

PHYLLIS AND I.

Phyllis suggested it. Of course I acquiesced. If I had not—well, that's another story. Phyllis has such an astonishing way of suggesting things, and, too, such a determined way of carrying out her suggestions, little matter what stand in the way, that she is ever, it seems, at work in her mind, planning.

Her last idea, that is the last in which I figure to any length, was this ride.

"I'll tell you what let's do," she said.

"What?" said I.

"Let's take all the nice country runs out of town and see the fields and farms and cows and sheep and things."

"Good," said I. "We'll do it."

And we did. That is to say, we have taken the first. The others will come later.

To begin at the beginning, it were well to say that Phyllis is death on lunch baskets. "If I were going from here to California," she has often remarked, "and had not a dime in my pocket for food, I would starve before I would carry a lunch in a shoe box."

So my idea of taking a lunch and eating it—we two—on some nice soft bit of grass, possibly beneath the dancing leaves of a great oak, with the beauties of nature all about us, and the birds singing in the branches above, was sat upon directly it had been expressed.

"We shall do nothing of the sort," said Phyllis. "We shall take only the wheels and the camera, and really I'd rather we didn't carry that, only I suppose you must. But a lunch! Never! We shall stop at some road house or other and eat pickled tongue and olives like tourists in the garden of Versailles. And if I am not hungry we shall not eat at all."

And of course that settled it. Arguing with Phyllis over anything were a waste of breath and time, but the more particularly in the matter of carrying a lunch. So I had only the hope that Phyllis might be hungry before the ride had ended.

"And when shall we go?" I asked meekly.

"Why, tomorrow, of course," she answered. "And early in the afternoon, directly we have eaten lunch—and bring a book, a nice book, one suited to such an excursion."

I promised, and that evening I put in three good hours fixing the camera, and cleaning the wheel and filling its tires with nice fresh evening air.

And then there came trouble. It lay in the selection of a book. Short stories wouldn't do, that I knew, for Phyllis doesn't care for short stories. Essays then—no, far too deep. And then I exclaimed, "By Jove, I have it!" and my fingers clutched a little flat book in red and bearing its title in gold on either cover—"Eccia Puella!"—Behold! The Girl!

"Just the one," said I—"for Phyllis." So that was the book that went with us, a book of nature, and beauty and womanly loveliness and cupid and all else that is pleasant in this sordid world.

It was very shortly after lunch that I rolled up to Phyllis' front porch. She was waiting even then. Our start was very inauspicious—though she did occupy twenty mortal minutes arranging her skirt to her satisfaction. We had reached Woodward avenue, Phyllis a trifle in advance, when suddenly she ran up to the curb and balancing her wheel at a standstill, exclaimed, "Have you any idea where we are going?"

I nearly fell from my mount. A destination or route for our first ride had not occurred to either of us.

Then I remembered that there was a cycle path out Jefferson avenue way—easier riding, you know—so I said, as though I had considered that to have been our ride all the time, "Why, out the Grosse Pointe road, of course. Didn't we agree upon that last night?"

"No, we didn't," said Phyllis, "and you know it."

Then after another quarter of an hour spent in arranging useless skirts we got under way again. The roll down Woodward avenue was uneventful, very. There was nothing but stores, and bustling crowds and street car tracks, and creaking trolleys and bumpy bumps over rails with a dodge there to keep from running down un-

protected pedestrians and a score or more of white-garbed street cleaners. When the last track was crossed and we had turned into Jefferson avenue Phyllis sighed and murmured, "Now for it," and put on a trifle more speed.

So that brilliant May afternoon we whirled along over the smooth paved avenue, shaded on either side by great maples that half concealed the beautiful homes beyond, in search of the country.

work park or the "Pointe"—our destination. But street cars and asphalt and big brown stone houses are prosy affairs at best. It was not for sight of such that we had determined our ride, but rather for green fields and running brooks and cows and things as Phyllis had said in the beginning.

At the Belle Isle bridge we stopped a moment for her to remove her jacket and fasten it behind her saddle, for out there the trees were fewer and the sun beat down unrelentingly. Phyllis didn't stop long to arrange her skirt then. "We'll meet no one," she said, "so I don't care how I look"—which was quite like Phyllis, or any other girl for that matter.

At the bridge the city houses stopped and of an instant we seemed to shoot into the country. As we left the asphalt, burning in the sun's rays, and came out upon a mile or two of more plebeian cedar block we both filled our lungs with a breath that seemed to be fresher than the others we had taken, and Phyllis said, "To think a lack of asphalt would ruralize the air!" And then began the ride proper, the ride to which we had looked forward. The garden on the river bank with its gaily garbed Venetian orchestra and



"WE TOOK THE COWS."

lightly dressed men and women, who sat at round tables and sipped at something that was served them in long glasses by white aproned waiters, was left behind, and before us opened a long stretch of country road, as smooth as pavement and as level with wide, spreading fields and yards on either side, green with the greenness born of spring, a color man has never made in pigment. Now and then a row of willows of the crying kind would fringe the road and the sun shining through their slender branches made fantastic traceries in the dust, like shadows on a cathedral window.

A cinder path, five feet in width, ran along the fence to the right, to dart at irregular intervals, zig-zag across the road and back, when a ditch would bar its straight-away progress.

"Shall we take the path?" I said to Phyllis.

"No," she answered. "I would rather shun all works of man and stick to nature on this occasion. You don't find much nature in a crowded, bustling city, human or otherwise, so when it is observable, I prefer it to artificiality." Phyllis always was more or less of a philosopher. We clung to the center of the road.

Past the Water Works park—with its Arabian array of flowers and foliage designs and its gateway, as chaste a bit of monumental architecture as one may see in a half week's journey in Europe—we sped.

The air was soft, and though the sun shone brightly, warmly, the breeze from the north, blowing across fields and farmyards, was so filled with the odor of spring and flowers and growing things that in deep inhalations of the fragrance we forgot the heat and rode on and on, oblivious to it.

"I wonder how many persons there are in Detroit," remarked Phyllis as we slipped by a farmyard at whose gate, a mere opening in the hedge, grew a great lilac bush in full bloom that threw kisses of sweetest odor to us as we passed—"who know how to ride a bicycle?"

"I have understood that there are 30,000," I said.

She looked at me strangely for an instant, as though trying to determine the manner of my answer, and then she said, "I do not mean that. I mean how many are there who get all the good that can be gotten out of riding. There are those, I am sure, who would never think of whirling into the country as we are doing, between fields of waving grain, over a road as good for tires and muscles as their pavements, and into the very heart of peace and happiness. They think of their wheels merely as contrivances to hurry them to and from their business. They do not know them as little winged gods who in a trice can take them out of their sordid and commonplace world into the dearer, sweeter world of dreams and country life. The country to them is a sort of indistinct land where the women wear calico and sun bonnets and the men blue jeans and heavy cow-hide boots, and all have chores to do. They forget the fragrance of the flowers, the beauty of the fields and the tranquillity of life itself. They know nothing of the wild things, the bleating of the peaceful sheep, and the far away lowing of cattle that stand all day knee deep in some cool running stream beneath the drooping branches of a gently-waving willow, and contentedly chew their cud and whisk at flies. What an education it would be to many city men and women, tired with the noise of the town, yet bearing up under it by sheer exerted will, to come out here in the quiet open country and spin along a wheel as we are doing."

When Phyllis had ceased her rhapsody, to which I agreed in every point, she said, falling to the commonplace, the gentle art of a true poet.

"There are some cows over in that stream. Why don't you take them?"

We both dismounted, and Phyllis, steadying the camera on a post, "took" the cows.

Behind us we had left a long stretch of beautifully smooth country road, one of the best to be found anywhere for wheezing, and before us lay the cycle path now unswerving and stretching away to a thin strip of black ribbon that finally converged to a point and disappeared into the horizon beneath the branches a long way ahead. From the point where we managed to "take" the cows the road was beautiful. The green fields spread away as far as could be seen on the left, and on the right was the lake a great expanse of greenish blue with a black dot here and there far out, a cloud of smoke overhanging it to tell us of the passing of a ship. Straight ahead we caught a glimpse now and then through the trees of homes of almost palatial magnificence. To the right again between the road and the lake shore were little places like the tiny toy houses of the Tyrol only not so gingerbreadly. Their back yards ran to our highway, and they were set far down on the shore, close to the water, that, it seemed, might almost reach the window sills in a storm.

Down one of these quiet country lanes we rode over the grass and now and then in the rut a score of wagons had made that had passed that way after a rain that had soaked the earth. We were hungry and it was to this Tyrolean home we sped for food and drink—or, to be more explicit, "A doughnut and a glass of milk," as Phyllis said.

We leaned the wheels against a great apple tree that grew beside the house and went around to the front, really the back, when one viewed the little homestead from the road. We were received very kindly, more kindly indeed than our host was warranted in receiving us, for the dust and heat had caked our faces until we looked like Esquimaux—they wash their faces once a year, I believe.

The glass of milk and the doughnut, brown and fat, were given for the asking, and Phyllis, with the glass in one hand and the rural cake in the other, fell down under a tree in that Arcadian retreat and gazed at the flowers and the lake and tall willows running away back to the road and all along to form a bowler where might have lived the Golden Girl the author sought.

Inside that little house we were invited and went. Arranged with the esthetic taste of a person of artistic notions, indeed, it was. We saw old andirons and a great mantel and big chairs and all else old that smacked of days long gone.

"It is truly like Arcadia," said Phyllis. "How I should like to live in one of these houses forever and ever," and then she sighed and at her suggestion we went out in the yard and beside the hedge beneath the branches of a great apple tree turned idly the pages of "Eccia Puella!"

We read that little story wherein the author tells of Cupid in Arcady and his terrible time in awaking his sweet-heart by prodding at her ears and eyes with a wisp of clover. A pretty tale it was, just the tale for the setting sun of a summer day, and when it was finished, the milk and doughnut likewise, we were off again.

Down past the great homes of wealth we sped as uncaring as the wind that gently waved the branches overhead, and then on beyond the little stone church hung with ivy as thick as an old English manor and to the very top of the land, "The Pointe."

The sun was dropping then, and flooding the fields and lake with a golden glory. From a piece of timber that extended out over the water we watched the great orb of day as it fell to the horizon line of the west and then slowly, as though by some great hand, was drawn beneath.

In the gathering twilight we wheeled back to town. There was not much to say. The world about us spoke in the voices of the crickets and tree toads and the other living, singing, things of night. Back over the same road that ran before us like a gray ribbon we whirled on and on until the lights of the city twinkled in the aster sky and the moon poked his cold, white face above the darkening trees. There was a heart emotion in that ride back to town over the country road—in the quiet solemn beauty of it—and not until we reached the pavement that marked for us again the beginning of a life they call civilized, did we realize that we were anywhere but in Arcady and above, for there was no one near us but the moon.

The day was done and the robes of night were drawn about the world and us.

"But there will be another day, and we shall ride again, and along another road," said Phyllis.

And so we shall.

KENNETH HERFORD.

An Eccentric Violinist.

The great violinist, Remyeni, who has just died, was an eccentric character in his way. Newspaper interviewers used to be very much irritated by his idiosyncrasies, for he insisted on putting his own questions and answers. Then, when narrating his wonderful adventures all over the world, he confessed that part of China was a terra incognita to him. "Do you know how to spell terra incognita?" he asked one interviewer. He was one of the few men who have enjoyed the great treat of reading their own obituary notices, as it was universally believed that he had been drowned when shipwrecked off the Sandwich Islands.

A Royal Electrician.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power and photography, and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

The sweet girl graduate and the college honor man are again in evidence in all their glory, but they have to be content with only a secondary place in the public interests this year. The all-engrossing subject of war has thrown them into temporary eclipse. This is rather hard, too, since most of these graduates now stand upon a pinnacle of prominence which will never be reached again by them after they descend to the dead level of the great seething world in which the rest of their lives must be passed. The only really fortunate students are those few who have enlisted and are able to come back in their uniforms to be graduated with their classes. These are the heroes of the hour. The valetudinarian and the prize winner are common people compared with thesefortunates.

It is not fair that all the glory should go to those few who have been able to don uniforms and go to the front. A nation's strength lies with the sturdy and industrious patriots who stay at home and do their duty there quite as much as with those who go to battle. Those young men who have found it to be their duty to complete their college work and enter business or professional lines in which they can repay the debts incurred in getting their education may serve their country no less than the other brave fellows who have enlisted. The girls and young women now about to receive their diplomas from high schools and colleges, in so far as these parchments are testimonials to their fitness for taking useful places in the nation's homes and offices and schoolrooms, deserve all the transient glory that can be shed upon their commencement exercises.

For the moment, however, action and not learning is in the ascendant. Brave deeds have always counted for more than wise words in the world's history, and it is not strange that book lore is for the time cast into the shade. Both have their places; in fact, learning and thought are the forerunners of great deeds. If Lieut. Hobson had not been a thorough student and a skilled mechanic he could never have conceived or executed the gallant deed that will perpetuate his name. If Admiral Dewey had not had a third of a century of training he could never have won so brilliant a victory at Manila. If our American sailors were not men of intelligence and mechanical skill they would be as helpless on their great battleships as the Spaniards have been. Thus, though the glorious deeds are apt to eclipse the years of humdrum schooling as the flower eclipses the bud, the school years and the bud are none the less valuable for all that.

It is necessary to strike a balance once in a while between thought and action. This is what the country is doing just now. We had drifted into a state where almost all the energies of the nation were being turned inward. Such a state is not permanently healthful, and a reaction was bound to come some time. Like the reaction against introspective novels, seen in the recent vogue of swashbuckling romances, the present martial spirit of the nation is natural and healthful. For the moment it may be a little disconcerting to the students and graduates who find themselves robbed of the public eclat which they had a right to expect, but their turn will come later in the enlarged opportunities that will belong to them as citizens in an enlarged and glorified nation.

Then give the college graduate all the honor that can be spared from the brave boys at the front, and tell him that his book lore is of use only in so far as it can be made to blossom henceforth into deeds. Whether the deeds be martial ones, or commercial or professional, they may be equally patriotic and honorable. But the special meed of glory will still be reserved for the soldier, and it is well that it is so. It will be a sorry day for the nation when its pulses fail to thrill to the sound of the martial bugle.—Ex.

Suicides in Paris.

In Paris, where in 1886 seven or eight suicides were recorded per year, the number now reaches from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, about one daily.

DON'T.

- Don't go out walking in a driving rain.
- Don't marry a girl who isn't willing to do her share of the work on a tandem.
- Don't think because a judge is small that he isn't a fine-imposing man.
- Don't marry a girl who isn't industrious if you have no other means of support.
- Don't write popular songs if you would retain the good-will of your fellow-men.
- Don't think because a youth is a blooming idiot that he is the flower of the family.
- Don't forget that ignorance of the law excuses no man—except the man with a pull.
- Don't think because a man is idle that he is a loafer. He may have a political job.
- Don't figure on marrying a model wife unless you are an artist and understand figures.
- Don't attempt to buy up every man who has his price unless you have the world's money market cornered.
- Don't think it's what people know about the hereafter that frightens people—It's what they don't know.—Daily News.
- A mixture of equal quantities of best paraffin oil and salad oil makes an excellent sewing machine oil.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Notes on Potato Culture.

The question of treatment for potato bugs is always a live one. Spraying with Paris green is without doubt the best method for large fields, as it not only kills the bugs but protects the vines to a great extent. Some potato growers, however, prefer to pick off all the bugs by hand. While this takes a great deal of time, yet it is entirely feasible. Where children can be hired to do the work a field may be soon cleared of the bugs.

In the selection of seed for the next year great care should be taken that all of the seed be free from any indications of the rot. This end can be attained if the potatoes are selected from parts of the field where no blight appears on the leaves. The disease is carried over from year to year in the seed, and if this be carefully selected it would appear possible to eradicate some of the potato diseases entirely.

The depth of eye in the potato is sometimes of great moment, but it has its objections as well as its advantages. The varieties that have deep eyes are more suitable for dry land than those that have eyes on the surface. The deep cavities retain the moisture, and this is often considerable of a help. The deep eyes are also said to indicate robustness, while others contend that at the same time they also indicate coarseness. Deep eyes protect the buds or sprouts against accidents, and thus they are more sure of sending out sprouts than any others. On the other hand, the deep-eyed potato is objected to on account of the difficulty of peeling it without waste. The deep eyes compel the cutting away of much of the potato to get the eyes out, as the eyes make dark places on the potato that appear unsightly. They are thus no potato for mashing, and as potatoes are now frequently served in that way, the objection is permanent.

It would be interesting to know what effect the size of the potato stalk or top has on the size of the potato tuber. We generally think that a vigorous top should produce a vigorous and large tuber for the reason that there is more machinery, if we may call it that, for the elaboration of material for the formation of the tuber. All of the material that forms the tuber has to be elaborated from the top. If the tubers themselves are no larger, then is the aggregate of the tubers of a large plant greater in bulk than from a small plant? What is the observation of the readers of The Farmers' Review in the matter? It would be a valuable fact to elucidate, as the large tops are objectionable unless they can give some good reason for their existence. Of course we know it is sometimes said that a field of potatoes has all run to tops, and we have seen such apparent cases, but we do not know that this bears at all on the situation.

Treating Old Strawberry Beds.

This is one of the most, if not the most, important question that confronts the strawberry grower at this time of the year, writes O. A. Hammer in Michigan Fruit Grower. The plants have just thrown nearly their last spark of strength into a large crop of fruit, and their vitality must be as at a very low ebb. Now, if we are to bring these old devitalized plants back into a condition of "fruiting vigor" again, we must go to work and meet old Dame Nature—head her off and turn her into the right channel, and presto, it is done as easy as rolling off a log. But we must first have a clear conception of those laws working in and controlling the life habit of the strawberry plant. Experimenters and close students of nature are agreed upon the following: The life work of the species is to propagate itself; first, by seed (fruit), and then by division of the plant (runners). Of course, a plant will make runners before fruiting, and will fruit after making runners—to a limited amount; and, if the conditions were favorable, the difference might be nearly imperceptible; and, too, varieties differ in this respect, as they have quite a diversity of habits. But, generally speaking, this rule may be considered as fundamental and depended upon. So in handling the old bed we must keep the fact in mind that it is natural for the plant to make runners, or divide itself into many plants, all with badly developed, if any, fruit buds. But if we go to work and keep off the runners, stimulate the plant into a good, healthy growth, we head off nature and direct her from the plant making business into the bud making business—a condition which may properly be called "fruiting vigor" with which (other conditions being favorable) a large crop may be expected; without which, failure is certain under favorable conditions. So, in managing an old bed, the main objects in view should be to keep the runners off to thin the plants, so that each individual plant will have room to expand and develop; to fertilize, if necessary, and to cultivate the ground and keep it in good tillth. We give these preliminaries for the reason that we believe it is well to know the underlying principles in the matter in order to go to work and carry them out in a practical way. First, we would look over an old bed and see if it was worth saving. If it is foul with June grass, sorrel, etc., or if the white grub has got it, it had best be plowed up at once, for it will cost more to care for it than the crop is worth. But if a bed is worth saving, our way of treating it is this: With a plow we turn a furrow about four inches deep, away

from the row, forming a back furrow in the alley and leaving about a foot of row; the furrows are turned right onto the mulch. If the weather is dry we follow the plow with the cultivator; if not, we prefer leaving it for a day or so, it will cultivate much better if a little dry. We cultivate several times in a row as deep as possible, in order to stir and mix the mulch into the soil (fine manure may be spread on and treated the same way). After care is to keep the bed well cultivated and the runners off. Late in winter we mulch between the rows (never on the plants) with horse manure direct from the stable; we have used cow manure, but it isn't as satisfactory. The old vines over the row make covering enough for the plants. Our object in plowing is to strengthen and narrow up the row, break up and fine the soil—making a reservoir for the plants to draw from another year. After repeatedly trying different plans, we have come to the conclusion that this is the most scientific and practical plan to pursue.

Culture of German Millet.

The following question and answer is from Progressive Farmer of North Carolina: I wish to ask for some information about the culture and the use of German millet. I have tried to grow it for several years, but have never been successful. Also please state if it is good forage to feed to working stock. It seems to be the opinion of several of our farmers that it has a tendency to have a weakening effect on the kidneys.—J. D. W., Rutland, Ga.

Answer.—German millet should not be sown until the weather is settled warm. To do well it must be on rich land, or be highly manured. It calls for a complete fertilizer, such as well-rotted barnyard manure, or highly ammoniated phosphate with a good percentage of potash. The land should be well prepared and brought into a fine tilth by repeated plowings and harrowings. Sow about three pecks of seed per acre, harrow in lightly and then roll the land to firm the soil about the seed. It should be cut just as the heads appear and before the seed forms. The seed develops very rapidly after heads appear, and the cutting should not be delayed. Ripe millet is considered unhealthy. It is a very rich, nutritious forage; should not be fed too freely at first, and should not form an exclusive diet at any time.

Sowing Crop for Cattle.

This month we will begin to cut the sowing-crop of corn for the cattle to help out the pastures. When we begin to cut it is a good idea to open a shallow furrow between the rows and drill in another row of corn, writes Fred Grundy in Farm and Fireside. As the first crop is removed the second will take its place, and if the soil is rich will make lots of good feed before frost comes. Some sow turnips between the rows, but a second planting of corn will yield two or three times as much feed and of a better quality. One good farmer who lives in a dairy section of this state always plants sweet corn, a medium early variety, for a second crop. He says that it makes a better quality of feed than dent corn, is sweeter, more nutritious and comes nearer to maturing before frost. It is wonderful what an immense quantity of feed can be produced on half an acre of rich land if one keeps it fully occupied the season through. I have seen men who have farmed for thirty or forty years fairly amazed at the quantity of feed-stuff produced on half an acre of well-fed, thoroughly tilled and fully cropped land.

Preserving Fresh Meat.

A new method of preserving freshly killed meats is described by Consul Hughes of Sonneberg, who says: "The animal to be used is first shot or stunned by a shot from a revolver (loaded with small slugs) in the forehead, in such a way as not to injure the brain proper. As the animal drops senseless, an assistant cuts down over the heart, opens a ventricle and allows all the blood to flow out, the theory of this being that the decomposition of the blood is almost entirely responsible for the quick putrefaction of fresh meats. Immediately thereafter a briny solution (made of coarse or fine salt, more or less strong, according to length of time meat is to be kept) is injected by means of a powerful syringe through the other ventricle into the veins of the body. The whole process takes only a few minutes, and the beef is ready for use and can be cut up at once."

Manure for Compact Soil.—If the soil is too stiff and compact, the manure used upon it should not be thoroughly rotted, as it is needed for the mechanical effect in making the soil more open as well as the chemical effect. The toughness of the straw in the manure, worked by cultivation into the soil, will have a tendency to loosen it. If the soil is very porous and needs compressing rather than opening, only well rotted manure, which in mixing with the soil will make it more compact, should be used. In the loose soil that has not a clay subsoil much of the valuable part of the manure may be carried below the reach of the plant roots if not so thoroughly rotted as to be combined with the soil quickly and be ready to be taken up as plant food.—Texas Stock Journal.

July 11 a wealthy farmer hailing from southern Minnesota paid a visit to Oaklawn Farm, Wayne, Ill., his object being to look over the young Percheron stock of home breeding on hand with a view to making some purchases in the coming fall. He related the revival of interest in draft horse-breeding in Minnesota is something marvelous, all good draft stallions having more than they can do in the stud. Surely this is a vastly different state of affairs to that which has existed for the past few years.

Change breeding males often.



"BENEATH THE BRANCHES OF AN APPLE TREE."

protected pedestrians and a score or more of white-garbed street cleaners. When the last track was crossed and we had turned into Jefferson avenue Phyllis sighed and murmured, "Now for it," and put on a trifle more speed.