The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 44.

THE OLD SPRING.

A path that leads from the kitchen door,
Through a little garden plot,
Down past the cherry and apple trees
That grow in the pasture lot,
Thence on through a beech-en avenue
Till you hear the waters trill
Upon the pebbles and over the stones
By the old spring under the hill!

The old spring under the hill is cool,
With blotches and rifts of sun;
Its air is as grateful and fresh and sweet
As the air of a summer dawn.
The song of a bird in the trees above,
Below the song of a rill,
Are the only sounds that are heard around
The old spring under the hill.

How oft we have trudged in other days,
When boys and girls at our play,
To the shade and stillness of that old spring,
Remote from the garish day!
How oft by its sparkling waters clear
We have knelt and quaffed our fill!
And never a draught was as sweet as that
From the old spring under the hill.

The years are many, the years are long,
Between us and that fair time;
We hear no more the tinkling song,
Nor the water's silver chime;
But oft in the mirror of memory
We can see the image still
Of the winding pathway, the shadows deep,
And the old spring under the hill.
—Denver News.

And So They're Engaged

The Romance of a Midsummer Luncheon in Town.

THE head waiter pressed a button in the wall and rose-colored electric bulbs blossomed like flowers upon the ceiling, filling the great dining-room with soft, still radiance and showing the white tables surrounded with ornate high-backed chairs, now eloquently empty. The air from the avenue stirred the lace that screened the open windows and made the blooming marguerites in great high tubs about the room move on their fragrant stems.

It was barbarously early for dinner, but ridiculously late for luncheon, but it had suited the mood of the man and the maiden who had met by accident and had been spending a delightfully unchaperoned day in town. Besides that there were trains to be taken back to a fashionable resort, where breakfasts, luncheons and dinners made such informal meetings as this quite impossible. So, as the girl said, it was all the more fun. They were not even dressed for dinner and the head waiter, who was punctilious in such matters, glanced somewhat disapprovingly at the girl's linen shirt waist and her bamboo hat with a pouf of blue, tilted down over her brows. The man was a well-dressed, well-tubbed specimen.

The room was almost deserted except for those two and the occasional cackle of a waiter was all that broke the silence except their own discreetly-lowered voices. A small East Indian man picturesquely turbaned and robed in white came toward their table bearing a chafing dish upon a silver tray from which he served them noiselessly with rice and chicken while a waiter poured wine into two pale greenish glasses. The service had all the dignity and importance of a rite.

The girl's face took on a look of intense satisfaction as she tasted the first morsel. As her sun-kissed hands moved over her plate the man thought that she was one of the few women who ate gracefully. As a rule, they were too nonchalant or too enthusiastic. But this girl's appetite had all the repression of a Duse.

"Isn't it funny?" she said.

"Funny?"

"Why, of course, it's too funny for anything! To think of our meeting, by accident, of all places, at church! Tell me—why do you go to church?"

"To kill time, I suppose. Then the music there is admirably good and the sermons—"

"Admirably short!"

"Exactly! Why did you go?"

"I always go. It's become a habit with me. But it is the very last place I should have expected to see you. It is a remarkable coincidence that we should have drifted there. Don't you think things happen oddly at times?"

"What kind of things?"

"Coincidences—for instance?"

"Please don't call our meeting a mere coincidence. I call it the result of an educated mind wave."

"Mind wave?"

"Yes—a brain current. You know in India—"

"That's where you go hunting lions, isn't it?"

"No—tigers in India."

"But you hunt lions, too—don't you?"

"Never have. I gave one a run once, though."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely! Tell me about it."

"It wouldn't interest you. You see, I was running first."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Funny, wasn't it? Well, in India, where they live on this sort of thing—rice and chicken—"

"And sauterne?"

"Er—well—no animal food—you understand—they get their souls cultivated to such an extent that they can communicate with each other across long distances."

"Anybody can?"

"Oh, you must be educated up to it. An American doesn't take to it as quickly, but the natives believe in it. It is a part of their religion. They can perform all sorts of magical tricks. I have no doubt that the man who cooks this—the little chap in the turban—talks without words."

"I noticed he didn't speak. And do you know—as he moved about so still and quiet—I felt—felt—"

"Jarred?"

"No—chilled—just as though I were under a spell. He has such mysterious eyes. Did you notice?"

"Never notice men's eyes. Waste of time."

"Ha! ha! ha! I wish he would come in again!"

"He probably will."

"Hush!"

"What?"

"Oh—here he comes! He has another dish."

"Good!"

"Don't let us pretend to notice. Yes, as you were saying, I quite agree with you, that the day has been a pleasant one—but what would people think if they came in and found us dining together—at five o'clock. I, in a sailor hat—you—"

"In a sailor hat also—"

"And Chappy—"

"Twenty miles away!"

"But if we hadn't met—sh-h! He's gone away! Never spoke a syllable. M—m—m! This is another of those soul foods! It's the same, but different! I wonder what it is?"

"Suppose we ask him?"

"No, it might break the spell. Look on the card. It must be there some place."

"Er—er—er— Here it is! 'The Curry of Enchantment.'"

"What do you think of that?"

"I think he's a wonder."

"But it is getting more mysterious, don't you think so?"

"Which? The dinner?"

"No—our meeting—and the mind wave, and now this queer eastern fellow."

"Oh, I always knew we would meet somewhere outside of a pink tea. I knew you were just the sort of a girl I'd like to talk to."

"And I felt sure that you were different from the other men. You know a girl gets tired of merely brilliant men—and stupid men. You are such a relief."

"Thanks."

"And it is so interesting to learn about these occult subjects. Are you a professor?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean an M. A. or a B. A. or any of those things?"

"No—just a mere man."

"But about the brain currents. When did you learn them? Did you have to live on rice? Are you able to command people to do what you will? How do you explain our both going to church? Did you will that I should go?"

"I'll tell you something if you'll promise?"

"What?"

"I saw you go in."

"Really?"

"Really!"

"How odd."

"How lucky."

"Why?"

"For me. I mean."

"Oh, nonsense. Now don't spoil everything by saying anything silly."

"I wasn't going to. But you know every fellow has an ideal girl."

"But we're only known each other part of a summer."

"I feel as though I'd known you all my life."

"Do you always say that to girls?"

"You're the only girl I ever—"

"Loved?"

"Talked sense to. I haven't paid you one compliment—now have I?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have liked you at all if you talked in that way."

"But—honestly, I knew that you were not a girl who wanted a man to say pretty things to her all the time. I think those girls are stupid."

"Oh, I think it's great fun to be chums without any nonsense—"

"What do you call nonsense?"

"Flirtation."

"Mind waves are strictly platonic."

"Then we shall not misunderstand each other. Oh, I have often longed to be understood."

"I am sure that I understand you. I have always thought, do you know, Miss—well, I declare, I've forgotten your first name."

"Why, you've never heard it, have you? It's Marion."

"Marion?"

"Yes. What's yours?"

"Fine?"

"Yes."

"Mine is Marcus Aurelius."

"Goodness!"

"It's a fact."

"I suppose people call you Mark."

"People that know me well call me Mike."

"Mike?"

"Yes. Please call me Mike."

"Yes—it will be more like a platonic mind wave if we call each other by our first names."

"Aren't you engaged to some one?"

"Goodness—no! Are you?"

"Was once. Never will be again."

"I think it's bad form to fall in love. I never have and never shall. Were you very much in love?"

"I wasn't in love at all."

"But you said you were engaged."

"So I was. It just happened. She was a widow."

"Poor boy!"

"Yes—wasn't it?"

"Was it very long ago?"

"Ever so long ago. I had quite forgotten."

"How long ago?"

"H-h-uh?"

"How long ago was it?"

"Let me see. It was—yes—it was last August."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"Was she pretty?"

"Oh—er—some might think so. She wasn't at all like you. I have always wanted to meet a girl with real violet eyes."

"Really?"

She dipped her fingers in a golden bowl. Then she said across the table in a hoarse whisper without looking up:

"Mike?"

"Yes—Marion?"

"Don't look around. For that horrid East Indian is bringing—a lot of people—don't look round—that we know—directly down the room—and they see us—"

"Rubbering, are they?"

"They're staring like anything. There are the Vanderhycks, and the Highballs and the Westburys and your sister and her husband and—and oh—Chappy!"

"Great Scott!"

"Quick—what shall we say—they're bowing."

"Why, put a bold face on it!"

"Yes, but how? It looks simply dreadful. They will think we met purposely. Chappy's glaring through her lorgnette. They must have come into town for dinner."

"Are you afraid?"

"Awfully."

"Well, there's only one thing to do now."

"Quick, what?"

"Announce it!"

"Announce what? The mind waves?"

"No—our engagement."

"Mike! The idea!"

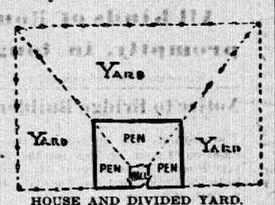
"Sh—Marion—they're almost here. Just leave it to me. It's the only way! Smile and look pleasant. Well, well! As I live! Who'd have thought of meeting you all here! Isn't this just too jolly for anything!"—N. Y. Sun.

THE FARMING WORLD

A THREE-PEN HOUSE.

It Accommodates One Hundred Fowls and Each Flock Has a Yard of Its Own.

The cut shows a very useful poultry house for three pens of fowls, with yards arranged for the same number. The house is 30 by 30 feet and will accommodate 100 fowls. The hallway takes but little room out of



HOUSE AND DIVIDED YARD.

the interior, and yet it communicates with all three pens. The inside divisions are of wire netting, allowing the sunshine that enters at one side of the house to fall into all the pens; but the house should be so located that three sides may receive morning, noon and afternoon sun. The same plan is followed for dividing the yard outside as for dividing the space inside the house. This gives a large amount of yard space, with the yards conveniently located. This building is shingled all over the outside, with the heaviest building paper under the shingles, and may either be sheathed or lathed and plastered inside. — Orange Judd Farmer.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Unless They Are Carefully Observed Beekeeping Cannot Be Made a Real Success.

There are a few first principles that should be remembered by every bee keeper. Here are some of them:

1. Bees when frightened by smoke will immediately gorge themselves with honey and lose all incination to sting.

2. The most vicious colony of hybrids may be controlled by using a little tobacco in the smoke.

3. The prosperity of a colony depends upon the fertility of the queen. If weak colonies have not become populous in one season, kill the queen and give them another.

4. Toads, skunks and mice are great enemies to bees; see that they do not have access to the apiary.

5. Increasing or dividing should be done as early as possible, but not until stores are coming in abundantly.

6. Drones are just as essential as any other bee, but too many are a nuisance. This may be controlled by cutting out drone combs and substituting worker comb or foundation.

7. Drones may be prohibited in objectionable colonies by dividing early in the spring.

8. Keep all colonies strong.—Robert Davis, in Farmers' Advocate.

KILLING POULTRY.

Bleeding to Death Does Not Disfigure the Fowls and Makes the Flesh Nice and White.

It is admitted that poultry when bled to death is whiter in flesh than when prepared in any other manner. Then the question is how to cause them to bleed to death and not disfigure them in any way. This can be easily done by opening the beak of the fowl, then with a sharp-pointed knife make an incision at the back of the roof, which will divide the vertebra and cause immediate death, after which hang up the fowl by the legs until the bleeding ceases. Next rinse the beak out with vinegar and water. Fowls killed in this way keep longer and do not present the unsightly external marks as those killed by the ordinary system of breaking the neck. When the entrails are drawn immediately after death, and the fowl dressed, stuff it to keep its shape; it will keep fresh much longer. It is a mistaken idea to cram poultry just before killing to make them appear heavy, as the undigested food soon begins to ferment, and putrefaction sets in, as is noticed by the quantity of greenish-looking fowls that are displayed in our markets.—Farm and Fireside.

Maine Poultry Experiments.

Bulletin 64 of the Maine agricultural experiment station contains an account of experiments in fattening chickens for market and the egg record of the breeding pens for 1899. The results of the fattening experiments show larger total and individual gains and cheaper flesh production in the case of chickens with partial liberty. The custom commonly practiced by English and French chicken fatteners of confining the birds in small coops was found more troublesome and less profitable than maintaining them in small flocks with restricted runs. The age at which fattening begins is very important. Chickens 20 weeks old gained 1½ pounds in three weeks, while chickens 25 weeks old gained less than one pound in the same length of time. It requires eight pounds of grain mixture to produce a pound of gain in live weight with the older birds and less than six pounds in the case of the younger birds.

How to Fight Red Mites.

The red mites are difficult to destroy, but it can be done. If they are in the nests of the sitting hens the nests must be burned, and probably the new nests will have to share the same fate, as a few nits and lice may remain on the hens. Sitting hens are quickly killed when left to the mercy of these mites. The roosts should be so constructed that the lice will take refuge in grooves on the under side, after which the roosts may be temporarily removed, the grooves saturated with oil and the insects destroyed by fire. This will have to be repeated for some time to make the work complete.—Farmers' Review.

BLACKLEG IN CATTLE.

The Disease and Its Treatment Discussed by Prof. A. T. Peters, a Nebraska Authority.

Blackleg in cattle also goes under the names of symptomatic anthrax and black quarter. The disease was for many years confounded with anthrax, and it was only found after that limb. This tumor is filled with gas, and upon pressure a peculiar crackling sound is produced. The meat which this tumor affects is black, and the tumor itself contains a dark fluid.

Blackleg is caused by the introduction into the system of a germ known as the blackleg bacillus. The usual manner of infection is through a wound of the skin or mucous membrane. The germs do not pass out with the excretions, hence the disease is not communicable from animal to animal. But if a blackleg carcass be skinned careful research will show that it is differed in a great many ways from that disease. Especially in its contagious nature is the distinction marked, for of animals other than cattle only sheep and goats are susceptible, and these slightly. The symptoms of the disease are familiar to all stockmen. These are lameness in the front or hind leg, accompanied by the development of a tumor, and if the blood and juices be allowed to enter the soil or if such carcass be allowed to decompose without being buried, the germs form spores, or "go to seed" and in this form may live in the soil for many years, ready to begin life anew as soon as conditions are favorable. Thus the pasture may be a constant source of infection. To prevent this the carcass must be burned immediately, or buried at least six feet under the ground.

There have been many treatments advocated for this disease. The most common are rowelling and the use of setons. These are alike utterly worthless.

Within the last five years there has been introduced a vaccine prepared from the dried meat of the muscles of the tumor of an animal that has succumbed to the disease. This is the only practical method at command at present for combatting the disease if the animal is exposed to infection.—National Rural.

WEANING THE PIGS.

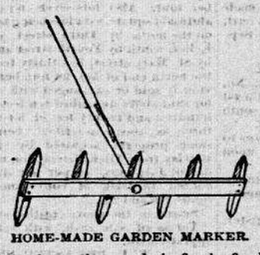
Expert Experience on a Subject Which Is of Utmost Interest to Every Farmer.

I am aware that there is a great difference of opinion in regard to age that young pigs should be allowed to remain with their dam. I have no fixed rule, as I am guided largely by the way in which the young pigs are thriving. I have frequently noticed that the milk from the dam does not agree with the young pigs, causing excessive diarrhoea, and in this case we wean the pigs at six weeks, but as a general rule I have found better results by allowing the pigs to remain with the dam until eight weeks old. A great many young pigs are injured by feeding the sow too liberally upon strong rich food, and not having much exercise in the open air. I would strongly recommend moderate exercise, with plenty of fresh air, which is quite as essential as pure food. After the young pigs are 10 days old the sow should be liberally fed upon bran and finely-ground oats, with the addition of a small quantity of ground peas or corn, but great care should be taken that the sow should not receive much grain for about 10 days after farrowing. Many young pigs are so seriously injured during this period that they never recover.—J. E. Brethour, in Farmer's Advocate.

HANDY GARDEN MARKER.

A Home-Made Implement Which Is Just as Good for Ordinary Use as More Costly Devices.

I use a homemade marker when I want to sow only a few seeds or to set out plants. It is made from 1½ by 3-inch stuff, four feet long. In this a



HOME-MADE GARDEN MARKER.

pole from the woods is firmly fixed for a handle by boring a 1½-inch hole at the center through the scantling. The end of the pile is sharpened enough to go through the hole and then wedged behind to keep it from drawing out. It is also braced with a piece of lath from each end of the scantling. Pieces of lath 1 foot long are sharpened and nailed firmly to the back of the scantling, so that one side makes drills one foot apart and the other side 16 inches.—W. H. Pillow, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Treatment for Mange in Hogs.

A correspondent asks for a remedy for mange in hogs: Make a wash by preparing a strong decoction of tobacco, strain and dilute it, mixing with it about one-half pint of glycerine. Wash the hogs well with this. Or rub it with the following liniment: Linseed oil, one pint; oil of tar, two fluid ounces; sulphur, two ounces. Either should be used two days, allowing it to remain three or four days. Then wash with soft soap and tepid water, and, if necessary, repeat the application. Rubbing posts and the sides and floors of the pen or sleeping place should also be disinfected with carbolic acid.—Midland Farmer.

Sheep in Dry Weather.

Sheep are excellent foragers and can secure a large share of their food from certain plants that are of no value to farmers, but during periods of drouth there may be a scarcity of even weeds or coarse herbage. While it is well to untilize sheep in order to have them consume such foods, yet there are periods when sheep should be assisted. It pays to give sheep an abundance of pasturage, provided good breeds are used.—Prairie Farmer.

TABLECLOTHS IN SUMMER.

May Be Dispensed With and Pretty Center Pieces Used on Polished Tables.

It is a great saving of laundry work and also of the household linen to use no tablecloths in summer. They are not at all necessary, except for conventional dinner parties. Even for the ordinary late dinner, a polished table, with a pretty centerpiece of white linen, garnished with flowers and silver, looks suitable for the season, while it goes without saying that in the daytime, unless the napery is of the freshest and best, a bare table is much more attractive. Many a time a spotted cloth is used to save the washing and give the laundress more time to do up the cotton frocks and shirts, with which in summer time she is overwhelmed, says a household exchange.

"But my table is ugly," says one housekeeper. "If I had a beautifully polished mahogany, it would be different. My table would look common." My dear woman, all natural woods are beautiful, if well kept. Your oak or black walnut will do perfectly well. If you rub off the scratches and stains which deface it. Give it a coat of brown shellac and have your maid rub it well with raw linseed oil with a few drops of turpentine once a week, polishing it off with an oiled bit of flannel after each meal, and never touching it with water. If you do this you will soon have a table to be proud of, even if it is not mahogany.

The best centerpiece for everyday use is a hemstitched damask square. This will last fresh for a week, while more elaborate designs may be substituted for special occasions. There should always be an arangement of flowers in the center. One of the easiest and prettiest ways of keeping continually fresh flowers on the table in summer, where one has not a garden, is to fill a small silver jardiniere (a plated one can be bought, for a couple of dollars) with ferns from the woods, placing it in a coup plate filled with water, and filling the latter with flowers or pretty greenery of any kind. A small supply will look elaborate, and the ferns will grow and last all summer.

At the four corners of the napkin cross well polished tablespoons, placing in the angles saltcellars, pepper, mustard pots, etc., while small dishes will complete the pretty centerpiece. The plates, knives, forks and glasses should be set on the polished wood. No one need wish for a daintier or more attractive looking table than this will make.

At a camp cottage, where the pine wood table refuses to be polished into prettiness or refinement, a clever woman has overcome the difficulty, and at the same time dispensed with tablecloths, by covering her table with a dark blue denim cover that reaches to the ground. On this she puts her white centerpiece, and also a white doily to match, under every plate. The effect is exceedingly good.

CHAPERONS OF THE DAY.

They Have Manifold Duties and Are Required to Earn Their Salaries.

The woman who chaperons the girl of fashion of the present day has no sinecure and earns every dollar she receives, says the Washington Star. In the good old days when the summer girl was merely an artist's model, whose chief mission in life was to pose on the beach under an umbrella built for two and show a clean pair of heels in the casino ballroom, any dear old drowsy grandmamma or near-sighted auntie who fatted and watched for lurking drafts served admirably as a chaperon. She smuggled into corners, never spoke unless spoken to and yet she kept her charges in good order and was an honor to her profession. But now the chaperon must know how to make tea, to play golf, to be friendly to dogs, understand horse talk, keep a level head, pink cheeks and a good appetite, no matter how big and green the waves look. She must be perfectly willing to walk miles on golf links, whisk uncomplainingly to the box seat of a coach, eat welsh rabbit at midnight without a protest, keep the extra young men of her protege amused while a particularly favored admirer is being put through his flirtation paces and pedal the automatic piano playing machine when necessary.

Of course, it stands to reason that a chaperon who fills to perfection all these requirements is something of a rare bird, yet she remains the summer girl's ideal, while as a matter of fact chaperonage in this present year of grace threatens to be practiced by specialists only. There is, for instance, the golf matron, who knows how to sit on a shady clubhouse balcony, brew tea and mind a dog and young man at the same time that she effectually keeps her eye on her charge by means of a powerful field glass. Then there is the yachting duenna and the coaching and automobile chaperon, every one quite perfect in her own way, and at a seaside resort these seasons one chaperon added to her laurels and possibly to the onerous duties of her sister professionals by plunging in and rescuing from the greedy waves the pretty girl who was under her care.

A Few Corn Extras.

Corn-oysters are good if properly made. Half grate on a rather fine grater eight ears of corn that is neither young nor very old, scraping out all the remaining pulp from the hulls on the cob. Add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth as much pepper, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Fry in little cakes shaped like oysters in a spider in sweet leaf-lard hot enough not to soak into the butter readily. If the corn is so watery that the cakes spread too much add cracker-dust, to make the batter stiffer. Use neither milk nor flour.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

Beginning of the End.

"You can cook, I suppose?" queried the young man who was feeling his way to a proposal.

"No," was the frank reply. "I never even attempted it. My parents never thought I would have to seek a position as cook."—Chicago Evening News.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Latest Additions to the Costume Supply of Up-to-Date Dressers.

The millinery fruits which appear on some of the latest hats are fearfully and wonderfully made of black and colored velvets. There is variety, too, in the counterfeit fruit department, and the black cherries and grapes are really quite a success—not as true representations of their kind, perhaps, but as giving striking effects with green leaves on the cream straw hats with a stylish bow of black velvet ribbon or cream lace and a buckle, says the New York Sun.

Bows in the hair have become so common that they are considered out of style by the ultra smart. And for evening dress, a wreath of leaves, either green, silver and gold in color, or in the gray faded tints of violet and red, are worn instead. Young girls wear a wreath of small flowers or one single real rose.

One of the pretty new fringes is made of satin cords, black, white or colored, combined in some instances with loops of taffeta ribbon.

A fashionable garment which constitutes part of a racing costume is a military looking coat reaching to the knees. The first Napoleon's coat is the model from which it evolved, and while there is not much in a name when it is applied to fashion, the "Premier Consul" coat has some significance. It is fashioned in white cloth, if you like, fashioned with gold buttons, and the unique feature is the sash of soft white crepe with bullion fringed ends. This is rather short, of course. Then there is a crepe, a wide turned-down collar, and the new sleeve turned back in a cuff over linen lawn undersleeves. Rows of stitchings finish all the edges. There is simply no limit to the extravagant productions of the season in the way of long coats. These are rarely needed in warm weather, but when they are made of lace with no lining, they are distinctly a summer garment. Thicker materials, like cloth and silk are made up without any lining, so they are not burdensome, and as a means of adding to the elegant gown an up-to-date appearance, they are unequaled. Even the dust cloaks made of linen look attractive, they are made with so much style. Some have empire waists and long tucked breadths below, and are finished with handsome heavy lace of the same ecru color covering the upper portion in bolero form and black stitching. Some are quite plain, with the stitching and tucks for trimming. Again they are made of blue linen with white pipings.

Square hat crowns are one of the new phases in millinery.

Pale pink batiste makes a charming gown for a young girl just coming into her teens. Tuck the skirt all around the hips in vertical lines to within nine inches of the hem, which is cut in scallops and finished with narrow lace. A straight-gathered ruffle is added below or rather attached underneath the scallops, and is also finished with lace. The bodice, tucked down in the form of a pointed yoke back and front, is tucked again two or three inches deep around the waist, improving the figure, and the belt is of tucked lawn with two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon sewn a little way from the edge.

Ribbons decorated generously with gold thread are used for corselet belts, revers and collars.

A pretty bodice for a white organdie gown is made of alternate rows of lingerie ribbon and bands of the organdie dotted over with French knots. The edges are joined with an open-work stitch. Another pretty use for French knots in white is on narrow black velvet ribbon for trimming collar bands.

The strictly severe sailor hat is not very much in favor this season, and if we had always followed French taste in this particular, it never would have flourished to any such extent as it has. It is suitable only for young girls, decked in outing garb, but it has been and is still worn by women who have passed the four corners of life. However, there is a substitute for this hat almost as variable in shape and trimming as the faces which it shadows. There is the sailor shape in soft lace-like straw, trimmed with a stylish bow of velvet or ribbon, a huge chiffon rosette with golden galloon or a scarf of chiffon around the crown and possibly folds of chiffon facing the brim. Then there are turbans and toques of rough straw and pique, covered with stitching and trimmed with soft silks. Rough rider hats we have had all winter, and they are here again, made of felt straw and linen duck.

Poise of Manner.

Every woman can, if she will, cultivate the self-control that subdues the manifestation of feeling in frowns or excessive laughter. Poise of manner may be made merely the outward expression of poise of mind, and the many little worries of life can be relegated to their proper place as trifles. True reposefulness is not the absence of strength, but its assured possession. Mothers should be observant of any tendency in their growing children to undue facial distortion in speaking and gently remind them of it until the habit is cured. It is difficult for the adult to dismiss a habit once formed, but it would be wise for every young woman and man to establish a close surveillance over their manner of using the muscles of the face in speaking. Many of them would be surprised to find that every sentence is a fresh grimace.—Baltimore Herald.

The New Lingerie.

The special point in the new lingerie is the fit. The set of a gown depends largely upon the accurate shape of the lingerie over which it is worn, especially now in this much beplaited era of fashion. Skirts, both long and short, are cut to fit the hips quite smoothly, and, although fancifulness is indulged in sometimes to an almost exaggerated degree, the flare and the fluff are all confined to the lower part of the skirt. —Washington Star.

In the Early Morn.

Singleton—That baby of yours is getting to be quite a big chap.

Wederly—Well, I should say so. He gains about ten pounds an hour when I have to walk the floor with him nights.—Chicago Daily News.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some fools and their money are parted only by death; the money then passing to the other sort of fools.—Puck.

The man who is compelled to continually cultivate his friends is apt to find sooner or later that the crop wasn't worth the trouble.—Chicago Daily News.

If the loafers should demand that busy men quit work to play with them, a party would be found to embody the demand in a platform.—Atchison Globe.

"Most children," said the old schoolmaster, "are very much like postage stamps." "Indeed?" said his friend. "Yes; they have to be licked to make them stick to their letters."—Philadelphia Record.

"Yes, I ate the cake she baked. To make myself solid, you know!" "Did you succeed?" "In a sense. I couldn't feel any solider if I had eaten brickbats and cement."—Detroit Journal.

"I," said the gentleman who had fairly prospered, "am humbly proud of the fact that I took 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' as my motto when I began business life." "There is nothing," said the second gentleman, who had measured business wits with the first gentleman, "like having good backing."—Indianapolis Press.

Hotel-keeper (who has let his "Assembly-room" for a concert)—"Well, sir; I 'ope you found the arrangements in the 'all satisfactory last night?" Mr. Bawlington—"Oh, yes; everything was all right. There was only one thing I object to. I found the acoustics of the building not quite— Hotel-keeper—"No, sir; excuse me. What you smelt was the stables next door!" —Punch.

The druggist was smiling profusely and giving away soda water to a customer who had just paid a long account. "It's bad policy to pay cash," remarked another customer who looked on. "I buy twice as much as that woman, but I pay as I buy, and the amount I pay each time is never enough to inspire him to give me soda water." And other plodding people have noticed similar tendencies.—Indianapolis News.

HARD WORK DONE BY WOMEN.

The Immense Amount of Energy Expended in Holding Up Trailing Skirts.

"In one afternoon's shopping the women of Chicago expend sufficient energy to propel the combined navies of the world!"

The Girl in the Mortar Board said this and then looked about her for the effect, says the Inter Ocean.

"Oh, oh," groaned the two organdie girls, falling limply against each other. But the Girl in the Ladysmith Hat said, scornfully: "It's that Mortar Board. She can't help doing sums when she's got it on."

"They do it," continued the girl with the headpiece, ignoring interruptions and beginning to figure, "by means of the trailing dress skirt. In Chicago there are, according to the last estimate, 2,000,000 people, or 400,000 families. On the basis of 2 adult females to each family there are 800,000 women, most of whom are addicted to the long-skirt habit—at least, 400,000 of them. The average length of time consumed by a woman in a day's shopping is about 5 hours. Her dress skirt must be held up continuously while in the street and stores. The weight of an ordinary street skirt as held by the hand is from 2 to 5 pounds, but taking the minimum weight of 2 pounds which each woman carries in her hand continuously during the five hours, she expends a lifting force of 2 pounds every instant, 120 pounds a minute, 7,200 pounds an hour, and 36,000 pounds during the 5 hours. The 400,000 long-skirted women of Chicago would, on the same basis, exert a lifting power of 14,400,000,000 pounds during the day's shopping tour, which is equal to 1,090,909-horse power. The average indicated horse power of a first-class battleship in the United States navy is 12,000. At this rate the power or energy expended by the women of Chicago in a single day in carrying their dress trains would propel 1,090 battleships."

And the Girl in the Mortar Board looked up triumphantly from her figures. The others looked interested and the Mortar Board Girl began at her figures again.

"It takes only 1,022-horse power," she went on, "to move a train of 60 loaded freight cars 25 miles an hour. With the equivalent of 1,090,909-horse power expended by the women they could move 1,067 such trains. Applied to the ordinary tasks of a household, such as sweeping, washing dishes, attending babies, etc., this enormous force now wasted would solve the household problem in a jiffy and leave muscle to spare. It would sweep 1,800,000,000 rooms, allowing 20 pounds of energy to a room. It would wash 36,000,000,000 dishes, giving a pound to each dish. And it would carry 2,400,000,000 babies, each weighing 15 pounds.

"By investigating, it appears that the vast majority of women feel themselves unable to attend to their simple household affairs because they are not strong enough. In the matter of dress skirts they are feminine Herculeses."

Then the Mortar Board Girl threw down her pencil.

"Dear me, I didn't know we were working at it so hard. We'll never wear the horrid things again," declared the Organdie Girl.

"Never mind. They are going out this season, anyhow," murmured the Ladysmith Girl.

What a Plant Eats.

So far as is known, the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot 200 pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch, which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up, and daily watered the earth with rain water. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed, and was found to have gained 164 pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed, and had lost only two ounces. The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air.—N. Y. Herald.

SUNBONNET CENTER OF WORLD

How an Indiana Woman Started the Flourishing Industry in Indianapolis.

"Do you know," said a manufacturer to an Indianapolis News man, "that Indianapolis is the greatest sunbonnet manufacturing city in the world?"

The rise of the sunbonnet as an article of extensive wholesale manufacture was accidental and sudden. Ten years ago there were no manufacturers of sunbonnets in this country, as far as known. Sunbonnets were then, and had been in use for scores of years, especially the old-fashioned Quaker gingham bonnet. Each community furnished its own supply—every woman made her own bonnet.

It had not occurred to anyone that there would be profit in making them by the dozen, or hundreds of dozens. But that thought came to Mrs. M. L. Roberts, of West Indianapolis.

A sunbonnet that Mrs. Roberts made for herself attracted the attention of a neighbor. It was not elaborate. It was simply made, but natty, and the tastiness of it added practically nothing to its cost. Would Mrs. Roberts make one for her? She would. She did. That started the trouble. There were other neighbors and friends. Bonents had to be made by the dozen. Perhaps other women in the city would be glad to get such bonnets? The large retail stores were visited and trial orders were obtained. These orders were soon duplicated. Perhaps there would be a sale of them in Chicago, in Louisville, in St. Louis? There was.

Once they were sampled there was too much of a demand for them. Three or four days after there had been a shipment of 100 dozen would come the order: "Ship another 100 dozen at at once." Mrs. Roberts had converted sitting-room, dining-room, bedroom into sewing rooms, but the facilities were overtaxed. Part of the large barn was remodeled and fitted up with sewing machines, cutting tables, etc., but there was no catching up with orders. The large customers seeing that the demand could not be supplied in that way, started to manufacture their own sunbonnets. Sunbonnets were not patented, and there was nothing to prohibit anybody from making even Mrs. Roberts' pattern of them.

As one large factory after another was started with unlimited capital behind it Mrs. Roberts saw that it was useless to try to compete in the making of the popular cheap bonnet, and immediately set to work to manufacture the better and more expensive kinds, and began the making of sunhats. Competition was headed off this time by securing a patent on a simple device which enabled the hat and bonnet to be taken apart to be washed, and be easily put together again and appear as new.

DOORPLATES OF THE PAST.

Many Were of Solid Silver and Went a Good Ways Beyond the Hundred-Dollar Mark.

"People who get about town much must have noticed one change that has taken place in the past few years," said the man with the red mustache, relates the New York Sun, "and that is the abolition of doorplates for all except business purposes. There was a time, and not so very long ago, either, when everybody that aspired to any kind of social prominence decorated his front door with a plate on which his name was engraved. These plates were made of all kinds of metal, ranging from plain tin to solid silver, according to the prosperity of the owner. Some of them were very expensive. I happened to be in the engraving business when the doorplate craze was raging in its most virulent form, and I know for a fact that we turned out any number of plates that mounted up to and even beyond the hundred-dollar mark.

"One of the most expensive plates we ever made was for a man who lived over on East Twenty-second street. This man was a Russian who had embraced American customs, and he had a name about seven feet long. I can't remember now what it was, but I do know that it used up about all the plate we had in the shop to fit him out, and that when we were finally through with him his front door resembled nothing so much as the billboard of a vaudeville show. There was a peculiar thing about another block over in that part of the city. There were 40 houses in that block. Each was ornamented with a doorplate, and on 31 of those houses the name was 'Green.' I went over to that neighborhood the other day out of curiosity. There are no doorplates there now, and I had no means of ascertaining whether the Green colony still sticks to its old haunts.

"In one way these doorplates were a mighty fine thing. They gave a stranger within our gates invaluable assistance in sizing up the nomenclature of the city, but they savored too much of self-advertising to suit the quiet tastes of the more conservative element, and gradually the custom went out of fashion, until now a private house that sports a doorplate is a curiosity."

Water as a Pacifier.

The artesian wells of eastern Algeria have reconciled tribes whom military terrorism failed to pacify. The first appearance of the rock drill machinery merely provoked their banter, but when unfailing fountains of cold water burst forth and filled tanks and irrigation canals their jibes turned to silence and finally to grunts of approval. Now they are besieging the tents of the government engineers, begging them to try their luck here and there and promising their political support in case an aquatic treasure trove should restore the productiveness of their parched-out fields.—N. Y. Sun.

Joys of Married Life.

Doctor—What you need is a change and rest.

Patient—I can't afford it. My incomes pretty well requisitioned already. My children get all the change, and my wife gets the rest.—Philadelphia Press.

A Skillful Doctor.

Winks—What advice did the doctor give you when you went to him this morning?

Binks—He advised me to go to some other physician that I didn't owe $137 to.—Somerville Journal.