

It is wrong to rock the boat, but you may tip the water. Hay fever will be along presently to prove that summer is here.

Before long there will re-echo the first call for the dog muzzie. Won't some one please start the simplified spelling bee buzzing in Turkey?

A north pole explorer frequently finds it much farther returning home than it was going.

In some absorbing and disappointed quarters it is suspected that the little princess of Orange is looked on as more of a lemon.

Have you ever noticed that the man who adopts every health fad that comes along is seldom a very well man?

Show us a great man and we will show you a man who was just simply crazy to join a drum corps when he was a boy.

"Graft" being a Dutch word meaning canal, we are inclined to think that the graft on Mars must have been something terrible.

A Boston man was arrested for laughing at a woman's big hat. Boston considers the size of those chopping bowls no laughing matter.

The automobile pays scant respect to its venerable forerunner, the bicycle. Frequently the arrogant chauffeur refuses to allow the humble wheelman even six inches of space when meeting him in a narrow roadway.

In 1890 the consumption of cigars in the United States was 4,000,000,000. In 1908 the total was just double, or 8,000,000,000. That represents a great deal of money to go up in smoke, but it also shows that the tobacco business is enormous. And as most of the cigars are made of American tobacco the growing of the "weed" is of importance agriculturally.

China wants Americans to participate in the new loan that is to be applied to railroad building and to the development of the resources of the empire. The present wideawake rulers of the Celestial Kingdom are aware of the value of disinterested American friendship and of the usefulness in their business of American ideas.

The first airing of the little Dutch princess brought good luck, and the soldier who saw the royal baby and gave the helress to the throne her first salute was rewarded with a banknote. It is a happy augury that the first official act connected with the baby princess' life was the cause of honor to herself and happiness to others. The precedent should serve as a good one for her future reign.

The proposed tax on American motor tourists in England of over \$200, even for a visit of a few days, will result in cutting the tight little sale out of many a motoring trip's itinerary. And as American tourists are a very profitable European summer investment, the short-sighted authors of the tax will be the sorriest of all if it is imposed. The idea in Europe apparently is, "When short of funds, tax Americans more ways."

A wild coffee plant discovered in the Congo country is being used with great success in Java, where it thrives in ground in which other coffee plants die or cease to bear. The African variety is very prolific and the taste and aroma of the berries improve as the plants grow older. Overcultivation, like civilization, seems to have a de-energizing effect. It takes a little infusion of the wild at intervals to keep things going.

The United States war department wants a lot of young men with some engineering knowledge to help lay out the work of intracoastal waterway improvements from Boston to Florida. The young men are needed for surveying, and the duties involved will make good training for embryo engineers. Incidentally the announcement indicates that waterway improvement is making steady progress and means much for the future transportation interests of the country.

England may now recover from the apprehension felt regarding attack by the upper route. Reports from that country are to the effect that an airship has been perfected that surpasses anything of the kind in existence, and it is expected that a flight from Paris to London will soon be made. The flying machine is the property of an English company, but was constructed in France. The announcement seems to be a sort of answer to the Zeppelin challenge.

Tuberculosis keeps at the head of the list of fatal diseases in Baltimore's weekly mortality list and furnishes terrible proof of the need of even a harder fight than is being made against this devastating disease. Agencies now at work are doing all in their power, but they could do far more were funds more abundant. There is no cause that calls for more real philanthropy, none which could make better use of large gifts of money. To save human life is a divine work.

An Englishman in a Pennsylvania town who persistently slandered the women and girls of the place was beaten almost to death by his infuriated victims. The days when women promptly fainted when confronted with emergencies has long passed. It is highly unsafe to count upon their revival.

Science is becoming more and more untrustworthy with every passing year, it seems to us. It is only the other day a scientist asserted that whisky is not a cure for snake bite.

ANGEL PARADISE

By George Edwin Hunt

Lonesome Lintthoum and I sat in comfortable leather chairs before the open fireplace in the club rotunda. The talk had been of Paradise—Paradise, Arizona, where Lonesome had spent some years as cow-puncher and miner before he made his stake. In his hand was a letter from Big Bill Jernigan, an old comrade of those days, now known as the Hon. William Jernigan, member of congress from the sovereign state of Montana. Lonesome was reminiscent and when Lonesome is reminiscent it behooves his friends to keep silence and give heed. I knew my cue, and this story was my reward: The Hon. William Jernigan! Think of it! Old long-legged Big Bill Jernigan! Well, there's heaps worse at Washington. Did I ever tell you about the time Bill and I made faces at each other? No? It happened at Paradise. You remember what Saturday was at Paradise. Town full of purchasers and miners, the punchers and miners full of liquor and devilment, and the bartenders full of business. Bill and I had been up all night, hucking Three Fingers Pete's faro game, and were far from well. Bill made the bets and I played look-out for us. Things broke bad, and along about ten o'clock in the morning we quit and were standing at the bar. Bill had a grouch on more than a foot thick, and at that I think mine had his beat a block. So it was just perfectly natural that nothing either of us said would suit the other. I expressed a desire for corned-beef hash and red pepper for breakfast, and what Bill said about my gastronomic ideas was scandalous. Then Bill said he saw a fellow in a stock company in Denver the winter before that was a better actor than Edwin Booth. I never knew Edwin Booth, but I resented Bill's slur on his memory most deeply. Finally Bill said he could rope, throw and the more stunts in ten minutes than any man in Arizona, and that settled it.



Stood There a Moment, Calmly Surveying Things.

I retorted some acrimonious. Bill was not polite. Diplomatic relations were busted, and one of us called the other a liar. I don't remember which one it was, but that makes no difference now. The room was full of the boys, some playing cards and some at the bar, where Three Fingers Pete and Dutch Henry were serving drinks. When Bill and I stepped back and dropped our hands to our guns, they all respected our feelings and acted according. Dutch and Pete flopped to the floor behind the bar. Seven or eight of the boys broke for the safe. Now, make no mistake—but you won't, because you know those boys. They weren't afraid; you couldn't scare those fellows. But they had sense. If Bill and I had a difference of opinion, that was our business, not theirs. And if we wanted to settle it by shooting holes in each other, that also was our business. So they ducked. I knew there wasn't any use trying to fool around and shoot Bill in the leg or arm. I'd seen Bill shoot when he thought he had to shoot, and under those circumstances Bill shot straight and quick, mind you, mighty quick. So I decided the only thing that would leave me behind to herd the elusive maverick and eat the base-born hominy and hog was to beat him to it, and I had a sneaking notion that I could draw and kill him as he was.

We stood there maybe ten seconds—it seemed to me like an hour—looking each other in the eye, both crazy mad. Well, my nerves would have twisted up in little knots in about five seconds more, and I would have probably done something foolish and Bill would have potted me, but just before I blew up a voice at the saloon door said: "Hello!" soft and sweet, and "retardo" on the "lo." Now, if that had been a man's voice neither of us would have paid any attention to it, or else we would have both turned in and licked the everlasting daylight out of him for interfering with two gentlemen who were trying to settle a scientific difference—according to how mad we were. But it wasn't. On the contrary, quite the reverse. I saw Bill's glance waver, and I knew Bill couldn't shoot a man that wasn't looking, any more than he could wear a stiff collar; so, my curiosity being some aroused, I turned toward the door. I almost hate to tell you, it was so lovely. There on the top step, just inside the screen door, was the sweetest, cleanest, prettiest girl baby you ever saw. All dressed up in a white lawn suit, with a blue sash, white half-hose that showed her dimpled knees and fat little legs, white shoes, and a white bonnet with a lace frill around the front, tied under her dimpled chin with a big white ribbon. Gee! but she was the prettiest little thing that ever struck Arizona, bar none. I took one look and said:

"Angel, angel!" You see, I went daffy at once. "Hello!" she repeated as she looked round the room. "Is a game? Oh I see. I spy!" Then she paddled over to the end of the bar, pointed one fat little finger at Pap Johnson behind the ice-box, shouted gleefully: "I spy!" and ran to Bill Jernigan. She slapped old Bill on his chap-covered legs and said: "One, two, free for you! Now you are it! All the rest is home free." Then she threw both arms around Bill's left leg and waited for the boys to come "home." You ought to have seen Bill. He looked at me sort of dazed like, then looked down at the baby, then looked away far off somewhere, and said in a faint whisper: "Well, I'm darned!" And if he said it once he said it 20 times. Just stood there like a human hitching-post and phonograph combined and said: "Well, I'm darned!" The boys all gathered round from their safety corners, looking as sheepish as if the teacher had caught them chewing gum, but I was too much interested in Angel to pay any attention to them. I always was fond of dogs and children and things like that. I knelt down, so as to get some-where near on a level with that little white bonnet, and asked: "Whose little girl are you, honey?" "Mamma's," was the prompt reply. "I'd bet a stack of blue on that," said I. "But what's your name?" "Anna Louise, thank you." "You're welcome. All right. I'll believe that, even. Anna Louise goes with me, but Anna Louise what?" "Nuffin. Jes' Anna Louise."

"And where is mamma?" "Oh, she's right over there," and she waved her hand vaguely around to embrace 'most three-quarters of the compass. Then she proposed breathlessly: "Let's play 'Lunnon Bridge.' It's the mos'est fun!" We told her we would like to but that we had forgotten how. Bill then swung her up on the bar and gravely asked her what she would have to drink. She wanted soda-water and we all took the same, although some of the boys objected. When the drinks were all in hand I got on a chair and made an eloquent, ornate and highly popular speech, in which I said that never before had I seen the wisdom of naming our thriving municipality "Paradise," and that at times it had seemed to me the party or parties naming it must have gotten mixed on their Scripture or else have waxed sarcastic; but that now a great light, the bright white light of truth, had busted in on my alleged intellect, and illuminated the inmost recesses of an ever sluggish mind ("Hear, hear!" from the boys). An Angel had come to Paradise, I said, a sweet little angel straight from heaven, or St. Louis, or somewhere. Her given name might be Anna Louise, as she told us, but if so it was a mistake. Angel she was, and Angel she must be. And inasmuch as she had no other name, according to her own statement, a statement I presumed no gentleman present would doubt (loud cries of "No, no!" from the boys), I took the liberty of giving her the name of the fair city she had honored with her presence, and proposed a toast to "Angel Paradise." Well, you never saw a toast excite such enthusiasm—certainly not one drunk in soda-water. As we finished the drink, the door opened with some violence, and a chap rushed in, clad in spats, a white waistcoat, a stiff collar, a derby hat, and some other useless outer habiliments. His glance fell on Angel, and he yelled: "Me child, me child!" Angel stood there on the bar, waving a chubby hand, and said: "Hello, pop!" After he had calmed down, he introduced himself as Mr. Hawthorne of Boston, who was touring Arizona for his wife's health. He explained they had stopped at the Cowboy's Retreat for a few hours' rest, and Angel had wandered away. So Bill turned to Angel and said: "Come, sister, get on my shoulder, and it's us for mamma." Then he swung Angel up and strode out of the saloon. Papa introduced us to mamma and explained we were friends of his that had found Angel and looked after her. They were just starting for Tucson in the hotel surry, and we were soon forced to say good-by to our little Angel Paradise. The blessed little baby patted old Bill on the cheek and said: "I love 'oo," and then, seeing I looked disappointed, which I was, she graciously said: "An' 'oo, too. An' all 'oo," as she took us all in with a wave of the hand. And the last we saw of her was flirting mamma's handkerchief from the back of the surry as it disappeared in the dust around the bend.

On our way back to Pete's, Bill put his arm around my shoulders and said: "Lonesome, I'm some fond of red pepper on hash myself." I grinned a little and he went on: "And Lonesome, come to think it over, that fellow was a rotten bad actor, anyhow." We had reached Pete's and were just going in when he squeezed me a little: "Furthermore, Lonesome, when I was talkin' about ropin' steers I expected you in my mind all the time." And we never did finish that fight.

TEXAS SOIL NEEDS

Chiefly for Phosphoric Acid and for Nitrogen.

Addresses of State Chemist Fraps Before the American Chemical Society on "The Needs of Texas Soils for Fertilizers."

At the Fortieth general meeting of the American Chemical Society, held at Detroit, Mich., recently, a paper prepared by Dr. George S. Fraps, state chemist of Texas, was read, which is, in part, as follows: For several years past the Texas experiment station has been making soil analysis, pot tests, co-operative fertilizer experiments, and field tests, in order to study the needs of Texas soils for fertilizers. This article does not purpose to go into detail into any of these studies, but to discuss in a general way some of the conclusions of the work. Texas soils may be divided into four sectional groups—the East Texas section, the central black belt, the Gulf coast soils, and the arid soils.

The soils of East Texas, as a general rule, are sandy, or sandy loam soils, deficient in phosphoric acid and often in nitrogen, low in lime but not acid. Their prevailing needs seem to be phosphoric acid and nitrogen. These soils are well adapted to truck crops, and respond well to fertilizers. It is in this section of the state that most of the fertilizers are used. Potash does not appear very important for many of these soils. Fertilizers are extensively used for corn and cotton, which supply only nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and even for potatoes, tomatoes, and other truck crops, fertilizers are used which contain no more potash than is present in the cotton seed meal used in compounding them. The movement to do away with potash appears to be spreading.

According to our pot experiments, very few Texas soils are deficient in potash, and many of them give up surprisingly large quantities of potash. Indeed, we are having trouble in securing, for experimental purposes, soils deficient in potash. On the other hand, soils deficient in nitrogen or phosphoric acid can be secured without difficulty. The soils of the Central black belt are prevalingly black calcareous soils, very productive and durable, but some of them are wearing out. These soils, as a general rule, are well supplied with potash and nitrogen, but many are low in phosphoric acid, while others are well supplied. Some of these black soils respond to fertilizers, others do not respond at all.

The Gulf coast soils are, as a rule, low-lying fat soils, not well drained. They are low in lime, but not acid, fairly well supplied in nitrogen and potash, but low in phosphoric acid. Rice does not do well. Lime, ashes or Thomas phosphate tends to produce too much straw, so that the rice falls. Rice soils, as a rule, respond well to phosphoric acid. The soils of the arid section are, as a rule, well supplied with plant food. The chief problems with these soils are water and alkali, though alkali has, as yet, not given a great deal of trouble.

What has been said must be taken in a general way. There are, of course, types of soils of different characteristics within the areas mentioned. The chief needs of Texas soils are for phosphoric acid and for nitrogen.

Value of Cowpeas.

The cowpea is a large, bean-like plant that produces a large amount of forage. It is valuable for a green food or for plowing under for green manure. It has been used successfully for improving worn-out soils, especially those that are light and sandy in texture. Its greatest advantage for this purpose is its ability to gather nitrogen from the air and mineral elements from the subsoil. When the crop is plowed, where they will be available to shallow-rooted crops and those which cannot get nitrogen from the air. It has been little used for hay in the north because it cannot be readily dried in that climate. It makes a good green feed for milch cows between August 15 and September 15 or it may be preserved in the silo by mixing with corn fodder. For green manuring the seed should be sown broadcast in late June or early July, at the rate of 1 1/2 bushels per acre. It is especially valuable for growing in young orchards. When wanted for fodder it should be sown in early June in drills 2 1/2 feet apart, at the rate of one bushel seed per acre.

Likes the Black Minorcas.

I have bred single comb black Minorcas exclusively for the past 17 years and will say that I have found them to be the most profitable and the best all-around fowls in existence, says a writer in the Baltimore American. They are great layers, being non-sitters, and lay the largest white eggs of any breed. For eating purposes they are fine, the white meat being very juicy and tender. They are very showy and attractive birds, with large red comb, clear, white ear lobes and plumage a glossy greenish black. They are much larger than the other breeds in the Mediterranean class, the standards weights being as follows: Cocks, 9 pounds; hens, 7 1/2 pounds; cockerels, 7 1/2 pounds; pullets, 6 1/2 pounds.

From my many years' experience in breeding poultry I can heartily recommend the single comb black Minorcas to any one wishing to take up standard bred poultry either for pleasure or profit. There are few if any other varieties which make as good an appearance in the show room, at the same time possessing the excellent laying qualities and quick growth of the single comb black Minorcas. A man can accomplish on a farm team as much with a three-horse team as two men can with four horses worked as double teams. Ever try it. —Rural Home.

SOWING PLASTER IN CLOVER.

After the First Crop is Housed Sow Pure, Fine, Ground Flour Composition.

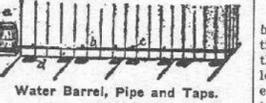
After the first crop of clover is cut, cured and put into the barn, if you have a good stand, sow 200 pounds of plaster to the acre. There are several kinds of plaster on the market; the Nova Scotia plaster or gypsum is said to be much the best. Plaster that is mixed with marble dust, slate and ground shells has little value. Buy pure, fine-ground, dry, flour plaster. Plaster is not a direct plant food, but it acts indirectly in drawing moisture to the plants and making available the plant food already in the soil. It is especially valuable to spread over all the leguminous plants when a few inches in height. The way to test its value is to sow marked strips over the clover or other leguminous plants. We have found that it was a great help in increasing the growth of the clovered crop; when sown on newly seeded red and white clover—and over ambro sugar-cane intended for midsummer green feed.

A thin dressing of fine manure, scraped up from the cow yards, and where manure piles stood during the winter, spread over the clover sod early this month, will increase the yield of the second crop, also make more and heavier seed. If cloverseed is wanted the field should not be pastured at any time, as the tramping of the cattle compacts the soil. A loose mellow soil is needed to absorb an abundance of rain to nourish the clover roots when the seed commences to form in head.

WATER SUPPLY FOR POULTRY

Illustration and Directions for Arranging Barrel So Chickens May Quench Thirst.

Take a good, strong barrel, a and place it at the end of the house, either inside or not. Run a pipe, b, from this through the house or yards. Bore one or two holes in the pipe in each apartment and put in a wooden plug, c. These plugs are adjusted so



Water Barrel, Pipe and Taps.

that the water will slowly drip into the troughs or pens, d, which are set under them. The barrel can be filled with a team from time to time, and one filling will last several days. The end of the pipe is stopped with a fine plug that may be withdrawn when necessary to empty the barrel, should the water get foul.

FOR GOOD BUTTER MAKING.

Stir the cream every day. Stop churning when the butter granulates if you want to wash out all the buttermilk. The best butter is made from the best cream; but the best cream comes from the best milk. Butter washed with water that has been boiled and cooled keeps much better than that washed with unboiled water.

When the conditions for the cream rising are unfavorable put less milk into the pans or cans; the cream will rise quicker to the top. Do not allow smoking near the dairy; nothing absorbs tobacco smoke more quickly than milk, and butter tainted with tobacco smoke is an abomination.

Fine butter has a clear, nutty flavor, a nice color (not too high), a firm, waxy texture, free from moisture, and a grain which, when broken, shows like cast steel. An overloaded churn is sometimes the cause of slow coming of the butter. If the amount of cream is too large for the size of the churn, turning it over and over will not agitate the cream sufficiently. The churn should be less than half full, and should not be turned too fast to allow the cream to drop from side to side of the churn.

Training Tomato Plants.

It is worth while to train a few tomato plants to single stems. To do this pinch out all lateral shoots. Tie the plants to stakes or a trellis of about three wires. Single stem training possesses several advantages and is practiced to a large extent in the Marietta trucking district of Ohio. It is necessary to tie the plants at three or four points to give the proper support. The arguments in favor of single-stem training are that the bulk of the crop ripens early; there is greater uniformity in size and shape, a smaller percentage of decayed specimens, cleaner fruit, easier picking, and spraying and cultivation may be continued later in the season if necessary. The system is rather expensive, but the acreage grown by this method is gradually increasing.

The Dairy Farmer.

No farm worker has a steadier income than the dairy farmer. The work requires some close application, but not more than many another business. By having competent help the proprietor has plenty of time off when it pleases him. And then think of the fertility that comes to the owner's soil! Not only does his bank account grow plenteous, but the vital energy of his land waxes strong and powerful. No more independent citizen lives than the dairy farmer.

Killing the Beetles.

The asparagus beetle is a troublesome pest, not easy to control, says Rural New Yorker. Chickens are fond of them, and will rid garden beds of the adults, but, of course, can be of little benefit in large fields. Clean cutting, especially in ridge culture, keeps them well under control in spring, but the slugs or larvae do considerable harm later.

Pretty Summer Models



On the right is a handsome frock of voile. Next is the model for a summer frock of white silk serge with bit bodice over a blouse of white chiffon cloth.

WHEN SHORTENING A SKIRT. PLAITINGS RETURN TO FAVOR.

Should Always Be Done from the Bottom—Two Methods That Are Recommended.

To shorten a skirt do so from the bottom, either by making tucks or cutting off the number of inches from the ground to make it the desired length. When a skirt is to be lengthened, do not attempt to piece it at the top. One way to lengthen the skirt is to turn it off evenly from the floor, measure the difference between the length desired and that which the skirt has after it is trimmed evenly. Cut a piece of material twice the number of inches in width required to make the desired length, and as many inches around as the skirt measures. Allow one-half inch on all seams. Join this extra piece to the skirt proper, with the seam on the right side. Press it flat with the edge down. Turn the added piece up on the right side. Measure from the waist line down the length of the piece up on the right side. Fold in half an inch at the edge, and baste the edge over the joining. Stitch a double row of stitching, sewing on the applied hem, one at the extreme edge and the other about one-quarter of an inch from it. Press this flat, and you have a trimming as well as an added length.

Advent of Fussy Dresses of a Former Period Are Responsible for Revival.

The tiny knife plaitings only an inch in width are again coming to the front with the revival of the fussy dresses of the 1830 period. They belong to the era of the little roses, narrow fringes and puffs. The selvage of chiffon cloth cut off and sent to the plaiter's or else done with patience at home will save the whole hemming process. The French also double chiffon before it is plaited, to avoid hemming. The selvage of some silks may be used in the same way, and when the band of a different color along the edge happens to be in harmony or in good contrast it has even been chosen as a decoration for the dress, and allowed to go into the frill. Tiny knife plaitings are made of lace insertions because the straight edge forms a more even line than the scallop of lace. When insertions are used for frills, whether gathered or plaited, they are felled to the gown so that the pattern may not be wasted in a seam. Taffeta ribbon, too, is frequently converted into knife plaitings.

A SIMPLE BODICE.



For either cloth, serge, or linen, this design is suited. It is very plain, and has a yoke and under-sleeve of tucked net, two rows of Russian braid to match outline the yoke; the braid on the right side is continued down center of front in scallops, with a button sewn in each scallop; the edge of upper sleeve is cut and trimmed to match.

Materials required: 1 1/2 yard 44 inches wide, one-half dozen yards braid, one dozen buttons.

Coloring Canvas Shoes.

The "matching" idea is so strong just now that girls may like to know that white canvas shoes may be colored to match any costume. The process of dyeing will shrink the shoes, but they may be successfully painted with good water-color paint. Mount the shoes on trees. If you do not own shoe-trees, stuff the shoes evenly with tissue paper. Then apply the paint with a good-sized bristle brush or a sponge. Care should be taken to prepare sufficient paint before commencing the painting; the canvas being very absorbent, you will need a generous amount. As an even tint depends upon expeditious work, you can readily see the disadvantage of having to stop in the midst of the operation to mix more paint.

Chamois Gloves.

Chamois gloves are again gaining popularity. They look well in warm weather and are not half as extravagant as kid ones. They come in white and several shades of yellow. The wise girl keeps two pairs of these going at once, and each day washes one pair that they may be dry to wear the following day. To wash them cold water must be used and white soap. Warm or hot water shrivels and hardens them. Put the gloves on and give them a thorough washing as you would your hands. Do not put them near the heat while drying.

Irish Lace Collars.

When you wash your Irish lace collar, you should always press it while it is lying right side downward upon a Turkish towel four times folded. This makes a soft surface, and when the lace is pressed it will have none of that shiny appearance that ironed laces gradually acquire. Before washing any lace all possible holes should be carefully mended with No. 150 cotton.

India Print Parasols.

There has been a wide demand all over the country for a year for squares of the old-fashioned India print. It was used extensively on cotton gowns last summer, and became popular for house furnishings. It was made into cushions, into covers, into curtains for colonial rooms. Now it is used for sunshades to be carried in the country and at summer resorts. The squares are put together by hand, and the round top part of the parasol is made of scrim.

The Popular Mimosa.

The quaint flower which, with the violet has stood for trembling shyness, is the popular flower of the moment abroad. It is used on every manner of hat with green foliage. It is worn on the corsage and in the buttonhole. It goes well with all the dull shades of yellow, including sulphur, and, therefore, is a boon to the milliner. Stockings of lisle, with self-colored "locks," are generally the most satisfactory for every day.