

JUDICIOUS WEEDING OUT.

There has been much discussion of the need of "weeding out" to keep public libraries in the highest condition of efficiency. Much can be said on both sides of this question, not only as applied to libraries, but as applied to human possessions in general. How far is it worth while to preserve old "rubbish"? The accumulations in garrets to be tolerated on any terms? Would it be well for every household to give away at once and absolutely every article of clothing or furniture or household decoration, and every toy and book as soon as the need which prompted its acquisition has passed? There are those who would say: "Yes," say the Milwaukee Wisconsin. In this age of living in flats many housewives are obliged to follow this rigid rule. Where people live in roomy houses with space to store old things if they like, why is it not best that they should consult their preferences, instead of following rules devised by others? The joy of future antiquarians will be much abridged if at the end of every year every family gets rid of everything it does not need. However, it is a foolish thing to accumulate clothing and furniture that one can never use again, when there are constant opportunities to minister to the comfort of deserving poor by giving discarded superfluities to those who can put them to immediate use.

The increasing prevalence of infantile paralysis in many parts of the world is disquieting, and in England some agitation has been caused by Dr. Reece's theory that a recent epidemic in Devon and Cornwall was caused by the dust raised by automobiles. Dust has been more of an issue there than in this country, perhaps because the country is more compact and the main roads more densely occupied by motor vehicles. There have been many complaints of the depreciation of property because of the incessant dust clouds raised by the endless procession of automobiles whirling past at high speed, and this modern nuisance, combined with the unprecedented epidemic of infantile paralysis, has naturally led many to accept Dr. Reece's view. In this country it has been received skeptically. Dr. Herman Biggs, general medical director of the New York board of health, observes that if Dr. Reece is right there should be a continuous epidemic along motor routes, which is not the case. Yet is this sound logic? Dust clouds might spread the disease when it existed, and yet not carry it to a considerable distance.

A man in Pennsylvania died from the effects of smoking 180,000 cigarettes in ten years. He probably beat the record, but beyond this, did nothing for himself and made his life of little value except to help along the cigarette business, which seems hardly worth while, as the end and aim of one's existence.

The summer hotels and boarding houses in New York state are to be investigated. Still, the girls needn't worry. It's hard to follow a canoe in the shadows on a moonlight night.

The son of the gawkwar of Baroda may find it impossible to get through college on \$250 a week. Evidently he is taking a course in frenzied finance.

It appears from government reports that we eat something like 82 pounds of sugar per capita annually. This would explain, in part, why this is the land of the sweetest girls on earth.

A judge in Paris rules that pugilists must refrain from hurting each other. There being no such law in America, our pugilists are free to talk each other to death.

In Minneapolis lives a business man who has compelled the young women working for him to wear low heeled shoes and be comfortable—the mean thing!

A Massachusetts electrician has invented a device to prevent eavesdropping on party telephone lines. That man doesn't know what a party line is for.

A surgeon in California performed an operation for appendicitis upon himself. But this is apt to make the rest of the profession feel cut up.

Speaking of elastic currency, a Cleveland youth managed to spend \$50,000 a year on a salary of \$15 a week.

It is now possible to remove the appendix in two minutes, but, sad to relate, surgeons are not paid by the hour.

New Jersey is planning to tax its cats, thus discriminating in favor of its mosquitoes.

A missing ruby was found in the nose of a child. The reflection of other rubies is to be seen in the same location now and then.

The servant question has reached a critical stage in London, where a mistress committed suicide when her maid gave notice.

Still the 40 who are catalogued as immortals know that they have got to die even in a literary sense.

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

SIMPLE SEASONING A MERIT.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. Paper bag cooking conserves the natural juices and flavors of food stuffs and so requires but light seasoning. Take the case of so-called melted butter. Ordinarily, a mixture of butter, flour and water, variously spiced and seasoned and cooked to a pasty consistency, it must give the stomachs that receive it a mighty wrestle. Melted butter, viscid and heavy, means overwork for its potential dyspeptic. Far otherwise with real melted butter—butter pure and simple, mixed only with the salts and savors of food stuffs.

I wish you would try this sort of melted butter for either meats or vegetables. Put the butter in an enamel sauce pan with salt, pepper, paprika, the least sprinkle of fine herbs and a very little nutmeg. Add half the butter—bulk of boiling water, cook together for five minutes, stirring well, then put in either lemon juice, claret or sherry equal in quantity to the boiling water, and let stand over hot water until ready to serve.

Since omelets are possible to the paper bag, here follow directions for several sorts, each a little out of the common. All must be cooked alike—in a very well-buttered bag of proper size, set in a very hot oven at first, and the heat slacked a third or even a half, after three to five minutes.

Plain Omelet: This plain omelet can be the foundation of many other sorts. By doubling the egg contents and reducing the milk one-half, it becomes richer and lighter. But just as given it is fine for breakfast or luncheon. Begin by beating very light three eggs, white and yolks separate. Add to the yolks a tablespoonful of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of baking powder and half as much salt. Melt a spoonful of butter in a pint of milk, beat it gradually into the egg and flour mixture—the milk must be hot, but not boiling—then fold in lightly the stiffly beaten whites, pour into your bag, seal, put on trivet and cook fifteen minutes.

Chicken or Ham Omelet: To turn this into chicken omelet, add a very little more flour to the mixture, then stir in well just before putting it in the bag a cup of cold chicken minced very fine and seasoned lightly with onion juice or minced celery. For ham omelet leave out half the flour and scant the allowance of salt and baking powder. Water can be used instead of milk—in that case, put in more melted butter. Mince or grind the cooked ham very fine and season it with onion juice and the barest dusting of sugar, not enough to taste, only to throw up the piquancy of the ham. Put in the minced ham before the beaten whites, mix lightly, put in a well buttered bag and bake fifteen minutes.

THE INNER GROWING TIT-BITS.

Give instant allegiance to paper bag cooking, all ye who dote upon inner growing tit-bits. Livers, for example, and hearts, breads, sweetbreads, kidneys.

There are livers and livers. Chicken livers are much in request. Take six, fresh and sound. Wash very clean in cold water, drain well, salt very lightly, but do not pepper. Barely dust with flour, then wrap each liver in a

very thin slice of streaky bacon, skewer it on with a toothpick and clip off the sharp ends. Lay the livers in a well-buttered bag, add a teaspoonful of water, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, or fresh tomatoes peeled and sliced, or else half a gill of stock, flavored with celery, seal and cook twenty-five minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Giblet patties suit some palates. To make them, parboil the giblets, mash or mince fine, throwing out all strings or lumps, also shreds of onion and a very little celery, with, if you like, a grate of nutmeg or of lemon peel. Moisten with melted butter or rich stock, cut five inch squares of good puff paste, cover half each diagonally with the prepared liver, fold over the other half, pinch tight together and bake in a well buttered bag fifteen minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Parboil a pound of calf's liver. When tender, but not ragged, take up cool and cut in strips as thick as they are wide. Wrap each strip in a slice of this bacon, roll in flour, put in a bag with a little butter—the bag must be well greased—and cook for ten minutes in a hot oven.

Baked lamb's heart is much approved by those who like that sort of thing. Get three hearts, cut out the tops and soak at least two hours in cold slightly salted water to remove the blood. Take out, rinse, drain well, stuff with bread crumbs or any stuffing approved—even plain mashed potatoes or boiled rice will answer. Fasten the tops well over the stuffing. Lay in a well buttered bag and cook for fifty minutes to an hour in a fairly hot oven.

Beef heart can be cooked the same way, but must soak longer—three hours at least. It must also cook longer, the time depending on the weight.

Split and clean lamb kidneys, scald in lightly salted water very quickly, drop in cold water a minute or two, then cut in quarters. Take a spoonful of flour and season it well with salt, pepper and a very little grated nutmeg. Roll the quartered kidneys in it, then shake upon each a single drop of tabasco. Get a fine skewer and javs thread thin sliced streaky bacon. Thread one end of a slice on the skewer, then put on a piece of kidney, double the free end of the bacon over the point, and skewer it fast. Add another piece of kidney, fold the bacon again. When the slice gives out put on a fresh one. Leave the point of the skewer projecting almost an inch, then stick over the point a piece of white potato so that it will not tear the bag. Fill as many skewers as needed, lay them points foremost, that is toward the mouth, in a well buttered bag. Add a lump of butter rolled in flour and a spoonful of tomato catsup, or half a spoonful of Worcester sauce, and the same amount of water. Seal and cook in a hot oven fifteen to twenty-five minutes, depending on how heavily the bag is loaded.

Chicken livers, or those of squab, can be cooked in the same manner, leaving out the catsup and adding only the butter. Beef kidney, sliced rather thin, highly seasoned, and cooked between thin slices of bacon for twelve minutes in a hot oven, is a near approach to griddled kidney.

Blanche sweetbreads by scalding them in a slightly salted water then parboil, and put between plates to press. Trim neatly, put in a very well greased bag with a sauce of butter, cream, sherry wine and seasoning—only be careful to touch lightly with the herbs—and cook forty minutes to an hour in an even oven only moderately hot.

Brains of any sort must be scalded in boiling salt water, peeled and dropped in cold water for at least ten minutes. Half an hour will not hurt. The ways of cooking them are many. For scrambled brains, parboil rather until they just begin to break, drain out, and mix with beaten eggs, adding seasoning to taste. Pour into a well buttered bag with an extra lump of butter at the bottom of it, lay another lump on top, seal and cook in a hot oven twenty-five to fifty minutes, according to the size of the bag.

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Just after the south bound passenger left Whitewater, the first station beyond Grand Junction, the train came to such a sudden stop as to throw the passengers out of their seats. Believing that they had barely escaped a rock or landslide the passengers and trainmen tumbled out in a hurry to seek the cause of the disaster which they had so narrowly escaped.

When all was found to be in perfect shape just beyond the curve the conductor began an investigation. The engineer declared he had received orders to stop the train and had promptly applied the air brakes. Each trainman and finally each passenger was

questioned in person, but no one admitted responsibility. The train started ahead and was rapidly making up lost time, when for a second time the train stopped, the engineer again declaring that he had received a signal to stop the train. Again the trainmen denied having sent a message along the bell rope and made a round of inquiry among the passengers.

The trainmen were certain that they had been hoodooed, and some of them declared they would leave the train unless the mysterious spook materializations were stopped. Then when a few minutes later the train was stopped for a third time, trainmen and passengers were indignant. This time they declared that they would find the culprit whoever he might be, and prosecute him as well. They then began a systematic search all through the train, not sparing even those in the Pullman car.

A few minutes later they discovered the source of all their trouble in a very unspook-like man. It was a monkey. His unspookishness was contentedly pulling the bell rope, which hung very close. The animal was the property of J. F. Pickering of this city, and he was advised to cage the monkey, which he did without further delay, and the train moved on.

U. S. Army Officers Start Moro Paper

ST. LOUIS.—From Zamboanga and the domain of the sultan of Sulu, in the Philippines, come tidings of the first newspaper ever published in a Moro language. Furthermore, it is unique in that it is a government owned, and operated newspaper, and among its contributors and supporters are the military authorities of the Moro Province.

Prominent among the latter is Capt. William Reed, United States cavalry, who is governor of Sulu and chief of staff of Gen. John J. Pershing, military governor of the Province of Moro.

Capt. Reed was a favorite in society here in the gay days of 1904, and many of his friends here will find it difficult to picture him as helping mold public opinion among the little brown men in the island of his polygamic majesty, the sultan of Sulu.

As Lieut. "Billy" Reed this martial newspaper man is well remembered in St. Louis, where he was a member of the military staff in charge of the Jefferson Guards at the world's fair.

A copy of the first issue of the Sulu News has been received by J. Biswell Ware of St. Louis from Captain Reed. The salutatory, after a timely preachment to the frisky Moro about the blessings of peace and the delights and profits of a buccolic existence, proceeds to explain the paper's reason for existence. The editor makes apology

Tales of Gotham and other CITIES

Sits on Burglar Until Police Arrive



NEW YORK.—Frederick C. Gray, hopeful nineteen, who came to the big city from Quincy, Mass., to make his fortune, was thrown downstairs and sat on, and then locked up the other day on a charge of unlawful entry. In Gray's pocket the police found the cigarette case of James E. Bourke, former blacksmith mayor of Burlington Vt., and optimistic letters to the youth's father and others in Quincy, in which Frederick said he had married a \$50,000 heiress.

Mary Smith, whose mother has a furnished room house at 935 West Fifteenth street, said she saw Gray coming downstairs carrying a suitcase.

She was aware that he did not live in the house, so she screamed for her mother. Mrs. Smith met Gray midway in his flight downstairs. They rolled together to the bottom, and then Mrs. Smith sat on the young man while her daughter went for the police.

Search by the police revealed that

In Boy's Attire, Blushes Betray Her

CHICAGO.—Two tiny tears chasing themselves over her freckled cheeks and a timid blush which crept after them, brought the career of "Jack" Wilson to an ignominious end the other day in the South Clark street police station, where she had been taken by the police as a runaway.

The night before "Jack" now self-admitted to be Sarah Wilson, 15-year-old daughter of a wealthy St. Joseph (Mo.) ranchman, tearfully told of her attempted personation of a boy; how she had her hair cut short and how she smoked a pipe, even though it made her sick.

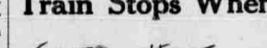
The bluecoats at the station ruefully admitted that "Jack" put it over on them and but for the tears and blush they would never have suspected the sex of their little prisoner.

With a pipe and tobacco in her trouser's pocket, "Jack" was found at the Northwestern station. She was taken to the South Clark street station. There she calmly pulled out her pipe, filled it with apparent skill, and lighted it.

Then while the admiring officers listened she told them of her trip. But one policeman sneered at her and the telltale tears and blush betrayed her. A moment later she was sobbingly admitting she was a girl.

Blushing as scarlet as did their little prisoner, the officers turned her over to the matron. She was sent

Train Stops When Monkey Pulls Rope



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Gray had, besides several razors and pieces of jewelry, a handsome silver cigarette case.

It was marked "Presented to the Mayor by the Governor's House Guard at the Grand Tri-Centenary of Burlington, Vt." James E. Burke, a Democrat, was mayor of Burlington at the time of the Lake Champlain tri-centenary celebration.

Some of the jewelry found was marked "Walter and Clayton Burke," and the police believe it belongs to the former mayor's sons.

A letter, which Gray said he had written to his father to "chuck a bluff," ran as follows:

"People in Quincy thought when I left home that I wouldn't make good, but I have all right. I am having one fine time.

"I met a girl here who is worth \$50,000 in her own right, and she fell in love with me and we got married. We are now living with her mother.

"I expect to return to Quincy soon and when I do I am coming back in a large touring car, that I have just bought. I want you to meet me in Providence when I return, and we will motor into Quincy, and show them something. They'll be surprised to know how good I've made."

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It appears that there is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger, the fabulous laziness of the office boy—and all that sort of stuff. At any rate, there is a young fellow in Cleveland who may be said to be abreast of the age in which he lives. He works in a downtown office building, but he has a rapidly growing account in a savings bank.

The other day our young hero went to his bank to make a deposit of 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that the bank would not receive deposits of less than \$1. The kid didn't waste any time arguing about it. He walked over to the desk, wrote a check for \$1 and presented it at the paying teller's window. It was honored, of course. Then the little financier said:

"I wish to deposit \$1.50."

And that deposit was accepted. And the teller ground his teeth.

Haec fabula docet—that you can deposit a cent if you have an account—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got Right One That Time.

"Crack" went the baseball bat, and "crash" went the big winduppane of a Koster butcher in East Eighty-sixth street as the ball found its mark, says the New York Daily Mail.

Like a flash, out darted the butcher and with multitudinous outcries started in pursuit of half a dozen small boys, who were legging it for dear life in the direction of Carl Schurz Park.

His chase would have proved fruitless had not a policeman, by one of those miracles that occasionally happen, come around a corner just ahead of the fugitives and proved nimble enough to grab one of them.

The prisoner, knuckles in eyes, protested that he hadn't "done nothin'" and there was growing a doubt as to the value of the capture until a powerful female voice descended from an upper window across the street, saying:

"Dot's de boy! Dot's de boy! I haf him myself seen from my upstairs window down."

Just for Recreation.

Dolph B. Atherton, secretary of the League of Republicans Clubs, is a politician and an authority on good stories. He tells this one:

During a coal strike in Scranton, Pa., many miners were idle, and the city authorities, taking advantage of the fact, had a lot of work done putting in sewers, paving streets, and laying wires underground. An old Irishman by the name of Mike Dooley had been employed in the mines, but took a temporary job digging ditches in the streets. One morning his friend, Pat Hoolligan, say Mike at work, and exclaimed:

"Hello, Mike! What in the devil are you doing there?" Mike leaned on his pick, looked up, and said smilingly: "Oh, I thought I would work while I was idle."—The Popular Magazine.

RECORDED QUEER BET

LOSER PAID GUINEA A DAY FOR THREE YEARS.

Made Wager with Clergyman Based on Expectation of Napoleon's Death and Finally Was Released From It by a Jury.

"One of the most curious bets I ever heard of was made in England a hundred years ago," said Angus McGregor, an attorney of Edinburgh, Scotland, at the Belvedere.

"The wager was between a knight, who was also a member of parliament, and a clergyman, for in that day it was not considered scandalous for dominies to put up their money on sporting propositions. It is but fair to the preacher, however, to say that the other man did the bantering, and this was the knight's singular offer: That if anyone of a crowd present would put up 100 guineas (something over \$500) he would give to such person one guinea a day during the remainder of the lifetime of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"In making such an extraordinary offer he evidently thought the great Corsican had but a few days to live. Before the others in the company could recover from the shock of the strange proposal, the clergyman shouted out that he would accept the terms and then there the wager or deal was consummated, there being witnesses to the act of the minister in putting 100 guineas into the challenger's hands.

"A splendid bet it was for the reverend gentleman, but miserably poor one for the other, who had to surrender a guinea every day and this he continued to do for the better part of three years. Along toward the close of 1814 the knight wearied of his losing game. As you American say, he began to have cold feet. At first he tried to beg off, but the parson would not listen to his entreaties. A bet to back out, he contended, and the fact that he was ahead to the tune of some 900 guineas made him not in the least compassionate. Boney might live a good while longer and that daily revenue was very sweet.

"As a last resort the knight refused to pay any longer, and the parson brought suit before a judge. Eloquent and learned counsel spoke on both sides, but it must have been that the advocate for the defendant knight produced the most convincing argument in telling the jury why his client should not be made to pay any longer.

"In the first place," said the lawyer, his client had not in the beginning made the bet seriously; it was a sort of jocular proposal, but once being made the proponent was too game to back out. Secondly, it was contrary to public policy to give legal sanction to such a bet. Napoleon was Britain's most dreaded foe and for a British subject to have a procuring interest in prolonging the enemy's life was a horrid and untenable thought. The jury took the same view and freed the knight from further payments."—Baltimore American.

Young Financier.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

MADE IT CITY OF GARDENS

Minneapolis Club Has Planted Hundreds of Vacant Lots With Vegetables and Flowers.

The members of the Minneapolis Garden club planted 325 vacant lots to vegetables and flowers in the year 1911, 200,000 square feet to vegetables and 250,000 to flowers. It distributed 21,000 packages of nasturtium seeds to children; covered every vacant lot within two miles of the main arterial street with grass or flowers; cleared 600 acres of rubbish, and screened 20,000 feet of street frontage with bushy plants.

Under its influence 700 persons, not including its members, also gardened vacant lots, and 18,000 had gardens at home. Nineteen hundred acres in all were improved. According to figures gathered by the Survey the cost of the Garden club was \$3,684.43; the value of the crop was \$11,801.78.

In Minneapolis there are 5,000 acres of vacant lot, sufficient to supply the entire city with vegetables. The economic value of vacant lot gardens to those who took them up greatly outweighed the cost. So many vegetables were grown that complaints were made by the grocers. Many of the stores were supplied with fresher vegetables at a lower cost. People in vacant lot gardens neighborhoods bought from the gardeners; the hotels during the week of the Minneapolis civic celebration served vacant lot vegetables.

Three hundred and twenty-five vacant lot gardens were started. Of these only eight were abandoned through lack of interest on the part of the gardeners.

For a fee of one dollar the Garden club gave seeds for a lot 40 by 120 feet; plowed and harrowed the lot; provided supervision and instruction all summer, and offered valuable prizes. It was soon discovered that it was not necessary to get formal permission for the use of lots. Since there was no cost to them, and the lots were to be restored in the same if not better condition, the owners had no objections. The local congressman secured government seeds for all the planting.

Before the middle of summer the garden fever had spread like a contagion. Appeals were made through the newspapers, and then by members of the club personally appealing before clubs, lodges, improvement organizations and other associations.

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CLASSIC GARDEN IS REVIVED

Exposition of a Novel Kind Has Been Completed in the Champs Elysees, Paris.

An admirable display of French art in landscape gardening, an entirely new kind of exposition, has been completed in the Champs Elysees in Paris, France, where the society known as the Amateur du Jardin (amateurs of the garden) has laid out a series of picturesque gardens, models of the traditional classic type. The purpose of the exhibition was to cultivate a love of gardens.

As is well known, two centuries ago France was celebrated for her marvelous gardens, and the most beautiful displays of art in gardening were the work of the greatest of French landscape gardeners, Le Notre, who laid out the grounds surrounding Versailles, Chantilly and the Tuilleries, which for two centuries have attracted strangers in search of examples of model landscape gardening.

One may say that the harmony, the order, the rational arrangement shown in the gardens of France reflect the French taste. They may even be called gardens of intelligence admirably illustrating Descartes' theory that "man is the master of nature." The effect of a classic landscape garden differs entirely from that produced by a natural landscape garden. A promenade in a forest in the midst of rugged trees, dense thickets, rustic mose, gives a purely animal, sensual pleasure, for nature dominates man; on the other hand an intense, refined, purely intellectual pleasure results from a view of the well ordered, well kept, charmingly laid out French garden in which man dominates nature.

Cultivating the Back Yard.

Of course even the cultivation of as small a plot as