help I want. I like farm life."

*

Captive's Ear Cut Off

From Salonica, Macedonia, comes the report that the British Consulate at Monstir has received a package containing a



Copyright by F. Gutekunst

PRESIDENT GEO. F. BAER, OF THE COAL TRUST



Photo by Georg

PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL, OF THE MINE WORKERS

The Two Leaders in the Great Struggle Between the Coal Trust and the United Mine Workers' Union

human ear, which, a letter accompanying the package declares, was cut from an Englishman named Willis, recently employed by the Turkish tobacco revenue department.

Willis was captured by brigands some months ago, and the letter threatens that he will be murdered unless a ransom of five thousand dollars is paid at once.

*

The President's Train

Talk of a special train for the President of the United States and to be paid for by the government has again been revived, and the very sensible suggestion may be made to Congress to provide by law for an appropriation for that purpose. Congress makes provision for the payment of transportation expenses of its own members, a liberal amount being granted for each mile traveled. It would appear that there is nothing that could

stand in the way of an appropriation being made for the travel of the president also.

This is clearly the broadest solution of the question of how the president shall be enabled to visit any part of the country without receiving favors which, it has been shown, the railroad corporations are prompt to reproach him with if his official course does not suit their especial desires.

*

First Woman Letter Carrier Married

Harry C. Wright, a letter carrier, married a short time ago Miss Mabel Freene, another carrier on the free delivery route.

Mrs. Wright has the distinction of being the first woman free rural delivery letter carrier appointed in the United States. She has been a substitute for several years on the route that goes over Fall Mountain, and has won for herself a great record for facing blinding snowstorms and heavy rains.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

*

Helen Gould Rewards Boy Hero

Miss Helen Gould has given a substantial reward to Roy Irving Dixon, the nine-year-old lad who saved a Denver & Rio-Grande passenger train from destruction last year. The boy will begin study at Goodwill Farm school, and Miss Gould will furnish the money for his expenses there, and at some university which he will attend after finishing a preparatory course. The boy flagged a train with a red handkerchief just as it was about to run into a rockslide.

*

Her Novel Idea

"Vick's Family Magazine" tells of a woman living in a country town who was ambitious to earn some pin money. She thought over various plans and finally concluded to open a sort of noontime rest for the farmers' wives and other women who came in to sell their wares or do their shopping. So she threw open a portion of her house for the purpose, calling it the "Tarry-in-Town Inn for Women." Her patrons—she soon had a

*

Editor Explains

We announced early last spring that hereafter we would only accept subscriptions on a cash (money) basis; but the keen weather warns us that winter is approaching, and we are constrained to recede from our former position and to say that we will now accept from subscribers—new and old—wood, groceries, cows, hogs, turkeys, corn, cotton and any other little odds and ends that we can get; but we can no longer give sewing machines, gold watches and town lots as premiums to subscribers at one dollar a year.—Adams (Ga.) Enterprise.

*

The Loss of Priceless Gems

When the Moors went into Spain and overthrew the Gothic kingdom that had been established in that country they found many wonderful pieces of gold work thickly incrustated with gems in the treasury of the vanquished foe, says the "Washington Star."

Most wonderful of all was a table of considerable size, the top of which was composed of one great emerald.

The table had three hundred and sixty-five legs to it, each leg made of solid gold and covered thickly with gems. We are not told exactly how large the emerald was, but to have had a leg for every day in the year it must have been of such a size as to make the story that the top was composed of a solid emerald almost incredible.

The existence of the huge gem is, however, vouched for by contemporary writers, and seems as well authenticated as anything pertaining to the period in question.

What became of the table? It was regarded by the Moors as their chief prize out of the Gothic treasury, and was written about and talked about all over the civilized world. Then it faded away into the mists of the past and its fate is unknown.

History also makes mention of statues and columns cut from solid emerald which existed in Egypt, in Constantinople and at Gades, the present city of Cadiz, Spain, when that city was a Phœnician colony.

Some people have thought that these huge gems could not have been genuine, but were what would be called paste in modern phrase. But the Moors were probably the best judges of gems in the world at that time, and they pronounced the emerald of the table to be a genuine stone of fine quality.

When Hernando Cortez returned to Spain from the conquest of Mexico he carried home many large gems, and among them five emeralds of wonderful size and beauty which had been cut into fanciful shapes by Aztec artists.

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DESCRIPTION OF SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

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The front cover of the November 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE will be a page size picture by the famous painter of rural scenes, Mr. H. L. Parkhurst. It depicts a scene on the farm at noontime, when the horses have been brought in to be watered and fed. They are at the trough drinking; a bright-faced little girl sits on the back of one of the big farm horses, and is evidently a little bit uneasy in her "lofty position," as she is receiving the attention of the driver of the horses and also of some one who looks like her big sister. It is indeed a masterful work of art; the kind of a picture you can look at long and often, and each time you look at it you will like it better. Don't miss this great work of art. It will be the front cover picture of the November 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

A FULL PAGE OF PICTURES OF A CALIFORNIA FLOWER GARDEN

We are going to show you a full page of pictures, nicely printed on fine paper, in this November 15th issue, of the palatial home and magnificent walks and flower gardens of Paul de Longpré, the "rose wizard" of Los Angeles, California. Thousands of visitors travel the full length or breadth of this great country just to get a sight of these beautiful gardens. There have been as many as three thousand people in a single day visited Mr. de Longpré's home and flower gardens where they were enraptured with the magnificent home and beautiful surroundings. It is a sight that visitors to Los Angeles never fail to see. We are going to save you the trip just at present anyway, and show by means of reproductions of photographs, which Mr. de Longpré sent us, his home and flower gardens. Don't miss this in the November 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE FULL-PAGE SIZE—IN SEVEN COLORS

We are going to show you in the November 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE Mr. Paul de Longpré's home and exquisite flower gardens, and we are also going to reproduce one of his celebrated paintings, because he is known the world over as the greatest painter of flowers in the world—the one artist that paints true to nature—the "King of Flower Painters." This painting will be reproduced full size of a page of FARM AND FIRESIDE on fine paper in all the original colors used by the artist, which are no less than seven distinct colors and tints. The picture can be easily cut out and framed, and it will be the most beautiful flower painting you ever saw. It really cost us more than Two Thousand Dollars. We want to say to you that if you allow your subscription to run out and miss this November 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE, you will miss the most beautiful and interesting farm paper in the world.

ANOTHER FULL-PAGE PICTURE PRINTED ON FINE PICTURE PAPER

Besides all this we are going to give you still another large illustration, a full-page picture by the renowned painter, Holmes. This picture will be reproduced from the original painting, portraying faithfully the lines and shadows of Mr. Holmes' original painting. We can almost guarantee that this picture will please, delight and interest every one of the family, from the "wee little tot" to dear grandma and grandpa. It has been selected with the utmost care and deliberation in order that it may be sure to please our millions of FARM AND FIRESIDE readers. We are not going to tell you what all these beautiful full-page illustrations are exactly. We want to surprise and please you and we are sure they will do it. Santa Claus never tells what he is going to bring, but it always pleases, so look out for the big November 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE and don't dare to miss it.

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With the Poets

An Autumn Prayer

When the dead leaves quiver earthward in the twilight of the year,
Comes the time of love and dreaming, when the days of days appear;
Purpling distance, mellowing sunshine, trees aflame with red and gold,
Air hrimful of life's elixir—nectar on Olympia old
Was as water in its weakness when compared with this, methinks,
And I wish life's chain were endless with sweet days like this for links.
Music greets my every footstep in the dead leaves rustling here—
When the ripe leaves quiver earthward in the twilight of the year.

When the leaves come trembling earthward in the gloaming of the year,
Then this life's perennial sweetness seems a thousand times more dear;
Yet the million gorgeous death scenes that emhazon every wood
As the leaves in splendid shroudings quit their dying brotherhood
To return to earth that gave them in the spring so tearfully
Breathe a prayer like an incense through the very heart of me:
"When life's sap is flowing feebly and my rest is drawing near,
May my time for trembling earthward be the gloaming of the year."
—S. W. GILLILAN, in Baltimore American.

The Old Country Home

Oh, who does not remember the home of his childhood,
The vine-covered cottage on the brow of the hill;
The rural enjoyments of the deep-shady wild-wood,
And the rippling music of the murmuring rill—
The swift-flowing rivulet,
The mossy-hank rivulet,
The deep, muddy rivulet, so peaceful and still.

The orchard and meadow, with their sweet-scented flowers
And rosy-cheeked apples, we viewed with delight;
The high, verdant field of corn that emhowers
The patch of sleek melons we thumped in our might—
The red watermelon,
The white watermelon,
The green watermelon, that saddened our plight.

And the little wooden bridge, the maple trees by it,
Up which, for birds' eggs, we eagerly stole;
The tall swing of vines, and the fishing place by it,
And dearer than all, the old swimming hole—
The deep, shady hole,
The mud-enviored hole,
The sandy-hank pool, into which we would roll.

How gladsome to our eyes were the Frost King's cold treasures,
Enveloping earth in a mantle of snow;
The bright, cheery sports and exhilarating pleasures
Of skating and coasting, with cheeks all aglow.
The soft, fleecy snow,
The hard, crusted snow,
The beautiful counterpane from heaven below.

The loves and the crosses of school life's unfolding,
Imprisoned in silence and to work evermore;
The pains of the switchings and loud, hitter scolding,
The lively tattoos and strappings galore.
The smooth hazel rod,
The stinging birch rod,
The tough hickory rod, that left us so sore.

In the evening of life, with its shadows appearing,
And its fullness of pleasures subsiding in dearth,
No spot is so bright, no vision so endearing,
As the scenes of our youth, the land of our birth—
The quiet, rural home,
The loved rustic home,
The old country home, the dearest on earth.
FRANK M. VANCE.

The Case of Jim

Maw's callin' from the milkhouse,
Callin' stern,
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin',
Come an' churn."

Paw's callin' from the cornpatch,
Callin' loud:
"James, yer hulkin', stupid loafer,
Time yer plowed."

Nature's callin' from the trout-brook,
Callin' wish:
"Son, yer poor, tired, lazy feller,
Come and fish."

Stranger, if we just swapped places,
Put it clear,
Which of all the three a-callin'
Would you hear?
—New York Sun.

An Old Rustic's Remarks

I ain't got any use at all fer clothes so swell an' fine,
The old blue jeans I allus wore air good enough fer mine.
Gimme a red bandanner, too, an' a homemade hat o' straw—
Bet it'll knock the spots all off a sporty Panama.

Don't talk about your fancy shirts all h'iled so smooth an' slick,
With everything all stiffened up with starch ten inches thick.
Leave out your neckties an' the like, your patent-leather shoes;
Gimme a pair o' rawhide hoots, an' make 'em good an' loose.

Call me a crank or what you want, no dressy goods in mine;
Better than all suspenders made is a piece o' hinder twine.
Though I was raised between the corn, an' laugh at all sich bosh,
Don't fer a minute think that I'm a punkin-head, b' gosh!

WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ.

'Possum Time

When autumn's skies are deeper blue
Than any skies June ever knew;
When frost has touched the mellow air
Till yellow leaves fall everywhere;
When wild grapes scent the wind with wine,
And ripe persimmons give the sign,
Then life seems happy as a rhyme
Because—it's the happy 'Possum time!

When fires roar on the cahn hearth,
And ovens hubble low in mirth;
When sweet potatoes slowly bake,
And Mammy makes her best ash-cake;
When Daddy climbs the "jice" and throws
A string of peppers down, it shows
That life is happier than a rhyme,
Because, at last—it's 'Possum time.
—Bandanna Ballads.

The Pumpkins

Look yonder! Way down in the cornfield,
The corn shocks stand up snug and round;
And the big trailing vines that ran through it,
Left pumpkins all over the ground;
've carried them home till I'm weary,
But I'll carry them home if I die;
For the big golden things mother peels as she sings,
And makes what we call pumpkin pie.

I watch them all day in the sunshine,
I see them all night in a dream;
Their faces smile up like a lover's,
Then fearfully change, and they scream:
"Come get me! I'm ripe! I will perish!"
Then, down through the pasture I hie,
And wearily hack, o'er the old beaten track,
For I know she'll make more pumpkin pie.
BOB HARRISON.

In Old Kentucky

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.]

river flowed unvexed toward the sea and in the background were the picturesque hills,

"Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between."

The residences, variously called villas and mansions, were pretentious structures of colonial style. Back of each "big house" was a small village—now deserted—composed of the little cabin homes of Sambo and Dinah and their numerous progeny.

The occasion of which I write was an old-time "house-party," where fair women and gallant men wandered through mansion and grounds at will. The landscape was smiling with verdure and flowers and the birds were in full song. There was sound of revelry, feasting and dancing. Wines and liquors were on the sideboards, free of access, and the fragrance of mint was in the air. Youths and maidens strolled in the groves, the orchards, the meadows and down by the riverside, where "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again." To the colored people it was a week of unalloyed pleasure—an occasion of pure delight.

Alas! the impendent cloud of civil war was casting shadows in the peaceful valley. Yet, as on the eve of Waterloo, joy was unconfined.

In plain view on the Indiana shore a company of recruits, among the first to answer President Lincoln's call for troops, was actively drilling, the fife and drum being distinctly heard by the gay Kentuckians, whose house was soon to be divided. A transport bearing soldiers in blue passed down the river, going toward Dixie—"war's grim-visaged front." There were exclamations of surprise. "What means this martial array?" For a time there was no merry jest, no music, no

song. A somber cloud had obscured the brightness of the sun. The venerable colored musician noted the unusual quietude. Shaking his head disapprovingly, he picked up his banjo, touched the strings gently and sang soft and low:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home."

The effect was magical. Every face brightened. Smiling his approval the old musician,

"In varying cadence, soft or strong, Swept the sounding chords along,"

and everybody, white and black, joined in the chorus, singing of "The old Kentucky home."

In the Swirling Waters

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.]

were already letting out a deluge half a dozen miles back in the mountains. In five minutes the river began to rise with great rapidity.

"If Norton doesn't hurry up he can't make the ford," he muttered.

Just then he caught sight of a horseman who had evidently thought of the danger in delay, for he was spurring his animal on at a rapid lope. He reached the river and got across with considerable difficulty. Then he stopped to let his horse breathe, and to note how rapidly the water crept over the stones. While the rider was so engaged Sanford threw himself on his face near the edge of the bank, and peered into the narrow passage-way beneath him, his right hand under the farther side of the boulder.

Norton was about twenty rods from the cut above which Sanford lay, and after a pause of two or three minutes he turned his horse in that direction. At the moment of his doing so a swish, then a rush that was quickly merged into the roar of a torrent startled both the young men. Down through the narrow cut, and breaking over the left side of the roadway to fall into the river, a great body of water swept with sudden fierceness before their eyes.

"My God! The gravity ditch has broken."

Norton may well turn pale, for if he is to be saved he must think and act with lightning quickness. Instantly the horse was urged forward and plunged into the stream. The waters underneath were found to have a much stronger current than those above, because they were forced through the narrow part of the passage, and it seemed impossible for the beast, not yet fully recovered from the previous tug with the river, to keep its feet. When nearly over, Norton realized that they were failing to make progress. The water from the higher bank was being whirled across the stream to strike viciously against them, and this added to the downward force of the current was proving too strong to stem.

With the rapidly increasing odds that opposed him there was but one improbably successful attempt to make. Flinging himself free of the stirrups he placed one foot on the edge of the saddle, and with the long bridle rein in his left hand he sprang with all his power toward the rocky ledge on which some small bushes grew. His right hand touched and frantically gripped one of these, and there, while the raging stream beat against his breast as if trying to tear the arm from its socket, he labored with straining muscles and stertorous breath to gain a foothold on the bank. He was exactly where the watcher above had all the morning hoped he would be. Why did not the rock fall?

When Sanford saw the quick, bold movement of Norton in spurring his horse into the stream he at once felt that kindling admiration and sympathetic throb which naturally go out to any creature heroically struggling for life. That it was the man he intended to crush under a mass of rock was for the moment forgotten. He saw not merely a living creature in deadly combat, but a fellow mortal, some one capable of thought and love and spiritual impulse, battling against the fangs of physical force, and he knew that with the last desperate lunge by which his fingers reached the bush Norton had won the right to live, for all that his enemy might do—aye, and to take Susie Kendrick to himself if she chose to have it so.

Almost smothered in the conflict of his passions his hand not pushing one pound on the boulder, because the strength of hate had departed from it, lost in the swirling waters, Sanford felt the surge of another power by whose irresistible mastery he sprang up and forward to grasp Norton's wrist and draw him to a place of safety, where the eyes of the two met in that look of mutual recognition which comes to men when they have proved each other. Then Sanford said, with a new note in his voice:

"Now hurry up! She'll be waiting for you," and he turned to climb the hillside.

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An Alibi

AMONG the many good stories of humorous happenings in court told by Attorney Watson, of Pittsburg, is the following:
 "A prominent attorney of Kansas City who was retained as counsel for the defense in a criminal case in the city named succeeded in getting his client out of a pretty bad situation by means of an alibi, which the attorney presented to the court in so novel a way that it was little short of masterful.
 "At the end of the trial the attorney was overwhelmed by congratulations from his colleagues of the legal fraternity, who spoke in the highest terms of admiration of his able work. To these felicitations there were added those of the learned judge himself, who observed:
 "A fine alibi, that, and mighty well put!"
 "Well," modestly responded the lawyer, "I myself think it was rather neat. Of those that were offered me it was by far the best."



Wit and Humor

Circulating Library

"HAVE you a library in your town?" asked the New York man.
 "Oh, yes," replied the Westerner.
 "A circulating one?"
 "Well, it wasn't intended for that sort of a library, but we had two or three cyclones out our way that circulated it considerably."—Yonkers Statesman.

Snake Waited for Him

SCHUYLER BRUEN, a negro, is a hostler for the mounted squad of the Westchester Police Station. Roundsman William Neshitt found him yesterday afternoon hanging from a rafter in the loft of the stable, gazing fearfully at a snake coiled on the floor.
 Neshitt shot the snake. It was a puff adder about two and one half feet long. It is believed to have escaped from the Zoo.
 "I was ruhbin' down the hosses," said Bruen, "when I hears a clattering at th' latch of th' do'. I turns around, and as I does so th' do' opens an' in walks that 'ar snake."
 "Opened the door, did he?" asked Neshitt.
 "All hy hisself he open dat do'. I was so all-fired skart I clum up to th' loft. Den I look down, an' if dar wasn't that 'ar mister snake a-comin' up th' ladder too. I got up on dem rafters, an' mister snake he wiggled underneath me an' tries to jump up. He couldn't reach, so he jes' settled down to wait fer me to drop into his mouf. All de while he was a-stickin' out his tongue.
 "En' I ain't touch nothin' fer a week."—New York Times.

Not the Same

A YOUNG woman who has recently taken charge of a kindergarten, says the New York "Sun," entered a trolley car the other day, and as she took her seat smiled pleasantly at a gentleman sitting opposite. He raised his hat, but it was evident that he did not know her.
 Realizing her error, she said, in tones audible throughout the entire car:
 "Oh, please excuse me! I mistook you for the father of two of my children!"
 She left the car at the next corner.

"I think," said the strong-minded female, "that women should be permitted to whistle, don't you?"
 "Certainly," replied the cynical bachelor. "There is no earthly reason why women should be denied the privilege accorded to locomotives and tugboats."—National Hotel Reporter.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."
 "How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.—Philadelphia Press.

"You have served your country nobly," said the Mikado. "Anything you may ask will be granted."
 "I have but three requests," answered the Japanese naval hero; "don't erect a triumphal arch, don't present me with a house, and don't let the girls kiss me."—Washington Star.



THE PRESIDENT EXPECTS TO CATCH UP WITH HIS READING DURING HIS SEA TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS

Your Grace

A VISITOR of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the north of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.
 "And now dear," she said, "when the duke speaks to you, do not forget always to say 'your grace.'"
 Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly fankful, amen."—The Tatler.

Mark Twain's Drydock Definition

IT is said of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.
 "What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.
 "A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.—Boston Herald.

A Fair-to-Middling World

I LOVE this world as it wags. Don't you?
 It's a pretty good world to stay in;
 The old ship's manned with a jolly good crew,
 And it's fitted to work and to play in;
 So we'll sail right along
 With a shout and a song:
 It's a merry old world to grow gray in!

I take this world as it comes. Don't you?
 Its toils and its pains and its piddling.
 And whether its skies be of gray or of blue,
 And whether we've sunshine or showers,
 We can work, we can dream,
 For we know that the scheme
 Is ordained of benevolent powers.

I love this world with its ups and downs,
 Its toils and its pains and its piddling.
 Though we don't wear diamonds, robes or crowns,
 We are gay if we pay for the fiddling.
 So we'll dance and we'll sing
 In a rosy-round ring:
 Oh, I reckon it's fair to middling!
 Portland Oregonian.

A Hoch Joke

"DO you know why chickens are the most devout of all fowls?" asked Governor Hoch of a colored preacher who had called upon him for a subscription.
 "No sah, govoneh; why am it?"
 "Because more of them go into the ministry."—Kansas City Journal.

A Dog in a City Directory

THE New Haven City Directory for 1905, just out, contains the name of a dog, credited with a residence and a full name. It is the terrier owned by Attorney David Strouse. In the list of Strouses the dog's name has a place. It is recorded as Lex Strouse, occupation watchman, and its hoarding-house 143 St. John's street.—New Haven (Conn.) Dispatch.

The Pride of Race

A CONDUCTOR on one of the Brooklyn cars was collecting the fares before leaving the bridge, and as he called out "Fares" to two Jews who were in front of me, one of them held up a dollar bill, saying, "Two shentlemen." This was too much for an Irishman across the car; and as he handed the conductor his nickel he said, "Wan sheeney."—Lippincott's.

"Something Nice" in Kansas

THE young ladies of the Thompson Dry Goods Company invited us in the other afternoon to drink lemonade with them, prefacing the invitation with the remark that we must say something nice about them in the paper. And of course we could not do otherwise, for they are all, without a single exception, just as nice and sweet as they can be, and our only wonder is that they have been allowed to remain single so long—and some of them, oh, so long.—Marion Record.

Professor Osler's Hint to Doctors

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, relates an incident in one of his books which illustrates the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions.
 A young foreigner one day visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him.
 "The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."
 "Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it," said the patient.
 Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning. The patient took his leave, and in a week he returned.
 "Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.
 "Worse, doctor; worse, if anything," was the reply.
 "Ahem! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"
 "I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up mo'n ten minutes at a stretch."—Tit-Bits.

As a result of this advice, Tommy Wise turned out the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."—The Independent.

Two Bits Wasted

HERE'S a story told by Fred Collier, which seems to indicate that the lid isn't on in Topeka:
 "Here's to pay for thim two drinks I stood yez off for last wake," said a local Irish character to the bartender of a Topeka drink emporium the other afternoon, handing the man in the white apron a quarter.
 "Why, you don't owe me anything, do you?" queried the dispenser. "Oh, yes, you do, I remember now. It was last Thursday you got the drinks," he suddenly added.
 "Why the devil didn't ye tell me ye'd forgotten I owed yez?" exclaimed the Irishman. "I could have saved that twenty-five cints."—Kansas City Journal.

Sunday Indisposition

MORBUS SABBATICUS, or Sunday sickness, a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk about politics, and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows:
 1. It always attacks members of the church.
 2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.
 3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
 4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
 5. It generally attacks the head of the family.
 6. No physician is ever called.
 7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.
 8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.
 9. Religion is the only antidote.
 10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.—Frederick (Md.) Examiner.

Robbie's Essay on "Wisconsin"

wisconsin is our hoam state and we like it beekaus there is always sumthing doing in politicks. Wisconsin is bounded on the west by Minnesota and in the middle by Guvnor Lafalet. Sum of the things which is rased in wisconsin is:
 1 pine trees.
 2 sugar beats
 3 Tobacko
 4 Gaim wardens.
 5 Taxes.
 There is quite good Hunting in wisconsin last week i shot 2 blue jays and 1 yellowhammer



UNCLE SAM GETS HIS CUE

THE NEW CABLE TO THE ORIENT WILL NOT BE WIRELESS

What Is In Us

"CHILDREN," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

and 3 chipmunks. Gaim wardens is hard to shoot except during the Open seeson heekaus that is the only time they are there, but last week i shot a owl with a arrow and whenn i toald my teacher he said "to whoo" she said No Bobbie, he must have said "to whom." i know moar about wisconsin hut my paper is all gone.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Halcyon Days

When the coal is in the cellar, and you've money in the bank, And the job you have is pleasant and you're neither stout nor lank; When the mornings in October are all beautiful and bright, And you own the house you live in, and your liver is all right; Oh, it's then that life's worth living, and the effort's worth your while, And it's then that you may bravely throw your shoulders back and smile With compassion for the foolish and with pity for the crank, When the coal is in the cellar and you've money in the bank.

There's something mighty beautiful about this good old earth When there's nothing you're ashamed of in connection with your birth, And your hair is staying with you and your lungs are good and strong, And your teeth are sound, and nothing in the world is going wrong. He would be a churl, an ingrate, who could sit around and whine When each morning in October was the finest of the fine, And his children were so lovely that he never had to spank, And his coal was in the cellar and he'd money in the bank.

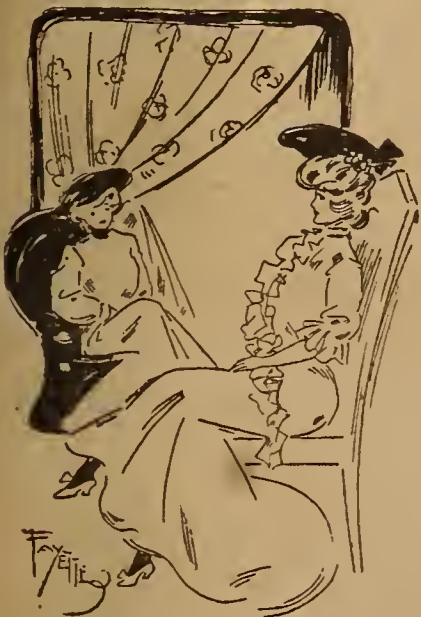
There's a thrill that's coming to you when your brassy lifts the ball, Which goes sailing over bunkers for two hundred yards to fall At the edge of where the green is, and then rolls and wriggles up Till at last it stops within about two inches of the cup, And this helps to keep a fellow from believing life is vain, From deciding that the profit isn't worth the wear and strain, Makes him rather think that living has its bright side, to be frank, When, with coal piled in the cellar, he has money in the bank.

Life is not a useless hardship when you have no rent to pay, And your income is sufficient to keep trouble bribed away, When your clothes are made to fit you, and your head is good and clear, And there isn't anybody in the world you need to fear; When your home is filled with sunshine and a lady who can please Helps to make the office cheerful as her fingers hit the keys; When your face is still unwrinkled and you're neither stout nor lank, When your coal is in the cellar and you've money in the bank.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Idea

THE following extract from a school girl's essay comes from a high school in India, and was published in the monthly magazine of the school: "King Henry 8, was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino in the year 1066. He had five hundred and ten wives, besides children. The 1st was beheaded, the 2d was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garrett Wolsey. He was surnamed the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry 8, was succeeded on the throne by his great Grand Mother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—New York Tribune.



Stolen Goods

Mrs. Hicks—"Your cook, I understand, has taken her departure." Mrs. Wicks—"Yes, but nearly everything else she took was ours."

An Improvement Promised

"Look here!" exclaimed the old lady, "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me; I find it swears very badly." "Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird; it'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older."—Tit-Bits.

Wit and Humor



"WHEN DISCONTENTED WITH ANY SITUATION, PHILOSOPHIZE"—SAYS SENATOR PLATT

The Business of the Day.

REPRESENTATIVE Champ Clark tells of an amusing story in connection with the inauguration of Thomas T. Crittenden as Governor of Missouri, a ceremony attended with more frills than any other in the state since the civil war.

According to Mr. Clark, there were on this occasion military organizations and bands galore, and special carloads of people came from Kansas City and St. Louis to witness the pageant. Captain Hawley, of St. Louis, was grand marshal of the day. Lieutenant-Governor Brockmeyer, a quaint character, was presiding over the Senate; and as he awaited notice of the time for the Senate to proceed to the hall of the House of Representatives, where the two bodies in joint session were to receive the new governor, he lolled back in his chair on the President's stand and smoked a big corn-cob pipe with the utmost nonchalance.

The Senate lobby was crowded, and senators were in their seats, on the tiptoe of expectancy, for the strains of martial music could be heard from all directions. At this juncture a figure in a glittering and brilliant uniform pushed through the crowd and marched half way up the aisle. This was Marshal-of-the-day Hawley. Drawing his sword, he made a profound military salute, and announced, with much pomposity: "Mr. President, the Governor of Missouri and his staff now approach!" Without removing his pipe from his mouth, Lieutenant-Governor Brockmeyer responded: "Well, let him come; dot is vot we are here for."—Harper's Weekly.

Cleveland Weighed the Baby

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and the late "Joe" Jefferson were speakers at a dinner at Sandwich, Cape Cod, on which occasion the veteran actor told the following at Mr. Cleveland's expense: "When the last Cleveland baby was born, Mr. Cleveland was asked about the weight, which he gave as twelve pounds. Dr. Bryant, who was present, interrupted the ex-president to say that the nurse had reported the young hopeful to be an eight-pounder.

"Well," said Mr. Cleveland, "I know, for I weighed him with the same scales that Mr. Jefferson and I use when we go fishing."

Bet Was a Good One

WHEN times are dull as you know, says a writer in the "New York Press," Wall street brokers will pass the time betting on any old thing. On Friday two of the well known members of the exchange dropped down into the Power house at No. 9 New street, and one said to Fred Eberlin: "See here, general; we have made a bet of the best luncheon you can get up.

We want to eat it now, and when the bet is decided the loser will come in and pay the bill. What do you say? Is it all right?"

"You can bet your sweet life it is," said the general Fred. "Just go ahead and order the best in the house."

After the pair had feasted right royally to the extent of about seven dollars worth, Fred said: "By the way, what was the bet?"

"My friend here," said R., "bets that when the spire of Old Trinity falls it will fall across Broadway, into Wall street, and I bet it won't."

Leaving His Cards

A VENERABLE bishop had occasion to engage a new footman, and on the strength of excellent recommendations accepted the services of a youth whose sole experience was that of a stable lad. The first duty which the new footman was called upon to perform was the accompanying of the bishop on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, James," said the clergyman, "and leave one at each house."

For two hours the carriage traveled from house to house until the bishop's list was exhausted.

"This is the last house, James," he said. "Leave two cards here."

"Begging your pardon, sir," came the reply, "but I can't do that. There's only the ace of spades left."

One Too Many

A CORRESPONDENT of the Washington "Post" tells of the amusing experience of a literary friend into whose family a seventh child came last summer.

The family were at their country house, and for a time a good deal of the care of the other six children devolved upon the father, who has Spartan ideas as to the upbringing of his sons. One morning he carried his two-year-old to the creek near his home, to give him a cold plunge. The child objected lustily to this proceeding, but was firmly held and ducked, notwithstanding.

At the instant of the ducking, however, a brawny hand seized the Spartan father by his shoulder and flung him back, while the angry voice of the farmer, who was his nearest neighbor roared in his ears:

"Here, none of that! I'll have the law on you for this!"

"And," said the literary man, "it took me half an hour to convince that man that I was not trying to drown that child. Even then he wasn't wholly convinced. To the very last minute he kept on shaking his head skeptically, and saying:

"Wal, I dunno about that. I dunno. You got six besides this."

Ideal Sport A Fine Day A Good Dog and

Advertisement for Stevens Fire Arms. Includes an illustration of a woman with a rifle and a dog. Text: 'It's just as natural for a girl to want to shoot as for a boy. It does her just as much good. Gives her healthy, invigorating outdoor exercise, quickens her eye, steadies her nerve, and makes her self-reliant. Catalog Free describing Stevens' guns of every sort and style, for hunter, marksman, girl or boy. 140 pages. Sent free to any one interested in guns, sending 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us. J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO. 265 High Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for a watch. Includes an illustration of a pocket watch. Text: 'FREE Genuine Calendar Watch keeps correct time and gives day of Week, Month, changes of Moon. To quickly introduce the Celebrated Electric Balm Toilet, Bath and Complexion Soap we offer these rare and expensive Calendar Watches ABSOLUTELY FREE to every one answering this advertisement. We also send package of Soap. Enclose Stamp for postage. Address, Standard Soap Works, New York City, P. O. Box 105 Dept. 142A'

Advertisement for cancer treatment. Text: 'Is Cancer Increasing? We hear of so many cases of Cancer nowadays that it seems reasonable to suppose the disease is increasing rapidly. This is true to a certain extent, but it must be borne in mind that we at the present day have a rapidly increasing population, better facilities for communication, and therefore may learn of more people suffering. There is, undoubtedly, an hereditary predisposition to the disease. Dr. David M. Bye, the able Cancer specialist, of 333 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Indiana, who treats people by applying soothing, balmy oils, says if people in whose family Cancer develops would just use his blood treatment, the disease would be largely prevented and eventually stamped out. He has treated and cured many bad cases of Cancer, and in nearly every situation of the body. The remedy has stood the test and seems to meet all the requirements of a specific. (20)

Advertisement for violin music. Includes a musical staff. Text: 'Violin Music Free WALTZ. To introduce our New Violin Catalog and SPECIAL VIOLIN OFFER we will send for the next thirty days our 60 cent music book; contains 24 pieces of copyright music, such as Overtures, Waltzes, Two-steps, etc.; printed on fine paper. We want to get our new handsome illustrated catalog of Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Musical Supplies, Strings, etc., in the hands of every Violin player; so if you will send the names of four persons who play the Violin we will send you our music book, free, also our catalog. Write names and addresses plainly and enclose five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and mailing cost of your music book. E. T. ROOT & SONS, 347 Wabash Ave. (Established 1857) CHICAGO'

Advertisement for dressmaking. Text: 'LEARN DRESSMAKING BY MAIL. EARN \$12 to \$30 a WK. We teach you to CUT & FIT by MEASUREMENT. No patterns used. Drafting taught by Mme. Stevenson's Modern French tailor system. Good position guaranteed all graduates. YOU CAN LEARN at HOME by MAIL. Catalog FREE. Nat. Cor. School of Dressmaking, Dept. 29, Des Moines, Ia., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for gold watch and ring. Includes an illustration of a watch and a ring. Text: 'FREE GOLD WATCH & RING. An American movement watch with Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 25 yrs. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Zamboni Diamond Ring, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of 100 diamonds, are given absolutely Free to Boys & Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us \$2, and we will positively send you both the watch and the ring, also a chain. Address: RONN JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 36, CHICAGO.'

Advertisement for phonographs. Includes an illustration of a gramophone. Text: 'PHONOGRAPHS LATEST RECORDS Free Catalog No. 11. EUGENE CLINE & CO., 59 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO. LADY OR SCHOOL GIRL in each town at once can earn good pay in spare time. No canvassing. Desirable. Cash weekly. Stamp for particulars. A. J. HAMM, Ossipee, N. H. BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS and list "WHAT TO INVENT." free to any address. Patent secured or fee returned. Geo. S. Vashon & Co. 976 F. St. Wash. D. C.'

Rights of Parents to Open Mail

L. H. D., Pennsylvania: A parent has the right to open his minor child's mail, but a brother has no such right, unless he is the legally appointed guardian of such minor. If such action is reported to the post office authorities I think the offender will be prosecuted.

*

License to Manufacture

T. L. T., Alabama, asks: "If I buy drugs from my druggist and manufacture chewing gum, etc., and sell it, am I compelled by the law of Alabama to have any license to do so?"

I think not. I do not know of any law that requires a license. Better ask the prosecuting attorney of your county.

*

Will a Pension

D. G. C., Missouri, says: "Can a man will or deed his pension to his wife, and if so, and the man dies, can she get the pension as long as she lives?"

No, a man cannot will or deed his pension to his wife or anybody else. The United States Government takes care of the pension matter, and after his death the wife can draw such pension as the laws of the United States provide.

*

Trimming Hedge Fence

J. A. B., Ohio, says: "I live on a farm in Ohio where I would have a lovely view of the country if it were not for a hedge fence of my neighbors right in front of my door, which is over twelve feet high. Can I make him trim the hedge fence?"

Most assuredly under the laws of Ohio, you can have this unsightly hedge fence trimmed down to a reasonable height. Call the attention of the township trustees to the fact, and I think you will have no further trouble.

*

Inheritance

M. G., Indiana, writes:—"A widower with children, marries an old maid with considerable property. They have no children. If the wife dies without a will, would the husband inherit all her property or a part of it? She has brothers and sisters."

As I understand the statutes of descent in Indiana, where the wife dies with property the husband gets one third of the property. The remainder would go to her brothers and sisters.

*

Contract for Division Wall

H. A. G., Massachusetts, says: "Two men who own adjoining lots drew up an agreement, and had it recorded, that one farmer was to care for the west half of the division wall, while the other was to care for the east half. Can either party (both farms have changed hands) tear down the wall between the farms without the consent of the owner?"

I should think the contract that you state is one that runs with the ownership of the land, and that neither party could do anything contrary to the said contract.

*

Fence Laws

F. G., Ohio, inquires: "Where two persons own adjoining lands with no fence between, and one wants it fenced, can he compel the other to build half.—After a fence has been divided by the trustees, and notice given to the parties, can one withdraw his part of fence and build what we call a blind lane on his side of the line?—If one would do so, what should the trustees do in that case?"

Yes.—No.—The trustees should build the fence on the line, and make him pay for his share.

*

Officer's Compensation

A. M. J., Tennessee, asks: "Will you please tell me whether or not an officer is compelled to collect money on a claim upon which he has served the warrant, after the warrant has been returned into court out of his hands, and before an execution has been issued without compensation for his labor and responsibility. If he is entitled to compensation, who should pay it, the defendant insisting upon the officer collecting the money before the time has expired for an execution to issue, and after banking hours in the afternoon?"

No public officer is bound to perform any duties in any other manner than the law provides, and usually he can demand his fees in advance in all civil cases. When the party has started a proceedings in court, he is not entitled to dismiss them at any time without paying the costs that have been incurred thus far, and if the plaintiff takes the money or insists that it be taken by another, if suit is brought such plaintiff is liable for the costs incurred.

The Family Lawyer

BY JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

When a Female Becomes of Age in Illinois

E. B. P., Illinois, asks: "When is a girl her own mistress in Illinois?"
When she is eighteen years old.

*

Right to Make for Your Own Use Patented Article

S. A. C., Missouri, asks: "Is it against the law to make for your exclusive use an article that is patented?"
Yes, I think it is.

*

Deed from Husband Direct to Wife

C. A. S., Illinois, would like to know if a man can lawfully deed real estate to his wife in Illinois.
Yes, I think he can.

*

Right of Heir to His Interest in Realty

B. F. D., Texas, inquires: "Can an heir get his part of interest of the real estate after his father's death, while his mother is living and all children of age?"
Yes—by a proper proceedings in court.

*

Inheritance—Whole and Half Blood

A. L., Illinois, inquires: "A. has a brother and a half brother. Is the half brother A.'s heir the same as the full brother?"

There is no distinction between the whole and half brother in your state.

*

Inheritance

R. W., California, writes: "Can a wife in the State of Wisconsin, where her husband dies, having no children and without a will, hold the whole amount of personal property? Can a nephew raised by him under his name, whether adopted or not, get any of the property?"

I understand the law in Wisconsin to be that if there are no children, the wife gets all the personal property. Unless the nephew was adopted he would get nothing.

*

Inheritance

W. G., Missouri, writes: "I have a piece of land and some money my father gave me. I have three children by my first husband and three by my last husband. What share will my last husband and children get, and what share will my first children have when I die?"

Your children will all share equally in your real estate after the husband's death. Your children and your husband will take equally share and share alike your personal property.

*

Inheritance

J. B., Iowa, writes: "A widow with children married a widower without children. The widow had a farm and personal property of all kinds. She sold her land and kept the money, but her husband sold all the cattle, horses, machinery, grain, etc., and kept the money. What could she do to obtain it?"

This money that the husband has, unless the wife gets a note for it, will in law be considered his property. At his death one half would go to his widow and the other half to his parents.

*

Sale of Life Estate

L. C., Nebraska, asks: "A man owning land in Nebraska deeds it to his wife while she lives. After her death it goes to their son. Can this son sell this land or his interest in it? While his mother lives would it stand in law if he made a deed?"

Yes, the son could sell his interest at any time, provided he was of full age and sound mind. Of course the party buying it could not get possession until the mother died.

*

Railroad Laws

R. L., Nebraska, wants to know: "Does a railroad company, where the road runs through a person's land on both sides of the track, leaving not enough where buildings are for a hog pasture, have to make a pass under the track when requested to do so? The grade is plenty high enough to make it without any trouble."

I am not familiar with the railroad laws of Nebraska in reference to the matter contained in your inquiry, and you will no doubt need to consult some local attorney. Generally speaking, they are required to give proper crossings and inlets of the kind that you inquire about.

Husband's Rights

E. R. N., Missouri, wants to know: "If a man marry a widow with children, who has property in her own name, and she dies, without children by the last husband, what share has he? If no share, does he have any claim on the increase of her stock he raised, after they married?"

In the state of Missouri the old common law rules as to courtesy prevail, that husband would have no right to said courtesy unless there were children born to him and his wife. In the above case there were no children, and consequently the husband has no right to the real estate. Unless he can show that the wife gave to him the increase of her stock which he raised after they were married, I doubt whether he can hold any of it.

*

Interest of Wife in Real Estate After She Deserts Husband

R. H. W., Illinois, wants to know: "What interest does a wife have in her husband's real estate after she deserts her home and husband, and after she gives a receipt for part of the personal property? Can she bring suit and recover a part of the real estate when the husband does all he can to get a reconciliation? Will a deed from her release her husband's future demands from her, or can she make a legal deed, not being legally separated?"

Until the wife has been legally divorced from her husband, notwithstanding the fact that she has deserted him, she is entitled on his death, to her legal rights in his property, but she could not recover in a suit brought against him any part of the real estate, when she is in the wrong. I am not sure, but I think under the laws of your state she could make a valid deed to her husband, and release him from all future demands. Better consult a local attorney, and have him to draw up a proper writing to this effect.

*

Divorce Laws of Dakota

R. A. D., Illinois: I presume you want to know the law in South Dakota. In that state there are two statutes granting divorces, one for the annulment of the marriage, and the other the dissolution of the marriage. For the former marriage relation, no particular length of residence in the state is required, it is sufficient if the party bringing the action have an actual residence.—For dissolution of the marriage relation, the plaintiff must have been a resident of the state for one year. Marriages are annulled when there is some legal cause existing, which prevented the marriage from being a legal one in the beginning. They are dissolved for the wrongful acts of the parties after the marriage.—In North Dakota where marriages are dissolved there must be a residence of one year. The divorce laws of the Dakotas have been a stench in the nostrils of all good people, and it is sincerely hoped that the movement now in progress towards establishing a uniform system of all divorces all over the states will at an early date become an established fact.

*

Second Wife's Rights

J. R. P., Alabama, writes: "If a man's wife dies, and afterwards he marries again, and then he dies, leaving a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, which he and his first wife owned and forty acres of it being deeded to his first wife by her parents, and also in her lifetime he makes her and her heirs a deed to the balance of the land (one hundred and twenty acres), their leaving nine children by the first wife, and none by the last wife, could the last wife get any of the land or share in it? And could she get any of the personal property, it being accumulated from the real estate that was deeded to my mother, his first wife, all of the property being on the farm when my father was married to the second woman, except two mules, and we children have worked and paid for them. What is the law in Alabama in such a case?"

When the first wife died, she was the owner of all the real estate and the husband surviving only had an interest therein during his lifetime. When he died the real estate all went to the children of the first wife, and the second wife would have no interest therein. As to the personal property, this, I think, belonged to the husband and the wife would have at least a one fifth interest therein.

Title Tax Sale

M. R., Ohio, asks: "A. owned property in Kansas, which B. bought in for taxes. Can B. get a clear title otherwise than through A., or will the law make him a deed in any number of years?"

In three years after the property has been sold for taxes, the authorities can give a deed and if the sale has been regular and all of the provisions of the statute followed, a good title will pass. However, if it is possible to get a quitclaim deed from A., it would be advisable so to do.

*

Rights in the Property

A. B. P., Kentucky, writes: "A. and B. married, both having children and property. All properties were sold and joined in one tract of land, and deeded to B. B. died. Can A. dispose of said land, said land being in Ohio? The land was willed to A. for a lifetime. What can B.'s children do now, not being of age when B. died?"

When B. died all the property was in his name, and the fact that it was bought with the money of A. and B. would make no difference. A. by the will of B. gets all the property during her lifetime, and of course can hold it that length of time. When B.'s children are all of age, they together with B., might sell the land.

*

Inheritance—Divorce

A. E. C., Ohio, inquires: "In the state of Ohio, what portion of a wife's personal property can the husband have at her death? How long a residence is required in the state of Wyoming before a divorce suit can be brought, and what would be an estimate of the cost?"

In the state of Ohio, if there are no children, the wife on the death of her husband, subject to the payment of his debts, gets all his personal property. If there are children she gets one third.—A residence of one year is required in Wyoming before a divorce suit can be brought. The entire cost, including the attorney's fees, would probably be in the neighborhood of fifty dollars.

*

Import of the Words "His Heirs Forever"

M. G. Y., North Carolina, asks: "Can land be sold for a debt when will reads, 'I bequeath to my son and his heirs forever.' Land and amount is mentioned in the will."

Yes, the son can sell the property, or it can be sold on execution against the son to satisfy a judgment to recover for his debts. The word "heirs," in a deed or will are used to indicate that the party receives the full estate. It is not a word of limitation but by the legal rules has become one just to indicate that the party receives the entire estate in fee simple, and consequently can do with it as he chooses, and it may be made liable for his debts.

*

Pay for Telephone

P. J. Y., Ohio, says: "Mr. A. is a subscriber for the Bell telephone and B. is not. The line to A.'s residence crosses B.'s farm. By an electric storm, a tree on B.'s farm to which the wires are attached is blown down and the wires are destroyed. The company refuses to put in a new pole and repair the phone. It has remained in this condition some time. Can the company collect pay for the elapsed time in which A. has not had use of the phone?"

It seems to me that A. is not under any obligation to pay for services that he does not receive, unless he has agreed with the company to keep up the poles. If he has made such an agreement and refuses to comply with it and the company does, it is part of the contract, and A. might be held responsible.

*

Fees of Officers Collecting Money

A. M. J., Tennessee, is in a quandary how to get his fees: "Suppose a party has a judgment against a person and he requests the justice of peace not to issue an execution in this case, but demands that the officer in this case collect the money at various times, in part payments until the judgment and costs are paid, when is the officer to get his pay for his work, labor, time and responsibility in handling the funds? According to the Tennessee law, the officer has to have an execution in his hands to entitle him to compensation from the defendant on collections from him. The question is whether or not the plaintiff is responsible to the officer for pay for his work and responsibility at his request when an execution is due."

The officer should refuse to make any collections other than in the manner provided by law. If the plaintiff wants him to make collections in the way not provided by law, then the plaintiff will be compelled to pay the officer his fees.

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No. 2026—Child's Night-Drawers. 10c.



No. 2037—Boys' Overcoat. 10c.

4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years



Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 428—TOURIST COAT. 10 cents. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 481—Tab-Yoke Shirt Waist. 10c.

Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 480—Double-Breasted Shirt Waist. 10c.

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No. 624—Morning Jacket. 10c.

Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 475—Bag Nightgown. 10c.

Baby's size only.



No. 632—Simple Nightgown. 10c. Sizes 32, 36 and 40 in. bust.



No. 629—Tight-Fitting Corset Cover. 10c.

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Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 in. waist.



No. 627—Plain Princess Wrapper 11c.

Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. bust.



No. 612—Empire Coat with Yoke. 11c.

Sizes 32, 36 and 40 inches bust.



No. 631—FULL CHEMISE, Fitted or Loose. 10c.

Sizes 32, 36 and 40 inches bust.



Farm Selections

Alfalfa—A Song of the Pastures

The summer skies bend brightly o'er us;
The birds are caroling a chorus;
The bees are humming, working;
On tree and vine the fruit's aglow;
In fragrant fields the cattle low,
Where I would fain be lurking.

Those fields! O, mile on mile of beauty!
As though they had no other duty
Than just to soothe the senses vagrant
With wave on wave of billowy green,
And flecks of lavender between—
The purple flowers so fragrant.

The herds that roam alfalfa meadows,
Or rest beneath the green trees' shadows,
Are good to look upon, and sightly—
The browsing sheep, the growing swine,
The blooded horse, the sleek, fat kine,
The calves and lambs so sprightly.

The bees find here vast stores of sweetness,
And every farm's for its completeness
On these alfalfa fields dependent.
O, lavender and purple blooms,
Emitting delicate perfumes,
In color rich, resplendent!

From early morn till shadows lower
Is heard the music of the mower,
And emerald swaths are lying thickly.
The wagon with its fragrant load
Goes swaying down the dusty road
To where the stack goes skyward quickly.

The farm's bright side, how thou dost show it!
And to the artist and the poet,
Thou surely art a winsome charmer.
Our barns are bursting with thy stores—
Alfalfa's opened Fortune's doors
To many a California farmer.

Le Roi Alfalfa! Thou art regal.
To call thee king is surely legal.
A well-earned crown thou now art wearing
Of beauty, fragrance, use and grace,
While not one blemish mars thy face—
A king of pastures past comparing.
—Mrs. Henrietta P. Anderson in the Pacific Rural Press.

Southern View of the Hog

The hog is the dadblamedest split-hoofed, long-snouted busybody animal we ever saw. He can make a fellow madder than other animals that invest the premises. He will always squeal and muddy your pants when he knows you are trying to feed him. He will get into your garden through a knothole and destroy enough produce in three minutes to feed your wife and children for three months. He will pay no attention to a wide-open gate where you want him to go through, but he will shovel out several cubic yards of dirt to make a hole into a place you don't want him. He is the biggest nuisance and most profitable product of the farm. You will never know the trouble and pleasure of life until you raise hogs. They are a botheration and a vexation to the spirit of man while they live, but bring joy and contentment to the soul of man when they die at hog killin' time.—Richmond (Va.) Coaster.

Our Agricultural Needs

Mr. C. V. Corey, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, a valued correspondent of "The New England Farmer," sums up the needs of New England agriculture as follows: "More thorough cultivation of the soil; the more careful saving of homemade manures, and the more generous application of it to less area; more attention to two or three special crops, and more careful packing of the crops and making them attractive; and selling direct to the consumer for cash regularly every week in the year, with an aim to produce the best, and not to try to palm off a second or third quality for the first. Prudent economy and living within one's means will insure success in farming as well as in any other business."

Here's What the November 15th Issue of Farm and Fireside Will Be

Thirty-eight pages; cover picture on fine paper, full-page pictures and illustrations printed on fine paper, and some pictures in colors. Full of Farm news, household hints and helps, the young people's pages, stories, puzzles, Sunday reading, and a Lawyer, etc. The greatest Farm and Family journal in the world by all odds. If your subscription runs out before that time you will miss it, unless you renew at once. Look at the address label.



A RESULT OF 3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

We will pay you \$500 in cash if this engraving is not a correct reproduction of the photograph of this hog as sent us by Mr. Wright, said photograph being on file in our office for inspection.

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INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

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If you have not received our complete list of these 24 premiums we will mail you one if you write to our office and request it. The smallest premium is \$25.00 cash and the largest is \$125.00 cash.

Dan Patch 1:55 1/2 COLORED Lithograph ABSOLUTELY Free

This Splendid Picture is a Reproduction of a Photograph which was taken by our own artist. It is 18x24 and in Six Brilliant Colors. It is as life like as if you saw Dan coming down the track and shows him pacing a 1:55 1/2 clip with every foot off the ground. Every Farmer and Stockman should have a picture of the Fastest harness horse that has ever appeared on earth. Dan is in better shape than ever this year. In his first public appearance in 1905 he paced a mile in 1:59 3/4 at the Minnesota State Fair and he followed this up in four days with a mile in 1:57 3/4, with the last quarter in 27 3/4 seconds, which is a 1:50 gait. On Saturday, October 7, at Lexington, Ky., Dan Patch again started the world by lowering his own World's record from 1:58 to 1:55 1/2. Dan has been eating "International Stock Food" every day for three years and it has given him better digestion and assimilation and more strength, endurance and speed. He was not a champion when we bought him but has broken nine world records since that time.

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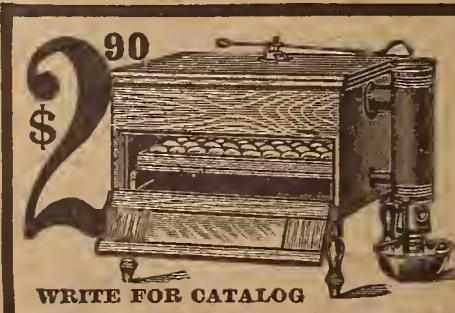
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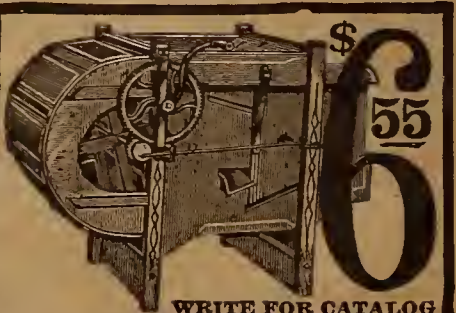
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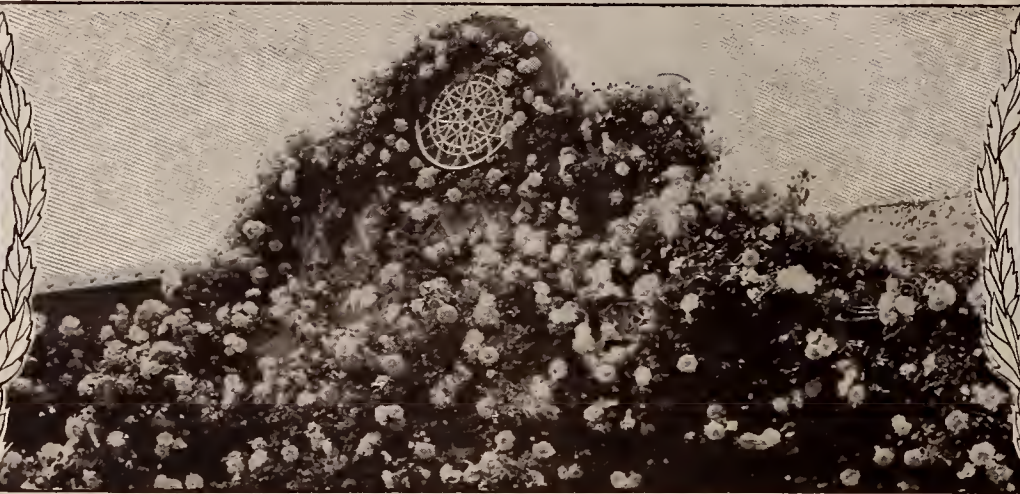
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MISS BLANCHE DE LONGPRÉ



Paul de Longpre
Los Angeles 1905.

"The Three Most Beautiful Roses"

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A TEA PARTY

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

TREATMENT OF SOILS THAT WASH EASILY.—A farmer in Indiana says he has taken FARM AND FIRESIDE eleven years and would like the privilege of asking a question. Let me say right here that every person who takes FARM AND FIRESIDE one year or twenty has the privilege of asking as many questions as he or she desires, and he can rest assured that he will receive the best reply we are capable of giving. Don't be afraid to ask questions.

This farmer says he has recently come into possession of a hilly farm that washes badly. The man who has lived on it the past six years made some effort to prevent washing and has kept most of it in fair condition, though one hillside got away from him. He says there are no cover crops of any kind on any of the hills this season, and as it is too late to sow any he fears he is going to have trouble and will have some bad gullies to fix up next spring, unless he can check the washing in some way. He says the soil is so light that it washes very easily, and plowing furrows across the hillside does no good, for the water cuts right through them.

There is only one thing he can do, and that is to cover the top and sides of the hills with coarse manure or litter of some sort. If he cannot procure enough of this to cover all the surface required to make a good job, he should apply all he can get to the upper part of the hillside and about fifty feet back. Coarse manure is the best stuff for a cover, but cornstalks cut to three or four inch lengths, straw, spoiled hay, or any sort of litter will do. This material will not wholly prevent washing of such soil as he has, but it will prevent it in a large measure by choking up the little gullies that will form during rains.

Next spring he should lose no time in getting such hillsides into permanent

make splendid meadows or pastures, and if properly cared for will be good for generations.

HAVE A SYSTEM FOR CHORES.—Winter is about here, and it would be a good idea to give the chores a little more attention. A farmer once told me that the feeding and other chores took up the greater part of his time in winter. I told him his methods were not good, or he did too much tinkering. If he would reduce his choring to a system—make every step count—he could do the work in much less time. He thought not, but about a week afterward he said he had studied the matter over some and had "worked the problem out to his satisfaction," and had reduced the time about one fourth, and he felt satisfied that he could reduce it still more. He said it never had occurred to him that feeding and choring could be so systematized as to make them almost machine work. He said he used to do one thing without reference to another, but he had found that he could do one thing while on his way to do another, and thus save many steps. Also that he had arranged his mangers, feed racks and troughs so that one filling was sufficient for the day. He said he had no idea that so much time and running about could be saved.

THE ROAD HONE.—A great deal has been said and written about the so-called King system of road making and keeping, as though it were a new discovery. This system, or one that is much superior to it, has been in use in Illinois nearly twenty

All Over the Farm

edge, and so set that one end of the hone is about fifteen inches in advance of the other. A plank is fastened on the top of the hone for the driver to ride on and three or four horses are hitched to it. This implement works the soil toward the center of the road, gradually rounding it up, and fills all ruts and depressions so that all water that falls on it instantly runs into the ditches at the sides, leaving the roadbed dry. In the section mentioned the soil becomes like wet mortar every time it rains, and if the hone is run over the road twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the storm is over the road is ready for full loads almost immediately. The farmers in this section are among the most bitter opponents of the gravel road system. They claim that in the road hone they have an implement that makes better roads of plain earth than can be made by gravel at three thousand dollars a mile. Intelligent use of the road hone certainly does make ideal earth roads, and I have seen automobiles spinning over them forty and fifty miles an hour with ease.

The pole attached to this road hone makes it fully fifty per cent more efficient than the "split log" or double plank arrangement so often described. In fact the road hone is the most perfect road building implement known to-day, but as it is not patented, and no good advertiser has had a chance to make a fortune out of it by exploiting its merits, it is known to but few sections of the country. When it first came into use about sixteen years ago I sent a full description of it to a leading agricultural journal, and the description

just take time to examine a clover plant and I think after you do you will be inspired to sow more clover.

What are the principal crops raised in your vicinity? Why not experiment with some new crop? There may be a crop which pays the farmers at some other place and it might be that, if properly tested, that it would grow well on your farm. Should you introduce it and make it a success, see what you would accomplish for yourself and all your neighbors.

Do not burn the cornstalks, no matter how thick and large they are. The stalks are worth something for manure and I would not care if they did not turn under quite so well. It would take some time to burn them, and at the same time burn up several dollars worth of fertility. This seems to me almost like taking time to gradually burn up the land.

The two things which I like to do best on the farm are to plow and haul manure. While I am plowing I think how the plow is putting the soil in the best condition for the future crops as no other implement can, and while hauling manure I think that every forkful I throw on the land will enrich the spot of soil which it covers and will increase the crop grown on it for several years. If every man will have his thoughts thus directed while at work, the work will seem a great deal easier for him, at least it does for me.

There is no mistake about it, oats will make horses feel good and that is how we want them to feel. When at work we don't want them to feel like they cannot take another step all the time. It is not a burden for us to work when we feel like it. If there is any possible way of getting oats, the horse should have them.

You say that you don't get any eggs these days? Why? What kind of hens have you and how do you feed them? There is a difference in the different breeds of fowls, and there is a greater



A HANDSOME BURLINSEY

meadow or pasture. Prepare the land with a disk as early as it can be done and sow about double the quantity of grass seed usually sown on level land, and about half a seeding of oats or barley with it. The grain will come up first and help to hold the soil until the grass fixes it. In disking I would run sideways of the hill, and what litter the disk does not cut it will force into the soil and help very much to prevent washing until the growing crops get a root hold. If these hillsides are used for meadow the aftermath should not be grazed off in the fall, but should be induced to make as much growth as possible to protect the soil better. A light top dressing of nitrate of soda immediately after haying will make the aftermath grow stronger. If the hillsides are pastured care should be taken that they are not pastured too closely in the fall. When these hillsides are once firmly secured they

years. In one section particularly they have the meanest soil for roads that I know of anywhere, but by using what they call a "road hone" the roads are built up and kept in good condition the greater part of the year. Before they began using the road hone they practically had no roads. From February to April the lanes were simply bottomless mires through which it was almost impossible to get a horse. These roads are not what they might be now, but they are turnpikes compared with what they were formerly. If the hone were used more frequently, that is, after every rainstorm, they would be in good condition the whole year.

The hone is made from a two-inch oak plank eight or ten inches wide and ten long. It is set on edge, and the lower edge is shod with steel, a strip or share three to four inches wide. A pole is securely fastened and braced to the upper

was published with cuts, but it was such a simple affair that it attracted very little attention. One journal did poke fun at it and called it Grundy's road scratcher. The time for pushing it was not then ripe, but when King showed an inferior implement for doing the same work it was hailed as a remarkable invention. The man from whom I first obtained a full description of this road hone is dead. I do not know whether he was the inventor or not, but it certainly is a grand road maker.

Practical Farm Notes

Did you ever examine the clover plant and see what a long tap root it has? It shoots straight down and gets part of the nutriment much deeper than most plants. And did you ever look for those nodules on the roots which do so much towards improving our soil? If you never have,

difference as to whether or not they are fed. It is a plain fact that unless you feed you will get no eggs. There are many farmers who have a few hens only because it is the fashion, I suppose, and never give them any attention or feed. It is a very good fashion to keep hens, but it will be a more profitable fashion if they are under proper management.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

Results of Improved Machinery

It has been authoritatively stated that "the introduction of improved agricultural machinery during the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 has increased the effectiveness of human labor on the farm about one third." The tendency, therefore, is in the direction of reducing the number of farm laborers, increasing their pay, as well as shortening the hours of labor.

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Always give your post office at the beginning of your letter.

About Rural Affairs

TARIFF ON FERTILIZERS.—Agricultural papers and writers, as a rule, shun, and should shun, any reference to questions of a political nature, and the "tariff" is, or has been made, one of these forbidden topics. There is, however, hardly any difference of opinion among farmers and farm papers in regard to the proposition that the American soil tiller should not be asked to pay a tax on fertilizers. The free use of fertilizers and fertilizer materials is worthy of every encouragement as in the interest of good farming. I have at times used basic slag meal, or Thomas phosphate meal, in my farm operations with excellent results, especially on buckwheat, and would use it more freely if we could get it a little cheaper. Somebody made a big blunder when this fertilizer, which is a by-product of steel manufacture, and valuable only for its phosphoric acid in a semi-soluble form, was classed as iron ore, and burdened with an import tax of one dollar per ton. The Stassfurth potash salts, and other fertilizers from abroad needed by the American farmer, are allowed to come in free and very properly so. Prof. H. J. Wheeler, director of the Rhode Island Experiment Station, is working for the repeal of this manifestly unjust one-dollar tax, and in the possible event of revision of the tariff, his efforts should be given the unanimous backing and indorsement of every soil tiller.

OUR LADYBIRD FRIENDS.—With the exception of one "black sheep," the whole ladybird family makes itself eminently useful to the soil tiller. At times we have had material help from several species of this insect in fighting the potato beetle. The lady beetles themselves seem to be very fond of potato beetle eggs, and one specimen will devour whole clusters of them for a meal. Plant lice constitute another article of food for some of the lady beetles. A recently imported species, from China, is doing good work in California assisting orchardists in their efforts to keep the San José scale in check; and now another member of the ladybird family has been introduced into the same state for the purpose of doing away with the hop lice pest. This new insect is said to have a great capacity for devouring lice, and to be able to keep the yards clean. I have had some experience in the hop growing business, and have found out what a serious pest this hop louse can turn out to be in eastern hop yards. If this new parasitic insect can be introduced in our eastern yards, and will thrive, it would relieve the growers of much anxiety and loss.

A SEED WHEAT SWINDLER.—Early in October I had to serve on the United States grand jury for the western district of this state. Among the witnesses examined was a farmer from Michigan who had sent ten dollars by mail to some one in this part of the state, the latter party having advertised in various papers a new variety of seed wheat of especial merit at one dollar a bushel. By letter or circular he promised to send ten bushels, freight prepaid, on receipt of ten dollars. Another farmer had sent two dollars for two bushels, and probably many other farmers various amounts. In no case was any wheat sent in return. From other post offices in the same vicinity this same party, always under another name, had advertised various other things with which he could tempt unsuspecting farmers to part with their hard-earned cash. This fellow did a very thriving business, receiving postal money orders and registered letters in large numbers in each of at least three post offices, but never sending anything in return. Finally Uncle Sam's minions got hold of him. The fellow was indicted, pleaded guilty on arraignment, and is now serving an eighteen-month sentence in prison, where he undoubtedly and rightfully belongs.

Advertisers of this stamp seldom if ever use the columns of first-class agricultural papers. Such advertisements are not admitted, and these men have to use religious weeklies, local or second-rate papers to advertise in. Whether they ever get their pay or not, I don't know. It is safe to say, however, that these advertisers would swindle their advertising agents or the publishers (if they can) as readily as they will their farmer patrons. It is also safe to say that every advertisement of seed wheat or similar things, which appears in any second-rate or local paper, and not in the regular standard agricultural paper, should be looked upon with considerable suspicion. Respectable farm papers try to keep every fraudulent advertisement out of their columns. The farmer who sends money to their advertisers usually receives

a fair equivalent for his money. But many farmers who would not lend five dollars to a poor neighbor without security, will send that or a much larger amount to a stranger promising in his advertisement in some obscure and irresponsible paper to send some valuable thing at half price, and as just punishment for such loose business transaction, gets little or nothing in return for his money.

A POTATO INCUBATOR.—Some western geniuses have invented what they call a "potato incubator" in which they can grow any quantity of potatoes without vines in the cellar, summer or winter, or at any old time, and the potatoes are so mealy that if steamed, "you can't pick one up with a fork on a wager." After planting, they need no attention, no cultivation, no bugs, no worrying. One man can attend to ten thousand tons or more. He has only to keep heating to the correct point and water as directed. The medium in which the potatoes are grown, consists of four simple articles easily obtained anywhere. What these four things are, is, of course, kept secret; but growers' rights are offered for sale. A western reader asks what Greiner and Grundy think of this plan which he found described in one of the western local dailies or weeklies. I know what I think about it. I think it is not likely that I, or any other farmer who understands his business and uses common business sense, will invest any money for "farm rights." City papers and their reporters are more gullible in such matters than any backwoods farmer, and always ready to devote a lot of their space to the wonderful tales of scheming advertisers. There seems to be nothing too absurd agriculturally that you could not make the average city reporter or city publisher believe. Farmers have safe guidance, always, when they take the advice and teachings of the standard farm paper.

FARMERS AS BANK DIRECTORS.—A few days ago the case of the defaulting cashier of a wrecked national bank came before the federal grand jury. Among the witnesses examined were a lot of bank directors, mostly farmers of means and well along in years. Possibly they had been induced to become stockholders for the chance of being made bank directors, a distinction well calculated to tickle their vanity. But they were directors that did not direct. In fact they were mere ornamental appendixes to the banking institution. At the regular directors' meetings the cashier presented his doctored reports, and these were promptly signed by the entire lot of directors without even a superficial examination. All had absolute faith in the cashier's integrity, and they were very much astonished when told that the funds of the bank for many years had been used in stock speculations, running a lottery in a southern state or foreign country, and that hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost to the bank. Playing bank director will be a dear experience to them. It is safer to stick to farming than to engage in any commercial enterprise of which you have not the slightest understanding.

MEDICINE IN HEALTH.—I fully agree with my friend, Dr. C. D. Smead, of this state, when he says that animals and persons in health need no medicines. "Whisky is a remedy for snake bite in people, but it has killed ten thousand where snake bite has killed one. The constant giving of drugs to animals is just about as sensible as for a man to drink whisky three times a day for fear he might some time be bitten by a rattler." Doctor Smead calls coppers one of the best mineral tonics to be found in the materia medica, sulphur a good diaphoretic, and gentian one of the best vegetable tonics known. Yet the time to give them, he says, is when the animal needs toning up, not when the animal is in health, that is, when it is eating well, looking well, and doing well generally.

For intestinal worms, the following is recommended: Powdered sulphate of copper, two pounds; sulphur, one pound; powdered gentian, one half pound; powdered anise or fenugreek seed, two ounces. Mix, and give in tablespoon doses to a cow. Half that much is a dose for a calf six months old. Give in ground feed or wheat bran. I depend almost wholly on the properly balanced ration to keep my cattle and horses in health, and as an extra addition to the ration, especially during the winter, I feel I can not dispense with linseed oil meal. This, of course, is food, not medicine; but given in regular though small rations, it is of material help to keep our farm animals in perfect health.

THE MATTER OF MILKING.—"The milking machine has been long, long, long on the way," says a weekly agricultural paper. "Now it is said to be about to arrive. It will be welcomed by all who operate dairies." I imagined that it would be welcomed by a good many who, like myself, keep cows, or even one cow, for family use. Machine milking would probably do away with much of the nastiness that seems so inseparably connected with hand milking. This latter is the one drop of wormwood in the enjoyment of nice milk and cream. I wish that a practical milking machine would soon arrive, but I have my doubts that it will. Stranger things, however, have happened. In the meantime we must learn, or try, to do the hand milking in at least a decent fashion. It was hardly necessary to prove by tests such as were recently made at the Storrs Agricultural School, in Connecticut, that "the amount of milk given by the cows and the purity of the product both depend greatly on the method adopted by the milker." Any observing person who has had anything to do with cows and the milk business is well aware of this fact. But the instructions given to the milkers at Storrs are good enough to be repeated and remembered. They are as follows: "The milker should milk regularly, thoroughly and quietly. He should wear clean clothes, wash his hands before beginning to milk, and never wet them while milking. The cow should be brushed before being milked, and her flank and udder wiped with a damp cloth, in order to minimize, as far as possible, the number of bacteria floating about in the vicinity of the pail and likely to get into the milk. To the same end the foremilk should be rejected, and the milking done into covered pails with strainers arranged for the milk to pass through. Rejecting the first few spurts of milk from the teat removes the milk containing objectionable germs. The cleaner the milking is done, the fewer the germs."

LIME OR SODA?—A reader asks me the pointed question whether I consider Bordeaux mixture made with soda better than that made with lime. I am not prepared to say, at this time, that soda gives better results than lime in this combination. I cannot even say that it gives as good results. I don't know. What I do know is that soda has helped to check blights on potato vines, grapes, eggplant, and various other things, and apparently as well as lime. When I have good lime handy, I use it. If not, I find soda a good substitute, and I am sure that it never clogs the nozzles of the sprayer. It is in my experience more convenient to use than lime, and that is why I do use it mostly. T. GREINER.

Agricultural News Notes

With peace and commercial freedom in Asia, our exports should certainly increase.

The United States Government owns and has under lease nearly two million acres of land in Hawaii.

The total number of sheep in France is about twenty-two million. The merino is being superseded by the mutton breeds.

It is safe to conclude that this year's corn crop will very closely approximate two billion, seven hundred million bushels.

It is now known that Europe, and especially Great Britain, is yearly becoming more and more dependent upon the United States for a food supply.

The progress of the development of electric energy in this country, is shown by the fact that about five hundred and fifty thousand horse-power is derived from water power alone.

It is a pleasure to know that the late Maj. Henry E. Alvord has bequeathed to the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, the sum of five thousand dollars to found an Alvord dairy scholarship.

On account of the warm weather during the fall, the southern chestnut crop is selling in the New York market at two dollars and twenty-five cents to three dollars per bushel. The New York and Pennsylvania crop being less injured by worms, sells readily at four dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per bushel of fifty pounds.

Since the foreign and home demand for the durum wheat is likely to exceed the supply, it is not worth while to find fault with the Secretary of Agriculture for encouraging its more extensive culture in the Northwest. Several million bushels have recently been forwarded to Europe for manufacturing the flour into macaroni and the edible pastes.

Three Beautiful Pictures With This Number

On pages one, three and four of this issue are given three full-page pictures, one in colors.

The first is a reproduction of Parkhurst's picture entitled "The Noon Hour," and is conceded to be one of the most realistic rural scenes ever depicted by any artist.

The second is Paul de Longpré's celebrated rose painting. We also show on the second page pictures of Mr. de Longpré, his family, home, and beautiful flower gardens near Los Angeles, California. Mr. de Longpré is the greatest painter of flowers in the world.

The third picture, "The Tea Party," was painted by George A. Holmes, who is noted for his animal pictures. We are sure that this picture will please and delight the whole family, as the original painting is of world-wide reputation, and has been pronounced a masterpiece.

The Christmas Number Will Be Another Big Special Issue With Full-Page Pictures

The December 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE will be the great thirty-eight page illustrated Christmas magazine number, with full-page pictures on fine paper, some in colors, and many other beautiful Christmas illustrations and stories. All this in addition to the regular farm and household departments which shall have their full share of attention.

Although we shall print more than four hundred thousand copies, it will not permit of its being sent to those whose subscriptions have expired. The only way to make sure of getting it is to keep your subscription paid in advance.

More Pretty Pictures in Coming Issues

With the fifteenth of each month's issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE it is the intention to have one of these big special, illustrated numbers which shall contain three or more full-page pictures, and some in colors, and have at least thirty-eight pages. The demand for these special issues will be so great that the paper can be sent to only paid-in-advance subscribers, therefore if you desire to receive these big illustrated numbers, be sure your subscription is paid in advance, and you will not miss one of them.

Undoubtedly FARM AND FIRESIDE is the greatest farm and family journal ever published. Don't miss a single number; you can't afford it when it's only twenty-five cents a year.

The Chincapin

THE CHINCAPIN or dwarf chestnut is not so widely distributed as the chestnut proper. The tree is somewhat dwarfish in size, seldom exceeding eight or ten inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet in height. The nuts are smaller than the chestnut, only one nut grows in each bur. The chincapin ripens earlier than the chestnut. This tree prefers a sandy soil, but may be grown on a variety of soils. Naturally the nuts fall from the burs in the fall and in a few weeks sprout, the roots run into the ground and when spring comes a sprout starts up from the nut, and if left to grow will come into bearing in a few years. There are sandy rocky waste places on many farms that are useless as farming lands which might be turned into something of value by planting chincapins on them. A few chincapin bushes would be a source of delight for the children. A. J. LEGG.

*

Shelter Farm Machines

It gives the careful farmer a lot of comfort to know that his farm implements are all under shelter. Fortunate, indeed, is the farmer who has a large machine shed. Not to have one is hard for the man who lives on a rented farm, where the landlord does not realize that a place to shelter expensive tools is a paying investment. On many a farm there is scarcely room to shelter live stock, and it is no easy matter to find a place for machinery. It is so easy to fall into the habit of neglecting farm implements.—The Farm Journal.

*

A Plowing Match

The Funk brothers' plowing match at Shirley, October 14th, proved a success. It is estimated that about one thousand people were present. A great deal of interest was taken in the various contests and plow trials. There was no mistaking that. The farmers' institute people were very much pleased with the event. The winners of prizes were doubly pleased. The sort of interest that attaches to learning by doing, to doing a kind of work with which one is familiar, to doing it in a test of skill under the observation of hundreds, or in observing and criticising and discussing such contests—the sort of interest that has everywhere been developed by plowing matches—that kind of an infection has been started in McLean county; that microbe has been sown here and the contagion is quite liable to spread and intensify. The people now have an object lesson before them, something definite and tangible; a plowing match now means something to the people who were at Shirley October 14th, something more than abstract sentences can convey. The meet is voted a real success. There were not a large number of contestants this year, especially in the boys' match, but there will doubtless be more next year after witnessing the work this time.

Mr. Fred R. Crane, head of the farm mechanics department of the Illinois College of Agriculture, was given charge of the events, and he rendered service that was greatly appreciated. He brought a number of his students with him and one student was put on each judging committee. Mr. Ira L. Ham, Mr. Crane's assistant, acted as field manager.

In the Field

In the men's contest with gang plows Lewis Langford, of Shirley, won first, twenty dollars.

John Templin, of Shirley, second, ten dollars.

N. Rambo, of Shirley, third, five dollars.

The judges in this class were, Joseph Crain, of McLean; C. L. Mays, of Bloomington, and Student Roessler.

In the sulky plow contest for men, Peter Ross, of Shirley, won first prize, twenty dollars.

Roy Tudor, of Shirley, second, ten dollars.

Jesse Prather, of Shirley, third, five dollars.

The judges were William Welch, of Funk's Grove; Joseph Stubblefield, of McLean, and Student Hubble.

In the triple disc plow contest John Carter got first prize, ten dollars.

Charles Romans, of McLean, second, five dollars.

Benjamin Lee, of McLean, third, five dollars.

Judges were Henry Fasig, of McLean; George Snedker, of Funk's Grove, and Mr. Hughbank, student at the University of Illinois.

The sulky plow contest for boys under seventeen years of age was won by Ivan Stubblefield, of McLean, the premium being ten dollars.

Mr. King, of Funk's Grove, second, five dollars.

The judges were J. A. Haystraut, of Bloomington; Mr. Bayler, of Bloomington, and Student Powers.

All these prizes were given in gold and paid as soon as the decisions were announced, and the winners seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of their ribbons and premiums.

The work done showed various degrees of skill and control of team, and these details were watched and commented on by the crowd. The points of the score card were studied, and all sides and ends of the furrows turned were passed on by the spectators as well as the judges.

The steam plows came in for a great deal of attention. Not less than two hundred people followed them around the field. The Avery people had an engine and a gang of ten plows there and the work it did met with a large degree of approval. A traction engine pulling a gang of ten disk plows was a novel sight. It's fast plowing to turn over a strip of ground twenty feet wide at a single round, and this was done by each of the steam plows.—Daily Pantagraph.

*

Will It Pay to Hold Corn?

According to information just collected by the Missouri Agricultural College, the farmer who puts his corn in a crib to hold it for better prices can count on a loss by next June of at least fifteen per cent. That is to say, leaving out of account the cost of handling and loss by waste, thirty cents a bushel for the crop now is better than thirty-five cents next spring.

This conclusion is based on the reports

of careful experiments covering seven years and extending over a large part of the Mississippi Valley. At the Iowa station, for example, seven thousand pounds of corn were husked and stored October 19th, in a crib built upon scales in order that the weight might be taken without disturbing the natural condition of storage. There was a shrinkage of nine per cent for the first quarter year, five per cent for the second, three per cent for the third, and two and five sevenths per cent for the last quarter. The experiment was conducted under the conditions that normally exist in this section of the United States, and the results may therefore be taken as typical of those that will obtain on the average Missouri farm.

The Missouri College of Agriculture, however, does not advise farmers to sell their corn, but to feed it to some class of animals, thus returning as much of it as possible to the soil. Careful estimates show that where corn is fed, eighty-five per cent of it can be sent back to the field to preserve its fertility. Selling the crop means taking this eighty-five per cent from the farm and thus, needlessly, reducing its fertility.

*

A Monster Corn Show for Indiana

At a recent joint meeting of the committees of the Indiana Corn Growers' Association and the program committee of the Corn School, it was unanimously decided to hold a corn show in connection with the fourth annual Corn School and Stockmen's Convention at Purdue University next January.

The object of the association in getting up this corn show is to arouse a greater interest in corn improvement throughout the state. The educational features of such a show are obvious. Samples of the best corn from all over the state will be brought together where the hundreds of farmers who will be in attendance at the Corn School can study and compare them and learn where good types for use on their own farms can be secured. The exhibitors themselves will learn the weak points of their corn and see wherein improvements can be made. It will be a great object lesson in the selection of good types of corn, and will help many farmers towards securing better seed.

All entries will be free and every farmer in the state is hereby invited to show a sample of his corn and enter the competition for honors and premiums.

The state will be divided into several sections and handsome premiums will be offered in each. The exhibitors from each section will first compete against each other for premiums offered within their section and the winners in the various sections will then compete in sweepstake classes.

It is confidently expected that this will be the greatest corn show ever held in Indiana, and that the interest aroused will do a great and far-reaching work in the way of encouraging the production of better types and more profitable crops of corn.

Standards of perfection and suggestions for the guidance of exhibitors in selecting their exhibits will be furnished upon application to Prof. A. T. Wiancko, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., to whom all questions and correspondence concerning the show should be directed.

*

Experiment with Nitrate of Soda on Corn

For some time I have had a desire to try nitrate of soda as a top dressing, but owing to the difficulty of securing this article in the local market I did not secure unmixed nitrate until last spring. I applied the nitrate on a marked plot in the corn field, consisting of four rows one hundred feet long, at the rate of one hundred pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre. This received the same cultivation as the other corn. It was cut up and kept separate and a like amount of untreated corn growing by the side of this plot was cut and shocked separate from the other. On October 27th I husked the corn on both plots and carefully weighed the corn just as it came from the shock with the following results:

Plot treated with nitrate.....	116 pounds
Untreated plot.....	107 pounds

Difference in favor of treated plot..... 9 pounds

This experiment showed only a slight difference in favor of the treated plot, not enough to pay for the fertilizer used, as it would have been a gain of only 225 pounds per acre and the nitrate sufficient to treat one acre would have cost \$3 here. A. J. LEGG.

*

Intensive Agriculture

A very thrifty farmer, for the region, of Northern Ireland, told me a few days ago that he, like all his neighbors, had to pay on his one hundred and twenty acres of land twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) annually for taxes and one hundred pounds (five hundred dollars) for rent! This must be paid each year. What would our American farmers do under like circumstances? Does this not argue either the closest economy, which I think prevails here, or else greater productivity of the soil? I think this is true, though not to so marked a degree as I had previously supposed. I think more attention is paid here to cultivation and to manuring than is given by the average American farmer; though, so far as I have observed, the cultivation here is much less deep than in the States. Possibly this is the result of the more frequent and copious rains. I have wondered if the more numerous honey-bees might not in some part account for greater productivity. I have rarely ever enjoyed a day more than the one spent a few days ago in Kew Gardens, in West London. Although the day was cold and rainy I saw more honey-bees than I saw coming across the whole American continent from Oregon to Minnesota. There can be no question at all but that honey-bees in securing the more perfect pollination add immensely to the fruiting of most plants. The snug condition of things in the British Isles crowds the bees, to the great gain of the agriculturist of this region. As I have hinted in previous articles, America will be wise if she takes every possible precaution against scarcity of bees. Our agriculture should become more intense.—J. Cook in Gleanings in Bee Culture.



MOVING A FARM HOUSE OVER FIELDS BY MEANS OF TRACTION ENGINES

Gardening

T. GREINER

SEED OR BULBS?—A Maryland reader asks: "Will small Yellow Globe onions grown from black seed produce good bottoms, or will they run to seed?" That depends largely on the size of the sets. If smaller than cherries or marbles, when planted again next spring, or even this fall, they will most likely make good bulbs; if larger, they are very likely to go to seed. Whenever we have green onions in spring, whether grown from sets, or from seed planted somewhat early the summer before, we simply pull them up as soon as the seed stalk appears, and use them for bunching. If left until the seed stalk is fully developed, the plant is unfit for the purpose of a green or bunching onion.

RADISHES.—Here at the very end of October, we still have an abundance of fresh vegetables, among them a full supply of the very choicest and tenderest radishes, in fact as nice and enjoyable as we have had them at any time this season. I always keep a supply of radish seed on hand, right through the season, and sow a few rows every little while, when I happen to have a fresh spot of ground ready, or when I sow onion seed or spinach seed in August or September. The radishes usually come quite handy, and they seem to be all the better if grown either very early, before the season gets very warm, or late, when the real summer heat is past.

QUACK GRASS IN HORSE-RADISH.—A reader in Ohio sends me pieces of a grass with creeping root stalk which he says infests his horse-radish patch and gives him lots of trouble. These witch, twitch or quack grasses are bad weeds when they once get possession of a piece of ground, and how to subdue them among permanent vegetables or those requiring a long season, like horse-radish, pie plant, or in the strawberry patch, is quite a problem. By keeping constantly at it, tearing and pulling out the roots, with plow, cultivator, harrow, etc., then piling the roots up in heaps to rot or dry out and be burned up, some headway can be made against this pest. The horse-radish should, of course, be taken up sleek and clean, in fall or spring, and thorough work can then be done in order to get rid of the weed. Plow and re-plow, harrow and re-harrow, trying to bring the roots up to the surface, and finally plant a crop like turnips, vetch, clover, or any other that is liable to choke out what grass or other weeds are left in the ground. I would hesitate to plant horse-radish, strawberries, rhubarb, or most any other garden vegetables except those that will grow very quickly and allow of tearing up the ground again within a few weeks, as long as there is any considerable quantity of any of the grasses with creeping root stalks left in the ground. I have grown a good crop of early potatoes on quack-grass infested land, by means of prompt and continuous cultivation, and if the patch had afterward been torn up again, and heroically-treated, in all probability the grass pest would have been eradicated. Only persistence, however, can win against this enemy.

THE PEPPERS.—Years ago, a comparatively small number of pepper plants were all that were required for a moderate sized garden. Now this vegetable has grown so much in popular favor that quite large patches are needed to supply the demand. We have these large sweet peppers like Chinese Giant and others of that type, which can be eaten like an apple without leaving a smarty taste. My plants of the Chinese Giant have borne great clusters of those immense specimens, and none have been allowed to go to waste. They are excellent for mangoes, and people want them. I shall plant much more largely of them next year than ever before.

GROWING HORSE-RADISH FOR MARKET.—Some information on growing horse-radish commercially is called for by a Missouri reader. Of course I have been growing this crop for many years, but never on a large scale. Any one can grow horse-radish. All you have to do is to stick a few sets, or even the tops cut off from the root, into the ground in some waste place, and the horse-radish will spread and possibly become a weed that is hard to eradicate, but give you a lot of straggling roots that may do well enough for supplying your table with the popular, piquant relish. But when you want a nice, salable root, the case is not so simple and easy. In the first place, you must have deep, rich, moist soil. You may plant an early first crop, such as early cabbage, or early peas, etc., and then you may plant sets between the rows, say a foot apart in the row, and keep the tops cultivated down until the first crop (cabbages or peas) has been harvested. After that let the tops grow, and cultivate between the rows of horse-radish. The aim must be the production of one large straight main root, not a lot of slim side shoots. But it is not so easily accomplished, except by special treatment. It is the nature

of the horse-radish root to issue side branches, often quite long and slim, and worthless for any commercial use except as sets. One of the methods practised by many commercial horse-radish growers, especially in the Old World, is to insert the set slantingly into the ground, and then later on dig the soil away from the upper portion and rub off, or cut off, the side shoots. But if the soil is deep and rich, and as free from rubbish, stones, lumps, etc., as it should be, we may simply use sets that are not less than six inches, and preferably eight inches long, and insert them into the ground by means of a small iron bar, and deep enough so that the upper end will be yet a couple of inches or so below the ground level. Whoever can succeed in producing nice straight roots, eight or ten inches long, and one and one quarter inches or more in diameter, will find the horse-radish crop very profitable. The gardener who has a retail trade, can usually do best by grating or grinding his roots and selling the horse-radish ready for the table, in bottles or cans.

COOKING PEPPERS.—The use that has mostly been made of peppers, green and red, in our cookery, was mostly in the nature of a seasoning for various mixed messes, chowchows, etc. People have now gotten into the habit, to some extent, of eating peppers for the peppers' sake, and as a main part of the relish. "The Rural" gives the following recipe which seems to be as good as any: "The peppers should be gathered for cooking when large and green, before commencing to turn. To prepare for stuffing, cut off the tops for cover, using the stem for handle. Remove the seeds, using a few for seasoning if preferred. Stuff the peppers with any kind of poultry dressing, minced meat or potato, onion, celery, etc., chopped fine, or any left-over that makes good hash. To cook, stand upright, with covers on, in a shallow pan with a little water in it and bake in a brisk oven." Many other ways of preparing peppers which will make a palatable dish will suggest themselves to the skilled housewife and cook. The good madame has prepared the Chinese Giants after a recipe found in the FARM AND FIRESIDE cook book. They make a fine relish.

GROWING CELERIAC.—A reader in Peoria, Illinois, complains that he cannot succeed in getting big roots of celeriac, and the leaves are good for nothing. To grow good roots, it is necessary to have rich, moist soil, and to start the plants early. Celeriac requires a long season, but not a particularly warm season. We sow seed under glass in March, in about the same way as we sow other celery seeds, and manage the plants like the common celery plants, setting them about six inches apart in the row, but having the rows only two feet apart. With the good cultivation usually accorded other garden crops, the roots should grow of good size. In late fall, the plants may be banked like winter celery, and both root and four or five inches of the tops will then be nice and tender, and as palatable, eaten raw, as ordinary blanched celery. If covered with coarse litter sufficiently to keep out frost, the plants may remain in open ground, and be used from there, during the earlier part of the winter.

YOUNG MARKET GARDENERS.—It is easy enough to interest the average farm boy of yet tender years in the garden and garden work. All that the youngsters ask is a little patch of ground all their own. Of course, it must not be the boy's calf and the father's cow. The little fellows want the proceeds all their own, too, and they are entitled to it. My two boys, nine and seven, shown in picture, one of them having hold of the wheel-hoe, the other of the seed drill, have done very well this summer, and been quite elated over the few cents that they now and then got by selling a few bunches of radishes, a head of lettuce, etc., from their little garden, so much so that in anticipation of the larger patch promised them for next season, they industriously gathered, cured and put away a lot of onion, pepper, melon, cucumber and other seeds, also seed beans, etc., in fact enough to plant a really big garden. The money has been carefully put away, too, in a little "bank," and careful bookkeeping, in which they had their mother's assistance, shows quite a few dollars as each one's share. I expect it will teach them a good lesson of thrift and orderliness. They are very proud of their little funds. During the entire summer there was considerable rivalry between these two youngsters to determine who could keep his part of the garden in

best order, and freest from weeds. No weed has gone to seed in their garden, and they learned the lesson so well that I gave them the job of weeding one of the larger bunch onion beds, which they did fairly well, and were paid the same per row as I had to pay older boys for it. I imagine I shall have good and willing help after the boys get a little older.

GARDEN TOOLS.—I am perfectly willing to give to the two lads the fullest instructions how to plant, cultivate, weed, etc., but they must do the real work of managing their little garden all by themselves. They have learned how to lay out straight lines, and how to do a good job of planting. In fact they do plant quite as straight and set their plants as nearly at regular distances as I could do it myself. They are also instructed in the use of the tools. Chief of these in the garden is the wheel-hoe. The one shown in illustration is the Iron Age. Planet, jr., is another good one that I used to have. And there are others. The boys can use them in their own garden and practise. Later on I will trust them with this tool also in my garden patches, but thus far I prefer to do this job, which is a particular one, especially among small onion plants, with my own hands. The garden drill is managed with even more ease and less effort than the wheel-hoe. The boys soon learn how to run it and sow their seeds just right. In planting my garden seeds, especially onions and similar ones, I take good care to run the drill with my own hands, as much depends on the job being done exactly right. One has to keep both eyes open all the time, and watch the hopper, and the chain, etc. The wheel-hoe, however, is the really indispensable tool in the garden, and even as late as this in the season, I have use for it every few days. It is a wonderful help to us.

STRING BEANS AND FIELD BEANS are easily grown if you have a warm loam of at least medium fertility. From Yates County, New York, comes the report of field beans being grown for six successive years on the same piece of ground, the yield holding up fully. As soon as the crop is harvested, the field is thoroughly harrowed and sowed to rye. This is turned under the next spring just in time for the patch to be fitted again for the next bean crop. This treatment is sensible. I would also use commercial fertilizers, superphosphate and potash, or wood ashes, rather liberally, say at the rate of several hundred pounds of superphosphate and half as much potash, or several tons of wood ashes per acre.

Destroying Weevils in Cowpeas

The cowpea is becoming an important crop in Oklahoma. Within the past two years the area devoted to this legume has increased materially, and as farmers become acquainted with the characteristics and uses of this crop the cultivation of the plant will be extended still farther. When the peas have been thrashed and placed in storage losses will occur on many farms, unless preventive measures are undertaken at an early date. Every grower is no doubt familiar with the fact that the pea weevil works incessantly in the stored grain during the fall and winter months, and it is certain that if systematic measures are not adopted by the farmers of the South to overcome the ravages of this insect, enormous losses will result in the next few years.

The beetles, which are dark brown in color, and scarcely more than a fifth of an inch in length, make their appearance in the early spring and summer. Some of them may be seen in the fall of the year, and these probably pass the winter under dead leaves and grass, or in fact, any refuse that may be found in the field. The insects will also be found incased within the seed. In the spring the adult beetles appear, and the female deposits her eggs upon the newly formed pods. It is only a few days until the grub hatches, and immediately finds its way through the wall of the pod into the nearest pea. A close examination of infested peas will reveal small black spots on the surface of the grain, and if these peas are opened the small white grub may be found working within the seed in an oval-shaped aperture. The pupal stage is passed within the seed, and finally the adult beetle emerges.

The question is frequently asked, "How can the weevils be kept from working in the cowpeas?" It is a fact that when they are present in large numbers and are not interfered with a large quantity of grain

will be destroyed. The carbon bisulphide treatment is undoubtedly the most effective method in vogue for the destruction of this insect. In 1903-4 the experiment station at Stillwater, Oklahoma, made a test with carbon bisulphide and gasoline to determine their value in the treatment of cowpeas which were infested with the weevil. Five large galvanized iron cans, which held about ten bushels of grain each, were filled with the cowpeas. Two cans were treated with one half pound of carbon bisulphide (one fourth of a pound each), the liquid being placed in shallow pans on top of the cowpeas. The liquid evaporates rapidly, and as the gas which forms is heavier than air, it settles into the grain and destroys the weevils. A canvas covering was thrown over the cans to insure a more perfect confinement of the gas. The remaining cans were treated with gasoline in same manner, except that a larger quantity of the liquid was used.

In this experiment it was found that the gasoline did not evaporate as readily as the carbon bisulphide, and thus it did not do as effective work as the latter. It was necessary to make a second application of the liquid in the case of the cowpeas which were treated with gasoline. Carbon bisulphide was used at the rate of one pound to thirty-five bushels of grain. Ordinarily a smaller amount of carbon bisulphide is recommended, but to make sure a larger quantity was used in this experiment. Recent investigations have shown that where the cow peas are badly infested with the weevils, it has been necessary to give a second treatment. A tight box with a good lid will answer as well as the galvanized cans which were used in this test. The cowpeas should be allowed to stand covered from thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

The carbon bisulphide will give much better satisfaction in destroying the weevil than gasoline. One pound of the carbon bisulphide will be sufficient to treat forty bushels of the cowpeas, but the grain should be watched carefully and if the insects have not been destroyed entirely, a second light application can be made using in this case one half the required amount of the liquid. The carbon bisulphide can be obtained at any drug store at a cost of thirty to forty cents a pound.

The gas which comes from the carbon bisulphide is very inflammable and scrupulous care should be exercised to see that no lighted match or lantern is brought in contact with this substance. Smokers will do well to leave the pipe at the house while this work is under way. The seed should be treated preferably in sheds located some distance from the large buildings on the farm, although if the proper precautions are taken, the work may be carried out with safety in the granary or barn.—Oklahoma Experiment Station.

Crimson Clover

Crimson clover is still largely used on the Delaware Peninsula. I saw many fields of it growing alone, after melons or tomatoes, or in orchards, while corn-fields were green with it. There seems to be in the minds of many people a curious mix-up about crimson clover. It is an annual plant like corn, and grows best in cool weather. Red clover, as we all know, lives two years or more. If we can keep cutting it before the seed forms we might keep it growing for years. Crimson, on the other hand, makes its growth in eight months or so and then dies. If crimson is seeded in the spring it will make a growth of a few inches, and then when hot weather comes make its seed and die. It is best seeded in late summer or early fall. It makes a vigorous growth until the ground freezes, and starts again in spring. During May it ripens, and may be cut for hay, pastured or plowed under for manure. In Delaware the crimson is used very successfully to follow crops like melons, tomatoes or corn. Before these crops are fully matured the crimson can be seeded among the plants, and get a fair start. Then when the early crop is taken off the crimson clover occupies the land during the fall. The Delaware station's figures estimate that an acre of crimson clover contained in vine and roots 108 pounds of nitrogen, 58.2 pounds of potash and 23.9 of phosphoric acid, a large part of the nitrogen being a clear gain to the soil, and part of the remainder saved, since it would have been leached away had there been no crop growing through the fall.

It is no wonder that when farmers realize this their cornfields are now green with crimson clover. The seed is usually sown at the last cultivation of the corn, and after the corn is cut the crimson holds the soil until early May. I have seen fields where corn has been grown year after year on the same ground with crimson clover between two corn crops. The yield has steadily increased until the light sandy soil has been made to produce as large a yield of grain as the rich soil of the Mississippi valley.—H. W. C. in the Rural New Yorker.

LARGE CURRANTS.—A. M., Los Barrios, Cal. In order to get large berries on currant bushes it is necessary to fertilize the soil yearly and to give first-class cultivation throughout the growing period. It is just as important to cultivate and get a good growth of well-matured wood after the fruit is gathered as it is to cultivate up to the time when the fruit is gathered. It is important also to keep the foliage healthy. If the foliage is disposed to become spotted with some of the leaf diseases it is a good plan to spray with Bordeaux mixture early in the spring soon after the fruit is set, and again later after the fruit has been gathered. The foliage of course must be carefully protected from all insects. In other words, everything should be done to keep the plant in a perfect state of health.

Where currants are troubled with borers the infested canes should be cut out each year. Where the borers are not abundant the old canes should be thinned out when they begin to get weak and fail to make a satisfactory growth and some new shoot favored so that it will take its place.

For the best fruit conditions the plants should have plenty of room. This means that on rich soil the strong-growing varieties should not be nearer than five feet each way. Some varieties bear much larger fruit than others. Fay's Prolific and Pomona currants bear large fruit, but the branches are inclined to lie on the ground, and if they are to be grown they will need some little protection from the soil or the fruit will get dirty. Perhaps for general cultivation there are no better varieties to-day than what have long been known as the Cherry and the Versailles currant. These bear large fruit, and the branches are erect enough not to be troublesome in cultivation. On the other hand the fruit is not quite so large as that of the varieties first named.

Of the white currants, the largest fruit-kind is the White Grape.

CARE OF APPLE TREES IN WINTER.—W. S., Blair, Wisconsin. To protect your apple trees against injury from mice

together in such a way that domestic animals cannot get at their contents. I think a good poison for this purpose is corn meal, to which a small amount of white arsenic has been added.

Trouble with rabbits is very serious in some sections, and it is especially true in winters when we have a heavy snow fall. When the snow fall is light the rabbits can be kept out of the orchard by the use of a wire fence. In case this seems out of the question I would suggest spraying the trees as high as the rabbits will probably reach with whitewash, to which has been added a small amount of carbolic acid. Rabbits are very sensitive about what they eat and will seldom touch anything that is treated even with clear whitewash.

In my orchard we were very much troubled a few years ago with rabbits, but we cleaned up the underbrush in an adjoining piece of woods and made quarters for the rabbits in a pile of poles, and in the middle of the winter I put a fence around the poles and harvested the rabbit crop when I got the poles nearly sawed up.

GOOD APPLES FOR MISSOURI.—C. W. H., Pierce City, Mo. The Black Ben Davis and Gano are practically the same, and very generally successful. This variety and the York Imperial are good commercial sorts for growing in Missouri. I do not know the variety you refer to as Prince's Keeper.

TRIMMING PEACH TREES.—J. W. D., Peoria, Ill. It is customary to trim peach trees in the latter part of winter or early in the spring. In doing this remove from one half to two thirds of the new growth. This cuts off a large number of fruit buds,

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

creation. The buying public is being rapidly educated to this point of view. Well-grown local fruits of this character are in constant demand, and take immediate precedence when offered. The era of boom peach orchards in distant locations, with accompanying heavy transportation and storage charges, will soon pass, and everywhere buyers will demand the best possible home-grown fruits. The difficulties at present confronting the Northern peach grower are great, but can be surmounted by intelligence and skill.—Rural New Yorker.

Wellhouse Poison For Rabbits

I have about six thousand three-year-old catalpas. They are located where the rabbits have always troubled them. I found it necessary to fence, using two-foot poultry netting. This did very well until last winter, when the snow drifted over the fence and let the rabbits in. I would like to paint as well as fence, and write to know if you could recommend a cheap paint or whitewash that would answer the purpose. J. E. RAYMOND.

We have found it difficult to prepare a wash that will repel rabbits for any considerable length of time. Whitewash and paint, pure lead and oil to which sufficient crude carbolic acid has been added to give strong odor has been about the most durable. Would it not be cheaper for you to use a snow plow and clear a space next to your fence rather than attempt to paint all the trees? A heavy snow or rain usually deteriorates the wash to such an extent that the rabbits eat the bark. I would suggest that you treat the twigs of catalpa, or preferably, apple trees, with what is known as the

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YOUNG GARDENERS USING IMPROVED TOOLS

I would suggest that you make a little pile of earth around the trunk of each tree about one foot high. It is seldom that trees are hurt by mice where they have a pile of soil of this kind around the trunks. There is no need of making this pile wide at the bottom, but the sides of it can be quite steep. Four or five spades of earth are sufficient. Mice generally work by following along on the surface of the ground, and do not work more than a foot in height. Occasionally they work higher than this, owing to the fact that they get on to a hard snow crust, but it is quite unusual and will not occur unless the snow is very deep. If the mice are especially bad in your location I would suggest that you place some poison in a few old fruit cans and put them in your orchard. These cans should be jammed

which will save thinning, and it also tends to preserve the tree in a good compact form.

Plant More Trees

We cannot get along without home-grown plums and peaches. The immature product from Georgia and the attractive but insipid leather-jackets grown in California do not fill the void. From the writer's standpoint the promising plan is to continue planting the varieties of greatest local promise. If frost or scale get the best of a tree, dig it out and plant a healthy new one. Count it good luck as well as careful management to get a crop or two. One ripe, luscious home fruit is worth a basket of the long-traveled, cold-storage article where quality is a consid-

Wellhouse poison, which consists of one part of strychnine, one third part borax, one part white syrup and ten parts water. Put into a large bottle and shake well. Brush this liquid over freshly cut twigs and scatter about the runways of the rabbits. It is more effective than poisoned grain and is not likely to kill birds or harm anything except the rabbits.—Albert Dickens in Kansas Farmer.

Would you be very, very good—
Eat an apple!
You might be an angel if you could
Eat a million apples.
Do you feel inclined to smoke?—
Now this isn't any joke—
Don't; just eat an apple.
—THE FARM JOURNAL.

Beware of "Cheap" Cream Separators

There was never so much talk of "cheap" separators. It may well be said that the **DE LAVAL** has its numerous imitators on the run, and that most of them are nearing the end of their race. All are offering cut after cut in prices, and making most desperate efforts to unload at any cost.

Of course you want a cheap separator. But be sure you know what cheapness means. It means more in a separator than in anything else because the use of a poor machine means **WASTE** every time milk is put through it.

Don't lose sight of the importance of **CAPACITY**, and remember always that in proportion to actual capacity the **DE LAVAL** is the cheapest separator made. In addition it **SAVES** its cost while others **WASTE** theirs, and it will last **TEN TIMES** as long.

Remember too that you have got to have new wearing parts for a separator, frequently for a poor one, and that most so-called "cheap" machines now offered will be off the market in a year or two. Then your "cheap" machine must go straight to the "junk heap."

There was never a better time than now to buy a good separator, as with the season of high butter prices ahead it will half save its cost in otherwise wasted butter-fat before Spring. But don't be tempted to buy one of the "paste diamond" class that will soon be worth no more than its weight in scrap-iron, and will have **WASTED** instead of **SAVED** its cost while you did use it.

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IT REQUIRES about one half as much grain to produce a hundred pounds of gain on calves as is required on two-year-olds. The work of the Missouri Agricultural College has definitely demonstrated that the most profitable age to fatten cattle is while they are still young. The older the animal the more food is required to produce a given gain. Other stations have also investigated this question and have arrived at the same result.

The Central Experiment Station Farm at Ottawa, Canada, found by comparing one thousand pounds live weight in the case of calves, yearlings, two and three-year-olds, that the profit for each one thousand pounds was: calves, \$31; yearlings, \$27; two-year-olds, \$19.10; three-year-olds, \$12.80.

When all of the cattle of all ages were purchased at four cents a pound and sold fat at five cents a pound, the profit on one thousand dollars invested in feeding cattle was: calves, \$557.50; yearlings, \$284; two-year-olds, \$198.75; three-year-olds, \$177.50.

Nine tenths of all the cattle fed in the Middle West are two-year-olds at the beginning of the feeding period. When these cattle are in thin condition at the beginning of the experiment, they are often fed with profit; but starting with calves in the same condition it is unquestionably true that the calves return more profit for each thousand dollars invested than the older cattle.

F. B. MUMFORD.

Professor of Animal Husbandry, University of Missouri.

Mange in Cattle

Though it does not disfigure the animals to the same extent or cause them the same amount of irritation as ringworm, mange is an ailment which ought to be systematically suppressed. It usually locates itself at the root of the tail, or in the neck of the animal, and in consequence of the itch which it creates, causes the victim to rub the affected parts with such persistence as to remove the hair and produce abrasions or scabs.

There are three distinct forms of mange to which cattle are subject, and one at least is liable to spread over the body of the animal and produce wasting and loss of condition. In the main, however, mange is harmful on account of the discomfort and irritation it induces, rather than by reason of direct prejudicial effects upon the health of the victim.

The disease really asserts itself most during the housing season. After the animals are turned out to grass, the symptoms of the affection appreciably diminish, and this diminution is sometimes mistaken for the disappearance of the disease. It is seldom that the parasites die or are destroyed without the aid of artificial dressings, however, and the seeming disappearance of the mange during the grazing season is accounted for by the fact that the parasites do not increase at the same rate when exposed to the healthful influences of the air.

Soon after the cattle are housed in the autumn again the disease renews its activity, and unless properly treated continues to annoy the herd until the return of another grazing season. Obviously the presence of a disease of this kind is particularly objectionable in the case of milk cows, and accordingly exacting measures for its destruction should be adopted, particularly in the case of dairy herds.

It is recommended that the affected patches on the animal's skin should be softened by washing with soap and warm water. After this has been done, the parts should be dressed with one of the common mange dressings, such as spirits of tar, oil, and sulphur. The dressings should be applied twice, or even three times, at intervals of ten days, and for the more serious and rebellious cases veterinary advice should be sought. It is also advised that the litter from an infected animal should be removed each time after dressing, and the flooring and wood or other fittings thoroughly sprayed with a five per cent solution of carbolic acid in water.

W. R. GILBERT.

Clean Feed For Hogs

The meat is more or less affected by the feed the hogs eat. Filthy slops fed in dirty troughs must produce meat not so toothsome as clean feed. An old saying is, "Because a hog will eat almost anything that is given him when he is hungry is hardly a sufficient reason why he should be given filthy food." It is too often the case that what is not considered fit food for any other class of stock on the farm is given to the hogs in order to save it.

And too often not only is the food given filthy, but given under filthy conditions. Usually the feeding troughs and places are allowed to accumulate filth. If the hog stands it, well and good; if he succumbs to it and dies, bad luck is the cause. Then a new start of hogs is made, but it is only in exceptional cases that an improvement is made in the treatment. Filth breeds disease. In a majority of cases the man who keeps his hogs healthy keeps them clean first, and feeds them clean food. One item in supplying clean food is to have the troughs and feeding floors clean. In many cases a good scrubbing will be necessary, while in others a good sweeping will answer.

A sprinkling of lime or air-slaked lime with which a small quantity of carbolic acid has been mixed will help in purifying the feeding floors and troughs. If slop is fed care should be taken to feed it clean, and to keep the vessels clean. Clean slop is a healthy and nutritious food, and can always be fed to growing pigs to advantage. But slop is too often considered all the waste about the house and barn. If there are moldy oats or bran, partly rotted corn and decaying vegetables, they are generally thrown to the hogs or made into slop.

Instead of hogs being made the scavengers of the farm they should be gleaners. Whatever is not fit to be converted into human food through the hog should be buried or turned into the compost heap, and if this plan is followed much better health will be maintained. But the cleanliness must not apply only to food, but to the quarters also. To some extent, at least, the quality of the meat is affected by what the animals eat, and to secure the best health, and at the same time the best quality of meat, the food must be wholesome, clean and nutritious.

ANDREW STENSON.

Chicago Live Stock Exposition

The International Live Stock Exposition is postponed until the week of December 16 to 23 through the inability of the builders of the new amphitheater to secure the structural steel on time.

All events pertaining to the exposition will be held on days of week corresponding to those arranged the previously advertised week. This change in date will no doubt make the attendance a great deal easier to a number of people who could not leave home for the earlier date. So let every one know about it and all pull together to make the event one long to be remembered. No better beginning to the holiday season could be made than spending this week at the exposition. The magnitude of the building will impress you so that you will easily realize how it is possible for a delay to occur such as we have been forced to admit.—W. E. SKINNER.

Agricultural Department Notes

As goats are quite generally admitted to be less subject to tuberculosis and other diseases to which the milk cow is subject, it seemed desirable that an importation of milk yielding goats be imported from the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean. Accordingly, and by direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Geo. F. Thompson, as a special agent of the department, was sent to the above locality to obtain a supply of the most noted milk producing goats. He has recently returned with a select herd of sixty-eight milking goats. The average quantity yielded by each of these goats, is about three quarts daily.

The fact is not very generally known that the United States Department of Agriculture is cooperating with the Colorado Experiment Station in the breeding of a pure breed of American horses, which will be as distinct as the Norman, or French or the English coach. It is expected that at least fifteen years time will be required for the work. The best type of the American trotting horse has been taken as a basis, although the purpose is not to produce a trotting horse, but one that will be exactly fitted for roadster and for general use on the farm. Prof. W. L. Carlyle, formerly of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, who is an acknowledged expert in animal husbandry, will have exclusive direction of the work.

J. W. JR.

Keeping a Flock in Health

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Live Stock and Dairy

Alfalfa for Hogs

THAT too many farmers and breeders rely too much on corn in growing hogs is not a debatable question. Great hogs have been grown without a pasture or any green feed, but such hogs have possibly been grown at a loss or at least have cost more than hogs of like weight that have had their rations balanced with some green succulent feed. Many who think they cannot afford to put good corn ground down to grass or clover because the corn crop will bring more cash than the pasture or clover crop, lose sight of the fact that the pasture cheapens the cost of the hog and insures better health. The pasture or clover crop improves the land, insuring a greater corn crop after the sod crop. My five years experience with alfalfa shows me that we have in it our cheapest hog feed. It is rich in protein, which corn is short of; it is succulent and bulky enough to improve the digestion of grain fed hogs. With all the green alfalfa in the spring, summer and fall, and all the bright alfalfa hay or shatterings in the winter that hogs will eat they can be grown on half the corn commonly fed. For brood sows it has special value. It balances the corn ration so nearly that we do not need to buy so much bran and middlings, as a ton of alfalfa leaves carries almost as much protein as a ton of bran. Sows

manure. My first effort to grow alfalfa was six years ago on bottom land, good for fifty to seventy five bushels of corn. I put the alfalfa in with beardless barley early in April. Had a good stand from fifteen pounds of alfalfa seed per acre. Fox-tail grass is the bane of alfalfa on my land. It will appear where alfalfa is thin, and as it will mature seed between the cuttings of alfalfa and again after the last cutting in September, there is no checking it even by disking and harrowing after first cutting of alfalfa. I found after five years it was best to plow under the alfalfa. It is now in corn and there are alfalfa plants scattered through the corn and along the fence row, showing the hardiness of the plant in southern Ohio.

A neighbor sowed a half bushel on four acres last spring when he put in oats. He has an ideal stand and has cut it for hay since the oats were harvested. This has been a wet year, and alfalfa, like other plants, has made abnormal growth. As a rule oats make a poor nurse crop for alfalfa; they tax the moisture in the soil more than barley and come off later. On a field of second bottom I sowed a bushel of alfalfa August 20th and at this writing, September 25th, that alfalfa is six inches high and growing fast. It has no nurse crop. The field had barley this year, following corn. It has had two dressings of manure in three years, and before that was in meadow



GUERNSEY COW—"NAOMI TRINK"

relish nicely cured alfalfa hay in winter and will eat it greedily when grass is not available.

Too many have been deterred from trying to grow alfalfa by the writings of those who claim it is necessary to inoculate the sod with soil from an old alfalfa field or with nitro-culture as prepared by the department of agriculture. I am sure we have heard more about this nitro-culture fad than we will hear in the future. We have much testimony of those succeeding with alfalfa who have never sent for the bacteria bearing soils or cultures. I find there is no trouble in growing alfalfa on good land, but note many failures of men trying to grow it on thin, cold, wet land.

One does not need many acres of alfalfa to furnish all the grazing and hay a dozen sows and their year's progeny will need to supplement the corn. Five acres of alfalfa on good corn land will furnish over twenty tons of hay in one season, worth \$200. Fifty bushels of corn per acre is a good average yield on good alfalfa land. Forty cents is a good price, too, which gives twenty dollars for an acre, and one hundred dollars for five acres of corn, just half the same land can produce in alfalfa. That answers the man who says he can't afford to put good corn land into alfalfa or pasture for hogs.

The secret of alfalfa is having the land in good heart, with barn-yard

three years. It is in good heart, was plowed soon after the barley was harvested and has been disked, rolled, harrowed and dragged after rains, so it was in fine condition, as the good stand and quick growth of alfalfa shows. I do not see any fox-tail or crab grass, both of which appeared in that sown in the spring.

These examples indicate that we may grow alfalfa successfully if the soil is in good condition, and that without buying nitro-culture or shipping in soil from an alfalfa field.

Possibly my neighbor and I would have had a better stand and greater growth if we had inoculated the soil, but I would advise growing alfalfa for hogs, and not wait to send for nitro-culture or soil. If one will plow deep land this fall and manure it well after plowing and let grass and weeds start on it once or twice in the spring and kill them out by harrowing or other cultivation and sow fifteen to twenty pounds of clean alfalfa seed in May or early June, without any nurse crop, I think he will never regret it, as he will find it pays better than corn or clover or wheat or oats or timothy—the common crops of our farms.—P. C. HOLME, in American Swineherd.

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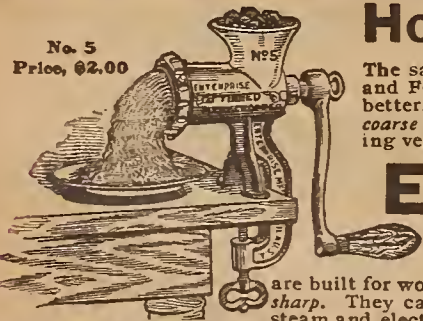
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The Grange

BY MRS. MARY E. LEE

A New Grange at Kingsville

When M. O. Bugby, of Ashtabula county, was graduated from the long course in agriculture of the Ohio State University he went back to the farm, organized a class to do experimental work under direction of the experiment station, called about him a number of studious men, including the superintendent of centralized schools, himself a college man. The club desired to take up the educational work outlined by the Ohio State Grange, and as a result of this, I had the honor and pleasure of organizing this grange October 23d. The credit for this fine new organization belongs in large part to M. O. Bugby. I wish that I had space to tell of the work of this club. It is destined to play an important part in the educational development of the county and state. The ladies going into the club will take up the work for women with zeal.

Deputy Pritchard was present and read a paper giving the history of the grange. Kingsville is distinguished as being the first township in Ohio to have centralized schools. It's an educational center. If you want to arouse enthusiasm just say education and you have the people interested. They have good private libraries and the public one in a town of five hundred would do credit to many in towns of four thousand. Mr. Bugby has the best agricultural library that I have found in any but professional libraries. Such environments tend to produce men and women of high moral and mental caliber who are eager to seize upon anything that will benefit their community.

Juvenile Granges

I have spoken a great many times of the juvenile grange. Mrs. Harris aroused interest by her story of what the juveniles were doing in her county. I have told you of my visit there, and the work they are doing. I find another reason for juveniles in the Western Reserve. There are a great many young boys and girls who are eager to go into a grange. Granges here are large, with membership ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty. Should this younger element come in there would be so many interests to be consulted that limited time would not admit of each receiving a fair degree of attention.

This has been practically exemplified by many of either the younger or older element, one or the other, dropping out. To give these younger people a chance for development of their powers, to enable them to learn how to carry on meetings with dignity and ease, and to have literary exercises of their own, they should have a grange of their own presided over by their own officers.

There would always be a matron in charge to see that meetings were conducted in a way to bring the greatest good. The work could be carried along with that of the school, and the rhetoricals, which receive so much attention in the centralized schools, could be carried on here. This is a phase of grange work that the Western Reserve will have to do as a logical outcome of grange spirit.

Eagerness to Study

Many have said that the farmers were averse to studying, that they did not desire to inquire very deeply into anything which requires brain effort. At a meeting the other night, a young man asked me if the class could not meet oftener than once a week, the regular grange meetings, and study, and thereby get in an extra term's work. "For," said he, "we want to complete the outline as soon as possible, as we want to take up something in political economy." I told them they could meet as often as they wished, but that in all fairness to the grange they ought to have a resume of the week's work at grange meeting. This brought an elderly man to his feet, insisting that some of the recitations be held at regular grange meetings. "I expect a lot of benefit out of this work. I am going to buy the books and if you young fellows go at too fast a pace for me, I am going to study, and I want you to recite a part of the lessons, or give a summary of your work at grange meeting. If you don't I will meet with you every night." As he seemed to be popular with the grange this will be welcomed.

I find farmers eager to study. Some of them have gotten the notion that the work is exceedingly difficult. It is not. Naturally the one giving it the most attention will get the most out of it. It means a great deal to a farming community to have the people meeting for study and exchange of opinions. It's bet-

ter far than the occupation some of the town boys have, of smoking cigarettes, and whittling dry goods boxes.

The State Master at Home

No matter how popular and loved one may be away from home, his real measure is in the affection of the people with whom he has lived. All through the Western Reserve State Master Derthick is looked upon with proud reverence and firm confidence in his loyalty and devotion to all that is noble and honorable. No one can draw a larger crowd. No one is listened to with more attention; no one is granted a higher degree of praise for his unflinching integrity than he. Ohio honors her State Master. His people love him. His attitude on the Bond Exemption Amendment is only one of many times that he has championed a righteous cause when it was unpopular to do so. It was right, and that was enough. I could do no less, after seeing our honored State Master among his own people, than to express the feeling I found.

A Trip Through the Western Reserve

Two weeks have been spent in the Western Reserve in the educational work of Ohio State Grange. Each grange, with one possible exception, will take it up. Classes have been formed, books ordered and the work begun. It will be a success for anything that promises a larger outlook, anything that is of educational value, is eagerly seized upon. No urging was needed. Simply an explanation of what the work really is and how to get at it was all that was necessary. I carry away with me enthusiasm, cheer, hopefulness.

This is the land of centralized schools, of public and private libraries. Everywhere education, advancement is the motive.

I seldom have found days more helpful to myself. I feel assured that the work taken up so generally in the granges will yield to the workers a large degree of pleasure and profit, and that it will be carried forward in a systematic way.

A number of young men are getting ready to take the short course in dairying at Ohio State University this winter, thinking they may take the long course later on. Others are planning to take the long course. The young women are no less alert and desire the domestic science course.

The Observatory

Each state having elections this year, had troubles of its own. And the independent votes won.

One of the best programs that I have found for granges was a yearly one prepared by Mrs. E. L. Taylor, of Ashtabula county. Her questions were pertinent and timely. I have found no other one who took up the topics in the programs for a year in advance.

First be sure that your work is good, then never despair. What is inevitable must happen, and progress and goodness are inevitable. Work hard and long, and regardless of what the world says. It will cost time, effort, money, and you will lose what the world calls good in financial gain. But time will prove your worth. Only never despair and never give up.

Miss Ensign, of the Cleveland Library, told me at a visit to that splendid educational institution that the children read comparatively little fiction as compared with their elders. They were reading books that were instructive and entertaining. This is a hopeful sign. The devotion to fiction of the adults, the many hours given to entertainment that does not instruct, is one of the baneful results of cheap literature.

The Farm Magazine says: "Many farm boys migrate to the cities, not because farm life in itself is unpleasant or unprofitable, but too frequently because of mismanagement of parents. For instance, the doing of the farm chores should not be piled on top of a hard day's work. Ten to twelve hours' work in the field and a long string of cows to milk morning and night is calculated to take off the feather edge of any boy's enthusiasm for farm life. Better farm a little less extensively and hold on to the boys. Nothing else can quite compensate for their loss in years to come."

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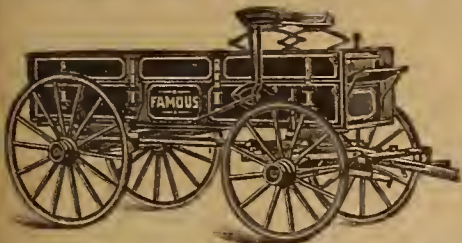
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Poultry Raising

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Cracked Corn

Fowls prefer whole grains, but cracked corn is sometimes used for chicks and ducks. One objection to cracked corn is that it is easily adulterated, the cob being sometimes ground and added to the grain, and as buyers should not pay for any article not desired, the addition of ground

cellent plan being to scatter millet seed in litter, or even on the surface of the ground. The object should be to feed less concentrated food and make potatoes, grass or other bulky material serve the purpose, as the hens prefer foods which contain all the elements necessary for promoting laying. Lean meat, blood and animal meal are valuable additions to the grain and bulky foods.

Paper in Poultry Houses

While paper can be made very serviceable in winter, yet sometimes it forms harboring places for lice. The ordinary tarred paper (or felt) is excellent for roofs and outside walls, yet a cheap article for the inside may be found in building paper, which can be procured at a cost which will enable one to line a fair-sized poultry house at an expense of about one dollar. It is not as thick as tarred paper, but much tougher and more pliable. It is somewhat waterproof, and can be made more so if given a coat of cheap varnish or linseed oil. It will last as long as the house, and will be an excellent protection against the severe cold of winter. It has been found that tarred paper on the outside walls protects the fowls better than when used inside, but building paper may be used on the inside, if desired, and an occasional painting with gas tar, diluted, will assist in preventing lice from making headway.

Loss of Feathers

When the fowls lose their feathers the cause may be feather pulling, in which



A SIGHT THAT DELIGHTS THE BOYS

one bird pulls feathers from another and swallows them. Too much oily food will also cause the feathers to come out. Loss of feathers is also caused by parasites, which attack especially the feathers, destroying the web, while the quill remains. The feather mites, which do great damage, are very small, requiring the aid of a microscope to observe them. Skin disease, such as eruption from chicken pox, white comb, or from impurity of the blood, will often cause the feathers to fall from the head and neck. The cheapest and best remedy against parasites is the dust bath. Feather pulling by fowls is usually the result of close confinement and lack of exercise.

Inquiries

LATE HATCHING.—B. S., Shiloh, New Jersey, asks if "late hatching (fall and early winter) of chicks will pay." It is done every year, with the aid of incubators and brooders, and successfully, but it is difficult so far as using hens is concerned.

PREFERENCES FOR EGGS.—"Subscriber" desires to know "if certain markets prefer white and dark eggs, and if so, is it on account of quality of the eggs." Boston prefers dark eggs and New York selects those with light shells, but experiments at the stations demonstrate that the colors of the shells do not indicate quality of the eggs. The color preference has no solid foundation and in the future will disappear.

WEIGHTS OF LATE CHICKS.—E. R. G., Cleveland, Tenn., wishes information as to "the preferred weights of late chicks in the large markets." About seven pounds per pair seems to be the standard, and they are usually sold in pairs.

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The Growing of Dahlias

THE dahlia is the favorite fall flower, and in many sections of the country the growing of different sorts has become quite a fad, both with the amateur and professional gardener.

The new York "Sun," to which we are indebted for the illustration on this page, says that the lengthening sojourn of men of wealth at their country homes has made the autumn flowers more important than they used to be. It was in part this circumstance that led some years ago to the cult of the chrysanthemum—a cult that cost the owners of country homes thousands of dollars.

The taste of wealthy growers has of recent years turned toward the dahlia, and that flower is just now attracting the attention that the chrysanthemum enjoyed.

"There is always a gamble about raising dahlias," says Leonard Barron, the American authority on the subject, "because there is no telling how much enjoyment will be had out of them."

"No matter what degree of care may have been taken with them or how much money may have been spent, the dahlia fades with the first nip of winter frost."

The types represented in the picture are of the show dahlia, which is the term used to describe all the self-colored and shaded dahlias, the cactus with its long thin petals, and the pompon, which are the usual varieties of the flower, although professional growers recognize others. Fashions change in the dahlias just as they do in other flowers and it was the cactus dahlia that interested growers after the cult of the flower became a fad.

There has been a noticeable tendency this year to return to the older form of the flower as the favorite, although it is with the cactus dahlia that the novelties are possible. The cactus dahlia has long been known to growers, in fact, much longer than most amateurs suppose.

These dahlias were grown in England as early as 1880 and had been sent from Mexico to Holland eight years before. The roots were named in honor of President Juarez of Mexico, and these early plants were called after him. It was from this Mexican root that all the fancy dahlias grown to-day were developed.

The pompon dahlia, which is the kind most ordinarily seen in gardens, came first from Germany, where a Baden florist succeeded in getting a double type from the ordinary red dahlia. These are the smallest of the commercial dahlias. They are most popular with those possessing gardens who do not make a cult of the flower, but grow it simply for decorative purposes.

The show dahlia is the form of the flower that corresponds most closely to the ordinary conception of the dahlia.

Varieties in color and form must be made as often as possible, else the interest of the cultivation wanes and the public loses interest. Now that the vogue of the cactus dahlia has begun to decline the professional growers are seeking a novelty to replace it, and such a flower will probably be on the market next year. The type which will probably next enjoy a vogue made its first appearance several years ago in the Grand Duke Michael. It has been exhibited in its fullest form in the dahlia known as the "Mrs. Roosevelt."

This was grown by a professional gardener who has not yet put his flower on the market, but will by next year have roots enough to sell. It is a large pink dahlia, with petals larger than the ordinary and turning toward the center in cuplike form. The pale pink and white petals are beautiful in tint and contrast.

It is along these lines that the future development of the dahlia will probably come. The taste of collectors and growers will probably not be for either the cactus or the show dahlia, but for the plant that shows the qualities of both, just as the new "Mrs. Roosevelt" does.

In spite of the great increase in the cultivation of the dahlia, most of the novelties in its form come from Europe. In order to become popular here a novelty must not merely be new, but also better than the forms that have been grown here. American cultivators, whether they are professional or amateur, are not so insatiable for novelty as to be satisfied with novelty and nothing more.

European growers struggle only to get a novel form of the flower, and for this reason produce many more novelties

than the Americans, who are searching in the first place for a flower that shall be worth growing and superior to the varieties that already exist. American gardeners think of such practical matters as the length of the stem and the enduring powers of the bloom.

It was the discovery of an amateur grower that made the general cultivation of dahlias possible. The dahlias seemed to most amateurs a very difficult flower to grow, although the professional gardeners met with great success.

When the flowers had been planted early and seemed to be prospering and reaching the stage for flowering, the continued warm weather of July and August would often prove too much for the plants, and just when the gardens should have been beautiful with the blossoms the plants withered and died.

It was J. W. Withers, an amateur grower, who discovered that by planting the flowers early in July or late in June they were not so much developed as to be injured by the hot weather of mid-summer. This simple discovery gave an impetus to the growth of the flower.

The knowledge of this detail of culture did more to awaken interest in the flower than even the formation of the American Dahlia Society, in Philadelphia, about ten years ago. This society did attract renewed attention to the flower which

day as the average diet for each individual bird. Mr. Bruner places the requirements of the birds of the state per day at 1,875,000,000 insects, estimating one and one half birds to the acre, which would seem low enough. The number of insects to fill a bushel basket is estimated to be 120,000, and therefore it would require 15,625 bushels to feed the birds a single day, or 2,343,750 bushels for a season of 150 days. These estimates are considered low when individual birds have been known to destroy from 100 to 500 insects and vast numbers of insect eggs. To have all these myriads of insects turned loose against the crops is what it would mean to have the birds killed off, and an increase of three or four birds to the acre would mean exactly opposite conditions. It would seem that no stronger argument would be needed to prevent boys, amateurs and hunters of birds for their feathers from killing the little songsters.

* Woman's Obedient Life in Japan

ON THE above subject, Naomi Tamura, in the "Revue de Paris," gives an interesting paper.

The author, after having passed several years in America, returned to Japan and published a book in 1893, but the protest of the press compelled him to leave his

dogs so, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even to-day, here and there, they kill and feed on kittens.

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage, and he will show no fear; but take him to the cage of a puma or a leopard, and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight.

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"

* Antiseptic Love

A FRENCH physician says that the hand contains over eighty thousand microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another. The physician is in favor of the substitution of one of the more dignified and distant Oriental modes of salutation. The London "Punch" sees some chance for rare humor in the subject:

Her mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the ancient regime, but then it was comparatively easy. Now, under a code of etiquette found chiefly in the latest fashion in bacteria, he felt his position embarrassing. A kiss had long been considered a criminal proceeding on purely hygienic grounds. Impassioned speech was but the setting free of millions of microscopic prisoners desirous of a change of lung. He must not even press her little hand, well knowing what a malignant host science had placed within its few rounded square inches—not to mention those that lurked in his own extensive palm.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms toward her, longingly, like an amorous tenor at the opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes in circulation than even impassioned speech. He did not speak, feeling that the level, more or less sterilized conversation which alone science still permitted to be sparingly used would be out of place on the occasion. But he gazed upon her so ardently that the few thousand bacilli temporarily resident among her eyelashes were seriously inconvenienced by the rising temperature.

She smiled and shook her head gently. Everything was done gently now by persons with the slightest pretense of civilization, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy. But while he admired her discretion he doubted her meaning. Was it "No?" or that she did not understand? Or that he was going the wrong way to work? Or that she deemed herself unworthy? He carefully sat down at his end of the conservatory and thought it out.

Then she frowned—frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs, happy tenants of the arches of her brows would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling. As, however, he still remained motionless, her behavior became even more foolhardy and unscientific. With a primitive impulsiveness calculated to dispatch every microbe in the conservatory upon a newly predatory errand, she rushed to the antiseptic fountain that played among the palms and filled a watering can from its cool disinfectant. The last thing to be civilized, he reflected, will be woman, but he had barely time to finish the quotation. For with the nose of the watering can she was tracing in pinkish spray upon the tiled floor the three letters Y-E-S.

* You Can't Get a Million

subscribers to FARM AND FIRESIDE yourself, but if you, dear reader, and every other reader of this paper would send us just one new subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE it would then easily have the million. Can't you do this much for an old friend like FARM AND FIRESIDE? Why, sure you can. Thousands of our good friends have already done so, and we assure you that it is highly appreciated. Will you kindly lend your help and assistance, also?



Around the Fireside



TYPES OF DAHLIAS

had been so long neglected, but saw so little practical excuse for its own being that after a few years it voted itself out of existence.

In California, where the climate is especially suited to the dahlia, beautiful flowers are obtained. The question of climate is important with the dahlia, although so much stress has not been laid on it since the discovery that the plants failed more because they were planted too soon than on account of the climatic conditions.

Dahlias are not available for decorative purposes in the large cities because they antedate the social season by a month or two.

The cult of the dahlia was curiously enough an early pleasure with American country gentlemen, and was most popular in Philadelphia early in the last century. Two bitter rivals in its cultivation made annual trips to Europe in search of novelties with which to get the blue ribbon at the autumn fairs.

But interest in the plants died out about half a century ago, and it has been revived only since the dwellers in other large cities came to spending so much more time out of town every year.

The plants have not grown more expensive in spite of their revived popularity. Single roots from which the best results are obtained rarely exceed two dollars or three dollars for the finest varieties. Clumps of roots sell sometimes for as much as ten dollars or twelve dollars; but they grow, of course, many more flowers.

* Protection of the Bird

THE song birds of Nebraska must be protected, says Lawrence Bruner, and in a recently issued bulletin from the university he reasserts that a loss of four billion dollars a year is sustained by farmers and gardeners through insect ravages in the United States and Canada. Allowing twenty-five insects a

post as pastor. His ideas had become Americanized, and he judged his country in anything but an impartial spirit. It is not a charming picture that we get. The writer says that Japanese virtue is very pharisaical, very external. Love-marriages do not exist in Japan, and when young married people chance to get on together they are congratulated on their happiness. The idea of race is the principle on which marriage rests in Japan. A youth is expected to marry at the age of eighteen and follow the profession of his father. Girls are brought up to consider themselves as inferior to boys, and the woman's position is certainly not a desirable one. Filial love, as we understand it, is not known; the Japanese honor and respect their parents. Obedience is the chief domestic virtue. For a woman there are three kinds of obedience. When she is young, she must obey her father; married, she must obey her husband; and when she is a widow, she has to obey her eldest son.

* Peculiar Dislikes of Animals

THE circus man has excellent opportunity for animal study. One of these fellows, as he lounged around in winter quarters, spinning yarns to a Philadelphia "Bulletin" reporter, said:

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates.

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate

A Relic of Witchcraft Days

NEXT to Plymouth, in Massachusetts, Salem is the oldest town in New England, and some of its historical associations equal those of Plymouth. The people of Salem are proud of the old town's history and of the part it has played in the development of New England, but there is one chapter of its history they would gladly obliterate. It is a chapter that reflects great discredit on the town and on all that part of New England in which persecutions and executions for witchcraft were tolerated. Salem's record in this respect is very dark indeed, and her Gallows Hill is a place of sad and shameful memories. Here were executed the men and women accused and found guilty of witchcraft, and one may see in Salem the house in which they were tried and convicted of crimes it was impossible that they could have committed. The whole story of witchcraft in our country forms one of the most remarkable as well as the most sorrowful chapters in all our American history, and it is all the more remarkable from the fact that the most intelligent, the best educated men in the country were firm believers in the guilt of the convicted parties. In time these men came to know that in the execution of men and women for witchcraft the innocent suffered death, while those who condemned them to death were guilty of a crime not to be excused on the plea that they felt that they were doing right. It will be remembered that some of those who had a part in the execution of the men and women supposed to be guilty of witchcraft afterward stood up in church and publicly confessed contrition because of the fatal mistake they had made.

There is still standing out near Salem's "Gallows Hill" a house in which lived Rebecca Nurse when she was taken from her husband and her little children and hanged for being a witch. Her tears and prayers, the fact that she had always led a blameless life, and that her death would leave little children motherless were of no avail. She was doomed to die with other "firebrands of hell" who were led out to the bleak and stony summit of Gallows Hill to suffer death for crimes beyond the power of man to commit.

The old Nurse house has sheltered many generations of the descendants of poor Rebecca Nurse, who was a woman above reproach as to character. She protested her innocence to the last, and the old house in which she once lived is the only one still standing in which it is known that victims of the strange witchcraft delusion have lived.

The old house in Salem called the "Witch House" is much altered in appearance. An addition has been placed in front of it and this part is used as a store. Its chief point of interest consists in the fact that some of those accused of witchcraft were tried here. The Rebecca Nurse house is more interesting as a relic of one of the strangest delusions in the history of the world.

MORRIS WADE.

The Gosnold Memorial Tower

IN NO part of our country is there more interest shown in the early history of America than in New England, where much of our history began. There are historical societies in every large New England city, and many of the small towns



Around the Fireside

historic ground. Boston has an organization called the Old South Historical Society that does much to interest young people in the early history of our country, and particularly with the early history of New England. Courses of lectures for students of the schools alone are given in the famous Old South Church, and prizes running as high as forty dollars in cash are given for essays on historical topics written by pupils of the high schools. Indeed, the Old South Historical Society is composed of graduates of the high and Latin schools of Boston. This year the young people of the Boston schools who compete for the prizes offered for essays must write on these subjects: "The Constitution of Massachusetts;" "History of

the last Saturdays in June. Some place of unusual historic interest is visited, and it is not unusual for as many as five hundred lovers of history to go on these excursions. Last June the excursion was to the town of New Bedford, and from there to the island of Cuttyhunk.

The early history of the great manufacturing town of New Bedford is filled with romance, and the heroic accomplishments of its early settlers and of the hardy seamen who built its renown as the leader of the whaling industry make it a locality of peculiar fascination for the historical pilgrim. The site of the old town of New Bedford was discovered before the Pilgrims landed on our shores, for Bartholomew Gosnold visited the spot in 1602.



THE OLD NURSE HOME—FAMOUS AS A RELIC OF WITCHCRAFT DAYS

the Constitutional Convention of 1779-80;" "Comparison of the Massachusetts Constitution with those of the other New England States" and "The Rise and Decline of the Massachusetts Whale-Fishery, studied in connection with the History of New Bedford and Connecticut."

It takes "right smart" of a boy or girl to handle one of these topics intelligently, but then there are many "right smart" boys and girls in this age of the world, and the essays some of them write in competition for the Old South prizes are wonderfully well done.

Beginning in July and lasting until the first of September there come the Old South Lectures for Young People, one lecture being given each week on "The Story of Massachusetts," the first of the

Gosnold has the reputation of being the first mariner who came to America on a direct voyage from England. Other mariners came by way of the West Indies and the Spanish coasts, but it is claimed that others before Gosnold also came direct from England. Gosnold explored our coast from Cape Elizabeth, Maine, to the Elizabeth Islands, and he it was who gave Cape Cod its name, because of the great numbers of codfish he found there. Gosnold visited Virginia, and he was eager to establish a colony there, and when he returned to England he had no difficulty in organizing a company for this purpose. On the 10th of April in the year 1606 King James granted the company a charter. One hundred and forty-three colonists were gathered aboard the three ships, the

famous Captain John Smith. It was in April of the year 1607 when the little fleet reached Virginia and founded the town of Jamestown. Had all of the men been as strong and brave and industrious as were Gosnold and Smith the colony might have prospered, but as it was they met with failure and suffered much. Fifty of them died before autumn came, and one historian says: "Some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famine. There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this newly discovered Virginia. It would make hearts bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries."

Out in the great Atlantic near New Bedford is the island of Cuttyhunk, discovered by Gosnold in the year 1602, and he did not overestimate this part of the country when he went back to England and described it as a region of great beauty. The entire group of the Elizabeth Islands constitute the present town of Gosnold, the smallest township in Massachusetts, there being a population of but one hundred and thirty-four persons. In 1903 a memorial tower was erected on Gosnold Island to tell coming generations that it was here that Bartholomew Gosnold landed on that tenth day of June in the year 1602 with his little company and made the first English settlement ever made on our coast. After the lapse of three centuries his name is more honored than it was in his own day, and the tower is a deserved tribute to the daring Bartholomew Gosnold. J. L. HARBOUR.

City Rested Upon Sea's Cold Bosom

The crew of the whaling bark "Gay-head," while cruising about seventy-five miles west of Pribiloff Island, in Bering Sea, on August 15th, were thunderstruck by the appearance of a great city, seemingly immediately ahead. There was the shore line, and rising above it were thousands of electric lights twinkling on a hundred streets of splendid buildings. Here and there, apparently at prominent corners, were larger lights, and along the shore were the myriad of lights showing at the wharves.

But the mate and his men knew that this must be a mirage, and that for hundreds of miles beyond where these lights flared out was only an expanse of desolate water. The mate called Captain Fisher, and he looked on the scene, and was bewildered. There was no accounting for the wonderful sight. This city seemed as real as San Francisco seems to a vessel anchored in the channel near Goat Island.

When daylight came the spectacle faded away, and in all directions was only the heaving bosom of the cold sea, with no land in sight, and no great city within thousands of miles.

An Amusing Bear Story

C. M. Russell, the Western painter, tells an amusing story of a bear fight which he thinks is funnier than any humorous sketch he has ever seen portrayed on a vaudeville stage. He had been out with a guide all day, and toward evening they saw far down the road two bears sauntering along, quite oblivious of the presence of human beings, as the wind was in the wrong direction. Russell and his guide quickly jumped behind a small thicket, and when the bears were within shooting distance the painter let fly and struck one of



GOSNOLD TOWER—A MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT ESTABLISHED ON OUR COAST

have societies of this kind. Perhaps it is more interesting to study history in the places in which so many important events in history occurred. It seems to bring these events nearer home when one stands on the very spots on which Washington and Adams and Hancock stood, and one feels a keener interest in the Pilgrims when standing on Plymouth Rock than one feels when on a farm in Kansas or in a mining town in Colorado.

Great events of the past seem less remote and the imagination is livelier on

series of lectures being on "The Men Who Came in the Mayflower" and the last on "The Story of the Schools and Colleges." The famous Old South Church is always filled with young people from the Boston schools when these lectures are given, although they come in midsummer. They are free to the students of the schools, and the few "grown-ups" who are privileged to attend must pay for doing so.

A great event in the annual program of the historical society is the Old South Pilgrimage, which always occurs on one of

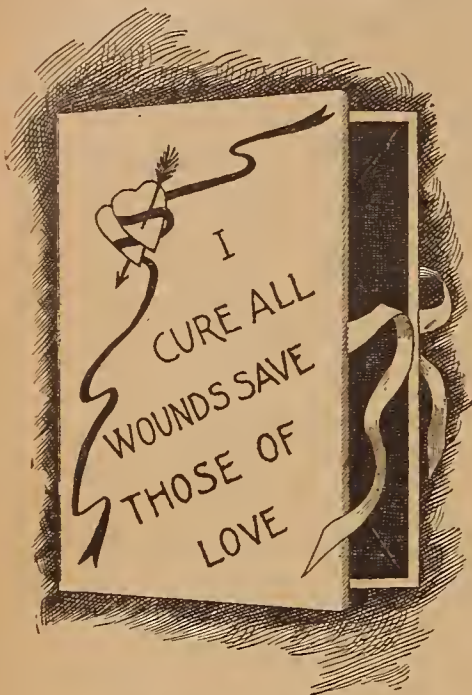
"Discoverer," the "Good Speed" and the "Susan Constant." They were all men and very few of them were men of strong purpose and high character. Most of them were so-called "gentlemen" who had a contempt for manual labor, and who seemed to feel that they were out for a sightseeing or holiday excursion. This band of adventurers, called the London Company, lacked the strong traits of the Pilgrims who came later, and they were a great disappointment to Gosnold and another strong man of the company, the

them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retaliate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated, and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and had a terrific fight.—Success.

The Farmer's Thanksgiving

IF THE farmer whose granary, store house and cellar are filled to the limit with nature's generous bounty does not keep the Thanksgiving holiday with genuine fervor, who else can? The city tenement lodger and his family, whose larder boasts but a single day's rations ahead, if, indeed, that, may have to stretch a point to bring themselves to say devoutly, "I thank Thee," but in the home of the farmer the Thanksgiving prayer should be a spontaneous song of praise.

Custom has decreed that the dinner shall be the chief event of Thanksgiving



A CASE FOR COURT-PLASTER

Day, and in this respect again the farmer's family can best do the occasion honor, for the possibilities in this line are almost unlimited in the farm kitchen. There, strutting about in the barnyard and specially fattened for the occasion, is the turkey, waiting (though blissfully unconscious of the fact) his fate, when he will be killed, dressed, filled with a delicious bread stuffing that contains just enough chopped onion and celery to give the touch of flavor that, like a condiment, quickens the appetite, and roasted a golden brown.

In the smokehouse hangs the ham ready to be boiled or baked and served in the capacity of companion dish to the turkey which, though by courtesy is the "pièce résistance" of the feast, will have not only a companion but a close rival in this home-cured ham if the cook thoroughly understands her art. Flanking the turkey on the opposite side from the ham will be a golden brown pork pie, light of crust, rich and juicy within. As a complement and balance to this savory trio of meats there will be cranberry sauce, a dish of cream slaw and another of tender, crisped celery.

A Thanksgiving dinner on the farm would be incomplete without its dish of chicken salad, the materials for the mak-



LAUNDRY BAG

ing of which are at the cook's command, and expense no consideration, an important item this, for chicken salad to be really good must of necessity be rather expensive. Then there are the vegetables galore, stored in such an embarrassing variety and abundance that the question becomes not, "What can I find to cook?" but rather, "Which shall I select?"

As to the matter of dessert, which makes such inroads upon the purses of the unfortunate townspeople, the country cook has again but to make the round of dairy, cellar and store room to supply herself with materials for an almost endless variety of wholesome sweets.

Of a truth, the farmer's Thanksgiving should be one of praise and rejoicing.



The Housewife

But has he performed his whole duty when he has returned thanks? Is not such service much like salt that has lost its savor? His service only becomes acceptable when he in his turn dispenses bounty and good cheer.

KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

Some Gift Suggestions

With the approach of the holiday season everybody is looking about for suitable gifts for Christmas. Perhaps among the following you will find something that will fill your want.

A Case for Court-Plaster

A useful small gift for a man is a court-plaster case which can be slipped in his vest pocket ready for an emergency.

Procure from a druggist a pretty paper case of assorted plaster, cover four pieces of cardboard with white linen, embroider on the outer side with red floss this couplet:

"I cure all wounds save those of love."

Above this embroider two red hearts tied with ribbon and pierced with an arrow. The pieces of cardboard must be placed on a piece of linen the length of two pieces, allowing a play of the linen to allow the book to close when the four pieces, two for the outside and two for the inside, are overcast together. Close with ties of red ribbon.

A Unique Laundry Bag

It will be necessary to procure this article stamped ready to work, as the line of hose is painted in colors to be outlined. The bag is of heavy white satin jean, strong and durable. Each stocking is outlined with a color of floss to match the coloring. The darning thread is one of red the other blue, and the lettering worked in red. White ribbon or tape is drawn through the casing to close the bag as well as to hang it up by.

Shaving Pad

One of the most practical as well as attractive gifts of home manufacture for the man of the household is a case of shaving paper hung where he can always find it. The circular cover for the one illustrated has the appearance of being two circular pieces, when in fact it is but partly so. About three inches of the linen is not scalloped, but folded over as a book cover, the ribbon hanger securing the paper and cover in place by being laced through all together. The outer piece is ornamented with a large poppy embroidered in shades of red floss, the stamens being worked in with black in knot and stem stitch. The covers can be filled and used time and again, the cover laundered, and with new ribbon the whole article put on a fresh look.

Thimble Case

A dainty case in which to send a gift thimble is constructed of cardboard. Cut three pieces egg shaped; cover neatly with flowered silk or white linen embroidered with a dainty flower; line with silk to correspond, and overcast the edges with herringbone stitch in floss to match the embroidery. The pieces are held together by means of the herringbone stitch which is made over the edge of two sections. The third edge is left loose, simply finished with the stitch. By pressing the ends the case will open to receive the thimble. When the pressure is removed it closes. Finish each end with a fluffy bow of baby ribbon.

Spool Case

This simple neat protection for silk thread, which so easily becomes soiled if thrown carelessly in a basket or box, consists of two cardboard mounts neatly covered with linen embroidered in rings of red floss worked in featherstitch, and lined with red silk. Between the mounts, which should be strong so as not to bend, lace five spools of different colored silks with red ribbon number two, and finish with a bow and loop by which to hang the case near a work table.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Thanksgiving Table Decorations

Since Thanksgiving is largely a harvest festival, the most appropriate and effective decorations for the table are those which bespeak the plentiful harvest from Nature's garden, such as vegetables, fruits, nuts, grain, grasses and autumn leaves. For the floral decorations we have the chrysanthemums, with their balls of yellow, red and white, and the golden-rod. Yellow, signifying joy and gladness, and green, God's bountifulness, seems to be

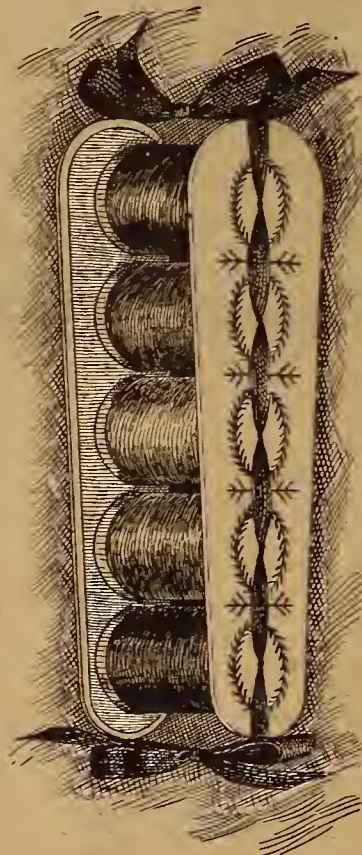
the color scheme for Thanksgiving, just as red and green seems to be for Christmas; but nevertheless all the golden, brown and red tints of the autumn can be used very effectively. The pumpkin holds a very large place among the favorite center-pieces for the Thanksgiving table, and can be used in a variety of pleasing ways.

A very large pumpkin can be modeled to represent the hull of a ship or boat, with sails of white cloth attached, and this pumpkin boat filled with a cargo of fruit, vegetables or grain. Small dolls can be dressed up to represent sailors. This boat should rest on a mirror in lieu of water; around the edge of the mirror arrange moss or vines. The ices can be served in small boats formed from small pumpkins or in those made of yellow paper and lined with oiled paper.

A large pumpkin with the top cut off and the inside scooped out with the edge slashed into scallops, filled with red and yellow apples, yellow and russet pears, rosy-cheeked peaches, plums and grapes, with a little asparagus added here and there, is very pretty and the effect will be still more pleasing if this pumpkin cup is set in a saucer made from large cabbage leaves or moss.

Baskets can be modeled from large pumpkins, the handle entwined with smilax or other vines or sprays of clematis; the basket filled with red, purple and green grapes; this basket should be set on a mat of grape leaves.

Have at each plate a small basket filled with nuts, raisins and homemade candies.



SPOOL CASE

Another novel pumpkin center-piece is made by taking a small toy wagon without a bed; then halve the pumpkin lengthwise and scoop out the inside; place this on the wagon for a bed, and fill with fruit or vegetables; entwine the wheels and tongue with vines; dress up a doll to represent a farmer, and let him hold the lines over a toy horse or turkey harnessed to the wagon. Miniature toy wagons filled with bonbons or nuts can be at each plate.

If the dinner is to be late in the day a novel way to light up the table is to take an apple corer and make holes in the top of a pumpkin, and in these holes insert small candles. This is used as a center-piece. Then take a yellow carrot and cut the top straight across for a base, hollow the other side out with an apple corer to hold a candle, and place one of these at each plate. These should be placed on autumn-leaf mats. A very nice center-piece can be made out of a head of cabbage. Select a good firm head, make the bottom stable, remove the outside leaves, cut the top in the center and scoop out enough of the cabbage so a vase can be fitted in. Fill the vase with red chrysanthemums and some fine sprays of the asparagus fern. Let it rest on a mat made by attaching autumn leaves to scarlet ribbon. The olives, pickles, salad and nuts can be served in small cabbage leaves. The leaves of the red cabbage are nice for this.

A pretty basket of grasses, bearded wheat or oats, with sprays of vines or ferns trailing from the sides is effective. Little clusters of bearded wheat or

grasses can be tied with yellow ribbon and laid at each plate. A pyramid of vegetables in the center of the table, with smaller heaps here and there over the table makes a beautiful appearance. Only the smaller varieties should be used, and they should be grouped carefully so that there may be harmony in colors and proportions. Fruit can be arranged in the same way with beautiful color effect. Ears of red and yellow corn can be so arranged as to give a very pleasing effect. If flowers are desired for decoration nothing would be more appropriate than a large silver bowl filled with chrysanthemums ranging in colors from white to deep dark red, or a blue bowl filled with the



THIMBLE CASE

yellow chrysanthemums or golden-rod. A little birch-bark canoe filled with golden-rod and ferns is pretty.

During the autumn months there is a wealth of nature's own materials with which to decorate, and it only takes an original housewife to see great possibilities in these and to have her table beautifully decorated, even if no eyes see it except those of the family.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

Some Rug Suggestions

This is not only the day of rugs for floor covering, but it is the day of old-fashioned rugs. The braided rugs and rag carpet of our grandmothers' hold an enviable place in the hearts of this generation. The rag carpet is woven rug shaped now, instead of being used to cover the entire floor, and frequently it is made of new and durable materials, and of artistic colors and patterns. But even old materials may be tastefully arranged if a little thought is given the subject.

Take, for instance, a rug made from shades of blue and white for a blue room. Blue denim after having been washed numerous times takes on a lovely soft tone, which is pretty used alone or with a bit of white in one of these rugs. The warp may be of a deeper blue. It should be woven along the ends of the strips for an inch or two if a hem is desired, or for a short distance and then left for fringe. This fringe may be braided or knotted in strands. The effect of such a rug is certainly good.

The circular braided mats of the old régime are now replaced by oblong rugs made by joining braided strips either lengthwise or crosswise. Tacks and a board are used to fasten the ends of the strips securely while the braiding is in progress. These ends must afterward be sewed carefully. Hit and miss effects are the easiest to make, but simple patterns may be carried out by patient hands, backed by a fair degree of ingenuity.

Stripes and block designs, or plain borders on hit and miss backgrounds are not difficult, and one satisfactory style is secured by making the edges darker than



SHAVING PAD

the center, but of the same or a harmonious color, blending the braids unevenly and at odd lengths, so that the center seems to run into the border at will. Fringes which are adapted to these rugs are for sale in the shops, or the materials may be neatly slashed and knotted.

Almost any one has quantities of yarn sweaters, toques, hose and the like, which have seen their best days. After raveling and washing to take out the kinks this yarn will work up into very attractive rugs. One woman who made such a rug has received so many orders for similar ones that she now buys her materials in large quantities, and dyes much of the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 31]

For the Day After

It is often a problem to know just how to prepare the remains of a Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey the "day after" so that it will be appetizing. Many delicious dishes can be made out of cold turkey, which some will prefer to the way it was served, in all its glory, the first time.

Escaloped Turkey

Mince the cold turkey and season with salt and pepper. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with cracker or bread crumbs, then put in a thick layer of the minced turkey, some of the stuffing and tiny bits of butter. About fill the dish with alternate layers of crumbs and chopped turkey. Add to the left-over gravy some milk and heat on the stove, then pour over the layers in the dish. Beat up two eggs, and half a cupful of milk, and half a cupful of melted butter, thicken with bread crumbs and season; then cover over the top. Invert a plate over the baking dish and bake for half an hour. Remove the plate and brown. Serve hot.

Turkey Pie

Cut cold turkey into small dice and heat in the remains of the gravy; if there is not much of this add a little stock or milk. Make a rich pie crust and line a baking dish with this. Put in a thick layer of the turkey, then half a pint of raw oysters, then another layer of turkey and another half pint of oysters. Put on a top crust and bake in quick oven.

Hollandaise Turkey

Fry two small onions in two tablespoonfuls of butter until brown, then add half a cupful of sifted bread crumbs and a pint of stock. Cut into dice one pint of cold turkey, mix with it two or three stalks of celery, season with salt and pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Mix the prepared turkey into the hot stock and add two beaten eggs, and cook five minutes, stirring constantly.

Creamed Turkey

Crack the bones and put them with all the bits of skin, fat and gristle in a saucepan, cover with cold water and let simmer an hour or more. Boil down until there is a cupful. Put a tablespoonful of flour and the same of butter in a saucepan and mix together until smooth. Take the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and rub to a powder, add slowly to a half pint of milk or cream. Stir into the saucepan with the blended butter and flour and bring to a boil, then add the stock. Toss in the turkey and serve on rounds of toast.

Turkey Salad

Separate the dark and light meats of the cold turkey and shred. Take an equal quantity of celery and cut in inch lengths and then tear into slender bits. Mix the celery and turkey together and season to taste. Then pour over this a mayonnaise dressing; toss the whole up lightly. Line a salad bowl with lettuce or celery leaves and mound up the salad in this.

Turkey Croquettes

To a pint of minced turkey add a fourth of a cupful of bread crumbs, two eggs and enough of the gravy or cream to moisten it all. Season to taste and mix well. Flour the hands and make into shape of balls or cakes, dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry a delicate brown. PANSY VIOLA VINER.

*

Homemade Glassware

Away back when I was a wee little girl my mother used to make little boxes and "air castles," by taking pieces of glass and binding them with ribbon, then fastening them together in various shapes.

Being an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and having a plate camera, it has followed naturally that I have a great many pieces of glass to get rid of in various ways. So I bethought myself of this old fad, and have revived it, making new designs. The pieces I have made have been very much admired, and perhaps some one else might like my designs.

I use a ten-cent glass-cutter, and do my own glass cutting. A five-cent brass-edged ruler is the only other tool needed, save needle and thread. The ribbon is generally of the heaviest I can get, and the width on the smaller pieces is three quarters of an inch, while on larger work inch-wide ribbon looks more in keeping. As most of us know how to put on passe partout tape, it is not necessary to go into detail regarding the binding. Put the ribbon on as you would the tape, only instead of pasting it in place you merely sew the ends firmly together at some angle of your glass, then with invisible stitches make flat all corners. This holds the ribbon firmly in place, and a few stitches will fasten any two pieces of glass in any desired shape.



The Housewife

The ground glass I also make. For it get five cents worth of emery sand. Take two pieces of your largest size glass, lay about a teaspoonful of the sand on the lower one, place the other on top, and rub firmly and evenly around and around,



No. 1

with the palm of your hand flat on the upper glass. Watch the process by lifting the glass and reversing the position of the two glasses now and then, and it is an easy matter to make the grinding even. When done there will be an even soft surface. If you hear a horrible scratching sound stop instantly and sift your sand through a fine strainer, as you have broken off a tiny bit of glass from the edge of one of your sheets, and if not removed it will make ugly scratches on the sheets you are grinding. A small scratch will grind out, but it will make additional work. It ought not to take over ten minutes to grind two pieces of glass five by seven inches. From this you can cut all sorts of shapes as wanted.

This is all that is needed to understand how to make the pieces I describe. I do not mention the plainer pieces such as glove and handkerchief boxes, etc., as they are too well known to need such mention.

In figure No. 1 we have the simplest piece of the work, and one that is very useful. The two cats may be cut from black paper and pasted on white, or vice versa, and the lettering done on the background with white or black ink, as the case may be. Then the edges of this piece of paper should be glued to the five inch square of ground glass, the ground face being up and away from the "pictures." A stiff cardboard back is provided with brass ring at top corner for a hanger. I bound this with passe partout paper, using odd



No. 2

bits to make the corner ornaments. On the face of this matches can be scratched without damage to the glass, and a washing now and then will keep it looking nice.

Figure No. 2 is also made from ground glass, and the wonderful button cat and the lettering were first traced on a piece of white paper with a bit of carbon paper under it, so that when lifted and turned over, the design was backward on the other side of the sheet. This was laid on the face of the piece to form the back of the pocket, and rubbed vigorously until the design was transferred to the ground glass. Then I turned the glass over, and with oil paint traced the design strongly on the plain side of glass with black. This showed through plainly on the front, and the scratching of matches could not mar the design, as would be the case had the painting been done on the usable side. When the oil paint was dry, so that I could finish the article, I merely washed off the carbon tracing from the ground face of glass. I bound this little affair

with pale blue ribbon, and it is very pretty. The back glass is four by five, so that the little pocket will hold a good many matches. Another pretty match-holder is made with the back piece of this same width but two inches longer, and there is a second pocket below the one shown. This is for burnt matches, and is not sewed shut as is the upper one. Instead, where the upper part of front section joins the little triangular sides each piece, sides and front, have a short end of ribbon. These are tied in a bow, and when the burnt matches are to be removed, the ribbons are untied, the front let down and the matches dropped out into the hand. So in case the top pocket is full of good matches, the whole thing need not be reversed, thus spilling both kinds of matches helter-skelter.

Figure No. 3 shows a pretty design for pocket, that may be made in various sizes, to hold various odds and ends. For collar buttons or such like small articles, the back piece of glass is about four by six inches, and the others in proportion. The one shown was about this size, and was bound with deep red satin ribbon, the holly sprays



No. 3

with their red berries setting the whole off charmingly. This was plain glass. A larger one in the same style would be nice to hold small papers, such as household bills, etc.

A letter pocket has a back like this, and the front piece is a straight one exactly square and of the size of the width of the back piece. It has no side sections, but is "hinged" along the bottom, and has ribbons to let it dip outward and make a pocket, like the familiar style of paper-holders in wood.

The other figure, No. 4, shows a design for an odds-and-ends pocket. This one was five inches square for the back piece, and the little pocket stood out about an inch and a half at the top. This is nice for a hair receiver. The decoration in this case was a bit of fancifully cut paper, pasted on the glass. The decorations are pretty with green ribbon, and the paper ornament in dull red.

A useful trinket for a desk is made from strips of glass six inches long, three inches wide at the bottom, and tapering keystone style to two inches wide at the top. These are each bound with red ribbon, as is the bottom, three inches square. This bottom should be



No. 4

of three pieces of the glass all the same size, and of course the ribbon for binding should be much wider than that used on the sides, or it will not "grip" the whole thickness. When the thing is put together with little bows on some

or all of the corners, you have a deep box flaring at the bottom in which to stand pencils and pen-holders. The flaring bottom and the extra thicknesses of glass make it stand steadily.

A little match or toothpick holder is made in the same style, in size to suit its future contents. Also a hairpin holder for my lady's toilet table. Children, with a little help, can make very pretty things in this work. For them transfer or embossed pictures may serve as ornamentation.

An oddity is an oblong shallow box made after the style of the handkerchief boxes, but only about three by four inches, and two inches deep. A lining in the shape of a pouch affair of pretty silk, that is sewn to the ribbon all around but which merely bags down into the box and does not touch the bottom, and which has an interlining of rubber cloth of the same pouch shape, renders it safe for a soap dish for the baby's toilet stand. Washable ribbon must be used here.

These are merely hints for the making of very fascinating gifts. And the articles so made are really useful, for the ribbons, if soiled, can be cleansed with an application of gasoline, while the glass is kept nice by an occasional rubbing with a damp cloth.

*

Thanksgiving Tarts

Crisp, flaky tarts are delicious as well as a pretty addition to the Thanksgiving dinner. Follow any good rich pastry recipe in making the paste for the shells. Roll thin and prick with a fork to prevent blisters. Grease the patty pans and pinch the paste closely to the edge.

Cranberry Tarts

Take a pint of cranberry jelly when cold, and beat up with a wire egg-spoon until light and foamy; beat the whites of two eggs until very stiff, then fold them into the jelly. Line the patty pans with paste and bake a delicate brown, then heap with a cranberry whip. Place in the oven a few seconds.

Strawberry Tarts

Line scalloped patty pans with paste, then fill half full with strawberry jam, sprinkle on each a pinch of flour and sugar. Bake in a quick oven and cool. Before serving or putting on the table fill heaping full with whipped cream flavored to taste.

Lemon Tarts

Add together the yolk of two eggs, two thirds of a cupful of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of melted butter and the pulp and juice of one lemon. Beat well together, then add two thirds of a cupful of water. Bring to a boil in a porcelain-lined kettle, then stir in one third of a cupful of water in which has been blended a tablespoonful of flour, or a little more if it does not seem thick enough; stir until smooth. Fill the tart shells already baked with this custard, and pile on top the beaten whites of the eggs, to which has been added a little sugar. Put in the oven just a moment.

Cream Tarts

Line patty pans with paste and bake without browning. When cool heap with whipped cream, and lay a teaspoonful of red currant jelly on the center of each tart, or rich strawberry preserves.

Pineapple Tarts

Make a custard of one pint of milk, one half cupful of sugar, and two eggs. Mix well the sugar and eggs, add the milk and set on the fire to thicken; stir constantly. When done set away to cool. Stir in one half of a can of shredded pineapple before ready to serve. Fill into baked tart shells.

Apple Tarts

Line round patty pans with paste. Pare and core tart apples, cutting them into halves; put a half in each paste shell, a teaspoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a pinch of nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake until the apples are soft. PANSY VIOLA VINER.

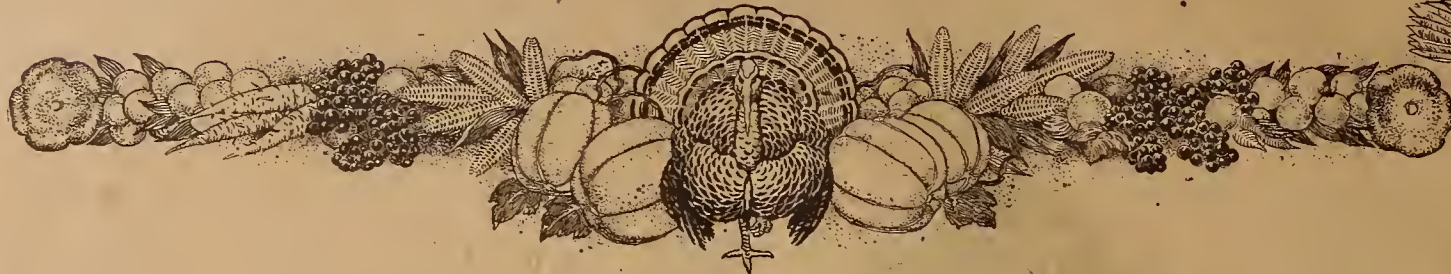
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A Whole Million

That's a good many, whether it's dollars or doughnuts; but when it comes to subscribers, that's just what FARM AND FIRESIDE needs—a million—and if every one who reads this notice will just send in one or two new subscriptions besides his own, the million mark will be easily reached and passed. If your own subscription is paid in advance, so much the better; but get one good neighbor—or two if you can—to subscribe, and send in his subscription. If you send two we will give you a year's subscription free for doing it. Now, that is fair, is it not? Let's hear from you, and that million will come quickly.



The National Day of Thanksgiving



The Story of the Day in Brief

THE story of Thanksgiving is old, but never fails to lend new interest with the retelling.

In 1621, a year after the landing of the Pilgrims, the leading elders of Plymouth colony set apart a day of prayer and thanksgiving for all the mercies God had showered upon them. Their little harvest had been successfully gotten in, the houses tightened up for the long hard winter which they knew would soon be upon them, and things began gradually to take on a more flourishing aspect. Four of the best huntsmen of the colonists were singled out by the Governor, who sent them "fowling, that there might be wherewithal for a feast of rejoicing;" the birds they brought back with them were water fowl and wild turkeys, and so from the first the turkey identified itself with Thanksgiving Day.

This first celebration was probably in October, as it was out of doors and lasted nearly a week. Other days of thanksgiving followed in reasonable regularity for forty-seven years, but at such seasons as the various congregations deemed most applicable to their immediate necessities and reliefs. Sometimes it was in the spring after a hard winter. Again it was in the fall after a generous harvest or a miraculous deliverance from the Indians.

Since 1863 the last Thursday in November has been celebrated throughout the country as a national holiday. Previous to this time the custom was local and optional. Thanksgiving Day was first celebrated in New England; after the Revolution the custom was established in the Middle states and later extended gradually through the South and West. Thanksgiving was then, and is yet, the great festival day of the year in New England; the day for family gatherings; for the noonday feast and the evening spent in congenial companionship around blazing open fires.

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Provincetown and the Pilgrim

BY LORING DEANE.

A MAN from the Far West visiting Boston for the first time said to his host, "There's one historic spot here in New England that I care to visit more than any other, and that is old Plymouth, where the Pilgrims first landed from the good old 'Mayflower.'"

"But," said his host, "that was not where the Pilgrims first landed. They landed first at Provincetown, down on Cape Cod, a few miles from the present town of Plymouth."

"So they did," said the sightseer after a moment's reflection. "But somehow I always think of Plymouth Rock as their first landing place. At least that was where they made their first permanent habitation."

This is true enough, but what is now the quaint old town of Provincetown, at the extreme end of Cape Cod, or the "jumping-off place," as some call it, was where the Pilgrims first landed after their long and wearisome journey across the Atlantic in the "Mayflower." It was while the "Mayflower" lay at anchor in the harbor of Provincetown that Perigrene White was born, and it was here that Dorothy May, the young wife of Governor Bradford, fell overboard and was drowned. It was here that the famous "compact" was signed, and here one may to-day see a copy of the "compact" in letters of bronze on a granite slab or monument in front of the city hall in Provincetown.

The Pilgrims reached Cape Cod nearly a month before they went on their way to Plymouth. This long, narrow and sandy arm reaching out into the ocean had been discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602, and he it was who gave the cape its name of Cape Cod because of the "great store of codfish" he found there. The Pilgrims also found fish of many kinds in the harbor and from that day to this Cape Cod has been the haunt of fishermen, although it is no longer the great fishing port it was a century ago when almost the entire population of at least the lower end of the cape took to the sea, and enormous

stores of codfish were brought in when the boats came home after a fishing trip. Now the summer boarder makes up a large part of the income lost by the decline of the fishing industry, although the smell of drying codfish is still in the air in Provincetown, and the clam diggers are many all along the sandy beach.

The people of Provincetown are proud of the fact that it was here that the Pilgrims first landed, and they are not slow



THE TOWN CRIER

in making known to the visitor to the quaint old town that Plymouth must play "second fiddle" when it comes to its association with our Pilgrim forebears.

"It was right out thar in our harbor that the old 'Mayflower' first cast anchor after leaving old England, an' don't you forgit it!" said an old salt of Provincetown to me on the occasion of my first visit to the town. "Yes, sir," he continued, "the old 'Mayflower' rid right into what is now our harbor one day in November mighty near three hundred years ago now, and there she lay while Bradford and Standish and other of the men folks explored all up and down the cape—yes, sir! And it was while the 'Mayflower' was here that the Pilgrims discovered the corn over thar on what is now called Cornhill and they come mighty nigh staying here for good. Talk about the Pilgrims landing first at Plymouth! No sich thing! It was right here at Provincetown that they first landed, an' them Plymouthers know it mighty well! Wait till our Pilgrim Association sets up the monument we allow to set up over thar on High Pole Hill in a year or two. I reckon that monument will be a good deal of an eyesore to the Plymouthers, for we allow to make it so high that they can see it ev'ry clear day if they cast their eyes in this direction."

High Pole Hill is the only elevation of any considerable height in Provincetown, and it is on this hill that the Cape Cod people propose to erect a splendid monument commemorating the fact that it was here that the Pilgrims first landed on American soil. The monument is to cost at least fifty thousand dollars, and more than half of that sum has already been subscribed. Ships far out at sea will behold it, and the people of Provincetown will rejoice when it becomes a reality.

This first landing place of the Pilgrims is now the site of one of the quaintest old towns on the New England coast. The cape narrows so here that the town has but two long parallel streets known as Front Street and Back Street. These streets are narrow, crooked and sandy, for there is sand everywhere in Provincetown. Out beyond the town are great sand dunes and when the wind is high the air is filled with fine yellow sand. It fills your shoes when you walk afar and one may see in the dooryards of some of the summer cottages old fish nets spread to keep

the sand from blowing. It sifts in at every crack and crevice, and one may find far from the town deserted old houses with sand a foot deep on their floors. It is said that in bygone days there was a law making it obligatory on all landowners to sow every year a certain amount of the seed of a kind of grass that would take root and grow in the sand, thereby preventing it from blowing. The tops of some of the sand hills were inclosed to keep the sand from blowing "all over creation," and one had to get permission from the town authorities to cut any of the stunted growth of brush or small trees near the towns for bean poles or pea-brush, because, this growth served to keep down the sand.

Provincetown maintains to-day some of the customs of long years ago. It still has its town crier who goes up and down the narrow streets ringing his bell and crying out news of auctions and other events in the town. Many of the houses have a primitive look, and there are quaint old salts sitting in the sunshine on the sand. A long pier runs out to where the boat from Boston lands with its five or six hundred excursionists who can easily "do" the little town and get a fish dinner in the two hours they have at their disposal before the boat returns to Boston. The coming of the "Cape Cod" from Boston is the great event of the day in the summer months, and the Provincetown people are always sorry when the excursion season ends.

Cape Cod is a land of many intensely interesting historical associations, and the one fact that it was here that our Pilgrim fathers landed is enough to make old Provincetown the place of interest it is to the thousands of pilgrims who fare that way in the summer months, when earth and air and sky and sea are most alluring, and the land is as fair as it was dreary on that November day when the Pilgrims first sought the "wild New England shore" to find "freedom to worship God."

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A Sale of Thanksgiving Goodies

A week before Thanksgiving a number of church members were discussing various ways for increasing the church fund, when one woman suggested a sale



AN OLD FISHERMAN

of Thanksgiving good things. The idea was heartily approved and these energetic church workers got busy.

That night a notice in a local paper informed the public that there would be a sale of mince pies and plum puddings, cakes, candies, and jellies at the parish rooms of a certain church on the day before Thanksgiving, and that part of the proceeds would be used to supply a dinner for some of the needy poor of the city.

The affair was a success from the start. Many people who for various reasons

found it inconvenient to prepare for the Thanksgiving feast themselves purchased generously from the well-stocked tables.

As everything grows by suggestion, so what was originally intended to be a sale of pies and cakes only, by the wise suggestion of those interested became, in the end, a place where a whole Thanksgiving dinner could be purchased ready cooked.

The night before Thanksgiving this church vestry was a very busy place; sales being as brisk as at the market.

The proceeds were found to be sufficient to provide turkeys and other luxuries for a number of families that otherwise would have had very simple fare on that day.

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Desserts That Are Delicious

FROZEN CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Mix half a cupful of sugar with six ounces of grated chocolate. Pour over this one cupful of boiling water, and stir until thick and smooth, then let get cold. Stir into it three cupfuls of cream whipped to a dry stiff froth. Turn into a fancy mold, and pack in ice and salt for four hours. Serve with strawberry sauce.

ICED RICE PUDDING.—Cover half a cupful of rice with a quart of cold water. When the water begins to boil drain it off, and cover the rice with one quart of milk. Cook until the rice is tender, then remove from the fire, and press through a sieve. Add a pint of cream, two cupfuls of sugar, and the beaten yolks of six eggs. Return to the fire, and stir and cook for a few minutes until it begins to thicken. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and set aside to cool. When cold turn into a freezer, and freeze to a stiff mush. Then stir in one half cupful of blanched chopped almonds, and one cupful of rich preserved peaches which have been drained from the syrup and beaten to a pulp. Stir thoroughly, add a pint of whipped cream, cover and repack. Set aside for two hours or longer. Turn out and serve with a compote of peaches.

CHESTNUT CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Blanch one and one half cupfuls of large French chestnuts, and cook in milk until tender and almost dry. Mash and press through a sieve. To one cupful of the chestnut pulp add three fourths of a cupful of sugar, and stir over the fire in a small saucepan until the sugar is dissolved. Then stir into it two cupfuls of rich custard. Add also one ounce of gelatine which has been softened in half a cupful of cold water, a teaspoonful of vanilla, half a cupful of liquor from a bottle of maraschino cherries, and half a cupful of the cherries cut fine. Let the mixture cool, then set it in ice water. When it begins to thicken add the whip from three cupfuls of cream, drained and chilled. A little of the cream should be stirred in at first, and the rest cut and folded in lightly to insure a smooth velvety texture. Turn into a mold lined with paper, and meringues made in lady's-finger shape. Set on ice until time to serve. Decorate with maraschino cherries.

ICED CABINET PUDDING.—Wet a melon mold with cold water, sprinkle the bottom and sides thickly with currants, and then arrange lady's-fingers, coconut cakes, and macaroons over the inside of the mold. Sprinkle currants rather thickly over these. Continue in this way until one dozen macaroons, one and one half dozens of lady's-fingers, one dozen coconut cakes and a cupful of currants have been used. Beat four eggs until light with half a cupful of sugar. Scald three cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, and when it is steaming hot add one third of a box of gelatine which has been softened by soaking in one half of a cupful of cold water. Stir until dissolved, then pour it slowly over the eggs and sugar. Return to the double boiler, and cook and stir for five minutes. Remove from the fire, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of ratafia. Pour this custard, while hot, gradually over the cakes in the mold, allowing it to soak into the cakes well. Let it get perfectly cold. Cover the mold with a sheet of thick white paper, then put on the cover, and pack in ice and salt. Let stand six hours, renewing ice and salt if necessary. Serve with quince sauce.

Preparing the Turkey

The turkey is the national dish on this great feast day, and poor indeed is the household that does not on that day sit down before the succulent bird that has been well browned in the oven and flanked on all sides.

But there are turkeys and turkeys, and if you don't want a tough and stringy and muscular one there are two things to be learned—how to select the bird and then how to cook it.

A young turkey will have smooth black legs and a white skin. Having made sure your turkey is young next see that it is fat. A good way to pick out a young turkey is to examine the spurs, or rather the place where the spurs grow, for a year-old turkey has no spurs, but only a flat knob at that place. A turkey that has a spur between a quarter and half an inch long is a last year's turkey and one with a fully developed spur is over two years old.

To prepare the bird for cooking, draw it, reserving the liver, gizzard and heart to be chopped in the gravy. Then singe it thoroughly and pull out every single pin feather. Hold the turkey under a cold water faucet for a moment, and then wipe it thoroughly inside and out with a clean cloth. Cut off the top of the neck, leaving an extra three fourths of an inch at the top so that it can be tied securely over the end of the neck bone. Then stuff the turkey and sew it up with white cotton, and bend the wings by forcing each pinion toward the neck and under the back. To obtain a tender, juicy bird of good flavor the weight should be at least twelve pounds.

A very delicious dressing for the turkey can be made by taking one cupful of bread crumbs, and moistening this with a tablespoonful of melted butter and then seasoning the whole with thyme, chopped parsley and a little onion juice, of course, adding pepper and salt in the quantities required. Chopped celery also forms a very appetizing addition to this dressing.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

The Thanksgiving dinner has lost none of its prominence in the celebration of the day. Here are four suggested menus.

- Gumbo Soup
- Celery Pickled Sweet Peppers
- Beaten Biscuit
- Roast Pig Wild Plum Jelly
- Candied Yams Boiled White Onions
- Roast Turkey Sweet Potato Stuffing
- Cranberry Sauce
- Creamed Potatoes Southern Mashed
- Turnips Baked Cashaw
- Virginia Batter Bread
- Sweet Potato Pie Mince Pie
- Georgia Plum Pudding Hard Sauce
- Pecan Caramel Cake
- Fruit Nuts Raisins
- Coffee

- Clam Bouillon Graham Wafers Celery
- Colonial Raised Biscuit
- Rye and Indian Bread
- Dill Pickles Beet Salad
- Venison Pasty Apple and Pork Roast
- Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cabbage
- Baked Squash Mashed Turnips
- Roast Turkey Bread Dressing
- Cranberry Cups Browned Sweet Potatoes
- New England Plum Pudding Vanilla Sauce
- Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
- Strawberry Tart Cream Cheese
- Black Fruit Cake Cream Cake Doughnuts
- Junket
- Coffee Punch Lemonade
- Fruit and Nuts

- Oysters on the Half Shell
- Lemon Points Celery Gherkin Pickles
- Tomato Soup Toasted Cubes
- Bread Butter
- Roast Turkey Pecan Dressing Giblet Gravy
- Scuppernong Sauce
- Barbequed Pig Cabbage Slaw Apple Sauce
- Creamed Potatoes Baked Yams
- Cashaw Artichokes
- Partridge Pie Lettuce Salad
- Guava Jelly Crackers Cheese
- Plum Pudding with Clear Sauce
- Sweet Potato Pie Mince Pie
- Pound Cake
- Fruits Nuts Homemade Candy
- Coffee

- Chestnut Soup
- Roast Turkey Sweetbreads à la Dauphine
- Mashed Potatoes Boiled Onions
- Creamed Turnips
- Cranberries Pickled Peaches
- Oyster Rolls with Mushroom Sauce
- Celery
- Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream
- Mince Pie
- Boiled Suet Pudding with Orange Sauce
- Apples Nuts Raisins
- Sweet Cider Black Coffee

Pumpkin Ways

The pumpkin pie shares honors with the Thanksgiving turkey, therefore a few good and tried recipes may interest you.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Select a small, fine-

grained pumpkin. Steam or bake it until perfectly tender, then press through a colander. To a pint of the sifted pumpkin add one quart of rich milk, three well-beaten eggs, one small cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Line two deep pie tins with good pastry, pour in the pumpkin mixture, sift a little sugar and a dusting of nutmeg over the top, and bake until firm in the center and a golden brown.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS.—Select rather small oval pumpkins. Cut them in long, square

and one fourth of a pound of granulated sugar. Add a teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed together, half a grated nutmeg, and eight eggs beaten until very light. Beat the mixture thoroughly together, turn into a buttered pudding dish, and bake for forty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve cold.

PUMPKIN BUTTER.—Weigh the cooked pumpkin, allow the same weight in granulated sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of butter to two pounds of pumpkin. Add any spice preferred, and let simmer on

tablespoonful of ground ginger with one and one half pints of cooked and sifted pumpkin. Stir one pint of molasses into one quart of boiling milk. Add, stirring hard, the meal and pumpkin, with the grated rind of a lemon. Tie in a pudding bag, and cook in boiling water for four hours. The water must not be allowed to stop boiling for an instant, and, as it boils away, should be replenished from a kettle of boiling water. This pudding is excellent warmed over, should any be left.

Celebrating the Day

The celebration of Thanksgiving Day should not begin and end with the mid-day dinner.

Thanksgiving dinners are well enough, but the trouble is they play the leading part in the old-time festival; and following the old custom, they are given place at an hour when a dainty luncheon is all most people need, after having breakfasted late, in a hearty, holiday manner.

The good old fashion of churchgoing on Thanksgiving morning should be more heartily revived. The proper observance of the day is impossible without the devotional features enjoined upon the people by long custom and by the proclamations of president and governors each year.

In the afternoon, after an informal luncheon as cheery and tasteful and delicious as the hostess knows how to prepare, the assembled household and guests should "scatter."

The young people—and many of the oldsters—will make a "bee-line" for the football field, and for enthusiasts it is not too late for golf. For those who do not care for outdoor sports, a long, brisk walk in the crisp air of autumn will be a delight, be they in the city or country; or if there be snow enough on the ground, a jolly sleigh ride is the very thing for Thanksgiving afternoon.

For those who love to sit by the fire and talk of days gone by, for the quiet souls who delight in an armchair and a gossip with an old friend, the day will only be made more perfect when the noisy group of enthusiasts is away for a few hours; but sure to return bringing health and joyous spirits in with them, with the fresh air from outside.

And then is the time, the rosy-cheeked adventurers again under the roof, for dinner—a jolly, plentiful, hearty dinner. What songs should be sung, what stories told, what laughs ring out from healthful lungs over the coffee at such a dinner as this! And after the story telling and the laughing there is the evening for games, for dancing, for visiting, and the annual "round-up" of the family news.

There's some happiness, sense and religion in such a Thanksgiving, with everybody pleased, lively and happy, and the heavy, old midday dinner knocked clear out of its old-time place, where it clogged and spoiled the whole festival.

Dinner is above all things a social occasion. Without light, cheery, engaging talk the whole thing is a failure. A wise hostess, too, will discourage rhapsodies over her dishes, and try to get the conversation upon anything rather than the food which is set before her guests.

It should be remembered, too, that there are always people who are far from home, and that for them Thanksgiving Day is apt to have rather saddening associations. A young man away from his home, at work in a strange city or town, or a girl who has flown from the home roof in pursuit of education or occupation, is often a delighted and delightful guest on this day of feasting.

Then there is the aged minister and his wife, or the teacher, or the harried man of business, these having, perhaps, no home of their own in which to gather their friends. Such guests add a peculiar pleasure to any festival occasion.

Of all forms of amusement for the evening of Thanksgiving Day impromptu charades take the palm. In a company where each is well known to every other the disguises of costume and all the makeshift contrivances of the situation provoke endless laughter and comment. I know of no better way of ending a day of merry-making.

If there is some stately old lady or gentleman present who can lead the dance, "Money Musk" or the "Virginia Reel" will prove a jolly winding up to the evening's festivities. Any girl can throw out the merry old music for these dances from the piano, and the line of dancers can never be too long when these fascinating old contra dances are holding the floor.

Then for the quieter hours just after dinner, before the merrymaking begins, there are many games, such as "Yes and No," "What My Thought is Like," and all the race of wit-sharpening plays. To gather around the piano and sing old songs and new—this is certain to be a part of the evening's program. If you can coax grandfather or grandmother to sing you some old ballad or love song out of the past you will be fortunate.

Around and over all from morning until good-night is said should shine sincerity, good-will and good-nature.



PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY

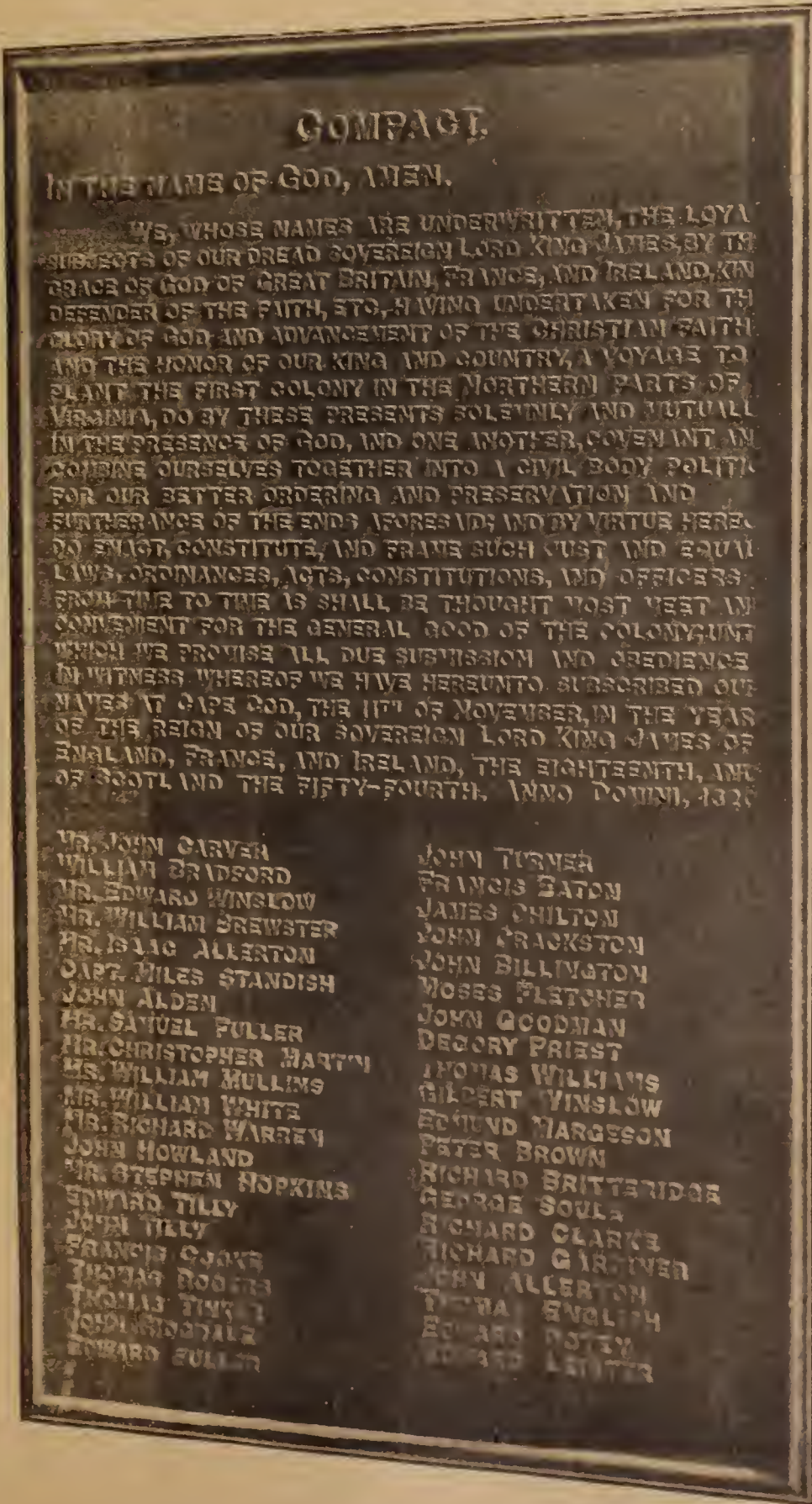
fingers, pare, and lay them in a dish. Sprinkle with salt, and let stand ten minutes, shaking the dish from time to time. Drain the pieces, wipe with a cloth, and rub them over with flour or very fine bread crumbs. Fry a few at a time in hot fat or cooking oil. When nicely browned dust them with a little salt, and serve on a heated dish.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take a pint of cooked pumpkin and add a pint of hot cream, one fourth of a pound of butter,

the back of the range until thick and rich.

PUMPKIN LOAF.—Mash fine a quart of stewed or baked pumpkin. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and baking soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, and three pints of white corn meal. Mix all together while hot, and steam four hours, or it may be baked the last hour if a crisper crust is preferred. Serve hot with sweetened cream.

PUMPKIN INDIAN PUDDING.—Mix one and one half pints of Indian meal and a



THE FAMOUS "COMPACT" AS SHOWN IN MONUMENT OF STONE

An Unlooked-For Thanksgiving

By Hilda Richmond

"ARE you sick, Cousin Sarah?" demanded Mrs. Stebbens, before taking off her bonnet. "You're looking rather peaked."

"I'm all right in my body, but we've just had a stunning blow, Mira," said Mrs. Peterson, dolefully. "Sit down and I'll tell you about it, though it almost breaks my heart."

"Land sakes!" cried Mrs. Stebbens, anxiously. "Don't keep a body in suspense. I suppose that red cow foundered herself on corn just as I predicted when—"

"Red cow!" said Mrs. Peterson, with contempt. "John's wrote home that he's engaged to a city girl."

"Well, what of that? Tell me the bad news and I can hear about the engagement afterwards. I've been expecting something of the sort this long time."

"Why, that's the bad news," said Cousin Sarah, impatiently. "We've worked and saved to send John through college, and then he goes against our express wishes by engaging himself to a girl we never can call daughter. Of course I know city girls are designing creatures, but I supposed John had common sense enough to keep his head from being turned. Pa is heart-broken over the idea that this old farm that's been in the family for years will be scattered to the four winds before we're cold in our graves. We're going to con-

that John sent you wouldn't talk like that," wailed Mrs. Peterson. "Giving a party to announce the engagement! In my day—"

But Mrs. Stebbens was already shaking the lines over the back of the family driving horse, and hurrying away to give her cousin a chance to see the error of her ways.

"You'd be surprised to see a sensible woman like Sarah take on so," she said, when telling her husband of the stir John's letter had caused. "Sarah Peterson needs a lesson, and I'm going to see that she gets it."

"How do you think of going about it, Mira?" asked Mr. Stebbens, who had great faith in his wife's ability. "Maybe they'll feel all right after the wedding is all over with."

"They're going to feel all right before if I know anything," said Mrs. Stebbens, positively. "I'm going to get that young woman down here somehow, and show Sarah where she's wrong. I know John Peterson well enough to be sure he's found a nice girl for his future wife, and I'm going to help them."

"Well, if you undertake, I guess you'll carry it through all right," remarked her husband, taking up the milk pail. "You're a master hand at having things your way."

A week later Mrs. Stebbens hurried into her cousin's kitchen and asked if she

eral attempts to include their grim hostess in the general talk about sewing. "I like to keep my hands busy with something useful," said Mrs. Peterson. "I've got three barrels of carpet rags in the attic this minute that I've done off and on during the last three years. I was going to make them up into carpets for my son, but he's going to marry a city girl, and they wouldn't be good enough for her kitchen."

"Did the girl say they would not be good enough for her kitchen?" asked one of the young women, in a perfectly respectful tone.

"No, I've never met her, and I never want to," said Mrs. Peterson. "All city girls are stuck up and proud, so I'm going to give my rags to old Mrs. Carter."

"I've lived in both city and country, and have good friends in both places," remarked the other girl. "I am sorry you have met only proud girls from the city, for there are plenty of the other kind there."

"I don't know any city girls," went on the hostess, "but I've always heard they look down on country people. There's one thing certain, the young woman that laid a trap for my John will never have a chance to look down on pa and me." She stabbed her needle into a calico cushion, and rose to get supper, thinking she had settled the question with those two city boarders.

luctantly confessed to her husband that maybe there were some sensible city girls after all. Of course, the boarders knew nothing of this, and one gloomy day as they packed their trunks to return to Mrs. Stebbens a discouraged girl laid her head in the lap of her cousin and owned herself defeated.

"I'm going right down and give that woman a piece of my mind," said the cousin, when John's promised wife had sobbed out her grief on the old lounge and was asleep. "I'm sure Bess has been a perfect angel, and I've done my best, but she won't soften. I wonder how such a nice man as John came to have a flinty-hearted mother like Mrs. Peterson." With this in mind she descended the old stairway cautiously, so as not to awaken the worn-out girl in the spare room.

"I—I don't feel very well," said Mrs. Peterson, fiercely mopping away her tears when the girl suddenly entered the sitting room. "It seems everything goes wrong lately. Just as I've learned to know you girls, and have good times with you, Mira has to come home and take you away from me. If only John had met you or your cousin before that Elizabeth Huntley took him in we—"

"Mrs. Peterson," said the astonished girl, "do you know that Elizabeth Huntley has just cried herself to sleep in your spare room because she thinks you can



"I did say we wouldn't have a Thanksgiving dinner this fall but I've changed my mind"

sult a lawyer and see if it can't be willed to some institution rather than see it spent for fine clothes."

"Sarah Peterson! I thought you had more sense," said Mrs. Stebbens, as soon as she could take part in the conversation. "What did you expect when you educated your only son and sent him to the city? How many city girls have you known in your time? Maybe the young woman is all right and you'll be tickled to death with her. You don't have to live with her, you know, and if John is pleased that settles it. My advice to you is to make a nice Thanksgiving dinner this fall and invite the girl and her folks out to see you. That—"

"There will be no Thanksgiving in this house this fall," said Mrs. Peterson, firmly. "I expected a little sympathy from my own blood relation, but it seems I'm mistaken. John can marry any one he pleases, but we've made him understand that he can never bring his wife here. I won't let her set foot in this house while I live, nor afterward, if I can help it."

"I'm going home till you come to your senses," said Mrs. Stebbens, rising with dignity. "You call yourself a Christian, and then act like a heathen about a girl you've never seen."

"If you'd see the accounts in the papers

would do a little favor for her. "Maud has sent for us to come," she explained in great haste, "and I can't leave my boarders alone in the house. You know I've got two girls there, and they couldn't stay alone very well. Jim Downs will tend to the cows and chickens, and I said to pa I most knew you'd take the girls till I come home. Maud hasn't been a bit well and I hate to refuse her. The boarders are not the least bit of bother, and you wouldn't have to take any more trouble than you do for yourselves."

"Why, yes, I guess we can take them," said Mrs. Peterson, forgetting her resentment in the instinct of hospitality. "How long will you folks be gone?"

"A week or two, I guess. I'm ever and ever so much obliged, and maybe I can do something for you some day. They'll be over right away, for we want to start right after dinner. Good-by," and Mrs. Peterson was left to wonder who the boarders were and why her cousin bothered with just two girls, and out of season at that.

The afternoon proved rainy, so Mrs. Peterson sat in the pleasant kitchen with a basket of carpet rags while the two girls busied themselves with dainty bits of needlework. Very little conversation was carried on, though the boarders made sev-

"I wouldn't try to do anything with such a stubborn, ignorant woman, Bess," said one of the boarders, with energy as they sat in the old-fashioned spare chamber, with the autumn wind and rain sighing and dripping outside. "It isn't worth wasting a whole month on her. You and John can be happy whether or not she ever receives you into her home as a daughter. Let's have a sudden message call us home in a day or two and own ourselves beaten."

"But we'll be happier if she feels all right," said the other girl, with a wistful look in her gray eyes. "I feel very sorry for her, and if she could only learn to like me a little bit she would be better off, for I don't want to rob her of her son. We'll stay a while and I'll do my best."

Mr. and Mrs. Stebbens prolonged their visit from day to day, but Mrs. Peterson assured them that the boarders were no trouble to her at all. The city girls helped with the housework, trimmed the old house with gay leaves and vines, admired the store of quilts and coverlets Mrs. Peterson proudly displayed one gloomy day, and then folded sadly away when she remembered that they would only be cast aside at her death. They sang, read, sewed and walked all through the golden or stormy days until their hostess re-

never care for her? My cousin's name is Elizabeth Ware Huntley and we have been working with all our might to convince you of your mistake. It has broken my heart to see you so cold toward Bess, for she is an affectionate little thing and has never known a mother's care. I came down with the express intention of giving you a lecture, but I will save my breath to explain things to Bess when she wakes up."

"Send a telegram for John," said Mrs. Peterson, excitedly. "I did say we wouldn't have a Thanksgiving dinner this fall, but I've changed my mind. We only have four days to get ready in, but I guess with some help we can manage."

It required breathless haste and skilful planning to prepare for the great feast and keep Bess in ignorance of what was transpiring. In the city the bewildered John laid down the pathetic little letter telling of the hopelessness of ever winning his mother's affection to take up an imperative telegram bidding him come without delay to the old home. His mind could not grasp the situation but he obeyed the summons.

"I guess you'll just have to go along," said Mrs. Stebbens, when Bess absolutely refused to go to the Peterson home for dinner on Thanksgiving. "Cousin Sarah

sent a special invitation for you and Nora, and you'll have to accept. If she ever should come to her senses, and it don't seem likely, she'd say you was too stuck up to come when she did ask you."

So a very shrinking girl entered the old sitting room her own hands had helped to make beautiful with the wealth of the forest and field. Nora was bubbling over with something, but she would not tell her secret, and the others were very solemn outwardly, if excited within.

"How do you do, Bessie?" said Mrs. Peterson, grasping the girl's cold hand. "I want you to meet my son John."

As with one impulse the guests melted away into the dining room and parlor, leaving John to put a manly arm about the trembling girl and proudly say, "Father and mother, this is my promised wife."

"Of course you people don't want anything so commonplace as dinner," said Nora, finally coming into the sitting room, "but we are all starved. I ventured to put on the gold band china and all the best dishes, Mrs. Peterson, for you said your son's wife would not care for them anyway. I'm glad you gave me that splendid woven counterpane before she had a chance to make an ironing blanket of it, and it might be well to see that your silver goes to the same appreciative person. The flighty Mrs. John will—"

"Don't you say a word against Mrs. John," said Mrs. Peterson, warmly. "Is it really dinner time? Yes, I'm glad you put on the best china, though I want to save it for my son's wife when I'm through with it."

In spite of the fact that there had been but four days to prepare food for the great occasion, the table lacked none of its accustomed delicacies. Perhaps the fruit cake was not as aged as should be, but no one spoke of the extreme youth of that article. No one ate a great deal, but it was a joyful occasion, and Mrs. Stebens took unto herself all the honor and glory of the feast.

"If it hadn't been for me," she proudly remarked, "James and Sarah would be sitting to-day in sackcloth and ashes. I said to Pa that Sarah needed a good lesson and she's had it. John, when you need a real shrewd head in your business don't forget your Cousin Mira."

"I won't," said John. "I rather thought Elizabeth had something to do with this Thanksgiving feast, but if you deserve all the credit we are willing to give it to you. For my part I am glad this dear old home is to keep on with an uninterrupted series of Thanksgiving days."

*

How Reuben Spent the Night of Thanksgiving

Reuben was a farm hand in New England, strong in body, but rather weak in the head. A terrible glutton, he never knew how to stop when he had once begun eating. Like wiser men Reuben fell in love, and, though he didn't lose his appetite, he lost much time in sighing and thinking about Jessie, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, whom he had seen at the church. After staring at Jessie for many Sundays without daring to speak to her, he finally asked Joel, a neighboring farm hand, who was courting Jessie's sister Jennie, to take him next time he went to see Jennie. Lillian O'Connell tells the story in the "National Magazine."

"Well, Rube," said Joel, "I'd be glad to take you with me, but you're such an awful eater; Jennie'd never speak to me again if she thought you were a friend of mine!"

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Reuben, slyly. "and it'll be all right if you'll just tread on my foot when you think I've eaten enough!"

"Well, tomorrow's Thanksgiving, and I'm going to have dinner with Jennie's people at six o'clock, for they've set up a new-fangled notion of having it then instead of in the middle of the day. Of course Jennie'll be there, too, and I'll take you with me, if you promise to stop eating when I touch your foot. It'll be a fine dinner, so be careful, and mind when they press you to take some more, as they will do from politeness, you say you've had a great superfluity, for that's the proper thing to say, and Jessie's great on politeness."

"I'll be as polite as they make 'em," said Reuben. "Superfluity! That's a fine word!"

"Superfluity!" corrected Joel.

"Well, I said 'superfluity.'"

The next night Joel and Reuben "fixed themselves up" and went to the girls' home. Joel was a favorite there, and Reuben was welcomed for his sake. Reuben was introduced to Jessie and fell more in love than ever. After plenty of talk and laughter and courting, Jennie and Jessie set dinner on a long table, and when their father had said grace they all set to work on the provisions.

A huge turkey, with cranberry sauce and all the many vegetables, corn, sweet potatoes, etc., that American soil and climate give to the table were piled together

in abundance upon that smoking board. After the meat came plum pudding, and after that an endless array of pies—pumpkin, huckleberry, apple, custard, mince—pies with top crusts and pies without, pies adorned with fanciful flutings and architectural strips laid across and around; and to wash down this feast were pitchers of iced water and jugs of cider.

Reuben was tremendously hungry, and his eyes sparkled at this banquet. But he had scarcely taken half a dozen mouthfuls when a big dog under the table pressed heavily on his foot. Thinking it was Joel pressing his foot as agreed, Reuben pushed away his plate with a sigh, and declared he could not eat any more. Joel was surprised, and told him to go on, and every one else urged him to eat. But Reuben was prepared for this politeness, and replied: "No, no, thanks. I've had great flipperty-flapperty," for he had forgotten the fine word.

They all laughed then, and Reuben laughed, too, although it was no laughing matter to see every one eating, and never a bite for him of all those good things! When the dinner things were being put away, Reuben watched where they were put, for as he and Joel were to sleep in the house that night, he resolved to make up for no dinner by getting supper when the folks went to bed. Then all drew 'round the fire and told stories, sang songs and guessed riddles till bedtime.

Reuben forgot his hunger while watching pretty Jessie, but when Joel and he got in their own room, his stomach reminded him of its awful emptiness.

"Joel," said he, "I'm going down to the pantry. I saw where they put the mince pie."

"Wait; it's too soon to go down yet. And anyway, I know the house better than you, so I'll go and bring you something."

Joel went softly down stairs to the kitchen but found no pie there. The only thing he could lay hands on was a big bowl of cold soup.

"This is better than nothing," said Joel, and crept carefully up the pitch-dark stairs with it. Entering a room on the landing, "Here, Rube," he whispered. "It's only cold soup, but that was all I could find."

No reply, but a loud snore. Angry to think Reuben was shamming sleep, he whispered hastily:

"Sit up this minute and take this! If you don't I'll pour it down your throat!"

Reuben ignored this threat, so Joel added, "I've warned you, and here goes. One! Two! Three!" and he emptied the bowl on the sleeper's face. Choking and spluttering, Jessie's father (for it was he) waked, sat up in bed and coughed and swore till he woke his wife, whereon they quarreled till morning.

Joel, finding his mistake, tried another door, and there found Reuben hungrily asking what he'd brought. Joel told him his mishap, and how he couldn't find the pie.

"You went to the kitchen," said Reuben. "The pie wasn't put there, but in the pantry outside. Now I'll go!" and he found his way speedily to the pantry. He thought he'd just take a mouthful or two, but every bite seemed to make him hungrier. When he finished the pie, he laid hold of a turkey bone, and tore away at it with his teeth.

By that time the house dog came to the pantry door. "Poor Rover, poor old fellow," said Reuben between his turkey bites. But when Rover heard the strange voice, he set up a loud, vicious bark.

"Goodness, I mustn't be caught here!" said Reuben. "Poor Rover, poor old man!" and he opened the door slightly. But Rover rushed furiously at his legs, and he shut the door hastily. Rover, now completely roused, seemed determined to rouse the house, for he barked with all his might. Reuben heard his host's voice answering the cries of all the household.

"I can't face them," said Reuben, "I must try to get out of this window, though it's small." Getting on a tall stool, he pushed half his body through the narrow window. Then he gave a mighty push at the stool to send his body through, but the stool slid from his feet, so that, having nothing to push against and nothing to catch with his hands, he stuck fast.

When the man of the house, a candle in one hand, a poker in the other, opened the pantry door, he and his people saw only a pair of legs kicking wildly in the air, then, in an awesomely mysterious way, going clear through the window and disappearing in the air above.

"Great Scott!" cried the old man, "What does that mean? Tim and Jake come out with me, and see if we can't catch the thief." They rushed out, but could see nothing. There wasn't even a footprint on the soft soil beneath the window.

"Extraordinary!" cried the old man, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and catching his breath with excitement. "This has been an awful night. First, I'm waked with a bowl of cold soup in my face, and then comes something, neither beast nor man, stealing food from my pantry!"

When they went back to the house, Joel

and Reuben were coming down stairs, as if just awakened, though some of the girls looked suspicious. The pair were told the doings of the mysterious visitor, and Joel suggested it must have been some hungry, drunken tramp. Every one was glad to find nothing but food from the pantry had been stolen, and all went back to bed.

When Reuben was sticking fast in the window, Joel, whose window was just over that one in the pantry, guessing what had happened to Reuben, let down a sheet, and whispered to him to catch hold. Reuben eagerly seized it with his hands and teeth, dragged himself out of the pantry window, and scrambled in at the window of the loft.

Joel and Reuben never said a word on the subject, though often, during their respective courtships, the story of that dreadful night was told at the girls' house, becoming more mysterious with each repetition.

But when Jennie had become Mrs. Joel White, and Jessie was Mrs. Reuben Lee, Reuben told his wife how he spent that Thanksgiving night. Jessie told him, laughing, that henceforth wherever he went he must openly eat enough to satisfy him; and that now she'd feed him so well at home that he would never again want to eat too much when he went out!

*

Why Woman Does not Propose

Discussing the subject in the "National Daily Review," Lora C. Little says: There is a reason deep in the natures of man and woman why man and not woman should make the proposal of marriage and the more open advances in love. That reason is that woman is affection; that, as between the two, love originates with woman, and man responds to it.

Individually, then, he must be left free to respond or not to the love of an individual woman. His response is his proposal.

This is why when a woman makes the advances she repels the man she loves. She is not only loving, but pressing her love on man. There must be response, mutual give and take in love; and when woman not only gives, but gives without being invited she cheapens her gift so that it is despised.

It is a curious defect in reasoning frequently turning up in this discussion that assumes that when woman is granted the right by social custom (and exercises it) of making proposals she will marry the man of her choice. If this were true it would be the clearest proof of the error of the method, for it would indicate that woman's open expression of affection, while it inwardly repelled, and thus destroyed the possibility of mutual love, yet outwardly constrained its object. Providing man is as free as woman to reject proposals, the extension of this "privilege" to woman would have no other results than we now see. Woman now chooses her husband just as much as man chooses his wife. More; she loves, and he but responds. Never yet was there woman who could not make it clear to a man that she loved him without the chance of placing him in the painful position of having to rebuff her. It is even doubtful whether a woman should purposely exhibit her love even in the most delicate manner until she is assured of its return. If she loves, and loves deeply and truly, it will have its response, unless the desired lover is unfitted for a mate for the particular woman.

The question resolves itself to this: Is the love of a woman more attractive to a man when it is openly displayed, and even boldly proffered, than when it is at least partially concealed? They who know human nature will make but one answer.

*

How a Hunter Was Saved from Lioness by Tiny Dog

The story of how a tiny terrier saved the life of a native of South Africa is told by Martin Drew in a letter to a friend:

"I must tell you about a lion adventure that occurred just below here yesterday morning. A chap named De Beer, of Shiloh, was walking down from the Bubi river. He slept just this side of the Zambezi. Shortly after sunrise he started to walk on, leaving his boy to pack up and follow. He hadn't gone half a mile when he heard a lion grunt behind him. Turning, there was a lioness about fifty yards away, and she came on to within about twenty paces. Then he let her have it, breaking her lower jaw. She charged and the next shot broke one front leg. The third, at close quarters, missed her altogether.

"The lioness got De Beer down, and his left hand and arm, with which he was trying to guard his face, were badly bitten. She got hold of his hand with her back teeth and chewed it badly, but, her jaw and front leg being broken, she could not finish him off. He had a little terrier

dog with him, and the dog, about this time, fastened into the lioness' ear and hung on.

"This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to get hold of his rifle with his right hand. He shot her through the chest, and she died on top of him, with his left hand still in her mouth.

*

Caught Wolf with His Hands

President Roosevelt tells in "Scribner's Magazine" how a hunter accomplished the feat.

In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one grayhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with the aid of his perfectly trained horse, was helping the grayhound catch it.

Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small unwooded creek by the time I was within fifty yards; the little wolf tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it and rode almost over it; and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled and came toward it; again it galloped back, and just as it crossed the creek the grayhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg and threw it.

There was a scuffle, then a yell from the grayhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust the other with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him.

He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did, that is behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break the hold until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it, and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the grayhound standing beside him and his horse standing by as placid as he was.

*

The Thanksgiving Return of the Show Girl

Twilight. A long avenue of trees. Smoke from a cottage chimney making a white pathway in the sky. A woman is approaching the big gate at the entrance to the avenue. She walks with exquisite grace, but hysterically. Her mind orders her back, her heart urges her forward. She slides the wooden bolt that fastens the gate; it swings back. She falters. The old wound is bleeding. In memory she hears her father say: "Mary, you are a disgrace to the Hillers. I'd rather see you dead than a play-actor." The evening breeze brings the scent of the orange orchard and waves the branches of the eucalyptus trees that loom eerily against the crimson and gold of the California autumnal sky. They beckon her on. The voice in the pines nearer the house calls to her. A light twinkles in the window. She goes in and closes the gate. Half way up the farm sentinel sees her and comes forward to challenge her right of way.

"Laddie!"

The old dog is running to meet her. "Oh, how glad I am, how glad I am!" The girl's arms are around the shaggy head. Tears are falling into the collie's happy face. Cry on, Mary. You couldn't help it. Your tragedy had to be. Life in the country with homely clothes and rustic ways is not for you. The great suffocating world of cities needs the joy you can give. God! how you make them feel! There, Laddie welcomes you!

She is hurrying on now, Laddie by her side, looking up, happy and proud. Old memories stir. The pain and bitterness of parental disfavor vanish. She feels the love of home again, and realizes that this is her first Thanksgiving.

Old Dolly is putting her nose over the corral fence. She knows Marv, too, and is whinnying. The barn door opens. An old man comes out with a pail of milk.

"Mary!"

An old woman is calling from the kitchen door, "Father, supper's ready." She sees the old man in blue overalls walking toward the house, his arm around Tro-man's leading lady.

"Mother, Mary's come home!"—From the "Sunset Magazine."

The Young People



The Puritan Boys

THE life of the Puritan boy was widely and wonderfully different from that of the "Young America" of to-day, and some of us "grown-ups" sometimes fall to wondering how the boys and girls of the twentieth century would feel if they had to submit to the things to which the boys of more than two centuries ago submitted. No child of those days was ever able to tell just how it felt to be carried to church and baptized on the first Sunday after its birth, no matter how many degrees below zero the weather might be. The churches of those days were unheated, and they were often far distant from the homes of new-born babies, but the custom of the times made it imperative that the child be taken to church the Sunday following its birth, even though it were born on Saturday. That any of the babies survived this ordeal is proof of the fact that they were of sturdy stock, and that they had great powers of endurance.

Additional proof of their powers of endurance is given in the fact that they survived the medical treatment they received when they were ill. Homeopathy was unknown in those days, and all medicine was of the strongest and bitterest kind. Often it was of home manufacture, and among its ingredients were all kinds of bitter herbs, snails, angle-worms, dog's hair burned to a powder, rum, eggs, toads and other things mixed and boiled and strained into a dreadful liquid. Children were bled and blistered until their sufferings must have been great.

As for churchgoing it was not a matter of choice with the Puritan boy. He went whether he would or no, and it is on record that some of the preachers preached three full hours in the icy cold churches of that day. And if the boys showed any sign of dropping off to sleep, or if they were guilty of inattention there was the tithing man to come around and prod them up with his rod. This rod often had the tail of a fox fastened to it, and the tail was dangled in the faces of would-be sleepers, and it was not unusual for a rod to be brought sharply around the shoulders of boys whose eyes roved about the church or who showed other signs of being inattentive to the sermon.

The tithing man of those days must surely have been one of the most unpopular of individuals among the boys, for his disagreeable duties often included spying watchfulness over the boys during the week, and he sometimes seemed to take keen delight in putting a stop to their dearest pleasures. One of his duties was to be on the alert and keep the boys from going in swimming. Think of that! Each tithing man had ten or a dozen families under his care, and as there were sometimes a dozen and even fifteen boys in the families of those days the hated tithing man must have been a very ubiquitous individual if he kept all of them out of the water.

If any of you think that football is a modern game you are greatly mistaken, for there is proof that this hustling game obtained in Boston as long ago as the year 1657, and that its dangers were appreciated even then is evidenced by the following law passed in Boston: "Forasmuch as sundry complaints are made that several persons have received hurts by boys and young men playing at football in the streets, these therefore are to



Photos by Mrs. W. M. Gatch, Springfield, O.

enjoin that none be found at that game in any of the streets, lanes or inclosures of this town under penalty of twenty shillings for every such offence."

There are some of us who are old foggy enough to rather wish that such a law might be enacted at the present time, for the football of our day is undoubtedly even more dangerous than it was in those days.

We also have proof of the fact that the "April fool" customs of our day were not unknown to the Puritan boys, and that these customs were among the things the tithing man probably had to stop if he could.

One may be sure that the Puritan schoolboy had to "toe the mark" when he went to school, and teachers and parents of those days had great faith in the merits of the rod when used for the purpose of "lamming and whipping." There would be fierce and really justifiable rebellion on the part of both pupils and parents if the rod were used in our day as it was used then, although there are those who think that we have unwisely gone to the other extreme, and that the boys of to-day do not get "birching" enough at school. Instances are on record of boys being whipped to their permanent injury for trifling offences. One early Boston teacher had strange ideas regarding pleasure for boys, for he had a large garden adjoining the schoolhouse, and one of his "rewards of merit" was to allow the good boys the delightful privilege of going out and pulling weeds in his garden, while others were given the pleasurable task of chopping his stove wood, for his house was very near the schoolhouse. Some Puritan boys knew what it was to be whipped on the soles of their bare feet, and it is known that one early Boston teacher compelled the boy who was to be punished to sit astride the back of some other boy while the "lamming" was inflicted.

The Puritan boys had few toys, and all idleness was regarded with disfavor. There were long and tiresome catechisms to be learned, and in some towns the tithing man or the selectmen of the town had to go to the homes to hear the children recite the catechisms. And yet, hard as the customs governing children were, no one can doubt that the fathers and mothers of those days loved their children dearly, and that they were governed by a stern sense of what they sincerely felt to be their duty in their ways of rearing their families. They were genuinely anxious that their children should be good men and women, and we have abundant proof of the fact that many of those Puritan boys grew into a splendid, useful and honorable manhood.—J. L. H.

The Letters of Two Boys

The letter following, from the "Franklin Academy Mirror," is the second of a series of four. As explained in the previous issue, one of the boys is away at school, but longs to be home, while the other boy is without school opportunities and is ambitious for an education.

LETTER NUMBER TWO

DEC. 16, 1896.

DEAR IKE,—Yure letter cam to han in deu sezon. I was glad to here your gittin on so well. It's ben quite a spell sence I rote befor an Ive lerned a feu things. Oh yes—fore I fergit it, I mispeled a word in my last letter. It was cause of a misunderstandin I had. Foot bawl is foot ball instid of foot bawl. Football sezon's over now (it only comes in speshal times called sezons.) and I've found out sumthin moren I knew. The thing they put on their nozes is called noze gard, and the shingle they stick on their legs, is called chin gard (I'm goin to git me one to wear nights. My room mate kicks awful—he's got my chins mighty nigh blue. I don't say nothin but bat him one when he gets hylarus.) Thers two strapin big fellers they call right gard and left gard. When they go to play one teme spreads out on the end of the end of the gridliron (I don't know why it's called that nless its some fellers git smashed flat's a pankake). The other teme line up in the senter where the ball's put. When they both git redy, the Empire blows a whisel and the teme in the senter runs like whiz and the uthern givs the ball a punk (that's the wurd fer kik) & it goes gallavantin off to the side where the uthur teme's watin. Sum feller allers saks it in an he goes back to the way it kame like a skeered rabbit. Bout the time he thinks hes goin sum, nother feller grabs him an they hit the ground like they ment to go clere thru. Then they all git along opozite nd hav the ball between em, but one feller has it on the side that cawt it pervidin they hang onto it. You mind them two banter roosters we had onct & kept fitin evry chanct thed git? Well fix up 22 in yer mind, 11 to each side an yuve got a purty fare idee bout foot ball. The boys get down a litle ways off of each other, nd hav there heds down to the ground jist like them banter, and there sweters (them's blankit lookin things they ware) rufuled up round there necks jist like them banter did there fethers. After a while they all make a dive aftur the ball and one feller runs till somebody grabs him. If he kin run speedier than the rest, he stiks the ball over the end of the gridliron, but if sumbody nabs him, they haft to repete. Sumtimes they git mad



and scrap bout it. Then the Refuree says, says he "Don't chew the rag, er you'll git lint on yer lungs." So then they quit. Well if they git it over that end of the gridliron, a feller takes it and lays down n holds it out fer nother feller to punk, nd send it over a bord that's a laying sulantindicular top of two more thats purpunscrupular—(I dunno if them's speled rite—I cudn't find em in the dikshunery. Ive herd em in jometry—that's where they study picters of marbuls and blocks. One on em means strate out an the uthur strate up nd down.) If the ball goes over it counts six—I dunno six what. That's all I think of bout foot ball just now. Thers lots of things goin on here. Cant tell you haff Its so diffrunt to what it is up hum where you never git to see nobody They all dress swell and look nice. It jist seems like the air here makes a feller want to git up nd be somebody. I'll bet I'll be rich some day then you'll wish you'd come too.

Every onct a week we have a night called a free night when you don't haft to study nd can go ridin er walkin, er to some doins that sartin to be. I don't go much. They don't pay much notis to me cause I'm so green I guess, and wear boots. That's all right—meby I'll git there some day.

Ther night some folks was out bummin when it want no free night nd somebody saw em and told. Sence then some boys git together and I herd 'em talkin bout Prins green carpet, and the facility and somebody else—I dont know just who. I was to Prins onct and he didnt have no green carpet. Praps he keeps one fer them that bums to walk on meby he thinks its sutable. I spose it is.

Well good buy Ike. Don't know when I'll git to rite agin—Im so buzy. But you rite and tell me all about things. Sometimes I feel bad kindy, inside, when I git to thinkin about home—meby Ill come on a visit sometime.

Your old chum,

JAKE.

P. S. I jist got a letter from home sayin I cudn't have no more mony. They want me to come back cause they think this here's fulishness. But I desided I aint goin to quit. I'll work my way if it takes allers, like G. Washington sed. I'm goin to school.

How to Make a Trap for Rabbits, Rats and Mice

From an old six-inch pine fence board cut off four pieces two and one half feet long, and one six inches square for the end of the trap, and another four inches by eight inches for the door. Use old boards, as new boards scare rabbits.

It should be four inches wide and six inches high on the inside. The top and bottom boards project one inch beyond side boards at the back, and the end board is set in. The top board should be two inches shorter than the sides at the front. Nail a strip on the top board back of the door and one on the bottom board so the game cannot get out.

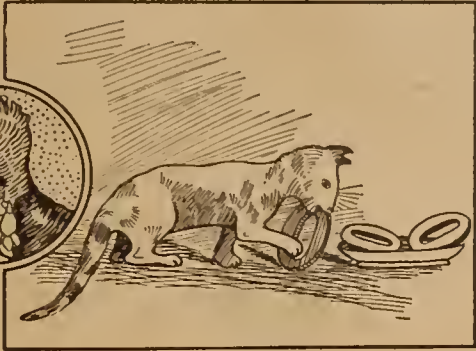
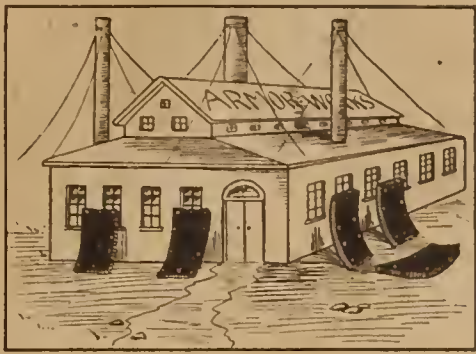
In the middle of the top board bore a hole, and put a crotched stick in for the lever to rest on. Bore a hole in the door for the lever to pass through. Two inches from the back of the box bore a hole for the trigger, which should be made of heavy wire. The door of the trap must work easily and loosely.—Popular Mechanics.



Thanksgiving Puzzle



The Dinner Table on this National Feast Day will be found to hold the six different things veiled in the drawings below



ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 1st
One Cent, Mouth, Temple, Hair, Cheek, Two Lips.

George Washington's Proclamation

The first Thanksgiving Day proclamation ever issued by a President was signed by George Washington, in 1789. The original is said to be in possession of Rev. J. W. Wellman, who inherited it from his grandfather, William Ripley, of Cornish, New Hampshire. This proclamation was issued by request of both houses of Congress through their joint committee. The text of the proclamation, following the preamble, is:

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and, in general, for all the great favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

"And also that we may then unite in most humble offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our national government a blessing to the people by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The Thanksgiving proclamations issued since the time of George Washington have usually been less elaborate, but the ceremony of preparing, sealing, copying and sending out the proclamations continues the same from year to year, and only those who have had opportunity to study the subject realize what a complicated process is carried out before the various governors of the different states and territories can proclaim to the people a fact that has already been taken for granted, because of its yearly repetition.

Geography as it is Taught

Little Rob was the prize geographer of his class; that is, he could locate cities and bound countries with great glibness. He could draw the most realistic maps, printing in the rivers, mountain ranges and cities from memory. Rob considered geography purely in the light of a game in which he always beat, but he never associated it with the great world about him. Rivers, to him, were no more than black, wiggly lines; cities were dots, and states were blots. New York was green, Pennsylvania was red, and California was yellow. Of course Rob had never traveled. He was born in a canyon near the country school he attended. One day the teacher made the discovery of Rob's idea of geography through the following incident. After vainly inquiring of several of the children where British Columbia is located, she called on Rob, who, as usual, was waving his hand excitedly, wild with the enthusiasm of pent-up knowledge. "It is on page sixty-eight," he declared.

After the roar had subsided, the teacher explained that that was only a picture of British Columbia. Then she asked Rob to bound British Columbia.

"Can't, teacher; it is all over the page." —Success.

Look out for the big special Christmas number. It will be the very best we can make it. Keep your subscription paid up, and you will not miss it, otherwise you may not receive it.

Now, thousands have secured their neighbor's subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE and sent it in to get the million. Why don't you do the same? Is it not a very small and easy thing for you to do—just a little favor?

Are you going to help FARM AND FIRESIDE get that million subscribers by sending in your neighbor's subscription at twenty-five cents?



The Fuel That Goes Up the Flue

Fully fifty per cent. of the fuel consumed by the average stove is absolutely wasted because of imperfect combustion that permits unburned gas to escape into the chimney.

This source of continual and expensive fuel extravagance is entirely prevented by the Wilson Hot Blast Heater. Its scientific construction enables the Wilson to convert every particle of the fuel into heat. *There is no waste.* The

WILSON Hot Blast HEATER

alone possesses the wonderful patent Hot Blast Down Draft. This down draft becomes heated to such an extent that it turns into heat all the gases generated in the combustion of the fuel.

In this lies the secret of the great economy of the Wilson—the secret of the maximum of heat at the minimum of fuel consumption, and that's why everybody who uses a stove should have the Wilson Heater. Made in different styles for soft coal and also for wood. The picture shows the soft coal heater.

If your dealer does not sell Wilson Hot Blast Heaters, write us. We will tell you where to get them and send you a book on house heating free.

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Wilson Ranges bake quickly and give satisfaction to every cook.

FORTUNES in FRUIT GROWING



The Land of the Big Red Apple

The Ozark region in Southern Missouri and Northwestern Arkansas is famous for the big red apples raised there. It is equally famous for the profits all kinds of fruit yield the owners of orchards in that beautiful region. Fortunes are being made every year in that ideal country, which combines the three things not often found together—a beautiful country, a delightful climate and a soil that will grow magnificent fruit in abundance.

If you are interested in fruit raising, or would be interested if you knew more about the big profits realized in that region, send for a free copy of a most beautiful book on fruit growing, illustrated in natural colors.



A trip to the Southwest is not expensive, and would prove profitable to you. Round trip tickets will be sold via the Frisco System the first and third Tuesdays of October, November and December at less than one-way rate.

ALEXANDER HILTON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Frisco System
901 Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.



Simpson-Eddystone Black & Whites

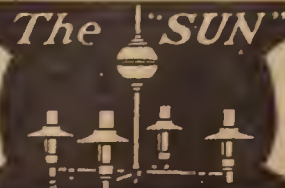
Many beautiful, quiet patterns, appropriate for mourning dresses, as well as elaborate and attractive designs for every taste. Color absolutely will not fade.

Ask your dealer for Simpson-Eddystone Black & Whites. Three generations of Simpsons have made Simpson Prints.

The Eddystone Mfg Co (Sole Makers) Philadelphia



SUN Incandescent Gasolene LAMP
Soft, brilliant light of 100 candle power. Safe and absolutely satisfactory—no odor, dirt, grease.
Makes its own gas
Made in one, two, three and four burner styles.



7TH YEAR OF SUCCESS
The "Sun" Outshines them All Better than electricity, gas, kerosene. Conforms to Insurance underwriters' rules. Agents Wanted. Get Catalog. Branch supply depots in all larger cities.
SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.
Box 912, Canton, Ohio.
Licensee of the Campbell patent

HOW Mrs. Keith Made Christmas Money

MRS. GEORGE KEITH, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, writes:

"For three years I have paid for my own clothes, bought Christmas presents for the children and earned my own spending money by representing THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST among my friends and neighbors. The prize money received each spring has been added to the fund which we are saving to buy our own home. Any mother will appreciate how much satisfaction this has given me."

IN ADDITION to paying liberally for every subscription secured this winter, we shall give

\$42,000 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES

Each month not less than \$5000 will be given to 325 persons who do the best work during that month. Everything necessary will be sent on request.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
E 95 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Reasons Why

WHITE BRONZE MEMORIALS are so popular are:
1. DURABILITY
2. ARTISTIC BEAUTY
3. CHEAPNESS

Whether this claim is well founded, judge for yourself after considering the evidence. This we will gladly send on application.

Give approximate sum you can spend and we will also send a variety of

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS with bottom prices. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Write now: no obligation to buy. White bronze won both the

GOLD and SILVER MEDALS

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We bought the entire \$50,000,000 ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, and offer you all the furniture therefrom. It is mostly new, representing exhibitors' samples, furnishings of offices, barracks, hotels, foreign and state buildings, etc. Extraordinary bargain bed, exactly like illustration, heavy posts, handsome scroll work filling. Five colors, Black, White, Blue, Green or Red. Two sizes, full and three-quarter; complete with well braced spring \$5.95

and splendid cotton top mattress—all for... Send for our 500-Page FREE Illustrated Catalog No. F. A. 34 on material from World's Fair, also Lumber, Plumbing Material, Heating Apparatus, Roofing, Wire, Hardware, Clothing, Furniture, Shoes, etc. Address Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

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Toy Electric Railways, \$3 to	\$60.00
Passenger and Freight Trains, \$5 to	50.00
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Dynamos and Motors, \$1 to	1000.00
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We undersell all. Cat. Free. Want Agents.
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NEW PROTECTOR REVOLVER
Compact - durable - effective
The Protector Revolver is absolutely safe. It is impossible to accidentally discharge it. .32 calibre Ex. Short Rim Fire 7 shot. Can be carried in the hand without attracting attention. Indispensable to merchants, express and bank messengers, and police officers.
Price: Rubber Sides \$2.00 Pearl Sides \$3.50
Send three cents for 48-page illustrated catalog 6, and bargain list of Sporting Goods.
CHARLES J. GODFREY CO., No. 4 Warren St., New York, N.Y.

Work at Home

Weaving Rugs and Carpet
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
\$4 a Day Easily Made
We start men and women in a profitable business on a small investment. Write quick for prices and Loom Book.
REED MFG. CO.
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BEST PAY
To agents, either sex. Work easy and extra profitable. Send for terms and Free Outfit.
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Frocks For Children

By Grace Margaret Gould



HERE is a page of pretty frocks for little folks which ought to solve many a problem for the busy mother. Each little frock is the very latest design, and has been selected with the idea that simplicity is a necessary feature, even for children's dress-up clothes.

The Russian suits have just enough new touches to make them appeal to the mother who has been dressing her small boy in these suits for some time. The smart suit shown in illustration No. 649 has a decided style of its own. It is made with an invisible side-closing under a stitched band. The material may be of white corduroy or white serge of the best and finest quality.



No. 647—Russian Suit with Yoke
Pattern Cut for 2, 4 and 6 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, four years, four yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two and one half yards of forty-four-inch material



No. 649—Russian Suit with Side Closing
Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or six years, two and one half yards of thirty-six inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material



No. 648—Dress with Tab Yoke
Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or ten years, six yards of twenty-two-inch material, or four yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 650—One-Piece Plaited Dress
Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or six years, four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch-material, with three-eighths of a yard of tucking for shield

tiest in nainsook, or the finest of handkerchief linen. Either cashmere, albatross or wash taffeta silk may be used for the one-piece plaited dress shown in illustration No. 650.



No. 651—Tucked French Dress
Pattern cut for 2, 4 and 6 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or four years, four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of thirty-inch-material, with one half yard of all-over lace for collar and cuffs

The other little Russian suit, No. 647, is made with a round yoke back and front, the yoke in front extending to the hem of the coat in two box plaits. Pearl buttons trim this suit, and there are a number of attractive materials in which it may be satisfactorily developed, such as cream white bengaline, Bedford cord, silk finished poplin, or Faille silk.

The frock shown in illustration No. 648, would make up very charmingly in Henrietta cloth or cashmere, with a fancy yoke of the same material in a contrasting color, or made of all-over embroidery or silk. The skirt, with its hem and overlapping tuck, is gathered at the top and attached to the waist.

The tucked French dress shown in illustration No. 651 would look its pret-



Feather Novelties

THE fur stole has a decided rival this year. It is the neck piece of marabout. The feather boa and muff is among the most favored of the fashionable girl's accessories. Clipped marabout is being used extensively, and it is not half as perishable as one would think. A boa in shaded gray feathers with a big soft flat muff to match it gives a very smart finishing touch to a gray costume.

A very new shape for these feather neck pieces is a deep shawl collar with stole ends.

For evening wear the fluffy, downy marabout, frequently combined with flecks of curly ostrich, is a boa of fashion. They are charming to throw over the shoulders when the evening gown is worn.

New Trimmings

THE shimmer of gold is the most effective note in the new trimmings. Gold tissue is used exquisitely embroidered in silk threads. The new braids show a bright thread of gold running through them, and many of the lovely trimmings for afternoon frocks display chiffon flowers mounted on a foundation of net, which is here and there darned in gold threads in curious designs.

Ribbon trimmings are much liked. Ribbons with fancy edges are used, and scattered over the ribbon are embroidered flower designs. These ribbon bands are very effective used as insets for skirts arranged on the skirt in bayadere style.

The braid beltings are among the very useful novelties of the moment. Those in plaid are especially effective.

Waist Accessories

THERE are all sorts of the most fascinating little things in dress this autumn which cannot fail to be helpful to women with small incomes.

The shops are showing many novelties in fancy yokes which give an entirely new effect to a plain waist. One yoke in particular, which is worth copying, has the upper portion of white eyelet embroidered silk, made with pointed epaulets of the silk to fall over the shoulders. Below the silk yoke and the epaulets are six fluffy, narrow little frills of fine white lace. This lace and silk yoke will really form the entire upper part of a waist.

The bolero of gold tissue embroidered in violets with silk threads is another charming little dress accessory.

Autobiographies of Common Things---Corn

BY GEORGE F. BURBA.



WHEN the white people came to this country years and years ago they found me growing in little patches where my friends the Indians had planted me. Those white people called me Maize, after they heard the Indians call me that, but finally I was called Corn, and that is the name I generally answer to at this time, although across the waters they still refer to me as maize.

"Corn" is a very old word, and really I ought to have nothing to do with it. In the Bible it speaks of "corn" in a good many different places, but it does not mean such as I am. Any kind of grain, in those days, was referred to as corn, but it is not believed by learned people that I was known in the East until after I was taken there by the early explorers of this country.

I am a grass, and nothing else, and I belong to the tribe called in Latin "phalarideæ," a rather hard name you will admit, and my size is largely affected by cultivation and the climate. I have relatives living in South America that do not grow taller than three feet, and whose ears are not larger than your little finger, with grains, or kernels, about the size of mustard seed.

If you will pull up a stalk of ordinary grass you will find that its stem is hollow. Mine is solid, or at least filled with a spongy substance. In that only do I differ from other grasses, so far as my stalk is concerned. When I grow thick upon the ground like other grasses I do not stand up and send my tassels toward the sky so proudly as when I am planted as you see me in the fields. It was by taking the stronger members of my family and planting them alone and cultivating them that caused me to develop into a great stalwart thing and to send forth one or two ears with many grains upon them. The Indians did that for me in the beginning, but the white man has helped me along wonderfully by selecting only the more perfect grains and by giving me an abundance of rich soil in which to grow.

It is generally believed that in the beginning each of my grains possessed a little overcoat, like a grain of oats, but so crowded upon the cob did they become that I found such a covering wholly unnecessary and gradually gave it up. Wedged in as my grains are, and covered with a stout husk or shuck I get along nicely without the overcoat, and feel that going without it has helped to make me more useful, as it was in the way.

Have you ever noticed that the rows of grains which grow upon my cob are always an even number? That is, you will find that there are either say twelve, or fourteen, or twenty-four rows of grains—never eleven, or thirteen or twenty-three, and so on. The rows vary greatly in number, but I have nothing to do with odd things, putting out always an even number so that there will be just so many pairs.

In this country where so much Corn is raised people do not pay attention to my beauty, but I am really one of the most glorious of plants. In some countries I am used as an ornament and grown in pots like other fine flowers. That is the penalty one pays by being common in this country, to be passed by unnoticed.

Tall and graceful and well proportioned, I am altogether lovely. My great, broad leaves, pointed as finely as a sword, stiffened just right with a heavy rib running the entire length, rising toward the sky and then drooping like a rainbow of hope; my tasseled top, with little ornaments balanced upon them; the flowing silks that wave as a great man's beard—all of those things help to make me beautiful, but it is a beauty I fear you do not stop long enough to admire. The rich green which is sent coursing through my veins and deposited in my skin, as it were; the rustle that comes over the fields where I grow; the waving of the stalks—are not such things to be considered when people talk of beauty?

But beauty is not my greatest virtue.

I am rich in those things that go to build flesh. Fatty oils and starch and sugar are drawn up by my stalk and deposited in the grains in pleasing proportions, and when consumed the kernels lend buoyancy to the spirits of man or beast. I can sustain life without another morsel of food. Men have existed upon me for years without so much as tasting other substances. Famines disappear at my approach. The markets for all flesh products are regulated by me, and when the drouths burn and stunt me over any considerable portion of the country I am talked about in the banks and counting houses, and my loss has to be reckoned with. In the milk sold in the cities, in the eggs and the butter and the cheese, in the beef and pork and mutton, in the poultry and the fowls, in the wines and liquors even, in almost all things my being is now considered.

Great industries have been built up about my home. Paper is made of my husks, battleships call upon me for material to prevent them from sinking in case of accidents. My starch and sugar are converted into whisky which sends men's souls to perdition, but it is not my fault. I gave them not the secret of the mixture. My stalks are ground to pieces for the juices of my joints and the marrow of my bones, and the shredded husks make beds for men. I am the greatest industry in this country, and there are none who can compare in value with me. Some call me King, but I do not like the name, for I am more than any king; I am a grander part of this nation than any king can be of any land. I am the friend of rich and poor, the playmate of the other things that grow, but I stand aloof when men tell in dollars and cents the value of their crops. I am the beginning of all prosperity, and my failure the beginning of all adversity in this broad land. Some day I may have a monument erected in my honor.

*

Three Beautiful Pictures in This Number

We venture the assertion that this issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE is the most beautiful, most interesting and largest illustrated farm and family journal in America.

It is the intention that FARM AND FIRESIDE shall excel all other similar journals, not only in the number of subscribers, but in art, illustration and valuable reading matter.

Nothing but columns of cold reading matter make a paper as dead as a door-nail, and as dismal as the snow-bound mountains of Alaska. The beautiful illustrations in FARM AND FIRESIDE delight and please all and make the pages shine like the fertile sun-kissed valleys when the flowers are in bloom and the fields are aglow with the golden splendor of the ripening harvest. FARM AND FIRESIDE cultivates life and cheerfulness in the home, and is the best farm and family journal.

*

A Song

BY ETHEL CLIFFORD

The wheel turns and the water falls.
Shall we not linger here and rest?
The sun grown weary of the day
Has lit his camp fires in the west,
And far away
A late bird calls.

The wheel turns and the slow hours fall
From off Time's spindle. You and I,
Shall we have woven a cloth of gold,
To make Love brave in, ere we die
Or grow too old
To hear him call?

The wheel turns and the water falls.
The singing stream that knew the hill
Leaps to the wheel, and, broken there,
Goes coursing onwards, singing still,
And hasting where
The deep sea calls.

The wheel stops. See, the shadows fall.
The sleeping sun no beacon shows.
Below'd, we too, even as the stream,
Have known the breaking wheel it knows;
But hold our dream
Till Death shall call.

—The London Athenæum.



A WATCH FREE

A CHAIN FREE

BOYS

HERE'S A CHANCE—SNAP IT UP

Movement Regular sixteen size, and only three eighths of an inch in thickness. Lantern pinions (smallest ever made). American lever escapement, polished spring. Weight, complete with case, only three ounces. Quick train—two hundred and forty beats a minute. Short wind; runs thirty to thirty-six hours with one winding. Tested, timed and regulated. This watch is guaranteed by the maker for a period of one year.

The Guarantee In every watch will be found a printed guarantee, by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse the watch fails to keep good time within one year they will repair it free of charge, and return it.

DESCRIPTION—Plain center band, elegant nickel case, snap back, Roman dial, stem wind, stem set, medium size, oxidized movement plate, open face. Engraved front and back.

How to Get the Watch

Send us your name and address on a postal card to-day, and ask for a book of eight coupons, and say you want the watch.

We will send by return mail a book containing eight coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$2.00 to us, and we will send you the watch.

It is easy to sell the coupons. Thousands have earned watches by our plan, and you can do it in one day's time. Write to-day. Be sure to ask for a book of eight coupons.

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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

OLD HOMESTEAD

GRAND PRIZE
ST. LOUIS FAIR

A shoe for the farmer that wears like iron. Has solid double soles and strong pilable Kangaroo Kaf uppers. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of \$2.50 and 25c. to pay delivery charges.

But first **ASK YOUR DEALER** We have seven factories and make all kinds of shoes for men, women, and children, and for all purposes.

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2 Gallons Paint FREE

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We will explain to you fully why we, as manufacturers, can furnish you a much higher grade of ready mixed house and barn paint than you can buy elsewhere, and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish you a much higher grade of ready mixed house and barn paint than you can buy elsewhere, and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish you a much higher grade of ready mixed house and barn paint than you can buy elsewhere, and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; we will tell you why we can furnish you a much higher grade of ready mixed house and barn paint than you can buy elsewhere, and why we can sell it at about one-half the lowest price you can buy elsewhere; 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The Hermit of Indian Lake

EVERY mountain resort or wooded watering place seems to have a hermit or some similar individual who goes by that name, and who is locally famous.

The Lewistown Reservoir in Logan County, Ohio, has an especially interesting character of that kind in the person of George W. Katzel, who is now in his sixty-seventh year.

For the past thirteen years Mr. Katzel has led the life of a hermit, and the little

One Hundred and Eighth Ohio Infantry.

Katzel was attracted to the place thirteen years ago, and after a visit, becoming fascinated with the country, decided to stay. Fishing is of course his principal occupation and means of living. He knows where the big fish are and how to catch them, and he ships many turtles to Ohio markets. He has fifty stands of bees, and profitably sells honey and wax. In the berry season he sells to near-by hotels.

During the early winter and spring when the ice is not strong enough to bear his weight, he becomes a hermit in real truth, being ice-bound upon his little island and never sees a human face for months. Anticipating this state, he has on hand a sufficient supply of food stuffs.

His cottage is a story and a half affair, and everything in and about the place is always in good order and clean. High water sometimes causes trouble for him, and several times he has been obliged to place his bee stands on poles. One time during high water two rabbits that were drowned out found shelter in one of his boats. He discovered them when he sat down to row across the lake. The rabbits showed little fright and when the boat reached the opposite and higher island the bunnies hopped out and began life anew on another and strange land.

During the summer months Katzel keeps

Some of the tales the old hermit tells of experiences had during the long, dreary winters have interested and entertained many a fisherman and visitor to his home. He has a wonderful fund of game and fish information that fairly bubbles out of him when once he has been induced to talk. The first impression of Katzel is that he would be anything but companionable; this soon wears off as a person converses with him, and a fishing trip with the old fisherman has made glad many an angler's heart, and we might incidentally remark, filled many fish baskets.

Some of the storms that sweep over this lake section are terrific, and beat the waters of the lake into waves high and dangerous. The worst of these storms Katzel has either braved or been caught out in, and his accounts of his daring boatmanship, wrecks and thrilling escapes from a watery grave would make an Atlantic tar of sixty voyages green with envy. The lakes that encompass Katzel's best fishing grounds are thickly studded with stumps of trees which are a great menace to safe navigation. Many a time has the old fisherman had cause to "cuss" the stumps as his boat was dashed by wind and wave on these submerged obstructions, and himself given a dip in the lake.

Katzel's long experience with the



Photo by F. L. Walker

HERMIT KATZEL

island which contains his solitary abode is pointed out by the native guides as "Hermit Island" to frequenters of the popular summer resort, and of course it immediately becomes a place of much interest.

The small island on which is built his humble cottage and home is between what is locally known as Black Lake and Sheep's-pen Lake. "Hermit Island" is only one of many islands that stud the thousands and thousands of acres of fresh water springs that form Otter, Bear, Black, Long, Sheep's-pen, Indian and other lakes, locally named. The history of the whole, in short, is, that long ago the government discovered the section to be so high above the sea level that water would flow from it either north to the great Lake Erie or south to the Ohio River. Representing, originally, the head waters of the Miami River, the building of a bulkhead enabled the use of the waters for canal purposes. The institution of the bulkhead threw the waters back across the valley and through the forests, and the wooded islands are what were once the higher places in the forests.

"Hermit Island" has little of life upon it, except Hermit Katzel and whatever animal pets or birds he chooses to raise. Katzel is a widower, his wife having died twenty-three years ago. He formerly lived at Marion, Ohio, and during the civil war served with distinction as a member of the



Photo by F. L. Walker

THE HERMITAGE—MUCH FREQUENTED BY TOURISTS

his lawn cut by the aid of an up-to-date mower, and for the winter months he stocks his shelves with books and magazines.

Alongside the cottage is a pool about ten by eighteen feet, and in this during the early fall he stocks fish for his personal use in winter.

The hermit has a mixed gray beard that reaches to his waist. The length of his beard is seldom seen by people who visit Hermit Island, as he tucks the whiskers inside his shirt front, his appearance indicating only a short cropped beard.

weather peculiarities of the section enables him to possess almost positive information as to whether the big fish will bite, what bait they will bite at, and where they can be found. It is this that makes him valuable to newcomers to the resort, and the fellow who is wise will do well to immediately get in touch with the old hermit.

For many years the reservoir fishing waters have been popular with fisherman within a radius of several hundred miles, but the past several seasons visitors from many other states have "found it out," and after a sojourn at the resort, have returned to their city homes with marvelous stories of great catches of rock bass, ring perch, pike, blue sun and several kinds of catfish, and captures of immense turtles. The hunter will find plenty to do in shooting the ducks and wild geese that are to be found in the smaller lakes, while quail, plover, rail, woodcock and snipe fill many a game bag. The hunting season opens March 1st, and the fishing season April 1st.


One of the most delightful islands in the group is what is known as Lake Ridge. It comprises a hundred acres and stands from ten to twelve feet out of the water, forming the eastern border of Indian Lake proper. The island was the rendezvous of the ancients, and the highest point north the ancients, or Mound builders ever reached. Remnants of ancient mounds still appear on its surface, and arrow heads and Indian relics have been picked up by the gallons at low water.

Katzel has a sister in Columbus, a daughter in Dayton, and several sons who periodically visit him, and would be glad to have him make his home with them, but he prefers his solitary lot and sticks to the hermitage. His health has been failing the past several years, and fears are entertained that the old fellow may grow worse and become helpless during the rigors of winter, and the closing chapter of his life be written when the native guides break through the ice-bound lake in the early spring.



Photo by F. L. Walker

INDIAN LAKE—WHERE THE BASS LEAP



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Sunday Reading

*"A toast to Thanksgiving,
A Paean of Praise,
A health to our forefathers brave;
May we honor the deeds
They have done in the past,
Hold sacred all that they gave."*

The Church of Roger Williams

THE meeting-house was sure to be the first public building the Pilgrims built in the towns they founded. Sometimes they made it so strong that it served as a fort when the settlers were attacked by the Indians. It always stood for that for which the Pilgrims left their native land and came to the "wild New England shore." Church going was not a matter of mere inclination to them. It was a duty, and if they erred in being too extreme, too rigid in their religious views and practices, they did so with a clear conscience, and many of their descendants are inclined to err in being too indifferent to the spiritual things of life.

Visitors to the interesting old town of Salem, in Massachusetts, will find on the corner of Essex and Washington Streets a church on which is a tablet bearing this inscription:

Here stood from 1634 until 1673
THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE
erected in Salem.

No structure was built earlier for congregational worship by a church formed in America.

It was occupied for secular as well as religious uses.

In it preached in succession

- I. Roger Williams,
- II. Hugh Peters,
- III. Edward Norris,
- IV. John Higginson,

It was enlarged in 1639,

and was last used for worship in 1670.

The First Church in Salem, gathered in July and August, 1629, has had no place of worship but this spot.

No where else in our country will one find a church worshipping for two hundred and seventy-one years on the same spot. But the most interesting

nothing at all in the building but two or three pieces of furniture of ancient origin, but not so old as the church. One of these is the rude old desk used by Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1846, when he was surveyor of customs in Salem. On the lid of the desk is Hawthorne's autograph scratched by him with his thumb nail. Another of the old desks was once the property of Nathaniel Bowditch, born in Salem in the year 1773, and who became the greatest mathematician of his day, although he never attended a college or university. So great was his skill that, without being a college graduate, he was called to the chair of mathematics and astronomy of Harvard University. The third desk belonged to William Gray, who rose from a position of poverty to that of the richest man in Massachusetts, and lieutenant-governor of the state. He was born in Salem, and he died there nearly one hundred years ago. Salem was in those days far more of a seaport than it is at the present time, and "Billy" Gray, as he was called, was owner of no less than sixty vessels. One will find in the Salem of to-day ancient seamen who speak regretfully of the "good old days" when Salem harbor was full of vessels, and its fishing and shipping industry was greater than that of any other New England seaport. It is not so now. The fishing industry has declined at all New England seaports, and the manufacturing or some other mechanical industry has taken its place. The chief charm of Salem is found in the things that tell of the days when this old town was new.

*"For all thy bounteous blessings, Lord,
Give us a thankful heart."*

The Wise Mother

The great aim of a wise mother should be character building after the pattern of Jesus, because that alone endures. Natural affection, reinforced by religion, should be brought to bear in accomplishing this result. The mother should not be satisfied with selfishly drawing the child's love to herself, but she should carry her teachings up higher, and let the child know



THE CHURCH OF ROGER WILLIAMS—A FAMOUS OLD PILGRIM MEETING HOUSE

thing in connection with the history of this church society formed so long ago is the fact that the frame of the original church built in the year 1634 is still standing, and is one of the most highly valued treasures of the Essex Institute, in Salem. This institute has a large building filled with interesting relics of bygone years, and back of this building stands the small building shown in our illustration. In this building is the frame of the old Roger Williams church, built in 1634. Small as the church was it had a little gallery in which perhaps twenty-five persons could have been seated. The servants of the people were wont to sit in this gallery, it not being deemed proper that they should sit with their masters. Of course, all of the timbers are hand hewn, and the framework is joined together with wooden pins. There is

that her love is not the love of a she-bear for her cubs, but it is the faint reflection of the love of a heavenly Father, whose very name is love, and from whom all pure love proceeds, as a stream from its fountain. A child so taught will not love its mother less, but more, for it will associate the love of mother with the love of God, which is the noblest instinct of which man is capable.—The Churchman.

"Thank God, no paradise stands barred to entry."

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WORDS OF PRAISE WELL MERITED

BY A WELL KNOWN ARTICLE.

So much has been written by the standard medical authorities, of all the several schools of practice, in praise of the native, or American, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that in attempting to quote from the various works on *Materia Medica* one hardly knows where to commence, since they are so voluminous that only the briefest and most imperfect reference can be presented in a short article like this.

Briefly then let us say that the "Golden Medical Discovery" was named from the sturdy little plant Golden Seal, the root of which enters largely into its composition. Besides this most valuable ingredient, it contains glyceric extracts of Stone root, Queen's root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot and Mandrake root.

Finley Ellingwood, M. D., an eminent practitioner of Chicago and Professor of *Materia Medica* in the Bennett Medical College of that city, in his recently published work on Therapeutics, says of Golden Seal root: "It is the most natural of stimulants to the normal functions of digestion. Its influence upon the mucous surfaces renders it most important in catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of stomach) and gastric (stomach) ulceration."

Many other authorities as well as Dr. Ellingwood extol the Hydrastis (Golden Seal), as a remedy for catarrhal diseases of the nasal passages, stomach, bronchia, gall ducts, kidneys, intestines and bladder. Among these we may mention Prof. John King, M. D., author of the American Dispensatory; Prof. J. M. Scudder, M. D., in his "Specific Medication"; Dr. Hale of the Hahnemann Med. College of Chicago; Grover Coe, M. D., of New York, in his "Organic Medicines," Dr. Bartholow of Jefferson Med. College and scores of other leading medical writers and teachers.

All the foregoing eminent authorities extol the curative virtues of Golden Seal in cases of stomach, liver and intestinal weakness, torpor and ulceration of bowels. Dr. Ellingwood recommends it most highly, "In those cases of atonic dyspepsia when the entire apparatus, including the liver, is stagnant and inoperative." He also extols it most highly in the many weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women and says, "It is a most important remedy in many disorders of the womb." Golden Seal root (Hydrastis), is an important ingredient of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, "rundown" women.

But to return to the "Golden Medical Discovery" it may be said that its curative properties are not wholly dependent upon Golden Seal, valuable as it is, as other equally potent ingredients add greatly to its value and in fact are not less important than the Hydrastis, or Golden Seal.

In all bronchial, throat, lung and kindred ailments, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root and Bloodroot, each plays an important part in effecting the phenomenal cures of "Golden Medical Discovery" as does Golden Seal. All these ingredients have the endorsement of prominent practitioners of all schools of medicine for the cure of diseases of the bronchia, throat and lungs.

Of Queen's root, Prof. King says: "An alterative (blood purifier) unsurpassed by few if any other of the known alteratives. Most successful in skin and scrofulous affections; beneficial in bronchial affections; permanently cures bronchitis; relieves irritations; an important cough remedy; coughs of years' standing being cured; aids in blood-making and nutrition and may be taken with out harru for long periods."

Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark and Bloodroot, all articles extolled by leading practitioners of all the schools, as the very best of cough medicines, are made especially valuable when combined with chemically pure glycerine which greatly enhances the curative action of all these ingredients in all bronchial, throat and lung affections, severe coughs and kindred ailments.

Who can doubt the efficacy of such a compound, when scientifically made up, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery? Who can doubt that it is a most effective remedy for the several diseases for which its ingredients are so highly recommended by the foremost writers on *Materia Medica*?

It is in the cure of the more chronic or lingering, persistent, and obstinate cases of bronchial, laryngeal and lung affections, attended by hoarseness and severe cough, which if neglected or badly treated would generally have run into consumption, that "Golden Medical Discovery" has won the highest praise from all who have observed its marvelous control over these and kindred affections. It is no cheap compound made-up of trashy ingredients for free distribution, that curious people may experiment upon themselves as with the many fake nostrums so commonly sent out as "trial bottles." It has a forty year record, embracing many thousands of cures behind it, is sold at a reasonable price and may be found in all drug and medicine stores in this and many foreign countries.

It will be seen from the above brief extracts how well "Golden Medical Discovery" is adapted for the cure of all blood diseases, as, scrofulous and skin affections, eruptions, blotches, pimples and kindred ailments; also that it is equally good in all Catarrhal affections no matter where seated, and for all cases of indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and as a tonic and invigorator in all manner of weaknesses, and in nervous debility and prostration the above extracts amply show.

Much further information as to the properties and uses of "Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women, will be found in a little booklet of extracts from standard medical books which will be mailed free to any address on request, by letter or postal card, sent to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

All the several ingredients of Dr. Pierce's medicines will be found, from the reading of this little booklet, to have the strongest possible professional endorsements and recommendations for the cure of all the diseases for which these medicines are recommended. No other medicines for like purposes have any such endorsement. They are non-alcoholic, non-secret, safe and reliable.

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Consumers Clothing Company

Queer Collection of Glass

ALL of the objects shown in this queer yard are formed of broken glass. The pieces were not picked up in one place, town or county, or even in one state. They were gathered from the four quarters of the whole country by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pride, of Princeton, Illinois.

For many years it has been the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Pride to start out on a long, wandering carriage ride. Sometimes they are gone all summer and stay away until late in the fall. On such trips they have formed a queer fancy of picking up bits of broken glass of all grades, sizes and colors. Invariably they bring them back, and they have been piled up in the yard of their house in Princeton. There are many antiquated things found in the mounds or hung up on posts and trees.

If one has a mind to spend an hour or so there, either Mr. or Mrs. Pride will unerringly tell you where each piece came from, and now and then relate an interesting story that the piece brings to mind. Hundreds of people call to see these queer mounds and exhibits every year.

The Smallest Man

Smaun Sing Hpo, now on exhibition in New York City, is said to be the smallest man in the world. He is a Burmese. He can hardly be called a dwarf as there is little in his appearance of the drawn or pinched look common to pygmies. There are stories of pygmies in the African jungle shorter than Smaun, but none of them have been brought to the view of civilized nations. Smaun is perfectly formed and, as his measurements show, is very strong in comparison to his size. His weight is twenty pounds, his height thirty-four inches, and his age twenty-three years. He was insured for \$20,000, exactly \$1,000 a pound, before he left England.

Smaun's given measurements are: Height, thirty-four inches; weight, twenty pounds; neck, eight inches; chest, twenty-two and one half inches; waist, twelve inches; biceps, seven inches; fore arm, five inches; calf, six inches; length of hand, three and one half inches; length of foot, four and three quarter inches; length of little finger, three quarters of an inch; hat, five and a quarter size; length of arm, fourteen inches; length of leg, fifteen inches.

Laughs for Living

In Dover, England, there is a curious character known locally as "Comrade," who laughs for a living. Armed with a cigar box for contributions, "Comrade" parades the principal streets and gives exhibitions of laughing.

Cow Visits in His Parlor

George Stowers, of Montgomery, Ala., had a very unusual visitor to his parlor one evening during the past month. He was sitting in his home when he heard a noise in the hall. Later he heard what he took to be some one walking. He took a small lamp and went to search further, light in one hand and pistol in the other. As he came near the parlor door he heard the disturbance again, as of some one moving around the room.

He raised the light and looked in, and beheld there a young cow which had calmly walked into the house by way of the back door, and was browsing around.

He was afraid to try to run the brute out for fear she would tear up the furniture and break mirrors. He made a grab at her, and while he held on to her horns called for help. There was a desperate struggle, which resulted in knocking down a lot of furniture.

Lay Eggs for Church Missions

Word comes from Harrodsburg, Ky., that the women of the Bethel Presbytery in that county have decided to give to the cause of missions hereafter all the eggs laid by their hens on Sunday. The question came up at a meeting of their missionary society. The presiding officer read her report, showing that in the year just ended the society had given \$23,000 for home and foreign missions.

The announcement set the meeting aflame, and one of the most active members arose with the suggestion that they strive to still higher things. Ways and means were called for, and the egg proposition was laid before the meeting.

At first it was unanimously popular, but after the first flush of the fever had passed several of the members who have dozens of sacrilegious hens objected. They thought this would be a discrimination. They argued long and loud, but the original motion prevailed, and the Sunday eggs will hereafter be turned over to the mission fund.

Biggest Hog in the World

At the Ottawa carnival, near Sioux City, a Woodbury county farmer, by the name of G. W. Coones, exhibited a hog



The Strange and Unusual

that is said to be the largest in the world. It weighs thirteen hundred and eight pounds and measures nine feet five inches in length. It was found it could not lie down in a hog wagon because of its huge bulk, and could only lie in a stock car by turning lengthwise.

Costly Tower and Well

This is the picture of probably the costliest well sunk to obtain drinking water that is to be found in this country. Certainly no other was drilled under like circumstances.

The well and tower is owned by A. Montgomery Ward, who has a costly country seat at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.



WATER TOWER AND WELL; COST \$40,000

Mr. Ward wanted an artesian well, but he was told that his land was too high to secure a flow. Nevertheless he determined to try for it anyway. He engaged a drilling concern to undertake the job, paying therefor the sum of \$35 a day. The drillers worked nearly three years at the job. For twenty-two days they worked night and day. For six months they fished for a drill that had been stuck in the hole. Finally the drill struck Montello granite, the hardest substance in Wisconsin. It required a week to drill a single foot, and it was practically impossible to keep the tools sharp. Finally after sinking the hole to the depth of 1600 feet the object of getting an artesian flow was abandoned.



YARD DECORATED WITH QUEER COLLECTION OF GLASS

However, a fine quality of water was found and is now being used.

To appease his disappointment in not finding an artesian well, Mr. Ward determined to build a magnificent water tower, and just a little higher than any other tower in Waukesha county. The whole cost over \$40,000, but that is a small matter to a man as wealthy as this Chicago merchant.

Shaved Bull Every Day

The Munich correspondent of the New York "World" writes that because he gave a daily shave to a sacred bull, Herr Mal-

fertheiner, who intended to exhibit the bull in that city, was arrested for cruelty to animals, and his show was not allowed to exhibit there.

The bull is beautifully tattooed, and in order to keep the designs visible the bull's skin must be closely shaved. As soon as the police found this out they forbade Malfertheiner to exhibit his animal, and because he objected they arrested him.

He has engaged a lawyer and says he can prove the sacred origin of the bull, and that a daily shave does not hurt it any more than it does a man's face in a decent barber's chair.

Fugitive Escapes in Airship

At Los Angeles, Cal., recently, Harry Burke, who was pursued by a policeman, leaped into an airship, soared away over the tops of the tall buildings of the city and escaped arrest.

Burke had been distributing hand bills on the street and the officer tried to arrest him. The fugitive ran into a department store, jumped into an elevator and was taken to the roof, where Alva Reynolds was preparing to sail his airship. Burke jumped into the small craft with the aeronaut, and the airship cleared the roof of the building just as the policeman was climbing through a skylight.

Preacher Wins Prizes at Horse Show

At the horse show held at Paducah, Ky., last month the best of the prizes awarded were won by the horses of Rev. W. W. Armstrong, one of the most popular preachers in Paducah. He won prizes for the best combination horse, mare or gelding, and also for the best five-gaited horse ridden by its owner. Mr. Armstrong is an ardent lover of the horse.

Stockings Made of Human Hair

In northern China every family is said to have a few pairs of stockings made from human hair. They are too prickly to be worn next to the skin, but are used over cotton stockings. When a child's hair is shaved in northern China the hair is preserved in a special hair box of lacquer. As soon as the box is full enough the hair is taken from it and a pair of stockings is woven. Such stockings have a sentimental, almost a religious value, and are rarely parted with.

Elephant Arrested as Thief

A dispatch from Poplar Bluff, Mo., tells of the arrest of a manager of a circus and

Cotton Stalk With 178 Bolls

The Edgefield "Advertiser" tells of a curiosity in the way of prolific cotton that has been displayed at the store of the Edgefield Mercantile Company. It was a stalk that grew on the Wise place, in the Horn's Creek section, and contained 178 bolls, every one of which was fully opened. Some practical farmers have estimated that an acre of such cotton would yield three bales.

The Oldest Known Newsboy

Joliet, Ill., lays claim to the oldest known newsboy in the world, in the person of Orsamus Page, who was born in 1809. Although approaching his ninety-seventh year, he is never missing from his post, and is always ready to supply the public with his stock of newspapers.

He rises at four o'clock every morning in order to meet the early trains. He is also engaged until late in the evening. He has been handicapped by the loss of a leg, losing the member at the knee in a mine accident at Braidwood twenty years ago. His family was noted for longevity, his father dying at eighty-nine, his mother at ninety-eight, while his grandfather lived to be one hundred and two and his grandmother to one hundred and five.

Orsamus commenced life as a farmer, in Iowa, moving there with his parents from New York State. He then engaged in railroad contracting and had charge of some of the grading for the Chicago and Alton near this city in 1857.

Mr. Page has a wife who is eighty-six years of age. His papers are the sole support of the couple, but owing to his age and crippled condition he is given the preference among the newsboys that besiege the trains, and he manages to earn several dollars a day.

German Emperor Carries Revolver

It is said that the only European monarch to carry a revolver is Emperor William of Germany. Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the bullet of an anarchist—this fate having been prophesied to him long ago—he is determined to fight for his life if necessary, and, accordingly, is never without his revolver. He is extremely skillful in the use of the weapon, and his body servant, who accompanies him everywhere, inspects it every morning to make sure that it is in perfect working order.

Wasps Capture Church

A wasp's nest having been discovered in the roof of the parish church at Honington, South Lincolnshire, England, attempts were made to destroy it. But a process of fumigation only tended to drive the insects further into the building, and it was necessary for the safety of the congregation to hold the Sunday services in the schoolroom.

Unique Wedding Custom

A custom practised at Roumanian marriages is that following the banquet, when the bridegroom receives his bride over a bridge of silver. A bag of silver coins fresh from the mint is produced, and the contents placed in two rows across the table. This done, the father of the bridegroom makes a speech, in the course of which the latter is enjoined to provide always a silver pathway for his spouse through life. The young man makes a more or less suitable reply, and then the bride is lifted on to the table and steps very daintily across on the coins, being very careful not to displace any of them, for that would mean the worst of bad luck. Arrived at the other side of the table, she leaps lightly into her husband's arms.

Cupid versus Pedagogues

To keep its schools supplied with woman teachers is giving the Jersey City Board of Education no end of trouble. Cupid is said to have captured seventeen recently and taken fifteen of the forty graduated from the training school last spring. The need of teachers is also greater because of the opening of new schools. The rule against the employment of married women teachers has had to be broken, and many are being employed.

Need Not Return Engagement Ring

W. C. Smock, an Indianapolis justice, delivered an opinion recently that a girl who has broken her engagement to marry need not return the engagement ring, unless there was a specific contract that she should give it up on failure to marry.

The decision was in the romantic case of Michael Welsh, who, divorced from his wife, wooed her anew and gave a new diamond engagement ring. She refused to remarry and he sued for the ring. She said she was not reengaged.

Justice Smock said it didn't make any difference whether she was or not, as the ring was hers if there was no prior agreement to return it.

THE BEST BUFFALO ROBE MADE
 Why buy an unknown make, when by paying no more you can have the genuine original

Wallace
Montana Robe

which is so often imitated, and never equaled. Not even the real robe off the buffalo's back can beat it for warmth, appearance or service.

Ask your dealer for it, and insist on seeing this trade-mark on the robe you buy. Don't be deceived by imitations.

Pioneer Burying Places

As we look at the places our forefathers chose to bury their dead it sometimes seems to us that they conducted the funerals in those days with a view to having them over with as soon as possible and in the most forlorn sites imaginable. All over our country there are graves of hardy pioneers by the roadside, in little corners of orchards, in gravel pits and by streams where we would shudder now to lay our dead on account of the lack of drainage. In those times when Indians, disease and starvation kept the men and women ever on the alert there was little time to plant flowers on graves, and the only decorations that ever hid the clay were the autumn leaves and the soft snow of winter.

Many of these graves have been forgotten and every year corn and wheat grow over the remains of the men and women who helped make the wilderness blossom as the rose; but there are some old tombstones still standing to mark the last resting places of the pioneers. Some family cemeteries are kept in order to this day by friends of the deceased, but in a majority of cases the farms passed into other hands and strangers cannot be expected to care for the graves of those they never knew. In some places the authorities require all bodies to be removed to regular burying places, but in some cases it would be impossible to do this owing to the decay of the coffins.

as they grazed under the big trees. Truly we are far in advance of such ideas. So, gradually the lonely graves gave place to the beautiful cemeteries of to-day. No doubt the sturdy pioneer sleeps peacefully in his forgotten grave as the occupant of the enduring granite vault. It somehow seems to take away the bitter sting of death to think of the bodies of our loved ones resting under flowers in the beautiful burying places where nature and art combine to make all things fair and attractive, but the pioneers, whether or not they have monuments of marble and stone, will always be cherished in the memory of thoughtful men and women. Over all blows the sweet breeze of summer and over all the kindly sunshine falls in mellow gleam. Over their graves—the graves of the unknown men and women who helped to make this land fair and good to live in—let us place this inscription:

They lived and were useful, that we know and naught beside;
 No record of their names is left to show how soon they died;
 They did their work and then they passed away—an unknown band.
 They took their places with the greater throng in the higher land.

HILDA RICHMOND.

Acquiring a College Education

THE BOY who determines to have a college education in spite of adverse circumstances is in evidence in California, as elsewhere. The conditions that surround him being so entirely different to that of the eastern boy, we have to look for him to wage his war against the "evils that be" in the lumber regions of the extreme north or the fruit sections of the state, for he has only his vacations in which to find employment, which happily come when there is the greatest demand for workers along these lines. We find him in the early spring on a ladder picking cherries, then in the orchard gathering apricots, peaches and pears, in the yards spreading the fruit

Often the tender-hearted mothers could not bear the thought of burying their loved children far from them, and graves were dug right in the dooryards. From a sanitary standpoint this looks terrible, but what mother stops to think of the living in the hours following the death of her children? In the dooryard of a prosperous farmer are two or three sunken places that mark the resting place of some pioneer children, and all attempts to remove them have met with such opposition from the relatives of the dead, many of whom live in the same neighborhood, that for the sake of peace they still remain. Instead of wanting the remains removed to a well-kept cemetery they insist that it would be sacrilege to disturb them. In time the soil will be made level



SAVING MONEY FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES BY ROUGHING IT IN CALIFORNIA

and the grave forgotten, but no one really enjoys having a burying ground on the front lawn.

As the country became more civilized a gravel pit was considered the proper place to bury the dead on account of natural drainage. Sometimes people drove miles over corduroy roads to make sure of a high and dry knoll, and there are many bodies disturbed in their last sleep as the gravel is now taken out to repair and build pikes and ballast railroads. Many people held to the idea that it was a sin to spend time and money on grave yards, so in many instances the field was left to grow up to thorns and brambles. A lady who went to a funeral of an aged Quaker woman when she was but a child says she has never forgotten how the rough box was carried gently but without ceremony to the orchard and there deposited in the ground. No fence was erected around the grave and the sheep and cattle soon destroyed all trace of it

to dry, in the packing houses weighing and sorting fruit for shipment, or making boxes in which to pack it.

Later he is seen in the prune orchard, on his knees picking the fruit up from the ground, or at the dip preparing it for the dryer. Then he is in the great vineyards clipping the clusters of grapes from the vines, or out in the vast hop-yards amid the immense army of workers, filling great sacks with the odorous product, where often, in addition to his hard-earned wages, he is poisoned by contact with the coarse, irritating leaves. From early spring when the first fruit ripens until late in the fall when the last is gathered, he flits here and there, like a bee extracting honey from every wayside flower, until he has earned enough to tide him over another year at college. Perhaps in addition to this he may pay for his meals by a few hours work, each day waiting on table at one of the many

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 31]

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BY MANTON MARLOWE

WITHIN sight of old Plymouth Rock lies Duxbury, that ancient town hallowed by memories of brave Captain Miles Standish and John Alden, whom the pretty Priscilla of Longfellow's poem told to "speak for himself" when he was sent as a messenger to ask if she would marry Standish. You remember how Longfellow makes Standish say in the poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish,"

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The Plymouth and the Duxbury of to-day must be a good deal unlike the Plymouth and the Duxbury of the days when Standish and Alden and Priscilla



ALDEN HOUSE

"'Tis not good for man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary; Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship. Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden, Priscilla."

Then the lonely widower tells young John Alden how he wants him to carry an offer of marriage from him to "the maiden Priscilla," and Alden, the "fair-haired, taciturn stripling," makes this reply:

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it; If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But Standish is obdurate and insists that young Alden shall be the "go-between" he does not wish to be, and Alden finally consents, and goes to the pretty Priscilla, before whom he grows eloquent in delivering his message:

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

the Puritan maiden lived there, but we still have some relics of those long-ago days. Things that once belonged to Standish and to John Alden and that their hands have touched may be seen in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth, and the Standish and the John Alden houses are the two most interesting houses in Duxbury.

It is a pastoral country in which these old houses stand, and there is a beautiful combination of sea and shore, of wooded hills and marshy plain, of sandy beach and shaded country roads in the landscape. One may see on Captain's Hill the towering monument to Standish erected since the Civil War by his descendants and others to the "first commissioned officer of the New World." The corner-stone of the monument was laid in 1872, but it was not until twenty years later that the monument was completed.

The Standish house one may see in the Duxbury of to-day was built in the year 1666 by Alexander Standish, eldest son of Captain Miles Standish, and it has in it some of the timbers and the doors of the house built by Miles Standish. When Captain Miles Standish died in the year 1656 his house, which stood a short distance from the present Standish house, came into the possession of his son Alexander. The house was destroyed by fire a few years later, but it could not have been entirely consumed, for it is known that some of the doors and timbers of the old house are in the one built by Alexander Standish.



MILES STANDISH HOUSE

Although Captain Miles Standish lived for over a quarter of a century in the house that was burned, nothing is known regarding the manner of house it was, but it is certain that it had the rude simplicity of the houses of that day. Standish moved from Plymouth to Duxbury in the year 1631, and lived there until the time of his death. The house is no longer used as a residence, but it is hoped that it may long remain as an interesting landmark. Not until about fifteen years ago was the exact location of the grave of Standish known. It is in the little old cemetery a short distance from the site of his home.

Rose, the first wife of Standish, died the first winter the Pilgrims were in Plymouth, or in January, 1621, and, as was the common custom, the lonely Captain soon began to "take notice," and Priscilla Mullins was the object of his choice, with the result that John Alden quite unintentionally "cut him out." John and Priscilla were married in the spring of 1621, theirs being the third wedding among the Pilgrims after they reached New England. Standish consoled himself by taking for his second wife a sister of his first wife who reached America in 1624, and it is a bit romantic to add that Sarah, the daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, became the wife of Alexander, the eldest son of Standish, so it is evident that Standish cherished no resentment against Priscilla for marrying John Alden. Indeed, it is known that the two families were most friendly.

The old Alden house is now about two hundred and fifty years old. It stands on the farm on which John and Priscilla lived, and the house was built by their grandson. It is interesting to record that the house has always descended from one generation to another of the Aldens, and that it is now occupied by a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. Its interior more than its exterior gives evidence of its great antiquity. Hundreds of tourists visit both houses and the old cemetery each year.

Some Rug Suggestions

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

yarn to blend with the furnishings of the room it is intended for if she is unable to procure the desired shades. The yarn is inexpensive, and as the background is simply gunny sacking, or, for the best ones, burlap, there is scarcely any expense attached.

The yarn is threaded through a coarse darning needle, six or eight strands being used at a time, and these are pulled through the meshes of the burlap or sacking, taking up two threads of the background. Two are skipped each way, and the yarn is left between the stitches in short loops which are afterward clipped. The shaggy softness of a rug of this style makes it peculiarly adapted to bedroom use.

When using gunny sacks they should be washed and ironed before the work is begun. Such rugs require a lining of the background, or other weighty material to keep them flat when on the floor.

Other rugs are made of burlap and yarn by following cross-stitch patterns. The threads are readily counted in such coarse material, and the double crosses may be made over two or more threads. The figures in the design should first be worked in desirable shades, and the background filled in afterward with a harmonious color. Sometimes as many as twenty shades are blended in these rugs, and the results achieved are greatly like those of expensive oriental rugs, if conventional patterns are chosen.

One can readily obtain quaint little figures, scrolls and the like from wall paper, curtains and carpeting, and with a little patience these may be carried out in a variety of soft shades which blend together well. One is always safe in selecting dull shades and small, all-over designs.

The pulled rugs so much in vogue are also easy to make by the unskilled worker though not usually so handsome as those turned out by the experienced rug maker who uses new materials of uniform weight. The goods, old or new, are cut as for carpet rags, though never very wide, one fourth of an inch being a good width. They are then hooked through the meshes of burlap of gunny sack with a coarse, wooden hook.

Sometimes instead of the burlap a background is made by crocheting heavy twine into the shape desired. A chain is made of the necessary width. Into this are crocheted first two double crochet stitches, then two stitches are skipped and a chain of two single stitches worked; now, two double crochet stitches into the first row again, and so on as before, thus making small openings at regular intervals. It is through these openings the rags are pulled, but with the crocheted background wider rags are utilized, so that there will be no gaps. The rags are then clipped evenly, and are allowed to stand about three fourths of an inch high.

Crocheted rugs are also frequently seen. The rags, whether silk, woolen or cotton,

are cut and sewed into long lengths and wound as for carpet rags. These may be hit and miss, or each color to itself if a diversified color scheme is to be followed. They are then crocheted in plain crochet stitch, either oblong, oval or round, and form durable and pleasing rugs.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

Acquiring a College Education

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

boarding houses belonging to the college he attends.

If he goes to the lumber region his work is much harder, with an element of danger that is entirely lacking in the fruit work, but he goes if the prospect is good for earning the required amount in the interval between school sessions. In this way the California youth builds for the future. George Sharp, a student of Berkeley, is a fine specimen of this sort of manhood. We saw him at a fruit ranch where a packing house and dryer were employing a great number of workers, and where every one had to shift for themselves for board and lodging. Those who could not go and come from their homes had to find food and shelter as best they could. So our hero, nothing daunted, had a little shack made of fruit trays, the door being made of one tray alone, just large enough for a cot and a box or so for a table, a chair and a cupboard; a few stones piled up outside served him for a stove, over which to cook his food and boil his coffee. A stake driven in the ground near by, with a board nailed across the top, served as a table on which to set things when getting his meals. Days when work was slack and he was not needed, as was sometimes the case, our young student would take his gun and fishing tackle and tramp off into the mountains for a brief holiday, coming back refreshed and ready to resume his work with the fruit. Thus he worked and "rusticated" until the call came to return to his college duties, where we can imagine him pursuing his studies with the same hopeful vigor that characterized his summer's work. What he gained in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains will go as far towards his higher education as the booklore he acquires from his alma mater, giving him a manly vigor of mind and body that only comes to those who have lived and labored "close to nature's heart." The young man (or woman either, for that matter) who cannot earn enough for a college education in the fruit sections of the state is lacking in the will to achieve the mastery over circumstances.

HALE COOK.

A Wonderful Plant

One of the most wonderful plants in the world is the "Agave Americana," or maguey, of Mexico. In the United States and Europe it is commonly called the "century plant," from a wholly erroneous idea that it blooms only once in a hundred years. It is native to Mexico and grows to a great size in rocky or sandy soil where nothing else flourishes. Its dark green, glossy, spiked leaves often reach a height of fifteen or sixteen feet. It requires scarcely any cultivation. On reaching maturity the maguey throws up a slender stalk from twenty to twenty-five feet high and bearing at the top a great mass of white flowers. This splendid flower growth is the supreme effort of the plant, which exhausts its strength and thereafter withers and dies.

In Mexico, especially on the great plains near the capital city, there are enormous plantations of magueys, set out in long rows that stretch away for miles. On these plantations the magueys are not permitted to flower, but just as soon as a plant reaches the period of efflorescence and is about to reach its highest development, it is marked by the overseer with a cross. The maguey is now full of the juices that have been stored up during years of growth. An incision is made at the base of the plant and a basin is hollowed out of its heart. In a few days the basin is filled with the sap intended to nourish the flowers. The sap is almost as clear as water and as sweet as honey. It is named "agua miel," or honey water. A maguey yields about six quarts of "agua miel" a day for nearly a month. It is then exhausted. Its leaves begin to wither and turn brown and the plant dies. The juice is converted into "pulque," the national drink of Mexico. A large maguey plantation is an extremely profitable piece of property, the returns on the invested capital being sometimes as high as one hundred per cent in a year.

Maguey leaves are used for thatching

the rude huts in which many of the peons live; when withered and dried, they are burned as fuel.—From "The World To-Day."

*

Cannibalism of Black Bass

I quote from the Fox Lake representative the following instance of cannibalism on the part of black bass: "Fred Lorenz, of Milwaukee, caught one hundred and eleven black bass here in less than an hour. This may sound pretty heavy, but it is an actual fact. He caught a black bass that when dressed was found to have one hundred and ten little black bass about an inch long in his stomach. Talk about dog fish eating fry and spawn! It looks like bass were about as bad cannibals as any fish in the lake. It is possible that the bass swallowed her own brood of little ones to protect them from the other fish, but if so she forgot to 'cough up' again and the brood was destroyed."

There is no doubt that the black bass will eat its young. Some writers say that it is the female, and others that it is the male which remains on the spawning bed to protect it. It would seem, however, that in eating one hundred and ten small bass this particular fish was acting the hog.—Forest and Stream.

*

When "Uncle Jerry" Was Secretary

Without making any comparison as to abilities and characteristics of men; without disparagement to others more scientific and learned; it is only truth-telling to say that "Uncle Jerry" Rusk was a widely popular secretary of agriculture; a man of the people, appreciated and beloved by the people, albeit a man wholly lacking in the culture of the schools, even of the public schools.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, went to Indianapolis soon after the election of President Harrison, in November, 1888, and urged the selection of Governor Rusk for the position of secretary of agriculture. General Harrison smiled as he replied:

"You are asking an impossibility. If there is to be war with any nation and armies are to be raised, I will appoint 'Uncle Jerry' a major general, and place him in command of an army corps; and there he will serve his country bravely, effectively and nobly. But he lacks the culture, social experiences, and refinements which a member of the cabinet should possess. I know him, and know him well. You can not say too much in his praise, for I will echo all that you may say, but it is impossible for me to consider him for any position in the cabinet."

Senator Sawyer was a persistent worker for his friends, and he did not give up the quest, but said: "I cannot take 'no' for an answer. The people of Wisconsin are looking to me for this, and I must take back with me your promise that he shall be secretary of agriculture, and I will make it so easy for you that you can't refuse. I want you to take him on probation for six months. If, at the end of six months, he is not entirely satisfactory to you in every way, I will have important business for him to attend to in Wisconsin, and he will resign."

Upon that proposition an agreement was reached, and the appointment was made, although bluff and lovable old "Uncle Jerry" never knew the circumstances regarding it, even unto his dying day. But he remained four years in the cabinet, and Senator Sawyer told about it, thus:

"You see, seven months had rolled around, and I was down at a bookstore picking out a book for ma, when I saw 'Uncle Jerry's' picture on the front page of a newspaper, and I rushed out of the store, got into my carriage, and went to the White House as fast as I could go. I went right to the President's room and began saying: 'I've come to apologize, Mr. President, and to tell you that I forgot all about it, until this morning. It is now more than seven months—'

"What are you talking about, Senator? Have you been losing sleep or losing money, that you talk so incoherently?" was the interruption of President Harrison.

"I've come about 'Uncle Jerry,' and to tell you that I would have been here at the end of six months, but I had forgotten all about the probation until it struck my memory this morning, and—"

"Oh, is that all?" answered President Harrison. "If that is all there is on your mind, please go and forget it again. I

would part with any other member of my cabinet before I would let 'Uncle Jerry' go."—SMITH D. FRY, in "Success."

*

England's Success in Egypt

The remarkable success that has attended England's government of Egypt has often been marveled at by an interested world. Writing on the subject, Mr. M. Philippon in the "Nation," (Berlin) says that the common man in Egypt, and also the stranger, does not at all perceive that the real power belongs to England, and not to the natives. The sovereign is said to be the Khedive, commonly called Effendia, and all public acts are proclaimed in his name. The seats in the ministerium, the officials, the police, the army, are Egyptian, and the language of legislation and the administration of the army is Arabic. The great mass of the people ascribe the betterment of the conditions to the viceroy, to whom they are very thankful for it. The English thus renounce the shadow of power and are satisfied with the real possession of it. It is the English ambassador, Viscount Cromer—formerly Sir Evelyn Baring who holds the reins of the government. He is the real lord of the country. The army is Egyptian, but the higher officers, though placed in the service of the Khedive and carrying his uniform and titles, are English, and do only obey their English Sirdar or general. There are only a few thousand English soldiers garrisoned in Alexandria and Cairo. At the head of the police and fire departments are also Englishmen in Egyptian disguise. Great Britain is content in possessing the gateway to the Indies. The nominal lord of the country, the Khedive, has ruled since 1892, but is really only a dummy of the English. Nevertheless, Effendia seems quite satisfied with his position, and enriches himself on real estate and horse speculations. The impartial observer is indeed compelled to admit that the English rule has accomplished more and produced better results in Egypt than that of any other European power would have done. Instead of ten and one half million Egyptian pounds (one Egyptian pound equals five dollars) in 1888, the exports amounted, in 1900, to sixteen and three quarters million pounds. During the same time, the imports increased from seven and three quarters to fourteen and three eighths million pounds. The public revenues rose from eight million eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds in 1882 to eleven million six hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds in 1898. The national debts are somewhat lessened, but are still more than one hundred million Egyptian pounds. They constitute no longer any danger to the nation, as the interest has fallen from eight per cent to three and one half per cent. The prosperity of the country can also be seen in the fact that the value of real estate has been fourfolded in the course of twenty years. This has brought a fortune to many an enterpriser. Yet the Englishmen themselves have wisely avoided the temptation to enrich themselves on the land, leaving a wide-open door for all nations to come in.

*

Just a Smile

You can drive the clouds away

With a smile,

Just a smile;

Turn the darkness into day

With a smile,

Just a smile;

Oh, there's nothing when a man

Feels the weight of sorrow's yoke,

In this whole wide world that can

All distress and grief revoke,

As a smile,

Just a smile.

How the way is brightened up

By a smile,

Just a smile;

Sweetened is the bitter cup

By a smile,

Just a smile;

Oh, the world may frown at you,

And your spirits try to blight,

But the skies are ever blue,

If you always have in sight

Just a smile,

Merry smile.

It's a simple little thing,

Is a smile,

Just a smile;

But 'twill joy and gladness bring,

Will a smile,

Just a smile;

Many hearts will dry their tears

And go singing on their way,

And they'll put away their fears,

Thinking of the glad to-day,

By your smile,

Gladsome smile.

How the heavy burdens fall,

By a smile,

Just a smile;

Hope again beams over all,

By a smile,

Just a smile;

Lonely lives are cheered each day,

Duties lightened, hearts made glad,

Heaven's beauty fills the way,

If to kindly words you'll add

Just a smile,

Happy smile!

—E. A. Brininstool in Sunset Magazine.

Yes, You Would

If I had a million dollars
I'd exhibit a smiling face,
And daily thank the Creator
For starting the human race;
And daily I'd go out preaching
To those who were sick or sad,
And bravely endeavor to teach them
The duty of being glad.

If I had a million dollars
I'd start ere another day
To aid in scattering sunshine
By giving the cook more pay;
The sorrows that now assail me
I'd view at a long, long range,
And, handing the newsboy a nickel,
I'd tell him to keep the change.

If I had a million dollars
I'd put all my doubts at rest,
And faith and hope would forever
Reside in my joyful breast;
When my collar button rolled under
The bureau I wouldn't swear,
For I'd have a valet to get it
And save me the wear and tear.
—S. E. KISER in Chicago Record-Herald.

That Terrible Wolf

"Yes," said the traveler, "I had some exciting experiences in Russia. Perhaps the worst affair happened one night when, ten miles from my home, I discovered my sleigh was being followed by a pack of hungry wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the wolves. To my relief, the others stopped to devour him, and in this way I was able to gain on them. But soon they were on my scent again, and again I fired, with the same result. I kept on repeating this, until finally there was only one fierce wolf following my sleigh, with hungry eyes fixed on me in anticipation of the supper he was going to make off me."

The friend who had listened thus far to the thrilling story interjected a laugh and said, "Why, man, according to my reckoning, that last wolf must have had all the other wolves inside of him."

The answer came reluctantly and seriously, "Well, yes, now you mention it, that last wolf did wobble a bit."—Tit-Bits.

Two Gentlemen in One

The annual report of the Simla municipality is gravely superscribed: "From Major M. W. Douglas, C. I. E., I. A., President Municipal Committee, Simla, to Major M. W. Douglas, C. I. E., I. A., Deputy Commissioner, Simla." In the report proper Major Douglas (addressing himself as "Sir") "has the honor to submit" to himself his own report, and after telling himself in detail to the extent of nineteen pages what he has been doing during the past year, he urges upon himself a number of improvements, and ends by having "the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant."—Madras Mail.



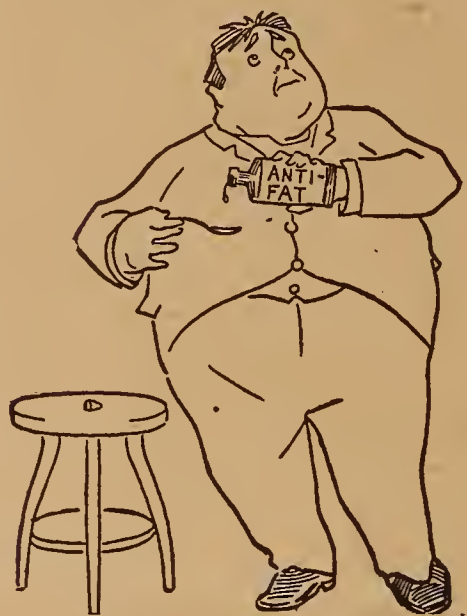
Wit and Humor

Absent-Minded Farmer

A Canadian farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started back on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something—what it was he could not recall, try how he would. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home, and was met by his daughter, who exclaimed in surprise, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Joke on the Minister

Not a few preachers would be glad to be the victims of such a practical joke as was recently played upon Reverend Hage-



"Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness" —Life

man, of Oxford, Mich. At the annual meeting of the church of which he is pastor the question of hiring a preacher comes up for discussion.

At the last meeting of this society, when the subject was brought up, a good deacon arose and said: "All those in favor of retaining Brother Hageman for

another year—at the same salary—will please rise."

Not a person rose, and the minister, who was present, felt as uncomfortable as possible and heartily wished himself anywhere else. Then the good deacon who had put the question arose again and said, with a twinkle of the eye: "I see no one favors that motion, so I will put it again in this way: All those in favor of keeping Reverend Hageman at an increased salary will please rise."

Every one got upon his feet. Then it dawned upon Mr. Hageman that he had been the victim of a joke, and a smile lighted his eye and the color returned to his cheeks. Some friends had planned the surprise that had worked to perfection.

Cure for Gout

Dr. William Osler recently recited a quaint old cure for gout: "First, pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and sixth, apply it hot to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."—New York Tribune.

An Indian Territory Mathematician

At Sunday school last Sunday in one of the local churches the teacher of the primary class asked a little nine-year-old boy: "If you would break one of the ten commandments, what would be the result?" The little boy began figuring on his fingers and then said: "There would be nine left."—Sapulpa Light.

Why He Changed Faith

A Southerner was telling of an old colored man in his neighborhood who first joined the Episcopal Church, then the Methodist and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for his church travels he responded:

"Well, suh, hit's dis way: De 'Piscopals is gemman, suh, but I couldn't keep up wid de answerin' back in dey church. De Methodis', dey always holdin' inquiry meetin's, an' I don' like too much inquiren' into. But de Baptis', suh, dey jus' dip an' are done wid hit. I's a Baptis', I is."

Graduated

A young New York business man who has not long been married was greeted by his wife one evening with the joyful announcement that she had that afternoon received a diploma from the cooking school at which she had been an assiduous student.

Evidently the husband did not exhibit that degree of enthusiasm in the matter that she expected, for the young wife said, in a disappointed tone: "Aren't you glad that I have been enrolled as a competent cook? Just see, I've prepared this whole dinner! I gave special attention to this dish here. Guess what it is!" As she spoke the husband had endeavored to masticate a particularly tough piece of the contents of the dish referred to. Seeing his look of wonder, the young wife again playfully said, "Guess what it is?"

"I don't know," responded the husband, "Is it the diploma?"—Harper's Weekly.

Their Experiences Were Identical

Senator Hale tells a story of two Maine farmers who met in the road one day. They stopped their teams, and the following conversation took place:

"Mornin', Josh."
"Mornin', John."
"What did ye give yer hoss thet had the botts?"
"Turpentine."
"Thank ye. Mornin'."
"Mornin'."

A week later the farmers met in the road again. Again they stopped their teams, and then this conversation followed:

"Mornin', Josh."
"Mornin', John."
"What did ye say ye give yer hoss when it had the botts?"
"Turpentine."
"So did I. It killed mine."
"Mine, too."
"Mornin', Josh."
"Mornin', John."

Would You?

If you were the hired girl—
Would you like to serve five breakfasts between seven and eight o'clock and be rebuked if they were not all hot and crisp?

Would you like to warm up dinner, after your dishes were all washed, to oblige a careless member of the family who had not been working, but had merely stopped for a little longer chat with a friend?

Would you like to hear your mistress discuss your shortcomings with every stranger within her gates?

Would you feel inclined to handle silverware, cut glass and dainty china with loving care when the room in which you rested and slept looked either like a poor-house dormitory or an incipient rummage sale?—From the Buffalo Courier.



Louis Wain

Wit and Humor

What the Parish Needed

An excellent example of the humor of parish beadles is related by the Rev. Dr. Gillespie in his "Humors of Scottish Life." Two ministers of neighboring parishes exchanged pulpits one Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Peebles officiating in a parish church which shall be nameless. After the service Mr. Peebles said to the beadle:

"George, I hope the people would not think my sermon was too short to-day."

"A' dinna think they would, sir; but may I make bold to ask what ye're inquiring for?"

"Well, you see, George, when it was arranged that I was to preach here to-day, I selected a sermon and laid it down on a chair in my study. I have a dog which frequents the study very much. It got hold of the sermon, tore off the last four leaves, and destroyed them entirely, so that I could make no use of them. But I thought that since I had chosen it I would just preach what remained of it, and I was afraid the people might consider it too short."

Quick as thought George asked:
"Oh, sir, could ye no get oor minister a pup o' that sort?"

The Waiter's Mistake

"The waiter in the café of the downtown hotel did not mean to be rude," says the San Francisco "Chronicle." "The mistake was purely a social error."

"What will you have next, lady?" the waiter asked, with the courtesy that becomes a waiter.

"Don't address me as 'lady!'" commanded the guest, with some show of irritation.

"Excuse me, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but all of us is liable to make mistakes."

A Real Swindler

Miss Mary Richmond, of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said:

"As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a raucous voice say:

"Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!"

"The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure at whose breast hung a card, saying, 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

"But the coin was dropped from too great a height, and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.

"The gentleman said in a stern voice: 'Confound you, you are no more blind than I am.'

"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast and gave a start of surprise.

"Right you are, boss," he said. 'Blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Billy"

The goat as an animal is quite a success; "motion carried." The sight of man does not annihilate him with frenzied fear and an irresistible desire to be elsewhere. Nay, "billy" is a heroic little cuss, and will not readily submit to being handled with impunity. A Mexican greaser once undertook to handle "Willie" with impunity and a pair of dirty hands,



but the tangled features of a form lying so silent on the grass ten seconds later only the more strengthened the belief in the minds of the onlookers that Mexican sinews could not successfully wrench the laurels from "billy's" brow. They are there yet, unwrenched. "Billy" is very industrious when there is any opportunity to deliver a few samples of concussion among the children of Adam. Society shuns little "William," although he is sometimes worn "a la bustle," he is never worn intentionally so, as the friction against the spine tends to deaden the enthusiasm of the wearer, and otherwise puts them ill at ease. Truly, a fierce looking billy goat suddenly looming up in one's immediate path is discouraging. There is probably no other animal that satisfies the curious human eye as quickly as this one; one glance of his cold, hard eyes will seldom fail to excite a longing in the beholder to retreat, but the learned victim sees the folly of this, as it would be sure to bring down upon them "billy's" wrath and his total weight. If the victim happens to be an experienced person, which quite often happens, he, "the ladies wish to be excused," will advance upon "billy," and strive to grasp him by the horns. If successful, he is held until another person comes along. This person is requested to hold "billy's" horns, while our hero busies himself by doing some real sprint work, leaving hero number two to bitter recollections and his hands full of goat horns.

IVAN REEF.

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By the Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

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You never get something for nothing in this world, and when you pay a small price for a stove, that price must cover the cost of material and labor, and include a reasonable profit, consequently inferior cast-iron and steel, and the cheapest and most inexperienced labor, must go into this seemingly low-priced stove.

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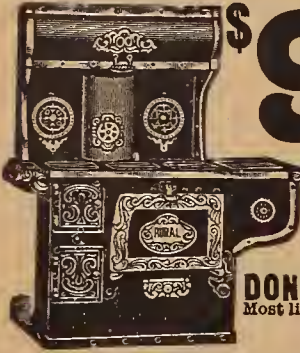
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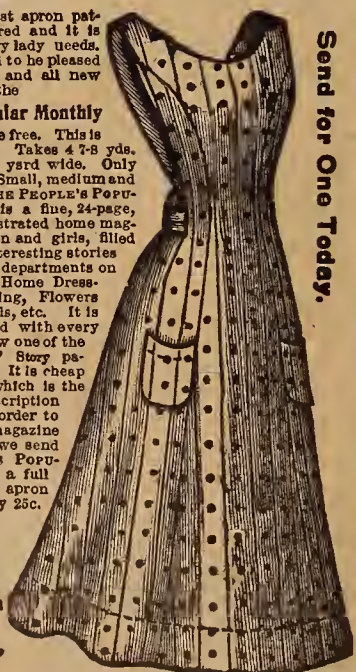
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The Family Lawyer

BY JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Authority of Directors in Corporations

H. B., Colorado, inquires: "A mining corporation was lawfully incorporated and recorded. The by-laws, established with consent of all stockholders, state that sixty percent of the stock shall be retained for the private benefit of each stockholder pro rata of his stockholding, and that forty percent of the remainder of the stock be set aside as treasury stock for developing purposes. Can the directors make use of any above the forty percent treasury stock or issue any of the sixty percent private stock which has been by consent of all the stockholders kept in the stock book at the secretary's office?"

A correct answer to your inquiry will depend very largely upon the laws of Colorado, in reference to the rights of stockholders and directors of corporations. It would certainly be very appropriate for the directors to call a meeting of the stockholders and make known to them their demands in raising more funds for developing purposes, and I very much doubt that they have authority to raise funds for that purpose, unless by permission of the stockholders.

Rights to Property Under Will

M., Wisconsin, asks: "A father wills his property to his son, provided he takes care of the mother as long as she lives. The children are to have a home until of age. After his mother's death he is to get a deed. While his mother is yet living, he makes up his mind to leave the farm. Can he sell off the personal property for pay, when he leaves, or can he collect wages, the personal property having been made off the farm? If he can collect wages, can the other boys, who have worked at home after they were of age, do likewise?"

If the son abandons the provisions made for him in his father's will, he can claim nothing under it; he must live up to the conditions of the will or else get nothing from that source. I do not believe that he can sell any of the property until he complies with the conditions of the will. He has no claim for wages, because he has no contract to that effect. Of course, if he cannot collect any wages, neither can the other boys.

Inheritance

E. C., Illinois, wants to know: "Would a licensed veterinary surgeon be liable to prosecution for causing the death of an animal, by lockjaw, in performing an operation on a healthy animal, through bunglesome work? A man died, leaving a widow with children, and children by a former marriage. How would the property be divided, there being no will? The property all came to them since the second marriage. If the surviving widow gets one third, would it descend to her children, or would all share equal at her death?"

No, the veterinarian would not be criminally liable; he might be civilly responsible to the owner of the animal. The children of the first and the second marriage would share equally, with each other, as I understand the title to the property was in the father. The widow's interest is only a life estate in one third, and that will descend the same as the remainder. If she has property in her own right, that will go to her children at her death.

Marriage Under Assumed Name

K., Washington, writes: "If a person marries under an assumed name, is it a legal marriage in the state of Washington?"

The fact that the parties were married under an assumed name would not affect the marriage relation or the validity of the marriage.

Setting Aside a Decree of Divorce

W. C. W. says: "A divorce is not legal when granted to a person not being in sound mind when applying. Can the decree be set aside after the expiration of twelve years? The mind was all right in a few weeks after the divorce was granted, loss of sleep and strong drugs being the cause of temporary insanity."

Probably within a reasonably short time after the decree was gotten against, or for a person not in sound mind, such decree might be set aside, but the person whose rights were affected could not wait for twelve years after he had recovered his health and sound mental condition, before making an effort to set it aside. In the above case I think it would now be too late.

Father's and Children's Rights

L. L. L., Illinois, wants to know: "A., and B., his wife, have ten children, legal age, and a farm of eighty acres. The title was invested in B.'s name. B. died. After her death the children enter into a written agreement with A., the father, giving him the entire proceeds of the farm during his lifetime. Eight of the children sell their interest in the farm to outside parties, subject, of course, to the father's life lease. These outside parties threaten to bring suit for title, and will try to compel the two children that have not sold their interest in the farm, and whose desire is that the farm shall be the support of the father as long as he lives, to sell their interest, and also claim that the father can have his part or interest set aside in money. Now the question is, can the law compel the two children to sell, and has the father any interest in the farm outside of his life lease? He is not competent to take care of himself, being nearly eighty years old, and has no other support outside of the life lease in the farm."

The right of these purchasers of the interests of the children which they have bought, compelling the division of the property, etc., will depend somewhat upon the nature and validity of the contract, which all the children made to their father. If this contract gives the father an absolute right to the use and control of this property during his lifetime, then I very seriously doubt that anything can be done, in the way of the partition or division of the estate during his lifetime. My judgment would be that nothing could be done so long as the father lived, he being in possession of the property.

Naturalization—Right of Property Depending on Citizenship

W. B., Kansas, inquires: "My father and mother emigrated into this country twenty-five years ago. We children were born here. Father did not draw the second citizenship papers. Am I, on that account, not a citizen of the United States? If not, will I be, if father is naturalized, or must I obtain papers for myself? Is it of consequence that I am of age? Is it necessary for mother to get her citizenship papers for the naturalization of my younger brothers, who are below age, or does it suffice for them that father be naturalized? Can father or mother, without the second papers, lay claim to property?"

The United States Naturalization Laws provide that when any person has taken out what we call his first papers, and dies before he is actually naturalized, the widow and children of said party should be considered as citizens, and shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges as such, upon taking the oaths prescribed by law. And another provision provides that any person being under the age of twenty-one years, who has resided in the United States three years next preceding his arriving at that age, who has continued to reside therein to the time he may make application to be a citizen thereof, may after he arrives at the age of twenty-one years, and after he has resided five years in the United States, including the three years of his minority, take out his second or final papers of naturalization. In most, if not all the states of this union, citizenship is not a requisite to the inheritance or holding of property; that is, an unnaturalized person may inherit, purchase and dispose of property the same as a naturalized or native-born citizen.

Inheritance of Illegitimate Child

I. B., Kansas, asks: "Miss A. was engaged to B., after which a child was born. They both marry afterwards to other parties. B. and his wife are now both dead, leaving one child, the whereabouts of which is not known. Does the child born to him from Miss A. have any right to the estate, or part thereof? Both parties live in Ohio."

By the laws of Ohio, an illegitimate child can only inherit by or through his mother. He has no interest in the estate of his reputed father.

Hitting The Nail On The Head

A man sent us several subscriptions to FARM AND FIRESIDE the other day and said if he had time to go around he actually believed ninety-five out of every hundred families would subscribe because it was the greatest paper in the world for the money.

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No. 648—Dress with Tab Yoke. 10c. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



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No. 647—Russian Suit with Yoke. 10c. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 639—Circular Evening Cape. 10c.
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No. 640—Fancy Coat with Triple Collar. 10c.
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No. 621—Draped Waist with Yoke. 10c.
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3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

We will pay you \$500 in cash if this engraving is not a correct reproduction of the photograph of this hog as sent us by Mr. Wright, said photograph being on file in our office for inspection.

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If you have not received our complete list of these 24 premiums we will mail you one if you write to our office and request it. The smallest premium is \$25.00 cash and the largest is \$125.00 cash.

Dan Patch 1:55 1/4 COLORED Lithograph ABSOLUTELY Free

This Splendid Picture is a Reproduction of a Photograph which was taken by our own artist. It is 18x24 and in Six Brilliant Colors. It is as life like as if you saw Dan coming down the track and shows him pacing a 1:55 1/4 clip with every foot off the ground. Every Farmer and Stockman should have a picture of the Fastest harness horse that has ever appeared on earth. Dan is in better shape than ever this year. In his first public appearance in 1905 he paced a mile in 1:59 1/4 at the Minnesota State Fair and he followed this up in four days with a mile in 1:57 1/4, with the last quarter in :27 1/2 seconds, which is a 1:50 gait. On Saturday, October 7, at Lexington, Ky., Dan Patch again started the world by lowering his own World's record from 1:56 to 1:55 1/4. Dan has been eating "International Stock Food" every day for three years and it has given him better digestion and assimilation and more strength, endurance and speed. He was not a champion when we bought him but has broken nine world records since that time.

DAN PATCH 1:55 1/4 IS OWNED BY INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE MAILED FREE POSTAGE PREPAID IF YOU WRITE US

1st.—HOW MUCH STOCK OF ALL KINDS DO YOU OWN?
2nd.—NAME PAPER IN WHICH YOU SAW THIS OFFER.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

THE SMITH Great Western Endless Apron Manure Spreader



SPREADS all kinds of manure, straw stack bottoms and commercial fertilizer regardless of their condition. Spreads as much in a day as 15 men can by hand. Spreads the largest load in 2 to 4 minutes. Makes the same amount of manure go three times as far and produce better results; makes all manure fine and immediately available for plant food.

NON-BUNCHABLE RAKE forms a hopper, holds all hard chunks in contact with beater until thoroughly pulverized.

ENDLESS APRON is one continuous apron, (not a 1/2 apron) therefore always ready to load. You don't have to drive a certain distance to pull it back into position after each load or wind it back by hand; it is a great advantage in making long hauls.

THERE IS NO GEARING about our Endless Apron to break and cause trouble, it is always up out of the way of obstructions as it does not extend below axle. Spreads evenly from start to finish and cleans out perfectly clean.

HOOD AND END GATE keeps manure away from beater while loading; prevents choking of beater and throwing out a bunch when starting and acts as wind shield when spreading. It has a graduating lever and can be regulated while in motion to spread thick or thin, 3 to 25 loads per acre.

LIGHT DRAFT because the load is nearly equally balanced on front and rear axles. The team is as near the load as it can work. Front and rear axles are the same length and wheels track; beater shaft runs in ball and socket bearings, therefore no friction. Beater is 23 inches in diameter, seat turns over when loading. Machine turns in its own length.

SIMPLICITY There are only two levers on our machine. One which raises the hood, locks it and throws the machine in gear at the same time. It can then be thrown in and out of gear without lowering the hood. One lever which changes feed to spread thick or thin, making it so simple that a boy who can drive a team can handle it.

STRENGTH AND DURABILITY is one of the most important points to be considered in a manure spreader. The Great Western has a good, strong, durable wheel. Extra strong spoke and rim, heavy steel tire. Strong, well braced box with heavy oak sill. Oak tongue, hickory doubletrees, malleable castings, gears and sprockets all keyed on. Galvanized hood. Every part is made extra strong, regardless of cost. It is made for the man who wants the best; made in four sizes, 30, 50, 70 and 100 bushel capacity.

GUARANTEE Should any part break, wear out or get out of order within one year we replace free of charge. Send for free catalogue, showing latest improvements. It tells how to apply manure to secure best results.

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PATENTS

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A Model Young Man

"Didn't that hurt you, sir?" The clerical looking gentleman in the rear seat of the trolley-car turned inquiringly to the nicely dressed and clean-cut young man who sat beside him, as that individual winced slightly, for his foot had just been stepped on by a portly man who was leaving the car.

"Yes, sir—it hurt very much," he said, simply.

"I thought so," said the clerical man. "Allow me to congratulate you on your control. I observed with pleasure, sir, that no oath sprang to your lips. Great pleasure to meet a young man like you. Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, I don't smoke," said the young man.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the clerical interrogator. "I smoke myself," he said, "because I lead a sedentary life. But I glory in a young man who doesn't. May I inquire, sir, if you know the taste of liquor?"

"No, sir, never touched a drop." His new friend clasped him by the hand. There were tears in his eyes.

"Remarkable," he exclaimed. "In these unregenerate days it is indeed soul-satisfying to gaze upon such a model. May I ask, my dear friend, what high motive impels you to abstain from these influences, that are sapping the life-blood from the nation?"

The young man smiled. "Certainly," he replied. "The fact is, sir, I find that I can't dissipate and deal a faro bank at the same time."—Collier's.

Question of Environment

A fellow in Connecticut, who had never shown any unconquerable eagerness to work, turned "crazy" all at once, and was sent to the lunatic asylum, at the expense of the county and state.

A farmer who had sometimes employed him, called upon him in his new environment, and was disposed to condole a little.

"It's too bad, your being incarcerated here," he remarked. "Can't we manage to get you out of this somehow?"

"Well, neighbor," replied the "lunatic," "I can't see exactly what the object of escaping would be. I get all I want to eat and drink here, and a good place to sleep; and don't have to work except when I've a mind to—which occasions, you may have noticed, are rather rare. On the whole, I think I might as well be here as out in the snow chopping cordwood or drawing logs for you at starvation wages."

The farmer walked thoughtfully out of the sanitarium.—Everywhere.

Taking Time by the Forelock

It was late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when a carriage, evidently from the country, drove up to the door of "Anson King, Stationer," and a young woman alighted and entered the little shop.

She asked to see some thin stationery, and after selecting what she desired she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked, softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," said the young woman.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter, then," said the stationer, as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package.

"N-no," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the counter, and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper, "But if nothing happens, I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home this autumn."—Youth's Companion.

Color of Chicks

Much confusion and disappointment result when the newly hatched chicks from eggs purchased from some reliable breeder do not appear to be of the proper color, but the chicks of some breeds are entirely unlike their parents. No chicks are hatched entirely black, as there will be some white on them when they come out of the shells. This is the case with chicks of the Langshan, Black Java, Black Spanish, Black Hamburg and Black Cochon breeds, but after the feathers begin to take the place of the down on their bodies the white passes away and they soon become entirely black. Even chicks from the white breeds may have black marks, owing to the difficulty of securing perfect specimens of some breeds. It takes time to obliterate defects.

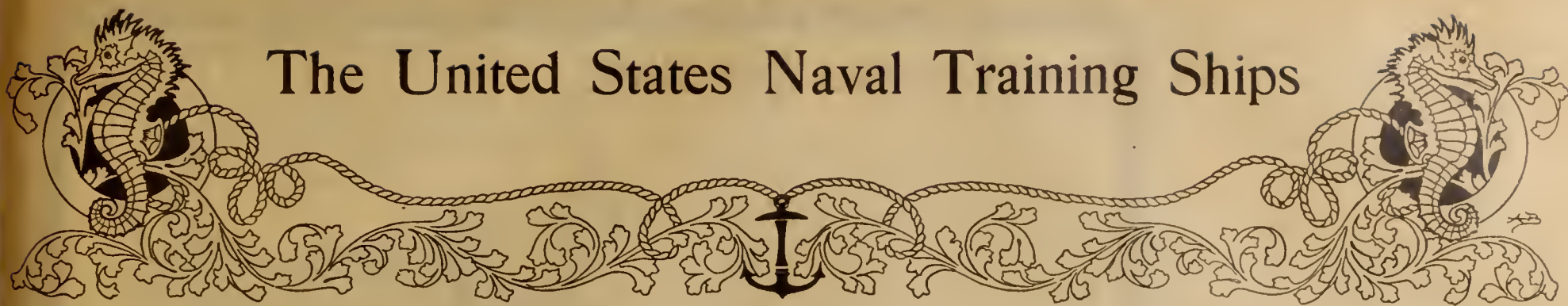
For Beauty Alone

Mrs. Younglove—"Be sure not to pass that cake on the sideboard to the guests this evening, won't you, dear?"

Mr. Younglove—"Why not?"

Mrs. Younglove—"Because I made a mistake, and put in bluing instead of vanilla. It tastes queer, but isn't it a beautiful sky-blue?"—Detroit Free Press.

The United States Naval Training Ships



THE United States Government is paying special attention to the training of American sailors with a view to making the enlisted men of our navy the peers of any foreign men-of-war's-men. The chief contributory factor to the attainment of greater efficiency is found in the recent organization of what is known as a naval training squadron, or rather two squadrons, one on the Atlantic coast and the other on the Pacific. The vessels comprising these fleets are withdrawn from all other service and devoted exclusively to their new utilization as floating schools for Uncle Sam's jackies. How important the government considers the project may be appreciated from the fact that the thirteen ships which comprise the naval training squadron represent fully eighteen per cent of the total tonnage of the navy and fully one fourth of the entire enlisted force will be attached to them.

The establishment of the new naval training squadron has been induced in a measure by the increasing proportion of country boys from the Middle West found during the past few years in naval enlistments. These lads from the interior make excellent recruits; indeed, naval officers generally declare that they are superior to the young men who have lived in seacoast cities; but since many of the farmer boys have never even seen salt water, much less brought in working contact with the sea, it is obviously more of a task to teach them sea customs and familiarize them with navy discipline. To do this effect-

ively is one of the chief objects of the new training squadron.

The Navy Department estimates that with the training ships detailed for service in the new squadron it will be possible to educate seven thousand and eight landsmen and apprentices on the Atlantic coast and one thousand six hundred and two landsmen and apprentices on the Pacific coast. The training ships cruise along the entire extent of our coast lines. For instance, in the case of the fleet on the Atlantic the summer headquarters are in Long Island Sound or that vicinity; in the spring and autumn the young men are drilled in Chesapeake Bay, and in winter the ships will rendezvous in the vicinity of Pensacola, Florida. The officers prescribe a uniform system of training, something which has long been needed in the American navy, inspect the ships from time to time and make plans for such cruises as may be undertaken.

Two different and distinct classes of recruits are trained on board the school ships of the newly organized fleet. These classes consist of the apprentices and the landsmen. The education of the apprentice begins at the training station at Newport, R. I., or San Francisco, Cal., where it continues from six to nine months. He is then transferred to an apprentice ship where he remains for six months and at the end of that time, if he has proven himself competent, he is given an opportunity to see service on a cruising vessel.

At the training station the apprentice is taught to care for his person, to "sling

his hammock," to go aloft and make and furl sails and to drill in accordance with the manual of arms. On board ship the apprentice takes a thorough course in seamanship and gunnery in all that these terms imply. To a considerable extent the landsman learns much the same things in his preliminary education as the apprentice. However, a shorter time is granted him in which to master the subjects. At the stations where they are sent upon enlistment recruits learn to care for themselves and their clothing, are familiarized with the infantry small arms drill and practice loading with dummy charges a four or five inch gun and aiming the weapon. The lads make trips in tugs or yachts upon which they are taught to steer, to heave the lead, to get under way and to anchor. At the end of three months they are assigned to training ships upon which they remain three months, and at the end of that period they are transferred to cruising men-of-war.

Students at the Naval Academy at Annapolis are called midshipmen. They are there by appointment. Two midshipmen are allowed for each Senator, Representative, and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, and five each year from the United States at large. The appointments from the District of Columbia and five each year at large are made by the President. One midshipman is allowed from Porto Rico, who must be a native of that island. The appointment is made by the President, on the recommendation of the Governor of Porto Rico.

The course for midshipmen is six years—four years at the academy and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who pass the examination for final graduation are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of the Line of the Navy and the Marine Corps, in the order of merit as determined by the academic board of the Naval Academy. All candidates for the Naval Academy must be physically sound, well formed, of robust constitution, and between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. The pay of a midshipman is \$500, beginning at the date of admission. The regulations regarding places and times of examinations and subjects of examinations may be obtained by addressing the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

For a number of years the practice of hazing was carried on to such an extent at the academy that finally a rule was passed that any cadet found guilty of participating in or encouraging such practice should be summarily expelled from the academy, and not thereafter be reappointed to the corps of cadets, or be eligible for appointment as a commissioned officer in the navy or Marine Corps until two years after the graduation of the class of which he had been a member. Hazing is still practised at the academy to some extent, but less frequently than had been the custom, and certainly a great deal more secretly, while the heavy penalty has had the additional effect of eliminating the more brutal features.



CREW OF A TRAINING SHIP—FARMER BOYS LEARNING TO BE SAILORS

Photo by Waldon Fawcett

Everybody Drag

When the smiles of spring appear,
Drag the roads;
When the summer-time is here,
Drag the roads;
When the corn is in the ear;
In the winter cold and drear;
Every season in the year;
Drag the roads!

When you've nothing else to do,
Drag the roads;
If but for an hour or two,
Drag the roads.
It will keep them good as new.
With a purpose firm and true,
Fall in line! It's up to you;
Drag the roads!

Would you do the proper thing?
Drag the roads.
Set the system on the wing;
Drag the roads.
Give the drag a lively swing;
Toss the laurel wreath to King!
Hats off! Everybody sing
Drag the roads!

M. ALBERTUS COVERDELL.

The Manure Spreader

In our experience the manure spreader will work whenever the field is in fit condition to haul manure at all. No one should haul manure on the fields either in the manure spreader or wagons or any other way when the mud will permit the wheels to sink down half way to the hub. As for the yearly cost of the spreader, it is saved and more than saved every year in the amount of labor saved. It is saved again twice over because the spreader spreads the manure far better than it can ever be spread by hand, making it available to the entire surface of the ground, and in addition to this makes the manure go twice or three times as far. There is, in our judgment, absolutely no room for argument as to the value of the manure spreader to any farmer who keeps cattle and horses and conducts a general farming business.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Planting a Hedge

For an ornamental hedge the Amur River privet is best. Arbor vitae will also make a fairly good ornamental hedge. But neither of them is of a character to turn stock well. The best farm hedge is made with the hardy orange, Citrus trifoliata. This is very thorny and can be planted a foot or more apart and will need no plashing or staking like the Osage hedge, and in a few years will make a hedge that a bird can hardly go through. Then in the fall the little sour oranges are pretty, but not edible. This orange is perfectly hardy anywhere in Maryland. We had it stand eighteen below zero in the hills of Baltimore county. The Amur River privet is far more evergreen than the California privet so commonly used north, and it grows readily from cuttings. The orange plants can be had from southern nurserymen for about twenty dollars per thousand for hedging purposes. The arbor vitae will be far more costly and will need a great deal of annual trimming to make a good hedge.—The Practical Farmer.

Phenomenal String Beans

Undoubtedly the most remarkable string beans in the world are grown in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. These beans average from twenty to thirty-six inches in length, and in spite of their enormous size, are more tender and edible than the smaller varieties.

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M. G. SERVICE.

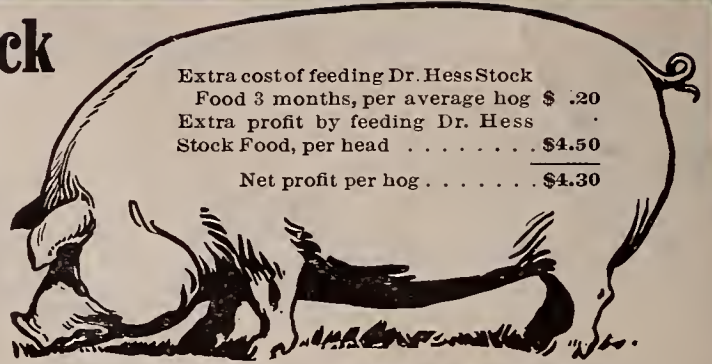
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Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada. "One Thousand Facts About Canada." and "How a Home for the Millions can be Obtained," two pamphlets giving much information about Western Canada's vast agricultural domain.

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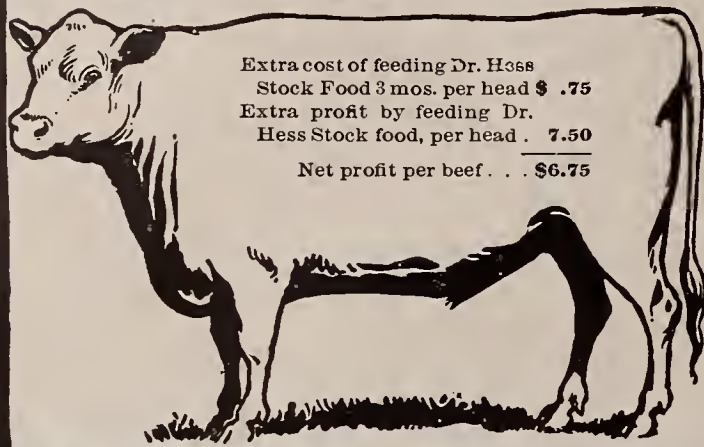
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WESTERN EDITION

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TERMS { 25 CENTS A YEAR
24 NUMBERS

Successful Women Ranch Owners

BY ARTHUR HOYT



MRS. KENNEDY,
WHO HAS THE
BEST-STOCKED
RANCH IN TEXAS



MRS. McKNIGHT,
A SOCIAL AS
WELL AS A BUSI-
NESS SUCCESS



PRETTY BESSIE MULHALL, TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD, OWNER AND MANAGER OF ONE OF THE LARGEST RANCHES OF THE WEST

THE MULHALL RANCH—MISS MULHALL HAS DONE AWAY WITH ALL BRANDING OF CATTLE

IN THE old days there was a certain ideal for woman; she was expected to sit in the best room, with her hair done up, and do tatting. Now a days they have changed all that, and the modern woman is one who can do many things, and do them well. She is not a bit less charming, and she has not lost any of that quality which made men look up to the medieval lady; she is all that woman was, and more.

There is not a trade nor profession which she has not invaded. In the West there are a dozen women who by chance or desire have shouldered work which it seemed that only men could do, and to-day some of the largest cattle-ranches are owned by women. The photographs which illustrate this article show that they are women that one would be glad to know. Perhaps the most notable, because she is the youngest, is Miss Mulhall.

Miss Mulhall's ranch is located in Logan County, near Mulhall, Oklahoma, the town being named for her father. The ranch embraces ten thousand and eighty acres, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand cattle are kept on it at all times. The ranch has been reduced since the opening of the Territory; before that time it embraced eighty thousand acres, and the cattle numbered from ten thousand to twenty thousand. Miss Mulhall was born on the ranch, and makes it her home, leaving it only for the few months each year which she spends in the East. She has full care and control of the management of the ranch; she employs no overseer,

but takes entire charge of the handling of the cattle herself, overlooking the herd each fall, when she sells the males to Texas buyers, keeping all the cows that are marked good, and disposing of the old ones. In this way she is so managing affairs that her herd, which is composed largely of Herefords, is improving every year. Four years ago Miss Mulhall did away with the custom of branding the cattle; instead, a tin tag containing the number for registration is attached to the ear. Miss Mulhall also raises thoroughbred horses, and races them on the Eastern tracks each year.

Miss Mulhall, who is now twenty-two years old, has had the management of the ranch since she was a child of eleven. There is no detail of the cattle business with which she is not thoroughly familiar, for her knowledge of the ranch is the result of a lifetime acquaintance, the longest period she was ever off the ranch being four years, which were spent in a convent in St. Louis. But even then she kept in constant correspondence with the ranch, and every month she was allowed three days from her studies in which to visit it; two days of the time was spent en route there and back, and one to overlooking her affairs. Miss Mulhall has organized a "Cow-Boy Band," composed of the cowboys working on and near her ranch. These men are famous for their marvelous ability in riding and roping, and have given exhibitions of their skill in various cities of the United States.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27]



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COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN MANY LANDS

The Hindu

and Parsee

MARRIAGE customs are more elaborate in India than in any other country in the world. Here the rites are closely identified with the religion of the family, and although the original forms in the Sanskrit language have been modified by the traditions of the tribes until they have been greatly changed, the principal features are alike in most of

families have leisure to prepare for them, but an astrologer must select an auspicious day for the event. The groom is ready for his preliminary game of diplomacy, which is scarcely more than a "bluff." This is a pretense to visit the sacred Ganges at Benares and wash away his sins in its healing waters. Generally there would not be time before the wedding-day to complete



A PARSEE COUPLE



THE HINDU PRIEST

the tribes that have diverged from the parent stock. Besides religion, caste is the next determining factor influencing marriage. The bride and the groom, and in fact the other relations seeking the alliance, strive to enter a family of the next higher grade in the social world. Intermarriage has produced gradations in caste that are almost numberless, but these lines of distinction are nevertheless ironclad, and are observed very strictly. Either of the parties can hope to rise in rank only because the other is complaisant or susceptible to the influence of presents. Primarily there was said to be three leading castes, springing respectively from the head, the body and the legs of the god Siva, but occupations which are considered honorable or degrading have since greatly increased the subdivisions. The families which are so divided will allow no contamination by contact with those in a lower grade.

As in many other Eastern countries, there is no courting between the parties, but the partners are selected and the details arranged by the relatives and friends. Neither polygamy nor infant marriages are encouraged by religion, and they have probably been introduced to please the fancy of individuals—especially those high in rank, who have practiced plural marriages largely on account of the opportunity which their wealth and power gave.

Great stress is laid on the sacredness and permanency of the marriage institution, which is very rarely dissolved. The burning of widows is an outgrowth of this idea, but the custom has long since been prohibited by the British government. The fate of the widow is still a very unhappy one in India, and especially in the families of rank, where she is obliged to live the remainder of her life in seclusion. The preliminary ceremony in a child wedding is usually followed by a second when the child is old enough to join her husband in the new home.

When visits are exchanged by the friends of the bride and groom to complete arrangements for the wedding, great attention is paid to omens, which are considered especially potent then. For instance, if the groom's messengers should meet a cat, a fox or a serpent, they turn back and seek a more propitious time for the errand. After the bride's father has received the offer he must delay replying until one of the ubiquitous lizards in his house has chirped. The weddings usually come in the hot months, when the



THE WEDDING PARTY WITH SACRED UTENSILS



A HINDU BRIDE BEDECKS HER HUSBAND WITH FLOWERS

such a journey when the groom undertakes it, but the readiness must be shown, and the company sets out. When the bride's father meets them and dissuades the groom from such an undertaking he is very ready to stop. He is assured, moreover, that his sins have not been so grievous as to need cleansing before his nuptials. If the bride's father is satisfied with his spiritual condition the young man need say no more, but he returns and prepares the "thali," or gold badge, that custom decrees all married women must wear suspended from their necks.

The Brahmin priest is called to participate in the ceremonies attending the casting of this "thali," and various relics enter into the composition of the metal, which is worked in the shape of a small square in the presence of relatives. The day before the ceremony the members of the families and neighbors gather at the home of the bride and begin preparations for the event. The women grind flour of peas and rice, from which the bridal cakes are to be made, while the men erect the canopy under which the ceremony takes place. An immense number of coconuts and betel-leaves are collected, and for the feast there must be bananas and curry in abundance. The bride is dressed for the ceremony early on the evening of her wedding-day, when her girl friends adorn her ears, nose, fingers, ankles and even her toes with jewels. The three lines—a mark of the Trinity—are made with a paste of sacred ashes across her forehead, and the priests then proceed with the ceremony.

The "spiritual adviser" and his assisting priests build the sacred fires—a sacrifice to the god Agni, who is supposed to attend such occasions. With a

bell, thread, lamps and brass utensils the priests perform many incantations, the most of them pure mummery. A burst of sky-rockets and other fireworks announces the arrival of the groom, who is met by the brother or representative of the bride, who washes his feet; in return for this favor the groom must present his brother-in-law with a ring. The couple is then seated facing the east, while the girl's father throws a dish of water over her. Then follow more religious ceremonies. The groom places the woman's foot on the grindingstone as a symbol of the enduring nature of her devotion, and sometimes he marks her face with blood drawn from his own veins. The thread is twisted around the brass vessels, the left wrist of the woman

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 35]

Salient Farm Notes

FARM GARDENING.—A man in Pennsylvania ask a question or two which I am obliged to "pass up," as I am not good at conundrums, anyway. He wants to know if I think it would be a good idea to buy an uncleared tract of forty acres two miles from a city, what I would grow on it the first season, and how would I raise the cash to pay for it. Without a doubt the man is honest in his queries, and I would very much like to give him a few pointers that would do him some good, but knowing nothing about the land, the man, or the opportunities in sight I can tell him nothing that would probably be of any practical value to him.

In a general way I can say that I think the opportunities for making a good living and something more from a small tract of land are much better in the East than in any other section of the country. With the same energy and enterprise that is displayed in the West, and the nearer good markets a live man should, it seems to me, be able to make a good profit from what is termed small farming. Near the large markets in the East everything one grows can be sold at very good prices, while in the West only staple crops can be sold, and any little surplus of fruits or vegetables must go to the pigs, unless one happens to be located near to one of the large towns, or is in a locality where people are too busy to do any gardening for themselves.

CARE OF SOWS AND PIGS.—A young farmer living in what he terms "North

available articles of feed to mix with her corn are oats and bran. For about two weeks it is a good idea to feed her equal quantities of coarse corn meal, or corn and cob meal, oats and bran, either dry or mixed with water to a thick mush. Gradually make this thinner with water, or skim milk if it can be had, until it is simply slop. I would have her in fair condition but not fat. If she is inclined to lay on fat at this time the slop should be made thinner to prevent it, and the corn meal should be cut down to one fourth of the ration and no milk should be used. This sloppy food will satisfy her appetite, keep her system cool and bowels in proper order. Prepared for farrowing in this manner she will have no desire to destroy her pigs, and will be in just the right condition for supplying them with an abundance of milk.

To have good success with farrowing sows it is absolutely necessary to have a warm shed for them. This need not be expensive. The cheapest grade of lumber is good enough for the sides and ends, and if the building is covered with roofing felt the cheapest grade will do equally well for the roof. If room for several sows at one time is required the shed should be divided into pens, six by eight or eight by eight feet square. Around the inside of the

had lost three fine litters of pigs through having them farrowed too early in the season. The bitter cold weather then prevailing had chilled them, they had wandered away from the sow and frozen to death. I asked him if he did not think that a cheap, warm shed would have been a good investment about that time. He has since built one. I saw a farmer having a house for farrowing sows built a few days ago, and it was costing him about twice what such a house should cost, because of the expensively heavy frame and high grade of lumber he was putting into it. Six-inch fencing is plenty heavy enough for a frame for a hog house of this sort, and two by four inch stuff is heavy enough for posts. Then the cheapest grade of lumber properly protected with cheap building felt will last longer than the most expensive grade not so protected. Farmers should study this building question more for themselves, and not leave the matter so much to carpenters. The carpenter will figure in a lot of heavy frame stuff that is not needed at all, but which will make easy work for him. Substantial buildings for pigs and poultry can be made without it.

The Missouri man says he did not get the growth in the little pigs that he thinks he should. They seemed to be slow about

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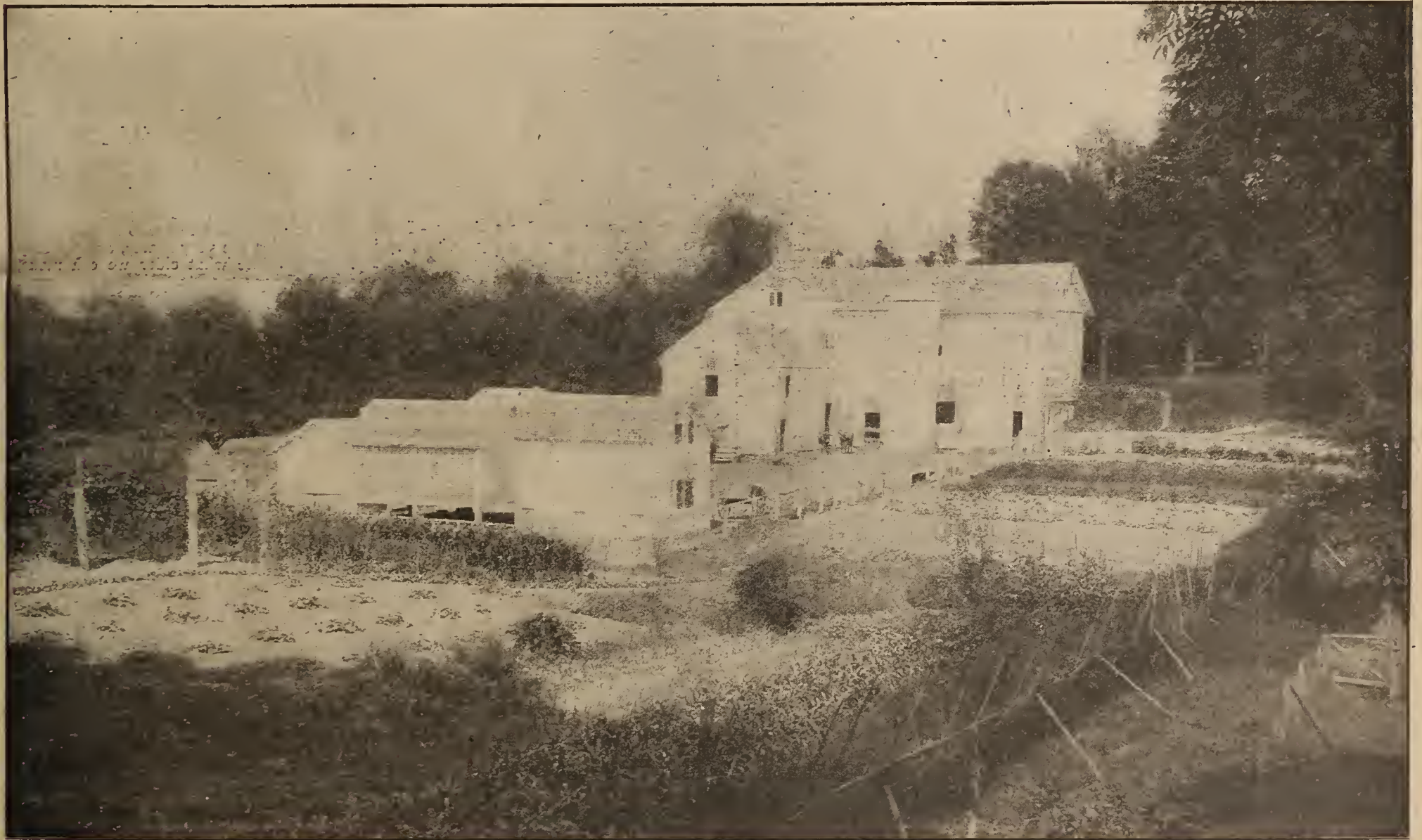
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BARN AND GARDEN OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER

Missouri" writes that he has fine success in raising pigs and preparing them for market, but he has such chronic bad luck at farrowing time that he thinks it will pay him to buy young pigs instead of trying to produce them. He says two of his best sows ate their pigs last spring, another crushed all but one of a fine litter, and those of another were chilled so badly the cold, blustery night they were farrowed that they died. He wants to know if I can tell him of any method of management by which he will have better luck with his pigs.

There is no good reason why any one should have such "bad luck" as this man reports. His bad luck is all bad management. The reason his sows ate their pigs was simply because a bad system of feeding had made them costive, feverish and next thing to crazy. If he had fed them properly a month or six weeks before farrowing this would not have happened. Without a doubt their feed had been almost wholly corn, and while a limited quantity is all right if supplemented with other food, all corn is about the worst food that can be given.

I think it advisable to begin preparing a sow for farrowing at least six weeks beforehand. Two of the cheapest and most

pens, about six inches from the walls and eight inches above the floor a two by three inch piece should be firmly fastened. This will prevent the sow from lying close to the walls and crushing pigs against them. When she lies down the little fellows generally try to get out of her way, but if they get against the wall they stop and down she comes on them and crushes the life out of them. The inside rail gives them a chance to save themselves, as they can pass under it out of her way. Not more than two or three handfuls of straw should be placed in the pen, just enough for the sow to make a circle with. If she has none she will try to root up the floor, and will be discontented with her quarters. With a large quantity she will construct a deep bed and probably crush some of her pigs in it.

There should be no openings through the wall that the little pigs can get out at. If one gets lost from the sow it is sure to go all around the pen with its nose against the wall, and if it finds an opening out it will go. The next morning it will be found chilled to death.

The way to avoid the bad luck the young Missouri farmer speaks of is to take such measures as will absolutely prevent it. Last spring a farmer told me he

starting and rounding out. This is not to be wondered at when his sows came to farrowing in the condition he spoke of. They had very little milk for the pigs to begin with, and very likely but little for several days. If he had fed them as I have indicated they would have had an abundance, and the little fellows would have started off and rounded out in a satisfactory manner. In feeding the sows right it is not they alone that are benefited but the pigs also, and the difference will be plain to any one. After farrowing the food of the sow should be gradually increased and made richer, for the growth of the pigs depends on the quality of her food. Corn meal, middlings and ground oats make the best grain food that can be given, and is still better if made to a thick slop with skim milk from healthy cows.

If fed this mixture, with an occasional mess of some kind of cooked vegetables, a sow will furnish an abundance of rich milk for the largest litter. FRED GRUNDY.

The state experiment stations are extending the helping hand to farmers and saying: "We can help you to increase your profits and lighten your labor if you will consult us."

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About Rural Affairs

I NJURY FROM PETROLEUM SPRAY.—I have not yet changed my opinion in regard to the great value of crude petroleum as a means of controlling the San José scale. I have practiced and advocated to spray with it in full strength rather later in the spring than was at first told us.

At the last meeting (October 28th) of the Niagara County (New York) Farmer's Club, when this matter was discussed, one member stated that he had nearly killed his trees by spraying in early spring before the buds had expanded, while one of his neighbors to whom he furnished two barrels of the same petroleum, and who sprayed his trees quite late, when signs of leaves and blossoms having already appeared on the trees, killed the scale without in any way injuring the trees.

It seems that if the spraying is done when the limbs are full of sap the oil is prevented from penetrating the sappy bark, and no injury results. At least I have never yet seen a sign of injury, or ever heard of any, where the spraying with crude petroleum of the right kind was done just at that time.

APPLES FROM YOUNG TREES.—W. T. Mann, an expert fruit grower, of Niagara County, New York, told of his having planted a lot of apple trees seven years ago, and having harvested this year an average of one fifth of a barrel of fruit per tree, all varieties yielding about alike and showing that it was the method of treatment rather than the variety that gave the results.

If we can grow apple crops thus quickly, it may encourage us older people to set trees. Usually we thought we would have to wait about twenty years after setting a tree to get apples from it.

Mr. Mann's young trees are standing rather close, I believe twenty to twenty-three feet apart, and are headed low. A neighbor tells me that the fruit in this orchard grew mostly on the lower branches, very few specimens having been found in the tops.

Of course, the trees were set thus close with the intention of cutting out every other row as soon as the trees begin to crowd one another. Most growers under such circumstances yield to the temptation of leaving the trees longer than is good for those that are to remain. Mr. Mann can be depended on to cut them down promptly at the proper time.

When asked what variety or varieties he would plant for a permanent orchard, he replied that he would confine himself mostly to the old Baldwin. That he is right in this is beyond doubt. The Baldwin is the business apple of this great fruit region. It brings the crops; it brings the money. We may talk about the Northern Spy, and about York Imperial, McIntosh Red, Fameuse, Maidenblush, and other apples which the experts, even Professor Van Deman, have often urged us so emphatically to grow for commercial purposes; and yet all these apples are not "in it" compared with the Baldwin, which is always reliable.

For the purpose of a mere filler, as used by Mr. Mann, I could hardly name any apple more suitable than the old Wagener, an early bearer of excellent quality. The tree is somewhat weak, and particularly subject to the attacks of insects and disease. The up-to-date orchardist, however, will know how to keep even the Wagener tree in good shape by means of good cultivation and thorough spraying, and may count on securing apples of fine quality and high commercial value in the early life of the tree, the latter to be cut down when a dozen to twenty years of age. If there is any variety of apple better suited for this purpose here than the Wagener I do not know it.

THE AX FOR OLD ORCHARDS.—Can these old apple trees so frequently seen in this region, and which have been neglected for years, and given up, without even an attempt of redemption, to the ravages of disease and insects, be resurrected and made again useful? This is one of the queries often addressed to the experts at horticultural meetings.

Professor Hedricks, the new horticulturist of the Geneva, New York, Experiment Station, touched on this question in an address to the farmers of Niagara County. He justly holds that the condition of the tree itself should determine what to do with it. If standing in a crowded orchard, with lower limbs partially or wholly dead, and tops extending skyward thirty or forty feet high, the right remedy, without question, is the ax. The best thing that can be done with an old orchard of this kind is to use it for firewood, and thus

get rid of a nuisance and a breeding place for all sorts of apple enemies. We have thousands of such trees all over the apple-growing sections of New York State, and their removal would have a decidedly beneficial effect on the younger orchards by the removal of a prolific source of infection.

The rapid spread of the San José scale seems to make this course really imperative, for the large trees, especially if crowded, can only be treated for the scale with greater difficulties and more inconvenience than most owners are willing to surmount or undergo. In order to make thorough work in getting rid of the scale, we must destroy the infested trees.

If a younger orchard, however, is only neglected, but otherwise of fairly good shape and health, and not beyond salvation, then some pruning, thorough cultivation, and thorough spraying, even without heavy manuring, will in most cases suffice to set it upon its feet again, and to put it in shape for producing paying crops.

If the land is poor we may grow a cover crop, such as vetch, soy bean, cowpea, or one of the clovers, and plow this under, or let it rot on the ground. For light soils, I would add some potash, either in the form of wood ashes or muriate of potash, and a little superphosphate in any case. It will help the cover crop, and through the decay of this, the trees. The latter will quickly respond to this treatment, and get into shape to grow full crops of superior fruit. In fact they could not help doing that under this method.

The apple situation in this and other states will never become wholly satisfactory until these two things—the destruction of a lot of old worthless trees and the building up of the somewhat younger but neglected orchards by the means mentioned are properly attended to.

BEST BEDDING FOR FARM STOCK.—I am somewhat notional about my stables, and want them kept just as clean and sweet as possible. If it is good for people to sleep in clean beds, and in a pure atmosphere, it is good also for our farm animals to be bedded and housed so they enjoy cleanliness and pure air. With cows this is of especial importance, as any filth or impurity must necessarily affect the milk injuriously.

The average farmer is well provided with straw, and he will use it in preference of any material (even if it might be better for the purpose) that is not so easily within reach. It may be used freely, and in such a way that most of the urine of the cows or horses is saved and will go into the manure. With this bedding we get a large bulk of manure, and by its application can keep our soils loose and friable.

Straw bedding, however, has one disadvantage, namely, that horses and cows easily paw or shove it back to the rear, and then lie down on the bare floor. For cows especially, in order to keep them nice and clean, I would prefer to cut the straw with an ordinary feed cutter into two-inch lengths, so as to have it remain more surely on the floor under the animals.

Here where straw is not overabundant, or rather quite valuable, we often use saw shavings and sawdust for bedding, although we have to pay fifteen to twenty cents per bale for the shavings, sawdust being in most cases even more expensive, as so much of it is used for packing ice and in other ways. The shavings make a most convenient bedding, and considerations of cleanliness outweigh even those of expense.

The Maryland State Experiment Station, having tried the various materials for bedding, says: "The sawdust, everything considered, was the most satisfactory of the materials used in these tests. It kept the cows cleaner than anything else, as it is not as easily shoved around as the straw and stover. It can be made to look cleaner and neater than either of the other materials, and unlike the straw and stover, is entirely free from dust.

"The sawdust from the pitch pines of the Southern States is said to have a bad effect on the sand soils of that section. The sawdust decays slowly and has a tendency to loosen up a soil already too loose. This objection would hardly hold good outside of the pitch-pine regions, or on clay land. Sawdust manure is ideal for scattering on fields.

"Practically all that has been said in favor of the sawdust is true of the shavings. It is also quite dry. It is without the objectionable dust of straw and stover. It makes a fine appearance. The shavings used come baled and cost about six

dollars or seven dollars per ton in car lots. The test shows that it would require about eleven hundred pounds per cow for a year.

"For the strictly sanitary dairy sawdust or shavings are the ideal bedding materials, though the ordinary farmer could not be advised to buy when he could raise either the straw or stover." I know that cut straw or corn stalks make very good and clean bedding. It is a good deal of extra work to run the materials through a feed cutter; but during the winter, when work is slack, it will pay to do so, not only in cleanliness but also in the better mechanical condition of the manure.

SHAVINGS VERSUS STRAW IN MANURE.—I have been using saw shavings, mostly pine, for bedding more or less for years. Farmers are sometimes afraid of using shavings manure as it might "hurt the land." I rather like such manure, and when buying a car load at the stock yards, never fail to mention that I would rather have manure from animals bedded with sawdust or shavings, or even sand, than with straw. In fact I have never noticed any bad effect whatever from such manure on any land or any crop. For my garden operations I like manure that I can distribute as evenly as possible through the soil, and I can accomplish this more easily with sawdust or shavings manure than with manure containing much coarse litter. Least of all do I want manure with a lot of long corn stalks in it. On the other hand, I would not object to straw manure after it has been composted or worked over and lain long enough for the straw to rot, so that we can easily spread it evenly over the garden patches and mix it all through the soil.

GOOD VINEGAR.—Vinegar is an important, in fact an indispensable, household necessity. Much that is used as vinegar in many households hardly deserves that name, and may possibly be some diluted acid. I want good vinegar or none. Cider vinegar can hardly be improved upon, although other fruit juices, even pear and apple parings, grape refuse, tomatoes, honey, etc., may be used to make a fairly passable "vinegar." This year we are a little at a loss what to use to make vinegar of, as apples are very scarce, and we may have to dilute what cider we can make, with honey water, etc.

We should take special pains, this year, however, to treat whatever good material we have for vinegar in such a way as to secure the best results. Most farmers' cellars have too low a temperature (sixty degrees or so) to make vinegar quickly and reliably. A temperature of seventy degrees or above is required for best results. I usually put my barrel of cider intended for making vinegar in the furnace room of the cellar, where good vinegar can be made in one winter. Before I had a furnace in the house, I used to place the vinegar barrel on the floor of an upper room, near the stove pipe, and I used to get fine vinegar in less than six months.

The following directions for making vinegar, given by Prof. Gerald McCarthy, may be followed with confidence: "Take sound barrels or any suitably sized vessels of wood, earthenware or glass. Clean thoroughly and scald. Fill not more than half full of the cider or wine stock, which should have fermented at least one month. To this add one sixth its volume of old vinegar. This addition is a very necessary part of the process. Next add to the liquid a little mother of vinegar. If this latter is not at hand, a fairly pure culture may be made by exposing in a shallow uncovered crock or wooden pail a mixture of one half old vinegar and one half hard cider or wine. The room where this is exposed should have a temperature of about eighty degrees. In three or four days the surface should become covered with a gelatinous pellicle or cap. This is mother of vinegar. A little of this carefully removed with a wooden spoon or stick should be laid gently upon the surface of the cider prepared as above described. Do not stir it in. The vinegar ferment grows only at the surface. In three days the cap should have spread entirely over the fermenting cider. Do not break this cap thereafter, so long as the fermentation continues. If the temperature is right, the fermentation should be completed in from four to six weeks. The vinegar should then be drawn off, strained through several folds of cheese cloth, and corked or bunged tightly and kept in a cool place until wanted for consumption. If the vinegar remains turbid, stir into a barrel one pint of solution of one fourth of a pound of isinglass in one pint of water. As soon as settled, rack off and store in tight vessels. No pure cider vinegar will keep long in vessels exposed to the air at a temperature above sixty degrees."

Good vinegar is worth having. To make it as described is the only sure way for the farmer to get it. T.GREINER.

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Hogs in Standing Corn

THE remarks of the editor in a recent issue of the "Farmer" on hogging down corn leads me to give some experience which may prove of some little interest to hog raisers in other sections. More attention is given to corn growing and meat production in south-western Ohio than in any other part of the state. The methods of farming are the same as are usually practiced in the Middle West. Thirty years ago nearly every farmer hogged down some corn, but owing to neglect of details many had losses, especially so when the well improved hog was given the treatment of the razor-back. Eventually the practice was largely abandoned. However, in recent years the practice has been revived. The matter has been studied with some care, and it has been found that the practice in itself is not at fault, but only the lack of attention to the right things at the right time. Now many of our most intelligent and successful raisers fatten their hogs in this way, and so well convinced are they of its practicability that they are not afraid to uphold it in the press. Our own experience dates back ten years. We had a few losses at the first from causes which will be specified. The present year, on September 13th, we turned one hundred and twenty-two hogs weighing from fifty to three hundred pounds into a field of ten and one half acres by drill measurc. The total weight on that date was fifteen thousand six hundred and ninety-three pounds. The field produced probably sixty bushels of corn per acre, and with the corn was a good growth of pumpkins. The watering place was in an adjoining five-acre lot of clover aftermath following the seed crop. There was sufficient natural shade at one corner to keep the hogs in comfort on the hot days. The field was cleaned up on October 11th. The bunch of hogs was weighed and showed a net gain of six thousand five hundred and fifty-two pounds. We could easily have sold the entire lot that day

from frosted corn which was too inferior to sell. The hogs were kept in two bunches during the summer and allowed to run on clover pastures. They did not have much corn, but were slopped daily with ground wheat screenings. Our purpose was to develop muscle and bone. About the first of September we began to cut and haul them green corn, increasing the allowance until they had all they wanted.

Years ago we lost some hogs because we did not feed green corn beforehand. In the days of the razor-back hog this would not have been necessary. At another time we lost a few because they did not find the water promptly, and several more had nearly succumbed when we found them. This section has suffered greatly from cholera, and when there is an outbreak we keep hogs from the creek. We have not had cholera on the farm for thirteen years, and at that time the attack did not come in the fattening season.

The field hogged down was disked three times and sown to wheat with a disk drill. When the fields are cleaned up too late for wheat we sow to rye in the same way for early pasture in the spring. This saves loss of the droppings from washing and provides a growth to be plowed under for another crop of corn.

Hogs should not be turned into corn until the ears are matured sufficiently to prevent their souring when left only partly eaten. Smaller hogs or pigs follow advantageously the larger ones to pick up much of the corn that may be down. A good supply of pumpkins in the field is excellent for variety in the diet, and we believe they pay well. Do not attempt to hog down corn unless shade and water are abundant. Drive the hogs to the water-

In the Field

allows us to turn the corn into meat at the time when it is most readily assimilated. It makes it possible to fatten the hogs during the finest weather of the year and fits the most of them for market before the price declines materially. This means an advance of from one dollar to two dollars per hundredweight over later prices.—ROBERT L. DEAN in "Wallaces' Farmer."

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Alfalfa

A Maryland reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE writes me: "You are entirely right in your advocacy of fall sowing of alfalfa for us Eastern farmers. My spring sowings have not been successes, while that which I sowed in the fall has been very satisfactory. I now have a sowing three years old, and it made me a lot of hay the past season."

My chief reason for urging Eastern farmers to sow alfalfa in late summer more properly speaking than in the fall—during August or very early in September—is that by thus sowing in the late summer we more fully circumvent the weeds. At present I have two sowings of this year, one made in August and the other early in September. Both have made very fine growths and are in good shape to stand the hardships of winter. The August sowing grew almost large enough to require clipping. Part of the land occupied by this sowing was sown to alfalfa in the spring of last year, and while it came up nicely and made a good start under very favorable conditions of soil fertility and tillage, the weeds, which we have always with us, took possession, and the land was plowed up in the fall and sown to wheat.

soms higher than the alfalfa will ever grow, in the short days before them hurry in their seed making preparations almost as soon as they were out of the ground. Then came the frost and the tender weeds went down. I must admit they won my admiration in their endeavor, but I am pleased to be rid of the thousands of weed seeds thus sprouted and the thousands of weeds thus nipped in the bud.

The alfalfa now has a fair field and will have the favor of a good dressing of manure in a short time, and will surely give me some fine cuttings next summer.

My other sowing, made in September, was on land devoted to a soiling crop of oats, sugar corn and early potatoes. The land is fertile and the alfalfa promising.

It will be observed that by sowing in August we not only save our crop from a pretty sure smothering by weeds, but are able to get a crop of wheat or rye or some spring crop from the land, thus really losing no time nor use of land. I have not used inoculated seed, but find that those plants showing bacteria on their roots are, as far as my examinations have extended, in a more vigorous condition of growth than the plants without them.

W. F. McSPARRAN.

*

Silver Hull Versus Japanese Buckwheat

For several years I have planned to try the Silver Hull buckwheat, but as it was convenient to get Japanese buckwheat when I wanted seed and this had usually given very satisfactory yields I neglected to secure seed of the Silver Hull variety until last summer. I secured one bushel of seed and sowed it July 27th on wheat stubble that had been turned under some time before. I sowed the balance of the field to Japanese buckwheat the same day. Both varieties were put in without fertilizer with a grain drill.

In the earlier stages of growth the Japanese seemed to be doing better. It bloomed first and did not remain in bloom as long as the Silver Hull. The Silver Hull branched out more than the Japanese and



AN OLD-TIME TEAM AND A MODERN HARROW

for five dollars per hundredweight, and we did sell more than half of them for five dollars and fifteen cents per hundredweight. But taking the bunch at five cents per pound, the gain would show a return from the field of three hundred and twenty-seven dollars and sixty cents, or thirty-one dollars and twenty cents per acre. The gain practically came from the cornfield, as the clover was insignificant.

The showing this year is by no means exceptional. When we can have corn adjoining a running stream and a good range of woods the hogs make better gains. One year they showed a return of thirty-six dollars and fifty cents per acre

ing place at first so that all can locate it. Access to grass and the woods will help to make the big gains. If your pigs have been slopped for several weeks this part of the feeding may be omitted for a while, then begin again if you can do so. It is far better to have scales, so that you can know just what gains are being made and what returns are coming to you. Give plenty of sale and keep away the lice. Charcoal and ashes should be allowed if they have not the woods to range in.

We have been hogging down corn not because it is an easy way to dispose of it, but because it yields profitable returns on one hundred dollars per acre land. It

No grass nor clover was sown with the wheat, and after harvest the past summer the wheat stubble was plowed, a liberal application of manure given and with four hundred pounds of phosphoric acid and potash worked into the soil by our operations of reducing the soil to a fine seed bed. Like the evil one of old, the weeds "came also," but they came out of season and while they seemed to do their best to do their worst their lines fell in evil days.

It was really interesting in "nature study" to see those late comers of the field spring into life, and many specimens that with a summer in which to grow would have waved their triumphant blos-

grew taller. The Japanese ripened a few days earlier than the other and seemed to be filled better. Both varieties were ready to cut by October 1st. At threshing time the Silver Hull gave at least one third the better yield per acre. I could not give an exact account of the yield per acre, as the chickens and ducks had free access to the field and ate considerable of both varieties. I threshed twelve bushels of the Silver Hull, and I estimated that four to five bushels of this variety were eaten by the poultry and wasted in threshing. The Silver Hull had a much plumper grain than the Japanese, and would weigh five pounds a bushel heavier. A. J. LEGG.

Gardening

T. GREINER

FOR WINTER GARDENING.—We have a supply of vegetables fresh from the garden, especially lettuce, cabbage, winter radish, onions, spinach, and young carrots. But this supply is liable to be cut short any day by wintry weather. Winter gardening, with most people, is mainly cellar gardening. Much can be done even in a common house cellar. The least we should have is a pot or box in which a few roots of parsley are planted, this to be placed close to a cellar window and in as much light as possible. A little bit of parsley comes handy to flavor our meat, soups or fish, or to garnish the meat platter on Sunday or holiday, and it is easily grown. The roots used for this purpose should be young, as old ones are liable to run to seed. Water as seems to be needed. Celery of one of the later sorts has been taken up with a chunk of soil attached to the roots, and is stored in a dark corner of the cellar where it is cool but free from frost, and where the roots can be kept moist and the tops dry. Here it will make some growth from the heart and give some very crisp and sweet stalks that any one must appreciate. A few salsify and parsnip roots may also be taken up and stored in a box or keg in the cellar, in sand. Winter radish is treated in the same way. At times we have had very good head lettuce until Christmas by taking up some half-grown heads from the open ground at this time and packing them with plenty of soil attached to their roots in flats, these to be kept in a light cellar window and supplied with water as needed.

*

CABBAGE FOR WINTER.—Cabbage is perhaps the most common of our winter vegetables. It may be kept in good condition in a great variety of ways, but it is also easily spoiled if exposed to too much dampness, or to repeated alternate severe freezing and thawing, or allowed to wilt in a dry atmosphere. Laid on shelves in a damp cellar, the heads usually keep well. I leave the roots on, trim off some of the outer leaves, and wrap a large newspaper around the head, tying it around the stump, then hang the cabbage up by the root in our cellar, which is somewhat dry. The newspaper covering prevents evaporation and wilting. Another good way for the home supply is to trim the heads nearly as much as for market and pack them in a barrel that is sunk into the ground. Fill the barrel above the cabbages with dry leaves, put on a cover, and in very cold weather put some more litter over the top to prevent severe freezing. This provides for easy access to the cabbages at any time in winter. I am not much in favor of burying cabbages in open ground, although they can be kept in A No. 1 condition in this way. But there are plenty of rats and mice around here. They are sure to get into the cabbage pits and do a lot of damage. Snails and earth worms also infest the heads, finding their way far into the inner parts and giving much annoyance. I find cellar storage most convenient for me and generally safest.

*

FORCING RHUBARB.—For a few years past the forcing of rhubarb has become a popular and profitable practice. A corner on the floor of the furnace room of a common house cellar will answer well enough for this purpose. Of course, we must have good roots. I have quite a lot of old plants, some that were left when an old bed was taken up last spring had remained in their old places and are now dug out to be left to freeze. These rhubarb clumps must always be exposed to freezing before they can be used for forcing. They are then ready to be planted in rich soil on the cellar floor, rather closely together, and when the temperature is right will soon give very tender, brittle, almost leafless stalks until exhausted. In case the temperature in the cellar is too low, as is most likely the case in a cellar not containing a furnace, the space intended for rhubarb may be inclosed with a sort of box, and the temperature inside raised by keeping a lighted lantern inside the box. I have just made a little addition to my little greenhouse. There are no hot-water pipes in this part and no benches. I am going to keep this for a store room mainly, but shall also put in a few clumps of rhubarb to give me what fresh pie plant I may want during winter. I shall also once more try to raise some mushrooms in this part of the building. During March, April and May of course every inch of it will be occupied by plants, first by cabbage and cauliflower plants and later by tomato, egg and pepper plants.

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GREENHOUSE WORK.—I still maintain that the market gardener who aims to supply his retail customers with fresh vegetables from early spring until winter cannot do best work and obtain most satisfactory results without the help of a plant house, may this be of ever so modest proportions. We need early plants and can hardly ever start them early enough in

a hotbed so that we could compete with growers who run a hothouse. But it will not be absolutely necessary to run the plant house all winter unless we have some house plants that we wish to winter over or desire to grow some lettuce or other forced vegetables in winter. With present prices of coal, greenhouse heating is not without considerable expense, and I do not assert that the production of forced vegetables on a small scale is particularly profitable. Yet it is very convenient, even for the home grower of modest means, to have a little plant house to run to and work in at leisure hours, and to produce not only an abundance of good winter lettuce, green onions, parsley, radishes and other stuff, besides perhaps mushrooms, etc., but also a good supply of house plants with which, when in bloom, the good wife may brighten the home and add materially to her and her family's enjoyment of home life. Some little revenue may of course be derived from the sale of the surplus lettuce or of some house plants, etc. Lettuce is in good demand at any time, summer or winter. Forced on a large scale, it can be made very profitable.

The first thing we had to do in our little house this fall was to give it a good cleaning and then a thorough overhauling. When I planted sowed spinach in the latter part of September I mixed a little Improved Big Boston lettuce seed with the spinach seed and now have some fine lettuce plants to take up for transplanting to the greenhouse bench. In a general way, however, I prefer to plant Grand Rapids lettuce under glass, as that is much more reliable and disease resisting than any of the head lettuces. The plants are of a particularly and peculiarly upright growth and for that reason may be planted much more closely together than the regular head lettuces. Five to six inches each way is enough; and when the plants are filling all the room I first cut every other plant both ways, thus leaving the remaining ones stand ten inches apart and giving them a chance to grow on and become very large by the time we get ready to use them. We do enjoy our winter lettuce about as much as anything from the garden. For variety and its piquant flavor I usually also sow a few rows of ordinary cresses. In a few weeks' time this grows large enough to cut. We mix it with lettuce, and it makes a very superior salad. Later on, when the young onion plants that are grown for transplanting are getting rather tall (March and April) we repeatedly clip the tops back, and use the clippings to mix with lettuce for salad. Usually we have a lot of this stuff and can furnish our surplus to neighbors and friends, or can chop them up for chicks, ducklings or turkey babies. All creatures seem to be very fond of such green stuff at this time.

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HORSE WEEDER IN THE GARDEN.—A lady reader in Florida asks me some questions about horse weeders and their use in the garden and field. She remembers that in an earlier article in these columns I or somebody else has said: "I do not think that there are many farmers who can afford to be without a weeder." There are a number of different horse weeders on the market. They are catalogued by large seed and supply dealers all over the country and advertised in farm papers in their season. They are a good thing for some purposes, but like all other tools do not answer every purpose of cultivation. Where the soil is of a light sandy or loamy character, free from stones, rubbish, lumps, etc., and does not bake there is no tool made that can keep the surface pulverized and free from weeds with less effort than a good horse weeder. I have used it in peas and beans and corn and especially in potatoes, of course letting the horse or horses follow the rows, but allowing the weeder teeth to run wherever they happen to be even right in the rows, as they clean them from the small weeds, but skip over the deeper rooted peas, beans, corn or potatoes. The weeder worked all right even among beets. If a plant in a full row is pulled up occasionally it will do no harm as they must be thinned anyway. For most of my soils here, however, whether I can use a horse weeder or not depends largely on the weather. It works all right in dry weather. Most of the time I get along with our various cultivators and horse hoes. We can do good work with them at any time, selecting just the one that is best fitted to do the work under the particular soil and weather conditions. Wet weather may prevent the use of these tools and of the horse weeder also for some weeks, and until some of the weeds have grown quite large. Then

as soon as dry enough we use a cultivator with rather wide blades, following this afterward with one having narrow blades or with the spike-tooth cultivators. I have learned to do without the horse weeder, although I do consider it a good tool in its place. Among small garden stuff I use the hand weeder, and this for the garden is really the one indispensable tool. I do not miss the horse weeder here. I would give up gardening without some tool like the hand wheel-hoe.

*

LARGE ONIONS FOR WINTER.—A lady of Little Rock, Arkansas, thinks of planting three acres of onions, and not having had any experience with the crop, wants me to tell her what to plant, whether seeds or sets, and when to plant, etc. In the first place I would say to her and to any one having such intentions, never to undertake to raise three acres, or even one, without some previous experience in growing onions. The attempt will surely lead to disaster. Nor would it be wise to seek the advice as to variety and time of planting of any one at a distance who is wholly unacquainted with the particular soil and climatic conditions. Here for winter onions we grow the old Danvers Yellow and Yellow Globe, and in a limited way the Prizetaker. These are grown from black seed sown in open ground, only the Prizetaker being started under glass and transplanted. In the Southern states the potato onion, grown from small bulbs, is more generally grown. The inquirer should try some of the sorts that are grown by people in her own vicinity, besides a few others, and on a rather small scale at first so as to gain some personal experience in growing the crop and in selling it, and then afterward enlarge the plantings if that seems to her advisable.

*

BUYING ONION SEED.—A lady reader in Mississippi asks me for a price list of Bermuda onion seed, or if I do not have it, for the name of parties that sell onion seeds. I am not in the business of selling seeds and I usually buy all the seeds that I need, with the exception of certain kinds that I raise for my own use, from parties who advertise in FARM AND FIRESIDE during the entire seed season. Watch for these advertisements and send to these firms for their catalogues. The latter are worth having and in most cases can be had for the asking.

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A Washington Seed Farm

Uncle Sam says that if there is any finer soil or better growing climate in the United States than Spokane county, Washington, he has not been able to find it.

Uncle Sam is a big buyer of garden and flower seeds, and he is buying a large part of his supply from Colonel E. H. Morrison, who owns and operates in the southern part of Spokane county, thirty miles from Spokane, one of the most successful seed farms on this continent. Colonel Morrison has eight hundred acres under seed cultivation, and Uncle Sam is so delighted with the work that he has established on the farm a laboratory, and maintains an expert there for eight months in the year.

"I grew this year," said Mr. Morrison recently, "two hundred thousand pounds of sugar beet seed. Next year I expect to grow five hundred thousand pounds. I sell this seed in part to the United States government and in part to the big beet sugar manufacturers in various parts of the United States. I find a ready market for every pound of my product. Heretofore all the beet seed planted in the United States has been imported from Germany and France. This country requires annually from eight million to ten million pounds. My farm is about the only beet seed producer in the United States. The government has encouraged tests along that line at many other places, but for one reason or another the conditions were not so uniformly favorable for the growing of beet seed as they are in the Palouse country.

"I am also growing yearly two hundred thousand pounds of turnip seed. Heretofore nearly all the turnip seed used in this country has been imported from England. I grow, too, about one hundred thousand pounds of radish seed."

Colonel Morrison has one of the largest flower gardens in America. He has eleven acres in flowers, with nearly one thousand varieties, including one hundred and fifty varieties of nasturtiums. Uncle Sam buys the seeds from this great flower garden and distributes them through his members of congress. It would surprise many a New England spinster, bustling amid her little garden of flowers, to learn

that the seeds she had planted had come all the way from the other side of the American continent, and had, in fact, been grown in a region which was regarded as an almost hopeless wilderness when she went to school.

Colonel Morrison employs a European expert in seed growing, J. Delagree, who was for twenty years employed by Vil-morin, of Paris, the greatest grower of seeds in the world.

It may be news to some of our readers that the propagation of choice plants for seed is conducted with all the care that attends the breeding of a fine strain of horses or dogs.

"We are constantly selecting the finest beets growing in the fields for mother beets for next year's stock," said Mr. Morrison. "The promising plants are photographed and carefully nurtured and watched. Care is taken to choose those plants that are of the best form and foliage. The beet plant draws its sugar from the air and not from the soil, and its leaves are nature's laboratories. It is, therefore, important that these leaves should spread out to the sunshine and the air in the best way to get the best results; that each leaf should present a flat surface to the sunshine, and one leaf should not shade another. It is also important that beets of small tops be cultivated, for the reason that the greater part of the sugar lies in the top, and if you have a flat topped beet too much of the sugar is lost in cutting away the leaves."

Mr. Morrison will plant seed next year that has been gathered from beets which averaged twenty-three per cent sugar, some of them testing as high as twenty-six per cent and none of them below twenty per cent.

J. F. Read is the expert employed by the government in charge of its laboratories on Mr. Morrison's farm.—The Spokesman-Review.

*

Nitro-Culture

Within a few weeks the New York station of which Dr. Jordan is director will publish a bulletin giving the results of experiments with nitro-culture. The tests have been made not only by the bacteriologist of the Geneva station, but by three other noted bacteriologists of other, experiment stations, the effort being to eliminate the possibility of error. The results of these scientists, working in different stations upon the same material, are in accord, and show the unreliability of the cotton cultures.

In a recent visit to the Geneva station I learned that experiments in the inoculation of cotton with fresh cultures show that the bacteria die rapidly after drying. After a few days a large percentage is dead. The danger of contamination is great, and the cloudiness of the liquid secured when using cotton cultures often is due to the presence of other low forms of life and not of the bacteria we want. If these cotton cultures were produced under perfect conditions, insuring against contamination, and could be gotten to the consumer within a very few days, it would appear that they would be effective for inoculating soils that needed inoculation, but this is not, of course, generally practicable, and so the situation respecting soil inoculation is just about where it was before the national department gave the subject such an exciting whirl. This bulletin of the New York Station, New York, should go into the hands of every farmer.

Two claims were made for the "nitro-culture" whose discovery by the National Department of Agriculture has been widely advertised by means of bulletins, magazines and newspaper articles. One claim was that the bacteria were rendered peculiarly virulent and active by means of the treatment given, making them far superior to the nitrogen-gathering bacteria existing in many of our fields. The other claim was that the new discovery made bacteria portable, so that they could be distributed like any other commercial product. On these two claims the booming was based. The first claim was virtually abandoned last summer. Last June Secretary Wilson stated to a company of visitors that the merit of the discovery lay only in the portability of the cultures, and last August Assistant Secretary Hays told us that the claim for added virulence had been dropped. This disposes of the first claim.—ALVA AGEE in National Stockman and Farmer.

*

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A rainy day that will permit the reading and indexing of the helpful things that are to be found in the FARM AND FIRESIDE may be classed as a "blessing in disguise."

A New Grafting Method

AT THE recent meeting of the American Pomological Society the following method of grafting was described by a gentleman from Colorado, who stated that it was the most successful method that he had employed in top-working old orchards, and that it could be used on branches as large as four inches in diameter with great success. It impressed me as being far better than ordinary cleft grafting, especially for large stocks, from the fact that the surfaces of the union were all smooth and the scions held more firmly. The method of procedure is as follows:

After determining where the graft had better go, the stock is cut off with a fine saw and the cut made in the side of the stock, as shown at "A." This is then cleaned out with a knife as shown at "B;" a saddler's knife is used for this purpose, outline of which is shown at "E." The scion is cut as is usual in cleft grafting, and is driven with some little force into the groove in the stock, as shown at "C," and in cross-section at "D." It will be found that after this graft has been driven in it can only be pulled out by using considerable force, and it is held much more firmly than in the ordinary cleft graft. It is undoubtedly well adapted to take the place of cleft grafting for all stocks over three quarters of an inch in diameter. If you try it you will be surprised at the firmness with which the scion will stick in the stock. All wounds should be covered with wax as in ordinary cleft grafting.

Two Moth Pests

Although millions have been spent in fighting them, the gypsy and brown-tail moth pests still thrive, and experts fear that Canada, New York, New Jersey and the Middle West are to be invaded.

It is the greatest pest of the age, one of the greatest of any age since the locusts flew over Egypt. An overwhelming number of moths have settled down upon

Medford, Massachusetts. The gypsy is a silk spinner, and Professor Trouvelot had an idea that by crossing him with the ordinary silkworm he could obtain a caterpillar hardy enough to withstand the cold winters. Accordingly he imported a lot from their native European haunts and then carelessly allowed several caterpillars to escape. When they got acclimated to the east winds of Massachusetts the mischief began. It was a case of five hundred caterpillars to each female moth. Soon a commission had to be appointed which expended a million and a half in ten years in a vain effort to exterminate the plague. What the result would have been had not the legislature in a mistaken fit of economy suspended the work is a matter of speculation. At any rate last May indignant public opinion, and the openly expressed alarm of experts in the neighboring states, brought about the appointment of another commission which faced a condition of moth-ridden counties. The brown-tail had meanwhile been imported on some rose bushes from Holland. The carelessness of that scientist and those imported rose bushes have inflicted millions of damage on Massachusetts.

It is a conservative estimate that over a million dollars will be expended in Massachusetts during the next two years in fighting moths. The state has appropriated directly three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, the cities and towns will be obliged to appropriate as much more at least. This sum of about seven hundred thousand dollars will be spent mainly in the work of supervision and in ridding the public domain, parks and the like, from

W. Howard, of the Department of Agriculture, has been in Europe this past summer to determine whether or not the European parasite can be acclimated in the United States. Several thousand parasites of different kinds have been imported and placed in a special observation station at North Saugus, Massachusetts. The greatest reliance is placed upon the tachina fly, a native of Japan, and so called because of the swiftness of its flight. The tachina is a brother of the house fly, although very much larger and covered with bristling hairs. The female fly fastens her eggs to the skin of a caterpillar. When the larvæ hatch they bore their way into the body of their host and live there until full grown when they begin their process of transformation, thus destroying the life of the caterpillar. The tachina fly is a fast breeder, as many as twenty thousand eggs having been observed on a single specimen. About four hundred healthy flies are under observation at North Saugus. For the comfort of housekeepers it may be added that there is no danger that the tachina will invade the house. He is a true parasite and lives on other insects, particularly caterpillars.

The moths, especially the gypsy, are omnivorous pests. Fruit and shade trees are suffering alike. In the beautiful natural parks north of Boston thousands of beautiful trees have been killed outright, while thousands more, not yet dead, were as bare of leaves in midsummer as in dead of winter. The brown-tail has so far exhibited a marked preference for fruit trees, especially the pear. The female chooses the under side of pear leaves as the resting place for her eggs and the young caterpillars regard the same leaf as the most succulent of foods. The pine-producing country, New England north of Massachusetts, Canada and parts of the South and West are sure to be peculiarly heavy sufferers. The pine is three times as sensitive to defoliation as are non-coniferous trees. Three strippings are needed to kill most trees but one stripping will entirely destroy the pine.

The brown-tail caterpillar is an enemy of man. It sheds its minute wiry hairs, and these floating in the air come into contact with human flesh, producing a painful itching irritation of the skin. Cases have been reported so serious that the victims, with their faces swollen out of recognition and their eyes closed, were obliged to go to the hospital. The hairs taken into the mouth with the breath or swallowed on the skin of small garden fruits, as currants, have produced symptoms of serious throat irritation. The most helpful remedy seems to be any cooling lotion or, best of all, an abundant use of common vaseline.

Many state entomologists, notably Doctor Felt, of New York, and Doctor Smith, of New Jersey, have expressed great alarm at the likelihood of the plague of moths spreading to their states. Doctor Smith, who conducted the successful campaign in New Jersey against the mosquito, declares that he expects soon to have a very much more serious problem on his hands to exterminate the moths. He points out that the Massachusetts law is inadequate to deal with the danger, inasmuch as it divides the responsibility between the state and the city and town. Doctor Smith believes that the protection of the rest of the country requires the placing in Massachusetts of the undivided power and responsibility in the hands of the state. It is very probable that this weakness in the law will result in at least partial failure in the work of eradication in Massachusetts, and the inevitable infesting of wide and scattered sections of the country.

LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

Horticultural Notes

Mr. Frank Householder of Oklahoma Territory has succeeded in having a school holiday known as "Apple Day" established in Logan County. The first annual exercises were held at the territorial capital, Guthrie, October 25, 1905.

The annual convention of the National Nut Growers' Association will be held at Dallas, Texas, December 6th-8th. This convention has much in prospect which will be of material importance to those interested in nut growing.

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By S. B. GREEN

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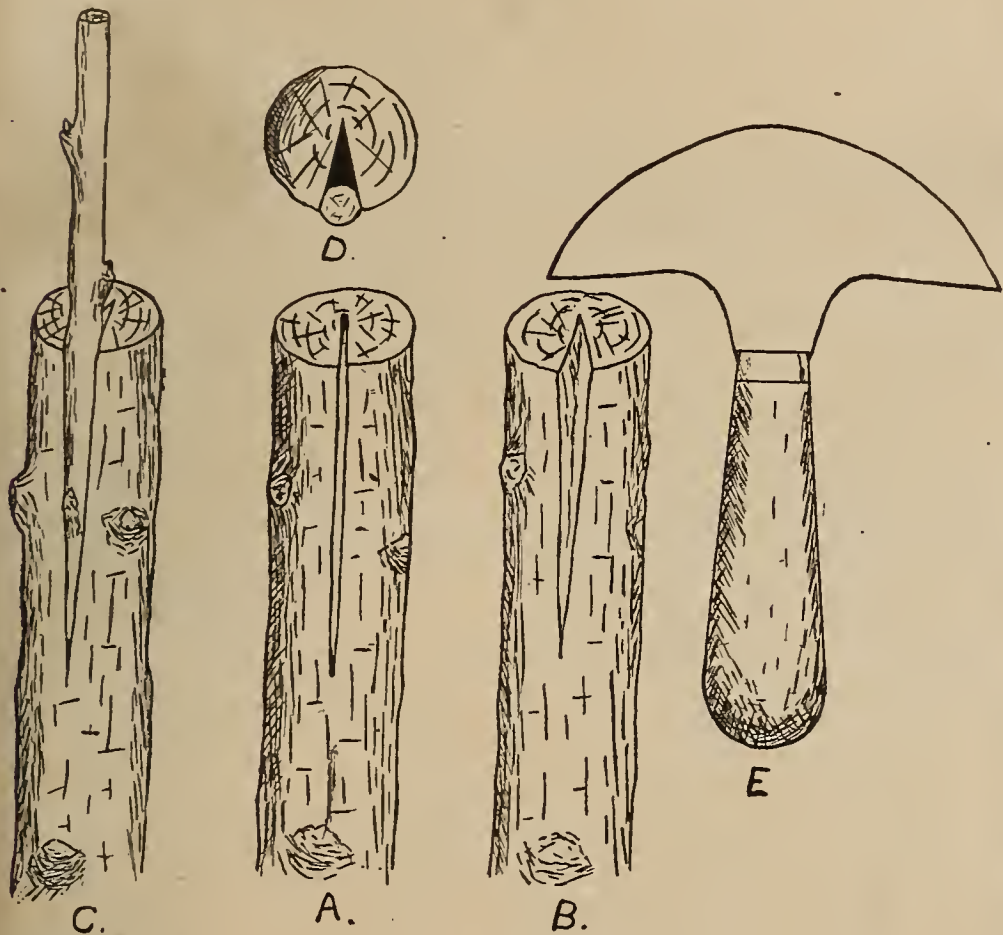
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Drawing by A. W. Peterson A NEW GRAFTING METHOD

eastern Massachusetts. Last summer a southwest wind swept a horde of brown-tails into Boston. In certain parts of the city the white moths were so thick as to make seeing across the street as difficult as in a driving snowstorm. In the infested districts of the suburbs the stench from the caterpillars, which have dropped dead from leaves poisoned by arsenical spraying, has frequently been so great as to necessitate disinfecting with lime before the bodies could be shoveled up and carted away by the wheelbarrowful.

Both moths are frequently carried great distances by railroad trains. The gypsy caterpillar spins a long silken web and attaching it to the end of a bough swings in the wind until a passing train picks him up and carries him along. Almost anything moving is likely to catch and carry this caterpillar. In many cases the agent of distribution seems to have been the ubiquitous automobile. The brown-tail, attracted by light, will fly into an open car window or into the cab of the engine. The gypsy is dependent upon these human agencies to spread him. Not so the brown-tail, a swarm of which will rise into the air and aided by the wind fly many miles to be drawn to earth at last by some bunch of street lights.

The gypsy moth plague is due to the carelessness of a scientist who lived in

moths. Under the law, the expense of clearing the moths off private estates must be borne up to one per cent of the value of the land by the owner of it. The increased seriousness of the situation is roughly indicated by the increased expenditure under the new commission as compared with the old, one and a half million in ten years as against a million in two years.

The only methods so far successful in controlling the plague are methods of direct tree to tree work. Hundreds of men are going from tree to tree destroying the moths wherever found. Certain habits of the insects aid in this herculean task. The brown-tail caterpillar hatches in the late summer, and as soon as the weather becomes cold weaves a nest of leaves and silken thread at the end of a bough into which he crawls and hibernates all winter. These nests are cut off and burned. During the winter also the eggs of the gypsy laid in clusters on the trunks of trees can be killed by painting with a thick coat of coal-tar creosote.

In the spring and summer effective work can be done by spraying the leaves with a solution of arsenate of lead in the proportion of five pounds of poison to one hundred pounds of water for the brown-tail, or twice that strength for the gypsy. In their native haunts both moths have been kept in check by parasites. Dr. O.

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Live Stock and Dairy

The Home Dairy

THERE IS ROOM to-day for the private dairyman. Because the creameries have nearly monopolized the retail city trade is no reason why butter made on the farm should not compete successfully with the best of creamery butter. This class of butter, which is made from but one herd of cows and from separated milk should form one of the most delicious and toothsome delicacies imaginable, and can always command fancy prices when it reaches the right people. It takes a good deal of push and business ability to work up a select trade for any home product, but we can make use of our friends and acquaintances in the city to help to create a demand among those who know good butter when they see it or taste it and are willing to pay a little extra for what suits them. I am aware that there are many successful—and otherwise—private dairies scattered through the country, but there are very few turning out as fine butter as they should, and in fact those dairymen who realize the advantage of private dairying are few and far between. The foundation for success in this particular line of farming is undoubtedly inborn cleanliness. That is, having this virtue so ingrained in one's nature as to be in itself an absolute guarantee that from the cow to the city consumer no contamination in any shape or form shall enter into the manufacture of the butter or the milk and cream from which it is made.

With regard to selection of cows it is best to go in for one breed only, which should be one's favorite breed, provided that climatic conditions and environments are suitable to such breed. The first step in the management of the herd is to weed out the unprofitable cows by a persistent use of Babcock test and scales. Find out what every cow in the herd is doing and don't tolerate a single animal that cannot produce enough butter to yield a good profit annually. Keep all the pigs possible to make the best use of the by-products of the dairy and farm intensively and intelligently.

It would be well for every private dairyman to take a short course at a dairy school. It will help him to make the most of his opportunities and save a great deal of unnecessary trouble and expense while gaining experience. Don't cream the milk by setting it, but use a separator for this purpose. Cool the cream to fifty-two degrees immediately it is separated and do the same with every batch of cream before mixing until there is sufficient to churn; it is necessary to have a thermometer and—to use it. Arrange to churn regularly on set days at a certain hour. Do not ripen the cream by the temperature and maintaining it until the cream sours. Instead make a starter with good clean flavored skim milk. Two days before churning save out the skim milk for a starter in a scrupulously clean can; save fifteen pounds of skim milk to every one hundred pounds of cream to be churned.

Cool the skim milk directly it comes from the separator to forty-eight degrees if possible to expel all animal and mechanical heat and odor. Then warm it up in about half an hour to eighty degrees and don't let it get cooler than seventy-five degrees. Watch it well and directly it begins to lopper or become flocculent it is ready for use, but should be mixed with the cream, or if too soon for this, it must be cooled as low as possible (forty-five to forty-eight degrees) to prevent further development of acid. At this time the starter will have a pleasant, aromatic acid flavor and smell. It must be used before it curdles and must be strained into the cream. If it advances so far that the curd hardens somewhat and expresses its whey the starter is spoiled. It is convenient to arrange that the starter be ready to add to the cream twenty to twenty-four hours before churning, thus giving sufficient time for the cream to ripen. When the cream has had the starter added it should be raised to a temperature not exceeding sixty-two degrees, and in hot weather fifty-eight degrees is preferable. This temperature must be maintained evenly until four hours before churning, when the cream should be cooled to fifty degrees and held thus until churning time. The acidity of cream or milk, buttermilk, etc., can readily be determined by means of an acidimeter, which is operated as easily as the Babcock test. The outfit, consisting of burette, pipettes, alkaline solution and neutralizer usually costs from four to five dollars. For immediate consumption a development of six per cent of acidity is desirable, but for keeping purposes the cream should be churned with not more than five per cent acidity. Failing to possess an acidimeter, one must intelligently

make use of his sense of taste, smell and sight. When ripe the cream should be a little thick, smooth and satin-like in appearance, and acid to the extent of sharpness, with a very pleasant smell and taste.

Rinse the churn with cold water and strain the cream in. Churning should occupy about forty minutes. Wash the butter once after running off the buttermilk and allow it to drain thoroughly. Salt according to your customers' tastes and work the butter sufficiently to mix the salt, then set it away for an hour in a fairly cool place (fifty-four degrees) to give the salt time to dissolve. Make use of this time to wash up the churn and other utensils and prepare the worker, paddles, etc.

Make use of the time you are churning by testing the milk from the cows or the skim milk from the separator.

Work the butter a second time to thoroughly incorporate the salt and expel surplus moisture, then print or pack quickly and carefully and set away in the coolest place available until you are ready to market it. Use neat packages and give good weight.

W. R. GILBERT.

Winter Quarters for Hogs

You think of the hog as being covered with a two or three inch layer of pure fat. You think of that fat as being a poor conductor of heat and cold, letting little body heat escape and letting little of the cold of the weather get at the real hog.

If you stop to think you will remember that hogs are hot weather animals. All summer they spend much time in the sun and in winter they pile up so as to keep warm. They come from the house or pen steaming into the cold air of winter. They shiver with the sudden chill. Somehow that fat does not act as a non-conductor. The hogs sweat in the dead of winter as they pile up in a cold place.

It would therefore seem probable that it would require more feed to keep hogs out in the cold than it would in a warm place.

Experiments have shown that a saving of about twenty-five per cent in the feed bill is made when hogs are sheltered so they are comfortable.

It is better for the hogs to be warm enough so that they do not lie in a pile all the time. They move about more, and take needed exercise and are less liable to catch cold when they do not get up a sweat, then go out in the cold to feed.

ANDREW STENSON.

Winter Notes

Be ready for winter by having everything in order.

During the winter when the nights are long have plenty of reading for the family. Read the farm papers and see what you will do when spring comes. Nothing elevates the family like good reading.

That horse which has been serving you faithfully during the past season needs to be taken through the winter in some better method than in any old way. Feed the horse so that he will come out in the spring in good condition, and be able to do a good season's work.

The mares which are in foal should have plenty of feed and care, and see that it is the right kind of feed. This does not mean to feed too much, but plenty and of the right kind. Such mares should have daily exercise. If you want the mare to go through all right, see that she has a few oats each day. No feed is better for the brood mare.

I plan to have some sheaf oats to feed to the horses during the winter, and they make the best feed I know of. If I only have a few oats I stack them near the barn and feed during winter as a part ration. Change them with some good timothy and clover hay, and with a small grain allowance the horse will go through in good shape.

Important for the comfort of stock is to have plenty of bedding. Some seem to lose sight of bedding, but the stock need it. Use plenty of it and it will increase the value of the manure, as it will absorb the liquid parts.

Because it is cold winter weather is no reason why the stock do not need water. They need it daily but not as much as in warmer weather. It is not best to give ice water. If you cannot do any better, do not pump the water until the stock are ready to drink it.

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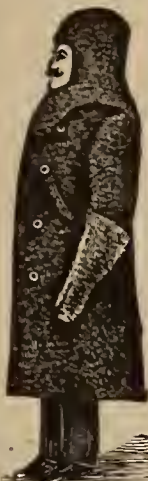
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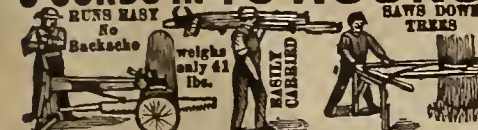
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History of the Russo-Japanese War has just been added, and alongside is a splendid War Map in colors—no need to pay several dollars for a war book. Other important new features are a map of the Republic of Panama, a Mammoth Panoramic View of the Panama Canal, official statistics for 1903, 1904 and 1905, etc. The whole or part of your time can be used to good advantage; no special experience necessary as we give careful instructions.

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Live Stock and Dairy

The Boys and Their Lambs

"Oh, father! What do you think! Grandpa's going to give me a lamb! All for my own! Won't that be fine? You'll keep him for me, won't you, and we'll have a whole lot full of 'em!"

Think of the joy of such a state of things! A lamb, the gift of grandfather, to be the personal property of the ten-year-old lad! If he had suddenly fallen heir to an estate valued at ten thousand dollars there could not have been greater joy in the heart of that boy. We immediately began to plan for the pretty creature which was to be the nucleus of the flock.

That was in the fall of the year. Before cold weather set in, we went and brought the lamb home in the wagon. We remembered then that grandfather had made it a practice to give every boy who came to be his grandchild a lamb when he had attained the age of ten. I think he must have remembered the days when he himself had been a poor bound boy, with no one to care for him, and the recollection of the loneliness of those days and the hard fight he had had with adverse circumstances led him to determine that he would give his grandsons a bit of a boost on the pathway of life.

There is something about a lamb which appeals to the heart of every one who has in his breast a spark of love for things in nature. And that lamb of grandfather's at once found its way into the affections of us all. That it might not be lonely, we bought two or three other sheep to run with it, but the lamb was the favorite of us all. We all claimed some share in it, and yet it was always known as "Laddie's lamb."

Now, it is one thing to have a nominal ownership in a farm animal, such as many boys have, an ownership which may be

to the house to tell mother all about them! Such excitement over the appearance of Shep at the stable door, when Nan stamped her foot bravely at the intruder, although we all knew he would no more touch a sheep than he would do any other mean and dishonest trick.

It was a sorry day, though, when one of those lambs got caught under the panel of the fence and was choked to death. Laddie with his own hands scooped out a bit of a grave down in the yard, laid the stiff limbs of the lamb in it and smoothed the turf down again. I am sure there were tears in the eyes of the boy when he dug on the face of a flat stone taken from the brook the legend, "Nan's Lamb" and set it up at the end of the little mound. There it stood for many a day, till there were other lambs and other ambitions to drive out the sorrow from the boy's heart.

Well, the years have slipped by since then, but the sheep and the lambs have continued to be Laddie's. Sometimes there have been lambs to sell, for we could not keep them all. Each year there is a little sack of wool to be disposed of. Nan herself has grown old and gone where the rest of the old sheep go. But as the money comes in it is conscientiously turned over to Laddie. Something has come back to father for his share of the feed and care given the sheep, as has been right and fair. The industry has always been on a businesslike basis.

Every year there has been a trip to town in the fall of the year when Laddie picks out and pays for himself a suit of good clothes from the sheep money. There is a sense of responsibility in thus feeling that he is independent in this matter which seems to me well worthy of fostering.

Then, too, it is not a bad thing for a boy to feel that he has something of an inter-



terminated at the will of the father when the thing is sold and the money transferred to the common fund, and a real ownership, which means all that the word implies, an ownership which reaches clear through to the end and means something substantial to the boy who possesses it. We determined that there should be no chicanery on our part, but that our boy should be really and truly the owner of the lamb, no matter what might come to necessitate the raising of funds for the running expenses of the farm. Not in name only, but as a matter of fact, he was to be the possessor of that lamb.

So when there were two other lambs to follow that one which had been the gift of grandfather, those, too, were Laddie's lambs. Nan and her little ones were his. That was a great day when we led Laddie down to the barn and showed him the pretty white twins which Nan had found somewhere, perhaps under the manger, the night before. Such scurrying up

est in the farm operations. The sheep and lambs must be cared for.

It is worth something for boys to grow up feeling that the farm is more to them than a place to stay till they are "one and twenty," when they will be at liberty to go where they will out into the world. The drift of things in these days is away from the farm. The tendency is not a healthful one. Give me the boy or young man who has such a keen love for nature and all that belongs to the country that he will find on the farm full sweep for his noblest powers. I am not averse to education for the farmer's boys and girls; but I want it to be an education which will leave the heart pure; which will bring the young men and women back to the farm with new hopes and aspirations, and not wean them from it and take them out into the hurry and the worry and the dizzy whirl of the world, where there is nothing half as satisfactory as the old peaceful, happy life of the country. E. L. VINCENT.

1990 Cream Separator.

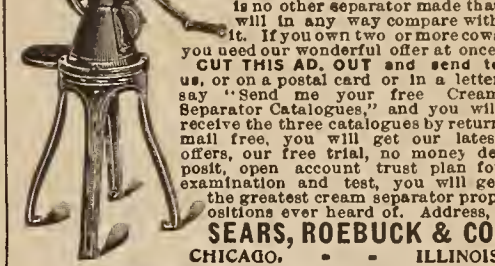
WE TRUST YOU 30 DAYS WHEN YOU WRITE for our free Cream Separator Catalogue we will send you a wonderful offer, by which you can take our very best separator on one month's free trial on credit. Send no money to us, deposit no money with any one, pay nothing when you get it (we trust you absolutely), use the separator one month, put it to every test, at the end of one month if you find it skims closer, runs easier, is easier to operate, skims colder milk, does better work and is in every way better than any other separator you ever saw, then you pay us for it; if not, send it back to us at our expense of freight charges, and you are not out one cent, and you have had the use of the separator free of any cost or money deposit for thirty days, on free open account, full credit trial. We let you judge in every particular. We accept your decision without question of any kind and without expense to you.

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One woman got \$1810 last winter; another \$1325; another \$900; a man got \$1004; another man \$1950.

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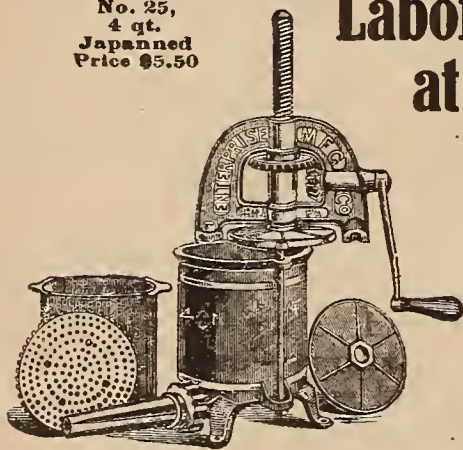
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are easy to manage, and they do the work right. The cylinder is bored true. The plate fits true. Meat cannot work up over the plate. The spout is corrugated, preventing air getting into the casing, assuring preservation of sausage. Can be changed to a lard or fruit press in one minute. This is one of the labor-saving machines that save money. Eight sizes and styles. Another is the Enterprise Meat Chopper. Cuts sausage perfectly. Look them up in your hardware store, or write to us about them. Look for the name "Enterprise" on the machine. Write for the "Enterprising Housekeeper" a book of 200 choice recipes and kitchen helps sent free.

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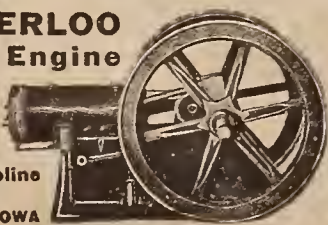
I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 17A Watertown, N. Y.

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The Grange

BY MRS. MARY E. LEE

To Ohio Patrons

THE thirty-third session of the Ohio State Grange will be held in the Board of Trade rooms, Columbus, Ohio, December 12th to 15th, inclusive. "One fare round trip tickets" have been secured on all railroads. Headquarters will be at the Great Southern Hotel, and patrons expecting to attend this session should arrange for rooms in advance. Delegates who are not at the first session fail in their duty, as they cannot be assigned to committees until they respond to roll call. Justice to their respective counties demands that delegates be present to participate in the deliberations of every session.

Resolutions brought to the session should be well considered and properly signed, naming committee to which you wish them referred. An efficient reception committee has been chosen to arrange every detail. This committee will be ready to assign to comfortable quarters visitors who do not care to stop at the Great Southern.

Everything of interest in Ohio centers in Columbus as the capital city of the state, and it is expected that many hundreds will attend this session of the state grange for the first time, and who will return to their homes with enlarged ideas, lives enriched and happier for what must surely be a pleasant and profitable outing.

Fraternally,

F. A. DERTHICK,
Master Ohio State Grange.

READ CAREFULLY INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING RAILROAD TICKETS.

Canvass your grange to find the number of certificates wanted. Send to C. M. Freeman, Tippecanoe, Ohio, or D. E. Dunham, Lebanon, Ohio, for the required number.

Interview the station agent where you buy your ticket. Show him circular No. 3,560, that he may not fail to have the one-fare tickets ready for December 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 1905, which are the days on which you can purchase tickets going; return limit December 16th, 1905. If the agent should fail to have the one fare plus twenty-five cents rate, buy a full fare ticket to Columbus, Ohio, taking a receipt for it. In returning buy a full fare ticket taking a receipt from the ticket agent at Columbus, Ohio. Give receipts to agent at your home station and he will secure you a rebate of one fare. Remember you must have the identification certificate properly signed to present to ticket agent before you can secure the one fare rate. This certificate is to be delivered to and retained by selling ticket agent.

D. E. DUNHAM,
Business Agent, Ohio State Grange.

Grange at Ohio Experiment Station

November 2d I had the honor of organizing a grange at the Ohio Experiment Station, members of staff and wives and Mr. and Mrs. Alva Agee being members. It was a distinguished crowd that came together and took the solemn obligation of the grange. It means much to all that the workers at this station, which is doing so much to reveal the scientific laws governing agriculture, should build also a grange. Many were members, keeping their dues paid at distant points. They wanted an organization where they could come oftener together. The grange and the station are to be congratulated. C. G. Williams was elected master and M. O. Bugby secretary. L. H. Goddard worked up the grange.

New Granges

C. M. Freeman, Secretary of the National Grange, reports the number of granges organized and reorganized from October 1, 1904 to September 30, 1905, both inclusive, as follows:

ORGANIZED.	
California	8
Colorado	2
Delaware	3
Iowa	1
Kentucky	1
Kansas	2
Maine	14
Massachusetts	11
Maryland	22
Michigan	47
New Jersey	7
New York	16
Ohio	22
Oregon	5
Pennsylvania	17
South Carolina	1
Vermont	23
Washington	7
Total	209
REORGANIZED.	
California	1
Connecticut	1
Delaware	4
Iowa	1
Kansas	5
Kentucky	4
Maine	1
Massachusetts	6
Maryland	1
Michigan	5
New Jersey	8
Ohio	4
Pennsylvania	8
South Carolina	4
West Virginia	11
Total	64

Parcels Post

Good arguments for the parcels post were advanced at the National Farmers' Congress. Said Hon. John Lamb, "The parcels post is a success wherever it is put in operation. It is admitted that so far as letters and small packages are concerned the government service is better than private service could be. If better on letters and small packages why will it not be better on larger packages. The present rate on fourth-class matter is practically prohibitive. A parcels post at reasonable rates will be of incalculable benefit to the farmer, the gardener, the retail dealer and even the manufacturer." So evident a proposition admits of little dispute. The express companies do not try to argue openly, but they seem to have ways of making themselves heard more effectively at Washington than the best efforts of those who have the weight of argument, but light pocket books.—The New England Farmer.

Bond Amendment

Hon. F. A. Dertthick made a good fight against the amendment providing for the exemption of bonds from taxation. For a time he stood alone until his cogent reasoning, his trenchant pen forced the full meaning of the issue upon the people. Then they rallied to his support. The fight was begun in the country through the grange. It spread to the villages, and where the proposition was understood it was bitterly opposed. Committees worked against it at polls and public places; candidates for reelection, many who had voted for the measure in the General Assembly, marked on unofficial ballot, "Bond Amendment, No." But thousands voted for it unknowingly. Others were confused as to the real purport of the amendment—people who pose as leaders in their various communities—while other thousands were voted like cattle. The fight may be lost, but the grange gained in self-knowledge, self-reliance, self-confidence. The towns were compelled to take their thought from the country. They suddenly awakened to the fact that they were up against a gigantic fraud. Town and city press, with singular unanimity had been silent; on the contrary, the agricultural press, roused to action by State Master Dertthick, had riddled the amendment. The town was dazed. The country reasoned. It acted. Granges appointed committees to persuade the local press to print arguments. The three "Square deals" of the master were quoted. A week more time and the amendment would have been lost. The Grange has gained in power. It knows it has a fearless leader.

Development

Whatever may be said in regard to the work of the grange in its varied phases, it may all be summed up under the general term expressed in the word development. This is a word sufficiently broad in its meaning to comprehend the entire work of the grange, whether viewed from its mental, moral or financial features. The social and educational features develop the mind, the moral and fraternal features the heart, and the financial features the material possessions of members. The church is the only agency that stands ahead of the grange in the development of the spiritual nature of members, and to that alone does the grange accord superiority in the development of any qualities of the mind or heart. With this exception, the grange is the most potent agency in existence to-day for the development of strong traits of noble character in all who have become associated in it. Development means progress and progress leads to success in the broadest meaning of the word.

This important function of the grange is not appreciated by the members in general, but regular attendance at its meetings and participation in its exercises result in a mental and moral development that is noticeable to all who come in contact with them. While they are enjoying the social and entertaining features of the grange they are themselves receiving an influence that is imperceptibly developing culture and refinement in the place of ignorance and uncouthness. The same people could not be induced to attend a school for instruction in these matters but unconsciously they are attending the most practical school for this purpose that was ever conceived. The founders of the order exercised rare judgment in laying the foundation of the grange structure in such a way as to attract people for enjoyment, and in getting enjoyment receive mental training also.—Nation Bulletin.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Bad Hatches

THE WINTER is bad for hatches, and do not overlook the fact that it is difficult to hatch and save a brood during cold weather. Care and foresight are necessary in all things, but especially is attention required in the important matter of hatching chickens. The usual way of setting a hen is to place the eggs in the nest, and allow them to remain there until the hen leaves it with the young brood. An excellent plan is to try and have three hens ready at the same time. It is better to let a single hen wait a week, or ten days, if necessary, rather than not have more. If three hens are not inclined to sit, then two are better than one. When you are ready, select the plumpest, smoothest, and best formed eggs, and place them under the hens, giving smaller hens less than larger ones. When they have been on the nest ten days take all the eggs from them into the house, and examine them, which is done by holding the egg between the eye and a strong light, using an egg-tester. If the egg looks clear it will not hatch, owing to not being fertilized. If it looks dark, with the air sack large, it probably contains a chick. A dark egg also indicates a rotten egg, but that is very easily known by shaking. The eggs, after the clear and rotten ones are taken out, will probably go under two hens, which should bring off full broods, while the third hen, along with more, if they are ready, can be started with a new clutch. In examining the eggs, a beginner should have a fresh egg near for comparison. If this plan is practiced it will save the time wasted in having the hens bring off the usual small broods.

Dampness and Disease

A damp poultry house induces disease. Roup sometimes appears before the farmer or poultryman is aware of its appearance. A fowl may be afflicted with roup, have a good appetite, and show no indications of disease, and may be in this condition as long as a month, until finally it dies on the roost at night after appearing well during the preceding day. Again, roup appears in violent form, swelling and closing the eyes, bringing out great swellings on the side of the head, and killing quickly. There is a certain sign, however, when the disease is present, and that is hoarse breathing. Bring the ear close to the nostrils of the fowl and its breathing will be very hoarse, and even harsh. The nostrils will also emit a very disagreeable, foul odor, with discharges therefrom. The remedy is to provide dry and warm quarters, for roup is a disease induced by dampness and cold. It is sometimes accompanied with violent sore throat, known as canker. Medicines are of but little use, unless assisted by warmth and protection

desired to clean the floor, more or less of the bottom is scraped away, and it cannot be otherwise, if all the filth is to be removed. One plan is to have a floor of boards, and over this, especially under the roosts, a layer of muck, or road dirt is spread to the thickness of one inch. In winter this is swept up with a broom twice a week, and in summer every day. By using the muck or dirt, a broom takes the accumulations away in a perfect manner, and so nicely does the broom do its work that not the slightest odor exists after it is done. One can walk all over it without inconvenience as easily as in a dwelling house. In addition to cleanliness and facility of cleaning, it is always dry. But it is possible that any kind of floor will answer if it is kept well littered, and cleaned two or three times a week.

The Holiday Turkeys

Until Christmas there will be a lively demand for choice turkeys, as Thanksgiving only opens the feasting season. Various methods have been given for preparing turkeys for market, or for the table, but some of the most experienced do not feed anything to the turkeys for at least eighteen hours before killing, as the crops should be empty. Make a slip noose, put the turkey's legs into the noose, and with a small pointed knife, stick the bird in the mouth, cutting the vein in the throat. As soon as the bird is dead strip off the feathers, pin feathers and all. Lay the bird on its breast or side, upon a clean board, to cool. Turkeys should be carefully handled in dressing, to avoid breaking the skin, for it rubs off very easily when they are warm. Remove all the pin feathers, and pack the birds, when sent to market, in clean straw, so that there will be no marks of blood upon them. Clean dressing will add to the market price of all kinds of poultry, as well as favoring quicker sales.

Changing the Locations

Fowls are very fond of their homes, and dislike being removed to new locations. If eggs are the object it is most important that birds should not be moved from pen to pen, as it will delay egg production, and also diminish the supply. Pullets for early laying should, if possible, be brought up within sight of their future laying run or pen. On the contrary, if it is wished to delay the laying of a pullet, and to encourage growth for prize purposes, her home must be changed often. A sitting, or broody, hen may be interfered with by removing her to a new scene with fresh companions—a more reasonable and humane way of checking her maternal instincts than that of half drowning her, shutting her up in darkness, or resorting to other cruel methods.



The Busy Hen that Fills the Basket

Are your hens workers? Do they have full, red combs, and do they hustle? If they are active foragers and lay eggs, give them Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a and they will lay more. If they do not lay at all, give them Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a and they soon will. Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a makes hens lay by increasing the digestion, enabling the organs to extract the largest possible amount of egg-making material from the food. In addition to the wonderful powers of egg production,

DR. HESS Poultry PAN-A-GE-A

the prescription of Dr. Hess (M. D., D. V. S.), cures and prevents cholera, roup, simple catarrh, and many other diseases due to indigestion and specific germs or poisons. This germicidal principle is peculiar to Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a. In fact, Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a possesses medicinal principles found in no other preparation. It has the indorsement of leading poultry associations in the United States and Canada. Costs but a penny a day for about 30 fowls, and is sold on a written guarantee.

1 1/2 lbs. 25c, mail or express 40c.
5 lbs. 60c.
12 lbs. \$1.25.
25 lb. pall \$2.50.

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If you get the right start, the right eggs or fowls and the right materials to work with. Our complete poultry guide pictures and describes all breeds, gives incubating, brooding and feeding directions. It lists Thoroughbred Fowls and Eggs, incubators, brooders, poultry ration and everything needed for profit. All at lowest prices and all guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Send for Free Book for 10 cents postage.

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GROUP OF HALF WILD TURKEYS
Bred at Rhode Island Experiment Station

from exposure, but if medicine is used it must be accompanied by nourishing food. A teaspoonful of a solution of copperas, in a half gallon of drinking water, should also be the rule, as it is not only a medicine but protects others in the flock that may drink from the same source.

Floors of Poultry Houses

There is no unanimity regarding the floors of poultry houses. The majority favor the cement floor, the objection being that it is very cold in winter, but this objection may be overcome if leaves or cut straw are used on the floor. Board floors are also in favor with some. A board floor insures dryness, and that is a very great desideratum. An earth floor will be damp, for in wet weather the feet of the fowls keep it so. If it is occasionally covered with fresh dirt, the dirt also becomes immediately damp. Besides, when it is

Inquiries

RHODE ISLAND REDS.—J. C., Sarcoxie, Mo., asks information as to "the difference between Rhode Island Reds and Black Javas." The Black Javas are black in color, cocks weighing about nine and one half pounds, single combs, clean shanks, the face, comb, and wattles being of dark purple color. The breed is now very rare. The Rhode Island Reds are of reddish horn plumage, red face, single comb, clean shanks, the cocks weighing about eight and one half pounds. They originated in New England, and are now well bred and established.

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An American Shrine

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The father of his country dwelt;
And yonder meadows broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt."

ONE recalls these lines when standing before the old Longfellow house in Cambridge, the most interesting private residence in New England because of its historical associations and because it was here that America's best beloved poet lived for so many years, and it was here that he died. It is known in Cambridge as the Craigie-Longfellow house, and dates back to the year 1759 when it was built by Colonel John Vassall, whose tomb may be seen in the ancient Cambridge churchyard not far from the house. He was a true loyalist, and his estates in Cambridge and Boston were confiscated. The house is evidence of the fact that he was a man of taste and of wealth, for his home was one of the most spacious and elegant in the Cambridge of his day. When John Vassall built this fine old house it had around it a fine farm of one hundred and fifty acres, and it was one of the most beautiful country estates in all New England. The builders of those days built well, for the old house is in a remarkably fine state of preservation after the lapse of nearly one hundred and fifty years since it was built.

George Washington took possession of the house as his headquarters on the fifteenth of July in the year 1775, and here he lived until the tenth of April of the year 1776. His bedroom was the southeast room on the second floor—

"Yes, within this very room,
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

The General's study was directly under his bedroom, and it was this same room that Longfellow chose for his own study long years afterward. Opposite this room, across the hall, is the spacious room in which Mrs. Washington received her guests. Mrs. Washington came to the house on the eleventh of December in the year 1775, coming from Virginia.

When Washington left the house it became the property of one Nathaniel Tracy, of Newburyport. He was a very hospitable man, and the mansion was the scene of much social gayety during the time he lived in it. Tracy returned to Newburyport to live, and Washington was his guest in that old town in the year 1789, and in 1824 Lafayette was the guest of Tracy and occupied the same room Washington had occupied. The third occupant and owner of the house was Thomas Russell, a very wealthy Boston merchant of whom it is told that he sometimes showed that he had more money than brains, for he once "showed off" by eating a sandwich made of two slices of bread and a hundred-dollar note. Following Russell the house was occupied by Dr. Andrew Craigie, late apothecary general to the Continental army who, we are told, paid eighteen thousand dollars for the estate. Craigie had amassed quite a fortune and the house lost none of its reputation for hospitality while he occupied it. He was fond of entertaining and two of his most distinguished guests while he occupied the house were Talleyrand and Prince Edward, who came to our country in the year 1794. In the social history of that day is recorded the fact that the dashing prince danced four dances with Mrs. Russell at a great ball given in his honor, and as he danced with no one else she was as much delighted as the other ladies were chagrined. Whether it was because of riotous living or for some other reason Andrew Craigie did not leave his widow a fortune when he died, and she was reduced to the extremity of keeping boarders in her fine mansion. Among her famous boarders were Edward Everett and Joseph Worcester, the lexicographer, and Henry W. Longfellow, who became one of Mrs. Craigie's boarders in the year 1837. Mr. Longfellow was at this time a young professor at Harvard College. He was given the room once occupied by Washington, and it was in this room that he wrote his "Voices of the Night" and "Hyperion." Indeed, Longfellow wrote most of his poems in this house, for the house became his own in his later years, and here he lived until the time of his death in 1882. His study is kept just as it was at the time of his death. No article of furniture in the room has been changed from the position in which he left it, and all the appointments of his desk are just as they were when he sat there last.

Visitors who have the good fortune to be admitted to the house notice at once the "Old Clock on the Stairs." He gives us this description of the clock and of the location of the house:

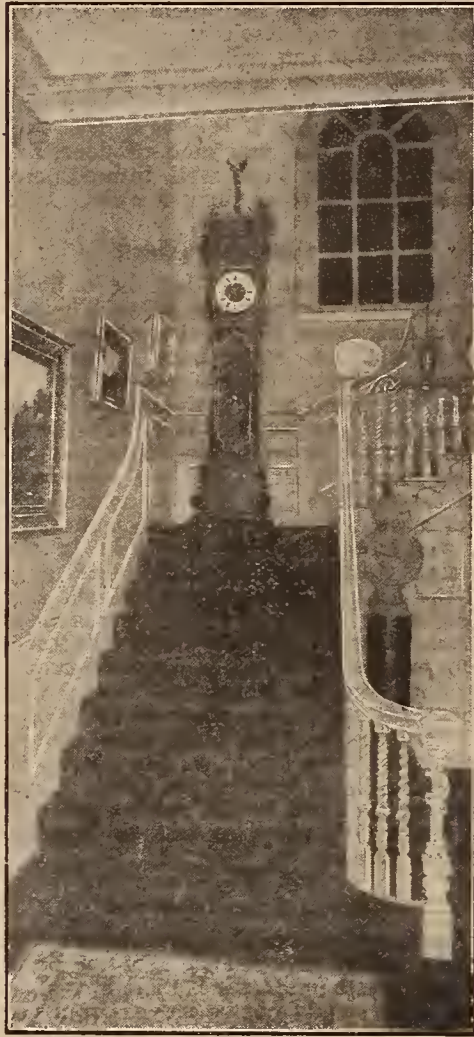
"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;



Around the Fireside

And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

What Longfellow wrote of the old clock is as true now as when he wrote it, for—



THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

"Half-way up the stair it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Hundreds of visitors find their way to this time-honored house of history, around which cluster so many associations that endear it to the American people.



LONGFELLOW'S HOME

Birds Photograph Themselves

MAKING birds take their own pictures is proving an interesting practice. The plan is as simple as it is interesting. A camera is made to take the place of a trap, except that it does not imprison or harm the bird.

The best results are obtained by placing the camera near the nest. A string is stretched from the shutter release across the nest, and when the bird steps on or into the nest it pulls the string and takes a snap shot. Even after the young birds

are able to leave their abodes, they often make the nest their headquarters, and return there to get the food brought by the parent bird.

Birds, however, may be made to photograph themselves in the fields, in the yard, on the eaves of the houses, on fences, or almost anywhere, by merely baiting the piece of string that leads from the shutter. One late device is to place a piece of fat at the end of a wire electrically connected to the shutter of the camera. Timid birds, such as the thrush, will approach the bait and pick it up. At once the shutter is moved by this action, and an instantaneous exposure is obtained. To get photographs of nocturnal birds, the wire is arranged to ignite a little magnesium as it releases the shutter. Still another method of getting pictures of birds in their natural elements, is for the photographer himself to operate the camera from a hiding place by means of a string or a long rubber tube, the latter being used where the shutter has a pneumatic release. Food can be spread on the ground to attract the birds, and the photographer can watch the birds and take the picture at the most desired moment.

*

The Weird Corn-Dance Jubilee of the Osage Indians

NOW that the roasting ears are ripe in the territory the Osage Indians are celebrating their rescue from famine in 1835, and also making preparations for the annual green corn dance, which is their thanksgiving observance for plentiful crops and indications of a good hunting season. To travelers in the Osage country the Indians are now telling how God provided the Osages with seed corn when they had none for the coming season.

This is a story which the Osages never tire of relating. Owing to a severe drouth they had no corn for the winter months, and none for seed with which to plant their fields in the spring. A large party of the tribe was busy laying in the winter's meat supply and hunting buffaloes in what is now northern Oklahoma. After killing a buffalo they would dry the meat, pack it on horses and carry it to their winter camps, located in the then western part of the Cherokee nation.

One of the young chiefs, by name Nun-tse-tan-ka, was accompanied on this hunt by his bride, and as he had only four ponies it did not take him long to kill and dry all the meat that these four animals could carry. So, while the remainder of the hunters pursued the game he

and, stopping to examine, he found a large ear of squaw corn. Investigating further he found the entire thicket full of the growing corn.

He recognized the miraculous presence of corn growing in the densely shaded thicket, where it would be impossible for ordinary corn to grow. The next day he and his squaw spent in gathering the corn, three sacks of the choicest ears being saved in particular for seed in the springtime. These were carried to the camps by Nun-tse-tan-ka and bride, and the remainder of the crop was harvested and brought into camp by the squaws of the tribe.

The spot where the corn grew wild is still pointed out by the Osages, who believe that God thus miraculously provided the tribe with the grain. Nun-tse-tan-ka lived to an extremely old age and died about twenty-five years ago. His children still survive and vouch for the truth of the story, as it was often related by their father.

A few years after Nun-tse-tan-ka found the corn the Osages and Cherokees became involved in war because the former continued to encroach upon the buffalo pastures of the latter. This engendered such a bitter feeling between the two tribes that the members of each were prohibited from holding anything of friendly discourse with the other. A number of fierce and bloody battles were fought, and they ended in no decisive victory for either side.

During this time of hostility the son of the Cherokee chief fell desperately in love with the daughter of the Osage chief, and he was successful in winning her love in return. It was the custom that should an Indian of one tribe marry into another tribe that was hostile the punishment for both parties was death, and the enmity that existed between the two tribes would therefore cease, the tribes joining in a friendly feast that would continue for weeks.

In this case, however, the end of the war was not of such importance to the lovers as their own happiness. Consequently an elopement was planned, together with a flight to the northwest, where they would live permanently with a friendly tribe. Their arrangements were so well carried out that an entire day elapsed before their absence was noted. Immediately the warriors of both tribes united for the chase and they all started in search of the ill-starred lovers.

They were trailed to a high point on the Cimarron River and taken so completely by surprise that no avenue of escape was open. Knowing they would be put to death if captured, they waited until the warriors were within a few yards of them, and then, clasped in each other's arms, they jumped over the embankment to the rocks and crags below, where they were found dead, still locked in each other's arms. Since that time this high precipice has been known as Lover's Leap. It towers eighty feet from the river below, and the trees and winding river make it one of the most enchanting points on the entire course of the river through Oklahoma.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

*

Meaning of Surnames

NEARLY all surnames originally had a meaning and were descriptive of their owners.

In a word, they were nicknames, like "Skinny," or "Shorty," or "Pud."

Peel is a surname that shows the original Peel to have been bald. Grace means fat—from the French "gras." Grant, from "grand," means big.

An Oliphant should be a clumsy and unwieldy person. This surname was "elephant" originally.

The Parkers were keepers of noblemen's parks. The Warners were warreners, or rabbit tenders. The Barkers prepared bark for tanning. The Laboucheres were butchers.

Bell meant handsome. Cameron meant crooked-nosed. Curtis meant polite. And Forster meant a forester; Napier a servant in charge of the table linen; Palmer, a pilgrim; Wainwright, a wagon-builder; Walter, a wall builder; Webster, a weaver; Wright, a carpenter.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

*

Famous Paine Farm Sold

THE farm of one hundred and fifteen acres given to Thomas Paine in 1780 by the State of New York on account of the services he rendered to the Colonies during the Revolutionary War, was sold at New Rochelle a few weeks ago.

The farm was owned by Charles W. and Wesley See, and the price is said to have been one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The farm was bought by a syndicate of New York real estate men, who will lay out the property in acreage plots. It is situated on North Avenue, overlooking the Sound.

The Farmer of Edgewood

AN ELDERLY man criticizing the literature of the present day, said not long ago, "When I want to read something that I call good literature written by an American writer, I take down from my shelf some of the writings of Ik Marvel, or Donald Grant Mitchell, as he is known in real life. None of the writers of recent years have written anything of the same character that can compare to dear old Ik Marvel's book 'My Farm at Edgewood.' To my mind it is one of the most charming books of its kind ever written."

It is now more than forty years since Ik Marvel's book, "My Farm at Edgewood," was given to the reading public, for it was published in 1863, but to-day it has many readers, some of whom are ready to accord to it the high praise of the old gentleman who felt that it has no superior.

Genial Ik Marvel still lives at Edgewood on the outskirts of New Haven, but there have been many changes in the city and in the farm since the book was written, and Father Time has left the touch of his hand on the master of Edgewood, who has lived thirteen years beyond the three score and ten years given as the allotted time of a man's life.

When Ik Marvel took possession of his farm at Edgewood in the year 1855 the city seemed far distant, and now it has crept out until it has touched Edgewood, and the farm is no longer the quiet retreat of many broad acres that it once was. It seems as if the time were near at hand when Edgewood itself must be cut up into city lots for the accommodation of the apartment and the tenement house, but this will not be during the lifetime of the present owner. When he passes away Edgewood, too, will be likely to disappear.

Ik Marvel was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in April of the year 1822. He was the son of a minister who had hopes that his boy Donald would also enter the ministry, but the boy did not take kindly to this plan for his future. He studied law instead of theology, but found that he was something of a misfit as a lawyer and that nothing appealed quite so much to his natural tastes as literature and farming. There was "farming stock" in his ancestry, and nothing appealed to him so much as this pursuit. He did not have the best of health in his early manhood and this fact increased his determination to engage in agriculture that he might be more in the open air.

He was appointed American consul to Venice in the year 1853 and lived abroad for two or three years. When he returned to America he purchased the farm to which he gave the name of New Haven, and it has been his home ever since. Here he has written most of the books that have given him so secure a place in the affections of many of his readers. Here he has made for himself a beautiful home in which he has led an almost ideal life, although some of his ideals have not been realized, for he had planned to make Edgewood a fine country estate like those he had seen in England; but actual and practical experience as a farmer convinced him that this was not feasible.

He did not take up farming as a pastime, but he proposed to make a serious and dignified vocation of it. He may have had some idea of becoming a "gentleman farmer," but he proposed to work, just the same, and to see to it that the venture proved profitable, and he made it pay reasonably well, but it is doubtful if he could have made Edgewood the place it is to-day had it not been for his success in the world of literature. Time was when Ik Marvel was one of the most popular of American writers. Every one was reading his "Reveries of a Bachelor" or his "Dream Life" or his books in which he told in such a delightful way of his farm at Edgewood. His "Rural Studies," "Wet Days at Edgewood" and "English Lands, Letters and Kings" found many purchasers and the aggregate of his earnings with his pen no



Around the Fireside

doubt far exceeded his earnings as a farmer; but the farm gave him a great deal of pleasure of which he told in books that gave pleasure to others.

His books still have a large sale and his last days at Edgewood are free from any financial cares. He walks or rides out a little every day, but he is not very strong and he sees few callers. He still spends a part of every day at his desk and takes



DONALD G. MITCHELL

an eager interest in the world, though he has little part in its activities. The sunset years of his life are at hand, and it may be that he would say as Whittier said in his old age:

"I would not, if I could, repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep, in age as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time;
And grateful for all blessings sent
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment;
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait
And trust the path I cannot see."

ton Public Library. His "Zig-Zag Journeys" number seventeen volumes, and his books number sixty-four in all. Most of them are for the young. In addition to all these books Mr. Butterworth wrote almost countless short stories, articles of travel, sketches and poems not included in any of his volumes of books. While he never called himself a poet he wrote a great many verses that will have an enduring fame. One of his songs, "The Bird with a Broken Wing," has been sung all over the land, and his cantata, "Under the Palms," with music by the late George F. Root, has been sung in many cities.

Mr. Butterworth was born in Warren, about ten miles from Providence, Rhode Island, on the twenty-second of December, 1839, on a farm that had been owned by his ancestors for more than two hundred years and had always descended from one generation to another of Butterworths. His parents were poor, and he had only a common-school education with a brief course in language and rhetoric at Brown University. For the rest he educated himself by reading and travel.

He was a very young man when he left the old farm in Warren and fared to Boston, that Mecca of so many young aspirants for literary honor and glory. He had written with some little success for the New York "Independent" and other religious periodicals, and soon after he came to Boston he wrote some stories for the "Youth's Companion" that brought him to the favorable notice of that famous paper for the young. He was finally offered an editorial position on the paper and for more than a quarter of a century he was the assistant editor of that paper, resigning his position in 1895 to give himself up wholly to the writing of books and to lecturing. He never married and for more than thirty years he boarded in one place in Boston.

Here came to him hundreds of young people seeking advice and sympathy in their plans and aspirations. Sometimes they came discouraged and almost ready to give up in despair, and went away cheered and with renewed hope. Mr. Butterworth's income was never large, but he always had something to give to those poorer than himself. Although his books had sold to the number of more than a

A remarkable and very beautiful scene occurred at the funeral of Mr. Butterworth in the Baptist church of which he had been a member when he lived in Warren. The public schools were closed and all the children in the town filed into the church and each child laid a flower on the casket containing all that was mortal of him who had been their friend. There were more than five hundred of the school boys and girls ranging in ages from the little people of the kindergartens up to the young people of the high school. When all had passed the casket it was completely concealed under the flowers the children had laid upon it, and it was lowered into the grave with the flowers still upon it. The bells of the town were tolled during the funeral service, all business was suspended, even the saloons closing their doors. The public buildings were draped in mourning, and a great company went a mile from the town to the little cemetery in which are the graves of many generations of the Butterworth family. Here a nephew of the dead writer, a lad of twelve years, stood at the head of the open grave after the casket had been lowered into it and read a poem Mr. Butterworth had written some months before and had said that he wanted it read at his open grave. The poem was entitled "O Soul of Mine!" and it began with these lines:

O soul of mine, I hear a deep voice speaking
As cares increasing on thy swift steps press.
What says the voice? "The only thing worth seeking
Is righteousness."

Hundreds of boys and girls have been helped to grow into useful manhood and womanhood by the influence of the writings of Mr. Butterworth and by his personal kindness to them. He was always "helping somewhere" and nothing gave him greater happiness than to note the success of the young to whom he was able to give sympathy and help. His books were always "safe books" for the boys and girls to read. One never found in them anything harmful to character, and although he never attained to greatness as a writer his work was always interesting and wholesome and he received hundreds of letters from boys and girls who felt the influence of and who liked what he had written.

As a writer for boys and girls Mr. Butterworth had few superiors in the days when ill health, from which he suffered for several years, had not yet made it difficult for him to write with the freshness and the enthusiasm of one in robust health. The children of the land lost a true friend when Hezekiah Butterworth laid down his pen to write no more and "crossed the bar."

A Navajo Vice

The Navajo Indian is an inveterate gambler. Not only are there the professionals, who live entirely by the practice, but even the small boys are gamblers and adapt the pictorial Sunday school cards to gaming purposes. Their blankets illustrate gambling, and even their account of the creation must have woven into it the story of a game. Thus a serious and apparently native vice of formidable proportions at once confronts the teacher and the missionary. The question of the best way to overcome it is still an open one. The prohibition of its practice does not go to the root of the matter, and all our logic fails to convince the Indian that he has not as great a right to play for stakes as he has to breathe. — SOUTHERN WORKMAN.



THE LATE HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH AND BIRTHPLACE

The Children's Friend

BY J. L. HARBOUR

THERE died on the fifth day of September at his home in Warren, Rhode Island, his birthplace, Hezekiah Butterworth, the friend of all childhood and a lifelong helper of the struggling. His books are to be found in nearly every library in the land, and there are no less than forty-four of them in the Bos-

million in the aggregate he died a poor man because of his open hand and open purse. He found a real delight in being helpful to the young, and he had the spirit of one who has written: "If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasant, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession."

The Big Christmas Farm and Fireside
December 15th

The demand for the great Christmas-magazine number of FARM AND FIRESIDE will be enormous, so make sure that your subscription is paid in advance, otherwise you will miss it. Thirty-eight pages, with three full-page pictures. It will be a grand number. Make sure of it.

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"Brer Rabbit" Served in Many Ways.

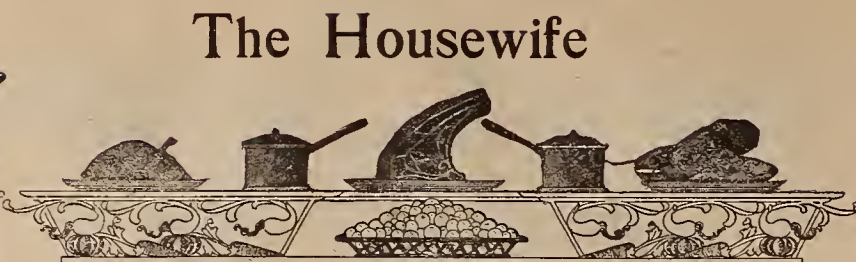
FEW people appear to realize how many ways there are of serving up "Brer Rabbit." The time-honored way of frying him is relished keenly enough at the season's beginning, but presently the family cry "Enough!" and bunny must be left off the bill of fare.

All of the following recipes have been tested, and were found to be delightful:

RABBIT STEAK—With a sharp knife slice from the legs and back pieces one half inch thick. Salt and pepper, roll in flour and drop into boiling fat. Serve with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

RABBIT À LA HAMBURG—First dry the rabbit thoroughly, and then cut all the meat from the bones. Chop very fine, or run through a meat cutter. Salt, pepper and flavor with chopped onion or onion juice. Form into balls and fry in hot fat. This is nice served with catchup.

RABBIT LOAF—Mince the meat well, and add one egg to every cupful. Also two



The Housewife

wrap the two ends together securely to form a hoop of each, which will serve as hangers, and to hold the bag open when needed. These hoops should be coiled with narrow ribbon of a color corresponding to the handkerchiefs, pink in the present case, and bows of the same should be tied at the sides.

A similar bag of dainty handkerchiefs, ladies' size, will make a unique reticule for fancy work. The hoops are readily slipped over the hand in carrying the bag, or over a door knob, chair arm or some convenient piece of furniture when wanted near by. A monogram, embroidered on one side, will supply sufficient decoration. Such a bag may be laundered easily by simply removing the hoops. MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

Housekeeping to Order

Among the corporations recently formed in New York is one designed to take away the cares of housekeeping from the woman who can afford to pay the small charge it will make. Its scope covers every detail of woman's work, and takes from her hands the management of the household over which she is believed to take some delight in presiding.

While the system will lessen the work of the average woman, since it will do her marketing, provide her with good servants and make every arrangement for her social functions, it also deprives her of the pleasure that she may heretofore have found in the management of her home. She will not be able to complain to the grocer if the order she has given is not filled, and her complaints against the servants will go for naught, because she will be provided with those who are advertised as "faultless." She may no longer enjoy the pleasure of explaining to her guests that this thing is wrong or that thing is missing because of some error containing more or less of merriment. In a measure she becomes an automaton, whose only duty is to take care of herself and let the corporation take care of her family.

This may be according to the domestic ethics of New York, and there may be a

for the service? There may be many, but if the traditions of the American home are to be preserved it is possible that the concern will go begging for business. It is difficult to think of the woman who will have lost so much interest in her family as to give up the provisions of their care and comfort to a corporation.—Pittsburg Despatch.

Hair Receiver

This useful article is needed in every bedroom, for there is nothing more un-



HAIR RECEIVER

sightly than wads of loose hair scattered about, as they are sure to be if no place is provided for them.

One made after this pattern will make a very pretty and serviceable Christmas present for mother, daughter or sister. This one is made of silk luster in green and pink, as follows: Chain 6, join. First row.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ring, ch. 2, 1 d. c. under ring; repeat until there are 7 d. cs with a ch. of 2 between each, join. Second row.—3 d. c. under ch. 2 of last row, ch. 2, 3 d. c. under same ch., repeat

between the shell and 1 d. c. of last row, draw the thread up once, leaving the 2 sts. on the hook, putting it down in the same way on the other side of the d. c., bringing up another st., then with thread over draw a new st. through all three stitches on the hook; repeat this all around, join. Fifth row.—(in pink) 4 d. c., ch. 3, 4 d. c. in shell, 1 d. c. between, repeat all around and join. Sixth row.—Same as fourth, excepting 4 d. c., 3 ch., 4 d. c., in each shell. This also is of the pink. Seventh row.—(Green) Same as fifth, only with 5 d. c. in each half shell. Eighth row.—Same as sixth, only with 5 d. c. in each half shell (green). Ninth row.—5 d. c., 3 ch., 5 d. c. in shell, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in 2 d. c. below, ch. 1; repeat all around, and join (green). Tenth row.—5 d. c., ch. 3, 5 d. c. in shell, 1 d. c. under ch. 1 below, ch. 1, 1 d. c. under next ch. 1; repeat all around, and join (green). Eleventh row.—Same as ninth (green). Twelfth row.—(Pink) Same as tenth. Thirteenth row.—2 d. c. in second d. c. of shell, ch. 2, 2 d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. in center of shell under ch. 3, ch. 2, 2 d. c. under same ch., ch. 2, 2 d. c. under same, ch. 2, 2 d. c. under same, ch. 2, 2 d. c. in center of the other side of shell, ch. 2, 2 d. c. in third d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. in fourth d. c.; catch this last d. c. down between the 2 d. c. between the shells of last row and repeat all around (pink). This finishes the crochet work. Cover a shield-shaped piece of pasteboard with pink cambric or sateen (pinroll fashion) and catch it with invisible stitches to the back of the pocket, having three rows of shells for the back and four for the front. Cover a rattan hoop (make it yourself) with the green cotton, as you do brass rings, and fasten to the back for a hanger. This is large enough for ordinary use, but can be made as much larger as one wishes, and of course may be made in any chosen color. HALE COOK.

Why Children are Bad

Because they are hungry or thirsty.
Because they have been allowed to over-eat.
Because they have been given pernicious cheap sweets.
Because they have not had proper sleep.
Because their clothing is not comfortable.
Because the room in which they sleep or play is stuffy or ill aired.
Because their parents break promises to them and buy them off with bribes.
Because they are brought up on a negative diet of continual "No, no, no," instead of an occasional good, hearty "Yes."



FOR COLLARS AND CUFFS

crackers rolled finely or half a cupful of bread crumbs. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and salt and pepper to taste. Wet the ingredients with milk and mix well. Press into the shape of a loaf and bake. Serve with cream or tomato sauce.

RABBIT PIE—Cut two small rabbits in several pieces and boil until tender. Line a granite baking dish with pie crust and put the rabbit into it. Make some thickening of flour and cold milk rubbed together and stir into the gravy left from boiling. Pour this over the meat; salt, pepper and add some lumps of butter. Cover with a crust and bake.

SMOTHERED OR BRAISED RABBIT—Slice some salt pork thin, say one fourth of a pound, and cut into dice a large carrot, a medium-sized turnip, a potato and an onion. Spread these on the bottom of a deep granite pan. Over this place two small rabbits and season them with salt, black and red pepper, and dredge with flour. Cover the pan well and place it in a slow oven about twenty minutes, then add a cupful of hot water. Baste occasionally and when tender thicken the gravy. This is an unusually palatable dish.

RABBIT TART—One way to use cold rabbit is to chop it fine, season and fill pie-crust shells with it. Line gem pans with pie crust, brush the pastry with the white of an egg before filling.

RABBIT TURNOVERS—These are merely circles of pie crust filled with chopped and seasoned cooked rabbit. Add gravy or butter, and be sure to pinch the edges of crust tightly when you form the turnover. Bake a light brown.

DEILED RABBIT—Boil until the meat falls from the bones and chop fine. Place in a saucepan and cover with its liquor and a little milk. Let simmer until it is about the consistency of jelly. When done season with red pepper, mustard and salt and cider vinegar to taste. Press into a mold and when it is cold you will find it very fine for lunch boxes, either sliced or made into sandwiches.

The ordinary recipes for stewed, baked, broiled and fried rabbit are so well known that it seems unnecessary to give them here. L. M. GAINES.

A Collar-and-Cuff Bag

This receptacle, with the familiar handkerchief foundation, for soiled collars and cuffs or handkerchiefs is one of the prettiest seen. It requires two large-sized handkerchiefs. In this instance they were of a delicate pink, with decorations of fleur de lis in natural shades, but any desired coloring may be substituted.

The two handkerchiefs are sewed together across the portion which forms the bottom of the bag and two thirds of the way up each side. This may be done on the machine right in the hemstitching or fancy brierstitching may be used. Run strips of rattan about twenty inches long through the hem of each loose end, and



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE SAUERKRAUT SEASON

demand for such an institution, but how many women will find pleasure in that sort of life? How many of them will consent to the surrender of power in their households for the sake of the leisure they may secure and the money they will pay

all around, join. Third row.—3 d. c. in center of first shell, ch. 2, 3 d. c. in same, 1 d. c. under ch. 1 of last row, repeat all around, join. Fourth row.—Same as third, only with 4 d. c. in each shell instead of 3, and between the shells put the hook down

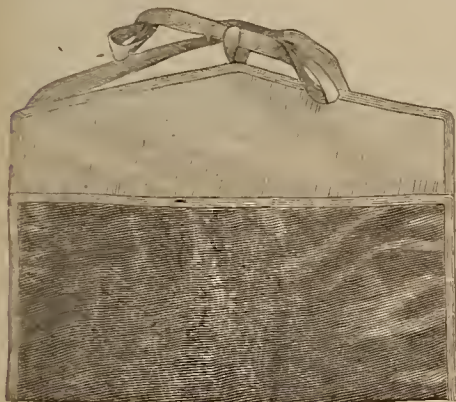
Because their activity is not directed into the right channel. Even from babyhood a child must be doing something, and if it is not wisely directed its energies will find outlet in "naughtiness."—CHICAGO NEWS.

The Housewife



For the Traveling Bag

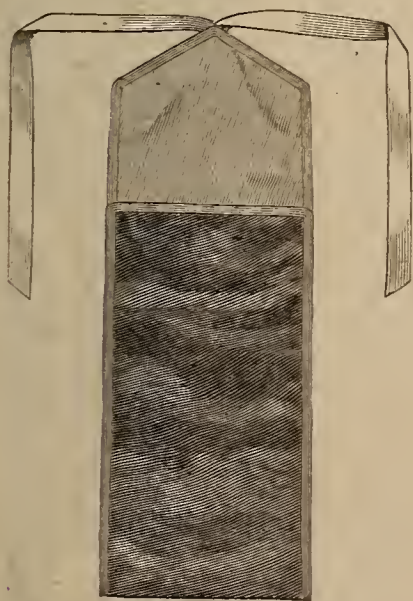
Very practical and acceptable gifts are little articles for the traveling bag. The two illustrated are for the face cloth and toothbrush. Both are made from rubber cloth and covered with oil silk. Washable cotton material also makes attractive covers for these cases. For the pocket for the face cloth, cut the rubber cloth ten inches long and eight inches wide, pointing one end slightly. Baste against the wrong side of the cloth a piece of oil silk of the same size, and any desired color. Bind the narrow, straight end before folding it, as the one illustrated.



FOR THE FACE CLOTH

After folding the pocket, rubber inside, and basting it securely in place, bind the edges with narrow linen tape, and leave two long ends at the point to tie when the case is closed.

The toothbrush holder is made from a piece of rubber cloth seventeen inches long and three and one half inches wide, pointed at one end. The silk which covers this case should match that on the case for the face cloth. Bind the narrow, straight edge before folding, as illustrated. Finish it like the first case. The ones illustrated are made from white rubber cloth, covered with the red oil silk, and bound with white linen tape.



FOR THE TOOTHBRUSH

show. Fasten the edges flat in place with rows of French knots. Either cut it out rounding at the folded edge for the neck, or split it down for about two inches, and fasten the points back with French knots. If an initial handkerchief is used fold it so that the letter will be on the upper point. Or a medallion with an initial may be sewed on after the bib is finished.

Infant's Cap

An inexpensive and attractive cap suitable for a Christmas gift for a baby is made from an embroidered linen handkerchief. If the cap is to be worn during the winter it may be slipped over an ordinary cap lining, or for warmer weather the handkerchief is sufficient. For the first size use a small handkerchief, and for the second size a large one. Fold the hand-

kerchief once square across; then turn the corners of the folded edge down to meet at the center of the open straight edge. Fold these corners back for about an inch to fasten back with French knots. Open the handkerchief at the long straight edge. Fold down the point at the top of the back, and fasten it and all loose edges down with the French knots. Two little plaits at the back will fit the cap at the neck; these plaits are held in place by the knots. It requires two and one half yards of baby ribbon for each of the rosettes. These are sewed to the cap, and ties, if desired, are pinned under the rosettes, so they can be easily removed to launder.

MARIE WILKINSON.

Recipes for Good Cookies

Two cupfuls of A sugar, one half of a cupful of butter, one half of a cupful of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Stir the butter, sugar and eggs to a cream, then add the milk, then the flour, into which the baking powder must be thoroughly mixed. Add any flavor desired and bake in a quick oven.

Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one half of a cupful of sour milk and cream, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one nutmeg and flour to stiffen.

BOSTON COOKIES.—One and one half cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of butter, two and one half cupfuls of flour, one and one half pounds of chopped raisins, three eggs, one and one half teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in warm water, one half



INFANT'S BIB

of a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves; drop in small cakes.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of lard or butter, one cupful of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt if lard is used. Flavor to suit the taste.

GINGER COOKIES.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one half of a cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of salt and flour to mix soft.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Two eggs, one and one half cupfuls of A sugar, a heaping cupful of shortening, a small teaspoonful of soda, three teaspoonfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla; dissolve the soda in milk; use only Graham flour and knead the dough quite stiff.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One and one half cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of butter, two and one half cupfuls of flour, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, one and one half teaspoonfuls of soda; a pinch of salt, one half of a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one pound of chopped raisins; drop in a pan and bake.

DROP COOKIES.—Mix two cupfuls of sugar with two eggs, add one cupful of molasses and one half of a cupful of sour milk; add one cupful of raisins chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one half of a teaspoonful of soda



INFANT'S CAP

dissolved in a little hot water, six cupfuls of flour after being sifted. Mix all together and drop on a buttered pan. Bake in a slow oven for fifteen minutes.



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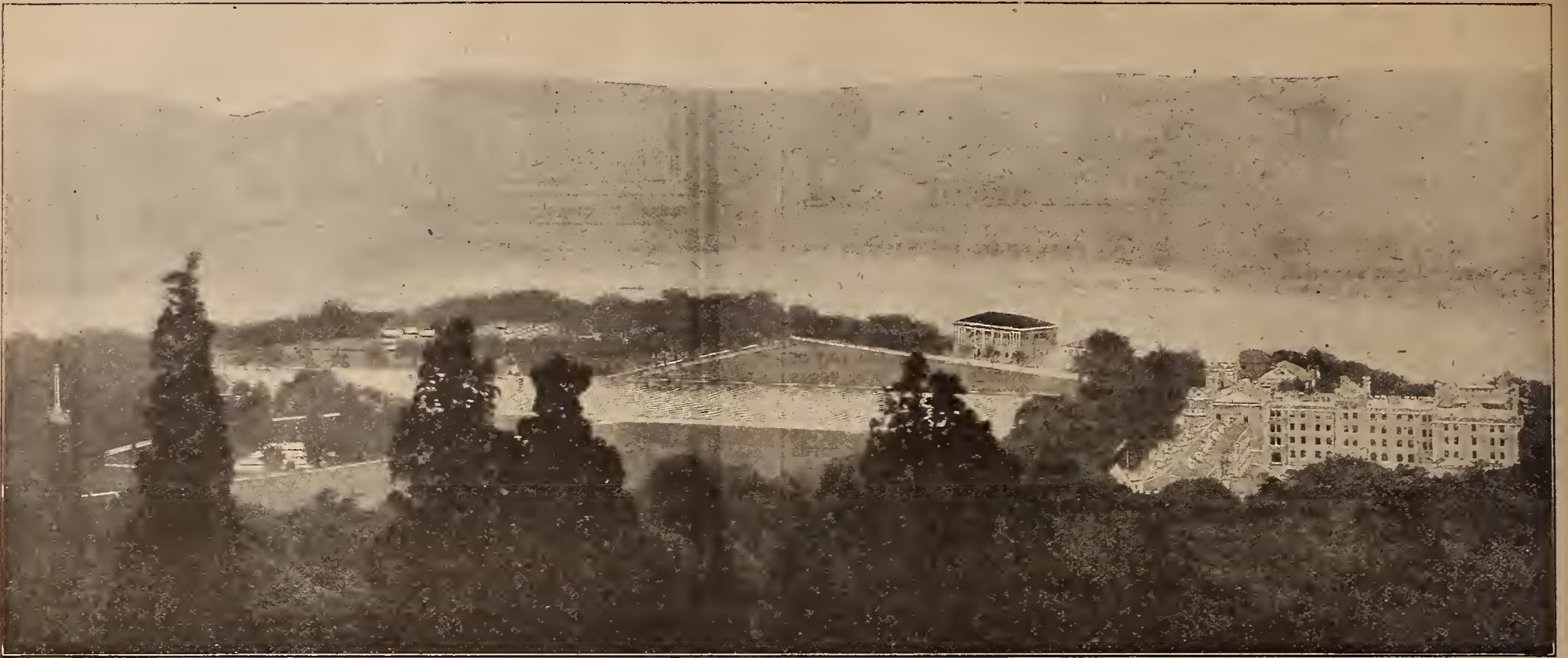
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WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY—WHERE OFFICERS OF UNCLE SAM'S ARMY ARE TRAINED

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The Interesting Life of Cadets at the West Point Military Academy

BY WALDON FAWCETT

NO BODY of young men in the world lead a more active life than the cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson. The picked young men who are being trained as the future officers of Uncle Sam's army are kept pretty busy during all their waking hours. To be sure time is allotted each day for recreation, but as the West Pointer works hard when he works, so likewise does he play hard while he plays, and withal he has few idle moments from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

Nor can any lad beg off from any phase of this strenuous existence because of mere laziness, for special privileges are unknown at the world's greatest military training school. The boy whose father is a multi-millionaire not only goes through the same daily program, but also wears clothing and eats food that is identical with that furnished to the wearer of the gray uniform who started his career as a newsboy. The mere plan of selection followed in choosing the young men who are granted cadetships at West Point tends to put matters on a democratic basis from the start.

A small number of cadets are appointed by the President of the United States—these favors usually going to the sons of veteran army officers who have distinguished themselves, or perhaps given up their lives in the country's service. But for the most part the selections are dictated by strictly competitive examinations open to all young Americans, our congressmen, who have the appointive power, having come for the most part to realize that these open contests are not only the most just method of determining who shall have the coveted positions, but invariably bring into the service the very best material available.

This latter consideration is of the utmost importance, for it is in literal truth only picked men who can meet the requirements at West Point, and if an appointee has not as a prelude proven himself superior to the great mass of his fellows the chances are that his career will come to an untimely end, and time and trouble be wasted in choosing a substitute. How great are the exactions at West Point may be imagined when it is stated that even of the picked men who succeed in passing the severe entrance examinations many fail to meet the mental or physical requirements at some point or other of the four-year course, and only about one half of the young men who enter the Academy full of hope succeed in graduating.

It is estimated that it costs the United States Government nigh unto ten thousand dollars to train an officer for the regular army by putting him through the four-year course at West Point. This figure does not take account of interest on the investment in the magnificent educational institutions which it has cost millions of dollars to build up, but merely allows for the cost of maintenance made up of a thousand and one details ranging all the way from the salaries of the instructors to the cost of the horses ridden by the cadets.

But for all this outlay Uncle Sam

makes no demand upon his young charges except that they shall later serve their country at good salaries. The government goes even farther and pays each cadet a salary of five hundred dollars per year during the time he is at the Point.

duly charged against him and must be settled from future pay.

The study and recitation hours of West Point cadets are devoted for the most part to such branches as mathematics, drawing, modern languages, natural and

casual intervals of drilling which continues with few interruptions until supper time. On Saturday afternoons, however, the lads are "free" from two o'clock until half-past six o'clock, the supper hour, and on Wednesdays there is a similar freedom from four o'clock to half-past six o'clock. Every Saturday evening from half-past eight to ten o'clock occurs the weekly hop which is one of the features of life at the Point.

Our military authorities do not believe in the summer vacation in the form that it is found at most schools and colleges, where the pupils are dismissed for three months or more, with no necessity for once looking in a book during the respite if they do not choose to. The cadets at West Point are not excused from duty save for short intervals, but if change of scene and occupation constitute a rest they have an ideal vacation, for during the heated term the entire battalion of young soldiers forsake the buildings of brick and stone which have constituted their home and goes into camp in tents in the wooded area on the north side of the grounds. Moreover, the young men are not burdened with responsibilities in the matter of book learning during the summer, many hours daily being devoted to riding and cavalry exercise, including hurdle jumping and other similar pursuits. Every feature of a soldier's life in the field, from the science of tent pegging to the art of building a pontoon bridge, is embraced in the study program at this school of open-air instruction. All the while the cadet is perfecting himself in a great variety of minor accomplishments ranging all the way from grooming a horse to dancing.

Great attention is at all times devoted to athletics and muscle-building exercises of all kinds. All West Pointers devote regularly apportioned intervals of time to fencing, boxing, swimming, single stick exercise, tennis, golf, setting-up drills, polo, cross-country riding, baseball, football and other aids to physical development. Of late provision has been made for the instruction of the young men at the academy in the Japanese science of jiu jitsu, the famous Oriental art of defense without weapons.

Effective as is the method of training in vogue at West Point—the experts of the British, French and German armies have repeatedly declared that the United States academy is the finest military training institution in the world—still further advances will be possible upon the completion of elaborate improvements in buildings and grounds now in progress. Congress is spending nearly seven million dollars upon the "new West Point." The present buildings cannot accommodate more than one half as many cadets as are actually required each year to fill the vacancies which occur in the officer's list of the regular army, so that the need for more room has long been apparent.

The new structures will provide quarters for one thousand two hundred cadets instead of four hundred and fifty as at present, but all these new buildings will not be fully completed before 1912, so that complete relief is yet some time off. The new buildings will comprise a cavalry bar-



IN SINGLE STICK COMBAT

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Out of this pay the young soldier must purchase all his necessities, including his uniforms and his food. However, most commodities are sold to the cadets at about cost, and if a lad manages his expenditures at all wisely his five hundred

experimental philosophy, geography, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, the science of war, ordnance and gunnery. When the West Pointer is awakened at six o'clock in the morning he is allowed only twenty minutes in which to wash, dress, fold up



CRACK POLO TEAM

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dollars a year will cover all his necessities and leave him a fair amount of pocket money besides. If he is extravagant and spends more than his allowance he is quickly forced to learn the lesson of thrift in the school of experience, for debts are

his bedding and set his room in order. At half-past six o'clock the young soldiers form in companies and march to the mess hall for breakfast. Almost immediately after breakfast there begins a routine of study and recitation interspersed with oc-

racks and stables, artillery barracks and stables, artillery gun shed, chapel, riding hall, gymnasium, cadet headquarters and store, cadet barracks, post headquarters, new academic building, post exchange, guard house, fire engine house and several sets of officers' quarters. There will also be a hotel for the accommodation of visitors to the academy, a museum, a power house and a central heating and lighting plant.

"Each congressional district and Territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one cadet at the Academy. There are also twenty appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to three hundred and eighty-one," says the World Encyclopedia. "At present there are two extra cadets at the academy, who were authorized by Congress to enter it at their own expense from Venezuela and Costa Rica.

"Appointments are usually made one year in advance of date of admission, by the Secretary of War, upon the nomination of the representative. These nominations may either be made after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The representative may nominate a legally qualified second candidate, to be designated the alternate. The alternate will receive from the War Department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and if duly qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the Military Academy must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States.

"The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. About one fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examinations, and but little over one half of the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict—even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offences is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1st and continue until June 1st. Examinations are held in each January and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct in conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

"From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The regular pay which the cadet receives, with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about three hundred and fifty.

"Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States Army. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his member of Congress.

The appointments by the president are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army and navy, who, by reason of their shifting residence, due to the necessities of the service, find it next to impossible to obtain an appointment from a congressional district.

"The Academy was established by act

They visit the academy in June, and are present at the concluding exercises of the graduating class of that year."

ORGANIZATION OF THE UNITED STATES REGULAR ARMY

"The Congress of the United States, by act of March 4, 1899, reorganized the army on the following basis: The presi-

and to raise a force of not more than thirty-five thousand volunteers to be recruited as he may determine from the country at large, or from localities where their services are needed. Under this provision the strength of the army is one hundred thousand men. All enlistments for the volunteer force shall be for the term of two years and four months, unless sooner discharged."

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING REQUIREMENTS

"Applicants for first enlistment must be between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, of good character and habits, able bodied, free from disease, and must be able to speak, read, and write the English language.

"No person under eighteen years of age will be enlisted or reenlisted, and minors between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years must not be enlisted without the written consent of father, only surviving parent, or legally appointed guardian.

"Original enlistments will be confined to persons who are citizens of the United States, or who have made legal declaration of their intention to become citizens thereof.

"Married men will be enlisted only upon the approval of a regimental commander.

"Applicants will be required to satisfy the recruiting officer regarding age and character, and should be prepared to furnish the necessary evidence.

"For infantry and artillery the height must be not less than five feet four inches, and weight not less than one hundred and twenty (120) pounds and not more than one hundred and ninety (190) pounds.

"For cavalry the height must be not less than five feet four inches and not more than five feet ten inches, and weight not to exceed one hundred and sixty-five (165) pounds. No minimum weight is prescribed for cavalry, but the chest measures must be satisfactory."

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SALUTES

"Salute to the national flag, the President of the United States, the presidents and sovereigns of foreign states, twenty-one guns; salute to the vice president and United States and foreign ambassadors, nineteen guns; salute to the president of the Senate, speaker of the House of Representatives, cabinet officers, chief justice, governors within their respective states or territories, governors general of foreign states, general of the army, admiral of the navy, and same ranks in foreign armies and navies, seventeen guns; United States and foreign ministers plenipotentiary, assistant secretaries of war or the navy, lieutenant general or major general commanding the army, and corresponding ranks in the navy and foreign armies and navies, fifteen guns; ministers resident, major generals, rear admirals, and corresponding ranks in foreign armies and navies, thirteen guns; chargés d'affaires, brigadier generals, commodores, and corresponding ranks in foreign armies and navies, eleven guns; consul generals, nine guns."

RANK IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

Generals rank with vice admirals, major generals rank with vice admirals, major generals rank with rear admirals, brigadier generals rank with commodores, colonels rank with captains, lieutenant colonels rank with commanders, majors rank with lieutenant commanders, captains rank with lieutenants, lieutenants rank with ensigns.



GUARD MOUNT

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INSTRUCTORS IN RIDING

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of Congress in 1802. An annual board of visitors is appointed, seven of whom are appointed by the president, two by the president of the Senate, and three by the speaker of the House of Representatives.

dent was authorized to maintain the regular army at a strength not exceeding sixty-five thousand enlisted men, to be distributed among the several branches of the service, including the signal corps,



CADETS ON DRESS PARADE—A FAMILIAR SCENE AT WEST POINT

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BLIXER'S was a rather attractive personality, for the man was of open, clean face, with blue eyes that twinkled friendly interest through half-closed lids, and with strength and size that were almost herculean. Blixer did not talk much himself, which perhaps was to his advantage, for the dragging inertia of his huge frame clung also to his wits and speech; but there were those who declared that the inertia once overcome, the impact of wits and words, like that of his bulk, was something to be remembered. At first sight men had an instinctive desire to be friendly with Blixer and to show him deference, which increased when they saw the openly exposed soul through his eyes; but with speech came looks of pity and surprised disappointment. With other men ignorance would not have been conspicuous, but Blixer was of such commanding presence as to make the contrast incongruous. Blixer, however, was sublimely unconscious of it all, of his presence as well as his ignorance. He had struggled up with stampeding cattle and scarcely less wild cowboys, and this job in the stock yards was his first experience of life in which many men took part.

There was a romance connected with his entering upon the job which was just as open to everybody as was the rest of his life. He had come in with a cattle-train gang, and while the train was being emptied had saved a yard man's life by stepping calmly between him and an infuriated bull and holding the animal by the horns while the man escaped. In gratitude Tom Baker had asked him home to supper, and incidentally introduced his pretty daughter Pauline. The next day Blixer gave up his work with the gang and sought a job in the stock yards.

Of course there was more or less chaffing, which showed in the annoyance on Baker's face, and in the embarrassment of Pauline when she occasionally came into the yard with her father's dinner, and was promptly met and escorted around by the proud Blixer. On him chaffing was wholly lost, for it only added to the buoyancy of his step and to the content in his eyes.

But Blixer was six feet five and Baker only five feet six, and Pauline was a sensible girl who doted on protective strength and unquestioning devotion. In a few days he was again asked to supper, and after that the embarrassment disappeared gradually from the girl's face and the annoyance from the face of her father. The half dozen or more young men who had put themselves out to be affable to Tom Baker seemed to reconsider the matter, for they scowled a little, and then began to treat him as an ordinary yard acquaintance.

Within a week Blixer's massive efficiency prevented another man being gored, and broke a threatening stampede by pushing into the very midst of it and grasping the crazed ringleader by the horns. That brought him to the notice of those in authority, and he was promoted to an inside job at higher pay.

But this new work involved at irregular intervals the use of a lead pencil; and a lead pencil was something altogether too small for Blixer's huge fingers, as the directing of it was apparently too much concentration for his untrammelled brains. Grave mistakes crept into his simplest calculations which speedily would have been his undoing, but that once more his natural, uncalculating courage took him into what seemed hopeless peril, and from which just as brave men turned away. But in this case it saved half a thousand head of cattle from inevitable loss; and the next day it took Blixer into a higher salaried and more responsible position in the shipping department which, with unwise gratitude and friendliness on the part of the managers, involved yet greater confinement of body and taxation of brains. In another week inexcusable mistakes made a loss approximating the value of the saved cattle, and the friendliness in the managers' faces became disappointment, and then black anger which brought a hurried consultation upon complete discovery one night after office hours. Peremptory dismissal from the stock yards was a quick decision to take effect with Blixer's appearance in the morning. But other forces had been at work, and with the morning came the strike.

The general manager had not left his home when the doorbell rang and several of the department superintendents came in with anxious faces.

"Pretty near the whole force is out," said one of them, "and they are crowding about the entrances as though they mean mischief. Apparently the thing's been hatching ever since you refused to restore the old schedule of wages, a week ago; but they've managed to keep themselves very quiet. That makes the case look worse."

"Well, I will go down with you at once," exclaimed the manager, hurriedly. "We can't afford to have the business tied up for even an hour just now. Did you learn what they wanted?"

"Impossibilities, of course," grumbled

Blixer--the Man of the Hour

BY FRANK H. SWEET

one of the men, "the old rate must be restored, shorter hours conceded, only union men employed, and a whole lot of other stuff. And they seem to mean business, too, as though they feel sure of obtaining all they ask. I saw that mischief-making delegate, Timrod, among them."

"Then we can't make terms, for we certainly shall not agree to any such demands," declared the manager, his face growing hard. "I'm glad we didn't discharge that fellow Blixer last night. We can depend on him, for he hasn't any grievance, and there is no such thing as scare in the huge frame and slow mind. And I think perhaps a few others will remain with us. If we can persuade fifty to stay we can tide over the tight place until the strikers will be glad to accept our terms. Blixer already has considerable influence over certain of the men, and will be valuable help. It was fortunate that he was not here last night when we looked over his papers."

At the stock yards they found an increasing crowd of strikers, and in their midst, towering head and shoulders above the others, was Blixer. Apparently his slow wits had found stimulus, for while yet four or five blocks away they could hear the clear, detonating reports of his words exploding like small firearms. The anxious manager's face cleared perceptibly.

I think. Surely you could find no grievance against us, with two promotions and a corresponding increase of salary in the space of ten days."

"Oh, that," simply, and with a dismissing wave of the hand. "One man don't count in a thing like this, it's the whole lot. You cut wages when 'twa'n't right. I know jest what's been paid the ranch for cattle, an' it's the same you've paid the last two years. An' the freight's the same, an' you get jest as big prices for beef. There wa'n't no reason nor right to cut, an' wages must go back like they was."

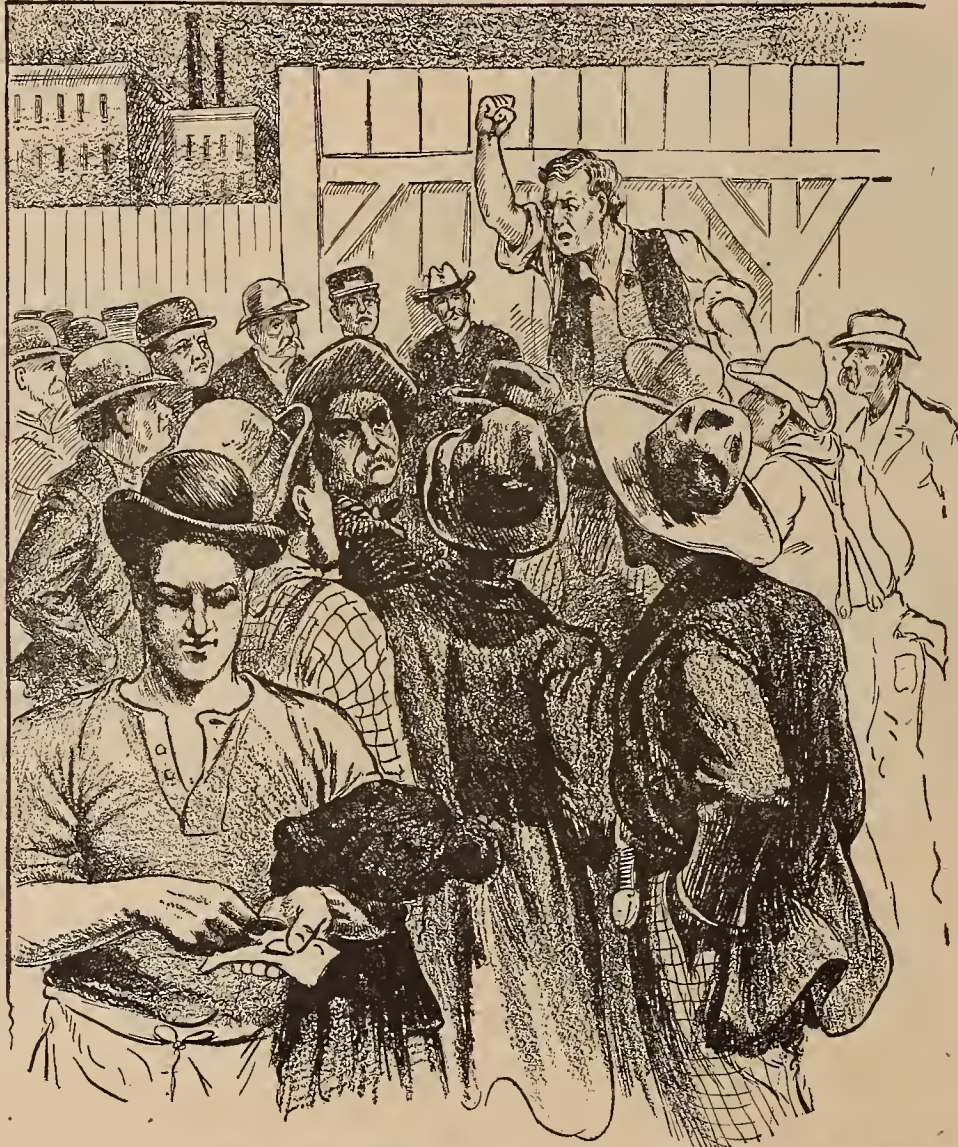
"Because you say so, I suppose?"

"No, because the whole lot of us say so. Your business can't go on without workmen."

"It can stop then," grimly. "But I expect we shall find some way to keep going. I suppose you also demand short hours and union men and all the rest. Though I didn't know that you belonged to a union, Blixer."

"I don't," calmly; "I believe in every man workin' as he thinks best—an' a man who get's good wages ought to work jest as he's told, an' not mind the hours. That's what I was talkin' to 'em out there about. It's only your wages cuttin' that I'm strikin' for. That wa'n't right."

The manager had turned away and was



Blocks away they could hear the clear, detonating reports of his words exploding like small firearms

"That fellow's something worth while," he declared, emphatically, "even with the losses consequent upon his incompetency. If he brings that gang around it will be well worth another promotion, and a good one."

But as they approached yet nearer and saw the expressions of the faces turned towards them, and began to catch the words of Blixer, the manager's face suddenly darkened.

"Good heavens! if he hasn't joined the strikers, too!" he ejaculated. "Who would have believed it, after the way we have treated him. The scoundrel!"

As he saw them, Blixer's huge fist ceased its piston-rod emphasis, and he came straight toward them, thrusting the crowd unceremoniously to the right and left.

"Mornin', manager an' the rest of ye," he said affably; "I've been waitin' to speak a few words."

"So I noticed," coldly, "and they seemed very much to the purpose. I hardly expected to hear such sentiments from you, though, Blixer."

"Why?" innocently, and with the half-closed eyes opening with something like surprise.

"Because we have treated you very well,

entering the office. Blixer made a quick stride forward and dropped a heavy hand upon his shoulder, swinging him around.

"Listen to my say fust, manager," he insisted. "You've done well by me, like you said—too well. But I'm only one, an' this is for the whole lot, an' it's right. 'Tain't helpin' me any; I was havin' big wages, an' Tom Baker's goin' to stand by you in the yards, an' Pauline always stands by her father. Mebbe you know what that means to me an' mebbe you don't, but it doesn't matter. This is for the whole lot, an' it's right. Now I'm boardin' with a man who's got seven children, an' two of 'em sick. Before wages was cut he could get along jest about even, he tells me; now he's movin' behind a little every week. He's a fine workman an' earned every cent he got, an'—an' if you don't mind my sayin' so, you're stealin' all you cut him back. I—"

But the manager and his friends had passed into the office, and the door shut in Blixer's face.

Inside, the manager looked at his companions and laughed apprehensively.

"After all, I believe our incompetent means honest," he said, "but he is a fanatic, and must be watched. He may be more dangerous than all the rest."

Only thirty of the more than three hundred workmen had slipped into the stock yards unostentatiously, and these were set to work, and the manager and his superintendents with coats off and sleeves rolled up joined them. From time to time there came hoarse yells from outside the stock yards fence, with the occasional crash of a glass where a stone had been hurled through a window; but no active demonstration took place until along in the afternoon, when a workman came hurrying to the manager.

"The north hay barns are on fire, sir," he gasped, with blanched face, "or at any rate smoke's beginnin' to pour up from the large one that reaches the fence. Most of the strikers are 'round on that side now, yellin' an' hootin', an'—an' if fire once gets to the hay, you know what it means." Yes, the manager knew what it meant, as his own blanching face showed. There were a hundred tons of hay in that barn, and a thousand more in the barns and sheds adjoining, reaching entirely across the side, and the wind was from the north. A spark in the hay would flash along the side like tinder and the wind would sweep it across the stock yards, involving not only the buildings and other inflammable property but the thousands of cattle and sheep and hogs which could not be removed to places of safety at such short notice.

The manager did not wait for coat or hat or to roll down his sleeves, nor even to make the twenty yards detour necessary to reach the gate, and the department superintendents and most of the men were close behind. As they hurled themselves over the fence, without regard to bruises or how they landed on the other side the manager saw in one swift, comprehensive glance the column of smoke curling up at the end of the barn, the massive figure of Blixer bending over at its base, and the strikers crowding forward with hoarse yells. What he did not notice was that the yells were of astonished anger instead of exultation.

As he struggled to his feet the manager drew and threw his revolver in line with Blixer. He would not have time to force his way through the strikers and extinguish the fire, even should they let him. Already the end of the barn was blackened and charred, and at any moment might break through. Perhaps even now it was enough for the dry hay on the other side to ignite. Though it was too late to do any good, he could at least punish the leader of the angry and excited mob.

But as his eyes flashed along the barrel they hesitated and the weapon sank to his side. He could not kill a man wantonly, and Blixer's death would not extinguish the fire.

Several of the men were beside him now, with revolvers drawn, and together they forced their way among the yelling strikers, unmindful of everything except the charring walls of the barn in front. But as they fought themselves forward foot by foot, they gradually became aware that the angry yells were not directed against them but against the herculean figure at the wall, which now stood erect, its huge fists swinging in and out, right and left, back and forth, with the slow, sure precision of a machine, and apparently almost the force of a pile driver. They saw man after man drop before them, saw blood streaming from Blixer's face where viciously cast stones and other missiles had struck him; saw him sway suddenly and sink upon his knees, only to rise dizzily before the infuriated crowd could close in upon him, then they threw themselves forward beside him and turned, six of them, with leveled revolvers.

The manager's face was happy. As he swung in beside Blixer a swift glance had shown the fuel scattered beyond danger to the barn, apparently by the feet of his companion; the smoke was drifting away into fleecy invisibility; the charred wall was not charred deep enough to endanger the hay on the other side. As he swept the muzzle of his weapon along the line of startled faces in front he caught himself laughing aloud. Compared with the threatened calamity any personal danger seemed trivial.

"What does it mean, Blixer?" he asked, as the strikers shrank suddenly away from the muzzles of the weapons. "I thought you were with them."

"So I am," calmly, "but not in this. I was 'round on the next corner tryin' to keep 'em from breakin' down the fence, when I saw the smoke an' hurried here. They didn't seem to like my puttin' the fire out very much."

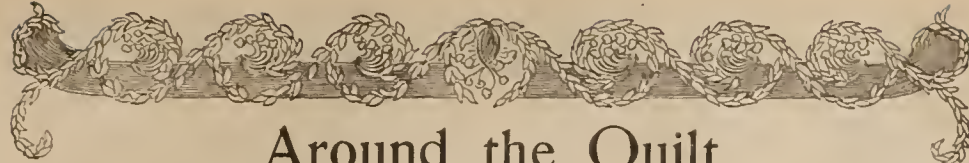
"Yes, I notice they seem a little annoyed. Well," heartily, "I'm glad you have seen the error of your ways, Blixer."

"But I haven't," sturdily, "I'm with the strikers jest as much as when I started. If you mean I can come back to my job, I don't want it—till this thing's settled. I'm only one, an' they're the whole lot, an' the wage cuttin' wa'n't right."

The manager laughed.

"I was thinking of the cutting when I

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19]



Around the Quilt

BY J. L. HARBOUR

“JUST toss that thread over to me, will you, Mis’ Temple? An’ I dunno but I’ll have to have the chalk line to make the marks a little plainer on this block I’m workin’ on. My eyesight ain’t what it used to be. Dunno as I could expect it to be an’ me sixty-six next month, an’ a—what’s that, Mis’ Parsons? Not many wimmen would tell their age so freely? Mebbe not, but I’m thankful I ain’t one o’ that sort. Old age is honorable ‘cordin’ to my way o’ lookin’ at it, an’ I ain’t one that wants to carry my vanity to the very aidge o’ the grave like some. There was old Esther Podd. Wa’n’t she just the beater for eternally flappin’ a no-surrender flag in the face of old age? Remember how she used to wear blue and pink dresses when she was away along in the sixties? An’ you recollect that crimped black false front she used to wear when her own hair was almost entirely white? You could tell it was a false front’s far as you could see her. An’ oh, Hannah Trimpy, you recollect that time you an’ me an’ a lot more of us was invited to the minister’s to tea along with Esther Podd, who was the last one to git there? She was livin’ on borrowed time then, an’ she had on a bright blue Irish poplin all piped with red satin, an’ a hat that looked as if a section of a posy bed had broke loose and landed on her head, an’ she had on that pink crape shawl of hers with fringe half a yard long. Well, when she went to take off her hat her false front somehow or other stuck to the hat an’ she didn’t know it till she handed the hat to the minister’s wife, an’ what an awful screech she did give, an’ how reedikilous that front did look danglin’ from the hat. You know she’d awful poor eyesight, but wouldn’t wear specs because they’d make her look old, an’ once she come to the sewin’ circle with her false front on bottom side up, an’ there was the cloth the false hair was sewed

lamb, ‘she does it with her false teeth.’ Poor Susan! She couldn’t see anything out o’ the way about that, an’ she felt turrible when one o’ her customers pitched into her about it. Oh, Mary Dawson, don’t you remember the time when a few of us went over to Susan’s to help her quilt her double-nine-patch quilt she’d been about fifteen years makin’, an’ it was so dirty you could hardly tell the white pieces from the colored? You remember that cake she brought up from the cellar? I guess neither of us will ever forget that. Slack as she was Susan was a real good cook. I’ve often noticed that the slackest people are sometimes the best kind o’ cooks. Susan could give ev’rything a real nice taste, an’ she was the best cake maker in this neighborhood. She made the cake for most o’ the weddin’s, but folks had her make it in their kitchens instid of in her own. Well, the day when she had her quiltin’ we was sure we’d have some nice cake for dinner an’ mebbe two or three kinds of it. She’d got her dinner most ready, an’ it did smell temptin’, an’ she went down into her cellar to fetch up her cake an’ pies, for she allus kep’ such things in the cellar. Presently we heerd her give one o’ her roarin’ laughs in the cellar an’ in a minnit or two she comes into the room where we was around the quilt, an’ she says, says she: ‘I want to show you somethin’ cunnin’.’ An’ what do you reckon that turrible cunnin’ thing was? It was a great big, green toad squat- tered right in the middle of a big frosted

cover ain’t half as much use as this quilt. One o’ them city boarders Mis’ Puffer had last summer asked me when I showed her a lot o’ my old quilts I made when I was a girl, if I wa’n’t thankful wimmen had grown wiser in regard to the use o’ their time than they used to be. An’ I thought to myself of her spendin’ the better part o’ her time takin’ care of a snarl-in’ little fice dog. Mis’ Puffer says that twice last summer that woman set up all night nussin’ that dog when it had overet, an’ she wanted Mr. Puffer to go four miles to town for the doctor in the dead o’ night. I guess all of us know Dan Puffer well enough to know that he didn’t go. An’ one day she ackshilly asked Mis’ Puffer to stop runnin’ her sewin’ machine, because ‘Pearly’ was asleep an’ she was afraid the noise o’ the machine would wake him up. She’d set two hours at a time tyin’ different ribbons on that poor little beast an’ brushin’ his hair, an’ then talk about how wimmen used to waste their time makin’ quilts. Yes, an’ she called herself ‘mamma’ to that dog. I have heard her say, ‘What does mamma’s doggy want now?’ Land suz! What’s the world comin’ to? Just hand me the scissors, please. Thanks. Ain’t this pink an’ white scrap just sweet pritty?”

“So it is.”

“If I ain’t mistaken it’s like a dress your Hetty had once, Mis’ Fox.”

“So it is.”

“I thought it. My Minnie had a dress off the same piece, an’ I remember that

from its moorings an’ dropped clean off an’ she never knew it, an’ there she was with this reedikilous big wire bustle in plain sight. It looked something like one o’ these big wire rat traps they have for ketchin’ rats alive. Somebody finally had the courage to tell Myra that she’d lost her overskirt an’ you never did see a body quite so flabbergasted as she was, an’ I—why, Mis’ Trimpy, ain’t this a piece o’ Myra Minden’s Dolly Varden, the very one I have been tellin’ about? I just thought it was. I know that—what, dinner time so soon? Well, I’ll own up that I ain’t sorry an’ we all know from the odor that’s been tantalizin’ us for an hour that it’s goin’ to be a good dinner. The rest of you go on. I want to just finish this herrin’ bone an’ then we’ll be ready to roll this side o’ the quilt right after dinner. It won’t take me but three or four minnits. If we work right spry I think we can cut the quilt from the frames before we go home. I will say for it that I never worked on a handsomer quilt. I’ll be right out in just a minnit or two.”

Blixer—the Man of the Hour
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

tumbled over the fence just now,” he said. “I am willing to concede that point, and I think you will be the very man to do the talking. Tell the strikers that the old wages will be restored if they’ll come back to work. They were half right about that, anyway. But tell them nothing else will be yielded. As to your job, I don’t believe we will want you back in the yards again, Blixer. In fact, we had definitely decided upon your discharge last night. You are a good man for war, but dangerous in time of peace, and I hope the wage concession will bring about a cessation of hostilities. I’m sorry, Blixer, but the fact is, you’re not competent.”

He looked at the man keenly, but if there was any disappointment it failed to show. Blixer’s face was calm, but in his eyes was unqualified approval.

“I thought you’d come around, manager, soon’s you realized the thing wa’n’t right,” he said, graciously. “I don’t b’lieve there’ll be much trouble. The better men o’ the strikers are thinkin’ more about their families than fightin’. Wages is what they want most. I’ll talk with ‘em.”

“Thank you.” The strikers had withdrawn several rods, and were commencing to whisper among themselves. The manager and his friends lowered their weapons. “Come to the office when you learn their decision, Blixer. I will have your wages ready. And tell the men if they wish to work they must come on at once.”

As they turned away Blixer’s gaze fell upon Tom Baker, who had kept near the manager, and for the first time a shadow came to his face. Pauline always stood by her father, and her father abhorred strikers. But an hour later he presented himself at the office, his face strong and calm.

“It’s all right, manager,” he said; “the men’ll be back in their places inside of an hour, all except a dozen or so, an’ they’re too few to count. Timrod, the delegate, is mad’s a locoed calf an’ has started back for Chicago. Now I’ll take my money.”

The manager drew a pay envelope from his desk and gave it to him, adding, “There is another little matter I wish to speak with you about, Blixer. I did not find a good opportunity out there at the barn. I suppose you know that the company owns a cattle ranch of its own?”

“The Big Three L on the Snake River?”

“Yes. The manager is leaving us to develop a mine he has discovered, and we need a new man. Will you take the place?”

“If you think I’m competent.”

“I do. You would not be on even a small job in the stock yards, but out yonder you will be all right. You know cattle and their ways thoroughly. And as the ranch is a pretty big one you will need a bookkeeper and assistant, so the figuring will be all right. We would like for you to start immediately.”

As he left the office, Blixer met Tom Baker coming in. The yard man held out his hand impulsively, his face flushing.

“I—I’d like to shake hands with you, Blixer,” he said, almost shyly. “That was a fine stand you took out yonder by the barn. I ain’t never seen many things like it. An’—an’ ain’t your left arm broke?”

Blixer’s left hand was being carried in his coat pocket, with his arm pressed close to his side.

“Why, yes, I think likely it is,” he answered. “A stone struck it.”

“I thought mebbe ‘twas broke from the way you held it.” There was moisture in the old man’s eyes as he added, under his breath, “Lord! Lord, an’ to think you ain’t let on a word about it.” Then, still shyly, but with an eager little catch of entreaty in his voice, “you must go right off an’ have it looked after, Blixer. An’—an’ if you’re strong enough I’ll be glad for you to come down an’ take supper with us to-night. Pauline likes brave things, an’ she’ll want to see you an’ hear about it all. She’ll be glad.”



“I’m kind o’ sorry the fashion o’ makin’ quilts has died out so”

on to. You remember that, don’t you, Eliza Tracy? I thought you would. You remember how big Susan Peters bu’st out laughing?”

“I reckon I do.”

“What a laugh she had! She lived a mile from our house, an’ it’s the honest truth that of a still summer evenin’ we could hear her laugh. An’ we could allus hear her singin’ when she was milkin’ her two cows. She’d a voice like the tail end of a cyclone, an’ she allus let it out full len’th when she was milkin’ her cows. But she was a real good-natured thing, if she was turrible slack like these over big people so often are. She made butter to sell an’ lots o’ folks used to say to the storekeepers in the village, ‘Don’t you give me none o’ Susan Peters’s butter,’ an’ more of ‘em said it after it got out that she used to print or ornymint her butter pats with her false teeth. La, I don’t wonder that you all laugh so. It’s the truth. One summer Susan had a little niece o’ hers named Lucy Dayne with her, an’ little Lucy used to carry the butter to the store to sell, an’ one day the storekeeper says, says he: ‘How does your Aunt Susan make all these curious little marks on her butter? Does she do it with a butter print?’ ‘No, sir,’ says Lucy, innercent as a

pound cake Susan had made! Somehow none of us felt very cake hungry that day. She was a good-hearted thing, Susan was. She’d fall all over herself in her eagerness to do a neighborly kindness, but she was the slackest of the slack. You remember her, don’t you, Hetty Ray?”

“Of course I do.”

“I thought you come to this neighborhood before she died. Ain’t this light colored calico with a little purple sprig in it like a dress Ellen Day had, Mis’ Bean?”

“Yes, it is.”

“I thought it was. She gave me some scraps for my morning star quilt. You know we used to exchange scraps with each other for our quilts. I’m kind o’ sorry the fashion o’ makin’ quilts has died out so. Folks say nowadays that it is a great waste o’ time to cut pieces o’ stuff out an’ set down an’ sew ‘em together into a quilt. But la, I don’t see that it is any more a waste o’ time than it is to spend weeks an’ weeks embroiderin’ mats an’ things that ain’t as useful as a quilt. Have any of you seen Sally Breen’s table cover that it took her four months to embroider? She told me with her own livin’ lips that she worked reg’lar four hours a day for eight weeks on that cover an’ then her eyes begun to give out. An’ that table

both girls wore their dresses to the Fourth o’ July celebration over in Zoar that year. A nice light calico made up real tasty was thought plenty good for nice in those days. I remember that Minnie had hers made with a long redingote an’ there was four bias ruffles on the skirt. You know how them redingotes come in when ev’rybody was wearin’ Dolly Vardens, an’ bustles was all the rage. Wa’n’t them bustles just about the silliest things a woman or girl ever put on? They follered the tiltin’ hoopskirt, an’ the ‘waterfall’ way o’ riggin’ up the hair. You recollect what happened to Myra Minden the time she was at the big barbecue, Mis’ Trimpy?”

“I don’t seem to.”

“Why, it was in the bustle days when overskirts was all the rage, an’ Myra was the first to take up with any fool fashion an’ carry it to extremes, so of course she got her the biggest bustle in these parts. You know they used to make the overskirts in two parts, an’ Myra had one o’ that kind—it was the gayest of gay Dolly Varden calico, an’ she wore her bustle just under her overskirt, an’ she was steppin’ around in a turrible top-lofty way with a beau from the city, an’ the back half of her gay overskirt broke loose

The Letters of Two Boys

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

This is the third of a series of four letters passing between two boys, one at college, the other at home. The series is taken from "The Franklin Academy Mirror," of Nebraska.

LETTER NO. III.

janairy 3, 97

deer jake—

i think yur jist a leetle bit the bigist slant hed i evr see. i thot onst yu was cepshunaly brite feller, but th idee never wus treed into my kokanut by any akshun uv yurn that yu'd diskumfudel the rops yur fokes layd fur yu t' go by, in eny sich outlandish nunsensikel fashun lik whut yur doin. here im gitin a doller a da in harvist n 50 senc a da th yeer round n ill garintee yur spending that much enyway. i say its al sily centermentel fulishness. i ges they must al be kinder crazy caus i dont bleeve enybudyd play sich stuf if thay wusn't kinder batty. o yes them rusters one on em committed sideways tother nite —thay fit al aftrnun n thisin went off nd stayed al nite nd cum bak ded. Tother kot 'isdeth of dampnis nd i spekt hel never dye he gos drup n round lik i spoze them fellers do if sum uther outfit tromps em onter the gridliron kinder flat. i kant se fur th lif o me what good them kind o purformunsis do a budy eny moren fitin did them rusters nd if yu kin yure smart-arn peple giv yu kredit fur. al them rusters fit fur wus ter se who wus th best man nd i spoze them fellers go thru them things ter se whose th best ruster. yule be smart whn yu git dun thar nd use big wurds nd hold yur noze up nd ware a ruber kolar nd al sich stuf but litle wurds is good anuf fur me nd i kin rite good anuf fur enybody. I spoze yu think i dont lik yu eny moar but im ritin this fur yure sak. i think jist ez mutch ov yu ez evr but im goin to giv yu sum good sensible advis. th krem ma be sour but th buters jist ez good this ma tast sour but if yu churn it good yull find th buter jist th same. kum hom nd do lik th rest ov us, git marid n setel down nd ern money nobody evr erns munny til thay git marid, so th quiker yu git marid th beter.

lookin fur yu on riturn mal im es evr yer chum

IKE.

[SERIES TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE]

Cardinal's Hat Game

The children being seated in a circle, a child, who does not take part in the game, whispers to each of the rest a name representing some color, as "Red cap," "Blue cap," "Yellow cap," etc.

Two players are excepted, one of whom



The Young People



BIDDING FAREWELL TO BOSSY

These are Mazie, Mabel, Jessie and Grace, who have gone out in the snow to take a last farewell of their pet calf, which is to be sold

is called "My man John," and one represents the cardinal. The latter now leaves the room, first placing in the hands of "John" a little billet of wood, bidding him take care of the cardinal's hat, which at the same time he declares to be of some particular color, as green. "John" conceals this somewhere in the room.

The child who then went out then enters, armed with a cane, and demands the cardinal's hat. "John" pretends to have forgotten all about it, and asks, "What color was it, green?" and so on until he guesses the color.

Being thus reminded, he declares that some one of the group, as, for example, "Red cap," has stolen it.

"Red cap" is now asked by the questioner, "Red cap, did you steal the cardinal's hat?" He also must pass on the charge,

saying, "No, it was White cap" (or any other color). If he omits to do so, or names a color not included among the players he must pay a forfeit.

Meanwhile the questioner becomes indignant at the numerous denials and proceeds to extort confession by torture, rapping with his cane the fingers of those whom he addresses. If he succeeds in obliging any child to confess, the latter must pay forfeit.—DAILY REVIEW.

Sailing on the Seas

The following might be found a pleasing way to entertain guests when other ideas fail. Hand to each guest a slip of paper containing the following questions, and allow so many minutes for the answers to be written out. Then to the one who had

come nearest to solving all correctly a dainty prize might be given.

On which sea would you sail to manage another's affairs? Agency.

On which sea would you sail to deceive? Fallacy.

Which sea is kind? Leniency.

Which sea is insane? Lunacy.

Which sea is governed by bishops? Episcopacy.

Which sea remains unchanged and true? Constancy.

Which sea disagrees? Discrepancy.

Which sea is haughty? Contumacy.

Which sea means eagerness? Fervency.

Which sea is incomplete? Deficiency.

Which sea means a plot? Conspiracy.

Which sea is correct? Accuracy.

Which sea despairs? Despondency.

Which sea is dainty? Delicacy.

Which sea bequeaths? Legacy.

Which sea imagines? Fancy.

Which sea means incivility? Displacement.

Old Billy the Horse

Somebody once said, "Billy ought to be dead,"

"Old Billy," the horse, you know; The faithful old horse, so noble and true, Because he was old and slow.

"Kill old Billy," old "Uncle Billy?"

Not while his master can tend him; His first owner is gone, no more to return, And his second will ever defend him.

With old "Uncle Billy" we don't want to be silly,

But the old fellow shall have good care For the work he has done, in the past for one

Whose wishes we ever will share.

"Old Billy," you see, you belong to me, And you well deserve a pension. And that you shall have as long as I live, In good feed and special attention.

THOMAS HARWOOD.

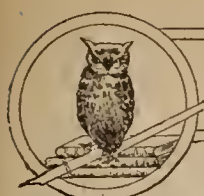
Intelligence of a Horse

An incident illustrative of the intelligence of a horse is told of the family driving horse belonging to Judge A. B. Nye, late of Oakland. Soon after the family moved up here the judge's married daughter, who lives in Tulare County, beyond Visalia, sent up a favorite driving horse. A few nights later the horse got loose. At five o'clock in the evening he was in his stall in Judge Nye's barn, and at eight o'clock the next morning he was at the daughter's ranch, forty-five miles distant, waiting at the corral gate to be let in.—FOWLER ENSIGN.

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS: New Version. A series of ten illustrations showing the progression of the 'Ten Little Nigger Boys' rhyme. 1. Ten little nigger boys running in a line. 2. One fell and broke his neck and then there were nine. 3. Nine little nigger boys hunting rather late. 4. One went and shot himself and then there were eight. 5. Eight little nigger boys hoping all for heaven. 6. One went and hanged himself and then there were seven. 7. Seven little nigger boys playing monkey tricks. 8. One found himself bewitched and then there were six. 9. Six little nigger boys very much allve. 10. One broke his jaw with laughing; then there were five.

A series of ten illustrations showing the progression of the 'Five Little Nigger Boys' rhyme. 1. Five little nigger boys totting up a score. 2. One drank himself to death and then there were four. 3. Four little nigger boys making lots of tea. 4. One drank it down too hot and then there were three. 5. Three little nigger boys off to Timbuctoo. 6. One got a sunstroke and then there were two. 7. Two little nigger boys couldn't see the fun. 8. One wept himself to death and then there was one. 9. One little nigger boy married him a wife. 10. And then there were ten little nigger boys all over again.

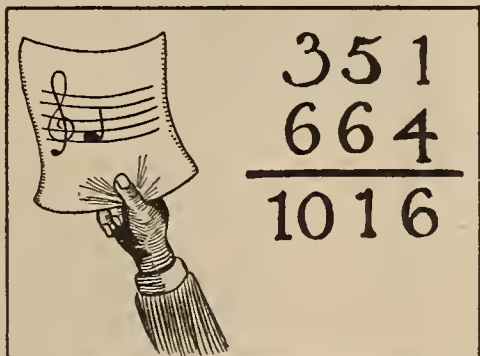
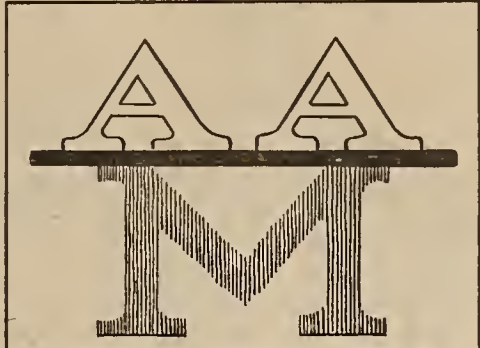
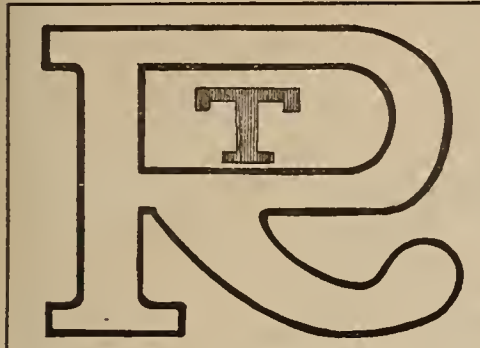
—FROM BLACK AND WHITE



Vocation Puzzle



Six different vocations or trades are represented by the pictures below. Answers will be announced in the next issue.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 15th:

Turkey, Plates, Forks, Tomatoes, Celery, Platter.

An Indoor Winter Sport

A new indoor sport for the winter, which it is claimed far exceeds in interest and excitement any of the games played at present, is being introduced to lovers of indoor athletics. It is the game of push ball on roller skates. While comparatively new in the West, the game as played according to the rules on a level field in the open, has prospered in England and in some of the eastern colleges. The game has

"kick-off" the players may assume any position within the rules. In working, the team which shoves the ball under the crossbar and between the goal posts is entitled to score five points. Lifting the ball or throwing the ball over the crossbar scores eight points, and a safety counts two points. The principal object of the game is to push the ball and keep it in action until such time as you can cross the opponent's goal. The opening of the play is the most spectacular part of the innovation. The ball rests in the center of the rink. At the call of the whistle the teams dash for the ball on skates. It is in this play that the fastest men on skates have the advantage. Strength and pushing qualities can



PUSH BALL TEAMS IN ACTION

been played in the open usually between the halves of a football contest, and also on horseback, but no one has ever attempted the sport on roller skates. The innovation is entirely the invention of a St. Louis man, and should produce as much excitement, and at the same time be as fair a contest of the strength of two clubs as any football or hockey match. The art of push ball depends on the skill of the skater and the strength of the teams. The regulation push ball, which is used, is six feet in diameter and weighs about fifty pounds. The game is played on a ring, which is marked off every two or five yards as in football. Instead of five forwards, there are three, one goal keeper instead of two, one right wing instead of two, and one left wing instead of two. This formation is taken when the ball is put in play. After the

he appreciated in this play. The game as developed in England presents a wide field for trick players. It has all the excitement in formations common to the game of Rugby, to the flying wedge and "stealing the ball." To an extent hocking and tackling the opponent is permissible, and in this department of the game is said to rival Rugby. The game was introduced in New York in the autumn of 1902, but owing to the inability of the promoter to secure a perfect push ball, its debut was not as successful as in England. However, at Harvard and in some of the athletic associations in and around New York the game flourishes during the football season. The element of speed and skill which the roller skates will add to the game ought to make it more interesting than hockey, and certainly far more amusing.—Evening Lamp.



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Makes Perfect Stitch Positive Take-up

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Every machine that we sent out won unbounded praise, proving unquestionably its splendid value. Our subscribers found that they were actually receiving a highest-grade machine for only two fifths the regular retail price. This year we offer a still more valuable machine. The illustration gives some idea of its appearance, showing the *New Curved Front*, a feature that adds very greatly to the handsome appearance of the machine. The wood is solid, polished antique oak. The illustration shows also the *Patent Drop Head*, which is so valuable in a sewing machine, keeping the running parts free from dust when not in use, giving the machine an extremely neat appearance, and keeping the needle and adjustments out of reach of children. The illustration cannot show, however, the invaluable *Ball Bearings* which make the machine run almost at a touch and practically without noise. Nor can the illustration show the unequalled shuttle device, the patent feed, nor any one of a dozen other matchless points of merit. This machine is worth five of the cheap machines which are advertised by some other publishers.

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How to Dress

By Grace Margaret Gould

Illustrations by Mary Ponton Gardner

No. 662—Tucked Single-Breasted Waist

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inch bust, two and five eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with three fourths of a yard of all-over lace, and three eighths of a yard of velvet for trimming

No. 663—Circular Skirt with Shaped Folds

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-two inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, 26 inch waist, nine yards of thirty-six-inch material, or five and one half yards of forty-four inch material



No. 664—Fitted Coat with Vest

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one half yards of forty-four-inch material, with three fourths of a yard of twenty-inch material for vest, and one half yard of velvet for collar



No. 660—Waist with Tab Trimming

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inch bust, four yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of forty-four-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of all-over lace for trimming

No. 661—Tucked Skirt, Tab Trimmed

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-two inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, 26 inch waist, nine yards of thirty-six-inch material, or five yards of forty-four-inch material



No. 665—Double-Breasted Eton

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inch bust, two and three fourths yards of thirty-inch material, or one and three fourths yards of forty-four-inch material, with one and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material for collars and cuffs


No. 666—Box-Plated Walking Skirt

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, 26 inch waist, nine yards of thirty-inch material, or five yards of forty-four-inch material

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Sunday Reading

Two Ways of Doing

WE HAVE recently acquired two new members in our Home Mission Society, and their two ways of coming to us point so decided a moral that they shall be made to adorn a tale, in the hope that some halting one may be made to think.

One of these women, Mrs. Wilder, pretty and charming, had been living in our city for more than a year. Soon after coming here, she and her husband transferred their membership to our church, and I remember that when the notice of transfer was read out, we looked about wondering where these new people sat in church. Afterward I discovered that their chosen pcw was more than half way back from the pulpit when they really came to church, and that their attendance was spasmodic. Of course some of us older members ought to have made it our business to cooperate with our pastor, and try to work the new members right in, but somehow the matter was neglected, until a sudden awakening to our negligence dawned over us, and a strong committee was appointed by the president of our auxiliary to visit new members, and garner them into our work.

One of our first calls was upon Mrs. Wilder—we had a list of names from the minister's visiting book—and she received us in her own pretty manner as callers, but at the first mention of church matters she froze us dead. "I have been connected with Grace Church now for over a year," she said coldly. "I have attended the services time and time again, but except for the official handshakers at the door, no one has spoken to me the first single time. At home, I was an active member of both Home and Foreign Missionary Societies—but not once has any one asked me to join one of these until to-day. Of course you may have my name, and I shall be glad to go to your meetings, but it cannot be as it would have been, if the invitation had come earlier."

Sister Jane Brown happened to be a member of that committee, and she is a bit noted for plain speech, so she spoke right out: "It does seem that we church people have been neglectful—we have awakened to the fact, and are trying to do better, but Mrs. Wilder, it appears to me that our course does not excuse yours. Why didn't you just come right on to the meetings? You heard them announced, and if you had come, you very soon would have made friends among us."

"I didn't like to appear pushing," replied the little woman modestly, and the matter rested at that, though on our way to another place, Sister Jane Brown remarked that if Mrs. Wilder held the church in the light of a Father's house, she acted very strangely. "Suppose I were to go up in Kentucky to visit father, and stood in the hallway, waiting to be dragged from room to room, or invited to do this thing or that! Sister Mary has been there with father all these years, but while she may feel a bit freer there at home, she is not one bit more his daughter than I am, and it is the same way about coming into a church."

It is a pleasure to think of our other new member. She has been with us only three months, but her influence is felt already. We all smiled to ourselves when she and her husband and six little stairs filed into church one Sunday, and were ushered up as near the front as there was a vacant pew. They were there every Sunday, too, after that, sitting in the same place, but that is not what brought her to our notice. It was the fact that at the very first meeting of our societies as announced from the pulpit, she came. She introduced herself to the president, gave her name to the secretary, asked for the officers in various departments, and to the one who held the department of tithing gave her name as one who observed this method of giving, and asked the addresses to which she must send anything she might have for the supply department. We felt her at once, you had better believe we did, and it was not long before she was on speaking and smiling terms with every one of us old stagers. The interest she felt in our work was genuine. We could tell that, because of the close attention she gave, and there was no one to think her pushing when a modest suggestion helped us along in a matter under discussion.

The difference between these two women makes the difference between church members who count, and those whose names merely stand for numbers.

Mrs. Henry Wight.

Nobody Knows But Mother

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows—but mother.

How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed?
How many ribbons for each little maid?
How for her care can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend?
What is her time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

—McCall's Magazine.

The High Calling of Young Americans

God expects great things of every American youth. He has a right to do so, for they are receiving more from him than any other youth now living or that ever lived. This land of ours is one of the best and most beautiful of our planet. Our resources are immeasurable. Our wealth is superabundant. Our people—at least a majority of them—are thoroughbreds. They are of the best blood of the nations. Schools and churches abound as in no other land. Doors of opportunity swing open on every hand, with a cordial welcome for all aspiring youth. The nation is Christian, at least in name, and the Bible is the corner stone of all that is best in our civilization.

What God expects of the youth of China and Japan and India and Africa is as nothing compared with what he expects of our young people.

First of all, he expects that they should furnish to the world examples of the highest ideals of thought and life. This means that each and all of them should be loyal and faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. To be his followers involves the idea of a consecration that gladly gives up all that is wrong and sinful, all that weakens the moral sense, all that is doubtful as to its ethical quality; and with this a devotion of all one's powers of body and mind and soul to active service for the glory of God and the uplift of humanity and the salvation of perishing souls. Furthermore there must be a conscientious determination to use every possible means to overthrow and destroy everything that antagonizes truth and righteousness, and at the same time to defend and make triumphant everything that is for the good of the human race, and the perpetuity of the morality and civilization wrought out by the gospel of the Son of God. And to this end there ought to be in the depths of every young American heart absolute loyalty to all that is pure and good and Christian in our laws, and a hatred of everything that is mean and base, whether in high places or low. And with all this there ought to be a dauntless purpose to make our nation an example for all the nations of the earth, and to strive with untiring energy to enlighten, to educate, to evangelize and save the many millions who are coming to our shores from year to year. This is the supreme duty of our youth. They must save this land, not for our sakes alone, but for the sake of all the world besides. If we let this land of ours go down in shame and sin, what hope can there be for the other nations?

Finally, there are none of our young people of whom God expects more than of our own church. Oh, that they might hear the divine call, see and walk in the high and glorious paths he opens before them, and at the same time make our church the first and foremost in all good works, and do their very utmost to make this nation what it ought to be, and so hasten the conquest of this world for Christ.—BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D., in Western Christian Advocate.



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Is Cancer Hereditary?

Some physicians say no, but those who have treated the disease extensively say that it certainly is hereditary. Dr. David M. Bye, of 333 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Indiana, a Cancer specialist of ability, says that in his experience of nearly thirty years he has treated many thousands of cases, and from his records he can trace an hereditary tendency in 50 per cent of the cases. With his Combination Oil Cure, recently discovered by him, he has treated and cured Cancer in most every situation of the body and in all stages. He says there is no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. (22)



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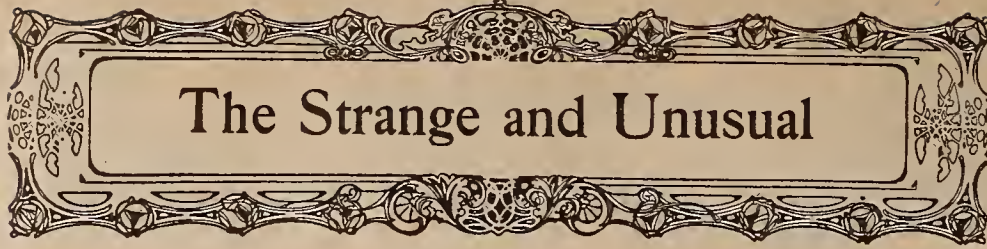
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Sawdust Pile Covers Twelve Acres

The "Woodcraft" tells of a pile of sawdust at Cheboygan, Michigan, that is probably the largest in the world. This great pile is the product of one mill, which, being run by water power had no way of disposing of its sawdust. The company was not permitted to dump it into the river, and for a few years an attempt was made to burn it.

There was so much smoke that the village passed an ordinance prohibiting that form of destruction. As a consequence it was simply hauled out into a vacant field, and during the thirty years of its growth has acquired monstrous proportions. It is a hill ten hundred and eighty feet long, eight hundred and fifteen feet wide and ranges from twenty to fifty feet in height. The hill covers some twelve acres. It



Snakes as Pets

One of the most promising girl students in the Dowagiac (Michigan) high school has a strange penchant for petting snakes. The reptile that she holds in her hands was captured by her while she was spending the summer months at her father's cottage at Magician Lake. Her

The highest yearly yield from the old tree has been fifteen hundred golden globes, "not counting those the boys got away with before we had a chance to pick them," as Traft Crump says.

Barefoot—Boots

A New Mexico paper announces the marriage of Miss S. M. Boots to E. Barefoot. He now has Boots but she has become Barefoot. Thus it is seen that in entering into the marriage contract the woman is invariably the loser. But there is no denying that the match was one of an affinity of soles.—Los Angeles Times.

"An' the Little Sign is Still Above the Door"

This picture shows the entrance to the post office at Freeport, Illinois. The building cost the government eighty-five thousand dollars, and the little sign that hangs over the doorway cost the postmaster eighty-five cents about forty-four years ago.

There is an odd story connected with these facts. The postmaster is General Smith D. Atkins, who has been postmaster at Freeport under every Republican president from Lincoln down to Roosevelt. In all of that time the post office has been moved several times, but every time there was a move, General Atkins insisted on taking his old sign with him.

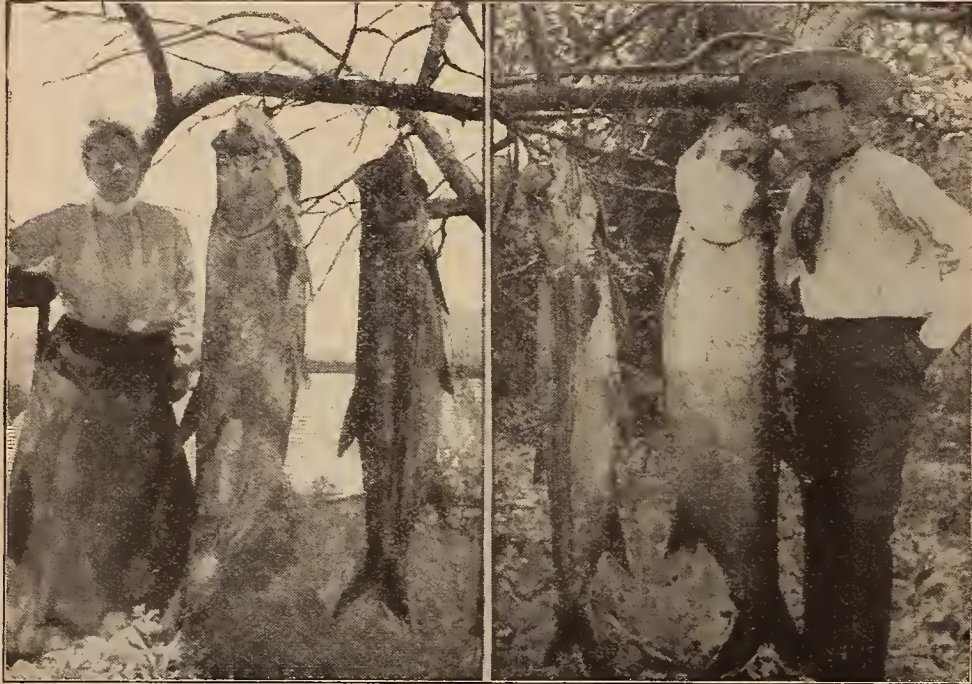
When the new building was completed, an inspector came around and looked over the ground. Some one had given him a tip about the sign, and he told the post-

Boots that Lasted

George N. Arnold, a farmer of Walworth County, Wisconsin, has preserved his wedding boots for fifty-three years. They are now in a good state of preservation, and he says that they will last him until he reaches the three-quarter-mile post in a century of life.

Mr. Arnold purchased the boots of their maker in Moravia, New York, in 1852. They were to be worn to the wedding of his friend George Fox. One year later Mr. Arnold wore them at his own marriage, and as he says, when he wishes to dress up a bit, he wears them still. Of course he never wore them in the furrow or in doing other farm work. He keeps them well greased and otherwise takes good care of them.

Mr. Arnold says that these boots have



THE TARPON IN MEXICO

is almost entirely white and Norway pine sawdust, because this mill did not cut hemlock, except for the last two or three years before it was closed down. The pile is undoubtedly rotting a little at the bottom, but it is well preserved and bright when it is dug into, the top and sides being crusted over, forming a protection for the sawdust underneath. In its present state it contains rather too much moisture to admit of being used for fuel without treatment by some process of drying.

Tarpon Fishing

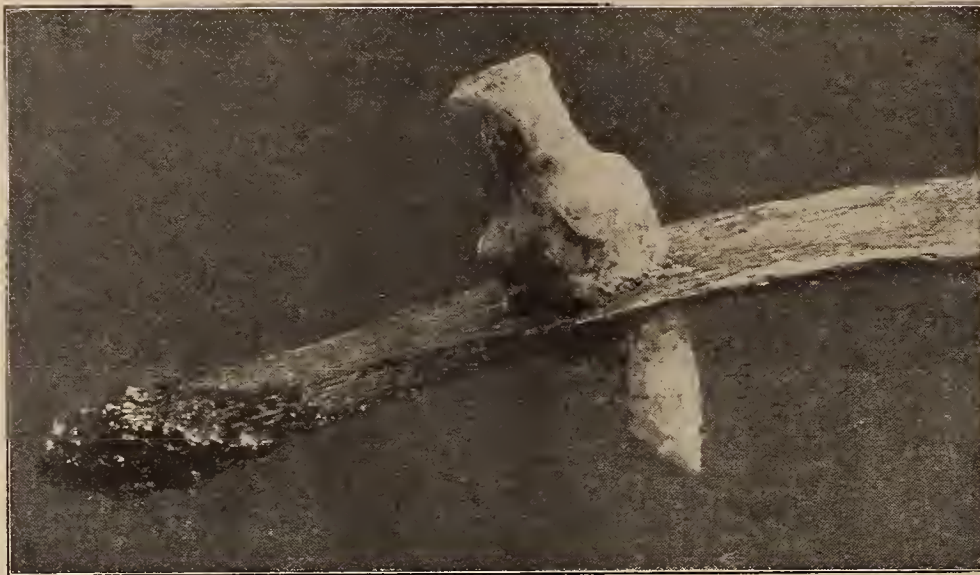
The tarpon shown in this picture were caught by E. H. Brown, of Chicago, and Mrs. Howard F. Lea, of Kansas City, at Tampico, Mexico.

It is considered good fishing to land or beach three fish out of fifteen "jumps" or strikes. Mrs. Lea in the course of an afternoon had three jumps and beached all of them. Mr. Brown made a record of beaching twenty-five tarpon out of sixty-



OLIVE HENDRYX AND ONE OF HER PETS

five jumps. In tarpon fishing a nibble at the bait is not considered a strike. The game must be jumped clear out of the water.



ARROW-HEAD IN THE RIB OF A DEER

name is Olive Hendryx, daughter of a prominent lawyer at Dowagiac.

Miss Hendryx is a close student of natural history. She is a general favorite with the biological people of prominent colleges, who have encouraged her in her strange bent of mind.

Miss Hendryx has held captive at the same time three to five snakes, a collection of chameleons, a pair of small alligators and a horned toad. She pets these reptiles until they know her voice and answer her call. Her work with her pets is said to be marvelous.

Arrow-Head in Rib of Deer

This curious relic of early times was found near Sandwich, Illinois, by Levi B. Erwin. It was secured by Herbert Wells Fay, one of the editors of the DeKalb (Illinois) "Review." It was much desired by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, but Mr. Fay turned it over to the museum of the Northern Illinois State Normal School located at DeKalb, out of a loyal spirit to further the interests of the Prairie State, in which he was born and raised.

Orange Tree Fifty-Five Years Old

The Sacramento "Bee" (California), says that Traft Crump brought to the "Bee" office several specimens of the fruit from what he considers one of the most remarkable orange trees in California. The tree is fifty-five years old, but shows no sign of intention of going out of business for some years.

In 1849 Thomas Hanna, an early day auctioneer, returned to these shores from a visit to the Sandwich Islands with the tree in a small oyster can. He presented it to Mrs. Crump in 1851, after having provided a box for the tree and nursed its growth until it was three feet high.



THE POST OFFICE SIGN WITH A RECORD

master that it was against the rules of the government to allow any signs of any kind on its structures.

The old general waited until the inspector got out of town, then he took the old board from its hiding place, got some old wire, and wired the sign above the doorway, just as it is shown in the picture.

A good many people have told the general that it would make good kindling wood, but he says he guesses that the good old sign will stay there as long as he is postmaster.



BOOTS WORN FIFTY-THREE YEARS

gone out and come back in style some six or eight times since he bought them fifty-three years ago in November.

Apples on North Side of Trees

Farmers tell me it is a queer apple year. Out West there's almost an apple famine, while in Essex County there's one of the biggest crops in years.

Strangely enough, the great bulk of the apples on the north shore this year are found on the north side of the trees.—Boston Record.

Going Some

The New York "Tribune" says that a bolt of lightning struck the home of Keller Creager, at Ringgold, Maryland, descending into a room in which Creager was standing, hit his straw hat, ran down the straw to above his left ear, then around the rim and down the side of his neck to the body, tearing the shirt collar; then to his right leg and great toe, which it split, and tore off half his shoe. The hair above his ear was burned off and the skin scorched.

Sweet Corn Good Bait for Bass

Bass, as a rule, are rather particular about the kind of food they take, and even the most painstaking angler fails usually unless he offers them choice live bait.

Down about Chadd's Ford, Delaware

County, Pa., however, they are not so particular, and if the fishermen have been telling the truth, they have developed a great fondness for sweet corn, which is used as bait for carp. A few grains are strung on each hook and as a carp lure it has always proved effective. But this year the fisherman is just as liable to get a bass as a carp.

Be sure to have your subscription paid up so that you will not fail to receive the Christmas issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE.



In A Miscellaneous Way

Snakes Commit Suicide

A correspondent at Otis, Maine, writes that in the dialect of the Maine Indians the word which stands for November contains eight o's and six i's, and its meaning is "the-month-in-which-snakes-commit-suicide." So far as Indian observation goes, there is no creature which preys upon snakes from preference. A few small hawks will eat snakes when very hungry, but all other creatures of prey reject them.

As the female snake lays from sixty to eighty eggs every year, all of which hatch, the prospects of having the woods and fields overrun with snakes would be excellent, the Indians say, were it not for a suicidal habit which takes them just before it is time for them to crawl away and spend the winter in sleep. In remote meadows and lots the lean snakes climb into crab apple trees and hawthorn bushes, where they pierce their own bodies with the sharp spines and remain dangling until they are dead. In the country towns the snakes crawl into the wheel tracks and are run over.

The Indians account for this by saying that none but the fattest and most vigorous snakes can withstand the cold of the northern winters, and that the feeble members of the race prefer suicide to a lingering death.

The Lovely Ladies

The women, always to be admired, have many remarkable habits with regard to their toilet.

The Japanese women, in order to make their teeth especially attractive, gild them. In Greenland women paint their faces blue and yellow.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red.

In India the women of three high castes paint their teeth black.

Borneo women dye the hair in fantastic colors—pink, green, blue and scarlet.

A Hindu bride is anointed from head to foot with grease and saffron.

In New Holland scars made carefully with shells form elaborate patterns on the ladies' faces.

In some South American tribes the women draw the front teeth, esteeming as an ornament the black gap thus made.

In New Guinea the ladies wear nose rings, piercing the nose in the same fiendish way that civilized women pierce the ears.

The Passing of the Shakers

The Shakers, the oldest communistic society on this continent, will soon be but a name among us, says Kate Thayer. Their numbers and property are fast fading away. Statistics give the number of members of the Shaker society in the United States as about one thousand, a mere handful.

It was back in 1774 the Shaker pilgrims sought the "stern and rockbound coast" of America, not like those other pilgrims, remaining near shore, but making settlement farther inland. The first small company stayed for a while at a place about seven miles from Albany, New York, but later the church was established at New Lebanon, which became the common center for members in various parts of the country.

A woman, Mother Ann, was the leader that brought the Shakers to America. The Shakers were not one of the many new faiths originating in our land of newness, for on European soil they had beginning. It was in the first half of the eighteenth century they arose as a distinct body, but they traced their principles back to the Camisards, or French prophets. In 1705 three members of the sect labored to spread the faith in England, and ere long had a goodly following there. In 1747 a society was formed, with no particular creed but the profession that members would be led as the spirit of God should direct from time to time. Ann Lee joined this society and rose to importance as one to whom special revelation was made. As their spiritual mother she was uniformly addressed as Mother Ann.

Mother Ann died ten years after coming to America, but the Shakers continued to flourish, societies were formed in scattered parts of the land; in the eastern states and the west, ever hospitable to new creeds, eagerly welcomed these prophets, the messengers telling of a simpler, purer life.

Charles Nordhoff, who made a study of communistic societies in the United States, writing in 1875 gives an interesting picture of the Shakers, a record of personal acquaintance with certain "families." At that time there were in this country

eighteen societies scattered over eight states, each society containing several of the so-called families, a family a distinct commune. At that time they owned about one hundred thousand acres of real estate. Agriculture was the base of the industries of the family, though other avocations were as a general rule united with that of farming. The Shakers wore a uniform style of dress, had a generally uniform style of house architecture, were pronounced spiritualists, looked upon themselves as the only true church, "in which revelation, spiritualism, celibacy, oral confession, community, non-resistance, peace, the gift of healing, miracles, physical health and separation from the world are the foundations of the new heavens."

The Dictionary of the Faiths of the World gives in brief this information regarding the society: "The Shakers consist of three classes. (1) Those who unite with the society in religious faith and principle, but do not enter into temporal connection with it. Believers of this class are not controlled by the society as to their property, children or families. (2) Those who join one of the families, stipulating to devote their services freely and without pecuniary compensation, to promote the common interests of the family to which they belong. (3) Those who enter into contract and covenant to devote themselves and their services, with all they possess, to the service of God and the support of the institution forever, stipulating never to bring debt nor damage, claim nor demand, against the society, nor against any member thereof, for any property or service which they have thus devoted to the uses and purposes of the institution."

India's Hidden Hoard

The world would be richer, much richer, and mankind benefited if the stores of gold now held by individuals in India could be made available for general use. "Spare Moments" declares that ever since the dawn of history that country has been gathering gold and hiding it away. Treasures of almost incalculable value are possessed by many Indian princes. When the Maharajah of Burdwan died the stock of gold and silver left by him was so large that no member of the family could make an accurate estimate of it. A report made to the British government by a secret agent stated that on the estate of the defunct potentate were a number of treasure houses, one of them containing three rooms. The largest of these three rooms was forty-eight feet long and was filled with ornaments of gold and silver, plates and cups, washing bowls, jugs and so forth—all of precious metals. The other two rooms were full of bags and boxes of gold mohurs and silver rupees. The door of this and other treasure houses had been bricked up for nobody knows how long. These valuables, according to an ancient custom, were in the custody of the maharajah's wife, the vaults being attached to her apartments, but none of them were allowed to be opened save in the presence of the master. One vault was filled with ornaments belonging to different gods of the family. The natives of India commonly bury their hoards, and among the poorer classes a favorite hiding place is a hole dug beneath the bed. Disused wells are sometimes employed for the same purpose.

It is undoubtedly a fact that very many hoards thus deposited are lost forever. Gold is also valued on religious grounds. The gods take up great quantities of gold, silver and precious stones. The temples contain vast amounts of the yellow and white metals. The habit of hoarding seems to have been induced by ages of misgovernment, during which oppression and violence were rife. No feeling of safety existing, it was natural that the natives should adopt the practice of reducing their wealth to a concentrated shape and hiding it.

Thus, in case of emergency, the family savings in hard cash were always within easy reach, and robbers or other enemies were not likely to get hold of them. Meanwhile, century after century, the exports of India have greatly exceeded the imports of that country, and, consequently, an uninterrupted stream of gold and silver has flowed thither. The country is indeed a bottomless well, into which a stream of treasure perpetually flows.—SPARE MOMENTS.

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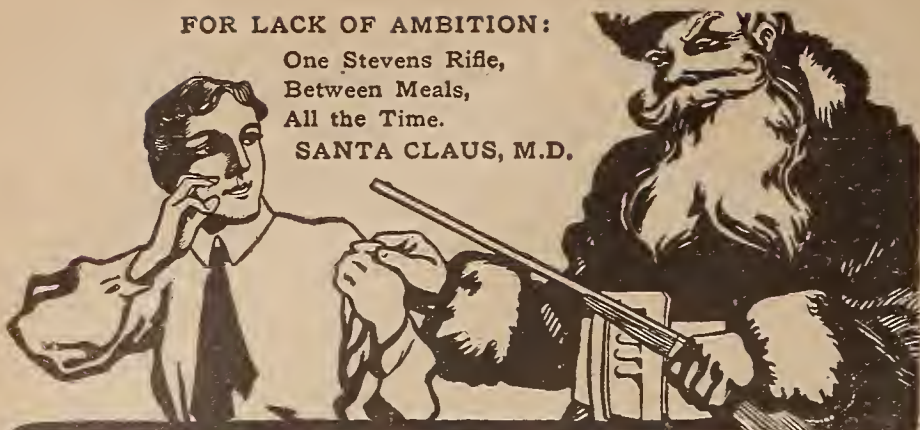
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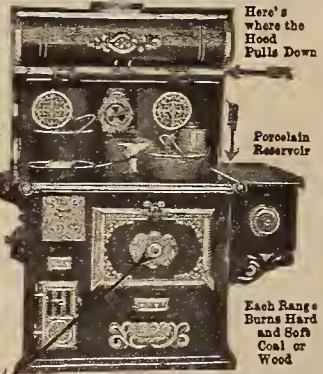
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Six Royal Brothers

THE birth of a first son to a reigning sovereign is always a cause of great rejoicing throughout the empire, for if death does not intervene it gives a direct successor to the crown. Thus it was that on the 27th of January in the year 1859 the people of Berlin stopped to listen eagerly when cannon began to boom, and they counted the reports as they listened. When there had been twenty-one reports of the cannon excitement was at fever pitch. Should there be no more reports they would know by this same token that "only a girl" had been the first born of their sovereign in the palace of their crown prince, but if the cannon continued to boom until there had been one hundred and one reports they would know that the crown prince had a son. The rejoicings were great when the twenty-second report of the cannon was heard, and thus did the people of Berlin know that the present Emperor of Germany had come into the world.

Twenty-five years later the people of Germany were again eagerly awaiting the booming of the cannon that should announce the birth of another child in the royal palace, and again it boomed one

position, he is said to be a very kindly man in his home. But his children have to "mind father" just as other children in the common walk of life must be obedient to their parents.

The home life of the emperor and his family is very simple, and if you think that the little Princess Victoria is always clad in silks and laces, and that she feeds daily on dainty food and does just as she pleases you are very much mistaken. She is as simply dressed, excepting on special occasions, as any little girl in our own country, and the diet of all the children in the royal household of Germany is very simple. The six royal brothers have all had the best of military training, for the army is the pride of the emperor's life, and he wants his boys to be soldiers above all things else.

You will remember that the Crown Prince Frederick William was married with great pomp and splendor last spring, and now the engagement of the second son, William Eitel-Frederick, has been announced. These young princes may not have the happy privilege of marrying entirely according to the real desires of their hearts. Their brides must be "of



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S SIX SONS AND DAUGHTER

hundred and one times and again the people knew that a son had been born. This was Frederick William, the first-born child of the present Emperor William. The next year another son was born, to whom was given the name of William Eitel-Frederick, and then in 1884 came Adalbert, and the people of Germany were glad that their crown prince had three sons, and there was increased satisfaction when three more were born to him. Some of the people had said before this that it was time there was a girl in the family of William, who was then the crown prince, and one day in 1892 the royal stork hovered over the palace, and when it went away it left the little Princess Victoria in her mother's arms, and the six rosy sons of Emperor William had a sister, rich in the possession of six royal brothers.

One of the delightful things about the German people is their affection for their children. Family ties are very strong among them and children are always welcome in their homes. The emperor and empress are very proud of their six sons and their one little daughter, and although the emperor has the reputation of being very much of an autocrat, and not as gracious as he might be in his official

the blood royal" because it will not do for royalty "of the first water" to mate with any but royalty. However, there are many happy marriages even with the restrictions with which princes and princesses are hedged about, and it is said that the marriage of Prince William Eitel-Frederick will be a real love match. He is said to be his father's favorite, and a very great favorite with the German people, while he is easily the handsomest one of these six royal brothers.—J. L. HARBOUR.

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Successful Women Ranch Owners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

Personally she is the sort of young woman that would delight a story writer. She is pretty, with light hair that fluffs a great deal. She is an expert horsewoman, riding astride and doing all her work on horseback, often riding wild horses that have never had a line on them before. She is considered the best girl rider in the world, and has no equal in handling the rope. She holds the world's record at a roping contest—time twenty-eight and one fourth seconds. She has entertained President Roosevelt on several occasions by riding wild horses and roping cattle. But like the girl in fiction, her interest is not limited to horses. She likes to wear evening gowns and tailor dresses, and as has been said, she goes East every year to hear music, see plays and keep in touch with the world of art and literature.

Another of the largest ranch-owners in southern Texas is Mrs. Kennedy. Her ranch formerly stretched over several counties, but it has since been divided. In the opinion of some stockmen Mrs. Kennedy's is the best-stocked ranch in Texas. Her cattle are of the finest breed, and her ranch is one of the best improved, and embraces some of the richest land in the state. Mrs. Kennedy does not take any active part in the management; instead, she employs an overseer, who relieves her of much of the tedious work there is in connection with the cattle business. Her home is one of the most charming in the West. It is a typical old Southern mansion, huge porched, high pillared and set in pleasant grounds. Here she entertains in a true spirit of hospitality delightful to experience.

Another Texas woman who owns one of the largest ranches in the world is Mrs. Harriet M. King. She is the sole owner and actual manager of Santa Gertrudes Ranch near Corpus Christi, Texas. This ranch is as large as the state of Delaware, and nearly twice as large as Rhode Island. It would hold ten cities the size of Greater New York, and is far more extensive in area and imposing in wealth than the principalities of Germany, from which have come the ruling families of Europe. One may ride ninety miles in a straight line and yet remain within the barbed-wire fence which incloses every acre of Mrs. King's domain. Upon its pastures graze one hundred thousand cattle, fifty thousand sheep and nearly three thousand horses. It requires over two thousand employees to care for the various interests, and when the proposed cattle syndicate offered Mrs. King six million two hundred thousand dollars for Santa Gertrudes, she laughed at their valuation, and refused to consider the possibility of a sale.

Santa Gertrudes Ranch is divided into twelve districts, each presided over by a foreman, and he is held responsible for the conduct of the business of the ranch within his jurisdiction. Mrs. King never loosens the rein she holds over affairs, and she is the real manager of the entire property, nothing of any importance being done until she has been consulted. Her jurisdiction not only includes the management of the ranch, but she is the political ruler of three counties, a congressional district, a judicial district and the municipal affairs of every town and village within the sphere of her influence.

While Mrs. King has built for herself the finest private residence in the town of Corpus Christi, on the shore of the Gulf, she still spends at least half of her time at the ranch. Mrs. King is a woman of simple tastes and a rather limited experience of the world at large, but she has unusually keen business instinct and shrewd judgment, which she applies to all the affairs of life in which she is interested.

Mrs. King keeps the ranch at a high state of productiveness from the cattleman's point of view. Artesian water has been found at moderate depth upon her lands, and more than thirty flowing wells furnish water for the live stock during the dry season. The annual shipments from this ranch vary, of course, but it is not an uncommon thing for ten thousand head of fat beeves to be sold by Mrs. King each year. The income of the ranch is probably between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand dollars each twelve months.

In a quiet way she has assisted the communities where her interests are, and being a woman of strong religious convictions, has done much for the Presbyterian church near her home.

Life at Santa Gertrudes is distinctly feudal. The bell from the main house summons the people to quarters for meals, for labor, for school or for worship, and at the dining table the various squads which make their appearance are graded in the order of their feeding according to their importance and social position on the ranch. The rule of Mrs. King is absolute. Her wishes are law. Each village is complete in itself, and even the outlying settlements have their schoolhouses and

churches. The foreman who rules in each district is generally a married man who has long been upon the property. He is the business, political and social head of his particular settlement. The ranch-houses are rough and unpainted, but airy and comfortable, as is necessary in that semi-tropical climate.

The rule of Mrs. King is not harsh, but quite the contrary, for while every man, woman and child must do what is asked of them, the nature of the owner is benevolent and kindly. Except in extreme cases, the law of the commonwealth seldom penetrates within this ranch. Civil disputes are settled and misdemeanors are punished without reference to the state courts.

In traveling across the vast stretches of range, water is obtained for man and horse by digging a shallow hole in the sand, and in most places a permanent well can be made by simply sinking a barrel to its full length in the ground. Upon this land the truck-farmers have created wonderful gardens and vineyards. Vegetables grow here in the winter months only. Grapes ripen six weeks earlier than in California. Melons can be sent from southern Texas to the Northern market during mid-winter, and it has long been predicted that when transportation facilities were improved, and the great landholdings of this region broken up, that the whole United States would find in the country about Corpus Christi its base of supplies for many things that are now only grown in hothouses if they are to be marketed in the North out of season.

The next largest ranch in the world owned by a woman is the property of Mrs. C. N. Whitman, of Denver, Colorado. This ranch is also in Texas, near Tascosa, and is called the L. S. Ranch, after Lucien Scott, the first owner. Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived there for many years, Mrs. Scott's brother, Charles Whitman, being connected with the place. After a time Mr. Scott died, and Mrs. Scott put her brother in charge. He instituted a new policy of management, which vastly increased the value of the ranch. Mrs. Scott became intensely interested in theosophy and was a devoted follower of Annie Besant. She wished to give her entire time to the new cult and to be freed from all other care and responsibility, therefore she made satisfactory business arrangements with her brother, and he became owner of the ranch. At his death in Denver two years ago his wife became owner of one of the largest ranches in the world, and the very largest owned by a woman. The ranch is thirty miles square, and is devoted entirely to cattle raising. Hundreds of cowboys are employed upon it, and boarded at houses some miles distant from the main ranch-house.

Mrs. Whitman understands ranch management thoroughly. When upon it she rides over it from day to day on horseback, and keeps herself thoroughly informed as to its needs. She knows how to raise cattle and how to sell them profitably. She is a splendid office woman, and comprehends every detail in the management of her vast property interests.

The McKnight Ranch is largely devoted to agriculture. An immense amount of wheat is harvested here. The owner of the ranch herself, besides being a practical business woman, thoroughly in touch with every detail of the work on her great farm, is a delightful person to know socially, and is looked upon with great respect and love by her farmer neighbors.

And now we go from the Far West to Kentucky to speak of a great stock farm managed by a woman. Mrs. James B. Ferguson, owner of the Kingston Stud, near Lexington, Kentucky, is one of the leading breeders of thoroughbred horses in this country. There is no prettier spot amid the blue-grass region of Kentucky than the Kingston Stud estate. The mansion is not the only great building upon the estate. The stables are wonders in their way. The ninety box-stalls are annually overhauled and kept in perfect repair. At the least sign of bad weather every animal on the place is snugly housed, and as a result the colts prosper and a case of sickness among them is hardly known. The colts are the especial charge of Mrs. Ferguson, and they know her at sight and give her a welcome to their own green paddocks. She does not allow them to be driven into a corner and caught, and as a consequence it is possible to walk up to any of them in an open field. This system breaks them perfectly. She is also a most enthusiastic student of pedigree.

Mrs. Ferguson was a niece of the late Price McGrath, and before her marriage lived at McGrathiana with that famous turfman. She was his favorite niece, and managed his estate for him in his latter days. It was while at McGrathiana that she acquired the fondness for thoroughbred horses which has made her one of the world's greatest horsewomen.

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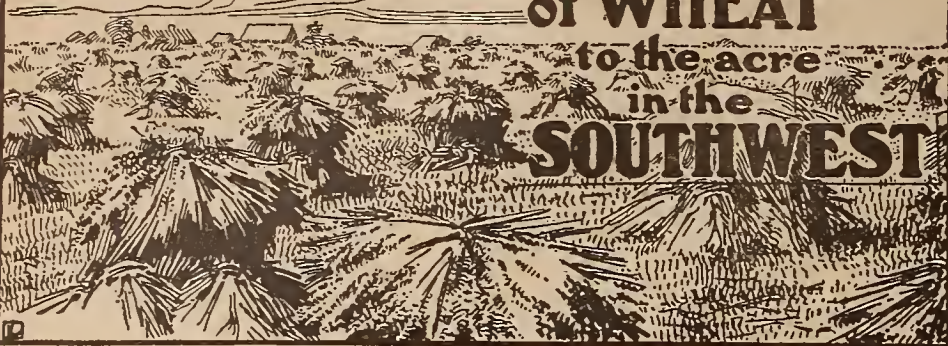
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If you would like to know more about the Southwest, write for a free copy of our illustrated books. They describe each county in detail, give facts about the land—its cost, what crops are best suited to it and much other information that you ought to have before you decide where your future home will be. The Frisco Lines traverse the most fertile section of the Southwest and I have at my disposal a vast amount of information that will help you. Write to-day, while you think of it.

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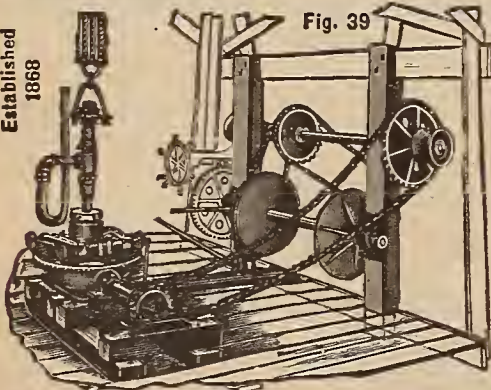


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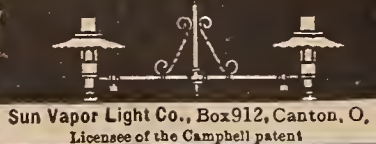
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The Family Lawyer

BY JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

House Built Over Line

L. G. D., Wisconsin, says: "A bought a piece of land containing three acres. When he surveyed it he found that the land extended on B's land about fifteen feet, and a part of B's house is on it. Can A. compel B. to move the house by surveying the whole section? Also, who would be obliged to pay for the surveying?"

Yes, B. will have to move his house if it is not on his land. Whoever gets the surveyor will have to pay him.

Law of State or Territory Where Land is Situated Will Control Its Descent

L., Kansas.—The law of Oklahoma will control the descent of the property there situated. If you or your mother are entitled to any of the property of your deceased brother, and his widow has used it, you might make her account for the same. Better consult or write some attorney where the land is situated.

Subscription to Paper

L. L. M. says: "Will you publish the law on newspapers?"

A subscription to a paper is always based on a contract, and it takes two to make a bargain. The mere fact that a paper is sent to one's address, and such a one takes it from the office, will not make him a subscriber and liable for pay. If you subscribe for a paper, and pay for it for a specified time, and the paper is sent you after the time is out, the publisher does so at his own risk.

Catching Before Hanging

C. V. and M. H. ask: "A. has seven children, five sons and two daughters, the youngest child being a son. Before the youngest, B., was of age, A., the father, gave him a deed to all his real estate, not making a will. B. agreed as a consideration to remain with his father and mother, and keep them during their lifetime, and after the death of both parents to pay to each of the children a certain sum of money. Four years afterward A. died. B. then disposed of the home place, and took his mother and his own family to another state. Have the other children any recourse according to the laws of Virginia?"

A. had a perfect right to deed the land to the youngest child, and such child could sell the same. The only thing that could be done is, if the parents are both dead, to sue the son for the portion he agreed to pay.

Husband's Rights

C. G. H., Indiana, asks: "A wife died, leaving no issue, but a husband. She left property to the amount of twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars, accumulated by herself. Can the husband hold both the personal and real estate, or does part descend to her brothers and sisters?"

The statutes of descent of Indiana are somewhat peculiar, and I may not be able to give the desired answer. If the wife has children, the husband would get one third; if she had no child, but father or mother, the husband would get three fourths, and if she leaves neither father nor mother nor child the husband gets all. Better write to an attorney in Indiana.

Payment of Poll-Tax

U. S. A. says: "I know a man who has not been called upon for two years to work or pay his poll-tax. Can the county compel him to pay it now, after two years? What is the Iowa law on this subject?"

Yes, I think the county could compel him to pay it. Generally speaking, governmental rights do not lapse because they are getting old.

Giving Mortgage by Delivering Possession, Etc.

M. G. asks: "A. made a will, giving B. a house and land, and the balance of his property to C. He afterward sold the house and land willed to B. He then gave B. a mortgage, which he holds, and also a land contract. He did not transfer it in writing, but handed same over into B's hands. In case of A's death can B. have the benefit of papers in his hands, on his own word, with no witnesses, while the will still exists?"

No, I do not think B. can hold them, or get benefit under them. They should be transferred in writing, or the will should be changed.

Husband's Interest in Sister's Inheritance From Brother

C. F. J.—I assume that the property is real estate. When the brother died, his surviving sisters and brothers inherited the property equally, and on the death of the sister her husband would have a life estate in her share. If it is personal property instead of real estate, the husband would get all.

Rights to Drain in Neighbor's Land

E. D. S. and S.—Almost all the states have laws providing for compulsory drainage. Proceeding are brought before some board or court—in Ohio before the county commissioners or township trustees—and then if the improvement is conducive to the public health, convenience or welfare the improvement is ordered, and each landowner is assessed for its construction according to the benefit received. As a general rule an upper landowner cannot cause water to flow in a different manner or greater quantity upon a lower owner than is accustomed to flow there in the course of nature. If your marsh naturally drains into his slough-land you possibly might drain it out without incurring any liability, but it is doubtful. You had better proceed and have a public ditch made.

Title to Land—Right to Devise

E. F. asks: "I have a husband, but no children. With my consent he turned real estate and mortgage notes into money. I invested the same in land. He has worked hard, and improved the same. What interest does the law of Ohio give him in this property? Can I sell this land without his consent?"

The title of the land being in you, you can will it to whom you please. On your death he would have a life estate in one third. You can sell it, but it will be subject to his dower interest when you die—that is, a life interest in one third. If you die, making no will, it will all go to your husband.

Inheritance

E. T. O., Kansas, inquires: "If A. owns property in this state, marries, and dies without children, does his wife inherit all of the property, or would his mother and brothers inherit part of the estate?"

It all goes to the widow.

Right to Child in Case of Divorce

G. D. writes: "A married lady friend of mine is thinking of suing for divorce from her husband. She has one child, a boy eight months old, and she wishes to know if she can legally keep the child in case of divorce?"

In granting a divorce the court always gives the custody of the child to the parent that will result to the best interest of the child. The welfare of the child is the sole matter controlling. Usually a child of that age is given to the mother.

Inheritance

J. B. F. asks: "A man dies, leaving neither wife nor child. Can the wife's relatives come in for any of his property by law in Indiana?"

If the property was in the name of the man, his wife's relatives would have no interest in it upon his death.

Statute of Limitations Does Not Run When Party is Absent From State

R. H. W. R.—There is some divergence of opinion on the subject of the statute of limitations in its application to an absent debtor, depending upon the different wording of different statutes. The prevailing opinion, however, seems to be that the statute does not run against such absent debtor, and therefore the debtor having moved before the debt became barred, upon her return you could enter suit.

Damage to Mare Because of Deformed Colt

S. C. S., Illinois, asks: "S. bred a mare to T's horse, and the colt is deformed. T. offered season for colt at ten dollars. S. gave colt for season. Can S. get damage for season of mare?"

I do not understand on what theory or principle of law that the owner of the sire should be held responsible, as it seems to be a freak of nature, and unless the owner of the sire expressly agreed to be liable for damages in such case, there certainly would be no liability on his part.

How a Physician Tamed Fish

That fish may be tamed like animals or birds has recently been shown by a Swiss physician who contributes to a recent number of the "Appenzeller Zeitung" an interesting and curious narrative. He says:

"I have never yet heard nor read that any one has tried to tame fish in water, and I was therefore desiring not a little to test the eventual possibility of doing so when a very favorable opportunity was offered me. I was taking baths for my health in a private bathing house on the Lake of Lungano. At the north and south sides of the building there live in a heap of stones a family of loaches (cavedini), consisting of about six different spawnings—altogether perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty fishes.

"The loaches (the largest of which might be about as long as a full grown brook trout) used often to swim over into the bath house, but would flee when I entered the water. I then sat down (at the time when the warmth of the water permitted doing so) a whole hour, up to my neck in the water, supporting my hands on my knees and holding in each a piece of bread as big as my fist, so that it was thoroughly soaked in the water. A like procedure I repeated in the evening, and so on the following days, each forenoon and each evening.

"At first the loaches would have absolutely nothing to do with the toothsome morsel placed at their disposal, but anxiously avoided the living statue in the water, which probably was not quite as immovable as the marble ones in the museums. Soon, however, several members of the youngest spawning ventured, with the most extreme caution, to take a nibble at the bread, quickly starting back if my hands moved even a millimeter.

"Gradually came representatives also of the second youngest generation, and so by degrees from day to day ever older and larger specimens, till finally all alike became tame and whirred and circled round me as soon as I stepped into the water. With true curiosity the whole company would make a dash at the bread that I brought with me. I could move my body and hands as I pleased, could lift both hands with bread and fishes like a shot out of water and plunge them in again. All this did not disturb them. They would come into my hands, glide through my fingers and let me stroke them on the head, the back and the sides, the big ones as well as those of medium size and the little ones.

"When one day I had myself photographed with my protégés it was found that the color of the fishes differed too little from that of the water for a sharp picture to be given. We therefore brought two large white sheets to spread on the bottom of the lake. Our fear that the fishes might be frightened away by the operation proved groundless. They romped so around the white sheets that we had much trouble to lay them down and weight them with stones without pressing to death some of the fishes. I am glad to have proved by my experiments that even fish in water are tamable."

When the Sunshine Fails

Preach that gladness is a duty, preach that doubting is a sin,
Preach that courage is the only thing a man may need to win;
Tell the one whose look is rueful that he ought to cease to frown,
That he owes it to his Maker to put doubt and sorrow down—
But it's hard to scatter sunshine over people when they know
That the dentist's waiting for them and they'll HAVE TO GO!

You may easily have courage when the clouds are thick above,
You may still go bravely hoping when you've lost the one you love;
You may feel that God will guard you through the storm that sweeps the seas,
Or at least appear courageous though the strength has left your knees;
But you can't fool anybody with a glad look when you know
That the dentist's waiting for you and you'll HAVE TO GO!

Oh, the morning may be rosy and the zephyrs may be sweet
With the fragrance of the blossoms that are blown around your feet;
There may be a thousand reasons, why your look should not be sad,
And you may, indeed, remember it's your duty to be glad,
But let others scatter sunshine, if they want to, when you know
That the dentist's waiting for you and you'll HAVE TO GO!

S. E. KISER.

The December 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE will be the great Christmas Magazine number consisting of thirty-eight pages, with three full-page pictures, some in colors. Keep your subscription paid up, and don't miss this magnificent issue.

Get Your Money's Worth



You are going to buy stock food this season to put your unthrifty stock in a thrifty condition and to make your thrifty stock do better and pay better. But when you do buy, be sure you get your money's worth. How much you pay a pound for it cuts very little figure. What it does for your stock—how far it goes—how long it lasts—how much per month it costs you to feed it, these are the important things.

Standard Stock Food

IT MAKES STOCK THRIVE.

Costs less to feed, goes farther, lasts longer and does more good than any other stock food in the world. We can prove these things to you, but better than that, you can prove them yourself by simply using a little Standard Stock Food with your stock's daily ration. It proves itself.

AS TO QUALITY: You don't even have to try it to be convinced. If your dealer will open packages of various stock foods, and let you see them, smell them, taste them—you can see, smell and taste the superiority of the Standard. You can tell in thirty seconds that it is stronger, better and more concentrated than any other. Just compare them and see.

AS TO COST: All you have to do is to take the feeding directions on the packages of various makes and figure it out for yourself. You will find that a dollar's worth of Standard lasts longer and goes farther than \$2.00 or \$3.00 worth of "cheap" stock foods.

AS TO RESULTS: You can be pretty sure of that, too, before you buy, for the testimony of more than 250,000 of the best farmers and feeders in the world, who have tested it and proved it, and who know that it pays better than anything else that they have ever used, ought to satisfy you. Moreover, you buy it on our

Square Deal Guarantee.

If it does not do all we say it will do, you get your money back. The editor of this paper would not print this guarantee if he did not believe in Standard Stock Food and know that we will do exactly as we agree to do.

This is what Standard Stock Food does: A very little of it flavor the entire ration and makes it taste good. The very smell of it makes the animal's "mouth water" and stimulates and increases the flow of all the juices and fluids that perform the work of digestion, enabling the animal to digest its food more easily, more quickly, and more thoroughly, so that it gets a larger percentage of nutriment from the feed. It decreases the waste and increases your profit, because every pound of feed you feed goes farther. It tones and invigorates the entire system, and puts unthrifty animals in a thrifty condition. It makes a horse work better; a cow give more and better milk; a steer, a hog, or a sheep take on more flesh and finer finish; a colt or calf grow more rapidly and evenly. It does make stock thrive.

Ask Your Dealer for the Standard and insist upon having it. If he will not supply you, we will. Don't take a substitute. Send us his name, tell us how much stock you keep and we will send you

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Standard Stock Food Company,
1506 Howard Street,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Worth Many Times Its Cost.

Marysville Kan., December 23, 1901.
Standard Food is just "the stuff" for hogs. I would not risk doing without it, even for one week, for many times its cost. An feeding the full ration, about 2 pounds per day, to my 20 cows. This seems expensive, but I am convinced it pays. I weaned my calves and got them to eating easier and quicker on Standard Food than I ever was able to do without it. I would not be without it on account of the good I get out of it for my calves alone. In regard to my cows, can say that the other milkmen have quit business on account of the high price of feed, while I am buying more cows and am supplying their customers and am selling milk at a profit.
When I first began to feed Standard Food my cows gained 4 gallons of milk in three days. This, at the price I was getting, gave me 96 cents extra for an outlay of about 30 cents. Am well satisfied with Standard Food, and shall continue to feed it.
J. S. Chapman.



This
160 page
Book
Free



When the Sunshine Fails
Preach that gladness is a duty, preach that doubting is a sin,
Preach that courage is the only thing a man may need to win;
Tell the one whose look is rueful that he ought to cease to frown,
That he owes it to his Maker to put doubt and sorrow down—
But it's hard to scatter sunshine over people when they know
That the dentist's waiting for them and they'll HAVE TO GO!



ENTERTAINING "the BOYS"

The girl who is the most popular is the one whose home is the merriest. She can provide the best of entertainments with an Edison Phonograph because it talks, plays, sings and makes records of her friends' voices or instrumental performances. There's always fun and music where there's an

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It is ever ready to furnish whatever you prefer: popular or classical music, band or orchestra, minstrel or vaudeville, instrumental or vocal solos. To appreciate how much entertainment you can get from an Edison Phonograph and Gold Moulded Records, hear one at your dealer's, free of charge. Phonographs cost \$10.00 up; Records, 35c. each. Write for booklet, "Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph," and nearest dealer's name.

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We want everyone who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the wonderful external cure which has brought more comfort into the United States than any internal remedy ever made. If they give relief send us One Dollar; if not don't send us a cent.



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The Way They Fish in Kansas

"They fish with pitchforks out in Kansas," put in the conductor, who had been listening to the fish tale of an insurance agent while seated in a Pullman smoking apartment. "One day last summer we were sidetracked alongside the Kaw and I went out on the bank of an old river bed that had been dry so long it had been planted to corn. The crop was six feet high and the water had backed in from the river until it was three feet deep over the whole field. A farmer came driving through the field, the horses splashing the water over themselves and him.

"Suddenly he stopped and reached over the side of the wagon box with a pitchfork, as if driving for a lost pumpkin. But it was a fish he was after. He got it—squirming and wriggling, to the surface, hoisting it into the wagon. The next lunge brought up a twenty pounder, and the third was bigger still, and he had hard work to land it. That old corn field was fairly alive with catfish and carp, come in from the river."

"Did he get them all?" asked the insurance man.

"Not that day. He took a wagon load to town and then stretched a barbed wire fence across the opening that led to the river and held the others in. They fed on the corn and kept fat. Every day he went in and speared another load. The crop lasted most of the summer and he made enough out of the fish to buy an automobile and an imported bull pup."

The conductor did not wait for comments. With the last words he called out "Kansas City, Union Station. All change!"—Kansas City Journal.

Mere Opinion

The meek may inherit the earth, but they'll never get it in any other way.

A man who is silent in order to hide his ignorance is still much wiser than most of the people who talk.

Too many people let their religion hang in the closet through the week, with their Sunday clothes.

The man who wins never turns back



The Nimrod—"Now if I only don't git dat 'buck-ague' dey tells about I'm all right!"

from the rocks of adversity without first assuring himself that they are solid.

It frequently happens that a genius is merely a dead profligate.

Never conclude merely because the young man's mother doesn't think the girl is good enough for him that he must be above the ordinary.—Record Herald.

A Guide's Tale

Among the hills of Sligo there is a small lake renowned in that region for its fabulous depth, and the Liverpool "Daily Post" tells the following story concerning it: A well-known professor, who was in that part of Ireland this summer, started one day for a mountain, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed Pat asked him if he would like to see the lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr."

"How do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor.

"Well, sorr, I'll tell ye. Me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said: 'I'll prove the truth of me words,' he said, and off with his clothes and into the water he jumped."

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all."

"But," said the professor, "I don't see that he proved the point by drowning himself."

"Is it drowned? Divil a bit drowned at all he was. Sure, didn't a cable come



Wit and Humor



from him next day in America askin' for his clothes to be sent on!"

For Instance

"Sir," said the grocer to the hard-up-looking man who was hanging about in front of his store, "I take you to be a man who understands causes and results." "You are correct," was the reply. "If I should swipe a bag of potatoes that would be cause for a cop to arrest me. If his honor gave me ninety days in jail that would be results."

"Here, indeed, is perspicacity," smiled the grocer, "and as you are a man to my



"Wouldst accept of me a little of the long green?"

liking I fain would do something for you. What shall it be?"

"All this day, sir, have I wandered up and down in search of a job."

"Peste! Hadst thou come a day earlier I could have employed thee to publicly announce the virtues of my N. O. molasses. To-day I am sold out. Wouldst accept of me a little of the long green and pursue thy search for work?"

"You are too good." "Oh, not at all. Here is a stalk of celery. The color is green and the length is fair. I give it with a free hand."

"And I accept with many thanks, and I denounce thee as an old bald-head, a flint-hearted deceiver and the owner of a smile that will come off in a hurry the first time I catch you around the corner after dark!"

The American Waiter

"The independence of the American waiter is a great and glorious thing," said A. F. D. Stall of Australia. "He has been roaming about in this broad western hemisphere, breathing the air of freedom, liberty and independence until he is saturated with it. In Chicago the other day I said to a waiter in a café:

"Waiter, is this a pork chop or a mut-ton chop?"

"Can't you tell by the taste?" asked the waiter, marvellously disinterested in the identity of the chop.

"I certainly cannot," I replied.

"Then what difference does it make?" replied the waiter."

On the Trolley Car

A group of traffic managers and auditors at the convention of street railway men in Philadelphia were telling stories of street railroading. Irwin Fuller, of Detroit, said:

"A pretty Irish girl, fresh from the old country, sat in a trolley car looking at the strange American country with modest interest.

"She had soft gray eyes, a face like roses and lilies, beautiful hair and white teeth.

"Your fare, miss," said the conductor, pausing before her.

"She blushed and bit her lip.

"Your fare, miss," he repeated.

"Sure," said the girl; "an' what if I be? Ye must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."

"Hogslopper"

The word "hogslopper," in common usage as signifying one who feeds slop, caused a wrangle in the City Court at Muncie, Indiana, the other day, says the Indianapolis "News."

The contention was whether, if as alleged, Nellie Swafford, a child, called Mrs. Marie McCaffery a "hogslopper," this constituted a criminal provocation.

While the Swaffords denied that the word had been used, they contended that even though it had it was not offensive, inasmuch as a farmer who owns hogs and feeds them might with perfect propriety

be termed a "hogslopper;" that is, one who "slops" hogs, and that the farmer would not be justified in being offended if such term were applied to him.

To this Mrs. McCaffery replied that, granting the term would not be offensive to a person actually engaged in the occupation of "slopping" hogs, it would still be offensive to one who was not engaged in that occupation. She said that she never had "slopped" hogs and never intended to.

Dinner Pail Philosophy

Money can be lost in more ways than won.

Blood is not much thicker than water when money is at stake.

When a man is a sneak all through, he knows it, and the fact that he knows it makes him a sneak all through.

Never look for truth on a tombstone.

Man's christianity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

Every man pays for what he gets in some kind of coin.

A man may be measured by the things he seeks.

It is easy to mistake gas works for good works.

Some men work overtime trying to dodge hard work.

He can bear a great trust who can bear little trials.

The smaller a man's mind, the longer it takes him to make it up.

The seven ages of man: Baby, Willie, Will, William, Billie, Bill, Old Bill.

Many try to drown their troubles in drink; but trouble is a good swimmer.

Because a man is polite to you, don't presume that his time is without value.

Think of your own faults and you will talk less about the faults of others.

Our thoughts about others are of less importance than our thoughtfulness for others.

The difference between a strong will and a strong won't: The first is firmness; the second, obstinacy.

George Washington was so opposed to lying in any form that he refused to establish a weather bureau during his administration.

Nine times out of ten the doctor doesn't know what is the matter with the patient—but he knows enough not to say so.

When a man reaches the age of about forty years, he then spends much of his time taking inventory of those things which he thought he knew, and sifting out that which is of no account.—Technical World.

Another "Fish Story"

Havens and Norton had been renewing their youth by a morning's fishing off the pier, says the Chicago "News." They hooked a long string of perch, and walked homeward with them through the shady streets. Norton talked of the morning's sport with enthusiasm, and expatiated on the value of perch as pan-fish.

"Yes," responded Havens, "I like them cooked in batter, don't you?"

"I like them most any way," replied Norton.

"I say, Norton, you take the whole string home. You'll enjoy having a good, big mess."

"Oh, no, you take them. I guess you like them as much as I do."



A WARM RECEPTION
First Tramp—"Did you get a cold handout up at the farmhouse?"
Second Tramp—"No; the farmer's wife sent two hands out, and they were hot, I tell you"

"Well, the truth is, if I take them home I'll have to clean them."

"I can't say I'm hankering for the job myself," laughed Norton.

Just as he spoke, a young woman ap-

peared at the door of a house they were passing.

"What a fine lot of fish!" she exclaimed. "You've had great luck."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Jasper," answered Havens, holding up the string with pride. "And they're all for you," he added, with a sudden inspiration.

"It's very good of you, but I really oughtn't to accept them."

"Oh, you must take them," insisted Havens.

"But, really, I don't feel that I—"

"Now, not another word," interrupted Norton. "I'll carry them around to the kitchen," and he quickly deposited the string on the side porch.

At eight o'clock that evening, when Havens answered his telephone, a pleasant voice said:

"Is that you, Mr. Havens? Mr. Brown and I are wondering if you and Mrs. Havens wouldn't like some nice fish for breakfast?"

"Has Mr. Brown been fishing?" asked Havens.

"No, the fish were given us, and Herbert is too tired to clean them," replied Mrs. Brown in a somewhat embarrassed tone. "John Stuart gave them to us. He said Mrs. Jasper sent them to his aunt early this afternoon, so they must be quite fresh. They are perch—splendid perch. Don't you think you would like them?"

"It is very kind of you to think of us, but I believe our breakfast is already planned. Why don't you send them to Norton and his mother? They might be a treat to them."

"Thank you for the suggestion. I did so hate to see them wasted! Good night!"

Havens laughed so heartily as he hung up the receiver that his wife called out to know what the joke was.

"Just a new fish-story," he answered.

Not Sure About Parsnips

"It was one day last week," said the farmer, "that a man with a business look in his eyes came along to my place and wanted to know if I had any carrots to sell.



A man with a business look came along to my place

"About fifty bushels," I replied. "All right. I'll take 'em all. Got any turnips?"

"A hundred bushels."

"I'll take your turnips. Got any beets?"

"Thirty bushels, mebber."

"I'll take the beets. How about winter squashes?"

"I have a hundred to sell."

"I'll take 'em."

"In the produce business?" I asked.

"No. We are making Scotch jams—all sorts—and all warranted strictly pure and direct from Edinburgh. I shall use these things for strawberry jam."

"I've got ten bushels of parsnips," says I, "and mebber you can make use of them?"

"I dunno about that," he replied, with a shake of his head. "I might try pump-

kins if you had them to spare, but I can't say how parsnips would work up. They might make good gooseberry jam, however, and if you'll throw in a bushel I'll try 'em and let you know later on."



Wit and Humor



Why He Went

"Why did Mahomet go to the mountain?"
 "He thought he could get better rates there than at the seashore."—Cleveland Leader.

Some Dog Tales

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends. "He was taught to say his prayers, and if you'll believe me, that dog now wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him."

"I have a dog with even more intelligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can to his tail, and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed right up to the bar."—Farmer's Advocate.

Full of Adventure

A mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right, but forgot to write before. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water that I didn't know anything for a long time. The other boy has to be buried after they find him. His mother came and cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I've got to have some money for fixin' my head. We are going to set a barn on fire to-night, and should laugh if we don't have some fun. I shall bring home a ferret if I can get him in my trunk."—Pacific Rural Press.

Hailstones and Eggs

There is some strange relation between hailstorms and poultry, or between hailstones and eggs, that fascinates mankind. The hailstone may be dodged, the egg should be dodged, but the comparison between hailstones and eggs never can be dodged. It is impossible to get away from it. Whenever there is a hailstorm, when tender plants are cut to death and window glass is shattered, the hailstones are always the size of hens' eggs. Nobody ever heard of a hailstone the size of baseballs, wal-

red-handed. A crowd collected. A man said:

"I will run for the police."
 "But the financier fixed a not unkindly look upon the trembling little culprit."
 "Oh, let him alone," he said. "I began business in a small way myself."—Farm Machinery.

The English Waiter

He was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awksing too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your order, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and patiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir. I've had some words with the cook."

Old but Good

At the country fair a machine which bore a sign reading, "How to Make Your Trousers Last," occupied a prominent position in the grounds and attracted much attention. A countryman who stood gap-



"IT'S AN ILL WIND"

Scene: At a fire. Inn burning—Irishman (who has run up a score there, to fireman): "Play on the slate, boys!"

nuts or potatoes, or the size of macadam rock, golf balls, tomatoes or the fist, but ever and always the size of eggs. Yet eggs vary in size.

No chicken fancier would think of pointing to a cackling hen and saying: "She lays eggs as big as hailstones."

There really should be no comparison between hailstones and eggs. A shower of hailstones is a work of nature, while a shower of eggs is apt to be a work of ill-nature.—Washington Star.

In The Same Line

Dr. Washington Gladden was attacking certain unfortunate tendencies of modern finance.

"A modern financier of this type," he said humorously, "was robbed on Broadway the other day. A little urchin in sorry rags slipped up behind him and snatched his handkerchief from his pocket."

"Some one grabbed the boy—caught him

ing before it was told by the exhibitor, a person with a long black mustache, a minstrel stripe shirt, and a ninety-four-carat diamond in a red cravat, that for one cent deposited in the slot the machine would dispense its valuable sartorial advice. The countryman dug the required coin from the depths of a deep pocket and dropped it in the slot. Instantly the machine delivered a card on which was neatly printed:

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."

Don't Miss the December 15th Christmas Number

It will have thirty-eight pages, with three full-page pictures printed on fine paper, one in colors handsomely decorated and with appropriate Christmas verse.

If your subscription expired and is not renewed you will not receive this big special Christmas number.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

From the view point of the average man housework is very easy. The wife is right at home. She is her own mistress. She can sit down and rest any time. She can even go to bed for a nap if she feels like it. She can order her household affairs just to suit her own convenience. If she doesn't feel equal to doing work to-day, she can do it to-morrow. That's the beautiful theory of the average man.

Just suppose the Egyptian task-masters, when they made the required daily tale of bricks tax the uttermost of human strength, had said to the toiling slaves, "Don't hurry, take a rest every now and then—only don't forget that your tale of bricks must be all right at night or else there'll be trouble."

There's the fact. There are the day's duties to be got through, and the woman who can rest may not. The woman, who, when she married, said, "Now, I'll be my own mistress," finds herself a slave to household cares and duties.

And oh! how much that woman needs rest sometimes. She brushes and scrubs, and rolls pastry, her temples throbbing, her back aching, her nerves quivering under the stress of pain. What she would give if she could just creep upstairs and throw herself on the bed in a darkened room and rest.

Rest would temporarily relieve the strain, doubtless, but it would be the same story over again to-morrow. The real need of weak, nervous women is strength, and that need is fully met and satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. It removes the causes of women's weakness, tranquilizes and invigorates the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

"I am pleased to add my testimony in behalf of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Miss Earline Agard, Chaplin, Patriotic Daughters of America, of 413½ Michigan Avenue, Lansing, Mich. "I cannot find language to express my gratitude and joy over the fact that I am well once more. Wearing my corsets too tight seemed to have brought on an extra abdominal pressure, weakening the ligaments and pushing the internal organs down. What to do I knew not, as no medicines I took seemed to help me."

"I had heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and determined to try it, as a last resort. Before the first bottle was used I began to feel better, but could hardly believe that this was permanent, but my improvement went steadily on, and within four months I was like a new woman. Now I have no more pains, am well and strong, and am extremely grateful to you."

There is nothing to conceal about the make-up of "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." It is an absolutely pure medicine—

made of native roots—Nature's own restoratives, compounded after a formula concerning which there can be no question, by skilled chemists and by thoroughly scientific processes. Doctor Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know that his "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" contains Blue Cohosh root, Lady's Slipper root, Unicorn root, Black Cohosh root and Golden Seal root. Every doctor knows that such a prescription is beneficial in the diseases of women and when properly compounded is certain to effect a cure in nearly all cases when given a fair trial. Every bottle of the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" which leaves Dr. Pierce's immense laboratories in Buffalo, N. Y., has plainly printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients of which it is composed. Thus Dr. Pierce proves to the world his own confidence in the remedy which for forty years has borne his name and which is known all through the United States and Canada, England, Australia, and in parts of South America, Africa and Asia, as a sovereign cure for those diseases which, unchecked, make our women old before their time.

It will be noticed that there is no alcohol in the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." Dr. Pierce never believed in using alcohol in the preparation of his famous household remedies. For it, he substitutes chemically pure glycerine, which has wonderful properties for extracting the medicinal principles of roots and preserving them at their full strength, without any deleterious effect whatever.


In favor of Dr. Pierce's medicines is the frank, confiding, open, honest statement of their full composition, giving every ingredient in plain English, without fear of successful criticism and with confidence that the good sense of the afflicted will lead them to appreciate this honorable manner of confiding to them what they are taking into their stomachs when making use of these medicines.

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the afflicted into his full confidence and lay all the ingredients of his medicines freely before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly praised by scores of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

Your druggist sells the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" and also that famous alterative, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is chief consulting physician.

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WILL CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM

We want to prove this fact by sending you a sample without cost. Ten years of successful use of this remedy in hospital and private practice by hundreds of physicians has demonstrated the fact that it removes the acid from the system, controls its formation, and dissolves recent deposits.

Remember it costs you nothing to try the remedy that gives you sure results. Write today and we will mail you a trial box. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or by

The DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., 270 N. Main St., South Bend, Ind.


AGENTS and Club-Raisers wanted at every post-office in the United States and Canada for our two big journals, **WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION** and **FARM AND FIRESIDE**. Costly premiums given away, or biggest cash commissions. Address Dept. C, **THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.**, Springfield, Ohio.

Biggest Cash Commissions

Deafness Cured at Home

Don't waste your time and money in experiments. My method cures deafness and all head noises to stay cured. Absolute and positive proofs sent on application. No pain, no loss of time. The method is my own and cannot be obtained elsewhere, it has been tried and found true, it cures.

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The December 15th Farm and Fireside will be
the Great Thirty-eight-Page

Christmas Number

With Three Beautiful Pictures

The publishers of Farm and Fireside are determined that it shall be the best, largest, most interesting, and most beautifully illustrated farm and family journal in the world. No expense is being spared to make it excel all other similar journals. As a result of the many valuable and interesting features, Farm and Fireside is growing and spreading its influence faster than any other farm journal, and to-day is the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal published anywhere.

FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

There will be no extra charge for this mammoth Christmas number of Farm and Fireside issued on December 15th. Of course if your subscription expires before the first of January and is not renewed you will not receive it. So examine the little yellow address label on this number at once, and if your time expires previous to January send in your renewal at once and you will be sure to receive this beautiful Christmas issue of Farm and Fireside, *otherwise you will miss it*. Don't neglect this important matter.

This big special Christmas magazine number of Farm and Fireside will have thirty-eight pages, with three full-page pictures on fine paper, one in colors with border decorations in Christmas verse and holly. It will be the greatest and most up-to-date farm journal in the world.

DESCRIPTION OF SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

A Beautiful Christmas Picture in Colors with Decoration

A Charming Picture Full-Page Size Which will Delight All

We have reproduced this charming picture entitled "Which Shall I Keep" direct from the artist's original painting which is a beautiful work of art. It depicts a beautiful little girl holding a puppy under each arm while the mother of the puppies looks on in a rather puzzled manner just to know what is going to happen, and the expression on the child's face is "Which Shall I Keep." The picture was painted by Elsley, whose paintings of children and their pets have attracted much attention from lovers of fine art. This picture will appear on page four of December 15th Farm and Fireside, full-page size. On the front cover of this same issue will be a beautiful full-page Christmas scene, which makes in all at least three full-page pictures, some in colors, which will appear in the Christmas Farm and Fireside, and in addition there will be scores of other pictures and illustrations all through the Christmas Farm and Fireside. It will be the grandest Christmas farm paper in the world.

This picture, "True Happiness," represents the true Christmas spirit, which leads us to forget ourselves and find pleasure in bestowing gifts upon others. Those who do this fulfill that saying of our Master, who gave the Christian world its first Christmas, and said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and Isaiah, prophesying of Christ's coming, said, "And a little child shall lead them." The artist, Mr. Arthur Drummond, has beautifully illustrated the spirit of both sayings, and has chosen a modern store such as is seen in New York City during the holiday season. The store is gorgeous with bright colors and overflowing with all manner of toys, decorations and other goods suitable for Christmas presents and holiday festivities.

A little girl, clothed in rich garments, attended by an older sister and the family coachman, has spent an afternoon in the store. Many presents have been purchased for all members of the family, and the coachman is permitted to carry them; but the choicest gift of all to the heart of a little girl, a finely dressed doll, is so precious that she must carry it herself. As she emerges from the store with the new doll in her arms her eyes fall upon another child about her own age, but of an entirely different world, where only broken or cast-off dolls or those made of rags or a rolled-up towel are found. With an impulse of sympathy for the girl clad in rags, she presents her new doll to the little brown hands that are so quickly and eagerly outstretched to receive it, while a look of gratitude illumines her face, and the brother at her side relieves her of the papers she has been selling; but he, too, has minglings of surprise and pleasure, which is shown by the expression on his face and by the fact that he has allowed one of the papers to fall to the ground. The older sister reaches out a restraining hand, but the coachman, with arms filled with other presents, large and small, looks on with evident approval.

We commend the sentiment shown by our Christmas Picture to one and all, and suggest that our readers study this picture and cause joy and gladness to brighten thousands of homes by taking gifts to those less fortunate than themselves.

Where Christmas Toys Come From

A visit to the Real Toyland, the headquarters of the Original Santa Claus in Europe

In the Footsteps of Franklin

Celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the "second best-known American"

What the Christmas Gift Should Mean

Short talks by pleasing writers upon the great question that troubles every one in the holiday season

Special Illustrations for All Departments

In addition to the special articles, pretty, instructive and humorous illustrations will embellish every department of the paper

In addition to the above mentioned special features there are scores of others which our space here will not permit us to mention. But all in all, it will be the grandest and most beautiful farm journal you ever saw.

**If Your Subscription Expires Before the First of January and IS NOT RENEWED
You Will of Course Not Receive the Beautiful Christmas Issue**

So please make sure that your subscription is paid up, and if it expires before this time send your renewal *at once*, and you will be sure to receive this special number. We do not want a single subscriber to miss it because he has forgotten to renew.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio

PATTERNS FOR HOME SEWING

Only 10 Cents Each

Garments to be cut and made at home SEND FOR OUR PATTERN CATALOG We design and cut our own patterns.

SIMILAR PATTERNS retail in fashion bazaars and stores at 20 cents each, but in order to introduce FARM AND FIRESIDE into thousands of new homes, and to make it more valuable than ever to our regular patrons, we offer our line of stylish patterns to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only 10 Cents Each. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. All orders filled promptly. For ladies' waists, give BUST measure in inches. For skirt patterns, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Patterns 10 cents each, or three for 25 cents

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.

FREE We will give any THREE of these patterns for sending TWO yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at the regular price of 25 cents each.

We will send Farm and Fireside One Year, new or renewal, and any ONE pattern for **Only 30 Cents**
Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio



No. 668—Rag Doll and Dress. 10 cents.

Pattern cut in one size only. Length of doll, twenty-two inches. Quantity of material required for doll, three fourths of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide. For shirt waist, five eighths of a yard of material twenty-one inches wide. For skirt, three eighths of a yard of material 36 inches wide.



No. 602—Jacket with Shawl Collar. 10c. Sizes 12, 14 and 16 years.

No. 542—Loose Coat. 10 cents. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 665—Double-Breasted Eton. 10 cents. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 650—One-Piece Plaited Dress. 10 cents. Sizes 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 490—Redingote. 11c. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 651—Tucked French Dress. 10 cents. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 442—Corset Cover with Bertha. 10 cents. Sizes 32, 34 and 36 inches.

No. 666—Box-Plaited Walking Skirt. 11 cts. Sizes 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 670—Baby Dolls' Outfit. 10 cents.

This outfit consists of dress, petticoat, coat and cap. Patterns cut in one size only, for a doll twenty-two inches long.



No. 2029—Dolls' Dress. 10c. Sizes 12 and 18 inches.



No. 664—Fitted Coat with Vest. 10 cents. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 448—Boudoir Jacket. 10c. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 284—Stock, Belt and Cuffs. 10 cts. Cut for medium and large sizes.



No. 669—Girl Dolls' Outfit. 10 cents.

This outfit consists of dress, petticoat, chemise and drawers. Patterns cut in one size only, for a doll twenty-two inches long.



No. 2031—Elephant and Horse. Both animals 10 cents. Cut for one size.



No. 2030—Dogs' Blanket and Toy Dog. 10 cents. One size only.



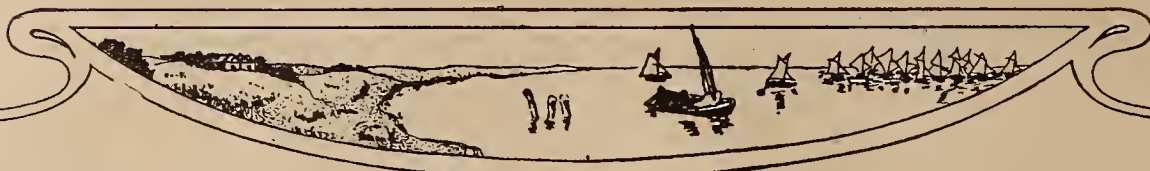
No. 667—Flannel Bunny. 10 cents.

Pattern cut in one size only. Quantity of material required for making bunny, three eighths of a yard of material twenty-seven inches wide. White cotton flannel is the best material to use. The bunny may be stuffed with sawdust, hair or cotton. Use shoe buttons for eyes.

THE PHILIPPINES

No. 2

By Frederic J. Haskin



AN INVOICE of the riches of the Philippine Islands begins and ends with the products of the soil. While their strategic value to our government must not be overlooked, their principal wealth will always be derived from agriculture. Less than one half of the available farm land of the country is under cultivation. The individual holdings of the people are so small that they can hardly be called farms, the average size of each throughout the archipelago being only eight and one half acres, as against an average of one hundred and fifty acres in America.

The most valuable product of the Philippines is hemp, which is the fiber taken from a sort of plantain called abaca. Although it is very similar to the banana plant it grows nowhere else except in this latitude. It is famed all over the world as Manila hemp. It grows wild, and all attempts to propagate it in other climates have failed. The land upon which it grows is always fertile and well drained. Nearly all the hemp exported from the Philippines finds its way to the United States and Europe, where it is used in the manufacture of rope, binding twine, etc. That portion consumed for domestic use, however, is utilized in the manufacture of cloth for wearing apparel.

The great importance of this product is shown by the fact that its sale for the year 1904 amounted to almost twenty-two million dollars, which was seventy-two per cent of all the exports from the islands for that period. The wastefulness of old methods may be better realized by the statement that an improvement in the machinery used for stripping the plant, which has just been introduced, will increase the output of the present area under cultivation fully one third. The fact that the Philippines have a monopoly in this great staple and that a very large area is capable of producing it makes it almost impossible to estimate the possibilities of future cultivation.

Sugar ranks second to hemp in value of the islands' products. It was formerly the most valuable crop, but a number of causes have combined to give it second place. The first of these causes was doubtless the competition of beet sugar. The unreliability of labor, the difficulty in procuring beasts of burden and poor transportation facilities were other obstacles which the planters could not overcome. One of the greatest causes for the falling off of this industry is the crudeness of the equipment, many of the mills now in use being from twenty to thirty years old. The capacity of these old-fashioned, dilapidated plants is so small that little can be done without new methods and new machinery. It is said that many of the native planters, in their effort to make both ends meet have borrowed funds from Chinese money lenders at the rate of ten per cent per month.

With the present tariff in effect there is little hope for the Philippine sugar industry. At the present time the United States is spending a dollar for Cuban sugar

in twenty-five years. During that same time our consumption has multiplied by three. Let this rate of increased production go on for another quarter of a century; let the present beet sugar crop be multiplied by three; let the cane sugar crops in Louisiana, Hawaii and Porto Rico be multiplied by three, and still there would be room for the Philippines to multiply its present production by sixty to meet the total requirements of six million tons necessary to supply the American demand.

In other words, before the Philippines could injure the market for the other sugar-producing sections now under the American flag, these islands would have to supply as much sugar as the remainder of the whole tropical world is now producing. Although their possibilities are very great, they will probably never be able to reach such a state of development. Americans are certainly interested in the success of our attempt at government in the Philippines, and to make them prosperous is the surest way to accomplish this success. When we can encourage their industries without impairing the prospects of other regions dependent upon our favor, it seems there should be no hesitancy in doing so.

The third commercial crop of the islands is tobacco. The plant raised here is of American origin and was brought from Mexico by Spanish missionaries. For a time the industry was conducted as a government monopoly, but the embargo was removed in 1882. From that time its culture has enjoyed a rapid growth. The home consumption of cigars and cigarettes is very great, and this, together with the increasing foreign demand, makes the industry one of much promise. Luzon produces the best grade of the leaf. Manila cigars now have a large sale throughout all the countries of the Orient. There are thirty-one cigar and cigarette factories in this city which employ twelve thousand persons. The average wage of these people, including children, is thirty-five cents a day, as against an average of one dollar and thirty-five cents in the States. Considering that forty-three of our states are producers of tobacco, there will likely be much opposition to reducing the tariff on this staple.

One of the most highly prized products of the Philippines, and one which is fast developing great commercial value, is the cocoanut. Its sap and meat afford the natives delicious food and drink, and its by-products are used in every conceivable way. The dried meat of the cocoanut is called copra, and its sales last year amounted to nearly five million dollars. The outside fibrous covering of the nut is used in the manufacture of mats, brooms and coarse brushes. The hard shells are prized by the natives as household utensils of all kinds, such as cups, ladles, etc. The shells are also used in the manufacture of black dye. The tree provides lumber for the construction of houses, and the foliage makes excellent roofing for the same.

Within recent years chemical science has discovered many uses for the constituent parts of the cocoanut. Its oil is valuable in the manufacture of all sorts of butters. It can also be used in making candles, cooking fat, and hair oil. In fact there are eighty-three distinct utilities to which the substance of this beautiful tree may be put. Its propagation offers great possibilities because its harvest continues throughout the year.

One of the great resources of the Philippines is the vast wealth contained in the forests of fine timber. It is said there are not less than forty million acres of valuable woods in the archipelago. The first military road built in Mindanao by the American army was cut through a forest of mahogany and ebony, and enough of these precious woods are now rotting along the roadway to make a millionaire of any one who could get them to the market. The introduction of proper machinery and appliances, and the building of ports, will initiate an industry which will eventually return millions to its promoters.

The long haul to the American market is not such a great disadvantage as it would seem, because many ships to the states have to buy ballast for the return voyage. The rapid consumption of lumber in America will soon exhaust our forests, and the great area in the Philippines may be needed earlier than some authorities anticipate. When we do need it the timber is here. There are square miles studded with mammoth trees ten feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty-five feet to the first limb. In the States a forest showing five thousand feet to the acre is a fortune, so how valuable in proportion may be timber land which in some cases runs as high as two hundred thousand feet to the acre.

Little is known about the mineral wealth of the Philippine archipelago, but prospecting is now being done in almost every province. Many large companies, after having experts on the ground, are entering the field with expensive plants. They seem to know what they are about and are entering upon the work with confidence. Considering the present activity it is reasonable to expect the islands to contribute a goodly share to the mineral wealth of the world.

The small farmer has never had a fair chance in the Philippines. This is true because if he worked independently he has always been at the mercy of unscrupulous buyers who did not hesitate to cheat him out of the fruits of his toil. Bands of cattle thieves, known as ladrones, also prey upon the independent and make his calling a precarious one. These outlaws visit their ven-

geance upon all who refuse to pay them tribute. Until the brigands are suppressed it will be almost impossible for that portion of the native population which would engage in peaceful pursuits to do so with any degree of safety.

Laborers living on most of the great plantations are like so many serfs. They are held in bondage, receiving no compensation for their labor except a supply of poor cotton clothing and a measure of rice. Those who dare to rebel against the power of the men who demand their services are powerless to enforce their rights. The feudal system in vogue here reveals a most shocking state of affairs. One of the problems the American government is now trying to solve is the rescue of the lower classes from the petty bosses and feudal lords. Until the strong arm of legal justice can intervene to rescue the serf, there can be no prosperity in this benighted land.



SORGHUM FIELD

In explaining how the owners of these great estates often treat their employees with heartless brutality, an American told me of one case which is typical. A man forty-two years of age was sentenced to prison on the charge of having killed a carabao (work animal) belonging to his master. This man was born on the plantation and had never been outside its boundaries until he was brought into court to be tried on the trumped-up charge. He had never received a penny for the servitude of a lifetime. On account of hardships and overwork his health had been undermined so that he was of no more value as a laborer, consequently his comrades were forced to swear that he had maliciously killed a carabao which in reality had died of old age. Being of no further use to his master the latter had, without honor or pity, used the courts to get rid of him.

The manner in which the petty bosses and small politicians impose upon the ignorant lower classes is further illustrated by an instance which occurred while the Taft party was touring the islands. Every native within miles of a certain village was assessed a chicken or a pig, or some item of produce, and enough supplies were raised in this way to feed fifty times the number of people included among the guests. The surplus was put up for sale in the market and the proceeds pocketed by the local officials.

Thus it will be seen that the Philippines, although boundlessly rich in resources, are fettered by the iniquities of systems resulting from hundreds of years of Spanish misrule. The intelligent classes have always preyed upon the uneducated, and the latter have been helpless to right their wrongs. It will take much time to build new systems and establish thrift and justice where waste and cruelty and imposition have so long flourished. If our government should withdraw from the islands at this time all its labor and expenditure would be for naught. The Filipino is far from being able to take care of himself. He will need a guiding hand to steer his affairs until new generations can be educated to assume those responsibilities. In the meantime, the true American should support his government in the worthy attempt it is making to blaze the way for right and freedom in this darkened land.

Don't Miss the December 15th Christmas Number

It will have thirty-eight pages, with three full-page pictures printed on fine paper, one in colors, handsomely decorated and with appropriate Christmas verse.

If your subscription expires and is not renewed you will not receive this big special Christmas number.



MOTIVE POWER FOR THRESHING

for every three cents it spends for this same product from the Philippines. In view of the fact that the United States consumes an immense quantity of sugar in excess of the amount it produces, an expert has figured out the situation to show that a reduction in the tariff would greatly stimulate the business here without injury to any other country engaged in the same industry.

In the last twenty-five years Louisiana has multiplied her sugar yield by three, and during the last fifteen years the beet sugar growers have attained a production of about a quarter of a million tons. In the meantime Hawaii and Porto Rico have been added to the Union with their production of about half a million tons. In spite of all this, the United States has doubled its importation

Courtship and Marriage Customs in Many Lands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2]

is bound to the right wrist of the man and they take the "seven steps" around the fire, the priests all the time muttering prayers. The bride offers the groom a mixture, and he tastes it three times.

They go out and consult the stars in the Great Bear constellation, which are considered propitious. Camphor is burned to drive away the evil spirits, and sacrifices are offered to the gods. A new loin-cloth is given the woman by her future husband, and, attended by her friends, she retires and puts it on. A drink prepared by the priest is swallowed by both parties in the belief that it will purify their natures. The spears of grass that have been prepared with the other sacrifices are twisted around the bride's finger, and while the musicians strike up their discordant instruments the most solemn part of the ceremony is enacted by the groom—the tying of the "thali" on the bride's neck. It is necessary to remove the veil from her features as he does this, and not till then does many a groom obtain a good view of his wife.

If marriage is called a "lottery" in the more enlightened countries, what must the chances of mismating be in India, where a husband is forbidden to look on his wife until the night of the marriage? And this ignorance concerning the bride's features results in strange complications at times. Once an educated young man sought a wife who, like himself, would know something beside routine duties, so he went to a seminary for girls and inquired who stood among the leaders in the class. When the principal had named over the best scholars and described their characteristics, the inquirer recognized one name, for he knew the girl's family. She had the highest recommendation at school for proficiency and deportment, and armed with these the young man sought the family to learn more of her characteristics. What he sought in a wife, and what he

considered more important even than intellect, was that she have a fair skin, thin lips and a straight nose. The young woman's father was dead, so the negotiations for the betrothal had to be made with her brother, to whom the suitor laid down his preliminary proposition—that she must have a light complexion, a straight nose and thin lips. He was assured that her physiognomy would please him, and the resulting negotiations were satisfactory. As the lover was about to leave he spoke rather impatiently of the custom that prohibited even such an intelligent woman from seeing her future husband before she married him. The brother agreed that it was hard, but he hinted that a sight of the young woman might be had in spite of the restrictions. If the young man would only conceal himself behind the seminary hedge, which the girls must pass on their way to the church, he might catch a glimpse of her, for the brother said he would be there in order to point her out to him.

It happened that there was one member of the class fairer than all the rest, and the brother thought he might satisfy the demand of the suitor if he could make him believe that she was his sister. When the eventful Sunday came, the procession was formed in the school-grounds and marched the short distance to the church. The bride-to-be had been apprised of the situation, and she was naturally a little self-conscious as she marched, knowing that the eyes of her lover were fastened upon her. She was very black and not at all good looking, so she wondered at times why such a fastidious young man should seek her, and still more why he should wish to look on her before marriage. She decided that she had been selected on account of the reputation she had made at school for deportment and scholarship.

As the procession came in sight the brother pointed to the young girl with the fair skin.

"You do not mean that is your sister!" exclaimed the delighted young man.

"It surely is. She does not resemble the other members of the family," he added.

The lover could hardly contain himself with joy. Here was a realization of all his ambitions. She was his ideal of beauty, and she was intellectual as well! The wedding-night came and the groom was dressed for the ceremony. At the culminating-point in the service, when the groom lifts the veil and fastens on the emblem of the married woman about her neck, he was almost intoxicated with the fair vision he was sure was about to greet him.

The music shrieked and the crowd pressed forward with wondering eyes. Was it a faintness that had seized him? He paused for a moment before the ugly image that he was about to receive as his wife. She was the opposite of all he had pictured in his imagination—dark, with thick nose and heavy lips. But it was too late now, and it occurred to him that she might not have been a party to this deception. So he stumbled through the marriage ceremony, and to-day he is still learning to love his wife. His pride was crushed, but he has found her the embodiment of all domestic virtues, so they are happy.

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny."



A GROOM OF RANK SITTING IN STATE



THE PARSEE COUPLE JOIN HANDS

Farm Selections

From the Largest Users of Nitro-Culture

Knowing that Edward F. Dibble, the well-known New York seed grower, had been an extensive user of nitro-culture we recently wrote asking for his experience. His reply is given below:

Gentlemen—In answer to your esteemed favor of the 26th, would say we should be glad to give you details as to the result from our experience with nitro-culture, but we are not in position to do so, as the returns from the farmers who tried it are not all in. Suffice it to say, however, that our experience was solely with beans of the different varieties, and the National Nitro-Culture Company write us that we are the largest individual users of the culture this season. Therefore our experience should be of great value as regards the effects on beans. We purchased from these people enough culture in fifty-acre packages for several hundred acres of the different varieties—wax beans, green-podded beans and white beans, that is the standard navy bean of commerce. We treated the seed exactly according to directions accompanying the package. While the seed was being treated a man who is connected with a side company of the nitro-culture concern came here and inspected the treatment. He said our treatment of the seed was exactly correct. The beans were planted by farmers on some two score different farms located in Monroe County, Livingston County and Ontario County, here in western New York conceded to be three of the best bean counties in the state. In each case nitro-culture has not given us or any of our growers one single bean more than we would have obtained if there had been no nitro-culture used, and on several fields and tests where we planted seed treated with nitro-culture and untreated seed the untreated seed has given better results. That in a nutshell is the history of our experience up to date, and the farmers of America can take it for what it is worth, and it should be worth a good deal considering the nitro-culture company say that we were their largest customers, and therefore gave it a more comprehensive test. This experience clearly shows that no matter what the soil is, as far as western New York is concerned, nitro-culture does not help our bean crop in the slightest degree.—EDWARD F. DIBBLE in the National Stockman and Farmer.

Keeping Brood Sows on Alfalfa Hay

On the Hoard farm all brood sows have been kept on the third cutting of alfalfa hay and their drink, without any grain, until the last two weeks of gestation. This has been done for three years. The object was to give the sows a food that should keep them in a non-feverish state and furnish protein sufficient to build the bodies of the forthcoming pigs.

It was a matter of experiment at first, our only guide being what knowledge and reason we could exercise from what we knew, or thought we knew, of the philosophy of gestation.

The experiment proved to be a success from the first. The sows went through their work in fine condition, giving milk abundantly. The pigs came with splendid vitality thus reducing our losses from early death fully thirty per cent from what it had previously been. The hay is fed dry and is thrown into the pen on the feeding floor without any cutting or chaffing whatever. We have sometimes thought we would try the experiment of cutting it into half-inch lengths and moistening it. Possibly it would take less hay in this way. The sows keep in good flesh, fully as much so as we like to have them.—HOARD'S DAIRYMAN.

Catalogues Received

Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo. Pamphlet describing "Protina Dairy Feed."

G. L. Taber, Glen Saint Mary, Fla. Catalogue of the Glen Saint Mary Nurseries.

The Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y. Circular about tanned hides, for robes, rugs, coats, etc.

Couch Bros. & J. J. Eagan Co., Memphis, Tenn. Illustrated catalogue concerning cotton-filled "Humane" horse collars and collar pads.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co., Worcester, Mass. Handsome Calendar hanger for 1906. Free, if applicant will mention Farm & Fireside.

Books Noticed

"A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl." By the author of "Gala Day Luncheons." Cloth, small 12mo, 180 pages; price, 75 cents. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

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**McCLURE'S
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You pay nothing unless the magazine pleases you—and you are to be the judge of that.

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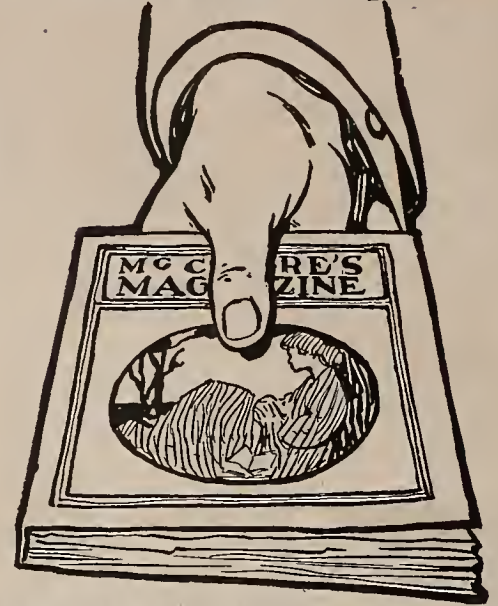
I don't like to call McClure's a magazine at all. It is a big 300-page book—of an entirely different kind from the mail order magazines, newspapers and farm publications.

It contains wonderfully interesting stories by the world's leading writers, and these are illustrated with pictures—many of them in colors—by famous artists.

Every month McClure's Magazine brings you reliable news of big events both at home and abroad—all in story form. It is the biggest reading bargain ever offered.

McClure's Magazine is a liberal education in itself for boys and girls, because it gives them, in perfect English, the best history, and the biography of famous men—the latest discoveries in science. For older readers there are special articles dealing in a simple, direct way, with such live topics as Life Insurance Management, Regulation of Railroad Rates, Rebates, etc. These questions touch your daily interests. You can't afford not to read them.

TAKE IT



Bring McClure's Magazine into your home and create a taste in the minds of your boys and girls for the best in literature, art and good citizenship.

Here are a few of the writers who have contributed to McClure's Magazine in the past:

Ex-President Cleveland, Gladstone, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, General Miles, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Robt. Louis Stevenson. Among those who will write this next year are: William Allen White, Lincoln Steffens, Jack London, Myra Kelly, Booth Tarkington and others equally famous and entertaining.

The Rural New-Yorker Says:

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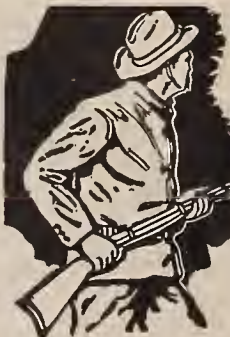
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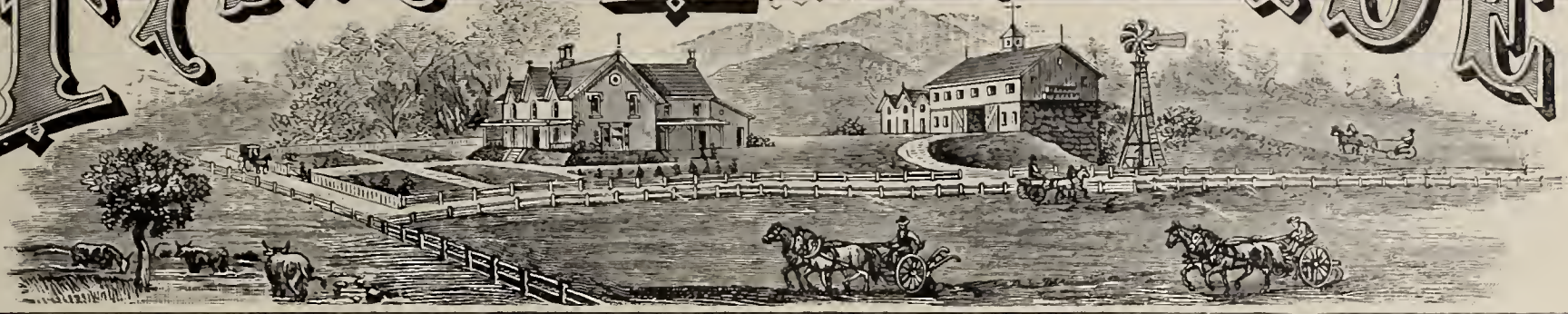
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FARM AND FIRESIDE



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

AN ILLUSTRATED FARM AND FAMILY JOURNAL

EASTERN EDITION

Vol. XXIX. No. 6

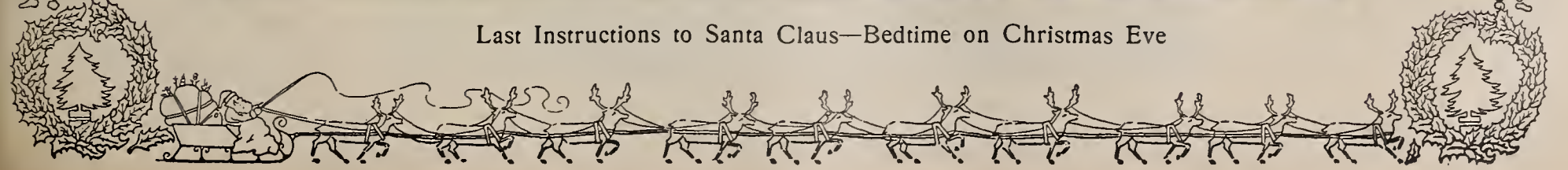
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, DECEMBER 15, 1905

TERMS { 25 CENTS A YEAR
24 NUMBERS



Drawn by H. H. Flete

Last Instructions to Santa Claus—Bedtime on Christmas Eve



Guaranteed Circulation 400,000 Copies Each Issue

Where the Christmas Toys Come From

By Leonora S. Raines

A Visit to the Real Toyland, the Headquarters of the Original and Only Santa Claus, of All Spots in Europe the Most Fascinating to Children, and Grown-Ups as Well, in the Joyous Season of Gifts and Givers



AFTER one has wandered through the quaint old town of Nuremberg, seen its toy-like dwellings, its fountains that look like playthings, its tiny river overhung with oriel-windowed houses, its interior courts that suggest the Middle Ages, its Gothic churches and lace-like spires, one is not surprised to learn that making toys is the chief industry of the town, for everything seems to move in grand harmony, and things fit into each other as though destined so by the development of Art and Nature.

It is not astonishing, after living among the Germans, listening to their fairy stories and romances, to find them engaged in such pursuits, inventing day after day and year after year instruments that will gladden the heart and help the child to enter into the charming nursery tales and legends common to every German locality. Of them all, Nuremberg is undoubtedly the leader, for while being a town of the Middle Ages, its history reads like a romance. Any child in the town can tell you a dozen stories in connection with the picturesque old castle, its moat, its torture-chamber, its "Iron Virgin" and its Queen Kunigunde stairway. The armored knight who with his steed jumped from the castle wall into the moat, far, far below, left the print of his horse's hoofs on the ledge of the wall as very convincing evidence that he had fled.

Nuremberg is the spot where the legend of Goethe's famous story "Faust," originated; and to come to more latter days Kaspar Hauser was first known and lived his short but eventful life in the town.

In Nuremberg proper it is that all the tin and metal playthings are originated and made, and here it is that workmen—men, women and children—hammer, whittle, paint and varnish from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Up to not a great many years ago toy and doll making was essentially a home occupation, made in the workshops of families, where the members, sometimes assisted by outside hands, engaged in the pursuit. Now the industry has been more and more centralized, and large factories are established in Nuremberg and Sonneberg.

Brave tin soldiers of all nationalities issue from the hands of the laborers; motor cars, ships, doll houses, magic lanterns, railroad engines and carriages are materialized in the factories, and poor children, who are perhaps helping to support their family, have at least the satisfaction of handling and helping to shape during a greater part of their waking hours the beautiful toys that will later become the property of one more fortunate. These wares are not only toys, but models which acquaint children with the latest inven-



A CORNER

IN ANIMALS



WHERE DOLLS

ARE MADE



ANOTHER STEP IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE DOLL

tions in the mechanical, optical and electrical sciences, as well as the steam power, the wireless telegraphy, the progress of the commercial fleet and navy (torpedo and submarine boats), and the whole modern railway system. Such products, therefore, not only serve as most interesting objects of entertainment, but at the same time as excellent means of instruction, and introduce the young idea to the first secrets of technical science.

If the development of the little boy is considered at the famous factories of Nuremberg, the little girl is not forgotten, for floor after floor is set off for articles that splendidly imitate and reproduce everything that is found in the best-appointed modern kitchen and cellar. Then there are refrigerators, sewing machines, lapboards with measurements, smoothing-irons; in fact, a little mother fortunate enough to possess any or a great number of these wares would be unpardonable for not developing into the best of mothers and most experienced of housewives!

A fair proportion of the workmen are children, and it is wonderful how skillful they become and with what quickness they dispatch the pile of instruments brought for their share of formation, gluing or finishing up. In mammoth establishments separate halls or apartments are laid off for molding, soldering, turning, painting, decorating and firing. Ovens big enough to roast dozens of children (as the wicked old fairy used hers for) put the finishing touch to toys that are ready for the market, and which eventually find their home anywhere on the Continent, in Great Britain, in America, in Japan and in China. The latter country eclipses all the others in the number of soldiers that she buys.

The largest factory in Nuremberg employs three thousand people, the others a lesser number, but to see the workmen issue at the noon-day hour or at six in the evening one would think a village had been let loose. And all these hands employed so that little ones may be amused, and pass the time pleasantly! Engaging in such wares seems to have a good effect on the workmen, too, for they all appear bright, satisfied and glad to be living. They sing at their work through the long hours of the day, and when the chorus becomes too loud, a sign from the foreman is sufficient to cause a lowering of the voice.

How many little boys and girls, I wonder, ever think of the toil and care that go into every one of these playthings; and again, how much the sale of each toy means to the workman who has helped to make it the thing of joy it is? Those parents who consider that their money is unwisely spent when put in toys need only be reminded that the employment means bread and a home to the thousands engaged in the fabrication.

But Nuremberg is only one of the centers of the toy

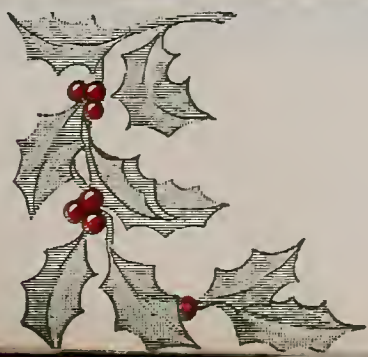
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 31]

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year



True Happiness

On Christmas day our Savior was born,
Sing glory to God and good will to men;
Sing the songs of joy that the angels sing,
Everlasting praise to Heaven's eternal King.





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Which May I Keep ?

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED. GRUNDY

A FARM BEGINNER.—A man living in Rhode Island who has spent most of his life in a factory has moved upon a farm and is going to try to make a living from it. I fear he has a hard row to hoe, but hope he will succeed and never be sorry that he left the city for the farm. He will find that farming is not all golden grain, lowing kine, blooming clover, frisking lambkins, rich cream and luscious fruit. There are many disagreeable incidentals mixed with it which must be faced and vigorously handled, and a good supply of practical knowledge is necessary to obtain results financially beneficial.

The questions he asks about the management of pigs plainly indicate that he knows very little about these useful animals. I could tell him what he should have done before he moved onto a farm, but the advice would be of no benefit to him now he is there. He is up against it and will have to work out his own salvation. He says he has plenty of rough, rocky pasture for them, and he asks whether it will be necessary to feed them grain. One could poke a good deal of fun at such a farmer but it would not help him any. What the man needs is a little a b c information about the new vocation he has jumped into without any previous, and very necessary, preparation. The idea that anybody can farm is quite prevalent among city people, and when one of them gets tired of city life and moves onto a farm to round out a useful career he learns that dollars do not grow on bushes.

This man does not say how much pasture he has, nor what sort of grass is growing on it. It is probable that it is chiefly wild grasses and weeds. I saw a man tackle such a pasture as I judge this to be several years ago, and despite the

and clearing ground for seeding in fall and spring. The grass was not cut, but allowed to go to seed, and the seed scattered and spread over the entire tract, where it found soil enough for a root-hold it grew strongly, and in just three years from the time he began he had the entire tract in grass, and a splendid pasture was the result.

I would advise the quicr to get his pasture covered with tame grasses as soon as possible. He will be unable to wait, like the man mentioned, for the grasses to become established, so he should scatter blue grass, redtop and white clover seeds wherever they are likely to grow, then keep his pigs well rung to prevent them from rooting it up. He will need to feed his pigs liberally with grain or good slops. Corn is the best pork making grain that grows, and when pigs have plenty of grass it is the best grain they can have. If I were in his section I would give them one feed of corn a day, and, if pasturage is not good, I would give them one feed of a thick slop or mush, made of bran one part, middlings two parts, by measure. This is about the best rations they can have to make satisfactory growth. He should beware of the many high-priced mixed feeds offered by feed dealers. They are not a particle better than the rations mentioned, while they cost very much more. He should buy his feeds at first hand if possible, and see that his bran is not one third rice husks, nor his middlings one fourth sawdust. There is a great deal of stuff sold for feed that

All Over the Farm

and also to actual experiments with these very necessary articles on different kinds of soil and with different kinds of stock, and every farmer who desires to buy the best and to use them intelligently should have these bulletins. The way for a man like our querist to apply for them is to tell the directors briefly just what he is trying to do, and ask them to send him such bulletins as will be especially useful to him. These bulletins, and those published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, are free for the asking, and a farmer cannot well be up with the times and fully informed as to his vocation unless he has them. The bulletins issued by the station in one's own state are apt to prove of greatest value because they deal with local conditions, with such feeding materials as are most largely produced within the state, or can most cheaply be procured, with the kinds of soils within the state, meteorological conditions, etc., and every live farmer should not fail to procure them. With a good agricultural paper and these bulletins to read a farmer can keep up with the advance in agriculture and make his farming pay the profit it will when rightly conducted. The men who conduct these stations are practical and they call a spade a spade. In reporting the actual value of feeding stuffs, fertilizing value of commercial fertilizers they give the facts as they find them, no matter whose business is hit or helped. I would advise every man who is thinking of leaving the city for a farm to post

brought forth to show that the theoretically proper method of handling manures is to keep the liquid and solid excrement separate; the reason being that the liquids undergo decomposition and nitrification much more rapidly and consequently the products of these actions are largely lost during the subsequent fermentation of the coarser solid excrement and refuse used as an absorbent. To a considerable degree this is a fact. But the common farmer may justly offend science in this matter on the grounds that keeping separate the two forms of manure is impracticable and not suited to his methods and equipment.

Frequently, however, inquiries are made concerning the best method of applying liquid manures. Very recently a prominent agricultural paper, when answering one of these inquiries, confessed that the experience at hand did not comprehend any sprinkler other than a barrel.

The most practical distributor of this sort that has come under the writer's observation is one used on the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Farm. But even there this method of applying manure seems to have fallen into some disuse and disfavor. Experiments have been in process for some time designed to discover the utility of floats, acid phosphate, gypsum, and kainit in preserving to the manure the more soluble and volatile portions resulting from the earlier and more rapid decompositions.

The sprinkler used at the station is constructed in the simplest form, namely: box-shaped of matched lumber, and to fit the trucks of an ordinary farm wagon. It is the same idea followed out by many threshermen in the water tanks used to supply an engine. Into the rear end of the tank as near the floor as possible four auger holes had been bored at equal distances from each other and representing the width of the tank. Into these holes had been screwed short sections of



A GOOD TEAM FOR A BIG LOAD. THE KIND TO RAISE FOR THE MARKET

laughs and scoffing of his fossil neighbors he covered it with clover, white and red, blue grass and redtop and made a grand good pasture of it. But it was a hard task. He was strong and full of vim and went at the job with a determination to make a go of it, and he did it. There were too many stones and bushes to admit of a plow or harrow, so he went at it with a light spade and a garden rake. Wherever he could find a bit of clear soil, or clear a bit he scattered his mixed seeds on it and raked them in. This was done early in the spring and late in the fall. During the summer he kept his scythe busy a great part of the time cutting down bushes and weeds where the seeds were starting,

is little better than sawdust, and one must look out that he does not get scooped.

I have often advised farmers, especially young farmers, to get in touch with the experiment stations of their respective states. These stations make experiments with feeds, fertilizers, grains, grasses and hundreds of things that are of vital interest to farmers and feeders, and which it would be impossible for any farmer to make, and the results of these experiments are published in bulletins which are free to all who ask for them. The State Experiment Station at Kingston, Rhode Island, is one of the best in the country, and they have devoted much time and money to the investigation of commercial feeding stuffs and commer-

himself well by reading good agricultural papers, the bulletins of his state experiment station, then go out on a farm a year and learn the rudiments of the business. If he cannot well go onto a farm to learn under some farmer, he should at least have enough money to live on about three years while learning.

*

A Manure Sprinkler

It will be generally conceded that the most practicable method of saving and applying liquid manures is by providing sufficient absorbent materials as bedding and by handling the liquid in conjunction with the solid excrement. Certain few scientific investigations have been

gas pipe, each fitted with a stop cock for regulating the delivery of the liquid. These pipes discharge against a board placed crosswise a few inches from the ends of the pipes, causing the liquid to fall well distributed upon a short incline from which it fell to the ground.

A common pump was used in the cistern, but the liquid was passed through a quarter inch sieve to prevent clogging in passing from the tank. Features of improvement will likely suggest themselves to a person contemplating the construction of a sprinkler; probably the most prominent defect to be met with in operating such an implement would be the lack of facility in throwing it into "gear."
G. P. WILLIAMS.

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Beautiful Calendar For the Year 1906 FREE

We have secured a limited quantity of high-grade art calendars for 1906, beautifully lithographed in eighteen colors. The calendars are rather expensive, but we have decided to send one free and prepaid to any one who will send two yearly subscriptions to FARM AND FIRESIDE at twenty-five cents each. One may be the sender's own subscription. The calendar and FARM AND FIRESIDE one year thirty-five cents. Prettier than calendars that sell for a dollar in art stores. See advertisement on page 33.

About Rural Affairs

CARE OF POISONS.—With Paris green and arsenic in various other forms, such as arsenate of lead or arsenate of soda, etc., lying loose by the pound on the farmer's premises, it is only a wonder that cases of poisoning do not occur oftener than they do.

A few weeks ago two old people of my own neighborhood lost their lives, and a young lad just escaped losing his, by this criminal carelessness in properly storing and labeling poisonous substances. The boys brought a pound of white arsenic home. This was most likely intended for "doctoring" horses, as the boys were in the habit of trading horses. The old lady put the arsenic into a baking powder can, and set it away with other boxes and cans filled with things used in the kitchen. She forgot all about the poison, and when baking biscuits used a lot of arsenic in place of baking powder with deadly effect on herself and her husband. The grandson, fortunately, was taken with vomiting and narrowly escaped with his life.

But why should people put such deadly poisons into a can to store it where it can be mistaken for baking powder or for saleratus, especially when it is not plainly labeled "arsenic—poison?" The only safe way that the farmer has to keep this and similar other poisons like corrosive sublimate, etc., is in a cabinet by themselves, and under lock and key, where neither animals nor children can get hold of them.

Sometimes, when through spraying with a poisonous mixture, we have some of it left in the barrel or tank, and we are often puzzled what to do with it. I usually try to use it up as clean as possible, so as to have none of the stuff standing around. But if a remnant is left, my practice is to dig a hole in the ground and pour the liquid in, rinsing the barrel, etc., thoroughly. The liquid soaks away, and when the hole is covered the poison is out of the way, where it can do no harm.

RAISING SUNFLOWER SEEDS.—Reports have it that in the town of Bethlehem, Indiana, sunflower seed is grown to quite an extent for market. A local firm buys up the crop grown by the farmers in the vicinity, and ships it to Madison where it is worked up in condition powders for stock, or used for the manufacture of sunflower-seed oil. The material is undoubtedly good for both purposes. The only sale we might find for it here is in seed or supply stores as bird food. But it is a good thing to feed to poultry and almost all other farm animals. I have almost regularly planted little patches of it. The plant is not so very particular as to soil, and I have usually selected spots too rough or too moist for corn on which to plant the Mammoth Russian, or preferably the Mammoth Black sunflower. The plant is coarse and rugged, and requires no particularly skillful treatment. I plant it in hills four feet apart each way, leaving two or three plants in the hill, and give it the same cultivation as corn. Everything goes well until the time of harvesting arrives. Then the trouble begins. The smaller birds as well as the smaller rodents are very fond of sunflower seeds, and English sparrows often appear in swarms to feast on them. Whole flower heads are nearly stripped of their contents, and others are despoiled to a large extent. In harvesting I have at times cut the whole stalks, or at other times only the heads with two or three feet of stalk attached, and hung them over a fence close by to get thoroughly dry. This does not prevent the damage by birds, but we can get some of the heads at any time to give to our fowls, etc.

It will not do to gather just the heads and store them in bulk, as they are sure to mold. In the fall I usually gather what I want to feed, from day to day, and take it right to the poultry yard, letting the fowls do most of their own shelling, or break the heads into pieces for cattle or hogs. When seed is to be gathered for sale, the flowers must be allowed to get dead ripe. The Bethlehem farmers are said to gather the seed in the following manner: A wagon with several men is sent to the field, each man outside the driver being armed with a club. Men with corn knives go ahead of the wagon and cut off the flowers, leaving about ten inches of stalk attached to the head for a handle. As fast as cut, the flower head is passed to one of the men or boys in the wagon. A few smart raps with the club loosen the seeds which fall out into the wagon, and the empty husk or pod is thrown out. The seed is taken to the barn, cleaned with the fan mill, and if dry enough, put in sacks, or if not thoroughly dry, then spread out

on the floor to dry before being stored in bulk. A bushel of seed weighs about thirty-two pounds, and the average yield per acre is estimated at about one thousand or one thousand two hundred pounds. On good soil, and in a small way, I have raised three or four times that quantity, and I feel that the crop has always paid me well.

CAUSE OF BARN FIRES.—In a statement given out by the president of the Home Insurance Co., the cause of barn fires, among six hundred and twenty-two cases, is ascribed to lightning in three hundred and forty-three, or more than half of the cases; to sparks from portable engines in twenty-five cases; to tramps in eighteen cases; to spontaneous combustion in nineteen cases, and to many other causes, mostly preventable, in the remaining cases. I wonder how many of the barns struck by lightning were provided with lightning rods, and whether the barns thus equipped were more exempt from the lightning stroke than those not so equipped. Statistics in this regard would be interesting. The president of the company queries whether with the greatly increased knowledge of electricity that now exists, it might not be possible to produce a lightning rod of approved make and arrangement that, if generally employed, would lessen the number of barn losses. The public seems to have very little faith in the efficacy of the present-day lightning rods. Most of the fires from other causes should have been prevented. Spontaneous combustion can cause fires, no doubt. Yet in reality it seldom does, and of the nineteen cases given, if the real facts were known, I am sure that but very few were found to be of that origin. Tramps; children with matches; oil stoves; lighted pipes, cigars and cigarettes; incubators and brooders—all these are things that have no business in the barn, and with more care in excluding them, we would hear of considerably fewer barn fires.

BACTERIA NODULES IN OREGON.—F. M. S., of Dillard, Oregon, sends a letter from which I quote the following extracts:

"I have been much interested in your article concerning bacteria cultures for leguminous plants. In this state, besides those plants of the order usually in cultivation, we have a great many wild species; and no matter in what kind of soil they may be found, the roots are invariably covered with the bacteria nodules; and, with the single exception of alfalfa, the same is true of all the cultivated species.

"In the case of alfalfa, the railroad company made a cut through an old meadow near here last spring, but, although I examined a great many roots of these old plants, I failed to find a single nodule, and yet this meadow produces three excellent crops every year. What I have said of this meadow is equally true of all of the alfalfa meadows in this vicinity, including a young meadow planted only last spring.

"If, as stated above, these nodules appear upon the roots of a plant in all kinds of soil and in all situations, would it not be natural to infer that if they are necessary to the growth of the plant, they will appear naturally without any intervention whatever?"

"Again: If they are so indispensable to the growth of all leguminous plants, how is it that alfalfa will not only grow, but grow luxuriantly where they are not to be found at all? My experience in this matter would naturally lead one to the conclusion that they do not grow upon the roots of alfalfa at all; and if yourself or some other reliable man can set me straight on this matter I shall consider it a favor."

That alfalfa roots do contain nodules cannot well be disputed. I have found them there in abundance more than once, this on a virgin crop of that plant. But I will not assert that alfalfa, or soy bean, or vetch, could not possibly succeed without root nodules. In fact, they often do, but what is supposed to be a fact is that these crops would even do better on such spots than they are doing already, and with better after effects on the land, if supplied with the nitrifying bacteria. There may be many things which we have yet to learn on this subject, but I believe that if I had a field of alfalfa on the roots of which no nodules could be found, I would at once try to introduce such bacteria by inoculation. The best way probably would be to secure a quantity of soil from a field where the alfalfa has been well provided with root nodules, and scatter this soil over the new field. It is rather strange that of all those leguminous crops and wild plants, alfalfa

should be the only one on which root nodules are not found in our friend's vicinity. I hope that he will have the field inoculated so that he may be able to tell us, in less than a year's time, whether he has succeeded in supplying his alfalfa roots with nodules, and whether in consequence the yield has been much increased.

HORSE-RADISH FOR BROKEN WIND.—A writer says "the horse has no use for horse-radish." I am not so sure about that. Recently a market gardener stated that he had a lot of leaves, the waste from a large crop of horse-radish, and not having any other place for it, he gave it to his horses, one of them being badly broken winded. This feed effected a complete cure. The remedy is easily tried, and can do no harm. If you have a horse thus afflicted, try the horse-radish leaf cure and report.

FIGHTING THE CUTWORM.—D. Mulcahy, of Idaho, writes: "In reply to my opinion of the robin story, in issue of November 1st, you speak of poisoning the cutworm. If this could be done, you would do a great favor to your Idaho readers by publishing the formula. Thorough cultivation which you give as a remedy does little good here where the farms contain so much ground which cannot possibly be plowed. Choice wild peas, and all the delicious morsels which cut worms could wish for, are everywhere, so that we cannot starve the worms out." If conditions are such that it is not practicable to get rid of the cutworms by the starvation method, which with us is a wholesale one, then we must resort to the usually quite effective plans of hand picking or poisoning, or a combination of both. In early spring, when the cutworms emerge from their winter quarters ready to devour any green thing just as soon as it appears above ground, the time has come for a trial of the poisoning method. Secure a lot of pieces of sod, where the grass has already nicely started, or keep these pieces well watered, in a hothouse or other warm place until the grass starts. Then sprinkle Paris green or white arsenic over the grassy side and scatter them in small bits all over the field to be cleared from cut worms. Possibly a stiff bran mash seasoned with white arsenic might be used in the same way, and with similar effect. This remedy thoroughly applied, will soon make the field reasonably free from these grubs. If, however, we do not care to use poisons, there is another way that will also accomplish the same result, but with far greater outlay of time and effort. Prepare the soil as for the regular crop, whatever that may be. Then plant beans, and as soon as they are coming up, visit the field every morning bright and early, while the work of the cutworms can be freshly seen. Slowly walk up and down the rows, and whenever you see a plant eaten off, examine the soil in its vicinity. You will soon discover the culprit, which can then be picked up and destroyed. But in this respect, eternal vigilance only is the price of freedom. It is quite feasible to clear a field from cutworms so as to practically insure the safety of cabbage, cauliflower, tomato, pepper, bean and other plants set out soon after.

FEEDING VALUE OF SUNFLOWER SEED.—A reader in Idaho asks my opinion of the feeding value of sunflower seed. You will find in earlier issues of this paper many a good word for the sunflower as a side crop for the farmer and home grower. I have often fed sunflower seeds quite regularly to poultry, swine, calves, cows and horses, and apparently with most excellent results. A table of the composition of food stuffs issued by the Department of Agriculture gives the following as the composition of corn and sunflower seed, respectively:

Corn, average—10.5 per cent protein; 69.6 per cent nitrogen-free extract; 5.4 per cent fat.

Sunflower seed—16.3 per cent protein; 21.4 per cent nitrogen-free extract; 21.2 per cent fat.

Now as the value of the fat for producing heat is nearly two and one-half times that of carbohydrates, we find in sunflower seed 16.3 per cent of protein against 10.5 per cent in corn, and the equal of 74 per cent of carbohydrates or nitrogen-free extract as against 83 per cent in corn. The protein or blood and muscle forming element is by far the most valuable and most expensive of the different nutrients, and for this reason sunflower seeds must be considered the more valuable because better balanced ration of the two food materials. Sunflower seed, however, is quite light. The comparison is made for equal weights of it and corn. Neither of them, however, should be fed exclusively, whether to poultry, hogs or any other stock. But a small ration of the sunflower seed right along has always seemed to me to have a tendency to keep the animals in perfect health, and in good productive condition.

T. GREINER.

Crops for Cow Feeds

The legumes are most valuable not only because their proportion of protein is high compared with any other forage crop, but because they materially increase the nitrogen supply of the farm from sources outside the soil. Alfalfa and the clovers are most highly prized for these reasons.

Good forage must be easily digested and in a palatable form. It is the portion of food capable of being digested that gives value to forage. The age or period of growth at which a forage crop is harvested is an important factor in this relation and may affect the quantity harvested, the composition of the crop and the palatableness of the fodder.

The quality of any food influences its value for any purpose. This is none the less true of roughage than of grain or concentrated feeds. If the bran and oat and pea meal is good it should be fed in connection with roughage of good quality, otherwise the value of the grain will be lessened.

Pasture grass, silage, soil crops and roots may properly be considered as forage, and pea hay, corn fodder, sorghum, straw, millet and timothy are the non-succulent coarse foods and used chiefly for winter feeding.

Timothy is not good forage for dairy cows and not a profitable crop to grow.

Early cut, nicely cured corn fodder is valuable as affording variety, and is relished by the cows.

Millet and sorghum add variety and are good for soiling purposes.

For winter feeding there is nothing that will equal corn silage and clover hay. Good silage and clover hay make a combination that is succulent, palatable and fairly well balanced, and for cheapness it cannot be excelled. A good silo and plenty of clover solves the problem of winter forage.

Of the clovers, alfalfa, where it can be grown, is undoubtedly the most valuable

suffer and assimilation will be imperfect if there is failure to maintain some just proportion between the concentrated or grain feeds and the roughage which she consumes. Without doubt much better results will be obtained from the concentrates, which are the expensive portion of the ration, by a judicious mixing with suitable roughage. M. STENSON.

Tons of Pumpkins

The Second Annual Pickering Pumpkin Show opened in Old City Hall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, October 30, and lasted three days. Thirty thousand pounds of pumpkins were represented at the show, each one of which was a "whopper." The hall was decorated with bunting and festoons of autumn leaves. In the center of the big hall was the formidable collection of pumpkins, representing in all three hundred members of the tribe.

Pumpkins from any state or any part of Canada were eligible for the contest. Those of every size, color and kind were on exhibition, many being from neighboring states.

The contest was divided into two classes, the one being known as the Farmer's Contest, in which were included all field-grown pumpkins; the other as the Roof Contest, which included all roof-grown pumpkins.

The prize for the largest pumpkin, which weighed one hundred and thirty-three and one half pounds, consisted of eight articles of value, amounting, in the aggregate, to one hundred dollars. The

In the Field

which was set at two hundred and fifty dollars. The pumpkin weighed fourteen and one fourth pounds.

Twenty-one of the contestants in the Farmer's Contest were awarded prizes, and ten in the Roof Contest. The prizes consisted of donations from representative Pittsburg firms.

At the close of the show the pumpkins were distributed among charitable institutions. M. G. SERVISS.

Field Grasses

The nutriment in tall oat grass is very nearly thrice as much as that of the creeping bent grass. But the fact must not be lost sight of that the latter is a much finer and sweeter grass than the former, and is eaten up much cleaner by the stock. Still all the more nutritive grasses should be brought into one mixture in seeding down fields to pasture to a much greater extent than they are at present.

Such matters as the selection of seeds should not be left to men who nine times out of ten have had no opportunity of learning the proper names of the grasses, much less their nutritive qualities; neither have they learned the soil to which they are best adapted, and this goes to prove that the farmers' sons should be better educated in what pertains to their business.

It is a too common practice for farmers to judge of the usefulness of grasses by the eye. Thus a coarse, sprawling, growing kind is rejected, while a finer, more graceful sort is pre-

ferred, but are very strong, wholesome, and fattening feed.

There is really a great deal to be learned by watching animals grazing, so far as judging of the plants that are most relished, and herbage that is eaten with most avidity may be taken as being almost always the most suitable to the animals that partake thereof. And this capacity of animals judging of their food themselves is only a natural law.

Were it otherwise, how would they, in the wild state, wandering over limitless space, where unwholesome, non-nutritious and even poisonous plants grow, be able to take only such herbage as maintains healthy conditions.

A shrewd old Scotch grazier once observed that if any species showed strength of stem, with luxuriance of herbage, and consequently promising extraordinary weight of forage, that species was, without hesitation, pronounced coarse, and unworthy of further attention, until the opinion of a horse, cow or even that of a sheep, as a qualified reference, was taken on the subject.

I would point out to young farmers who have had education in the rudiments of botany of the farm, that they had better put themselves in the hands of reliable firms of seed merchants, as regards the selection of grasses and clovers to be sown, rather than venture on the selection of them themselves, being all unqualified to judge; for one or two important grasses added to or withheld from the mixture, will make a vast difference to the future pasture. And if through carelessness or ignorance unsuitable seeds be added to the mixture it is only thrown away, because where the soil is not the kind for plants, they soon die out. Most seed firms make quite a study of supplying seed suitable to any described soils, but the difficulty is to give a description of soil where not only does almost every field



TONS OF PUMPKINS AT THE SECOND ANNUAL PICKERING PUMPKIN SHOW

as a source of protein. It is the greatest yielder of all legumes, and has a high protein content. It is the best soiling crop known. It should not be grown to the exclusion of the medium red clover, as it is not nearly so well adapted to rotation. The clovers should be cut for hay early. The dairyman must provide suitable forage in abundance if he expects to succeed in the profitable production of milk. He must give more attention to this phase of the food supply question than to the grain concentrates that enter into the ration.

It should be remembered that the cow is a ruminant, and that her digestion will

prize for the smallest pumpkin, which weighed less than one half ounce, was won by a party who refused to give his name, turning the prize worth eighty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents over to "Jimmie" Flaherty, a crippled newsboy.

In the Roof Contest, the rules of which stipulated that the seed had to be planted on roof of shed, stable, porch or house in a box, barrel or trough, and the pumpkin grown on roof, the prize for the largest pumpkin consisted of a parlor suit, Regina music box, small safe, and lady's gold watch, the total value of

ferred. Yet the coarser, ill-formed plant may be, and indeed often is, richer in nutritive elements than the finer herbage. Cattle are better judges than man. They select their food by an instinctive recognition of wholesomeness, and treat it not at all according to its appearance, but wholly by its odor, its flavor and its intrinsic and nutritive properties.

I am well aware that some of the pod grasses, cock's foot, timothy, and some even of the flaggy kind are objected to by many farmers as being too coarse; but they are not only highly relished by

differ, but different parts of fields vary very much.

Wherefore the educated farmer is far away the best judge after all of what seeds are and are not suited for different breadths to be sown, and he alone can draw inferences, both from his botanical knowledge and from practical observation. Even on an unseeded field here and there a plant will from time to time show itself, and indicate plainly to the observant farmer what grasses are indigenous to the soil, and if the seed of such are sown they will be sure to do well. W. R. GILBERT.

Gardening

T. GREINER

MICE IN THE GREENHOUSE.—During the summer, while the greenhouse was used only for curing seeds and as a storage room for various things, mice were allowed full sway there; but now when we stock the building up again with plants, and try to have our lettuce beds, and some mushroom, and cresses, parsley, etc., we are trying to get rid of every mouse or rat before they have much chance to do damage. It is and can be done by persistent baiting and trapping. Sunflower seeds, and next to them, squash or pumpkin seeds, old or new, are among the very best things that can be used for bait, and the gardener usually has them available for that purpose. You can coax a rat or mouse almost anywhere with these oily seeds. In grocery and hardware stores you will find these little cheap "lightning" traps in sizes suitable for both kinds of rodents. And if you will keep these traps set with ordinary skill, and in selected places where the little animals have been in the habit of feeding, you will soon see the last of them.

THE WINTER RHUBARB, brought out by Mr. Burbank a few years ago, and of which I have a few plants, seems certainly to be much harder than the ordinary kind. At least even now, latter part of November, when all other rhubarb plants are leafless and dormant, this winter sort shows signs of growth, and some fresh leaves. Yet I do not expect that we will get fresh stalks much before spring opens. Among the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE there may be some who have grown this new hardy rhubarb. I hope they will tell us what they think of it.

MUSHROOMS FOR PROFIT.—One of my neighbors has been induced to go into the mushroom business for what there may be in it for him. He has rented an unoccupied brick barn with large hillside basement for this purpose. He has studied the various books on mushroom growing, and feels confident of success. The place is really an ideal one, and could not be better if put up for this very purpose instead of that of a farm stock barn. The bed space, on floor and shelving, comes close to one thousand feet, and artificial heat, for the very cold winter days and nights, is provided from a cheap heater. Clear horse manure is obtained from the Buffalo stock yards in car load lots, and seems to be admirably fitted for the purpose. In short, the conditions all seem to be in favor of a successful outcome. Whether the somewhat extravagant expectations of our friend will be fully realized is to me a matter of much doubt, yet under such favorable circumstances fair profits should be secured from a properly managed plant of this kind. I am going to watch the outcome with considerable interest, and may give more detailed reports with illustrations later on. My own experiments with mushrooms in the greenhouse are of rather modest proportions. What I mainly aim for is to raise an abundant home supply, and in this I usually succeed.

VEGETABLES UNDER CLOTH TENTS.—A few years ago we had high expectations in regard to the effects of shading garden vegetables by muslin tents. I gave up after making a single experiment, as the results were entirely unsatisfactory. In theory I expected a big and healthy growth of lettuce even in hot weather, and celery free from blights and rust. In practice I got better lettuce in the open than under the muslin tent, and celery infested with blights to the same extent under cover as in the open. To maintain such tents is expensive, and would be justified only when striking results are obtained. So I quit. The Rhode Island Experiment Station continued its experiments in growing cauliflowers under muslin tents; and reports that, as in previous years, plants made a much better start inside the tent than outside. The leaf growth inside was also superior throughout the summer, due to the fact that the ground inside retained its moisture much better than that outside. The yield, inside, of trimmed cauliflowers last season was four hundred and sixteen pounds and seven ounces; while from the same area outside only two hundred and sixty-one pounds and seven ounces of trimmed heads were obtained. The temperature under the tents, on sunshiny days, was higher throughout the season than that outside, but slightly lower on cloudy days. So when highest retail prices are to be obtained for good cauliflowers it may pay well to grow them under muslin tents. I find early cauliflowers, grown in open ground from plants started under glass late in February or early in March, a reasonably sure crop in rich ground, and usually in very good demand, with prices ruling high. The only shading that is usually provided, consists in breaking some of the outer leaves over the center of the plant so as to cover the heart. Another good way is to place a wooden butter dish or picnic plate on top of the

head, and if a couple of leaves are folded and pinned together over it so as to hold it in place, all the better.

LIMA BEAN POLES, if any such have been in use last season, are worth gathering up and storing out of the wet for next year's use. We can seldom get them here unless by paying an unreasonable price for them. I prefer to use posts and wires, one wire being strung about five feet above the ground, and another about five inches from the ground, right over the row. The beans are planted along and under the lower wire, and when they begin to run, then wool twine or binder twine is woven zigzag fashion around the two wires to form a trellis for the bean vines to climb up on. This is very satisfactory, and a row fifty feet long will grow limas enough for the full supply of a fair-sized family. The wires on my lima bean trellis have been taken off, rolled up and put away under shelter, ready for next season.

VEGETABLES FOR FOWLS DURING WINTER.—What vegetables to feed to our fowls during winter is a timely question. I have usually managed to raise a good supply, mostly of the big cattle beets or mangels, of carrots, etc. This supply of green hen food was still largely increased by small potatoes, potato peelings, apples, loose or defective heads of cabbages, and possibly other things. This year my supply is a little short. We have few potatoes to spare for feeding stock of any kind. We have next to no apples, and for the first time in many years I had also neglected to plant the usual large patch of mangels. But as usual I have planted a lot of winter squashes, mostly Hubbards, in the corn field, and harvested quite a crop. Hubbards have seldom failed to pay me well for the little effort they cost me in raising them. They grow just as well in the cornfield or sweet-corn patch as pumpkins would, and they are in most cases more valuable. I have sold most of the perfect and well-matured specimens at a cent a pound at wholesale. They bring about double that at retail. At this rate the squash crop can easily be made to be more valuable than the corn crop. The very small and imperfectly matured specimens go into mash for the fowls. Every morning a quantity, cut in pieces, are steamed, and when thoroughly done, mixed with the meal mixture to serve as a warm dinner to the poultry. Squashes are indeed excellent for this purpose. I use even old summer squashes in the same way, and in fact anything of this nature that I can get hold of.

SELECTION OF SEED POTATOES.—In a bulletin on potato culture recently issued by the New Hampshire station, the matter of selecting tubers for seed is treated in the following manner: "Good seed is one of the essentials to success in growing this crop. As the potato decreases in vitality when grown from poor stock, it is best to either select carefully our own seed by saving the product of such hills as yield the greatest weight of smooth marketable tubers, or buy from a reliable grower whom we know to be selecting his seed in this manner. It is a false idea of economy to save a few dollars per acre by using cheap seed, and thereby ruin your chances of success at the start. The fact that many growers are planting small and indifferent seed year after year largely accounts for the low average yield reported, and also for the deterioration of most varieties after eight or ten years in the hands of the average grower. Small to medium tubers, selected as already mentioned, that have not lost their vitality by sprouting, will generally produce a more satisfactory crop than larger seed of the same variety grown from a poor strain of tubers that have been weakened by excessive sprouting." All this agrees exactly with my notions about selecting potatoes for seed, and it can not be too strongly urged on the attention of the potato planter. Want of proper care in this one point is really the one great stumbling block in the way of full success. Let us more generally pay attention to it, and our crops will surely and largely increase.

PLANT PROTECTORS.—An Illinois reader writes us about growing early vegetables which he says bring him much more money than the later ones. He sows his tomato seed early in February under glass, transplants in order to get good stocky plants, and then sets them in open ground at least three weeks earlier than is usually done, covering them on the approach of a frosty night with "plant protectors which can be bought very cheap and will pay for

themselves twice over in the extra price received for the vegetables." I do not know what particular style of plant protectors he has in mind. Ordinary one-third-bushel peach baskets may be and often are successfully used for protecting plants during cold spring nights in this way. Gardeners in most cases have such baskets on hand, and it does not hurt the baskets to be used a few times for this purpose. For myself, however, while I also start my early tomato plants in February, and transplant them to get strong stocky plants, I invariably wait until the period of danger from late frosts is past before taking them to the open ground. If I give my tomato plants plenty of room in the greenhouse, or in a cold frame, while they are standing singly in plant boxes, they grow right along, and I run no risks. I always get the early tomatoes, too.

PREPARING FOR NEXT YEAR.—My various pieces of ground intended to be planted in garden crops next year have been heavily manured with stock-yard manure, and then deeply plowed, all in narrow beds, with deep dead furrows so as to provide ready means of surface drainage. I have taken particular pains to have these furrows so located that there is a chance for the water to get to the drains and off to the creek. The fields are thus to be left in the rough, for the freezes and thaws to act on the soil, and to help make the plant foods all the more readily available next year. I expect to be able to do earlier gardening in 1906 than I did this year, and more profitable gardening than ever before, besides. The rubbish of course, had all been removed from these patches before plowing. This cleaning up, with late plowing, is about the best means of reducing the dangers from insect pests, and from fungous diseases. The old cabbages and cabbage stumps left in the garden all winter provide shelter and breeding places for maggots, cut worms, harlequin cabbage bugs, etc., and the old dead tomato vines, etc., may carry the spores of blights, tomato rots, etc. With the removal and destruction of these things, one very prolific source of infection is out of the way. This is also a good time to remove stones, large or small, from your gardens. I am saved this job, as there is not a stone on any of my patches. But where the soil consists of gravelly loam with plenty of larger stones mixed in, we should keep busy hauling off these obstructions until we have at least the vegetable garden reasonably free from stones larger than a walnut. In most cases we can find good use for the stones as filler for low places, ditches, etc. A Missouri reader asks for a plan to construct some sort of device for hauling stones from his fields. It should be low on the ground, for one or two horses, and made so that it can be easily dumped to prevent handling stones twice. A low truck with wide-tired wheels, and dump box might come handy; but I believe that for this purpose the best thing that could be devised is the common stone boat as in use on most farms. The stones do not have to be lifted high, and their handling in unloading is not a serious matter. But get the stones off anyway.

TREES TRUE TO NAME.—It seems to be a serious question where to buy fruit trees and small fruit plants that are true to name. Mr. W. T. Mann, a prominent fruit grower of this county, at a recent meeting of the Niagara County Farmers' Club, gave an account of his experience in buying peach trees which is a sad reflection on the methods in vogue at many nursery establishments and on the reliability, in this respect, of some of these concerns. Mr. Mann has planted one orchard after another, always using many hundreds of trees, and one lot after another has proved to be something entirely different from what he thought he was getting. When the trees came to bear, after much expense to him, the fruit was altogether different from what he had expected, and not what he wanted. The trouble seems to be that nurserymen take buds from young trees in the nursery row and continue to do that without ever letting any of these trees come to fruiting so as to make sure they are of the true variety. Possibly it is a big proposition for the nurserymen to keep track of so many different varieties, more, indeed, than is really necessary to have. But it is these men's business to furnish the trees, and to furnish them true to name. Otherwise they should state that they cannot give any guarantee as to the genuineness of varieties. I have often met this same difficulty of getting varieties

true to name when procuring gooseberry bushes and grape vines, one or two specimens of a kind, for experimental purposes, and even the best seed houses will make mistakes of this kind. It is especially annoying to have to make statements in public about the merits or faults of this or that variety, and then find out afterward that the plants on our own grounds on which we based our estimate were not the variety we thought we had. But all we can do in this matter is to purchase our nursery stock from the parties we have the most confidence in and run the risk. The risk is too great when we buy of the traveling tree peddler.

The Farm Garden

It is unreasonable and selfish for a farmer to say that he has no use for a garden, that it does not pay, that it is a fad of the women, and if it is made and kept at all it must be done by them. Now, it unfortunately happens that in many instances the woman is the wisest economist, and she, having the family meals to provide, knows the saving that can be made in the household expenses by an abundant supply of vegetables in their season, and how often they can be made to take the place of a more expensive meat diet, or enable her to use up the scraps and make them into palatable dishes. Some vegetables are nearly as nutritious as meat, and are more wholesome, in fact we could do better without meat for a time than without vegetables.

Some women delight in the care of a garden, and to do light work in it to keep it in good condition, such as sowing, planting, watering, watching for and preventing diseases incidental to vegetation, and gathering the crop. But there are some operations that no reasonable man would allow a woman to undertake, such as plowing, heavy digging, carting, or spreading manure. There are always opportunities for the men folks to do this without much loss of their valuable time. How would it be if the man got up an hour earlier for a morning or two, and before going to the field attend to the heavy work of the garden, which would be easy for him, but hard or impossible for his wife; but which will enable her to proceed with the lighter work while her husband is busy on the farm. "Where there's a will there's a way," and it is simply astonishing how some women, notwithstanding their numerous household cares and duties, can find time to cultivate a garden successfully, and add greatly to the resources of the family.

But alas, it is not the most busy farmers that make excuses for not having a garden, and condemning it as useless and unprofitable. It will instead be generally found, it is those who are behindhand, who spend their time laying down laws for their neighbors under the hospitable roof of the village grocery. These people do not watch for opportunities, and take advantage of them by giving assistance in the garden, thereby giving a greater relish to its luxuries in having done their duty by helping in production.

Good, industrious, systematic wives and mothers of families, who have husbands who will not back them up in their efforts to add to the comforts and prosperity of the family are to be pitied, and for that matter, so is the man himself, for he misses many of the pleasures of life that those of an opposite character and disposition enjoy. It is not only the appetite that a garden well cultivated will satisfy, but the satisfaction of feeling that its products are the result of one's own forethought and industry.

Then, there is another class of farmers who tolerate a garden, and even help in the work, because they are aware of its economic value, but scoff at and deride a flower garden as a ridiculous superfluity. This is a great mistake, for while fresh and delicious vegetables have a sanitary effect upon the body, flowers when duly appreciated have a salutary effect upon the mind, and it is a duty fathers owe to their families, to make home attractive and lovable, so that they may not be in a hurry to leave it, and when in the course of events they are compelled to do so, and depart to distant lands or strange cities, it may be a pleasant memory through their life, and its beauty be never effaced from their recollection, but the sweet reminiscence relieve the tediousness of many a weary hour.

Finally, let us remember that we are not here to do just the drudgery of the farm work for the sake of the money we can make out of it alone, but we may arrange our work in such fashion, that, if at any time it is tiresome, it will be pleasant, if we make our plans so as to add to the comforts of our dependents, here and now, and help to secure their welfare and happiness in the hereafter.

W. R. GILBERT.

WOOLLY APHIS.—H. S., Fredericktown, Mo. The small twig which you sent on has no insects on it, but the injury looks like that done to branches by the woolly aphis. This insect, however, is not seriously injurious to the top of the trees, although it may occasion bad wounds where there are breaks in the bark of the trees, which by its presence are prevented from healing properly. Its worst injury, however, is to the roots of the trees, and in portions of your state it is exceedingly troublesome. If the trees have only recently been planted and are badly infested with this aphis, I should be disposed to root them out and start anew on other land, for this is a pest that is very difficult to fight.

Planters of apple trees should be exceedingly careful not to set out trees that have any woolly aphides whatsoever on the roots. You can easily determine if your trees are badly infested by removing the earth from the roots near the trunk of the tree, when you will probably find whitish aphides in abundance, and if you do find these, you may know that you have the trouble referred to. Where planting stock is infested with the aphis it may be cleaned by fumigating in the ordinary way used by nurserymen, or by dipping the roots of the trees into hot water and removing them quickly. This will be enough to kill the root lice but will not hurt the tree. In the case of infested trees that are in the ground the aphis may be destroyed by uncovering the main roots and using hot water.

GNARLY APPLES.—E. L., Carr's Station, Ill. The reason why the apples in your orchard are gnarly is not because the trees need trimming, although they may need some such treatment as this in order to get them into the best condition. In the case of an orchard that is in poor condition, and not making a sufficient growth of new wood, I would suggest plowing up the land, if it can be done without too much disturbance of the roots of the apple trees. If, however, you find the roots of the trees are very near the surface of the ground then I would recommend the application of plenty of stable manure around each one of the trees. As a rule apple trees do best when they do not have much pruning. I think pruning should be confined largely to the removal of interlocking and awkward branches and branches that come down too near the surface of the

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

are near the surface of the ground, by shallow plowing, but I would like to have you send me one of the apples that show the characteristic injury to which you refer. In addition to this treatment for prevention of injury by the plum curculio, I would suggest the burning over of the grass land in the spring of the year, near the orchard, which will result in destroying many of the curculio.

In addition to the injuries from the curculio you are probably troubled with the common codling moth, which makes what is commonly known as wormy apples. Injuries from this pest are largely prevented by spraying in the spring (after the flowers are fallen and before the apples turn down) with Paris green and water, at the rate of one pound to one hundred and twenty-five gallons of water. If you will let me know what the points are about which you wish information in regard to grape growing, I will be pleased to help you along in this line. I would suggest that you get "Amateur Fruit Growing," published by the Webb Publishing Co., of St. Paul, at twenty-five cents a copy.

TIME TO KILL LOCUST.—C. W., Jackson, Mo. The simplest way of killing locust or other trees is to cut them down soon after the quick growth of the spring has been made, which in your section would be sometime about the first to the tenth of June. If you merely wish to kill them without removing them, there is no better way than to girdle them around by cutting through the sap wood with an ax. The use of salt about the roots of trees will kill them but it requires a large quantity to kill established trees.

TIME TO PRUNE EVERGREENS.—H. C. D., Baltimore, Ohio. The best time to prune evergreens is in the spring just before they start in growth, but it should be remembered that it will not do to cut evergreens back as severely as ordinary deciduous trees, as they do not start readily from the old wood. You do not state the kind of evergreen to which you refer,

removed I prefer to do it in June when wounds heal quickly, but if a large amount of pruning is done at this time of the year so much foliage is removed that it is apt to somewhat check the growth of the trees.

PLANTING CHESTNUT TREES.—J. T., Paw Paw, Mich. If chestnut trees are not native in your vicinity it is probably doubtful that they would be successful if planted, and unless you have some good evidence, as shown by plantings that have been made in your section, that they are profitable, I would recommend you to be very careful in trying them. Probably you had better start with our native chestnut, and secure some seedlings. These can be bought at a low figure.

The Wonder Wild Grapevine

Gordon Place is located on the west shore of Seneca Lake, in the center of the famous fruit belt of western New York. The old elm trees shown in the illustration are the original forest trees. Together with the wild grapevine, which nearly covers the house, they give a slight idea of the luxuriant growth of trees and vines in this region.

The Wonder grapevine is twelve years old, and sixteen and one half inches in circumference at the base. It forms an archway twenty-eight feet high over the steps leading from the public road to the house, then runs on a trellis twenty feet to the corner of the house where it divides, one part making an arbor sixteen feet wide the entire width of the house, twenty-four feet; the other part runs from the corner six feet across the front of the house to a piazza and covers it with a roof six by twenty-one feet. Branches also start from the archway and run along fence wires seventy-five feet each way.

The Gordon farm of ten acres is all in fruit except one acre used for raising vegetables and corn. On this little farm there are many varieties of soil, which makes it possible to raise all kinds of fruit and vegetables to perfection. There are



THE WONDER WILD GRAPEVINE AT GORDON PLACE

ground. Of course different varieties of apple trees have different habits, and the method of pruning will have to be somewhat adapted to each. Heavy pruning of apple trees results in a lot of water sprouts that are not desirable.

I think the gnarly apples that you refer to come as the result of their being stung by the plum curculio. This is a very common source of injury in Illinois and other western states. The best remedy for this pest is clean cultivation of the soil so the insects will have no grass or other convenient hiding place near the orchard in winter. This would make it necessary to break up your orchard, which could probably be accomplished, even if the roots

and I take it that you mean some of the coniferous varieties, and I answer you with this in mind. For broad leaf evergreens like rhododendrons and kalmias the best time to prune is just after they are done flowering, but they do not need pruning except in rare cases.

TIME FOR PRUNING MAPLES.—S. B., Rockwood, Ala. The best time for pruning maple and other deciduous trees is on mild days in the latter part of winter, before the sap starts in the tree. If the work is properly done at such time there is little danger of bad wounds. Where only a small amount of wood is to be

grown seven different varieties of apples, three of pears, five of peaches, three of cherries, two of plums, and one of prunes. There are four and one half acres in grapes of five varieties. Of small fruits there are strawberries, red and black raspberries, blackberries and currants. Strawberries are ripe here the middle of June, and there is a succession of fruit and vegetables for the market from that time on until the middle of November, when the latest grapes are usually sold. Of nut bearing trees there are chestnut, walnut, butternut and hickory. The fruits of this farm leave nothing to be desired that can be grown outside the tropics.

MRS. O. H. GORDON.



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Live Stock and Dairy

Making the Best of Butter

THAT is what we all want to do. I am sure there are very few who are satisfied with their present attainments in this direction. Here and there may be found some one who will tell you, with apparent sincerity, that they believe they are making the best butter possible to be made. This must be a decidedly comfortable feeling to have; but as Mr. Moody once told a man who made the public declaration once that he never committed any sin, "I would like to talk with your wife about that!" The sure test of good butter is in the eating; and it is quite possible that if some of the so-called best butter could be submitted to a tribunal of competent judges, much of it might be found to be, like the now notorious Rockefeller contribution to the cause of foreign missions, more or less "tainted."

But setting aside the self-satisfied few, it may be stated as a general proposition that we all want to make better butter than we do. We want to do this for several reasons. In the first place, we have a pride in our business. We want to out-do everybody, ourselves included. The value of bringing away from the county fair a bright new blue ribbon, lies not so much in the premium which goes along with the ribbon as it does in the fact that we have been found worthy to hold the ribbon.

And then there is a value in the money which comes from our labor which is well worth striving for. There is nothing wrong in thinking about the dollars and cents which our butter will bring when we come to place it on the market. Money has its place, and is necessary to the well being of us all.

The question is then, "How can I make better butter this year than I ever made before?" To answer this in a concise way is the purpose of this article.

To begin with, every farm butter maker should study her own methods. Are they the best possible? If I fail, where is the point of my failure? Satisfied on this point, the rest naturally follows. Pride and conceit should at the very outset be banished and we come honestly and humbly to the place where we are ready to learn from any one who can teach us.

Then we must consider our farm conditions. Have we the best and purest water that we can get? If not, that must be done. Without pure water the highest results cannot be attained. Have we a good place to set the milk? If not, surely this must be attended to. We must have a room, away from everything that would in any way affect the sweetness of the cream, and where the temperature is right to bring the cream to the surface as quickly as possible. If we have a separator, a most desirable apparatus in every well ordered dairy, the matter is easier. The cream then is all we need to care particularly about; and this must be stored for ripening where it will be free from any offensive odor, must be watched carefully, stirred to keep it uniform in the process of ripening and finally churned at the right time.

Another essential to the making of superior butter is neatness at every stage of the operation. From stable to package there can be no letting down of the standard here. So many times we hear it said "I am sick and tired of reading about cleanliness in the dairy!" It has been written about and spoken about more, perhaps, than any other one thing; and yet, how many of us can truthfully say that we do our level best in this direction? And there are thousands of dairy kitchens in this country into which the mistress would be really ashamed to invite the visitor. Do we not all know this? Then, why should we be so sensitive on the subject of neatness? It is a prime essential to success. Then let us ask ourselves if there is absolutely nothing for us to learn in this regard. Let us be patient about it.

Again, leaving the domain of the kitchen, is there nothing more we can do at the barn to insure better results? Are our stables as clean as they should be? Are the cows themselves the very best we can procure? There is a great difference in cows. One cow will make butter which will "stand up" under any and all circumstances, hard, firm, sweet, with long keeping qualities. While another cow, with just the same feed, will make butter which is soft in texture, under color and quickly losing the delicious flavor so necessary to the best butter. Every inferior cow should be weeded out and replaced by one which can be trusted to do her part toward bringing success. To do this intelligently requires a close testing of each cow. Nothing else will do.

And then, are we feeding to the best possible end? Here is a wide field for study. But it is one in which the returns

are almost beyond estimate. How to place before our cows the food which will make the best and purest milk and the most of it is a problem worthy the attention of every farmer in this country. Good hay, free from weeds, supplemented by well-balanced rations of grain, especially in winter; clean pastures, in which the grasses are unmixed with foul stuff, pure water, freedom from annoyance of any kind which will disturb the animal comfort of our herds, regularity in the time of milking, gentle and sympathetic handling while this work is in progress—these are some of the things which the dairy farmer may do to supplement the efforts of his wife to carry off the palm for the best butter made.

Rapidly passing the essentials of extreme care in churning, uniform methods of salting and a system of packing as nearly perfect as possible, we come to the matter of marketing. A man or woman might make butter fit for angels' food, and still never get more than the common price for it. The greater part of the butter made in our country to-day sells at the price fixed by the poorest article placed on the market. The best butter should fix the price. For this reason every man must make it his business to find a market worthy of his product. He must not be content with the figures which are offered for the common lot of butter. For a time he may find it uphill work to establish a market for himself. It is always uphill business to compete with a thing that is worth nothing. But if he stands firmly by his principle, that good butter is worth more than poor, he will win in the end. Men will find that he is telling the truth when he says he has better butter than those who are willing to take whatever they can get, and then he will begin to reap the reward of his effort.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

Mere Maintenance

Economical management of live stock implies more than mere maintenance. Stock fed only to the extent of keeping it in poor condition is unprofitable husbandry. Too many farmers are stingy when it comes to carrying a herd of young cattle through the winter, and provide an amount of roughage only sufficient for mere maintenance without stimulating thrifty growth. It is an established fact that only generous treatment of young farm animals during the winter will promote continuous improvement. Sound young farm animals of any class require extra rations to sustain continuous growth. If animals are fed only sufficient to maintain existence the food is wasted. If young stock are turned to pasture in the spring at the same weight as when they went into winter quarters, then the farmer has sacrificed his feed for mere maintenance. In contravention to this fact many husbandmen practice this parsimonious system of live-stock industry.

A ton of coal can be consumed in the firebox of a boiler and the indicator not register a pound of steam. The coal was not judiciously used and no power was generated. The same is true with wintering stock; inefficient rations are fed, and the animals fail to make visible gains. Stock are living machines and require rations in excess of mere maintenance to insure profitable thriftiness. The young stock affords a medium to convert into cash the grain and roughage produced on the farm.

Farmers cannot afford to take young stock off the pasture in the fall and carry them through the winter without their making a conservative gain. Such management is prodigal, and would never lift the mortgage from the farm. It would be like burning coal so inefficiently that it would never generate working power.

Working animals and dairy cows need to be fed only for maintenance. It might be positively injurious to feed above maintenance a dry cow destined to perform dairy functions. Young stock, however, can only return a profit on their growth above maintenance, and a liberal regime is necessary at all seasons until the animals are at maturity and in condition for market. It is a pleasure to inspect thrifty young stock and watch their steady increase in weight in response to a liberal and systematic rotation of feeding. The high valuation of lands in the corn belt and principal live-stock producing states prompts the husbandman to follow such a course of management as shall insure consistent growth and reasonable profit on the cost of production. M. STENSON.

The son of a sheepdog is a sheepdog from birth. Training is as superfluous as to teach a duck to swim.—Alfred Ollivant.

Foreign Bodies in the Stomachs and Other Organs of Cows

Persons familiar with cattle will have marked their curiosity, and the persistent manner in which they crowd round when an operation is being performed, turning over the gear and examining the ropes, etc., with ears erect, and eyes animated with an unwonted expression of interest.

It may be that habitual ennui is responsible for the great interest they exhibit in any unaccustomed event, such as an intrusion of any strangers into the field, and of objects to which their gaze is unaccustomed. Whatever is the cause of this curiosity, it is a danger to be reckoned with, and should put us on our guard not to leave anything in a pasture that has no business there. The writer has in mind the untimely death of three valuable beasts through the leaving of a part of a packet of sheep dipping powder in a tin can, securely hid, as the owner thought, in a bush. It was, however, disentangled from its hiding place, and the arsenic it contained was greedily eaten by the animals, with the aforesaid result.

Besides the possibility of anthrax, there lurks in manure from towns, sent away by the car load, many a hidden danger. The manure heap is the only receptacle oftentimes for scraps of iron, odd nails, boots, tin pots, etc., and deaths among stock have again and again been caused by various foreign substances being swallowed and becoming lodged in various parts of the body. If where wool is plentiful the wool sorters' disease is brought into town from the country, there can be little doubt that town diseases are conveyed again to the country in the vast mass of debris which goes out of the large cities in the name of manure.

Without experience to the contrary one would suppose that the bullock that browses carefully round the stem of a weed it does not care for would be hardly likely to swallow the sole of an old boot, or any of the odds and ends which the writer has seen in one heap. Among them was a bent and rusty piece of wire, with a triangular piece of tin attached to it at one end; this is the remains of a tin can, and was found embedded in the pericardium of a cow, as its label testified. The symptoms were very obscure during life; the cow would sometimes appear to be well, ruminating and yielding a fair amount of milk, then she would be seized with shivering fits, having them at intervals, while the body was sometimes as cold as ice, and at other times as warm as usual, very cold or very hot horns and ears, and an anxious expression was noticed, and then the animal would appear to be in perfect health at the next visit. The pulse could be felt beating with about the normal force and frequency except during these attacks, which lasted a few hours only. One persistent and increasing symptom alone enabled the veterinary in attendance to make a brilliant hit, and diagnose it as a foreign body, and this symptom was an inaudible heart. Although as above said the pulse was something like normal, the heart sounds could not be detected by the most careful examination. The cow was found dead one day, without any other symptom appearing, and a post mortem examination revealed this relic embedded in the top of the pericardium, where it caused the formation of between two and three gallons of fluid.

Besides this specimen there was a smaller piece of wire, some five inches in length, and of the kind used for fencing. This came from the left lung of a cow. It was possible in this instance to form an idea how long it had been inside the animal, as a fence had been erected, and the ends cut off in the field on a certain date, and this was one of the pieces. It had passed into the rumen and from thence through the diaphragm into the lung, where it had caused an enormous abscess to form, traced by the veterinarian, there being a well defined area of dullness by which he could diagnose fluid.

Another specimen comprised about four fifths of the sole of a hob-nailed boot and was taken from a cow which had "blasted," as the attendant described it. This was found fixed in the passage between the stomachs, and had been there for some time, judging by the history of the case as related by the man in charge.

A three-inch cut nail was the next object, and this came from a bullock which died from symptoms of delirium. The rough hovel in which he was kept was a heap of ruins when the veterinary went to make a post mortem examination. This kind of nail has been found occasionally in cattle cake, for no assignable reason—and this particular specimen had traveled through and through the liver in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a much used target.

Swallowed needles and pins have, in many instances, traveled about the fleshy parts of the body and come out at all sorts of odd places, the muscular movements, of course, accounting for their changed position.

W. R. GILBERT.

The American Carriage Horse

THE United States Government, through the Department of Agriculture, has begun a work which has never before been attempted in the history of the country—the development of a breed of animals. This work is probably but the beginning, and the endeavor to fix a type of carriage horses that will be, more than any other, suited to American taste is being watched by horsemen all over the country. The initial stud has been established at Fort Collins, Colorado, with Dean W. L. Carlyle as the animal expert in direct charge of the work. Twenty mares and one stallion have been purchased at a cost of about fifteen thousand dollars, and the experiment is now well under way, six colts being the net result so far. Carmon, 32,917, a son of Carnegie and Monitor Maid, has been selected as being the animal representing the type desired and has been placed at the head of the stud. Carmon is a solid bay in color, sixteen hands high, weighs twelve hundred and forty pounds and has rare action. His head is broad, well formed and clear cut, with a full forehead, large eyes and neat, well-set ears. His neck carries a good arch, is of good length and is strong and clean cut. His muscular development in the hind quarters where the trotting horses are frequently deficient is worthy of special mention. There is no tendency to the narrow, drooping rump possessed by many trotters. He is well filled and muscular, presenting no resemblance to the "cat hams" which are frequently seen in racing animals.

The mares are mainly standard bred, some of them possessing considerable Morgan blood. Six of these mares were purchased in Wyoming and the remainder in the east and middle states. A pasture of seven hundred and twenty acres affords these animals splendid summer range, and during the coming winter they will be kept in a smaller pasture on the agricultural farm at Fort Collins, abundance of shelter being available.

The sunshine for which Colorado is noted will make it possible to raise colts practically out of doors every day in the year and strong limbed animals with superb lung power are certain. This experiment will require years before the desired type is fixed, and when it is the best animals will be distributed among the various states and an effort made to do the greatest good in the shortest length of time.

Live Stock and Dairy

Confinement of Dairy Cattle

The last few years the policy of closely confining dairy cows during the winter, and even during the entire year, has grown in favor; upon the ledger and "milk check" this demonstration has found its proof. To the unwary and to the intensely practical dairyman these very tangible evidences are proofs enough; but to the far-sighted breeder the practice presents objections that seem to have a deeper importance than the casual observer may take notice of. The practical man in any line may work on with marked success though he be regardless and even ignorant of the deeply working fundamental principles that govern his occupation; yet his ignorance does not excuse him from facing abnormal conditions that offended nature may sooner or later impose upon his business as a result of his short-sightedness.

Impoverished farms in all parts of our country are certain results of rash methods with nature. Soil that has been building for thousands of years cannot endure the depleting extravagance and unreasonable culture of the present and the past. Neither can the constitutional vitality of man and animals stand radically unnatural conditions without consequent degradation. One after another our great prisons are being condemned as veritable snares of human life; this because man is constituted to breathe nature's pure air, not the contaminated vapors of absolute confinement.

The cow question, then, is whether dairy cattle may be subjected to entirely artificial conditions indefinitely and still preserve a health that is above suspicion. Not a few readers will recall the humid and vitiated atmosphere that they have encountered upon opening the doors of a well-filled cow stable on a winter morning. To the closely confined cow this is often the constant condition.

The recent prevalence of bovine tuberculosis is attributed by many to close confinement. All the well-defined cases of this disease that have come under the ob-

The best official herd test of Holstein-Friesian cows made in Ohio for several years was of six cows that spent the entire day in a barnyard and were stabled only at night. This test was conducted during the coldest weather of February, but the cows went out every day. The owner of these cows is a strong believer in his practice, and although his barns are in a large city, he never shuts the cows in except nights and bad weather.

It should be kept prominently in mind that the fresh-air cow is the vigorous cow, and the one that can transmit to her calf a constitution fit to carry with success and to perpetuate those estimable qualities and characteristics that the zealous enthusiast sometimes seeks to stamp in his herd where health and vigor of body are neglected.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

Stock Notes

Regularity in feeding and work makes long-lived horses.

Irregular feeding makes thin horses, no matter what quantity is given.

When oats are fed unthrashed they make a better balanced ration.

The pure-bred animal makes from scrub conditions no more than the scrub does.

Clover is richer than grass in the muscle formers; for young animals it is the better feed.

Cream should have uniform consistency as well as uniform ripeness when it goes to the churn.

No animal of any breed or species of domestic animals will uniformly produce young that are all of a superior order.

The pure-bred animal is the more valuable simply because of its greater capacity to appropriate favorable circumstances.

At no other time in the life of the animal is the influence of liberal or of scant feeding so great as when the animal is young.

It takes longer and costs more to make up a pound of loss than it does to add five pounds of gain under favorable conditions.

The age of the animal has much to do



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There can be no mistake as to what kind of a horse will best suit the American people. They are demanding an animal that, first of all, has the hardy physical endurance and handsome appearance so much admired. They want a horse that has fine action, one that can get over ground rapidly, and a great deal of it without great fatigue, as does the western pony, and they want a horse that possesses great intelligence and the ability to carry off premiums.

A. D. MILLIGAN.

ervation of the writer confirm this theory. Last summer the writer attended the slaughter of eighteen animals from three different barns in which the cows were housed to an extreme. These animals had reacted to the tuberculin test and every cow showed tuberculosis in a more or less marked degree. Excessive confinement, of course, cannot create the germ, but provides the ideal conditions for its dissemination from a diseased member of the herd.

with the gain, and, other things being equal, a young, growing animal will make a greater gain from a bushel of corn than one near maturity.

A free use of the whip when unnecessary will make stubborn horses.

Young, growing animals have more hearty appetites than mature ones, but this is because the impulse of their natures is to grow. To stand still is unnatural for the young.—E. J. Sheldon in the Kansas Farmer.

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

National Grange

THE thirty-ninth Annual Session of the National Grange convened at Atlantic City, November 15th, and closed its labors November 23d. New Jersey has been famed as the state of trusts and mosquitoes, but in the hearts of two thousand five hundred patrons who partook of the profuse hospitality will spring eternal the memory of a welcome so warm, so continuous, so gracious as to bury forever any impression save this. It is the triumph of an idea — an idea of love and good will backed up by organization. Worthy Master Gaunt was happy in his selection of committees, and they were faithful in performance of their duties.

A splendid exhibit of the products of New Jersey was in the lower hall. This committee has labored earnestly, not only to collect, but to artistically arrange the exhibits. The decorations of the hall elicited exclamations of delight. Uncle Sam's favorite daughters, corn and wheat, were perfect in conception and execution. The decorations were in charge of a committee of six, the chairman of which was Miss Lillie Moore. Miss Moore has rare talent which deserves cultivation. Mr. Gaunt has shown himself an organizer who had a definite plan in mind and executed it.

O. H. Kelly, now in his eighty-sixth year, the only surviving founder of the order, was lovingly greeted. He was voted a pension of \$1,200 a year as an appreciation of his services.

The first order of business, the afternoon of the opening day, was the address of Master Aaron Jones of Indiana. In part he said: "Since our meeting one year ago upon the Pacific Slope there has been constant and substantial growth of the organization in membership and activity in all sections of the country. Many dormant granges have been revived, new granges established and over sixty thousand added to the membership. This growth has not been confined to any locality, but is observed in the states on the Pacific Coast, in the great agricultural states of the Middle West, in the South and in the central and eastern parts of the country. The progress of the organization in social and mental development among the rural people and in influence upon public affairs can be cited in every state where the organization is established.

"A recital of the victories won in promoting culture and refinement, intelligence and thrift, exemplary citizenship and happy homes, and in securing wholesome legislation and the fearless enforcement of laws, would reveal an influence exerted by the farmers of the country in the battle for social advancement and that justice and equality vouchsafed to all by the constitution of our country without a precedent in all previous years. I congratulate you upon the present condition of the order and its favorable position for effective work in the future.

"The chief corner stone of our organization is education by affording its members the opportunity, through coöperative effort, to study the principles of advanced agriculture, including the relation of the elements of the atmosphere to the elements of the soil, the relation of elements of food to the requirements of plant and animal life, the combating of plant diseases and the suppression of injurious insects and fungous growth, as well as the opportunity to study domestic science, political economy and that form of politics known as the science of government. The improvement of rural schools, the introduction of the principles of agriculture in the public school curriculum, the politics of agricultural colleges and the investigations of experiment stations, are educational matters that come within the scope of our work."

Mrs. Eva S. McDowell, Treasurer of National Grange, wife of F. M. McDowell, one of the founders of the order, is a loved member. Her husband outlined the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the seventh degree.

Among many prominent workers who were called to address the grange, none won more distinguished recognition than Judge Henry M. Huggins, of Ohio.

The address of National Master Jones was broad and comprehensive and received the commendation of the entire membership. It will rank with strong state papers.

Hon. F. A. Derthick, of Ohio, then introduced what he termed the Grange-Roosevelt idea. "The Interstate Commerce Commission should have the power, upon complaint of a shipper, to investigate the complaint, and if the rate was found to be excessive to substitute a reasonable rate to take effect imme-

diately, and to obtain unless and until said rate had been set aside by a court of review."

Prof. T. C. Atkinson, chairman of the committee on education, made a specific report on education, recommending consolidation of schools, establishment of rural high schools, the preparation of teachers for teaching elementary agriculture in common and secondary schools, arrangement of curricula to furnish instruction in nature study, more attention to manual training, commended the Ohio plan of education and recommended that the National Grange take steps toward adopting a similar plan. Unanimously passed.

F. A. Derthick made a full and comprehensive report on wire fencing, bringing much new information before the grange. In his report as chairman of the committee on agriculture, Mr. Derthick recommended employment of convict labor on roads, removal of tax from denatured alcohol, giving greater powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

P. Gardner, of Maine, reported membership of forty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, an average of one hundred and twenty-eight per grange, eight juveniles with one hundred and seventy members. Eighty of the granges own their own halls, representing a value of eight hundred thousand and fourteen dollars. Five more halls will be dedicated before the state grange in December. Hamilton Grange is the largest in the world with a membership of nine hundred and four. Grange insurance companies carry risks amounting to thirty million dollars. The coöperative business amounts to about seventy thousand dollars this year. National Lecturer Bachelder sent out during the year two hundred and twenty-six thousand two hundred and twenty pieces of Grange literature, from twelve thousand to twenty thousand copies of "Grange Quarterly Bulletin" were issued each quarter, visited eleven states and recommended annual programs.

Treasurer, Mrs. McDowell, reports eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars and twenty-six cents in the treasury. The executive committee expressed confidence in there soon being one hundred thousand dollars in the treasury, the interest of which would largely bear the running expenses. The strong treasury makes the grange a formidable antagonist.

State Master Hadley, of New Hampshire, presented the following remarkable report:

For the six months ending June 30th there were presented at grange meetings in New Hampshire five hundred and ninety-six essays, five hundred and thirty-five original papers, five hundred and fifteen addresses, two hundred and thirty-five dramas and farces; one hundred and seventy-nine tableaux, three thousand and twenty-nine vocal selections, one thousand three hundred and sixty-nine discussions in which seven thousand five hundred and twenty-one speakers took part. One hundred and ninety-seven Grangers discussed "State Aid for Highways" in February, one hundred and eighty-seven Grangers discussed "Forest Preserve" in May, one thousand one hundred and ninety-three people speaking on these questions.

Mr. Derthick introduced the following resolution for immediate action, and was passed unanimously: "Resolved, that the National Grange recognizes the value and importance of the collection of crop and other statistics by the Department of Agriculture and we heartily commend and support the course of Secretary Wilson in keeping such statistics free from improper influences."

The following were elected officers of the National Grange: Master, N. J. Bachelder, New Hampshire; Overseer, T. C. Atkinson, West Virginia; Lecturer, G. W. F. Gaunt, New Jersey; Steward, J. A. Newcomb, Colorado; Assistant Steward, B. F. Marchant, Rhode Island; Chaplain, W. K. Thompson, South Carolina; Treasurer, Mrs. Eva S. McDowell, New York; Secretary, C. M. Freeman, Ohio; Gatekeeper, A. C. Powers, Wisconsin; Ceres, C. R. F. Ladd, Massachusetts; Flora, Amanda B. Horton, Michigan; Pomona, Sarah G. Baird, Minnesota; L. A. S., Johanna Walker, Delaware; Ex. Com., F. A. Derthick, Ohio.

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Chicks During Cold Weather

SOME hens are more careful with broods than others, and success in marketing chicks during the cold season depends not only on the care provided, but also upon the hen. Winter is not the proper season for the hens to become broody, but some of them will insist upon sitting, even during the coldest weather. When the weather is extremely cold the chicks are able to endure quite a low degree of temperature without difficulty if they can occasionally run under the hen and get warm, but some hens are more active than others, and will not remain quiet for the chicks to be nestled. It is best, therefore, when placing eggs under a hen, in cold weather, to take into consideration the time when they are to come out. Brahmas and Cochins are excellent mothers, as they are naturally indolent and prefer to remain quiet. They sometimes tread upon the chicks, and thereby quickly thin a brood to a minimum number, but they endeavor to do their best to care for the chicks, and clumsiness is not always the rule. Light hens are sometimes too restless for winter. It is best, in extremely cold weather, to confine all sitting hens in small yards or boxes, in order that they may have no opportunity to race the chicks about. The cold winds are very severe on young chicks, and dampness is also a serious obstacle to them.

Records of Flocks

Occasionally some carefully managed flock of fowls will lay as many as one hundred and seventy-five eggs in one year, individual members reaching as high as two hundred eggs, but these published records are of certain flocks only, and must not be considered as indicating superiority of the breed to which the birds may belong, as the high records have been obtained by individuals of nearly all the breeds. The records do indicate, however, what is possible with a flock in the hands of an experienced poultryman, and it is but right and proper for all poultrymen to endeavor to accomplish the best results.

The difference between the yield of eggs in the most prolific cases as compared with poor layers, is as three or four to one. In favorable instances individual hens have been known to produce two hundred and fifty eggs a year, yet two hundred is reached so seldom as to be called a remarkable yield. An average yield with a flock of twelve hens was about one hundred and forty eggs a year, while the average in twelve flocks, numbering in all two hundred layers, of various breeds, has been about one hundred eggs. In the latter case there were eight different breeds, some being old hens and others pullets, and many of the number were employed a part of the time in hatching and rearing chickens.

One of the difficulties with published records is that the novice looks for success exclusively to the breed, and becomes disappointed if his fowls do not reach the two-hundred-egg mark recorded as having been obtained by the breed. High records are exceptions, and not general. But few cows of the selected breeds reach the records of the noted individuals, and the time of celebrated horses is recorded in quarters of seconds. A brother or sister of a record breaker may have no record at all, which points unerringly to the fact that even in the same families of animals, having the same parents, and all being of one breed, individuals may vary in characteristics. The breed is an important factor, as it is founded upon, and consists of, selected specimens possessing the greatest merit, and these selections have, in some cases, been the work of a century.

With the aid of well-bred birds, instead of common fowls, the poultryman has the best kinds for success, but no matter what the breed may be, everything depends upon the management. The man is more important than the fowl, hence an experienced man and a pure-bred bird form an excellent combination. One of the most careful poultrymen, whose fowls were profitable when other fowls were not paying, when asked to give the best method of feeding, replied that he fed by the scales; that is, he did not weigh the food only but the hens also, which was done once a week. If they gained or lost flesh he regulated the food accordingly, keeping the hens in "race horse" condition—not too fat or poor—the food consisting largely of protein. It may be claimed that the scales, if used also by the farmer, would greatly assist him in procuring the best results with a flock.

The American Dominique

The old-fashioned, old-time Dominique has transmitted its beautiful plumage to the Plymouth Rock breed as a mark and badge. Those who have them can also testify to the merits of the Dominique as a farmer's fowl, and as an excellent bird for sitting and laying. If they are not as large as the Plymouth Rocks, the Dom

iniques more than compensate for this defect by maturing earlier. If they are not favorites, it is because the newer breed has fastened itself too strongly at present; but the Dominique may again assert and maintain its proper position in our list of useful fowls for the farm. They possess merits which are lacking in some other breeds. If given any reasonable time to grow they almost invariably begin to lay in the fall, and being of medium size, they make good sitters and mothers. They begin to lay again very soon after hatching their broods, and waste but little time in idleness, either from failure to lay or to sit. They have rose combs, and are therefore less liable to be frosted in winter. They are intermediate in size between the larger and smaller breeds, and considering their size, are not the most inveterate flyers.

Turkey Broilers

While the consumers are familiar with the early chicks known as "broilers," yet but few have ever tried the young turkey. It may be too large to broil, but the four-pound turkey, when roasted, makes a grand dish. It is not the rule for farmers to sell young turkeys, even when they are late hatched, as the prices obtained will not compensate for the care and losses sustained, but it is claimed that on the table of a certain class the very young turkey finds a place, and at a price to the farmer that is satisfactory.

When to Sell Poultry

The best time to sell is when the market is ready and the fowls just right. Never wait for a chick to mature, and the largest profit is for the early ones. The earlier they are hatched, and of a size fit for market, the better, as the early chicks are luxuries. The sooner they are marketed the more food will be saved. In many sections a large proportion of poultry is marketed during the periods of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day, but the supply almost invariably far exceeds the demand, and unless the poultry is fat and choice, prices may be very low, and much stock carried over until it brings hardly enough to pay the cost of transportation and sale. Unless fowls are disposed of in a short time after they arrive in market they will be sold at a low price, but there seems to be a large demand for choice stock, and at good prices, during all seasons of the year.

The Capital Required

The capital required to begin with poultry need not be large, as the hens rapidly multiply their number, thus assisting to increase the laying stock, which is really an augmentation. There is no reason why those of limited means should not keep poultry, as it requires less capital to begin than other stock, and the business can be made to pay by strict attention to all the details essential to success and



A MIXED FLOCK

prosperity. There is a wide field open for supplying poultry and eggs. The market cannot be overstocked, for the demand is on the increase. A ready sale can be found in all sections, and all that is needed for success is to devote time to the flocks with a determination to be successful. It will be a mistake for any beginner to enter largely into the poultry business and risk any large amount of capital, as it is safer to work from the ground and build up a business, but much can be done with a limited sum, for the reason that the labor bestowed also represents capital. The fact that a few hens can produce enough pullets for a large flock in less than a year is one of the most important advantages connected with poultry keeping, as the hens thus really provide the capital and enlarge the business.

Feather Pulling

This vice usually starts with one member of the flock and soon others follow the example. Be sure to discover the guilty fowl, and when you are certain you have the right one, at once cut off the end of the upper bill with a pair of scissors, or sharp knife, and follow by scraping the edge of the bill all around. The bill should be cut only a little shorter than its usual length, and though some blood may appear, no harm will be done. The fowl can pick up its food as usual after the bill is cut, but when it attempts to pull feathers it cannot get sufficient hold to draw them out, as the feathers resist by reason of fixture in the body, a difficulty not encountered in picking food, and thus they slip through the mutilated bill. If this does not stop her, cut the bill still shorter, but not too much at first, in order not to take off more than is actually necessary. She will soon give up the practice, especially if removed from the others for a while, when the bills may be made of same length again by trimming the lower one. The hen may appear odd, but it is better than cutting off her head.

Removing the Combs

It is advocated that the removal of the comb of a bird, though somewhat painful at the time of operation, insures the bird against freezing of the comb in the winter season. This removal of the comb is termed "dubbing," and is done when the birds are about three months old, or a little later for bantams. The comb and wattles are cut off close to the head with a razor or sharp shears. It must be done quickly, the head dipped in a strong solution of alum (to arrest bleeding), and after the lapse of an hour or two the wound may be dusted with iodoform without disturbing the blood clot formed. It will quickly heal, and the bird will at once begin to pick up food as though no operation had been performed. Both cockerels and pullets may be "dubbed," but cockerels are given the preference. It is claimed that the comb is less sensitive than may be supposed. The male will often appear oblivious to the hens that surround him, and pick his comb until the blood flows. It cannot be denied that the bird suffers severely in winter when the comb becomes frozen, the hens not laying under such conditions, and a few hours of temporary suffering is better than a whole winter of torture.

Canaries

As nearly all the arrangements of cages, watering, and feeding of canaries are well known, there is but little information that can be imparted, but it is not out of place to mention that cleanliness being a great preventive against most of their disorders, the bottom of the cage should be made to draw out, that it may be the easier cleaned and covered with sand; this should be done every day, or at least several times a week. These tender birds,

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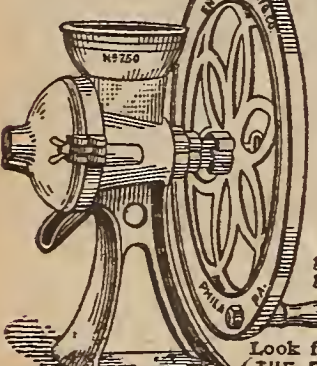
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Money Made in Fish Farming

There is a goldfish farm in Indiana where thousands and hundreds of thousands of the shining beauties are produced every year. There are almost a hundred acres in this farm, with sixty ponds and elaborate breeding and shipping facilities. The business started in the smallest way and has grown until it is one of the well-established industries of the Hoosier state. This farm is in Shelby county, and, strange as it may sound, is actually located on high ground, remote from any stream. There are so many interesting and strange facts about this place that to describe it one is puzzled where to begin. It is called a "ranch," however, and the owners, Messrs. Shoup & Heck, declare there is not a ranch in Texas which can equal their output in numbers. They might also have added that there are many ranches of far larger dimensions and more ambitious pretensions which fall far below making the money return this unique "ranch" returns constantly. This goldfish ranch is a gold mine, with increasing dividends and inexhaustible "pay" in sight.

Twenty years ago William Shoup was a small farmer in Shelby county, Indiana. He owned a fine spring and made a pond in which to raise carp for his table. Accidentally he lost all his stock of fish by a freshet which destroyed his pond, and for a year or two was out of the fish business. He procured a few stock goldfish from a firm in Louisville, Ky., with which he proposed to experiment for his own pleasure. It should be mentioned that Mr. Shoup is naturally a close student of fishes. From earliest boyhood he has shown a liking for every subject pertaining to fishes and insects. He had no thought of making any money out of goldfish, but wanted to see what he could do in the way of raising them. He repaired his pond and placed the few stock fish in the water. He was astonished at the rapidity with which the pretty fish multiplied. In the fall after the fish had been placed in the pond he seined out more than three hundred which were nearly five inches long. He foresaw that something must be done to stop the increase or else he must provide for the disposal of them. He wrote the postmaster at Chicago asking him to send him the address of a dealer in goldfish. By return mail came an order for his fish from a prominent bird and fish fancier who advised that remittance according to the value of the fish would be sent upon receipt. Mr. Shoup sent the three hundred fish and received a check for forty-five dollars, with an order for all he could produce. At fifteen dollars a hundred, or fifteen cents each, Mr. Shoup could hardly realize the possibilities in the business he had discovered. At first he thought a few thousands would supply the demand, and decided to build only two additional ponds. But when the output of these ponds failed to satisfy the demand, and when he found that not merely fifteen cents each, but frequently fifty cents each was paid for perfect specimens, Mr. Shoup stopped farming and became a "goldfish man." As such he is known all over this country and in many foreign lands. His ponds have increased to sixty and his annual output to almost a million fish a year.

It was after the business had become profitable that Mr. Shoup had occasion to recall the freshet which destroyed his carp ponds. A long and heavy rain flooded the streams and swept down between the hills into his goldfish ponds. He feared and expected his ponds to break, but by ceaseless watching he saved them. He determined, though, to move his "ranch" to higher ground, and purchased a tract of a hundred acres a few miles distant from his first ponds. He knew there was a mighty spring which diffused its waters under ground and fed a good-sized stream lower down the val-

ley. He purchased this land and the spring and started in to make his ponds on a tract of level upland. For years the spring was sufficient to supply water for his ponds, but as time went on and the demand kept growing new ponds were added until the spring at last proved inadequate. Then recourse was had to mechanical power, and a gas engine is now used to pump water from a deep well into the ponds not supplied by the spring.

The ponds are arranged side by side and are about two hundred feet long by sixty wide, with a grassy bank between. The supply pipes and those for the outflow are so arranged that the water from any pond can be drained without affecting the water in any other pond. This arrangement is desirable in order that the occupants of any pond can be seined out or changed without disturbing those in another pond. The depth of the ponds varies from a few inches at the margin to four to six feet at the middle and lower end. This secures warmth in the shallow water of the margins where spawning is done and affords the tiny fish protection from the larger ones, which will not pursue them into the shallow places. Again, the deep water in the middle affords protection from the heat of the sun and causes all the fish to gather into a small space when the ponds are drained for the purpose of seining.

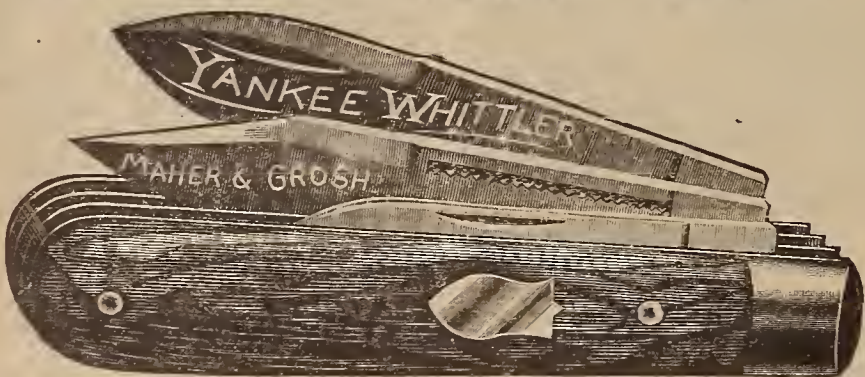
The color of a goldfish no longer determines its value. The shape is the test which fanciers apply. While some years ago the hues of the rainbow were greatly desired in a goldfish, now it is the outlandish, grotesque and even horrible appearance that is demanded.

While it is an established law of nature that birds will not mate with other than their kind, fishes are not so particular and the breeds of goldfish must be watched with jealous care if the fancy varieties are to be preserved. Black perch and climbing perch will mix with goldfish, and other varieties will cause the latter to deteriorate. Black perch have been found that had telescope eyes and abnormal tail development. Exceeding care is required to keep the breeds pure. Carp and goldfish mixed make a variety which is an excellent food fish. One such was allowed to remain in the pond for a year. It was a foot long at that age, as white as snow and of fine flavor. Goldfish never acquire a pleasant flavor and would never become popular as a table fish. They grow rapidly and are very prolific, but have a strong and unpalatable flavor.

A goldfish spawns at one year of age. The stock fish at this ranch are kept for years. Every season when the ponds are seined the most beautiful specimens are kept for breeders, but the old stock are kept in the choicest ponds from year to year. At spawning time no assistance is ever given the fish, such as is practiced in the government fisheries. But little attention is given at that time except that bunches of grass or hay with twigs and bushes are thrown into the water to afford a lodging place for the eggs as they are deposited. From six to eight days are required for the eggs to hatch, according to the season and the warmth of the water. Then the little living organisms, hardly visible to the eye, float away with the grotesque egg sac attached to their lower side. This sac contains the yolk of the fish egg and furnishes all the food the newly born fish gets until it is more than a week old.

At this stage in its career the fish lives a most precarious life. It is pursued by countless dangers, even its own parents forgetting nature and seizing upon their own offspring with avidity. It is estimated that fewer than twenty per cent of the fish hatched out ever reach marketable age. And this under conditions which have been specially prepared to protect these tiny creatures. Out in the open water the estimate is that about one

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fish out of every thousand hatched becomes large enough to bite a hook. Spawning begins about May 1st if the weather is warm, and continues at intervals all summer until September 1st. The first spawning produces the best fish, as all late hatches are correspondingly weak. Three spawnings a season are usually counted on at this goldfish ranch, but nothing is expected from the subsequent ones. Each female deposits in the neighborhood of five thousand eggs at each spawning, and at least three spawnings are relied on to grow marketable fish the first season. Accepting the estimate of twenty out of a hundred hatched growing to sufficient size for market, a simple calculation will show the wonderful results possible in this business. Goldfish do not grow in winter, neither do they eat, and the color development stops. They are almost dormant all winter.

Goldfish live to a great age. At Rome there is one known to be one hundred and fifty years old, and at Washington City there is one seventy years of age. The oldest stock fishes at this ranch are seventeen years old and they are twenty inches long. They grow constantly and it is believed do not cease growing as long as they live.

The fishes in these ponds are fed regularly during the summer season. It is preferable that they derive natural food in the shape of insects and larvae, fine roots or mosses, flies, etc., and their own spawn and little fish, but there are so many propagated here that it is necessary to feed them at intervals. Bread from Indianapolis bakeries is purchased by the barrel. This bread is first crushed up and toasted, then packed in barrels and sold at a small price. The fish know when feeding time comes round, and fairly throng up to the bank in shallow water reflecting ten thousand tints from their gorgeous sides as the sun flashes upon them.

In four months after hatching goldfish are large enough for sale. From three to four inches is a popular size, but four to five is "selects." As soon as the small

under water as fast as a fish and pursue its prey to any retreat. A frog in a pond is known to destroy fish valued at seventy-five cents to a dollar every twenty-four hours.

Goldfish are shipped anywhere, by express always. This goldfish ranch has about five hundred galvanized buckets holding three to six gallons of water and some of them as much as twenty gallons. From one hundred to five hundred fish can be sent at once during the summer and in winter twice that number. Express agents are required to supply fresh water every forty-eight hours en route.

The smallest fish sold, and the cheapest variety, the common goldfish, brings five dollars per hundred. These are less than two inches long. The next grade of the common goldfish is two and one half to four inches long, which brings six dollars per hundred by the thousand or ten thousand. Then come the graded fantails which sell for ten cents each when two to four inches long. These fantails are originally from the common goldfish, but by some freak of nature the tail has developed abnormally. A splendid variety was originated on this ranch, known as the "Comet." It is a gorgeous fish, with a tail twice as long as its entire body and sweeping off into the most delicate lace with the richest colors. There are four varieties of fantails. The Japanese fantails sell for twenty cents each, the fringed Japanese fantails for thirty cents each. This last is a distinct variety which originated in Japan, the parents coming to this ranch direct from Japan. They have been greatly improved since coming here.

The "telescopes" are the most expensive fish in the ponds. They sell readily for fifty dollars a hundred, and the supply is never equal to the demand. This variety also came from Japan. The eyes bulge from the head. They are harder to breed than the common goldfish. They are greedy and gorge themselves and are so lazy that they seldom can escape from an enemy. A silverfish is simply a goldfish with arrested color development. It will



SHIPPING CANS FILLED WITH FISH READY FOR SHIPMENT

fish can stand handling they are seined out of the spawning pond and placed in another clean pond. The stock fish are also removed and placed in another spawning pond to repeat the operation of spawning. The first pond is drained and the bottom slushed up and then allowed to remain empty until the sun can bake the mud and so kill the insects. After this it is again filled with water and placed in commission once more.

Goldfish have many enemies which exist in spite of every effort and constant vigilance on the part of trappers and gunners who never cease from watching and hunting. Crawfish, water beetles, frogs, rats, helagamites, snake feeders, of which there are many varieties; cranes, the little blue heron, kingfishers and the common housecat all prey on goldfish and find the little creatures comparatively easy victims. A common rat will swim

color later on in life, but remains a "silver" until the sun creates the colors on its scales. Centuries ago the goldfish was blue, but Chinamen began experimenting and produced the goldfish as we know the varieties to-day. To tell all that can be learned about goldfish at this fish ranch would actually fill a book.

C. M. GINTHER.

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Decorate at Christmas Time

EVERY home must have wound in and about it, mingling, as it were, with good cheer, good will and peace the holly and the evergreen on the occasion when the star of Bethlehem shines in the Christmas sky.

The old way of decorating church and Sunday-school room was to employ heavy, clumsy ropings of evergreen, which were too gloomy to give the best effects. Of late years the tendency to drape with light vines and smaller festoon work is a great improvement.

In our homes at Christmas each room should have at least a touch of green. A pretty and easy way is to have the pictures and mirrors simply topped with evergreen, with a bordering to the curtains of ground pine, southern moss or evergreen. Bittersweet, feathery wild clematis, the berries of the bayberry bush, and the seed pods of the wild rose are all valuable for mingling with the "gifts of the forest" that spell the usual Christmas cheer.

Hoops taken from old barrels cover with evergreen nicely for wreaths. Stars may be cut from wire netting with a strong pair of shears.

Where there is to be no tree, even if there are no children, have a wee one on the dining-room table as a center-piece, ablaze with candles, gay with ornaments, tinsel, candied fruits and a variety of gilded nuts!

A star of white cotton sprinkled with diamond dust, edged with holly or galax leaves, makes a very attractive center-piece.

Pine cones gilded and strung make decorative festooning for chandeliers. The tissue-paper "Garlands" which come in all colors take the place of expensive ribbon nicely for decorative purposes.

A cotton Santa Claus will delight the children as a center-piece, and may be made at home, or a chimney of apples with the jolly saint emerging from the top.

A Scandinavian Christmas

Christmas is a time of great rejoicing among the people of Scandinavia. It is at that season, also, that they seek to practice a feeling of kindly charity toward all. If any old feuds or quarrels exist they are as far as possible forgotten at this happy season.

This feeling of kindness is even manifested in the household, and at Yule night all the shoes are placed in a row, as a sign that the family will endeavor to live peaceably together during the coming year. It is a season for relating Christmas stories and legends; a season for merry skaters to skim over the ice, for sledging parties and for dancing.

In many villages candles are left burning at the windows all night to light the way for Kristine, who brings the gifts. A cake of meal is also set out in the snow as a Christmas offering. In Sweden, also, originated the pretty custom of placing a sheaf of wheat on a pole before each house for the birds.

The young people hold a regular masked carnival on Christmas eve, going from house to house decked in tinsel and otherwise grotesquely attired.

Refreshments are always prepared for these merry-makers all along the route.

Look to the Children

The little folks must be specially cared for in the way of entertainment in the holiday season. Have a party for them by all means. Get note paper decorated with different scenes from fairy tales, and then write the young people to "come and hear fairy stories told by a real Fairy Godmother." When the little folks assemble arrange them in two's and two's to pass into the drawing room. Have two fairies dressed in white with wreaths of flowers on their heads and tiny white wings, holding wands tipped with silver stars, stand on each side of the door. Let each hold a magic basket covered with gilt paper and wreathed in flowers. As the children pass in let the fairy give each little boy a toy animal and each little girl a little doll from the baskets, letting the children put their hands in and draw out a toy. These toys may serve to keep timid children from growing frightened. On the drawing-room floor arrange a large square mat of white canvas on which are marked the forests, castles, and rooms of the fairy tales. In front of this mat stand two tall candles for footlights, and place the children around on the floor cushions arranged in a semi-circle. Have the fairy godmother (who should be a young person with a special gift of telling fairy stories) with long red cloak, tall peaked hat, wig of gray hair and a stick with crutch handle. She sits on a cushion back of the mat, and behind her is either an imitation fireplace or grate with a red light, or if this is too weird for the little folks arrange a pretty pyramid of lamps and candles with pink shades, regular fairy lights. She has toys which represent the dramatis personæ of her stories, and as she talks she moves these toys about on the mat. She also



Around the Fireside

allows the children to help her name the characters. For instance she says: "Now I am going to tell you a story of a little girl and her glass slipper. Once upon a time there was a little child named—" The children will enjoy being allowed to call out "Cinderella." After the fairy stories march the children to the dining room for supper and give them an hour or half an hour of romping with lively music to work off their nervous activity and to relieve the strain from sitting in the darkened room to hear the stories.

Christmas in Many Lands

In all lands, the Christmas dinner is a notable feature of the modern celebration. The feast is held on Christmas eve in many countries. In Germany the lighting of the tree on the night before Christmas is followed by a family dinner with merry-making until late.

When the evening star rises on Christmas eve in rural Russia, the colatza or dinner is served. A long table is covered with straw. Over this a cloth is laid on which the samovar is placed, together with fish prepared in various ways, and different kinds of cakes.

The feast begins by dividing the blessed wafer, a small portion of which is given

the next day by the rich dinner, of which a fat capon forms the *pièce de résistance*, and which always ends with "pan giallo," a sort of coarse nut and fruit cake.

A big dinner invariably follows the ecclesiastical floral festival procession which signals the advent of Christmas morning in the Philippine Islands. The Filipino does not stipulate for much variety in his Christmas feast; but quantity is an essential element of the bill of fare. His feast does not commend itself as one to be emulated. Drinking, and to excess, is one of its chief characteristics. *Vino* is drunk, imported beer, and Dutch gin in copious quantities. Chocolates and sweets of many native varieties are part of the feast. The betel nut is constantly chewed, and among the natives cigarettes are smoked profusely by men, women and children. Music and dancing, too, are the indispensable accessories to the Christmas feast in the Philippines.

Pigs and turkeys crowd the holiday marts in sunny Cuba, where Christmas is naturally devoid of many of the features which mark the popular celebration in the north. There is no holly or greenery in the windows in Cuba; no Santa Claus delights the children; there is no interchange of gifts; but there is a special Christmas feast, and it usually takes



THE OLD COACHING CHRISTMAS: "SHE'S THROUGH!"

to each one present, a ceremony in which none dares refuse to participate. The head of the family is first served. The remaining members are served according to their ages, the little children, of course, being left to the last. Among those who can afford it, in Russia, there are Christmas trees resplendent, as in Germany, with lights, ornaments, goodies and presents.

In Holland, a sumptuous dinner follows the quaint, solemn procession at midnight on Christmas eve of devout men carrying an illuminated star, symbolical of that which guided the Magi to Bethlehem, and intoning "Gloria in Excelsis."

In Italy, the Christmas Day dinner and its predecessor on Christmas eve are the main features of a celebration which centers chiefly about the church. At the ordinary Italian family festival of Christmas eve, the old and young of three or four generations meet at a supper of fish, eels, nuts, cakes and fruit or vegetables. No meat is permitted, as this is what is called eating "magro" but it is none the less a full meal. It is followed

place on Christmas eve. Everyone goes to church and sits down to table on his return. The banquet is graced necessarily by a pig. There is usually a turkey also; but it is of secondary importance, and without the American accompaniment of cranberry sauce. The cranberries are imported solely for American residents and in small quantities. In Cuba, the Christmas dinner is eaten with doors and windows wide open, to admit the sweet, soft, summer-like breezes. The sun blazes hot as in a northern June.

Whatever may be lacking in the Christmas celebration for the English, American or German isolated from home joys in foreign lands, one thing appears to be always possible—and that is to have a Christmas dinner. It may be but a crude imitation of the real thing, but it is none the less a happy dissipator of the nostalgia which is sure to find its way into the heart of even the most hardened absentee at Christmas time. The mountaineers, in their eyries; the cowboys on the plains; the sailors out at sea; the

soldiers in their barracks have their joyous moments at the festive season of the year.

Christmas may be to many as to the bushmen in Australia, "the loneliest night of all the lonely year," but the Christmas dinner brings perennial reminder of the homely truth of the couplet:

"In grief

One finds eating a wondrous relief." And many a festive gathering is held in isolated sections, like those on the boundless plains of Australia, where the dwellers in the lonely shanties ride many a mile past rock-covered ridges and never-trod dells to spend a "merry Christmas" in the orthodox style. The fare may be homely, but it is probably good. Beef may be absent, but unless it be a season of drought, the mutton is of the very best. "Damper" may have to do duty for "plum-duff," and "billy" boils no better tea anywhere, it is declared, than in the lonely fastnesses of the bush.

But the sympathetic heart will always turn more strongly on Christmas day to those separated from home joys and the good cheer of the family dinner.

Jane A. Stewart, in What-to-Eat.

The Deacon's Christmas

Kinder made us sort o' humsick when we left th' ol' home nest,
Me an' mother, an' come flyin' out here to th' golden west.
Folks that's allus been a-livin' in th' place they're born an' bred
Course are apt to feel th' changes when they leave th' ol' humstead.
Tbere, why, ev'rybody knowed us, an' thar wa'n't a single face
That we couldn't call th' names of in th' hull blamed country-place;
An' 'twuz mighty hard to leave 'em, an' to start out all alone
Fer a country strange an' diff'nt than us two hed ever known.

But that bowlin' wintry weather that comes sweepin' o'er th' land,
With th' blizzards an' th' snowbanks, me an' mother couldn't stand.
Got so 'twan't no fun a-wadin' to th' cow-barn through th' snow,
Doin' chores with teeth a-chatter an' th' mercury below.
An' a-sleepin' in a chamber like an ice-box, got ter be—
Wal, ter make an honest statement, it wuz downright misery;
So we talked th' matter over, an' c'ncluded it wuz best
To come out to California fer a leetle change an' rest.

But th' neighbors—land o' massy—how it opened up their eyes,
An' they tol' us (confidential) that th' movement wuzn't wise;
Sed thar wuzn't any country—s'arch th' universe cl'ar through,
That wuz half so good ez Squashville, an' some day we'd see it, too.
Sumhow they hed got th' idee that th' sun jest riz an' set
On th' boundaries o' Squashville, an' they still believe it yet.
An' they swear that land o' blizzards, sleet an' thunderstorms an' snow
Is th' best th' Lord's created, 'cuz it's all th' world they know.

Me an' mother couldn't see it, so we pulled our stakes one night
Fer th' land o' fruits an' flowers an' perpetual delight.
An' th' contrast—wal, by doggie, jest ter sniff this balmy air,
With th' sunshine an' th' posies an' th' blue sky ev'rywhere,
An' th' grass as green as ever—an' in winter time, b' jings!
An' th' trees in all their glory, an' a thousan' other things,
Then ter think o' how we stood them tarnal blizzards an' th' snow
Makes me kick myself ter think we didn't come here years ago.

Squashville folks kin keep on talkin' 'bout their climate, but, by gee,
I've diskivered California is th' proper place fer me.
Mighty glad that me an' mother air a-livin' in a land
Whar' th' sun makes love ter Natur' all around on ev'ry hand.
Wbat would folks back thar in Squashville say, I wonder, if they'd hear
We wuz out a-pickin' roses at this season of th' year?
Bet they'd read it with a sorter sollum look upon each face.
An' exclaim, "Th' deacon's lyin'; it's too bad he's fell frum grace!"
E. A. Brininstool, in Sunset Magazine.

Christmas in Brazil

Christmas in midsummer must seem strange to the northern races, who can scarcely imagine it at any time other than midwinter. However, south of the equator Yuletide comes during the summer solstice, and it is of the summer Christmas and its celebration in Brazil that this article is written.

In that great but almost unknown country, whose principal product is used at almost every American breakfast table under the name of Mocha and Java, foreigners keep Christmas very much as they would in their own countries. Dinners, suppers and Christmas trees mark the day, the meals frequently being served on the verandas, and the ladies wearing their lightest and coolest costumes, and carrying fans for service, and not as ornaments.

The real Brazilian child, however, has no Christmas tree, but has instead a *presepe*, or *crèche*, as it is called in France. The *presepe* is to be seen in many of the private houses, as well as in the hallways of many public hospitals and asylums.

Laughter in the House

BY ONE WHO LAUGHS

I HAVE come to look upon laughter as one of the real duties of life. Mind you, I say laughter, real, hearty, joyous, contagious laughter. None of your tittering or giggling, but the real article in the way of laughter. Were you ever in a home in which no one ever laughed? No one could laugh in that atmosphere. Awful, isn't it? Give me the "House of Mirth" for my abiding place. It is doubly sad when there is no laughter in a home in which there are children. Happily such homes are rare in our country. We are a fun-loving people and we incline to the opinion that the merriment that finds expression in laughter is one of the essentials of right living. Travelers have said that American children laugh more than any other children in the world. Thank God for that! A good heart and a clear conscience are back of the right kind of laughter. I for one am in full accord with the man who has written:

"It would be a sad thing, indeed, if laughter should be crowded altogether out of life. There are other exercises which we could much better afford to lose. Think of a world of human beings with no laughter—men and women wearing always and everywhere the same grave, serious, solemn faces, with no relaxing of the sternness on any occasion. Think of the laughter of childhood departing from the world, and the laughter of youth—how dull and dreary life would be!"

If Christ taught anything clearly he taught that joy is a duty, and it is the duty of every father and mother to create joy in the home. The twentieth-century home should be one of the happiest homes in the world. It is all nonsense to talk about there not being any more real "home life" in America because of the way families seem to herd together in flats and apartment houses and long brick rows in our cities. A woman and a mother with the real home instinct will make a real home in any environment, a joyous home, a home that will be home for the spirit. One of the happiest families I ever knew lived a whole year in two connecting tents out in Colorado. I never heard more or merrier laughter than there was in that home, and the real home spirit was there. An old seafaring man of my acquaintance, whose love for his wife was as true and tender when they were both beyond the allotted time of life as it was in the days of their courtship, was left to journey alone the last three or four year of his life, and he used to say after his wife was taken from him:

"There's nothing I miss so much as mother's laugh. I used to miss it more than anything else when I was miles and months away from her at sea, and I miss it dreadfully now. If I could only hear mother laugh once more!"

It is a good thing for husbands and children to have a happy memory of "mother's laugh." Such a happy, wholesome memory is worth much to a child when it is child no more.

"Nothing is more beautiful than the merry, bubbling laugh of childhood. It comes from the fountain of love and innocence in the child's heart." Isn't that true? I think that it is. Do let the children in your home laugh all they want to, and do you "jine in" and laugh with them.

The "Innocents" of Gheel

Belgium has one of the most curious and interesting cities in the world in what is called its "strange city of Gheel." This city is about twenty-five miles from Antwerp, and the thing that gives it its reputation is the fact that more than two thousand of its ten thousand inhabitants are insane. But you will never hear the word "insane" nor "lunatic" nor "crazy" in the city of Gheel. The unfortunates who have lost their reason and who live there are given the kindlier name of "friends" or "innocent." A lunatic is called a "poor innocent," and it would be regarded as a shame to treat one of these "innocents" unkindly, while it would be thought extremely rude to refer to their insanity before them.

Another strange thing about this strange city is the fact that there are no asylums for these unfortunates. They are not kept behind stone walls, and there are no buildings to indicate that two thousand or more insane people live here. The residents of the town take these unfortunates to board just as the "summer boarder" would be taken in our own country. More than this, the "innocents" of Gheel walk the streets and are in other ways as free from restrictions as are other residents of the town. It goes without saying that the highest humanitarian principles prevail in Gheel, and that one might properly give to the place the name Helen Keller gave to Boston when she called it the "city of kind hearts."

The "fresh-air" treatment obtains to an unusual degree in Gheel. The majority

of the insane are kept at some kind of light outdoor labor, and some go to school. No "innocent" is ever irritated in any way, and the gentleness and patience of those who receive them as boarders are really beautiful.

The arrival of an "innocent" or "friend" as a boarder becomes quite a festivity. All the members of the family with whom the "innocent" is to board put on holiday attire, and the word "Welcome" appears over the door in gay colors. The "innocent" is treated quite as if he were a guest of distinction, and a feast is spread in his or her honor. Should a neighbor chance to call the "innocent" is presented in the most agreeable way, and the neighbor is graciousness itself. The town of Gheel is a veritable beehive of industry, and drones are not tolerated. The day after his or her arrival the new "friend" goes to work with the members of the family, and if the "friend" should object to this plan he is not told that he must do it. Instead, he is coaxed or gently reasoned with, and harsh measures are never used. It rarely occurs, I am told, that a "friend" in good physical condition declines altogether to work. The all-compelling power of kindness is illustrated in a remarkable way in Gheel. Great care is taken to

brought to her shrine. There was no town at Gheel until years after the shrine was built, but many thousands of insane were brought to the shrine of Saint Dymphana and kept there weeks at a time waiting for her to heal them. In time people began to build houses around the shrine, and finally the town of Gheel came into existence. Although the peasants of Gheel may believe in Saint Dymphana, they no longer rely on her doubtful powers for the curing of the insane.

This kindly and novel treatment of the insane results in the cure of at least sixty per cent of the patients brought to Gheel, and many of those who are not cured are so benefitted by the treatment they receive that their malady is held in check, and they are kept from becoming violently insane. One cannot visit the city of Gheel without feeling that the power of kindness is very great indeed, and that the "innocents" of Gheel are fortunate to come so entirely within its beneficent influence.

H. H. H.

The Last Liberty Pole

Portsmouth, N. H., famous for many things and holding great and general historic interest, is said to have the only lib-



THE NEW MOTORING CHRISTMAS: HORSEFLESH TO THE RESCUE!

erty pole in existence in New England. The story as told, is that at the place once known as Swing Bridge, on January 9, 1766, the first "no stamp" flag was raised in what is now the United States. In 1731 the town gave certain persons permission to build across the mouth of the cove, which in later years was known as Puddle Dock, a bridge which it was specified should be provided with a hoist or draw to allow the passage of vessels into and out of the cove. Judging by the name given to the bridge, the draw must have been put in to swing sideways. There is no record, so far as known, as to when Swing bridge ceased to be a drawbridge. Swing bridge came into prominence on January 9, 1766, and on that date the name was changed to Liberty bridge. On that day a large number of the people of the town, headed by Captain Thomas Manning, John Davenport, George Gains and others, went to the house of George Meserve on Vaughan street, and demanded his commission as stamp agent for New Hampshire, just received by him from

England. Mr. Meserve, who had some time previously declined to accept the position, gave up the document, which was borne aloft on the point of a sword at the head of a procession of townspeople to Swing bridge. Accounts as to what was done there with the document differ, one being that it was burned amid tumultuous rejoicing and defiant shouts; another story being that it was torn to fragments and the pieces cast on the surface of the Piscataqua River at ebb tide, so that they might be carried to the ocean and wafted across to England to let the king see how the people of Portsmouth regarded his scheme for taxing the colonies.

Another and later account of the disposition made of the document is that the leaders on this occasion, after mature deliberation, decided that their action would be more impressive on the crown if, instead of destroying it, they should return it to the power that issued it, which later was done, through the mediumship of a shipmaster who was sworn as a special messenger to deliver it to the ministers of King George. The fact that a liberty pole has had a continuous existence in that city for nearly one hundred and forty years is something that the citizens point to with pride.

The Misunderstood Girl

She is to be found everywhere, in all classes of society—and to recognize her is to avoid her. Nothing is more fatal to the peace and happiness of a community or household than to count a "misunderstood" girl among its members. As a rule they are not misunderstood at all, but, on the contrary, are understood far too well, for they are taken at the valuation of the many, which is more likely to be true than that which is set by the individual herself upon her own character.

A misunderstood girl is often a selfish, always a foolish, girl; for if she is clever she will soon discover the reason why she is not a domestic success.

In some instances we are really misjudged, in the same way as we often misjudge others. But, as a broad rule, the judgment formed by the world—or rather that small portion of it in which we live—is more often the true one.

"Nobody loves me at home; they don't understand me," the "misunderstood" girl will say, with a melancholy smile, and thinks herself well deserving of the pity and sympathy of her friends. But is she?

You are filled, perhaps, with the desire of improving your own mind; you love the study of poetry, art or literature, and you are extremely ruffled when your sister begs you to assist her in retrimming an old dress, or to take the younger children out for a walk. Don't you think you could put down your book with a good grace, help your sister and at the same time interest and amuse her with an account of your reading?

One day you are keenly interested and excited over an article in a magazine, where your own ideas are brought out in powerful language. You rush down like an avalanche and pour forth a volume of talk upon the head of your favorite brother who has just come home tired from a hard day's work, and then you are angry and hurt that he takes no interest in the subject and wonders what on earth you are so excited about.

The truth is you are not misunderstood—you are incorrigibly selfish.—WOMAN'S LIFE.

Curious Christmas Survivals in England

The great Christmas festival is still joyously kept on British shores, and nowhere, probably, has a larger number of quaint customs survived than in the rustic villages of the old country. To-day, in its hamlets and sequestered valleys, Christmas is heartily celebrated with something of the primitive devotion that pervaded English life in centuries gone by. If, on the other hand, the citizen Englishman does not observe Christmas with the same exuberance of animal spirits and boisterous jollity as formerly, and while in court and hall the fantastic ceremonies of the "Lord of Misrule" with a long train of sports and customs, have been forgotten, it is not a little surprising how many of the time-immemorial observances are preserved.

The burning of the Yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony still maintained in country districts "far from the madding crowd." This has been transmitted from Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of Juul, at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. In Devonshire the Yule log takes the form of a log made of a bundle of ash sticks, and is brought in and burned with great glee and merriment, followed by games, sports and feasting, which to the credit of the Devonians are not often seasons of debauchery. Formerly the flame of the crackling log was supposed to burn out old wrongs and heart-burnings, and cause the liquor to bubble in the wassail bowl, that was quaffed to the drowning of ancient feuds.

Personality in Christmas Giving

CHRISTMAS is almost here, and those who have not much money to spend on gifts must give some thought to their making and selection. One of the chief factors in all giving should be personality—not the personality of the giver or receiver, but both; for as Emerson says, "The gift to be true must be the flowing of the giver unto me correspondent to my flowing unto him." He also urges that "the gift should contain something of one's self; let the fisher give of his shells and coral; the farmer of his grain." And we are all very familiar with the beautiful lines of Lowell: "It is not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare." We all, no doubt, have received these

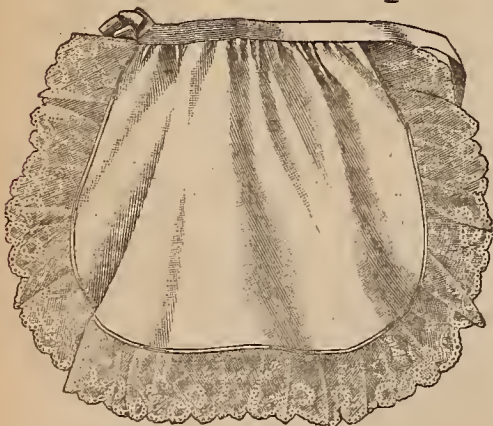


LEAF SPRAY CALENDAR

true gifts, gifts breathing a subtle expression of the love, good will, sympathy, congratulation, hopefulness and joy of the giver. These are the gifts that are carefully retained in the memory even after they are lost to our sight.

My eyes fall on a pretty painted shell that lies before me; a seaside scene painted by the hand of the friend who gave the gift. How it speaks to me of her beautiful life; of her beauty-loving soul; of her unbounding love of the great ocean by the side of which she had spent so many happy days as her frail bark was slowly drifting out to the great beyond. A costly gift? No. I look up at a handsome vase on the mantelpiece. It was a costly gift, but it has no language for me. The highest value of a gift lies in the testimony it affords of the affection that prompts it, whether a costly vase or a painted shell. If that testimony be true the intrinsic value of the gift matters not. A friend may have no ingenuity of brain, no deftness of fingers, but she may have a fat pocket-book. She gives you a costly gift, and if you feel that it is a sincere offering of regard then it will have a language for you, even if not so pleasant a one as that which comes from the more simple gift distinctive of a refined and delicate personality.

A duty gift. What of that? You say a friend last Christmas gave you a magnificent cut glass punch bowl. You must give her something of near equal value this Christmas. You sigh, for your



FANCY WHITE APRON

pocket-book is slim. But it must be done; you skimp your family for a week, you go without some needed article of apparel. The friend receives the gift; you despise yourself, for you have cheated your family, been dishonest to yourself, and tried to deceive your friend. How much better if you had simply sent her a Christmas greeting, or a few pressed flowers, or a favorite book with some of the fine passages marked, or a box of homemade candy with a sprig of holly attached, or a tiny per-



The Housewife

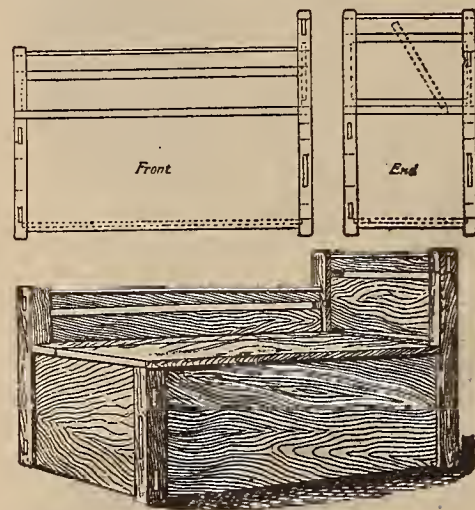
fumed sachet folded in a dainty handkerchief, and if your friend is a friend worth keeping the ring of truthfulness in the greeting or simple gift will be more highly prized by her than all the costly gifts you could have presented, because you thought such an one obligatory, for it is not likely she will be deceived.

A friend of limited means showed her taste, ingenuity and love in the gifts she sent out last season in the following manner. She bought a number of correspondence cards with tiny envelopes to match. On some of these she painted uneven borders of gold and silver, which served as frames for the sprays of flowers, ferns, leaves or vines she glued on so carefully and artistically. In one corner she left a space large enough to letter her greeting, the date and her initials. On others of the cards she used the pressed flowers and ferns for a border, and lettered an original Christmas verse inside. She inserted these cards in the tiny envelopes, sealed and sent them to her nature-loving friends in the city who had not had the privilege of spending the summer in the woods as she had done. To some very dear friends she sent out cards from which her own face smiled a greeting. She painted a border of holly berries around these cards, then in one corner mounted tiny snap-shot pictures of herself, which had been taken by a friend with this purpose in view. Another friend made the most delightful bonbon boxes out of pasteboard boxes obtained at the store; she filled these with homemade candies, attached a sprig of holly to each box and sent out to her friends; they ate the sweets and kept the dainty box and the sprig of holly as a reminder.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

Fancy White Apron

The little white apron is of white swiss and trimmed with Normandie Val. lace. Shape the swiss and edge it with lace five inches in depth. It requires at least



SHIRT-WAIST BOX

two and one half yards of the lace. Finish the seam with a narrow lace beading. Gather the top of the apron into the band, and when finished trim the apron with a large bow of ribbon of a dainty shade. This makes an attractive chafing dish apron.

MARIE WILKINSON.

A Shirt-Waist Box

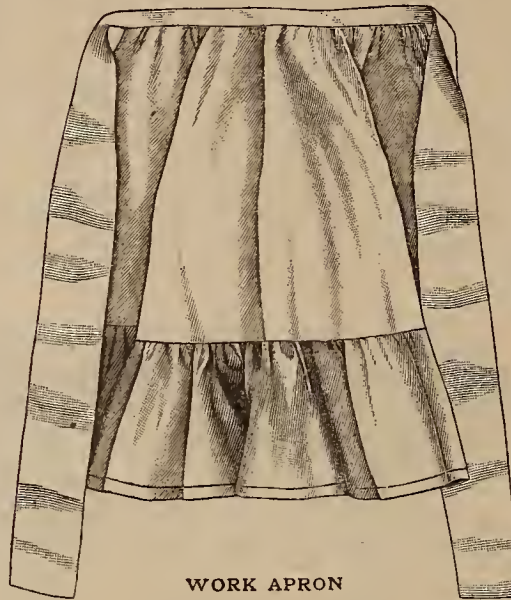
As a result of the excellent training given students in the department of carpentry, in one of Chicago's large colleges, where boys are fitted to fill all manner of responsible positions in life, we present a drawing, which was taken from a blue print, and description of a handsome and serviceable shirt-waist box, made by one of the boys during the summer.

This box can be duplicated, with variations to suit the personal taste and the individual purse. And no housewife has ever had too many substantial boxes, provided they were built on true utility plans.

The print shows the perfect construction and the workmanship expended. The box in question is of quartered oak, except the bottom and back of the box. These were finished up in a less expensive wood. The radial grain of the wood was brought out in the staining and polishing. The polishing was done by hand with a cloth and wax. The work was all beautifully done, showing also the native genius of the boy who did the work, as well as the training received, and the careful attention to detail as given

by his instructor. The work is in truth, worthy the hand of the quite experienced cabinet maker.

This shirt-waist box cost, in materials, a little less than three dollars. When the maker had his plans all drawn, he took them to one of the largest firms in the city of Chicago and asked them to please make him an estimate of the cost. They did not know but he intended having such a box made. After two days they sent him word that they would make the box according to his directions for seventeen dollars. He made it just as well, and it is just as beautiful as their's would have been.



WORK APRON

Such a box makes a pretty hall-seat. This one however is used for a veritable shirt-waist girl. The recipient of this gift is a girl who works down town, lives in a room, and takes her meals out. These girls are legion. And they mostly love pretty rooms and convenient articles of use. This box is made additionally pretty and convenient by adding pretty cushions to the top, or lid part, answering for a seat.

The young cabinet artist and student suggests making such a box of white pine, enameling the same. It will be a much lighter box in weight. The one in question is extremely heavy, and has to be handled on casters. Another suggestion is that the bottom of the box should be of cedar, for the prevention of moths, should one want it to store woolens or furs. And still another suggestion is that such boxes could easily be carpentered together; nailed together, rather than dovetailed and glued, and then cover with pretty materials in upholstery fashion, and pile them high with cushions. Such a box could be made serviceable and very desirable, at very small cost indeed.

Shirt waists must be carefully handled after being laundered, to retain their crispness and daintiness to until put on. The shirt-waist girl knows the beauty of such a place to put her waists away, and doubtless every working girl in particular wishes she had for a special friend some young man who would take the interest in her and her belongings to the extent of studying carpentry and cabinet making for her benefit. But she can become master of the situation herself. She can make, or order made at small cost, the box itself. And she can upholster it, and cushion it to her own queen's taste.

NELLIE HAWKS.

Leaf Spray Calendar

Any pretty leaf spray, or even pressed flower may be used in place of the one shown. This is a ground holly, or Oregon grape spray, and is very suitable for a Christmas decoration. Have the two cards, which are photo cards, in dark gray, the one fully a half larger than the other, and put them together as shown by tying them with narrow dark red ribbon. Dark red paper is cut a trifle smaller than the small square, and pasted in the center, and the calendar, which may be gray or white, is put in place over this. On the upper card, with strips of red paper make the frame effect. The spray of leaves is a deep autumn red that did not fade, although the leaf when used here had been on hand for about four years. Letter with white ink or with paint.

MAY MYRTLE FRENCH.

Work Apron

The little work apron is made from figured lawn or dimity. It requires two yards of material thirty inches wide and consists of two side gores, a front gore, an extra front for the pockets, ruffle, two ties and a band. After cutting the side gores, cut the front nine inches shorter than the sides. Cut the ruffle nine inches deep and full width of material. Cut the two ties five inches deep and full width of material. Make the band sixteen inches long. The extra front gore is half as long as the front. Gather the ruffle and baste it to the bottom of the front, right to right; to that baste the short front and stitch them together. Hem the short front before turning it up, then baste it in place. Sew the side gores to the front in French seams. When all together gather the top of the apron into the band, allowing the band to extend an inch beyond the apron at each side. Hem the ends and edges of the ties and stitch them to the band. Then hem the bottom of the apron.

MARIE WILKINSON.

Icings for Cake

One and one half cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of milk, one scant tablespoonful of butter, one half of a large tablespoonful of vanilla. Place milk, sugar and butter on the fire in one saucepan in another containing boiling water, and cook until thick. Then add the vanilla. Mix ingredients for layers the same as any common layer cake.

Two cupfuls of sugar, one half of a cupful of water; boil until it ropes when dropped from a spoon; have ready the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, into which stir the syrup; while hot add the grated rind of a lemon, and also add a little of the juice. The lemon rind and juice should be put in last.

Two cupfuls of sugar, one half cupful of water; boil until it ropes when dropped from a spoon. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, into which stir the syrup while hot. Grate the rind of a lemon, also add a little juice, putting this in last.

FOR CHOCOLATE CREAM ICING.—Boil one cupful of granulated sugar until it makes a soft wax in cold water, then pour in a bowl flavored with vanilla. Stir vigorously until thick. Then spread on the cakes in the pan, and steam one fourth of a cake of unsweetened chocolate in a bowl on the teakettle and spread over the cream frosting.

Peanut Taffy

Have ready one half pint of shelled and blanched peanuts. Boil together, until the mixture will harden when a little is tried in cold water, one cupful each of molasses and sugar, then stir in the nuts. Remove at once from the fire and pour out on buttered tins.

Ice Cream Taffy

Boil two pounds of granulated sugar, one cupful of water and one tablespoonful of vinegar until it will harden in cold water. Do not stir. Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of lemon, pour out on buttered tins, and while still warm mark off into squares.

A Novel Pin Cushion

This is a quaint little cushion for the toilet table that would make an acceptable present, and would find a ready sale at bazaars. It is quite inexpensive to make; all the materials needed would be a few odds and ends of silk or muslin,



A NOVEL PIN CUSHION

some bran and a small doll. The legs should be cut off at the waist, and a round cushion substituted. This may be sewn or glued to the body. Having dressed the doll in the fashion indicated with voluminous sleeves and skirts the edge of the latter should be gathered and drawn closely together beneath the cushion. Small cushions should also be made to place around the arms to fill out the wide sleeves, which are gathered below the elbow to form a frill.—Chicago Evening Lamp.

The Christmas Gift

THOUGH it is a relic—which in course of time was christianized—of the days when our heathen ancestors thought to propitiate the sun god, whose especial favor they invoked at the Yuletide feast, Christmas giving, when prompted by and permeated with the true Christmas spirit of good will and good cheer, is a most beautiful custom, and one which should exist throughout all time, as should everything which has a tendency to make life brighter.

The gift which embodies the Christmas message is not the one chosen at the eleventh hour, when pleasure makes way for duty, the value of which is estimated in dollars and cents. Neither does it carry in its wake any sense of obligation upon the part of the recipient. On the other hand, it has been made the subject of loving thought, and is sure to satisfy some longing or please the fancy, as the circumstance may warrant.

In the matter of selecting Christmas gifts, there is room for the display of



A FAVORITE PATTERN FOR OUTLINING SILK OR LINEN WITH WORKING COTTON

much tactful wisdom; for each of us has on our list friends blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and also those whose visible possessions are only conspicuous by their absence. Hence, the reason for discernment becomes apparent.

The friend whose portion is poverty must not be humiliated by a gift the value of which speaks of obligation, or the uselessness of which makes it ludicrous. The gift to such an one should embody both the luxurious and the useful; for to the poor necessities are sometimes luxuries.

As with the poor friend, so with the rich, judgment and good taste must temper the giving. One should never strive to out-do in gift giving. In such transactions the Christmas flavor is entirely sacrificed. To one's friend whose every need is seemingly satisfied some simple remembrance—a book, a dainty bit of one's own handiwork, a beautiful plant of one's own growing, or a similar gift—is in better taste than a more elaborate one, and by its very simplicity is sure to charm.

KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

Christmas Cushions

Cushion making is the most satisfactory Christmas work for the girls who manufacture a certain proportion of their gifts



CANVAS CUSHION TOP FOR EASY WORKMANSHIP

for the relatives and friends who especially prize their needlework. The gingham cushion continues popular at the Christmas season. Ginghams of small attractive plaids are selected, and with a coarse needle and balls of heavy white "working cotton," there is little expense required in making really beautiful cushion covers, that have the additional advantage of being washable. For father's easy chair, for the sitting room lounge, or for the brother's room, nothing can be more acceptable than this bit of durable comfort that is never too good to use. For the more elaborate cushion, for parlor or guest room, the same patterns can be followed in working a plaid silk cushion top, with floss silk of contrasting colors. The cushion cover ornamented with outline work, may be of silk worked with gold cord, held in place by over-stitching



The Housewife

of yellow silk, or for a washable cushion cover white or tinted linen may have the same pattern worked in wash silk. Canvas cushion tops worked with zigzag patterns of silk or colored cotton, caught beneath the raised threads of the canvas, are especially popular because of their ornamental and durable quality and the ease with which they are worked. Little girls of the kindergarten age find this work the most delightful of their Christmas preparations. For the older girls, who have reached the drawn-work stage of needle-work wisdom linen cushion tops of elaborate open work are prepared, to make a washable cover of special beauty for a silk pillow or cushion.

P. W. HUMPHREYS.

The Red Cranberry

The cranberry is richer in valuable food acids and salts than perhaps any other fruit, and is recommended by physicians for a number of ailments. A great many people do not know how or where this valuable fruit is raised. It is a very interesting sight to visit the cranberry bogs in picking season, which is the latter part of September and the first part of October.

Through the center of the bog runs a stream of water, and at right angles to this stream banks of earth cross the bog forming ditches in which flood gates or sluiceways are set. It is by means of these flood gates that the whole bog can be turned into a lake. The young plants are planted about two and one half feet apart each way, and soon they will cover



ELABORATE COVER OF DRAWN WORK TO BE PLACED OVER SILK CUSHION

the ground like a thick carpet. They certainly like the water. These vines must be carefully protected from the frost during the winter season, so the bog is flooded and the vines are entirely covered with water. When the berries are ripening in the fall the thermometer is watched very closely, and if it falls below thirty-four degrees the water is turned on. The water is also turned on in the spring to drown the insects that infest the plants.

The berries are found half hidden among the evergreen of the vines. Each picker is given a row, and he holds by an iron bail a square box in front of him in which he scoops the red berries with his hands as he goes along. In some places the berries are machine picked, but the hand-picked ones are usually of a better grade from the fact that they are more carefully selected and sorted. After they are picked then they are put in crates or barrels and are stored away ready for market. The cranberry of the United States is grown at Cape Cod in greater quantities than any other place, about two thirds of the crop coming from there.

Cranberries make the most appetizing sauce to be eaten with meats, game, fish or fowl, and also make delicious short-cakes, tarts, dumplings and puddings, etc., and since they have the advantage of being the most wholesome of fruits should be plentifully used in season. Always cook them in an earthenware or porcelain or granite lined kettle.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Carefully pick over a quart of cranberries; cover with cold water and boil until the skins burst; then pour off the water. This preliminary boiling will remove some of the acidity of the berry; then add a cupful of water and a pound of sugar and boil for twenty minutes, or if you do not care to have it to jell boil about ten minutes.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Cook the cranberries and strain off the juice. Allow one pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil until it jellies. Pour into molds and let cool.

CRANBERRY WHIPPED JELLY.—Whip cranberry jelly with a wire egg beater until light; then stir in the whites of three eggs that have been beaten until stiff. Heap on a pretty dish and serve.

CRANBERRY SAUCE WITH RAISINS.—Simmer one cupful of raisins in a cupful of water until tender; then add the juice and rind of an orange, and one quart of cranberries. Cook until the cranberries pop, then add a pint of sugar and a cupful of water, boil until the required thickness.

CRANBERRY PIE.—Take a deep pie tin and line with pie crust, then fill with fruit well seasoned with sugar, you can scarcely put in too much. Add two tablespoonfuls of water, sift over the top a little flour or cornstarch. Cut a tablespoonful of butter in small bits and dot over the top. Cover with puff paste, and bake slowly for about thirty minutes. When done sift powdered sugar over the top.

CRANBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Make a stiff biscuit dough. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut into squares. Fill with raw cranberries, season with sugar; press the edges of the dough together carefully. These can be baked, steamed or boiled.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Cook a pint of cranberries and run through a sieve; add a cupful of sugar, one fourth of a cupful of butter, six well-beaten eggs. Mix all together, cover with bread crumbs and bake in oven for about thirty minutes.

CRANBERRY BATTER PUDDING.—To a cupful of sour milk add half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs and one teaspoonful of soda. Beat until light then add enough flour to make a thin batter. Flour a pint of cranberries and stir into the batter. Bake in a moderate oven until baked through. Serve with sauce.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Make a rich biscuit dough; roll out one fourth of an inch in thickness, spread with cranberry sauce. Roll up and press the edges well together. Sew up in a floured cloth and steam for over an hour. Serve with cream and sugar or sauce.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

Tested Recipes for Making Bread

HOMEMADE BREAD.—Two medium sized potatoes, boiled and put through a sieve, take one tablespoonful of salt, one teacupful of sugar, a lump of lard the size of an egg, two quarts of water and a teacupful of hop yeast.

GINGERBREAD.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of warm water and two teaspoonfuls of soda.

One and one half cupfuls of molasses, one half of a cupful of lard, one half of a cupful of water, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one half of a cupful of sugar, stiffen with flour.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger; stir all together. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of soda in one cupful of boiling water, stir this in and add three cupfuls of sifted flour; bake in a hot oven.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One half of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one half of a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and ginger, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one cupful of boiling water, two and one half cupfuls of flour; add two well-beaten eggs the last thing before baking.

One egg, one cupful of butter, one half of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of baking molasses, one cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of soda, one half of a teaspoonful of ginger; use flour enough to make a stiff batter.

TEA BISCUITS.—Two cupfuls of flour two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of lard, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Mix flour, baking powder and salt together, then rub in lard; add milk enough for soft dough. Roll one inch thick and bake in hot oven.

The Picture Book

A novel and pleasing entertainment for Christmas eve is the book of living pictures. Make of heavy pasteboard a dozen or more pages as large as possible. They should be at least thirty-six by sixty inches. Bind strongly together in the back as in a book. Stand it in the center of a stage or facing the audience, wherever it may be. It should be directly in front of a door or arranged against a curtain. As the master of ceremonies turns the pages he should give a little talk upon the picture painted or pasted thereon. Or the pages may be cut so a head can be placed to form the pictures.

When the last page but one is turned Santa Claus is disclosed. This is arranged by cutting out the last page large enough to enable a person to step through. When Santa appears with his precious pack on his back, and stands perfectly still for a moment, the audience thinks he is but a picture, too. Imagine the surprise and delight of the children when Santa steps out upon the stage, and proceeds to distribute his gifts. After Santa Claus steps out a few pages should be turned back in order to conceal the opening.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

How to Broil Venison Steak

Get a pound and a half; it should be cut from the leg and about three fourths of an inch thick. Have your gridiron well greased, and fire clear and hot. Broil rapidly, turning often, not to lose a drop of juice. It will take three or four minutes longer than beefsteak. Have ready in a saucepan or chafing dish a piece of butter the size of a large egg, or half a cupful of good brown sauce, and add half a tumbler-



DURABLE GINGHAM CUSHIONS ALWAYS MAKE AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT

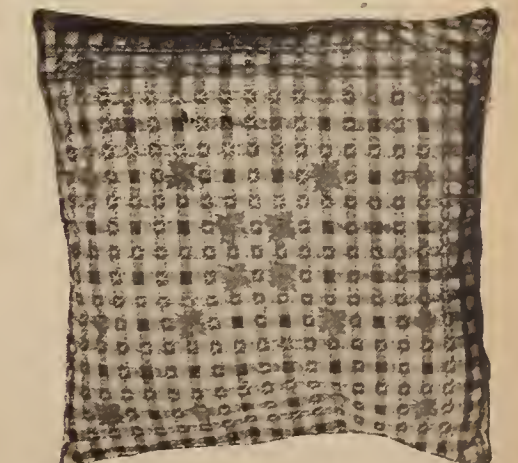
ful of red currant jelly, a saltspoonful of salt and a little white pepper. The moment the gravy boils lay each piece of steak in the mixture singly and turn over twice. Put all on a warm platter and set in the oven for five minutes before serving.

Recipes for Croquettes

BANANA CROQUETTES.—Remove the skin and coarse threads from bananas, cut in half, roll in egg and sifted bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry for a minute and a half in deep, hot fat, draining on soft paper.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—Use one cupful of cold boiled hominy, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt and one beaten egg stirred until smooth. Shape into balls, roll in flour and set in a cold place over night. Fry in hot fat.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Melt one third of a cupful of flour in one fourth of a cupful of butter with a scant half teaspoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of black pepper. When frothy add half a cupful of cream and half a cupful of highly seasoned chicken stock. Simmer for five minutes, then remove from the fire and stir in one well-beaten egg and one pint of chopped, cooked chicken. When cold, shape, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.

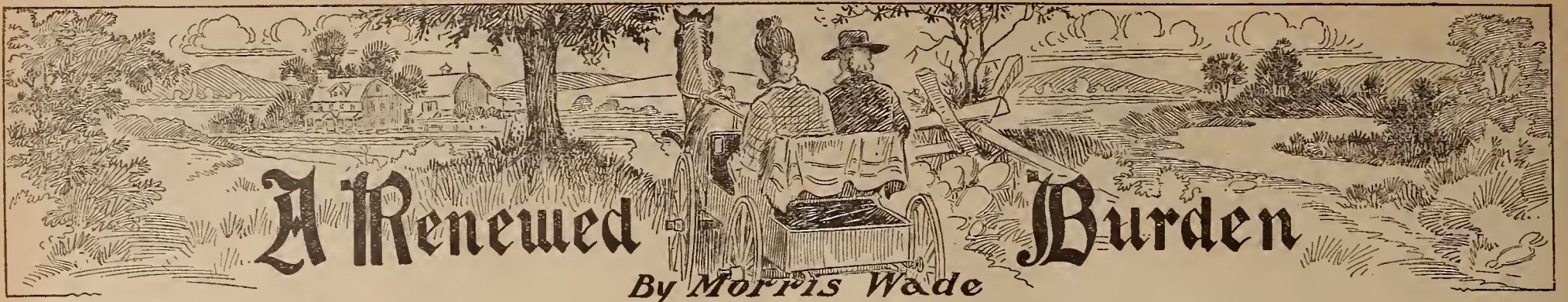


PLAID SILK DECORATED AFTER THE PLAN OF THE GINGHAM CUSHION FAD

BOSTON BAKED BEAN CROQUETTES.—Take a pint of cold baked beans, press through a sieve and then add three drops of tabasco sauce with two tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup, shape into small cylinders, roll in sifted bread crumbs, cover with beaten egg, roll in more crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.

Caramels

One pint each of grated chocolate and New Orleans molasses, two pints of brown sugar, a half cupful of milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Mix all well together, then let boil slowly for twenty-five minutes, stirring constantly. Pour out on buttered tins, and before it hardens mark off into squares.



A Story of the Christmas Time

"Who was that man out there in the buggy with Jim Lyster?" Cynthia Parker asked the question eagerly the moment her husband appeared in the kitchen when the buggy and the two men in it had gone away.

"It was a chap from the city riding around looking at farms."

"Is he thinking of buying?"

"Says he is."

"Well, if I'd known that was his errand I'd 'ave gone out and had my say. You don't lay nigh enough stress on the good points of this place. Ev'rybody says that it's the finest place for a summer home around here. No such views any place else. I hope you told him so."

"Yes, I did; and Jim Lyster talked the place up, too."

"What did the man say?"

"Well, he had some objections to offer. Thought it was a little too far from town and objected because we haven't any view of the lake."

"I hope that you told him that them that had a view of the lake didn't have any other view, and it ain't a lake, anyhow; it's nothing but a big pond. Is he coming back?"

"He thought he might. Jim is going to drive him over to the Hepner place. You know they're as hot to sell as we are."

"They can't be any hotter to sell than I am. I'm just sick and tired of being stuck down here all my life, and working like a slave and never going ten miles from home nor seeing anything. We don't live at all. We just exist. We've both worked like slaves for more than forty years on this place hoping and working for the time when we might take it a little easy and travel a little and see something of the world. If we are ever going to do anything of that kind we'd better be about it, for neither of us are young any longer."

"I know that," replied Aaron Parker as he dropped into a chair by the kitchen window and picked up his weekly paper that the rural postman had just left. "I know that as well as you do, Cynthia, and I'm as tired of it as you are. If this man or any other man comes along and offers me my price for the place he can have it as soon as he wants it. I was born and reared on a farm, and I've run one myself more than forty years, and I've had all I want of it."

Two weeks later Cynthia, returning from a call on a neighbor a quarter of a mile distant, found Aaron waiting for her at the gate. His face had an unwonted look of animation. It was the face of a man who has news to tell. Cynthia instinctively felt that something out of the ordinary had happened since her departure, and when she was still some distance from him she asked,

"What is it, Aaron?"

"I've sold the farm, Cynthia!"

She stopped short, and the color left her cheeks for an instant. Then she said,

"What do you mean, Aaron Parker?"

"Just what I say. I've sold the farm, or as good as sold. All we have to do is to go into town to-morrow and sign the deeds."

"Did you sell to that man that was out here a couple of weeks ago with Jim Lyster?"

"He's the man."

"How much did you get for it?"

"Just what I asked—fifteen thousand dollars."

"Oh, Aaron!"

She clasped her toil-worn hands together and fairly gasped.

"It seems too good to be true," she said. "Fifteen thousand dollars! And the stock and the things we'll have to sell when we have a sale will surely bring at least fifteen hundred more, and that with what we have saved up will make about twenty thousand. Oh, Aaron, we're rich!"

Aaron smiled pleasantly and said, "We're not quite Vanderbilts, but I guess we've enough to keep us comfortable the rest of our days, and as we haven't chick nor child we've no call to save for any one else."

"No, we've neither chick nor child," said Cynthia, lowering her voice a little, while a note of sadness crept into it. Her eyes wandered out beyond the orchard and up

over a grassy hillside on the summit of which were the shining white stones at the graves of the three children she and Aaron had buried since they had lived on the farm. It suddenly came to her that the three little graves, the graves to which she carried flowers every fair Sunday from the coming of the first spring blossoms to the time when the cruel frost laid low the last flower in her garden—the three little graves would have to be left behind when they left the farm. Her voice was less joyous when she asked,

"How soon do we have to give possession?"

"Not before about the first of next February, and the man, Hilyer his name is, says that likely he won't begin to tear down any of the buildings before the first of March. He's going south for the winter with his family."

"Tear down the buildings, Aaron? Is he going to do that?"

Aaron laughed before he made reply, but it sounded a trifle forced.

"Of course he's going to tear down the buildings. He's bought the place for a summer home. I don't suppose that there'll be one of these buildings left this time next year."

"Oh, my!" Cynthia gasped again, and then she said, "It will seem real hard to see all these old buildings go. We've put most of them up ourselves and—and—you know the children were all born there in the west chamber and—and—"

She dashed away a tear and said soberly, "Of course it's natural that we should feel a little bad about parting with the place long as we've lived here. Still, I'm glad you've sold it, Aaron. I'm dreadful tired of working so and being so kind o' shut out from the world."

"Your days of hard work are done now, Cynthia. We'll both take it real easy from this time on. We'll get us a neat little

the next day, and when they returned the farm was no longer theirs and they had deposited a check for fifteen thousand dollars in the bank. Both were rather thoughtful as they drove home.

"I met Sam Dart on the street before I met you at the lawyer's office to sign the deeds," said Aaron. "Sam had heard we were going to sell and that we thought of buying a place in town, and he'd like to sell us his place."

"I wouldn't want it," said Cynthia promptly. "The house is larger than I want, and it has only the town water. Seems to me I never could use the town water after the nice well water we've had for so many years. Everybody says we've the best well of water they ever drank from, and so we have."

"No, we haven't," replied Aaron. "It isn't ours now."

"Oh, so it isn't," replied Cynthia with a little start.

"Old Squire Pierce spoke to me about buying one of the new houses he's just finished out in the south part of town," said Aaron.

"Oh, I wouldn't want one of them. There's a row of six almost exactly alike and so close together I'd feel cramped for breathing room," said Cynthia.

"I told him I thought we'd want a house with more land around it, and I'd like a place with a good well of water, myself. We could have the Bascom place at a reasonable price, but there's no stable there and no good place to put one, and we want to keep a horse and buggy."

"Would you keep Dolly or Jack?"

"I don't know. I kind o' hate to let either of them go. Tell you what, Cynthia, it ain't going to be easy to part with some things. There's some of the stock I'd rather shoot than let it fall into the hands of them that would abuse it."

"So would I, Aaron. Some of our stock

Cynthia. "And everybody says that we have the finest elms and the finest view in the whole valley. No wonder that Mr. Hilyer thought it would make a beautiful summer home. It is a pretty place, now isn't it, Aaron?"

"Can't be beat," replied Aaron promptly.

"There isn't a better kept-up farm in this county, nor one with such a variety of fruit on it. We're going to miss our nice fruit dreadfully when we move into town."

"We're going to miss a good many things we have always been used to. But then we won't have to slave from morning until night keeping things up. You can keep a girl if you want to."

"A girl! I keep a girl, Aaron? What under the sun would I want of a girl with just us two there in town? No, thank you! I like to work."

"So do I, and I've just been wondering how I shall put in the time when we leave the farm. You'll be ahead of me there, for you'll have your housework to take up most of your time. I s'pose I can sit around on the corners and whittle like so many other elderly town men do."

"Pshaw! You needn't do any such thing. You can take books from the library and read all you want to for once. And you can interest yourself in the affairs of the town. Perhaps they will make you one of the selectmen."

Neither of them gave voice to their feelings when they reached home, but to both the old place seemed "different" now that it was no longer theirs. Cynthia did not hum the tunes she was wont to hum while she laid the cloth for supper, and she did not hear Aaron whistling as he usually whistled when at his milking. Once Cynthia went to the open door and looked out beyond the orchard and up to the hill on which the three little headstones were still visible, although the whole valley was filled with the first rays of twilight. When she went back to her work her eyes were filled with tears. The evening meal was eaten almost in silence. Aaron sighed heavily once, and Cynthia broke a long silence by saying, "It isn't going to be easy to find a house with all the room and conveniences this has, Aaron. You've been real good about letting me have everything I've wanted in the way of conveniences for doing my work. I was thinking yesterday when I was putting out my washing about what a nice, convenient place I had to do my washing in, and what a nice place to dry my clothes. I don't believe that clothes dried in town will ever be as white and sweet and nice as clothes washed in nice soft cistern water and dried here in the sweet country air."

"Sundays will be the worst day of all in town," said Aaron.

"Why? Of course we'll go to church."

"We go now, for the matter of that. Then what? If there's anything more than another I've enjoyed, Cynthia, it's been to wander over the farm Sunday afternoons seeing things grow, or sitting under our old elms with some of the neighbors coming in for a while in the afternoon, and mebbe staying to supper with us. If all the days could be like Sunday hanged if I'd ever be willing to leave the farm."

"Aaron!"

There was a startled look in Cynthia's eyes as she spoke.

"You don't s'pose that that Mr. Hilyer that owns the place now will ever for any reason cut down the elms in front of the house, do you?"

"He might. He said something about them obstructing the view of the eastern hills the day he was out here. He may cut them down."

"He mustn't do that, Aaron."

"I guess he will if he wants to. The place is his now."

There was so much to do in preparation for their departure from the farm that they began at once, and every day brought them face to face with something unexpected, something that tore at their heart-strings, something that brought tears to their eyes when they thought of leaving it behind them. More than once Aaron heard Cynthia crying when she did not know that he was near, and Cynthia



"Why, it's a—a—it's a deed, ain't it?"

place in town, and I don't know but we'll take a trip to California to see the country and visit my brother Sam and your sister Susan out there."

Cynthia's eyes brightened and her voice was joyful when she said, "That would be lovely. I've always wanted to travel a little, and I'd rather see California than any other part of the country."

"Of course we can't go this winter. We'll have to stay here breaking up and getting settled in our new home. We'll have a busy time of it. There's the accumulation of more than forty years to go over and see what we want to keep and what we want to sell."

Aaron and Cynthia drove into the town

seems just human to me and—oh, Aaron, do you think we will see in California or in any other part of the world anything lovelier than the view from this hill?"

They were driving homeward and had reached the summit of a high hill. Below them lay the fair valley in which their farm lay. The wooded hills rose high on either side and a narrow river, as clear as crystal, wound in and out among the maples and elms. They could see the row of magnificent elms in front of their white and green house, and far distant mountain peaks were seen as through a veil of thinnest gossamer.

"Seems to me I never saw the valley look so lovely as it does to-day," said

reproached herself for having been so eager to have the farm sold.

"It's worrying Aaron dreadfully to think of leaving it," she said to herself. "He brought me here on our wedding day. I don't s'pose that any other place will ever seem so much like home to us."

Real estate agents came out from the town eager to sell them property in the town and they looked at many houses, but there was always some objectionable "out" about them, and when December came they were still "homeless," as Aaron gloomily put it.

"We've got to bestir ourselves and decide on something very soon, for we must leave here the first of February," he said one day, when December was two thirds gone and their plans for the future were still indefinite.

The next day Jim Lyster, the most prominent real estate agent in the town, rode out to tell them that he had "just the thing" for them in the way of a house in the town, and it had the additional advantage of being "a great bargain." Aaron and Cynthia went back to town with him and found the house he had to offer them better suited to their wants than anything they had yet seen.

"I reckon we'd better take it," said Aaron.

"I don't know but we had," said Cynthia. "But we don't want to be too hasty. Let's take a week to decide the matter."

Winter had now set in in real earnest. It was the time of the year when Cynthia had usually found life at the farm most irksome, but now she began to discover new charms about it. One evening two days before Christmas Aaron drew on his overcoat after supper and said,

"I'm going to walk over to Jason Bradley's. I want to see if he don't want to buy Dolly. I've decided to keep Jack, and I want to be sure that Dolly goes to a kind master. Jason lost his buggy horse last week and I'd rather he had Dolly than any one I know of."

Left alone Cynthia's thoughts went far afield. They carried her far back into the past when Aaron had brought her to this home as a happy bride. The thought of leaving the old house aroused memories long dormant, and she recalled many things she had forgotten. The memory of the children who had been given to her and who had kissed her for the last time under that roof filled her heart to overflowing. It was a cold, clear night, and a full moon—the Christmas moon, rode high in the starry heavens. The world rested under a smooth white mantle of snow. It glistened in the moonlight when Cynthia went to a window, threw up the shade and looked out. Moved by a sudden impulse she took a heavy shawl from a closet, threw it over her head and left the house. Ten minutes later she was kneeling beside the three little white mounds under which rested all that was mortal of her children.

"I know you're not here, dearies," she whispered between her broken sobs. "I know that you will be just as near me when I'm in the town as you are now, and yet—and yet—it doesn't seem so to me now. Everything seems nearer and dearer about the old place now that it isn't ours and we must leave it. Sometimes it seems that I can't bear to go, I can't bear to go!"

She covered her tear-stained face with her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Cynthyl!"

It was Aaron who spoke and it was his toil-worn hand that was laid lightly on her bowed head.

"Jason Bradley wasn't at home," he said in response to Cynthia's startled cry. "So I came right back and I—I—I hardly know why, but I just walked around this way. We'd better go now, dear."

The spirit of self-repression was strong in Aaron, and he did not often give expression to the tender affection he had for his wife, and it had been long since he had called her "dear." It had been longer still since he had put his arm around her waist and walked with her hand in his as he walked when they went on their homeward way under the Christmas skies.

Cynthia rose with a heavy heart on Christmas morning. The thought that it was to be her last Christmas under the roof that had sheltered her for so many years filled her with unspeakable sorrow. Aaron was less melancholy. Indeed, his voice was cheery when he wished her a "Merry Christmas," and Cynthia wondered how he had the heart to go forth whistling when he left the house with his milk pail on his arm. He came back with a merry jest to which Cynthia responded with a feeble attempt at a smile. Then they sat down to breakfast, and when Aaron had said the simple grace he had not once failed to say in all the forty-two years of their married life Cynthia suddenly cried out, "Why, what's this under my plate?"

She held up a long white envelope as she spoke. It was unsealed and Cynthia drew forth a wide, partly printed and partly written document with a red seal on it. "Why, it's a—a—it's a deed, isn't it? It looks like a—Oh, Aaron! Aaron! Aaron!"

The next moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms were around his neck and she was kissing him again and again. "Tell me all about it, Aaron!" she said, with her arms still clinging around his neck.

"There isn't much to tell. You know I was in town yesterday and the first persons I met on the street were Jim Lyster and Mr. Hilyer. It seems that Hilyer's wife died down in Florida and he was changing all his plans on that account. He'd bought our place largely on his wife's account, and he didn't care for it now that she's gone, and he had come to see Lyster about putting it on the market. He offered it to me for just what he had paid us for it, and in less than an hour I'd drawn a check for the money and the deed was made out. You see it's in your name and it's your Christmas gift. And now, Cynthia, dear, if this place is ever sold again you'll have to sell it for, if you'll excuse my French, I'll be darned if I will—never, no, never!"

"Amen and amen and amen!" said Cynthia with the deed hugged close to her heart. "Please God we'll keep this Christmas and all the Christmases to come in the only place that could ever really be home to me!"

Given into Custody

FROM AN OLD LEGEND

It is Christmas eve, and the snow lies deep upon the ground at Valley Forge. From the little cottage of old Michael Kuch a light shines cheerfully out across the wintry scene. Inside, he and his daughter Kate are sitting by the cosy log fire. The time passes. The big clock in the corner of the room strikes twelve, and the old man and his daughter arise from their chairs and offer their evening prayer.

Michael Kuch prays for the safety of his only son, Albert, who is a trooper with Washington's army.

Barely have they arisen from their knees when the door of the room is burst suddenly in, and a panting, wild-eyed man stands before them. He is trembling from head to foot, as he hurriedly closes the door and sinks into a chair.

Father and daughter hasten over to him. "What is? What is it, John?" cries the girl, in great alarm, for the man is her betrothed.

"I shot at him—at the rebel, Washington. I shot at him, but missed—and killed one of his attendants," stammers the fugitive. "His men are on my track; give me shelter; let me hide," he implores.

Old Michael Kuch looks hard at the young man.

"You did murder?" he asks bluntly.

"I killed one, but not Washington; not the rebel chief; 'twas him I aimed at."

"'Twas a coward's act," condemned the old man. "Thou knowest that I am a neutral in this war, John Blake, though my boy be in yonder camp. I will not raise my hand against my king, but if I did it would be in open war, not like a cowardly assassin, from some hiding place."

"Give me shelter; let me hide," implores the fugitive, frantically; "I hear them, they are coming!"

The scrunching of horses' hoofs and the tramp of men's feet are heard in the snow outside.

"Quick!" cries the assassin, "or I am lost."

"Out here, then—to the spring-house, but remember, John, 'tis for my girl's sake, not thine; I despise an assassin."

Michael hustles the fugitive out at a rear door, and runs with him to the spring house. Then he hurries back to the house. As he enters again, the front door is flung wide open and a crowd of men in the blue and buff rush in.

"A murderer has come this way!" shouts a sergeant. "He killed one of our dragoons. We want him; where is he? Give him up, old man, or 'twill be the worse for thee."

"He is not in this house," calmly says Michael Kuch.

"But he came here; we tracked him in the snow."

"If ye tracked him, find him."

"He is here; give him up," cry the soldiers, gathering around the old man with threatening gestures.

Kate flings herself between them.

"What he says is true; only my father and I are in this house," she cries.

"Stand aside, girl. We are going to take this assassin. We know he is here—Out of the way, old man!"

At this moment the door of the room swings gently open and a tall, dignified-looking man in a general's uniform steps in. He carries in his arms the limp form of a dragoon, whose breast is dyed with blood.

"The General!" cry several of the soldiers, springing to attention.

"Washington," mutters old Michael Kuch to himself.

The officer lays the form of the man reverently on the little couch at the fur-

ther side of the room, and then turns toward his men. As he moves, the light from the leaping flames falls for a moment on the fallen soldier and lights up his white features. Old Michael suddenly starts forward, and then falls on his knees at the side of the couch.

"My son! my son!" he cries, "he has killed him!"

Then in mad haste, he leaps to his feet and dashes from the room.

Next moment he is at the spring-house.

"His life shall pay for it," he mutters hoarsely to himself, as he faces the concealed man.

He draws his pistol and fires full at him, but quick as he is, the girl, who has followed him, is quicker. She dashes the weapon up with her hand, and the ball goes wide.

"He is mine!" she pants. "You shall not kill him!"

The soldiers have followed them from the room, and they drag the skulking assassin from his place of concealment. He is brought into the room, and faces the general.

"What harm have thy countrymen ever done thee, that thou should'st murder them?" asks Washington, with great severity.

"The ball was meant for thee; kill me," says the prisoner defiantly.

There is a stirring of the form on the couch, and one word, "Father," comes from the lips.

The dragoon is not dead.

His father and General Washington bend over him. They examine his wound.

"'Tis not fatal; he may live," says the leader, calmly. Then, turning toward the would-be assassin he speaks in slow, measured tones:

"You are not yet fit to die. I will put you under guard until you are wanted."

Then, bowing to Kate, he continues: "Take him into your custody, my dear young lady, and see if you cannot make an American of him."

The clock strikes one.

"See!" he adds, with a pleasant smile, "it is Christmas morning. A glad Christmas to you all! May you all be very happy. Come!"

And turning from the room, he leads his men away.

* * * * *

Six months later two dragoons are fighting side by side in the Continental Army. They are Albert Kuch and John Blake.

Blades o' Bluegrass

GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE

The Kentuckian is ever ready to recapitulate the glories of his "Fatherland"—where the meadow grass is blue. If native courtesy restrains him from giving verbal expression of his opinion his unexpressed thought is that the other fellow, citizen of a less favored land, should "go 'way back and sit down."

An early witness of the settlement of the "Bluegrass State," Capt. Imlay, who published a topographical description of it, says:

"Everything here assumes a dignity and splendor I have never seen in any other part of the world. Here an eternal verdure reigns, and the brilliant sun of latitude 39° produces in this prolific soil an early maturity which is truly astonishing. Flowers full and perfect, as if they had been cultivated by the hand of a florist, decorate the smiling groves. The sweet songsters of the forest appear to feel the influence of the genial clime, and in more soft and modulated tones warble their tender notes in unison with love and nature."

The above is a picture of Kentucky in robes of primeval beauty. To-day the "Bluegrass" is a still fairer and brighter land. The pioneers, in whom mingled the blood of the Cavalier and the Puritan, the Scot and the Celt, coming from the valleys and mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, blazed the way through the virgin sylvia for the permanent settlers, enterprising, intelligent, and notably hospitable, who established beautiful and substantial homes in the "most extraordinary country on which the sun has ever shone."

* * * * *

Recurring to the early days—to the "dark and bloody ground"—I find that the women were not only fair and lovely, but that they were distinguished for dauntless courage and fortitude as well. The story of the intrepidity displayed by the women of Bryan's Station should be written in letters of gold on pages of living light, their marching to the spring, in the immediate presence of five hundred Indian warriors in ambush, to procure water for the beleaguered garrison, being an act more truly heroic than any ever performed by Cæsar's Tenth Legion or Napoleon's Imperial Guard.

"The mothers of our forest land!

On old Kentucky's soil,
How shared they with each dauntless hand

War's tempest and life's toil!

* * * * *

Amid nodding flowers, soldiers of renown and women of genius, too numerous to mention here, have trodden the blue-grass fields. Of the "children of fancy" I name three: Theodore O'Hara, who wrote the "Bivouac of the Dead," one quatrain of which is immortalized in every soldier's cemetery in the United States:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

A single couplet,

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world,"

established the fame of Will Wallace; the "Closing Year," written by George D. Prentice, holds high place in classic literature:

"Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—
what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity!"

* * * * *

Not infrequently the mind reverts to memories of the horrors of internecine warfare, when the Kentucky home was divided—Federal and Confederate. On the one side the "rough riders" under Hobson and Wolford made the famous march through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, closely pursuing those who were following the plume of Morgan, who rode far northward greeting the sons of the morning with a strange new flag. In the homes of the combatants are many vacant chairs. The survivors are now friends, but they cannot forget their comrades "sleeping in the valley."

* * * * *

"Traveling back to Dixie," I remember that no picture of the old Kentucky home is ever complete without the old-time ducky and his banjo. In the rear of each "big house" was a little village—now deserted—composed of the cabin homes of Sambo and Dinah and their numerous progeny. There were, however, two classes of colored people—house servants and field hands, the former regarding themselves the superiors of the latter, while both classes looked upon the "po' white trash" as their inferiors. Usually both classes, in the homes on the Ohio River border, were exceedingly merry, working indifferently during the day and frolicking the greater part of the night, banjo, song and dance invariably contributing to their gayety. Occasionally one or two of them, sometimes a whole family, failed to answer when called in the morning. A missing skiff indicated that they had "passed over the river," and that the cordon of posts or relays, known as the "underground railroad," had done the rest. One incident is fresh in memory. While visiting a favorite schoolmate in a family with which I was familiarly acquainted, I strolled down to a meadow where "Jim," in full song, was tossing the hay. He was about sixteen years old, my own age, and witty if not wise. Although he was as black an African as was ever born and reared in Old Kentucky, I was very fond of Jim. Perceiving that he was even more merry and agreeable than usual, and knowing that his yoke was easy and his burden light, I called for a song—naming a preferred plantation ditty. Instead, however, he sang:

"Oh Susannah, don't you cry for me—
I'm going away to Canada
Where the colored man is free."

Jim sang the lines again and again, occasionally varying the entertainment by "cuttin' the pig'n wing" and "pattin' juba." That night Jim and all his "blood kin" disappeared. When, in the early morning, I inspected the tracks in the sand by the riverside and noted that the little boat was not at its moorings, I knew that Jim had gone to Canada where the colored man was free. I knew, too, why he had been so immoderately merry in the hayfield the preceding day.

Lystra and her harp are gone. The banjo is silent. Uncle Zekiel and Aunt "Hanner," Sambo and Dinah, Jim and "Sarey" Ann, and the other good old-time darkies disappeared when the somber clouds of civil war rolled by.

"They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon

On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door."

The Strike of Santa Claus

THE Man Mite had been so much excited over the coming of Christmas that he had quite forgotten to reckon time by the usual method. Instead of Thursday, Friday and Saturday it was "seven days 'fore Crismus, ten days 'fore Crismus, nine days 'fore Crismus," and so on. At last he was able to say, "Papa, after to-morrow it'll be no days 'fore Crismus, won't it? An' I got the toothache, papa awful bad."

"Ho, ho!" said his father. "Now I know what to get you for Christmas."

"What?" queried the Man Mite.

"Put on your hat and coat and come along, and I'll show you," answered his father. The Man Mite was used to his father's sudden ways, so he went with him without further questioning. When they got down town he cried out, "Oh, papa, the stores are all closed up!"

"Yes," said his father.

"Why are they all closed up?" persisted the Man Mite.

"Probably Santa Claus is on a strike," said his father.

"Oh, papa!" gasped the Man Mite, in dismay.

Just then they turned into the hallway of a big building. It was very quiet, and only one of the dozen elevators was running. The Man Mite remembered the place, and recalled how very busy it usually was. "It must be on account of Santa Claus," he thought, mournfully.

His father glanced from the elevator man to the Man Mite, and said, gravely, "Is old Mr. Santa Claus up in 807?"

The elevator man didn't glance at the father in answering, but looked straight at the Man Mite, and said, slowly, "Why, I think his hired man is up there."

"Papa," said the Man Mite, as soon as they were out of the elevator, "that man was a-fooling you, he laughed at me with his eyes."

"Dear me!" exclaimed his father. "Who would have thought it? Then we needn't look to see if Santa Claus is in, need we?"

"Oh, yes," said the Man Mite, hastily; "I think you'd better look, anyway."

So they opened the door of 807. When they stepped on the door-mat a bell rang in another room, and out came an old gentleman with a gray beard and a pleasant face.

"He *does* look like Santa Claus," thought the Man Mite, "only his cheeks aren't red enough, and his clothes are too much like papa's. It must be the hired man."

"Good-morning," said his father. "Here's a little boy who wants a tooth pulled for a Christmas present."

"Wouldn't he like a ride in my new deerless sleigh first?" asked the pleasant old man, as he lifted the Man Mite into a big red seat which moved up and down and whirled around in a perfectly unaccountable way. "Let me look at your teeth, to see how old you are," he said. Then he turned, and the Man Mite heard him say something about gas and treating something.

The Man Mite was so busy puzzling over the various events of the morning that he didn't notice anything more till something was placed over his mouth, and the hired man told him to breathe so he could get used to the rarified air that the deerless sleigh traveled through.

The Man Mite gave a startled glance at his father, who smiled and nodded at him. The next thing he knew up went the deerless sleigh right through the roof, and the Man Mite never so much as bumped his head. It must have been a very swift journey. The Man Mite just caught a glimpse of cities full of closed stores; of little girls crying, and little boys standing around gloomily, with their hands in their pockets; of fathers with their heads in their hands, and sighing mothers taking down empty stockings from chimney corners. Santa Claus was on a strike!

Presently the sleigh stopped and the Man Mite stared in astonishment. He was before a beautiful shining building, something like an ice palace. The Man Mite looked again, and on the door he saw a plate, and on the plate was a name made out of splinters of the aurora borealis. There it was as plain as day, or even plainer, "S. CLAUS."

The Man Mite was just about to ring the bell when he thought he would look around the premises first. It was a wonderful place. The snow was three feet deep in the front yard, and so hard you could walk on the crust easily, yet the roses and sunflowers grew right up through it; and there was a crab-apple tree in the back yard with candied crab apples on it. You know how good they are.

As the stables were no longer needed for the reindeer they were occupied by a beautiful menagerie. In the middle was a three-ring circus, only there was no performance. "It must be on a strike, too," thought the Man Mite.

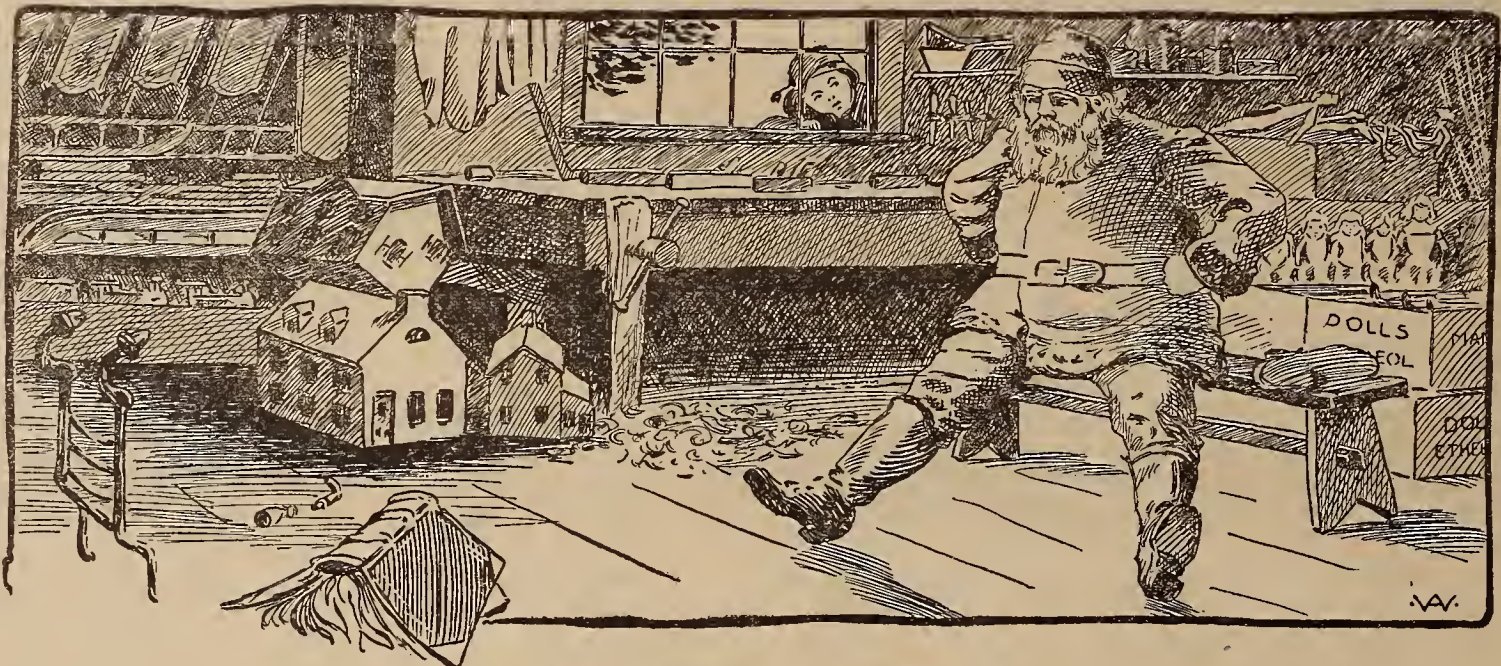
The Young People

He went back to the house, and as he passed the kitchen he peeped in, and there sat Santa Claus—the real Santa Claus. There was no mistaking him. He was dressed in the fur suit the Man Mite knew so well, and was seated on a bench by the fire. His apron was hung upon the wall, and his hammers and saws and glue pots were piled upon a shelf. He held a pipe between his teeth, but it had gone out, and on his face was an unmistakable scowl. Before him lay a big red book with gilt on the cover and edges.

Suddenly Santa Claus threw his pipe on the hearth and dumped the book on the floor. He spread his feet before the fire and put his hands on his hips defiantly. "I won't go," he said, aloud. "No, sir, I won't go. The nuts and candy are packed, the dolls are sewed, the jumping-jacks are glued, the sleds are creaked, the engines are built, and everything's ready, but I won't go. To think of my slaving year after year for a parcel of boys and girls who don't care a broken toy for me!"

"Dear me," thought the Man Mite. "I wonder how he makes that out. I'm sure we all love him very much. I know I do."

"Who gives *me* presents?" continued Santa Claus, addressing the fireplace. "Who crawls down *my* chimney?" he demanded. "And I'd have you notice that it *is* a chimney, and not a coil of steam pipe or a gas grate!" added Santa, wrathfully. "Who ever thinks of me except just between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Why, if I went through the whole old rigmarole to-



"I won't go," he said, aloud. "No, sir, I won't go!"

morrow I'd be forgotten by New Year's day. Oh, I know! They think I've no way of finding out, but I can question little boys and girls in their sleep, and what they answer then is bound to be true. Didn't I ask a boy on the night of the third of July who was the greatest man in the country, and didn't he say George Washington? George Washington! Pooh! And I gave that boy's great-great-grandfather a pair of skates before George Washington was ever heard of."

Santa Claus waited a moment, then he gave the big red book a vicious kick, and went on: "But I shouldn't mind all that if they showed me common politeness. This book says that it's very bad form indeed not to return calls, and here I've called on ten million boys and girls in the United States alone every year and not one of them calls on me. Why, if I were a giant or an ogre they couldn't treat me worse. Not one!" he repeated, bitterly. "If there were only one who showed that he cared a sour apple for old Santa, aside from the things I bring him, maybe I'd relent, but—"

As soon as the Man Mite heard this much he ran around to the front door and rang the bell as hard as he could.

"Who's there?" cried a gruff voice within, but which was unmistakably Santa's.

"It's me," said the Man Mite. "Is Santa Claus there?"

"Maybe he is," said the voice, as the door opened a crack. "What do you want?"

"Want to see Santa, of course," answered the Man Mite. "I've come all the way from the middle of the United States to see him."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the voice, as the door swung open.

"Oh, it's you, it's you!" cried the Man Mite, and jumped right into Santa Claus' arms.

"Bless my soul!" said Santa Claus, "but you seem glad to see a fellow!"

"Glad!" exclaimed the Man Mite. "Do you suppose there's a boy or girl in all the world who wouldn't be the very gladdest boy or girl in all the world if he could be me this minute?"

"Is that so?" said Santa Claus, greatly mollified.

"Oh, yes; they'd be just as glad about it as they are sorry about some other things."

"About *what*?" asked Santa Claus.

"Oh, about steam heaters and gas grates and such things. But, oh, Santa, as I came along I heard folks say there was going to be a strike! I don't care so much about myself, Santa, because I'm going to have my tooth pulled for a Christmas gift, but there's little lame Dick in our street, Santa, he's got to have a pair

of crutches, and he ought to have a tricycle, one he could work with his hands, you know. And the old coal horse that lives in the alley, he ought to have a blanket this cold weather. And I know Blanche will be awfully disappointed if she doesn't get a doll that can cry, and Freddie has wanted

a 'Life of George Washington' ever since last Fourth of July, and—"

"Life of George who?" cried Santa, testily.

"Of George Washington, Santa," answered the Man Mite, talking very rapidly so Santa wouldn't interrupt him. "You know, Santa, all of us little United States boys like George Washington, and all of the little boys of England like King Alfred, and all of the little boys of France and Germany they like—well, I don't know just who, but somebody else, I guess. But, Santa, *all* the boys of *all* the countries like *you*, so you see you are liked most of all."

"Bless my soul!" cried Santa, blowing his nose very hard. "I'm an old wretch, that's what I am! And you're a nice little boy, that's what you are!" Santa began feeling in all his pockets, saying, meanwhile, "Jump into my sleigh and I'll let you ride with me."

The Man Mite did so just as Santa pulled out a shining silver dollar. "There!" he said, with a great puff, "I thought I'd find the United States pocket if I kept on long enough! You see, I have to carry the coins of all nations, and I put each into a different pocket, and I get them mixed up sometimes," he explained.

He reached over and pressed the silver dollar into the Man Mite's hand, and in doing so he must have touched the lever or something, for the sleigh jumped into the air like a live thing. It circled around and around, higher and higher, like a homing pigeon, and then suddenly shot for somewhere as straight as an arrow, and almost before the Man Mite could think, down it plumped through a roof right into room 807.

The Man Mite stared around, and there was his father, and also the pleasant-faced hired man.

"Why," said the Man Mite, "I must have got into your sleigh instead of Santa's, after all!"

"Have you been dreaming, Man Mite?" laughed his father.

"No, I wasn't dreaming," said the Man Mite, soberly, "'cause here's the dollar Santa gave me. Oo! What's this in my other hand? Why, it's my tooth!"

"It makes you light-headed to

ride in the deerless sleigh, papa," said the Man Mite, as they went down in the elevator; "but it goes much faster than this," he added, in a tone of superiority.

When they reached the street again he said, "Papa, Santa isn't on a strike any more, but the stores are closed just the same. I wonder why."

"Maybe it's because it's Sunday," answered his father. By E. V. C.

*

The Letters of Two Boys

The following is the concluding number of a series of letters of two boys, which we credit to the "Franklin Academy Mirror," of Nebraska.

LETTER NO. 4

Mr. Isaac Newton Vanderbob

Northrup

Izzard Co. Minn.

Dear old Chum

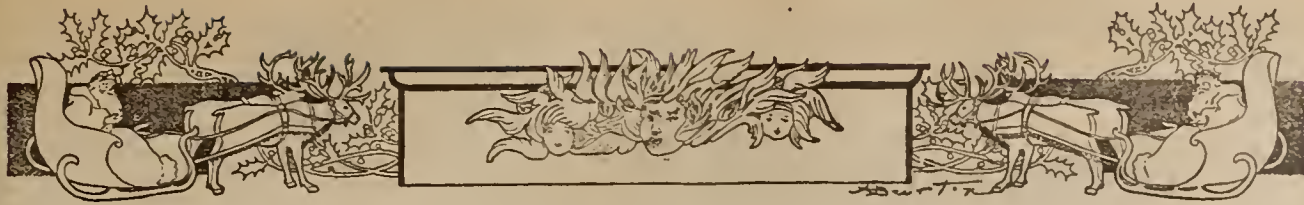
Your letter of advice and consultation come to me some time past and I'm afraid you invested your ink on a hard problem. If you expect to get me to come home you will have to offer some other inducement than what you have mentioned. I am afraid the male returned without me and what's more there will several more return in like manner unless you send a corpse of infentree with hand cuffs and body guards as well as shin guards. When I die I want to die all to once as Caesar said when he got stabbed in the house of Representatives, (I don't know in just what part of the body they're located but it must be a bad place cause it stopped Caesar's clock) and I don't want to wear my life out cutting cord wood like Cyrus did his, reading Xenophen's novels. From the looks of your scrib you better learn to write like white people or give me a few lessons in short-hand. I don't believe a Mississippi Loyer could have translated that without all the improvements of a century dictionary.

I like it as well as ever here and am getting along nicely under the circumstances. I like to study about what they did in old times, its interesting to see how people lived then. I try to sing in the quire but I couldn't stay on pitch unless it was stuck to a pine board then I don't doubt but that I'd break the cord unless it was awful stout. I never could read notes unless they were printed in english much less a lot of black spots printed on somebody's staff. I don't know much about music yet but I'd like to learn.

Well I must close now. I wish I could make you understand what you are missing but I guess I can't

Good Bye, with Love

JAKE.



A Christmas Rebus

An Interesting Story of Santa Claus for the Entertainment of Both Young and Old. Can You Read It? Solution Will be Printed in January 1st Issue



Answer to Puzzle in December 1st Issue: Blacksmith, Molder, Tinner, Mason, Hod Carrier, Farmer.



AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

From a Drawing by Charles Robinson

This is positively THE BEST Sewing Machine

in the world for the price

GUARANTEED for five years

It has all the newest and latest improvements with full set of attachments. Similar machines sell for \$40.00.

FARM and FIRESIDE five years and this elegant sewing machine \$18.00



The SUPERIOR

Hand Rubbed Woodwork	Full Directions Easily Understood
Nickel Face Plate Hardened Working Parts	Makes Perfect Stitch Positive Take-up
Steel Foot Attachments	Automatic Tension Release
Embossed Curved Front Wood Case of Our Exclusive Design	Ball Bearing Automatic Lift Automatic Belt Replacer

Our success with Sewing Machines last year was unparalleled

Every machine that we sent out won unbounded praise, proving unquestionably its splendid value. Our subscribers found that they were actually receiving a highest-grade machine for only two fifths the regular retail price. This year we offer a still more valuable machine. The illustration gives some idea of its appearance, showing the *New Curved Front*, a feature that adds very greatly to the handsome appearance of the machine. The wood is solid, polished antique oak. The illustration shows also the *Patent Drop Head*, which is so valuable in a sewing machine, keeping the running parts free from dust when not in use, giving the machine an extremely neat appearance, and keeping the needle and adjustments out of reach of children. The illustration cannot show, however, the invaluable *Ball Bearings* which make the machine run almost at a touch and practically without noise. Nor can the illustration show the unequalled shuttle device, the patent feed, nor any one of a dozen other matchless points of merit. This machine is worth five of the cheap machines which are advertised by some other publishers.

We ship the sewing machine prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains.

OUR OFFER

We will send this elegant Sewing Machine with full five-year guarantee, and also send you Farm and Fireside for five \$18.00 years, for only

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The Government of Canada

Gives absolutely FREE to every settler



160 Acres of Land in Western Canada



Land adjoining this can be purchased from railway and land companies at from \$9 to \$10 per acre.

On this land this year has been produced upwards of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

It is also the best of grazing land and for mixed farming it has no superior on the continent.

Splendid climate, low taxes, railways convenient, schools and churches close at hand.

Write for "20th Century Canada" and low railway rates to W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada; or

Canadian Government Agent, 215 House Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa. H. M. WILLIAMS, 20 Law Bldg., Toledo, Ohio Mention this paper.

SOME one has called Benjamin Franklin the "second best-known American," and it is said that this is certainly true in England, where the name of Franklin stands next to that of George Washington in the general information of the people. The coming of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin brings his name before the American public in a peculiar way. It is told of a schoolboy that he was set the task of writing an essay on the life of Franklin, and after much effort he produced the following comprehensive paper which he felt "covered the ground."

"Benjamin Franklin was a wonderful man. He invented the Franklin stove."

A great many people are grateful to Franklin for inventing the stove that bears his name, for it has brought cheer and comfort to many a home, but the enduring fame of Franklin rests upon something more than any of his several inventions.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston on the 17th of January in the year 1706, or as time was reckoned then, the sixth day of January, but the coming 17th of January brings the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. The now familiar term, "race suicide," was never heard of in those days of large families, and it certainly did not obtain in the Franklin family, for Benjamin was the fifteenth of his father's children.

Josiah, the father of Benjamin, came to New England about the year 1685 with his wife and three children. Four years later Mrs. Franklin died leaving her husband a widower with seven children, and, left in this plight, and in accordance with the custom of the time, Josiah married again in a little less than six months. His second choice was Abiah Folger, who bore her lord ten children, thereby making Josiah the father of seventeen children in all. Benjamin outlived all of his brothers and sisters, and was by far the most distinguished of them all. The father of Franklin was a poor man, but one who tried to do the best that he could by his numerous progeny, but with so many mouths to feed from a slender income it was imperative that the children should become wage-earners early in life, and Benjamin had to earn his own living after his twelfth year. At that age he began to work in the candle and soap making shop of his father, a very humble beginning indeed for one who afterward became one of the most famous of Americans and who "sat down with kings."

In the very heart of the business district of Boston is the old Granary Burying Ground, and the largest monument in it stands over the grave of the parents of Franklin. On it one may read this inscription:

JOSIAH FRANKLIN AND ABIAH HIS WIFE
Lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years, and, without an estate, or any gainful employment, by constant labour and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grandchildren respectably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling and distrust not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man;
She a discreet and virtuous woman.

Their youngest son, in filial regard to their memory, places this stone.

J. F., Born 1655, Died, 1744 Æ . 89.

A. F., Born 1667, Died, 1752, Æ . 85.

Ann, the first wife of Franklin, and a number of his children are also buried in this ancient cemetery.

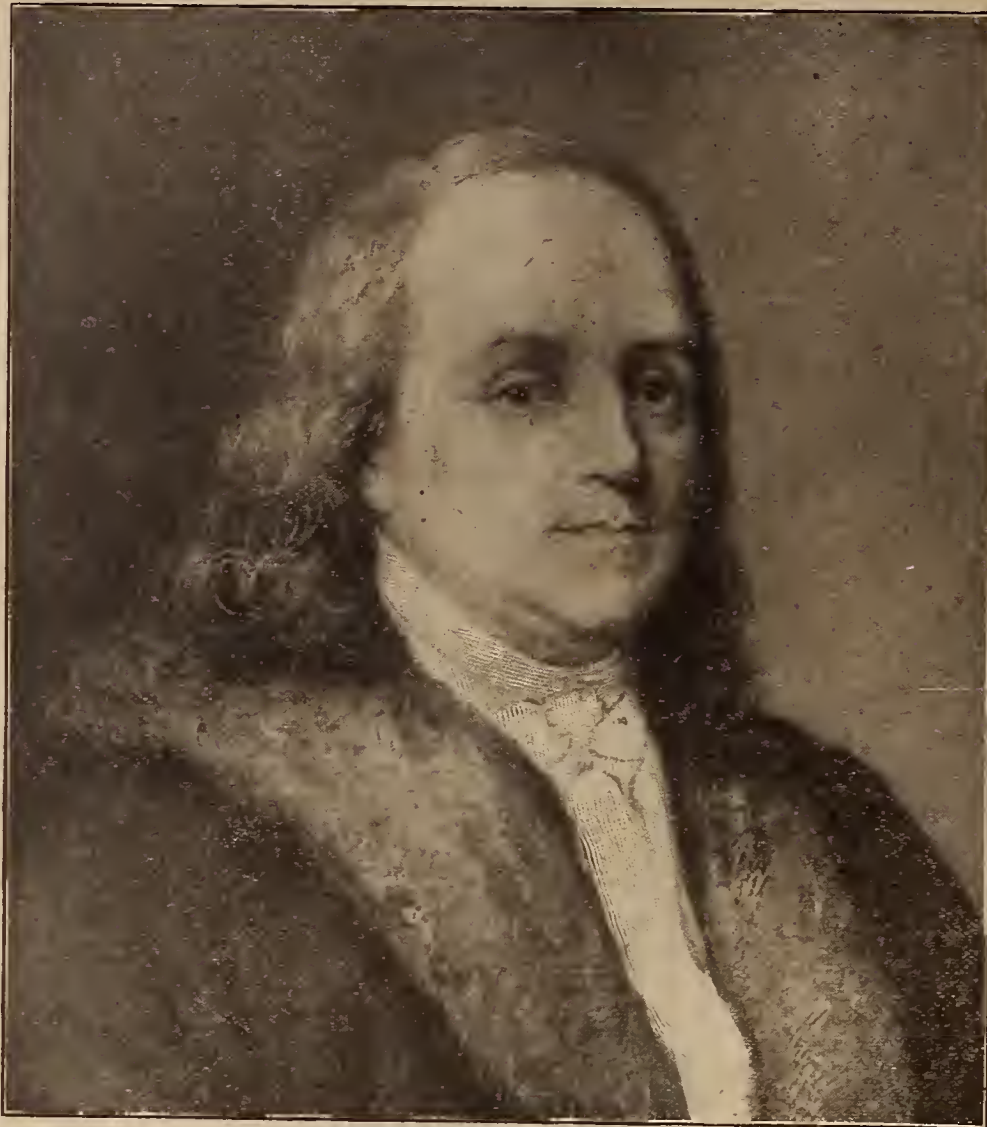
Soap and candle making were not at all agreeable to young Benjamin, and perhaps it was his great fondness for reading that induced his father to apprentice the boy to an older brother who was conducting a printing establishment in Boston. The boy had had a "spell" of wishing to go to sea, but did not do as his father feared that he might and run away. Entering the printing office of his brother the lack of harmony between them became so great that James even beat his brother Benjamin and the relations between the two became decidedly "strained," so much so that Benjamin finally left his brother. The fact is that Benjamin had made such rapid progress and had manifested such unusual mental cleverness that his brother had become jealous of him. Matters arrived at such a pass when Benjamin was seventeen years of age that he ran away to New York, arriving in that city in October, a stranger, friendless and with a little money in his pocket derived from the sale of a few dearly beloved books he had owned in Boston.

Failing to find work at his trade in New York, Franklin set out for Philadelphia, and we have in his own words an account of his arrival in the Quaker City:

"I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey, my pockets were

In the Footsteps of Franklin

BY MORRIS WADE



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave to the people of the boat for my passage."

With a part of his shilling Franklin bought three rolls at the shop of a baker and went up Market Street eating one of the rolls. While thus engaged he passed a house on the doorstep of which stood a Miss Read, who smiled at the ridiculous appearance the boy presented walking along the street munching his bread. Lit-

tle did the smiling Miss Read think that the forlorn looking boy was to be her husband in the years to come.

Franklin secured work in the printing office of a man named Keimer, and a little later took lodgings at the home of the Miss Read who had laughed at him a short time before. Franklin had steady employment with Keimer and his inborn habit of thrift caused him to save his earnings with great care. He kept his family in ignorance of his whereabouts and they, no doubt, labored under the impression that he had decided to carry out his wish to go to sea. Finally a brother-in-law of Franklin's, the master of a sloop, heard of



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE

the boy's whereabouts and wrote him a letter reproaching him for his conduct and urging him to return home. Franklin wrote such a spirited reply to this letter, defending himself so ably that it aroused the sympathy and the admiration of his broth-

er-in-law, who chanced to show the letter to Sir William Keith, Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania. Governor Keith thought the letter a remarkable production for a young man of only seventeen years, and on his return shortly after to Philadelphia from New Castle, he called on young Franklin and took him out to dinner. Finally he insisted that the clever young printer should set up in business for himself, and overruled Franklin's wise objection that he was too young to do so. Franklin then paid a visit to Boston for the purpose of trying to secure funds for his business venture, but in this he was disappointed. His father also felt that the boy was too young to engage in business for himself, and gave him no encouragement, but he did give him some of the good advice of which there seemed to be a plentiful store in the Franklin family. Returning to Philadelphia Governor Keith finally offered to set Franklin up in business, and it was arranged that Franklin should sail for Europe to purchase stock, taking with him letters of credit from the enthusiastic Keith, who seems to have been the soul of insincerity and a man with no regard for his promises. He deferred giving young Franklin the promised letters of credit under one pretext and another and Franklin was still without them when he went on board the ship that was to carry him to England. The governor had said that he would send the letters to the ship, and as they did not come by messenger Franklin fondly hoped that they were in the ship's mail bag, but they were not, and the tricked and grievously disappointed young printer arrived in London without them. Referring to this trying chapter in his life experience Franklin very aptly says:

"What shall we think of a governor playing such pitiful tricks, and imposing so grossly on a poor, ignorant boy? It was a habit he had acquired. He wished to please everybody, and, having little to give, he gave expectations."

Almost penniless, Franklin at once sought work at his trade, and found it in the printing office of a man named Palmer. Franklin was set to work on the "Religion of Nature," by Wollaston, and this induced him to write a pamphlet of his own in which he disagreed with Wollaston. Franklin called his production "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," and it was so well done that it brought him to the notice of some of the intelligent men of the London of that day.

Growing homesick for his native land Franklin finally set sail for America in July of the year 1726, when he was in his twentieth year, and so slow was ocean travel in those days that he did not reach Philadelphia until the middle of October.

Franklin had left Philadelphia betrothed to Deborah Read, and it must be admitted that he had not proved himself to be a very ardent lover during the years of his absence, for he had sent her but one letter, and had intimated in it that he might never return to America. Miss Deborah perhaps took this as equivalent to the annulling of their engagement, for when Franklin reached Philadelphia he found Deborah married to a poor potter whom she was soon obliged to leave, discovering that he was a bigamist. Franklin had now conceived a desire to become a merchant and had secured a position in the store of a Mr. Denham, who had come over from England on the ship with Franklin. Mr. Denham grew ill and died soon after Franklin entered his employ, and Franklin was very glad to then accept a position offered him by his old and now prosperous employer, Mr. Keimer, who proposed that Franklin should take charge of a new printing office Keimer had established. But again was Franklin to be the victim of man's insincerity, for it soon became apparent that Keimer simply wished to avail himself of Franklin's energy and ability long enough to get his new establishment into good running shape, when he purposed getting rid of him. Franklin discovered this bit of duplicity and quarrels ensued until he and Keimer one day parted company very suddenly. Then Franklin and a young printer named Meredith opened a printing office with money furnished by the father of Franklin's partner. This partner was much given to his cups, and the new firm would probably have gone to the wall right speedily had it not been for the untiring industry of Franklin, who had what might be called a passion for work, and whose constant labor and entire attention to business kept the new venture afloat. Having been disappointed in a little scheme he had for establishing a newspaper in Philadelphia, Franklin did the next best thing and wrote for the

papers already existing. A series of articles he wrote for the Philadelphia "Mercury" under the title of The Busybody attracted a great deal of attention and greatly increased the circulation of the "Mercury," much to the discomfiture of Franklin's old enemy, Keimer, who had now established a paper of his own. Keimer's journalistic venture finally proved such a failure that he was at last glad to sell it and its small subscription list to Franklin and his partner and betake himself to Barbadoes. Franklin changed the name of the paper to the Philadelphia "Gazette," and the first number was brought out on the 2d of October in the year 1729. Thus was realized Franklin's long cherished desire to become a real journalist. Soon after this the real philosophical vein in Franklin found vent in the publication of the still famous "Poor Richard's Almanac" with its wise proverbs. But it was far from smooth sailing with the young journalist, popular as his writings had become. It costs money to launch and keep a newspaper afloat, and the elder Meredith was unable to put as much money into the venture as it was expected that he would put into it. Fortunately for Franklin his bibulous partner proposed to sell his interest in the business, and Franklin found friends who were willing to loan him money with which to purchase it. Then came Franklin's marriage to the unfortunate Deborah Read Rogers, and we cannot do better than to give the account of this affair in Franklin's own words as recorded in his autobiography:

"A friendly correspondence as neighbors and acquaintances had continued between me and Mrs. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted in their affairs wherein I was of service. I pitied poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconsistency when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not be easily proved, because of the distance; and tho' there was a report of his (Rogers') death, it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be called upon to pay. We ventured, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife, September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavored to make each other happy."

The life of the young couple was one of constant industry and economy. Neither time nor money was wasted. Philadelphia was a growing city and Franklin was becoming more and more a man of consequence and one whose superior talents were being recognized. The year after his marriage he established the Philadelphia Library, which is an enduring monument to his wisdom and forethought. From a public library to a fire company is a far cry, and the fact that he established both in Philadelphia and that he had a hand in every public enterprise is proof of the fact that he was a wonderfully versatile or many-sided man. He was before his thirty-fifth year a craftsman, a printer, a publisher, an editor, a philosopher, a religious thinker, a political economist, a realist, a philanthropist, an author and a good deal of a humorist. He was thirty years of age when he became clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly and thus made his debut into public life. The next year he became postmaster of Philadelphia and although the salary was so small as to be hardly worth mentioning the position was of real benefit to Franklin in other ways. He continued to prosper and to grow in popularity. In the year 1747 he created quite an upheaval by assailing the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, to which he gave a blow from which it never wholly recovered. This was a tremendous victory in view of the almost universal non-resistance policy of the Quaker City. Franklin sent forth a pamphlet entitled "Plain Truth" that shattered the non-resistance theory and created a spirit of self-defense among the people. Franklin was now so prosperous that he proposed to devote a good deal of his time to scientific pursuits, but his ability as a man of public affairs had become too apparent for the people to allow him to go into retirement. He was made a member of the Common Council and was later elected to the Assembly. In 1753 he became postmaster general of the colonies, and soon instituted a number of needed postal reforms. He was one of



WHITE BRICK HOUSE, ADJOINING THE FRAME DWELLING, ONCE OWNED BY FRANKLIN IN BOSTON, AND WHERE HIS SISTERS LIVED

the first to suggest resistance to the taxation without representation doctrine of the English government, and was active along all lines of public welfare. Both Harvard and Yale universities conferred upon him the degree of master of arts and he had taken his place as one of the foremost of Americans.

It would be impossible in a brief article as this must necessarily be to go into any detail regarding Franklin's political career, or the prominent part he played in the events leading up to the Declaration of Independence of which he was a signer.

But all this is a matter of history with which every American should make himself familiar by reading some one of the various biographies of this remarkable man who occupies so secure a place in our history after the lapse of two hundred years since his birth. He trod some thorny paths and sometimes wandered from the paths of duty and virtue, but he was never a hypocrite and he made open and repentant confession of some of his failings. His contributions to the world of science were many and valuable, and some of his inventions, notably the still-used Franklin



MONUMENT TO FRANKLIN IN BOSTON

stove, were of great value to the people of his day. He bore his part well in our great struggle for independence, and one cannot stand by his grave in Christ Churchyard in Philadelphia without feeling that here lies all that is mortal of a man who deserves to be remembered kindly by his countrymen.

Benjamin Franklin died in Philadelphia on the 17th of April in the year 1790, and we are told that more than twenty thousand persons were in the funeral procession when his body was laid beside that of his wife in the burying ground of Christ Church. His tomb bears this simple inscription.

Benjamin }
and } Franklin
Deborah }
1790

When he was twenty-three years old Franklin wrote this quaint epitaph for himself:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer
(Like the cover of an old book
Its contents torn out
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and elegant edition
Revised and corrected
by
The Author.

When the news of the death of Franklin went across the ocean into France, Mirabeau addressed the National Assembly in these words:

"Franklin is dead! The genius which gave freedom to America, and scattered torrents of light upon Europe, is returned to the bosom of the Divinity. The sage, whom two worlds claim; the man, disputed by the history of the sciences and the history of empires, holds, most undoubtedly, an elevated rank among the human species."

Franklin's will contained the following interesting clause:

"My fine crab tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a scepter he has merited it, and would become it."

Among the last written words of Franklin were these addressed to a friend:

"Let us sit till the evening of life is spent. The last hours are always the most joyous. When we can stay no longer, it is time enough then to bid each other good-night, separate, and go quietly to bed."

A biographer has well said that "the abilities of Franklin were so vast and so various, he touched human life at so many points, that it would require an elaborate essay to characterize him properly. He was at once a philosopher, statesman, diplomatist, scientific discoverer, inventor, philanthropist, moralist and wit, while as a writer of English he was surpassed by few men of his time. History presents few examples of a career starting from such humble beginnings and attaining so great an enduring splendor. The career of a Napoleon, for example, in comparison with Franklin's, seems vulgar and trivial. The ceaseless energy and industry of Franklin throughout his long life was guided to an extraordinary degree by the clear light of reason, and inspired by a warm and enthusiastic desire for the improvement of mankind."

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled
be.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning
and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and
splitting.

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want
great.

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Get what you can, and what you get
hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead
into gold.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

You save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range direct from the factory at lowest factory prices. Moreover, you get a stove or range not excelled by any in the world. We guarantee quality under a \$20,000 bank bond.

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100 candle power lamp burning its own gas. Positively the only practical and absolutely safe gasoline lamp made. No Smoke. No Odor. "Turns night into day." Write for beautiful descriptive booklet—FREE. Agents wanted everywhere.

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How to Dress



MORNING JACKET

THE fashions on this page have been specially designed for the woman who is just starting to make her own clothes. With the practical aid of the Farm and Fireside patterns any woman, no matter how inexperienced she may be, can make any of the designs here illustrated.

Take this little morning jacket, for instance, which is so easy to make. The back is fitted, and the front hangs loose, gathered at the neck. The model is finished with a broad cape collar, cut with tabs in front. The bell sleeve can also be gathered at the lower edge and finished with a wristband to form a regulation bishop sleeve.

Morning Jacket

The pattern, No. 624, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, five and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with three and one half yards of trimming for collar and sleeves.



WAIST WITH CORSELET GIRDLE AND PLAITED GORED SKIRT

Waist with Corselet Girdle and Plaited Gored Skirt

This tucked waist has its fullness brought around in front to simulate a draped bolero. The skirt is cut in seven gores, with three plaits at the back of the front and side gores.

The pattern for the Waist with Corselet Girdle, No. 622, is cut for 32, 34, and 36 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or three yards of forty-four-inch material, with one yard of velvet for collar and bands, and seven eighths of a yard of inserted tucking for chemisette and cuffs.

The pattern for the Plaited Gored Skirt, No. 623, is cut for 22, 24 and 26 inch waist measures. Length of skirt in front, forty-one inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist measure, nine yards of thirty-inch material, or five and one half yards of forty-four-inch material.

Plain Princess Wrapper

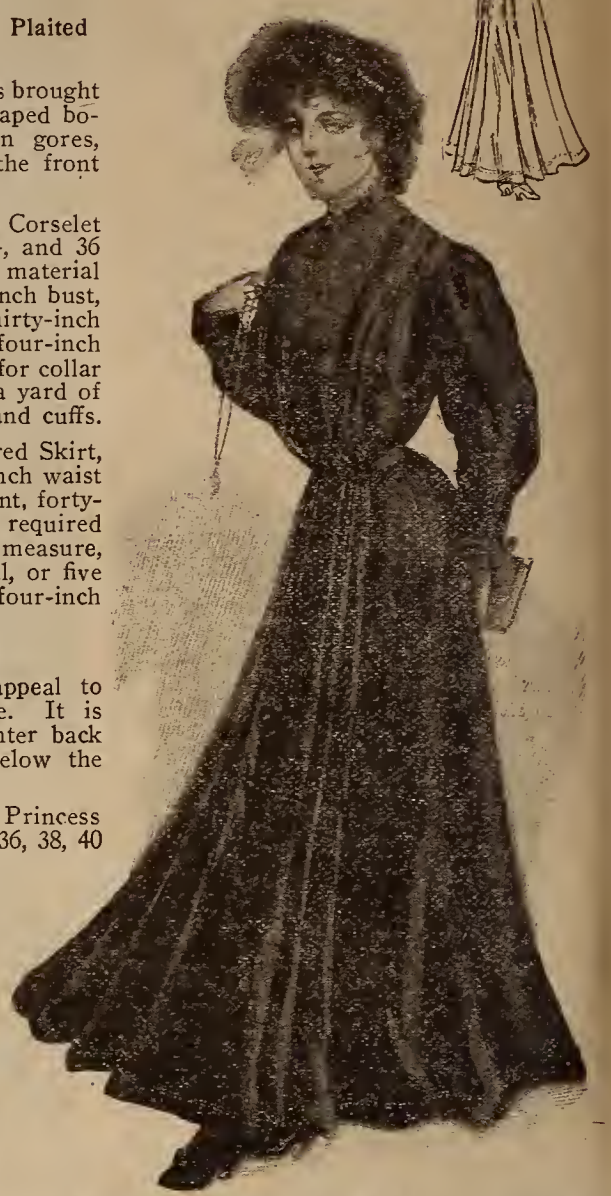
This wrapper will specially appeal to the woman with a good figure. It is fitted with darts, and at the center back there are two inverted plaits below the waist line.

The pattern for the Plain Princess Wrapper, No. 627, is cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, ten yards of twenty-seven inch material, or nine yards of thirty-six-inch material.

Plaited Plastron Shirt Waist and Gored Round Skirt

The pattern for the Plaited Plastron Shirt Waist, No. 616, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material.

The pattern for the Gored Round Skirt, No. 617, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, forty inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, eleven yards of twenty-two-inch material, or nine yards of thirty-inch material.



PLAITED PLASTRON SHIRT WAIST AND GORED ROUND SKIRT

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for 10 cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new winter catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.



PLAIN PRINCESS WRAPPER

Twickenham Ferry

An Old English River Song

By THEO. MARZIALS



Not too quick.



O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, who's for the fer - ry? (The bri - ar's in bud, the
 O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, "I'm for the fer - ry," (The bri - ar's in bud, the
 O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho! you're too late for the fer - ry! (The bri - ar's in bud, the

sun going down,) And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady, And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town, The
 sun going down,) And it's late as it is, And I have-n't a penny, And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town? She'd a
 sun going down,) And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady, You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham Town. 'O

ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young, And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, And he's fresh as a pippin and
 rose in her bonnet, and oh! she look'd sweet As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat; With her cheeks like a rose and her
 hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will The moon is a ris-ing on Petersham Hill, And with Love like a rose in the

brown as a ber - ry, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town.
 lips like a cher - ry, "And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham Town."
 stern of the wherry, There's danger in cross - ing to Twick - en - ham Town.

O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho!

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A White Oak Gnarl

CALIFORNIA is a state of wonders, and one can hardly ride out in any direction from a given point without seeing something to marvel at, especially if they have been raised east of the Rockies. One day when living in Sonoma County we took a ride along what was called Dry Creek Valley, and as we were then new to the beauties and wonders of the state, were as usual, on the lookout for the marvelous, which we were not long in finding. Eight miles from the little town of Healdsburg we came to a white oak tree standing by the roadside that was the oddest looking object in the tree line we had ever seen—and we have traveled for months in Colorado, New Mexico and Idaho, always on the alert for the queer and interesting things of nature. It was near a ranch house, so we stopped to inquire about it. We found that the queer growth had extended over some twenty-eight years, each year adding something to its bulk. At the largest point it measured twenty-two and one half feet in circumference, and from the top to the ground it was eleven feet. The body of the tree beneath the strange growth was eight and one half feet around. On the upper part moss was growing, which made it still more attractive and odd.

Having our camera along (which we never liked to be without) we took a picture of this freak of nature, to add to our collection of curious things. We have been around through the mountains and foothills of the state many, many times, but have never again seen another gnarl at all to equal this one.

HALE COOK.

Fierce Fight of Octopus

A recent dispatch from Vancouver, B. C., tells of an awful fight between four fishermen and a huge devilfish at Bellingham, Puget Sound. Clarence Benadone, his brother Tom, William Brown, and Alva Barger were fishing for cod in a cove when Brown saw the octopus crawling on the bottom towards shore. It frightened him so that he went ashore. He told the others what he had seen and they went in pursuit.

The eyes of the monster gleamed in the water like diamonds. Its movements were watched until it got into three feet of water, and then the men set on it with long poles. It fought back and thrust its long arms out. The men finally succeeded in throwing a rope around one of the tentacles as it was raised out of the water, and the combined weight of the men was used in trying to get the octopus ashore.

However, they only succeeded in wrenching off the arm. A knife was tied to a pole and one of the monster's eyes was destroyed, but it kept up a game resistance. Finally it got away.

Two Indians in a canoe also report having been attacked. The devilfish was floating on top of the water when the canoe ran against it. Instantly an arm was thrown around the little craft. The redskins cut it off. No sooner was the one tentacle disabled than another was thrust out, but the Indians managed to evade it and get away.

Unique Postal Service

The Island of St. Kilda lies about fifty miles to the westward of Scotland, and it is without regular mail communications of any kind, the only connection being by means of an occasional trading steamer, which goes in spring and autumn to take off some of the products of the island. The London

The Strange and Unusual

"Sketch" says that when the people of the island wish to communicate with their friends in Scotland or elsewhere they are obliged to resort to a floating mail bag, which consists of a sheepskin

is placed a tin canister containing the letters and other communications.

The last "mail" was sent off from St. Kilda on June 21st last, and drifted to Shetland in two months and one day.

post cards were almost obliterated through damp. The sum of one shilling was inclosed for postage of the missives. It appears that three similar "mails" were sent off from the island on the same day, but only one, so far as is known, has been picked up.

Fire Attracts Wild Geese

A "norther" in Oklahoma recently, says the Kansas City "Times," brought with it a heavy flight of wild geese and ducks. At Guthrie and other towns having electric street lights, geese circle all night in the illuminated mist, often flying so low as to be in reach of shot-guns. A number of geese were killed.

An old hunter said that on such a night wild geese in high flight mistook these radiant spots in the darkness for water. Once in the light the geese quickly lost their bearings, became confused and seldom extricated themselves until daylight revealed the cause of their deception. "Knowledge of the attraction of fire beacons for wild geese on stormy nights was used to advantage by native sportsmen in southern Kansas and the northern Osage country where I lived in early days," said the hunter.

"As fall approached, a high landmark would be chosen by the hunter and on its top he would pile wood for a big fire. Then he waited for the storm that brought the geese. Lighting his fire, its glare could be seen for miles. Geese were drawn to the spot by hundreds. I have known hunters to kill a wagon load of geese in a single night."

The Largest Check

A check for fifty thousand pounds, said to have been stolen in London, England, will certainly figure as one of the most valuable in the "lost" column. It is, of course, by no means the largest ever drawn. Popular report had it that a six-figure check drawn by a London firm of tea merchants eclipsed record. Then, again, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was said to have topped the mark with one for four million five hundred thousand pounds. This in turn was bettered by one bearing Mr. Carnegie's signature, and worth four million six hundred thousand pounds and odd. But these fall far short of record. The original of the most valuable check ever drawn remains to-day at the Bank of England. It was drawn May 7, 1898, payable to the Japanese Minister in London, was the final installment of the Chinese indemnity, and was for eleven million, eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and nine pence.

A Molting Lobster

Recently at one of the aquarium tanks in London, England, says the "Mail," a large lobster cast his shell. The process, which was said to have been witnessed by an interesting group of spectators, lasted about a half hour.

A split appeared in the thin shell just in front of the first joint of the tail (abdomen), and through this opening the lobster slowly withdrew the fore part of his body, legs and feelers. Then with a jerk the tail was withdrawn. The old shell was left intact and absolutely perfect.

The Chief Mourner a Lame Horse

When a prince of the Austrian royal family dies his horse follows the funeral, covered with a black cloth, and lame in one hoof. The lameness is produced by driving a nail through the horseshoe. This is a sign of the deepest possible mourning.



A WHITE OAK GNARL IN CALIFORNIA

buoy plugged with a piece of wood, and attached thereto a label on which is roughly cut the inscription, "St. Kilda Mail. Please Open." Inside the buoy

It contained two letters and eight post cards, which were duly forwarded to their destination from Lerwick Post Office. The addresses on two of the



AN OAK THAT SPANS A FORTY-FOOT ROADWAY NEAR THE VILLAGE OF WHARTON, WYANDOT COUNTY, OHIO



LOGGING CAMP IN THE PINE WOODS OF SOUTHERN WISCONSIN



TWO HOURS SPORT ON SNAKE LAKE, BLACKFALDS, ALTA. CANADA



Sunday Reading

It is not in the really practical things of life that the human soul finds its greatest enjoyment. It is rather in the myths and vagaries, in the tender atmosphere of sentiment which envelops the past, surrounds the present and reaches into the future that is found supremest enjoyment. Dumb brutes eat and drink, are susceptible to climatic conditions; they possess to a remarkable degree the exercise of the five senses, but in lacking appreciation of the finer things in life the greatest difference, if not in fact the only real difference between brute and man is found. Christmas then is only a sentiment around which is interwoven the tenderest of all memories. It is a legend handed down from generation to generation in which is bound up all that is good and lovable, all that is helpful in the human heart which universally responds to the influence emblematic of Him from whom the festival takes its name, the Christ, God's greatest gift to mankind.

"Peace on earth, good will to man." What a wonderful significance enters into this glad herald of the Christmas tide. The bells ring it out clear and melodious on the morning air whose every sound wave is laden with the blessed tidings. Every countenance reflects the joyful influence at work within, and nature seems to join in the festival of love and peace, of charity and brotherhood which indeed seems born of a spirit akin to heaven.

Christmas comes but once a year, and in all the world there is nothing to compare with it. Nineteen centuries ago the shepherds at Bethlehem first beheld the miracle, and though nations have since risen and fallen, until the last vestige of their civilization has passed away, though human nature has been transformed almost through the wonderful process of evolution, though there cannot be found one other single resemblance in the condition of things to-day as compared with that eventful morn, yet Christmas has remained the happiest, the best, and the most precious day in all the year.

Scattered far and wide upon the face of the broad earth a thousand million people, all prompted by the same spirit and with unanimous accord lay aside for a time the motives and methods which inspire their lives and join in one universal season, brief though it is, in singing the grand old anthem: "Peace on earth, good will to men," which ascends never again in such mighty chorus until another year shall have added its cycle, decreasing the journey from time to eternity when the fullness of that of which it is a prototype shall be realized.

Anniversaries will come and go, recording the greatest achievements of men. Governments will continue to set apart holidays when thousands and millions of people will assemble to listen to the mightiest eloquence which shall fire the heart with enthusiasm. Rulers, following the precedent of the New England forefathers, will continue to set aside a day of general thanksgiving, but, as throughout the nineteen centuries past, so in the future, there will never be anything which can take precedence in the hearts of Christian civilization over Christmas. There is nothing to which attaches the same significance, or around which centers such love, such reverence, such prestige or such universal adoration as clings to this grand old festival when men and women seem to forget they are men and women and allow to creep into their hearts some of the spirit of good will, charity, love and brotherhood which is indeed emblematic of the Christ, like whom all are adjured to be.

Wonderful advancement has marked the progress of the celebration of the Christmas time. Where once centered the family around the Yule log, happy in the extreme simplicity of their rustic surroundings, and pleased with the slight tokens of remembrance, which it was then only in nature's power to furnish, there are now the great marts of a civilized world to draw from, and each hearthstone glitters with the toys which fairly dazzle in the splendor of their magnificence. Times have changed, but the same old spirit prevails, and with it, in fact inseparable from it, has come Santa Claus. Where in all history is there a word or a picture which has brought one half so much joy or pleasure as has Santa Claus. One of the first recollections, it passes from us regretfully as the parting from or death of our

dearest friend, and the only consolation which accompanies the shattering of a delightful child's dream is that we are to again enjoy it in the lives of the children who live after us. Who would to-day reveal the truth prematurely which surrounds this fairy legend would rob the child of its dearest possession and deprive it of precious moments of pleasure, moments which can never return.

Who is it that has sufficient power of imagination to successfully comprehend what the "Good Old Man" of Christmas means to the vast army of children in the civilized world to-day? To do this one must enter a home on Christmas morning, where the fires are burning cheerfully, shedding out a roseate warmth which takes color and brightness from the omnipresent holly and evergreen inseparably associated with the Christmas-tide; he must see the sweet faces, fresh from the couch of innocence, expectant even in the first few moments of wakefulness which it takes to realize that it is really Christmas Day. He must hear the baby prattle and the sweeter music of the older voices as in childish joy the children take to their hearts the precious toys that Santa has brought them, finding therein a source of absolute happiness and supreme content. He must not overlook father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, perhaps who, rich already in the pleasure of children, heap blessings upon their little heads, as, in turn, from pennies saved with greatest sacrifice, they too receive the trifling gifts, tokens untarnished of the heart's pure love. He must then remember that not to one home is this confined, but to a hundred million homes all over this broad land is the picture true. Then if the imagination does not fail in the grand ensemble, there is before him a picture yet un-painted, a peep at heaven itself.

Ah! But there is another picture; there are other homes where the spirit rests, but where poverty cramps the chimney's throat, refusing Santa Claus entrance; homes where the Yule log is but a few smoldering embers whose flickering light reveals the patched and threadbare stocking, swaying back and forth in the chilling blasts which creep up through the floor; where the pinched and hungry faces, yet hopeful in their misery, peep from beneath the scanty covering to see what Santa Claus has brought them, and in finding nothing, shed the bitter tears of childish disappointment, keener in their grief than any save those of older sorrow at a disappointment which could not be averted. Here the picture ends, and here begins the sweetest story of the Christmas-tide. Here it is that charity and beneficence which stalk abroad on Christmas eve, find ample opportunity, and homes are few indeed which do not feel the comforting influence of this welcome hand.

So much for sentiment, and now for history: Christmas is not a Christian festival. Thorouglyly pagan, it originated in Norseland, coming up through centuries of which there remains no chronological record; it began a feast to Odin, a joyful welcome to Nature born in Winter's arms. As such it came to Rome, and in changing residence, it changed its name. Now it was Saturnalia, and as Saturnalia Christianity found it. Joy at the birth of nature was supplanted by joy at the birth of Christ, and in beauty and significance it has been expanding ever since.

As such it is coming, it is almost here, and when the stroke of the midnight hour on Christmas eve shall break the stillness, there will have been ushered in for 1905 times the Christmas as we know it, as we like to realize it, and as it will be on to the end of time, when the sentiment of the grand old anthem which the angels sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men," shall be but the echo of the millennium.

How will you spend it? Is it too much to hope that this brief communion of spirit, this fleeting enjoyment of the sense of having been at peace with all the world shall not remain to brighten the future, and serve to strew flowers about a pathway which has hitherto been only too thickly lined with thorns? Give gifts, receive them, be happy in the sense of having made others so, and may the spirit of good will which finds place in the heart of the universe on Christmas day prove but the leaven which in time shall work out the complete salvation of the world, making every day a Christmas festival. H. L. W.

Weighty Professional Endorsements.

That the several American medicinal roots, the concentrated glyceric extracts of which make up Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have the strongest kind of endorsement by scores of leading medical writers of all the several schools of practice, a brief glance at the standard works on *Materia Medica* will show. Of Golden Seal root, which is one of the prominent ingredients of "Golden Medical Discovery," Dr. Roberts Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, says: "Very useful as a stomachic (stomach) tonic and in atonic dyspepsia. Cures gastric (stomach) catarrh and headaches accompanying same." He also mentions catarrh of the gall duct, jaundice and constipation as diseases which the use of Golden Seal root overcomes; also catarrh of the intestines, even when it has proceeded to ulceration, is remarkably benefited by Hydrastis (Golden Seal root).

Dr. Grover Coe, of New York, says: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal root) exercises an especial influence over mucous surfaces. Upon the liver it acts with equal certainty and efficacy. As a cholagogue (liver invigorator) it has few equals." Dr. Coe also advises it for affections of the spleen and other abdominal viscera generally, and for scrofulous and glandular diseases, cutaneous eruptions, indigestion, debility, chronic diarrhoea, constipation, also in several affections peculiar to women, and in all chronic derangements of the liver; also for chronic inflammation of bladder, for which Dr. Coe says "it is one of the most reliable agents of cure."

Prof. Hobart A. Hare, M. D., of the University of Pa., says of Golden Seal root that it is "of service in chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels, following abuse of alcohol, and as a tonic after malarial fever." He further says, it "has a distinct anti-malarial influence." Also "good in all catarrhal conditions, as uterine catarrh, leucorrhoea, etc., and as a curative agent in chronic dyspepsia."

Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., of the Medical Department, University City of N. Y., is equally loud in his praise of Golden Seal root, especially for its tonic effects in convalescence from acute diseases and its special tonic influence upon mucous surfaces and upon the gall bladder.

Doctors Barton and Tully recommended Golden Seal root as a pure tonic and as an alterative in diseased conditions of the mucous membranes.

Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, author of the *AMERICAN DISPENSATORY*, gives it a prominent place among medicinal agents, reiterates all the foregoing writers have said about it, as does also Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati. Dr. Scudder says: "It stimulates the digestive processes and increases the assimilation of food. By these means the blood is enriched, * * * the consequent improvement on the glandular and nervous systems are natural results." Dr. Scudder further says, "in relation to its general effect upon the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic, useful in all debilitated states * * *."

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of Golden Seal root: "It is a most superior remedy in catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of the stomach), chronic constipation, general debility, in convalescence from protracted fevers, in prostrating night-sweats. It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb." (This agent, Golden Seal root, is an important ingredient of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription for woman's weaknesses, as well as of the "Golden Medical Discovery.") Dr. Ellingwood continues, "in all catarrhal conditions it is useful."

Much more, did space permit, could be quoted from prominent authorities as to the wonderful curative properties possessed by Golden Seal root.

We want to assure the reader that "Golden Medical Discovery" can be relied upon to do all that is claimed for Golden Seal root in the cure of all the various diseases as set forth in the above brief extracts, for its most prominent and important ingredient is Golden Seal root. This agent is, however, strongly reinforced, and its curative action greatly enhanced by the addition, in just the right proportion of Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root and chemically pure glycerine. All of these are happily and harmoniously blended into a most perfect pharmaceutical compound, now favorably known throughout most of the civilized countries of the world. Bear in mind that each and every ingredient entering in the "Discovery" has received the endorsement of the leading medical men of our land, who extol each article named above in the highest terms. What other medicine put up for sale through druggists can show any such professional endorsement? For dyspepsia, liver troubles, all chronic catarrhal affections of whatever name or nature, lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, the "Discovery" can be relied upon as a sovereign remedy.

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Luther Burbank

An Appreciation

TO TAKE the fragrance from a magnolia and give it to a dahlia; to put flavor into a fruit that never knew it; to look at a briar and have the thorns to disappear; to toy with a plum tree and know that its fruit will be seedless; to hold in the palm of the hand, as it were, color and size and odor and to bestow them upon the common flowers of the field—such is the pastime of Luther Burbank, who has touched the desert and made it blossom as the rose.

Luther Burbank has done too much to be fully appreciated. If he had only improved one vegetable by adding to its proportions, he might be understood. Other men have done that. He could then have been dismissed with a statement that he was a successful horticulturist and keen observer. But when he has changed a hundred species and re-created a thousand varieties, when he gives strength to weak things and weakness to strong things, when he makes this plant grow large and that one grow small, when his accomplishments are numbered by the thousands, every one of them creating amazement and admiration—what are you going to say of such a man?

And still there is nothing strange or uncanny about Luther Burbank. He was born in Massachusetts in 1849. His people were small fruit growers. They were not conspicuous for anything they had done in the way of developing varieties, albeit they had experimented some. Grapes were their specialty and thus the present Burbank spent his childhood in the vineyard, if a patch of grape vines could be so dignified. He was not robust, but by no means a weakling. He attended the district school for a time, but was not noted for his learning. He was just a plain, ordinary boy in all things, giving no especial promise in any direction, and it was not until he was a mature man that he was pointed out as taking an unusual interest in plant life.

After fighting the rigorous winters of New England in his efforts to carry on his investigations in the plant world, he

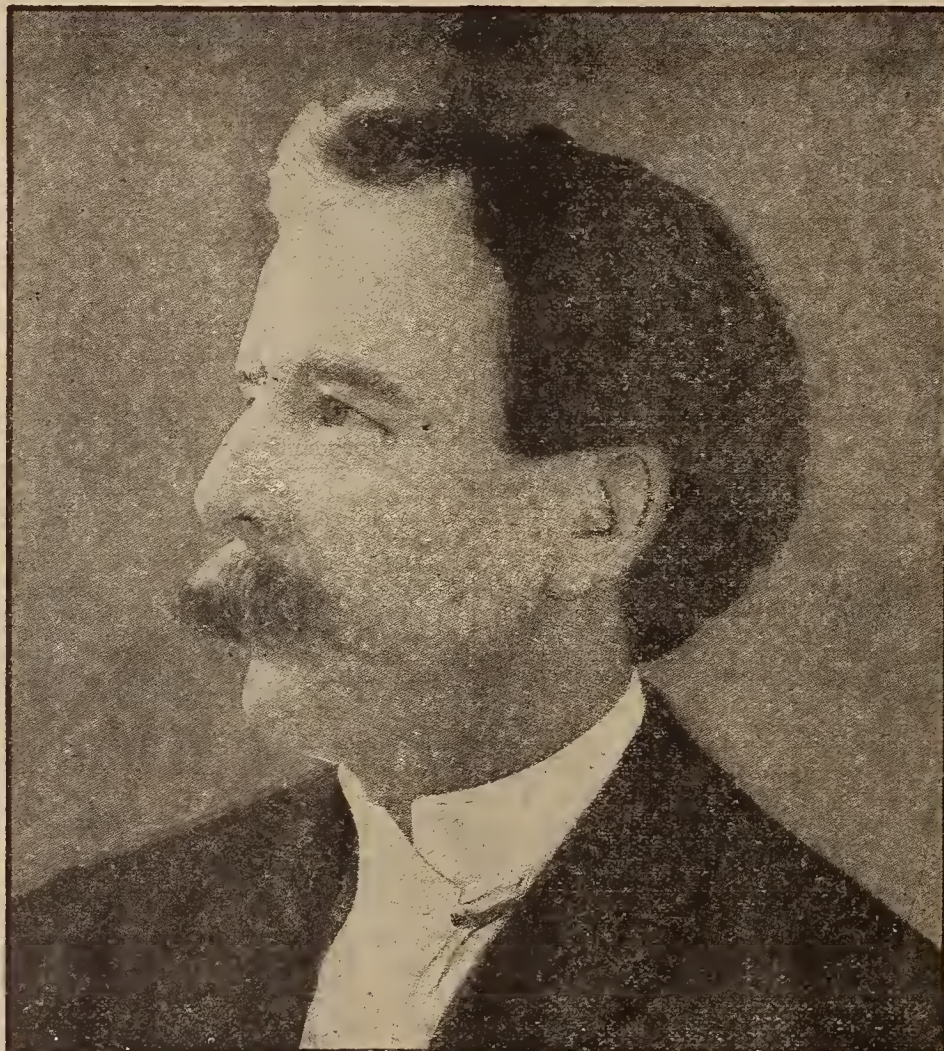
Possibly the most wonderful thing about Mr. Burbank is his memory. Such a mind as he must have is beyond conceiving. He makes few notes, and for years did not even go to the trouble of writing down anything pertaining to his plants. When it is considered that he has always thousands of experiments under way the magnitude of the mind can be imagined. At this time he has under consideration two thousand five hundred experiments—think of it! Some of these experiments involve thousands of plants. He must know what he is doing in every case. He keeps up with the approximate date he does a certain thing. He has in his eye the condition of a flower or a plant when he undertook the experiment. Every day he observes it to see what it is doing and how it is doing it. He must remember to-day how the thing looked yesterday, and how a hundred other similar plants looked last year and the year before.

Before Burbank succeeded in producing the white blackberry he propagated something like sixty-five thousand blackberry bushes. From out of this mass he selected the one that would, by still further cultivation, give him a white berry with all of the other attributes of the ordinary blackberry.

He wanted a berry unlike anything then in existence. He grew it. He calls it the Primus, and it is a cross between the blackberry and the raspberry. Such things cannot be done in a day, even by a Burbank. The seasons must come and go. A failure means at least a year in time. But the seasons come and go with Burbank rapidly, since he has something to do every day of every season.

The pomato is one of Mr. Burbank's most wonderful accomplishments, and if he did not accomplish so many things, that one thing would stand out as conspicuously as the discovery of the circulation of the blood. The pomato is a cross between the potato and the tomato. The fruit ripens in the sun, above the ground like a tomato, but it has some of the qualities of a potato. It is white and fragrant and is in all ways a commercial success. It is not a curiosity only, it has a value, as certainly as either the tomato or the potato, and in time it is believed that it will become as valuable as either.

How does this man do all these things?



LUTHER BURBANK

removed to Santa Rosa, California, where he would have a more congenial climate. That was in 1875. He had no money and he had to make a living, but he combined the making of the living with the study of his fruits and flowers and vegetables.

The world does not pay for experiments; it pays for results, and it is ever impatient for results. Burbank's results were slow, and from the standpoint of the world the first few years he spent in California were not successful. Some of his neighbors said he was a dreamer.

The earliest of Burbank's successes was in improving the potato. It was admitted by some that he had done that, but other men have done as much.

By intelligent work, that is all. He understands plant life and the habits of plants to begin with. He knows what a plant will or will not do under certain conditions—he found out all of those things long ago—and he goes to work to make them do what he believes they will do. Sometimes he is mistaken, mistaken only in method. Then he tries another method and another. He does not surrender. Sixty-four thousand failures with his blackberry vines did not discourage him. He knew the vines were willing to bear whatever kind of fruit he decreed they should, but he must show them how, must aid them to enable them to attain the result so eagerly and patiently sought.

Nothing is impossible with Burbank. He has already demonstrated that. He is yet a young man, and if he should live to a ripe old age and retain his health and vigor there is no way of predicting what he may do before he dies. He has done enough, of course. His future is secure if he never does anything else. He will be decorated by every scientific society in the world for what he has already done, but he has not stopped doing things. Every year sees new things created in the plant world by this man. His experiments are open to the world. His work belongs to humanity. Profit does not enter his head. There was a time when he needed bread, but he is now comfortable. He is not a money maker in the sense we understand the word these days. He has been successful because people have paid him for his knowledge, but he does not hoard up his information and sell it for an exorbitant price.

Last year six thousand people visited Burbank at his home at Santa Rosa. Some of them were curiosity seekers, but by far the larger part were interested men, men of science who wanted to know things. In addition to his guests he received thirty thousand letters in twelve months. To entertain six thousand guests and to answer thirty thousand letters would leave a man no time to attend to any thing else, in fact, a man could not do it in a year, so that he has to hire secretaries and assistants to help him. Whatever happens he must not give up his work. He must make his daily pilgrimages through his hothouses. He must observe his growing things. With his own hands he must do certain things, because it is impossible to impart to others just what he would have done.

Spineless cactus, that in the magnitude of the good to follow, is Burbank's chiefest glory. The production of a spineless cactus enlarges the world. That is the only way it can be expressed. It gives to man and beast millions and millions of acres of land that had been considered useless. It does away with the word desert. It renders habitable enough land that has heretofore been uninhabitable to support the present population of the world. The New Yorks and the Londons and the San Franciscos can spring up in a hundred places; there will be room. Burbank has insured a bountiful supply of food for a thousand years longer than the world was supposed to be able to supply food for its growing population, because he has not only removed the spines from the cactus and made the fruit and the stalk and the pulp edible, but he has improved it until it can be raised in any climate or in any soil.

It would require a dozen columns to even mention the improvements wrought in the vegetable kingdom by this New England boy who spent his youth in a vineyard, for it must be remembered that the things mentioned here, as well as the things printed from time to time in the papers, are only a few of the thousands of things he has done. We do not recall that we have seen printed any statement as to the trees whose natures Burbank has changed, even to the extent of regulating their growth. His magic wand has been pointed toward the trees as well as toward plants and vines. He has blended the flavor of nuts, and changed the color of their meat. He has added tenderness to this one and strength to that one. He has stunted the growth of a tree that grew too high, and sent towering toward the sky one that was dwarfed. He has grown a tree two feet in diameter in a dozen years, a walnut tree whose wood is valuable and whose fruit is delightful. He has made the chestnut produce nuts in a year's time and he has removed the bitter from the English walnut. He has thinned the shell of some nuts and thickened the shell of others, and all in the interest of the economy of things and for the betterment of the species.

Mr. Burbank admits that there are many problems as yet unsolved, but he is hopeful. To him there is nothing impossible. He blames himself rather than nature when he fails to solve them. He has never yet said that a thing could not be done. Time, time, that is all he wants; that is what he clamors for as he tries this experiment or that. He wants time, time. Not that he sits down and waits. Not that he does not improve the time as it passes, but time to plant this seed and watch it grow, time to shake that pollen from yonder flower onto another, time to graft this twig onto that stem. Failure means with him only a little more time. That is all he asks. He does not fail twice the same way. He does not fail a hundred times without learning a hundred things that will aid him in another attempt, and on and on go his almost countless experiments, always backed by the knowledge he has gleaned from failure.

GEORGE F. BURBA.

Where the Christmas Toys Come From

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 2]

trade. As we have suggested, its toys are mostly of metal—tin soldiers, swords, railway trains, and the funny little mechanical devices such as we see upon the street corners. Off to the north is the region where wood, porcelain and glass and paper are used in toy making.

There are factories, but toy making has become a sort of domestic or house industry. The skilled wood carvers and cabinet makers work at home. In the little village of Hammern the inhabitants have a predilection for ships, and though they are nowhere near the sea, boats and toy vessels of all kinds are carved there.

Mohair or prepared Angora wool is used for hair. This is first dyed, and after being fitted to the doll, the wig is curled and coiffed. There are separate apartments for the "mamma" or "papa" of the baby doll.

But if we want to see the wooden toy in the perfection of making we must travel again to the south of Nuremberg, into the high Alps of the Austrian Tyrol. Here is the picturesque district known as the Groedner Thal, and the chief town is St. Ulrich.

But there are no factories in St. Ulrich; everybody works at home. Wood carving seems to be hereditary. Children and grandchildren all work at the same trade as fathers and grandfathers.

Since the first doll was fashioned the industry has passed through many stages of development and improvement. People have now become so far-seeing and practical that they want a doll that will be not only pleasing to the eye, but tangible to the touch, and the twentieth-century toy answers both requirements.



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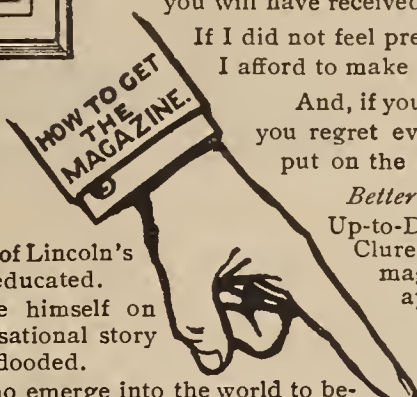
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Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but THIS \$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending us the neatest correct solutions.

Arrange the 41 letters printed in the centre groups into the names of six cities of the United States. Can you do it? Large CASH PRIZES, as listed below, and MANY ADDITIONAL PRIZES to those who send in the neatest solutions, will be given away. First Prize, \$50.00 in Gold. Second Prize, \$25.00 in Gold. Third Prize, \$15.00 in Gold. Fourth Prize, \$10.00 in Gold. Five Prizes of \$5.00 each. Ten Prizes of \$2.50 each. Fifty Prizes of \$1.00 each. Making a Total of Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes. Don't send us ANY MONEY when you answer this advertisement as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.—In preparing the names of the six cities, the letters in each group can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used that does not appear. After you have found the six correct names you will have used every letter in the 41 exactly as many times as it appears. These prizes ARE GIVEN, as we wish to have our magazine brought prominently to the attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. TRY AND WIN. If you make out the six names, send the solutions at once—who knows but what you will WIN A LARGE PRIZE? Anyway, we do not want you to send any money with your letter, and a contest like this is very interesting. Our Magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send FREE a copy of the latest issue of our Magazine, to everyone who answers this advertisement. COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY ON THIS CONTEST and you will find it a very ingenious mix-up of letters, which can be straightened out to spell the names of six well-known cities of the United States. Send in the names right away. As soon as the contest closes you will be notified if you have won a prize. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best advertisement we can get to offer LARGE PRIZES. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded PRIZES: M. M. Hannah, Fernwood, Miss., \$75.00; H. A. Parmelee, Milford, Neb., \$61.00; Mrs. E. Preister, Richmond, Tex., \$55.00; M. G. Christenson, Gregg, Minn., \$50.00; Mrs. C. E. Welling, 1320 Lauderdale Street, Memphis, Tenn., \$30.00; Mrs. Harriet S. Eubank, 122 Intendencia Street, Pensacola, Fla., \$20.00; J. C. Henry, Box 113, Sillgo, Pa., \$25.00; Henry Perry, Central Islip, L. I., N. Y., \$25.00; James A. Cooter, Holden, Mo., \$25.00; Evelyn S. Murray, 122 S.

Central Avenue, Austin, Chicago, Ill., \$25.00; Mrs. L. D. Puffenberger, 240 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y., \$20.00. We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names. The solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and it will amply pay you to TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the cities. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent Magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, Can you get the correct solution? If you can do so, write the names of the cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Lazy and foolish people neglect these grand free offers and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GREAT OFFERS. We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. We intend to have the largest circulation for our high-class Magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes. It is the successful way to get your Magazine talked about. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. USE YOUR BRAINS. Write the names of the cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this contest, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings, and saying that if we had not so strongly urged them to try to win they would not have been successful. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately. DON'T DELAY. WE WILL GIVE OTHER PRIZES THIS SEASON. Get your name on our list and win a prize. Do not delay. Write plainly.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE

NSOBOT
KOYREWN
OCCHAIC
DTORTIE
OLAFFUB
ATALNTA

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?

ADDRESS:

THE HOPKINS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

One Sleuth's Work

A man who was "wanted" by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were duly circulated among the police. The chief of police in a country town wrote to police headquarters of the city in search of the malefactor a few days after the set of portraits had been issued, as follows:

"I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Small Boy's Tears

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?"

"Boo hoo! Pa fell down stairs."

"Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall—all the way. I never saw nuffen—boo hoo!"—Sporting Times.

Explanation by the Country Editor

After a good deal of study and work we have at last figured out why so many country editors get rich. Here is the secret of success:

A child is born in the neighborhood; the attending physician gets \$10; the editor gives the loud-lunged youngster and the "happy parents" a send-off and gets \$0. It is christened; the minister gets \$10, and the editor gets \$00. It grows up and marries; the editor publishes another dozen-winded, flowery article, and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride;" the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake, and the editor gets \$000. In the course of time it dies and the doctor gets from \$25 to \$100, the minister perhaps gets another \$15, the undertaker gets from \$50 to \$100; the editor publishes a notice of the death and an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks, and gets \$0000.

No wonder that so many country editors get rich.—Morehead (Alabama) Coaster.

Hogs Intoxicated

Thirty-six hogs in an intoxicated condition is the story that comes from John Landwerlin, a farmer in Shelby County, Indiana. Mr. Landwerlin says he had been making cider and had put a barrel of it in the orchard, where it fermented. Forty-five hogs made their way into the orchard. In the meantime fermentation forced the bung out of the barrel, and the contents ran into a trough two or three inches from the barrel.

Thirty-six of the hogs drank all the cider. Mr. Landwerlin visited the orchard an hour later and saw his hogs staggering around and falling down. About five o'clock they were all sober again.

Nine of the hogs did not taste the cider, and Mr. Landwerlin says he thinks they are prohibitionists.

The Germ-Proof Barber Shop

"This towel," said the attendant in the germ-proof barber shop, "has been subjected to an extreme heat and is thoroughly sterilized. We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion."

"Good thing," commended the patron.

"This soap," went on the attendant, picking up a cake thereof, "has been de-bacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush are thoroughly antisepticated."

"Great scheme," said the patron.

"The chair in which you sit is given a daily bath in bichloride of mercury, while its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees, which is guaranteed to shrivel up any bacillus that happens along."

"Hot stuff," said the patron.

"The razor and the lather-brushes are boiled before being used, and the lather cup is dry heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs being concealed in it."

"Fine," said the patron.

"The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled."

"Excellent," said the patron.

"Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the bootblack chair is boiled and then frozen and the —"

"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant. "But I am not the barber."

"You're not? Where is he?"

"They are boiling him, sir."—Illustrated Bits.

Wit and Humor



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From a Drawing by John Hassall

Why Santa Laughed

Upon a snowy Christmas eve
The stockings hung in line,
Puss lay asleep upon the rug,
The clock tick, tocked in rhyme;
The pendulum swung to and fro,
The hands went round the face,
And marked the minutes and the hours
As they flew on apace.

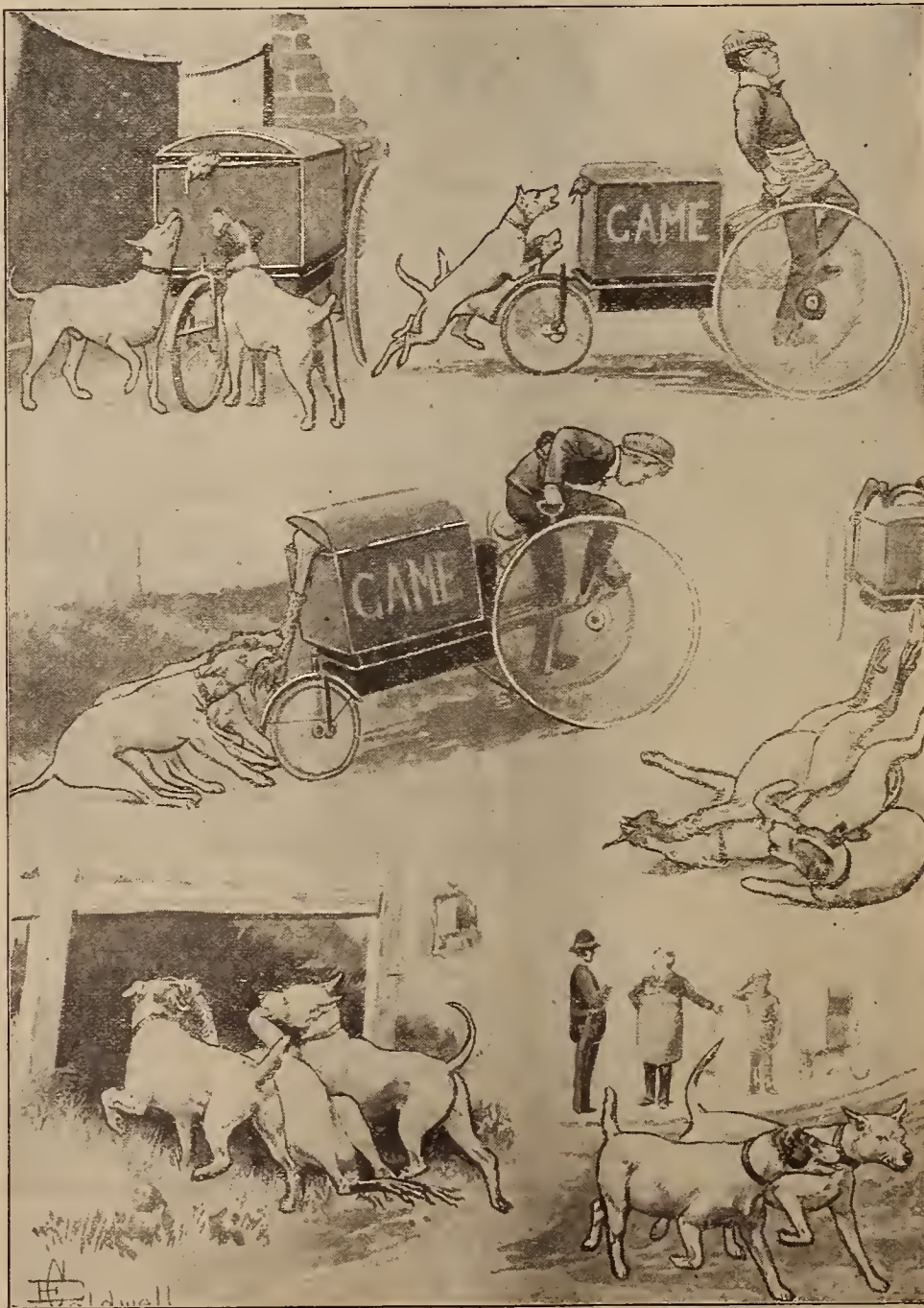
The clock had just struck out the hour,
And told the folks, "all's well,"
When out upon the midnight clear
Came merry sound of bell.
Look! down the chimney black and grim
Saint Nick and pack appear.
He one by one the stockings fills,
Then cries, "What have we here?"

For there upon the mantel shelf,
The last one in the row,
Was hung a stocking, oh so big,
With note pinned to the toe.

"What's this," cried Santa with a laugh,
"Shall I this note unpin?
'To Santa Claus, from the North Pole.'
Yes, yes, I'll peep within."

And as he read, his eyes grew bright,
He smiled and bobbed his head,
For, in that note pinned to the toe,
This brief request he read:
"Dear Santa, will you kindly fill
This stocking for the poor?
And give us less this Xmas tide,
Signed, Willie and Fred Moore."

"Ho, ho," said Santa with a smile,
"Kind little folks live here.
This stocking will I fill to top
With merry Christmas cheer;
A happy Christmas will I leave
To these dear boys, be sure,
Who mid their joy did not forget
A stocking for the poor."
—Alice Lotherington in Kindergarten News.



A MYSTERY OF YULETIDE

From Illustrated Dramatic News

Bil's Christmas Letter

FARM AND FIRESIDE

Gentlemen, etc.—He try too rite too yu too let yu no wy We az a famly aint goin too hav no Terky for Christmas. not thet i hate the Terky az a bird nor az a farmers Soarce ov incum, but with all my Hart i hate him az a Christmas dinner.

The way it hapind is az hard too rite about az ritin a Compazishun at skool, wich i had too do the Last fridy before the Christmas vakashun Week. wel, like a Guse, i rote about the Terky, his life an his Work, wich relly was no Silly subjeck. but, pa, feelin kinder big like, sed wel, wy coodent we hav a Terky for dinner Next Sunday. so ma sed wy jon, caus she dident think pa wood hav enuf Sents too want a terky for dinner on Christmas never havin had any before. but i gess pa had a kinder good Feelin about him an thot he wood ples the famly, caus pa dont genely talk such Nonsents.

Wel, wot is too be is got too be i gess, so pa went on too a nabers hous, calld mr. Wilson, an i bein with pa, i herd all tha sed. his Name is henry, caus pa sed wel, henry, i want too by a terky from yu for a Christmas dinner. so wilson sed i aint got no terkys, havin sold em all last Week, but ive got sum ov the purtiest Geese in the worl, which are jes az good as Terkys for eatin materiel. so pa sed wel, ketch wun ov the pesky wodlers then. so mr. wilson sed geesy, geesy, geesy, an kep sayin it til wun pore Ignent retch cum woblin up, jes like the foolish Guse it was, only it was a Gandar, an Quickern a flash mr. wilson had him by wun Leg, wile the uther was dartin heer an thare for Un-found freedom. Wel, after we got our Gandar, we soon found our selvs home ward Bound, an i mite say thet pa was the Tickledest feller thet ever helt a Guse. wen we got home pa sed, kinder Uneesy ike, Now hoos goin too kil the triflin thing now thet we hav got him. i node pa wus-ent no butcher so i sed pa ile kil him.

So finely Saturday cum, wich was the mornin for the Guse too eat his Last corn, havin eat neerly a Bushil alreedy. wel, i got the Ax an pa caut the Gandar, wich was not Hard too do, az he had bin tide ever since we bot him. so pa strecht out his nek an lade it on the blok an sed now thares wer yu must Cut, showin wer he ment with his finger, wich he dident take away in Time, an never did take part ov it away, wich was the Fore most end includin the Nale, which had too wite spots on it. i gess thet wus a never falin sine ov bad Luck, wich pa woodent Heed til it was for Ever too late.

Wel, too mend the Matter, ma sed wel, i all ways told yu a soar woodent Heel if yu rubd the Linament on with yure Fore finger, an now i gess yule hav too use sum uther wun. but dont yu think wen pa went in the hous after the stuf, he rubd it on his Cut off finger with his Fore finger ov the uther Hand, wich made ma so Snortin mad she coodent help but laf an say wel, we wil hav too git a nuther Guse i gess. pa dident see the point, which was a Plot to behed his last an only Fore finger.

Pa sed he wus a Guse for lettin me do the Bucherin, but i say it was the True an Real Guse thet lost his head, an now Hopin yu are wel too, i wil cloze. BIL.

P. S.—Thet wus last Christmas an has no Connexyun with the Hapnins ov this wun.

Logical Juryman

For nearly six hours had the court been convulsed with the evidence given in a sensational action for breach of promise. The many ridiculous love letters had been read, commented upon, and heartily laughed at; counsel had spoken, the judge had summed up, and the jury had retired to consider their verdict.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman, "how much shall we give this young man?"

"Look here," said one of the jurymen, "if I understand aright, the plaintiff doesn't ask damages for blighted affections, or anything of that sort, but only wants to get back what he's spent on presents, holiday trips, etc."

"That is so," agreed the foreman. "Well, then, I vote we don't give him a penny," said the other hastily. "If all the fun he had with that girl didn't cover the amount he expended it must have been his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself."

Verdict for the defendant.—Exchange.

Find Out Yourself

Don't ask a girl to marry you after dark when she is dressed fit to kill. Call on her, and when you leave inadvertently drop a glove on the piano. Return for it the next morning at nine o'clock. If she comes to the door with one shoe and one slipper on, her hair done up in curl papers, dressed in an old mother hubbard, our advice is to take to the woods. But if she appears in a neat house dress, her hair done up and a rose in the top of it, grab her.—Marionville (Mo.) Free Press.

Wit and Humor

The Motive Power

At a prayer meeting in Maine a good old brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony:

"My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm and good crops, they did have a fine family of children, but she added, with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."—Boston Herald.

Sermon of the Stove

"De preacher wuzn't feelin' good las' meetin' day an' he made de stove preach de sermon."

"Made de stove preach?"

"Yes—made it red hot fum top ter bottom, an' den tol' de sinners ter take a good look at it, an' go ter thinkin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Not to be Trusted

President—"About this man who asks for a situation as bookkeeper. Is he competent?"

Director—"They tell me he never was known to make a mistake in his books."

President—"That settles it. A man who's as expert as that is not to be trusted."—Boston Transcript.

A Lesson in Propriety

The poet—"When would you consider is the best time to offer a girl your hand?"

Practical cuss—"When she's getting out of a 'bus. I should say."—New-Yorker.

Strange Story of a Book Agent

One morning last week a cadaverous young man with a valise called at the office of a busy lawyer.

"Mr. Rangle," he said, "can I sell you a history of Menard county?"

"Why, that happens to be the county I was born and grew up in," said the lawyer. "What is the book worth?"

"Four dollars a copy."

"I'll take one."

To Mr. Rangle's intense surprise the caller burst into tears.

"What's the matter, young man?" he asked. "Was the shock too great for you?"

"It—it wasn't what I expected!" sobbed the book agent. "I had made a b-bet of five dollars you'd kick me out!"—Buffalo Times.

Only an Amateur

The artist of the family had painted a picture and they grouped around to admire. A piece of fruit resting on a plate, ripe, mellow and golden. They agreed it was a beautiful picture, but could not decide whether it was an apple, peach or pear. A colored servant came into the room on a domestic errand and stepping before the picture gazed upon it with awe. Turning to the artist with a look of admiration, she exclaimed: "Lawse, honey, anybody kin tell dat's de moon rising."—A. B. W.

The Parson Explained

A Scots minister had forgotten to bring his manuscript to the church and on going into the pulpit gave his congregation this explanation: "I am very sorry, my friends, to have to tell you that I have mislaid my manuscript. I must, therefore, this morning just say to you what the Lord has put into my mouth, but I trust I shall come this afternoon better provided."—Tatler.

Mercenary

"Is marriage a failure?"
"You can never tell till you've seen the wedding presents."—Cleveland Leader.

The Union Forever

Lady—"But you promised to cut some wood."

Weary—"Ma'am, I told you I was a union man, an' I jest noticed dat dat ax was made by a factory wot employs non-union labor."

Taken at Her Word

"Did you tell the reporter that your engagement was a secret?"

"Yes; and the horrid thing never put it in the paper at all."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ART CALENDAR OF THE SEASON FREE

A Magnificent Work of Art

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE MOST VALUABLE
ART CALENDAR GIVEN AWAY
BY ANY PUBLISHER THIS SEASON

This calendar is not to be compared with the calendars usually sold in art stores, because calendars not nearly so beautiful sell in art stores for a dollar or more. Its novel construction, the beautiful moire silk effect and the blending of the colors, combined with the knowledge that it is a creation of one of the best-known American artists, should arouse sufficient interest to cause every one of our readers to possess one. In the tastefulness of the design, the beauty of the coloring and the excellence of the lithograph it should certainly prove a most artistic calendar for 1906, and we believe there is nothing to equal it being offered by any one this year. Nothing more appropriate for the home or for a Christmas gift has been conceived.

Reproduced in Eighteen Colors

W. H. McENTEE, the celebrated artist and pupil of Bougereau, conceived this beautiful and interesting design, upon which are most artistically combined his celebrated painting and a most magnificent spray of Azaleas by E. F. GEORGE, the American flower painter.

It is exquisitely lithographed in eighteen colors, being reproduced in fac-simile moire silk with a roll attached by which to hang it.

Our desire for an exclusive design has prompted us to pay the price demanded by the artist for his original painting in order that we might present to our readers a calendar worthy of being hung in the homes. The original painting has been most carefully reproduced in all the colors and tints used by the artist, showing a background of a moire silk effect, and for the holiday season of the year will make a most appropriate gift.

The illustration herewith gives but a faint idea of the beauty and magnificence of this calendar, as it is finished in the original colors. It makes a rich and decorative art panel, to be exact, eleven and one half inches wide by thirty inches long.

How to Secure the Calendar

This beautiful calendar will be sent FREE to any one for a club of only two yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at the regular price, 25 cents each. Each subscriber can secure a calendar by adding 10 cents extra when subscribing to Farm and Fireside.

This calendar and Farm and Fireside one year will be sent, prepaid, to any address for only 35 CENTS. The calendar is not sold alone at any price, only with subscriptions.

Address

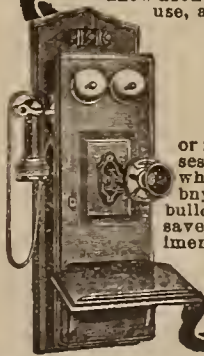
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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



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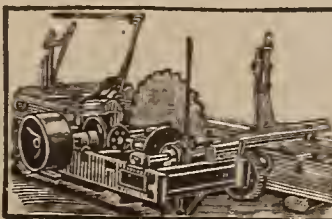
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\$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. G. R. BILSTER CO., 2400 Springfield, Ill.

\$12.00 BUYS LAND THAT YIELDS \$17.54 AN ACRE

I have two only adjoining tracts of 160 acres each in the Yazoo Valley (Mississippi Delta) which I must realize on at once, and will sell each tract for \$1920.00 cash. This is much below value. Adjoining tracts have sold from \$15.00 to \$50.00 an acre and land values throughout the valley are rapidly increasing. Farms rent here from \$6.00 an acre up. The soil in the Yazoo Valley is the most prolific in the world. Every crop known to the temperate zone grows abundantly here. Corn and Cotton crops are enormous. The fertility is even and no fertilizers are ever needed. This soil yields a greater profit in proportion to the labor expended than any section in the United States. The average yield per acre in the Yazoo Valley is \$17.54; the average for Illinois \$7.81; for Indiana \$8.23; for Iowa \$6.85. Must close this out at once.

ADDRESS 1622-204 DEARBORN ST.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



American Saw Mills LEAD THE WORLD.

Factory at doors of iron, coal and steel production. Lowest freight rates; prices right, too. Five sizes portable saw mills; shingle machines; lathe mills; cord wood, cut-off and rip saws; steam and gasoline engines; feed mills. Free catalogue. Ask for it. Address American Saw Mill Machinery Co., 130 Hope St., Hackettstown, N. J. New York City Office, 602 Engineering Building. Distributing Points: San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, St. Louis, New Orleans, Atlanta, Richmond.

Limitation of Action

W. W., Ohio, asks: "What time, if any, would release an indorser on a note written on demand? Is a mortgage on an oil leasehold, wells, piping, tanks, etc., belonging to said lease legal?"

Fifteen years from the time note was given. (2) The mortgage would be given on whatever the interest might be, if it was properly executed and recorded should be, if the leasehold interest is beyond three years in length.

*

Division of Estate

P. E. M., Mass., wants to know: "How would an estate be legally divided if a father gave his eldest son an undivided half of his farm? He afterwards married a second wife, then dies leaving three sons and two daughters by his first wife, and his widow. He left no will."

The father having given to the eldest son one half of his farm, the land so given to such son would belong to that son, and the father at his death would only have owned one half of the farm. If it could be shown that the one half given to the son was given him in the way of an advancement, then whatever the sum would be, would be taken out of such son's share in his father's property, and as it is probable that such interest would be greater than any interest the son might have in his father's remaining property, therefore, such remaining property would be divided equally between his other children, subject to the second wife's dower right therein.

*

Right to Make A Will

G. C. M., Georgia, inquires: "A man with a second wife owns a small farm of seventy-five acres, also stock and tools sufficient to run his farm, has several children by his first wife, but has no children by his last wife. His children are all grown and married. He accumulated all the property he possesses in his first wife's life by his own means; he makes a will giving his second wife all the property he owns her lifetime, then to be divided equally among his children, after the wife's death. Some of his children objected to him willing all the property to his wife, and say that the law of Georgia does not give a person the right to make such a will. Is the will legal, or in other words could it be set aside if contested in the courts?"

I know of no law in Georgia or elsewhere that prevents a person in sound mind from making a will and making such disposition of his property as he sees fit. Your inquiry says that the man owned the property, and if he does, as I have stated, if he is in sound mind he can will it to whomsoever he chooses.

*

Liability for Slanderous Words

H. H. J., Hawaii, inquires: "Is there any way to punish a man for coming to my house and also at other places, asking my wife to commit an immoral act? Can he have my wife punished for telling a friend about his talk? My wife is a native of Hawaii, but has a good name."

(1) No, there is no particular way to punish the man except to catch him out and give him a good licking. (2) He cannot have your wife punished for telling anything about such matters; it is not a crime. If the matter was untruthful she might be civilly liable for damages.

*

Acquisition of Water Rights

B. M., Pennsylvania, writes: "Please tell me how to proceed in procuring control of a run of water; supposing I wished to make a dam, or use the water for manufacturing purposes, how could I get exclusive right to a stream, or get a right, to the extent that I could prevent anyone building a dam above me, which would be detrimental to me?"

The only way that I know in which you could get a right that you ask in the above query is to buy the same from the adjoining land owners.

*

Inheritance of the Property

H. A., Ohio, inquires: "A, a widower with children, was engaged to Miss C. Before marriage they bought property. Miss C. paid one third, and A. the remaining two thirds. The deed was made out to A. and Miss C. jointly. So long as he lived he paid the taxes and made all improvements. At his death, without a will, how must this property be divided by law, between his children of the first marriage, and his widow, who was Miss C. before marriage?"

Miss C. would have an undivided one half of the property, in her own right, and she would have a life estate, or dower interest in the husband's one half; that is, she would have the use of one third of the husband's half during her lifetime.

*

Road Improvements

J. F. T., Pennsylvania, writes: "I live in the state of Pennsylvania, county of Allegheny, and township of Stowe. The

The Family Lawyer

BY JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

township is of the first class, which elects five commissioners to office to do the business of the township. I have a lot in this township, running from the township road back to a fifteen-foot alley. The ground slopes back quite a bit. Now the township supervisor is grading this alley, making a cut of about four or five feet at my lot, and is about within one foot of the line at the top of the ground with a very small slope on the four or five feet. Has he the right to grade this alley? The alley has not been accepted by the township. Has he the right to dig that close, without protecting my ground from slipping down? Has he the right to work on any street or alley before they are accepted by the township? Is the township responsible for damage on streets or alleys not accepted by the township? What steps would you advise me to take in this matter?"

The matter about which you inquire is of such a local character, subject to the laws of your own state, that I may not be able to give you a very good answer. I do not think that they can grade this alley in your state, and so be a detriment to you, unless it has been in some way accepted by the public authorities, and even then they would not have a right to dig so close to your line that it might injure your property, in the way of sloping down your banks, or destroying the support of your fence. I very much doubt whether the ordinary township supervisor has a right to work upon any street or alley that has not been accepted as a public thoroughfare by some public authorities. I very much doubt that they would not be responsible for any injury that might result. But this matter is too much of a local character for you to rely entirely upon my advice.

*

Evidence of Relationship

E. T. inquires: "Would a person need to have a passport and naturalization papers in order to show that he was a relative of a person in Switzerland, the heir residing in the United States?"

I do not see how a passport or naturalization papers would help to establish relationship. The fact of relationship is proved like any other fact. If the relationship is shown or admitted, naturalization of the heir will not affect it.

*

Piracy—Use of Another's Literary Production

L. A. L. asks: "Is there a fine or penalty if a person copies a story without the author's consent, and sells it to another? If there is a penalty, please state what it is."

Unless the article is copyrighted there is no penalty; if copyrighted, then the matter is protected by the copyright laws.

*

Inheritance, etc.

E. D. R. says: "A man and woman take adjoining government homesteads in South Dakota. They afterward marry, and build a house on the line between the two pieces of land, and at the end of five years make final proof and get a United States patent. They still own their respective claims. They have one child. In case of the death of either parent how will the land be divided? If the wife dies, can the husband hold the land where their home is?"

This query is not very plain in that it does not state on whose land the house is built. If on the husband's part, he could hold it; if on the wife's part, then he would have a half interest in it. The law in South Dakota provides that if a wife dies, leaving one child, the property is equally divided between the husband and the child.

*

Land Deeded to Husband Bought with Wife's Money

O. W. R. asks: "A man and wife sold a farm that was inherited by the wife. They bought another farm, with the deed made to the husband. The wife died. Can the husband sell the farm, and make a good deed, or can their children come in for a share of farm when they come of age?—Is it against the laws of Indiana or the United States to play baseball on Sunday?"

The husband could sell the land. The children would have no right in it unless by a suit in court it should be declared that the husband held it in trust, and this would need to be done before the husband sold it.—It is not against the laws of the United States to play baseball on Sun-

day. This is a matter that comes within state laws. I do not know the laws of Indiana on the subject.

*

Right to Recover Land

S. E. says: "My father owned a tract of land near Centralia, Ill. My brother sold the land in 1870 or 1871. I was a minor, and never received anything for my part of the land. Can I recover my interest in the land so many years after it was sold?"

The question whether or not you could recover would depend upon the number of years that have elapsed since you became of age. I am doubtful about your right to recover. It seems that in Illinois actual possession for seven years with payment of taxes under color of title will give right to hold. A person under disability—a minor for instance—has two years after such disability is removed.

*

Inquiries Not Answered

I have an inquiry from W., of Boston, which is not written plainly enough for me to understand exactly what the querist desires to know, and I have another one from D. J. M., Oklahoma, that covers about seven pages of letter note paper; this inquiry is entirely too long to be answered in the columns of the FARM AND FIRESIDE. Let me again repeat to querists to make their inquiries as brief as possible and plainly written. For if they are not brief they cannot be used for want of space, and if not plain I cannot understand definitely what the querist desires to know, and therefore I am in danger if I attempt to make an answer of making an incorrect one.

*

Right to Rent of Oil Lease

P. C. G. inquires: "F. A. G. owned a farm, and leased the same for oil and gas. He leased as an agent for his heirs, and during his life all legal papers were signed as an agent. He died. To whom is the money obtained from the oil and gas payable, and can any one not represented in said lease or company obtain any part of it?"

If F. A. G. owned the farm I can hardly understand why he would sign as agent for his heirs, and it seems to have been a mere formality. On the theory that F. A. G. owned the farm, I will say that unless otherwise provided whatever money was due at the time of F. A. G.'s death should be paid to his administrator; that which becomes due after F. A. G.'s death should be paid to the persons who were the owners of said land upon the death of F. A. G.

*

Injury From Runaway Team

C. H. inquires: "My husband has been employed by the gas company here for about eight years. About three years ago one of their horses ran away, and threw him from the wagon, breaking his arm. Blood poison set in, and the arm was amputated. The company paid his hospital bill, and have since given him employment. He is often sent out with a horse and wagon. Now there is some talk of putting him in the office as night watchman. I think that is too dangerous a position for a one-armed man. If he offers any objection and is discharged, could he claim damages or compel them to give him a less dangerous position?"

It is very questionable whether the company is liable to your husband in any respect, and what they are doing is through a sympathetic feeling for his misfortune.

*

Inheritance—Personal Property

S. B., New York, wishes to know: "If a man lives in Indiana, and his property is there, dies without a will, and no wife or children, but leaves five brothers and two sisters living, two sisters dead, do the children of the dead sisters share in the estate? It consists of notes, mortgages and cash. Can any of the heirs use a portion of the estate or purchase a monument without consent of all the heirs?"

According to the laws of Indiana, if a person dies intestate, without father or mother living, the brothers and sisters inherit the property as tenants in common, and it is distributed equally among them. In the above estate, I presume an administrator has been appointed, and it is usually within the discretionary power of the administrator to expend a proper sum in the purchase of a suitable monument, with or without the consent of the heirs.

Abstract of Title, etc.

T., Ohio, wants to know: "Have I any power to give an abstract deed, when I only have a warranty deed of my farm? This subject is causing a little commotion through the neighborhood. The fact is, the option takers of our coal land want twenty-five dollars from each to abstract the title. All any of us have is a warranty deed. Does twenty-one years' peaceable possession have anything to do in the state of Ohio with holding property?"

I do not know just what you mean by an abstract deed. I presume what is meant, is that they want you to furnish an abstract of title; that is, an examination of the records showing what kind of a title you have. The mere fact that you had a warranty deed is not full evidence that you have a good title. Your warranty deed is good only so far as the man is good that made it to you. Whether or not you should pay for this abstract of title is a question between you and the purchaser alone. You do not need to furnish it unless you want to or agree to. If a man is in possession of real estate for twenty-one years, peaceably holding it adversely to every one else, and claiming title himself, it is pretty good evidence of title, indeed, if it is not an absolutely good or complete title. There may be some outstanding rights such as those of a minor, insane person, etc., for the twenty-one years will not bar them of their rights.

*

Injury by Animals in State Reservation

C. A. C., New Jersey, writes: "Last winter the state put out deer in the woods the other side of my place and they are ruining everything. They have eaten my sweet potatoes, beans, peas, table beets, sugar beets, lima beans, strawberries, etc. They are in my cultivated field every night. What can I do? There is all my summer work for nothing, and have no vegetables to eat ourselves. How can I get paid for the damage, and how can I make them keep them off in the future?"

It seems that you ought to have some remedy, but just what it may be from the facts stated in your query, I am not able to determine. I do not know the law in your state in reference to your state reservations. If it is merely wild land, it is possible that these animals might be treated as wild animals, and you would be compelled to protect yourself in the best way that you could, and it may be that the state is responsible. If it assumes to exercise ownership over these animals and this territory, in such cases you would probably have to look to a special provision of the legislature in your behalf. Better confer with some local attorney, and your representative in the state general assembly, in reference to the matter.

*

Inheritance—Personal Property

A. S., New York, writes: "My great-grandfather vacated one hundred and sixty acres of land in New York state about ninety years ago, and moved farther west without disposing of his land, which has since become very valuable. If records were to bear out this contention, could heirs recover?"

If the records bear out the contention that you recite above, there would still be considerable difficulty in establishing your title to this land. It has no doubt been sold for taxes before this, and other outstanding tax titles, or possibly some one in adverse possession whose claims would be held to get rid of. I doubt if the claim is of any value.

*

Right of Township Trustees to Construct a Ditch in an Incorporated Village

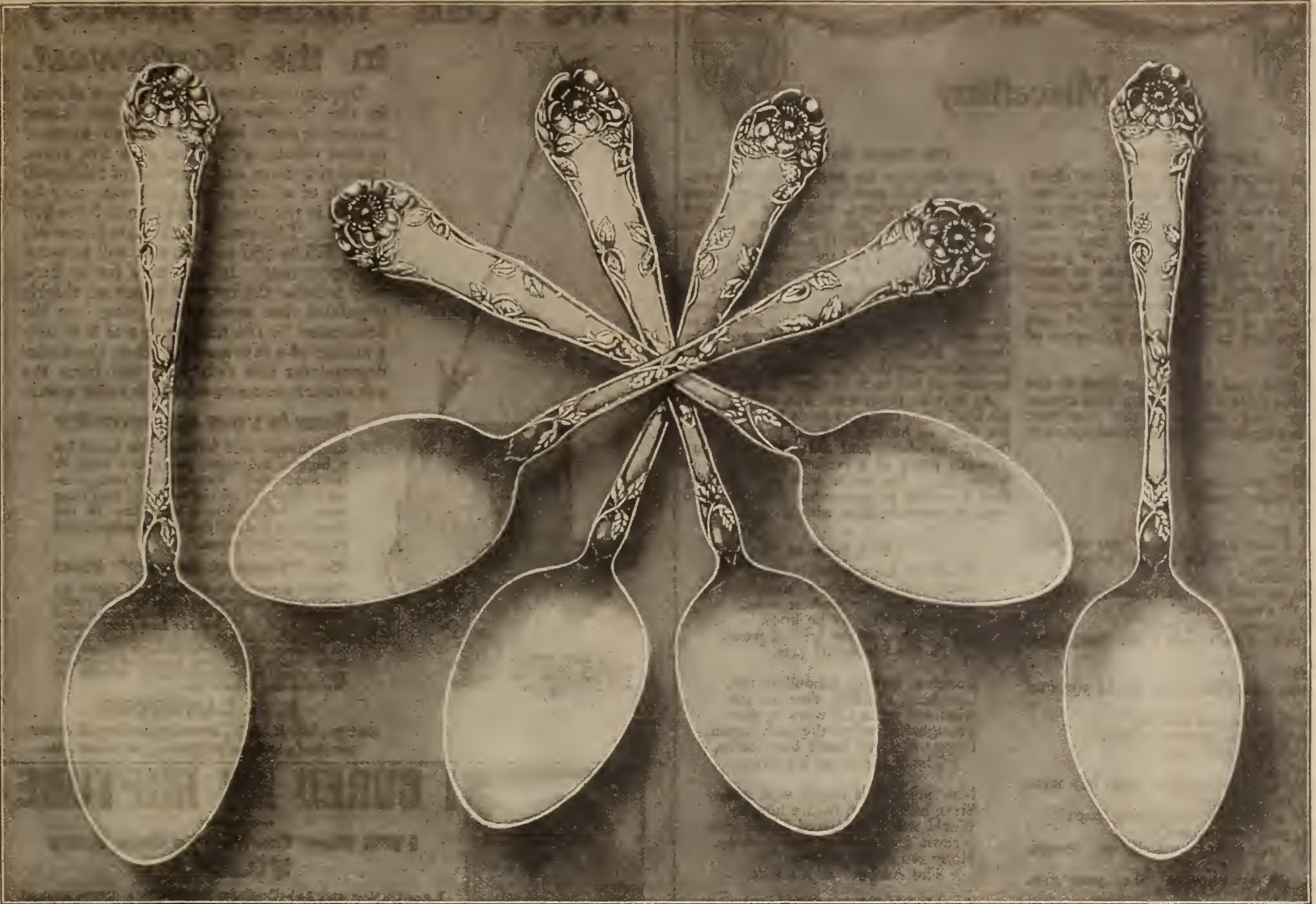
W. F., Ohio, says: "Can the township trustees locate, and cause to be built, a ditch which is entirely within the limits of an incorporated village? Must a landowner be compelled to ditch and tile his land for the convenience of his neighbor to carry surface water? Have the trustees jurisdiction in an incorporation or the village council? The trustees have viewed same and located ditch and placed some parts for the township to pay and ignored the rights of the village council."

I do not understand that the law of Ohio gives the township trustees a right to construct a ditch through an incorporated village. Incorporated villages have a right to all control of such matters through their council, and unless there is some special law to that effect, of which I am not aware, and which, if it does exist, I would really like to know, the township trustees have no jurisdiction within the boundaries of such villages.

*

Irrigating Ditches

M. S. P., California—Not many states have irrigating ditches, and consequently few have special laws in regard to same. Consult the statutes of California for an answer to your query on that subject.



FINE SILVER TABLEWARE

Every Article Warranted for Ten Years

TEASPOONS
DESSERT SPOONS
TABLESPOONS

TABLE FORKS AND KNIVES
DESSERT FORKS
COLD-MEAT FORKS

BUTTER KNIVES
GRAVY LADLES
BERRY SPOONS

"Wild Rose"—A Sterling-Silver Design

The primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering for the first time, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the French gray finish among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design. Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife to-day makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the

difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good.

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any designs yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver, and we feel sure that you will say it is the handsomest you ever saw. Sent prepaid.

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- Set of Six Teaspoons given for a club of SIX yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Forks given for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Tablespoons given for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Table Knives given for a club of FIFTEEN yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Dessert Spoons given for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Dessert Forks given for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions
- Set of Six Butter Knives given for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions
- One Sugar Spoon given for a club of TWO yearly subscriptions
- One Cold-Meat Fork given for a club of SIX yearly subscriptions
- One Berry Spoon given for a club of SIX yearly subscriptions
- One Gravy Ladle given for a club of SIX yearly subscriptions

(All silverware is sent charges prepaid by us.)

We Will Send Farm and Fireside One Year and the Silverware at These Prices

- Farm and Fireside One Year and a Set of Six Teaspoons for \$1.00
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- Farm and Fireside One Year and a Set of Six Dessert Spoons for 1.50
- Farm and Fireside One Year and a Set of Six Dessert Forks for 1.50
- Farm and Fireside One Year and a Set of Six Butter Knives for 1.50
- Farm and Fireside One Year and One Sugar Spoon for40
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(To Club Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club.)

ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Miscellany

Papa and the Boy

CHARMING as is the prattle of childhood, it is not agreeable at one o'clock in the morning, when you are about "dead for sleep," and wouldn't give a copper to hear even Gladstone himself talk. There are young and talkative children, who have no more regard for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their peepers with a snap at one or two A. M., and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort:

"Papa!"
You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of three pipes out sharply—

"Papa!"
"Well?" you say.
"You 'wake, papa?"
"Yes."
"So's me."
"Yes, I hear that you are," you say with cold sarcasm. "What do you want?"
"Oh, nuffin."

"Well, lie still and go to sleep, then."
"I isn't s'leepy, papa."
"Well, I am, young man."
"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, papa!"

"Well?"
"If you was rich, what would you buy me?"
"I don't know—go to sleep."
"Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?"
"I guess so; now you—"
"What, papa?"

"Well, a steam engine, may be; now, you go right to sleep."
"With a bell that would ring, papa?"
"Yes, yes; now you—"
"And would the wheels go wound, papa?"

"Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now, and—"
"And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"
"Yes, yes; now go to sleep!"
"Say, papa."
No answer.

"Papa!"
"Well, what now?"
"Is you 'fraid of the dark?"
"No" (drowsily).
"I isn't, either. Papa!"
"Well?"

"If I was rich, I'd buy you somefin."
"Would you?"
"Yes; I'd buy you some ice cweam and some chocolum drops, and a toof brush, and panties wiv bwaid on like mine, and a candy wooster, and—"
"That will do. You *must* go to sleep, now."

Silence for half a second; then—
"Papa—papa!"
"Well, what now?"
"I want a jink."
"No, you don't."
"I do, papa."

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink," and you scurry out to the bathroom in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night," you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:
"Papa!"
"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—"

"I can spell 'dog,' papa."
"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at two o'clock in the morning."
"B-o-g—dog; is that right?"
"No, it is not; but nobody cares if—"
"Then it's 'd-o-g,' isn't it?"
"Yes, yes; now you lie right down and go to sleep *instantly!*"

"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I?"
"Yes, you'll be the best boy on earth. Good night, dearie."
"Papa!"
"Well, well! What now?"
"Is I your little boy?"
"Yes, yes; of course."
"Some man's haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?"
"Yes."

"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free-hundred little boys?"
The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure that you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.—PUCK.

The Badger and His Work.

Deep down in his burrow on our western plains and prairies the badger sleeps during the daytime, but with the first twilight shadows he goes forth on his night's foraging. He is a dreaded enemy of the prairie dog and the ground squirrel, says "St. Nicholas," and when he begins to excavate for one nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his forefeet he loosens up the dirt. Dig! Dig! Dig! He works as though his life depended on it, now scratching out the sides of the hole, then turning on his back to work overhead.

At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forward parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would be somewhat difficult for a man to overtake him with a spade.

Life's Seasons

From his fingers to his toes,
Back again to Baby's nose,
Pinker than the pinkest rose,
Gurgling softly as he goes,
Free from e'en the trifling woes,
Is the Spring of Life.

Rushing, tearing, schoolboy fun,
Laughing, chafing, does he run.
Aimless! when his work is done.
Thoughtful! when the task begun.
Happy that the times have come,
The Summer of his Life.

Now his hair is tinged with gray.
Straight the path before him lay,
World wealth gathered in the way,
Strewn with roses, thorns astray.
Many toned the passing day,
The Autumn of his Life.

To this life, his heart he gave,
Tears and blessings, his to save.
Now in twilights, softly wave
Bending grasses o'er his grave.
Chained he lies, Death's silent slave,
The Winter of his Life.
MARION B. OWENS.

The Life of Pearls

Pearls die. Maybe that is one reason why they are beloved of womankind. Some distinguished pearls forming a necklace of historic interest which belonged to the collection of M. Thiers are now the property of the Louvre. At one time this necklace was said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, but it is losing all its original value because unworn. For many years these pearls have been in no contact with warm life that would thus nourish them. They are dying from the starvation of disuse. It has been suggested to the authorities that it were better to sell the famous necklace rather than allow absolute dissolution, as will certainly happen if it is to remain in its glass case in the Louvre.

Out of the Throng

Out of range of the gaslight's glare,
Away from the maddening crowd;
Out on the prairie, bleak and bare,
Canopy of sun and cloud;
Longing for you with all my heart—
Holding myself to blame
For keeping you and I apart—
Loving you just the same.

Away from the singing, humming wires;
Away from the throng-surged street;
Away from the city's towering spires,
With never a soul to greet
Through the hot and dreary summer's day,
Save perhaps a man or two;
Eyes growing dim, the mind away,
Thinking, dear one, of you.

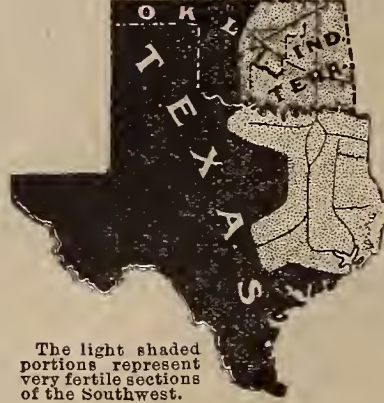
Out of the land of sighs and pain;
Away from revel and fun;
Out on the lonely, grass-grown plain
Under the scorching sun.
Yet bearing my hardships like a man—
Playing life's fitful game,
With aching heart 'neath summer's tan—
Loving you just the same.
HARRY VAN DEMARK.

Italians to be Sent to Farms

The three big Italian charitable societies in New York City have united for the purpose of establishing a bureau which will investigate all complaints made by Italians and all injuries done to Italians anywhere in the United States.

Attention is also to be especially directed to relieving the great congestion of Italians in New York by distributing them among the rural communities, where work will be found for them on the farms.

You can make money in the Southwest.



The light shaded portions represent very fertile sections of the Southwest.

Opportunities for making money abound in the Southwest. One of the surest sources of profit lies in the certain increase in land values, within the next five years. Good rich farm land, capable of raising 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, can now be bought in the Southwest for from \$3 to \$10 an acre. This same land 5 years hence will bring \$25 to \$50 an acre and will be snapped up at that. It sells now for so little only because the country is not so thickly populated; but settlers are going into the Southwest by the thousands and it is only a matter of a few months when the actual demand for this rich land will force the price much nearer to what it is really worth.

Now is your opportunity

to exchange your few acres at home for a bigger and more productive farm in the Southwest. You can sell your present farm—pay off the mortgage and have enough left to buy a big farm in the Southwest that will make you independent in a few short years.

The "Coming Country" Free!

This is a very interesting book about the Southwest; it contains some facts that will astonish you. It is one of the books issued by the M. K. & T. Ry. for free distribution through its Land and Immigration Bureau, an organization of reliable men whose business it is to find better locations for those who want to improve their conditions. Write to-day for a copy.

S. G. LANGSTON,

Secy., M. K. & T. Immigration Bureau,
400 Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Mo.



I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 17A Watertown, N. Y.

A STRICTLY ALL WOOL

SWEATER

FOR EVERY BOY

FREE



This sweater is guaranteed to be all wool, large, roomy and comfortable. Just the very thing you need for the cold winter days that are coming. There is no one article of clothing that is more necessary for any boy in the winter than a good all wool sweater like ours. When we send you the coupons we will tell you how to order so that you get a good fit. Now remember this is no cheap sweater, but a fine all wool, guaranteed article—the very best that is made. Do you know you can earn this sweater in one day's time, and easy, too. Be sure to write to-day, and the first thing you know you will be the happy possessor of one of these elegant all wool sweaters, and all the other boys will wish they had one, too. Let's hear from you.

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Send us your name and address on a postal card to-day, and ask for twelve coupons, and say you want a sweater.

We will send by return mail twelve coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$3.00 to us, and we will send you the sweater, prepaid.

It is easy to sell the coupons. Thousands have earned sweaters by our plan, and you can do it in one day's time. Write to-day. Be sure to ask for twelve coupons

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE

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THE above picture is a reproduction of a grand painting by Frederick (Lord) Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and one of the acknowledged leaders of art in Europe. This is one of his many beautiful conceptions of classic myths, and is entitled "The Return of Persephone," which becomes in the artist's hands a profound allegory of the return of spring, with many symbolical meanings in the three figures of Persephone, Ceres and Mercury.

In Greek mythology, Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, was assisted in her labors by her daughter, Persephone, who was the Goddess of Vegetation.

Persephone's grace and loveliness so attracted

the attention of Pluto that instead of gently inviting her to become his queen, he kidnapped and bore her to his chariot, and was soon out of sight and hearing.

Being afraid lest Ceres, her mother, should thwart him in his purpose, he drove until he came to the banks of the Cyane River. Here the waters seethed and roared so as to make it impossible for him to cross. He knew if he turned back Ceres might meet him, and all would be lost. He appealed to the lower regions, and seizing his terrible two-pronged fork, struck the earth such a mighty blow that a great crevice opened, and horses, chariot and all plunged down into its darkness.

Torch in hand, her sorrowing mother sought

her through the wide world, and finding her not, she forbade the earth to put forth its increase. Her daily duties were neglected, the rain no longer refreshed the earth, the grain was parched, the grass perished, and men would have died of hunger if Zeus had not persuaded Pluto to let Persephone go.

Poor Ceres, however, felt sure Pluto would never give her up; so she sought a dark cave, where she mourned alone and unseen, nor would she pay any heed to the distress caused by her neglect, until Jupiter decided the people must be relieved from the famine, and that Persephone must return to the earth, but only on condition that she had tasted none of the food during her stay in Hades. Ceres, delighted, went herself

to bring her daughter; but Pluto, knowing that if Persephone tasted food she could not remain away from him forever, had persuaded her that day to eat six pomegranate seeds. Just as Ceres was leading her away some one made known the fact that she had eaten six seeds, whereupon Jupiter decided that for every seed she had eaten she should spend a month every year with her husband in his kingdom. Mercury was chosen to lead her to and from Hades; and each spring, when he brought her out of her gloomy prison, the skies became blue and sunny, the grass sprang fresh and green beneath her elastic tread, the flowers bloomed along her way, the birds trilled forth their merry lays, and all was joy and brightness throughout the land.

Farm Selections

A Good Plan to Get Good Roads

New Hampshire has taken a most remarkable step in the direction of a better system of public highways. A measure has been enacted into law appropriating no less than three quarters of a million dollars for the permanent improvement of the main highways of the state. The money is to be raised at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year for six years. A leading authority and advocate of good roads declares that this is what we will all have to come to sooner or later. The state must do the general roadmaking. The cities and villages and even counties are too small units for so large a work. But state and towns in combination can accomplish a great deal and the burden will be lighter. New Hampshire has, in reality, only taken a place in the march of progress.

J. W. Jr.

Cow Texts

Preaching the "Dairy Gospel in the Wilderness," the Hon. J. H. Curran says: "To the wheat, corn or cattle man, who has 'traded dollars' on his crop many a year, the cow comes as a savior of his business. She never fails. If floods come you can drive her to the hills.

"People along the Missouri will tell you you can't drive a corn crop to the hills. If other crops fail you can still raise cow feed. You draw your dividend on the cow every night and morning. The wheat rots in the field and the corn floats away in the flood. The hog dies from cholera and the beef trust squeezes the profit out of the steers, but the old cow quietly plods along—always faithful, always doing a big share to make the farm pay. Take my advice. Go down into the Missouri wilderness and get a piece of it. But don't forget the cow. Take her along. She will be your best asset. All else may fail but she will see you through."

Honor the Originator

A "New England Farmer" contributor suggests that the originators of the Concord grape and the Early Rose potato have done more for their fellow men than Luther Burbank. Whether this be true or not, we will not say. But we do believe that Ephraim Bull, the propagator of the Concord grape, and Albert Brazeo, who originated the Early Rose potato, are as worthy of praise and a place in the temple of fame as any of the world's greatest benefactors. Mr. Bull died in poverty, and an ordinary boulder marks his burial place. It is said his humble home at Concord, Massachusetts, has been allowed to go to decay and ruin. Albert Brazeo in his earlier years complained that the seedsmen gathered to themselves the most of the fruits of his experiments. Of his later days we know nothing, but it is not unlikely that like Mr. Bull and many another old-time propagator, he received meager compensation for his labors, and lived out his years in moderate circumstances on his Vermont farm. These two men should be honored by their respective states by the erection of suitable monuments dedicated to their memory.—The New England Farmer.

Agricultural News Notes

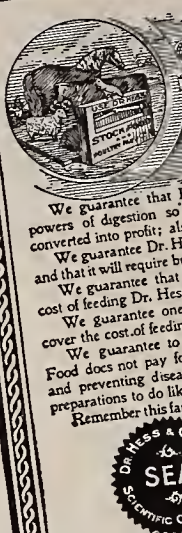
The banner buckwheat growing counties in the United States this year are Butler, Armstrong, Westmoreland and Indiana in the state of Pennsylvania.

The potato crop of Aroostook County, Maine, is not as large as that of last year. The shipments will be about five million bushels as compared with the 1904 crop of seven million one hundred and fifty thousand bushels.

One of the remarkable results of farming in Alberta, one of the northwestern territories of Canada, is the advance which has been made in winter wheat culture. The crop of Alberta this year is estimated at two million bushels. The average production per acre much exceeds that of the United States or Eastern Canada.

Mexico, Missouri, which is about one hundred miles northwest of St. Louis, as the crow flies, is the great sales point for the sale of saddlers and driving horses for which Audrain County is noted. Mexico is the home of the celebrated five-gaited stallion "Ortiz Rose."

The number of tin cans required by the canning and packing industries in the United States eight years ago was five hundred million. In 1904 the output was twelve hundred million cans.



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We guarantee that three pounds of additional live weight per steer will cover the cost of feeding Dr. Hess Stock Food one month.

We guarantee one pound of additional live weight per average hog will cover the cost of feeding Dr. Hess Stock Food one month.

We guarantee to refund every cent paid us if Dr. Hess Stock Food does not pay for itself many times over besides curing and preventing diseases, and authorize every dealer in our preparations to do likewise.

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Dr. Hess Stock Food is always sold under a positive written guarantee. If it does not do all we say it will, your money will be refunded. This guarantee is not a "grandstand play." It is not put out with the belief that anyone who is disappointed would rather say nothing than ask for their money back. If anyone is not satisfied with the results obtained by feeding Dr. Hess Stock Food, we ask and expect that they will get their money returned. We issue our guarantee to show that we, who know Dr. Hess Stock Food better than anyone else, believe thoroughly and sincerely in its efficiency.

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Mile Record 1:55 1/4	High Wheel Record 2:04 3/4
Unpaced Mile 1:58	Two-Mile Record 4:17
Half-Mile Record 1:56	Half-Mile Track 2:01
Mile Track Wagon 1:57 1/4	And Canadian Half-Mile Track Record 2:06
Half-Mile Track Wagon 2:05	

Dan Patch has paced 36 miles in 2:01 1/2 and he has paced 9 miles that averaged 1:57 1/2.

Unequaled by all other pacers and trotters, in the history of the world, combined.

Dan Patch never paced behind a wind shield because such records are not allowed. Statements to the contrary are made by people who are IGNORANT or MALICIOUS.

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We have a beautiful Colored Lithograph of our World Famous Champion Pacing Stallion Dan Patch 1:55 1/4. It is made from the above Photograph and is as natural and life like as if you stood on the track and saw Dan coming toward you. This Photograph was taken by our own artist and shows Dan flying through the air at 1:55 1/4 gait and with every foot off the ground and being driven by Harry Hersey who drove Dan in his wonderful mile in 1:55 1/4. This Large, Beautiful, Colored Lithograph gives all of Dan's records with dates and is one of the "Finest Motion Horse Pictures" ever taken. Its size is 16 by 24 and is worthy to hang on the wall of any home or office as it makes an extra fine picture for framing. It cost us \$25,000. to get out the first edition but you can have one absolutely free. Every Farmer or Every Stockowner should have a picture of Dan Patch 1:55 1/4, the Fastest Harness Horse The World Has ever seen and the only harness horse to ever command an offer of \$180,000, which we received this year for Dan Patch and promptly refused.

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