



THE PLOW USED TO PLANT THE FIELD AND COVER THE SEED

AGRICULTURE in SOUTHERN PERSIA

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THRESHING



WINNOWING THE LAST OF A STACK

CIVILIZATION has as yet made little progress in Persia. Western modern inventions in agricultural machinery and scientific methods of cultivating have passed over this country without leaving any impression on the farmers. The land is tilled in much the same way as in the days of Noah! The simplest and most primitive tools and implements are still employed to break up and prepare the soil. The plow, drawn by a pair of zebus, is a very crude affair. The share, made of soft iron imported from Sweden, is attached to rough wooden bars made by the village carpenter, and the plow is fastened to the heavy yoke by a chain. The soil is merely scratched on the surface, for the depth to which the share penetrates depends entirely on the physical exertion of the driver, who is often merely a youth. As soon as the rainy season sets in, generally somewhere about November, field work begins. Only two kinds of grain are grown in Persia, wheat for bread and barley for the food of the horses, donkeys and mules, though now it is also often used for baking purposes by the poorer classes. When the seed has been sown, a plank, five feet long by one and a half feet broad, pressed down by the weight of the driver, who stands on it, is driven over so that it shall not be washed out when the fields are flooded by artificial irrigation. If the rains are good and plentiful, the young green blades soon show above ground; but if the nourishing element fails, artificial irrigation must be resorted to, and the few springs which exist in the Shiraz valley become worth a good deal of money. Water is scarce in southern Persia, and has to be bought by most farmers throughout a dry season. On specified days in the week each field owner gets his supply for certain hours. The fields are then flooded, and to retain the water as much as possible each division is crossed by numbers of dams, two feet high, which confine the water, and in this way the earth is thoroughly soaked. Where running water is not obtainable, wells and underground channels are dug. From the wells, some of which are as much as 60 or 100 feet deep, the water is drawn by horses or other animals. A rope attached to the harness runs over a wooden wheel on a gentry above the well mouth. The "bucket" consists of the skin of a sheep or other quadruped, from the neck of which the water flows into a basin level with the ground, and then through narrow channels to the growing crops. These wells can be seen and the squeaking noise of the wooden wheels heard throughout the land. The canals, very often many miles long, are covered aqueducts, through which the water is led from the mountains to the plains and villages. The soil thrown up in digging these passages forms mounds at the mouths of the shafts, which are sunk at intervals of 25 or 30 yards. The digging of these canals is a special trade, and the secret of their construction is guarded jealously by the men who earn their living in this manner.



A WELL FOR ARTIFICIAL IRRIGATION

Bringing in the chaff. Pestles, to get rid of the remaining husks. The Persian wheat bread is sold in big, flat, pancake-like pieces called sangak (from sang, the stone), from the fact that it is baked in an oven with a floor of heated pebbles. As it is so thin, it is baked through into crust, and tastes best while still hot. As the poorer classes all over the south of Persia live on nothing else but bread, the harvest means everything to them, and the price of wheat is a very serious matter. Bread riots break out if prices reach the famine point, and are a source of much trouble to the authorities. Many a governor has had to face them, and therefore it is the aim of every ruler in Persia as soon as he enters the gates of his capital to fix a low price for the bread, which means that all the poorer classes praise him and stand by his side while the big landowners grumble and intrigue against him to get him removed to some other district.

Old-Fashioned Agricultural Implements

Times have changed in agriculture, as in many other things, and at the present day can hardly realize the difficulties that beset the farmer upwards of a century ago. Early spring was often a trying time for him, when his supplies of cattle food were apt to become exhausted before the new grass appeared. There were then no turnips, mangolds, oil-cake, soy beans or similar foods to be procured, and he had sometimes great difficulty in keeping his cattle from starvation, especially in the late districts. It is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that in parts of Scotland the cattle were at times so weak in spring from want of food that they were unable to rise from their stalls when the new grass did come. The custom therefore arose for farmers in a neighborhood to meet together and go from farm to farm for the purpose of carrying the helpless cattle out to the fields. This was termed the cattle lifting, a much more humane method of "cattle lifting" than that which used to prevail on the borders.

In the wilder parts of Scotland, where gorse or furze was plentiful, the young shoots were often used in spring as a supplementary food for both cattle and horses. The shoots were cut down and then removed to the farm to be there crushed into a rough pulp which could be eaten by the cattle. It was eagerly devoured by them, and they thrived upon it. Cows gave richer milk when they were supplied with crushed gorse, and the milk was free from unpleasant flavor, such as other green winter foods sometimes induce. Horses, too, relished the food.

Great faith was placed in the nutritive value of whin shoots. Indeed, so popular did whin diet become, that fields, especially where the soil was dry and light, were set aside for the whin crop, the seeds being sown in drills in March, so that the shoots became ready for use in the autumn of the following year. For several years in succession forage was obtained from the original crop.

There were several methods employed for pulping the gorse. In small farms, where only a limited quantity was needed, the method usually adopted was to lay the young shoots on a flat stone or block of wood and hammer them with a mallet similar to that now used for driving in piling posts. Sometimes one end of the mallet was fitted with iron blades for chopping the gorse, while the other end was flat for pounding it. Otherwise a "hammer" or "bruster" might be employed, an instrument consisting of a "shank" of wood, three feet eight inches in length, a bulged out part to give the instrument weight on being used, and a base which is contracted into a square, and shod with an iron shoe embracing parallel iron cutters one inch asunder and three inches deep, and sharpened at their lower edge.

These methods, however, entailed too much manual labor where gorse was used in considerable quantity. In such cases a gorse, furze or whin mill, as it was variously called in different districts, was utilized. The whin mill was built after one of two types; the most common consisted of a circular stone, shaped somewhat like a millstone, standing on edge, with approximately a diameter of four feet and a thickness of a foot. In the center of the stone a hole was cut, through which a shaft about 14 feet long was fixed. On end of the shaft was attached to an iron pin firmly fixed into an earth-fast stone, and the other end was fitted with tacking to which a horse could be yoked. The gorse shoots were then thrown into a circular trough or course, where they were crushed as the millstone slowly revolved. The farmer occasionally stirred them up with a hayfork and sprinkled them with water to facilitate the crushing process. Crushing went on for about a couple of hours, by which time the gorse was sufficiently pulped to be eaten by the cattle.

In the second type of mill another form of stone, shaped somewhat like a field-roller, was utilized. This pattern was not so common as the wheel-shaped. The roller revolved on a flat circular course paved with stones, and had one end rather thicker than the other to enable it more readily to turn round the circle. In process of time these gorse mills gradually fell into disuse. As the land became better populated, gorse became less plentiful and cattle food more abundant. The introduction of turnips, too, provided a plentiful supply of food in spring, when it had formerly been very scarce. Farmers, moreover, grudging the amount of labor entailed in preparing the gorse, and were not unwilling that the apparatus should fall into decay.

INAPPROPRIATE.

Scruggs—While I have noticed many steamships named for cities, I have never seen one called after Cork.

Huggs—It would never do to speak of the Cork's crew.

COULD NOT AFFORD IT.

Mrs. Snobbs—I wintered at Palm Beach this season and expect to summer at Mt. Savage.

Mrs. Hobbs—I sprang at Pratt City and expect to autumn at Bessemer.

HOW STUPID.

"Yes," observed a young medical graduate, "all the communications that I receive have Dr. on them, but the senders will put the Dr. after my name instead of before it."

WILSON ANALYZES SELF TO PRESS MEN

President Tells What Office Means to Him.

SIZE OF TASK TREMENDOUS

Chief Executive Finds Pose of Dignity Irksome and Declares When Term is Over He Will Visit Washington on Sightseeing Tour.

Washington, March 23.—Woodrow Wilson unboomed himself to the members of the National Press club of Washington Friday, telling them in a frank, conversational way how he felt as president of the United States; how difficult it was for him to imagine himself as the chief executive with the formal amenities of the position, and how he had struggled to be as free as the ordinary individual without the restraints of his office.

It was an intimate picture of Woodrow Wilson—the man—drawn by himself, on the occasion of the "house warming" at the Press club's new quarters.

The president did not intend to have his remarks reported, but later, at the request of the club, the speech was made public.

Wilson, as He Sees Himself.

"I was just thinking of my sense of confusion of identity sometimes when I read articles about myself," the president said. "I have never read an article about myself in which I recognized myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud, because I think a great many of these articles are written in absolute good faith.

"I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impressions I make—and it is being borne in on me so that it may change my very disposition—that I am a cold and removed person who has a thinking machine inside which he adjusts to the circumstances—which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind—but turns like a cold searchlight on anything that is presented to his attention and makes it work.

Feels Responsibility Keenly.

"I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus inside of me. On the contrary, if I were to interpret myself, I would say that my constant embarrassment is to retain the emotions that are inside of me.

"You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far from extinct volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over it is because you are not high enough to see into the basin and see the caldron boil. Because, truly, gentlemen, in the position which I occupy there is a sort of—I do not know how else to express it than to say—passionate sense of being connected with my fellow men in a peculiar relationship of responsibility of office, but God knows there are enough things in this world that need to be corrected.

Fear He'll Disappoint People.

"I have mixed first and last with all sorts and conditions of men—there are mighty few kinds of men that have to be described to me, and there are mighty few kinds of experiences that have to be described to me—and when I think of the number of men who are looking to me as the representative of a party, with the hope for all varieties of salvation from the things they are struggling in the midst of, it makes me tremble.

"It makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunders.

"If you just calculated the number of blunders a fellow can make in 24 hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling that I have.

Always Eager to Get Advice.

"I was amused the other day at a remark that Senator Newlands made. I had read him the trust message that I was to deliver to congress some ten days before I delivered it, and I never stop 'doctoring' things of that kind until the day I have to deliver them.

"When he heard it read to congress he said: 'I think it is better than it was when you read it to me.' I said: 'Senator, there is one thing which I do not think you understand. I not only use all the brains I have, but all I can borrow, and I have borrowed a lot since I read it to you first.'

"That, I dare say, is what gives the impression of circumspectness. I am listening; I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable in order that I may not make more blunders than it is inevitable that a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I suppose I must be some kind of a mask to conceal it.

Often Feels He's Masquerading.

"I really feel sometimes as if I were masquerading when I catch a picture of myself in some printed description.

"In between things that I have to do as a public officer I never think of myself as the president of the United States, because I never have had any sense of being identified with that office.

"I feel like a person appointed for

a certain length of time to administer that office, and I feel just as much outside of it at this moment as I did before I was elected to it. I feel just as much outside of it as I still feel outside of the government of the United States.

"No man could imagine himself the government of the United States; but he could understand that some part of his fellow citizens had told him to go and run a certain part of it the best he knew how.

"That would not make him the government itself or the thing itself. It would just make him responsible for running it the best he knew how.

Office So Great; Man So Small.

"The machine is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than he can ever be, and the most he can do is to look grave enough and self-possessed enough to seem to fill it.

"I can hardly refrain every now and again from tipping the public the wink, as much as to say, 'It is only me that is inside this thing. I know that I will have to get out presently. I know that then I will look just my own proper size, and that for the time being the proportions are somewhat refracted and misrepresented to the eye by the large thing I am inside of, from which I am tipping you this wink.'

"For example, take matters of this sort. I will not say whether it is wise or unwise; simple or grave, but certain precedents have been established that in certain companies the president must leave the room first and people must give way to him. They must not sit down if he is standing up.

Finds Customs Embarrassing.

"It is a very uncomfortable thing to have to think of all the other people every time I get up and sit down, and all that sort of thing. So when I get guests in my own house and the public is shut out, I adjourn being president and take leave to be a gentleman. If they draw back and insist upon my doing something first I firmly decline.

"There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another that I am president of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender, and chase him all over—preferably any continent but this—because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me.

"The postoffices and many other things which stir reminiscences have 'sickled' them over with a pale cast of thought.' There are postoffices to which I wouldn't think of mailing a letter, which I can't think of without trembling with the knowledge of the heartburnings of the struggle there was in connection with getting somebody installed as postmaster.

Knows Little of Capital Sights.

"Now, if I were free, I would come not infrequently up to these rooms. You know I never was in Washington but a very few hours until I came last year and I never expect to see the inside of the public buildings in Washington until my term is over.

"The minute I turn up anywhere, I am personally conducted to beat the band. The curator, and the assistant curators, and every other blooming official turns up, and they show me so much attention that I don't see the building. I would have to say, 'Stand aside and let me see what you are showing me.'

"Some day, after I am through with this office, I am going to come back to Washington and see it. In the meantime, I am in the same category as the National museum, the monument, the Smithsonian institution, or the Congressional library, and everything that comes down here has to be shown the president.

"If I only knew an exhibition appearance to assume—apparently other appearances that do not show what is going on inside—I would like to have it pointed out, so that I could practise it before the looking glass and see if I could not look like the monument.

"Being regarded as a national exhibit, it would be much simpler than being shaken hands with by the whole United States. And yet, even that is interesting to me, simply because I like human beings.

"It is a pretty poor crowd that does not interest you. I think they would have to be all members of that class that devotes itself to 'expense regardless of pleasure' in order to be entirely uninteresting. These look so much alike—spend their time trying to look so much alike—and so relieve themselves of all responsibility of thought—that they are very monotonous indeed to look at! whereas a crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot—a job lot of real human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires.

Plain Citizen, His Ambition.

"It would be a great pleasure if, unperceived and unattended, I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to be knocked around all my life; if I could resort to any delightful quarter, to any place in Washington that I chose. I have sometimes thought of going to some costumer—some theatrical costumer—and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, coloring, and all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law. You see, I have a scruple as president against breaking the law and disguising one's self is against the law.

"But if I could disguise myself and not get caught I would go out, be a free American citizen once more, and have a jolly time. I might then meet some of you gentlemen and actually tell you what I really thought."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION KILLS AND INJURES

Brings Death to Chief Engineer of Brewery Plant and Hurts Assistant.

SUDDEN BLAST TRAPS FOUR

Cylinder Head on an Ammonia Compressor Blows Off—Firemen Unable to Penetrate Into Room Through Fumes, Fish for Bodies With Hook.

Cleveland.—A terrific explosion blew off a 250-pound cylinder head on an ammonia compressor and trapped four men in the engine room at the Cleveland Brewing Co., 9607 Hough-av. Half an hour later firemen, daring strong ammonia fumes, dragged the dead body of James Bowman, chief engineer, through the shattered door with fire hooks. Bowman had been knocked unconscious by the blast and suffocated by the fumes of ammonia as he lay helpless on the floor.

Fellow workmen pulled the half-lifeless body of George Kilburn, assistant engineer, through a hole in the door, after Kilburn, with one leg broken, had crawled across the floor to the opening. Harry Kay, oiler, was hurled down a basement stairway, holding his breath to escape inhaling the ammonia fumes. He escaped uninjured. Albert Carlson followed Kay to safety. He was unhurt.

Hurled Against Wall.

Bowman and Kilburn had been thrown 30 feet against a brick side wall by the concussion. The heavy cylinder head hurtled against the wall close by. The two men were rushed to St. Luke's hospital in the police emergency. Physicians said Bowman was dead when dragged from the engine room. Kilburn, half suffocated by the ammonia gas fumes, was revived. He will live. His leg is broken and internal injuries are feared by hospital physicians.

Excess pressure in the big ammonia compressor caused the explosion, according to officials of the brewery plant. The apparatus is attached to one of several engines in the engine house.

Engineer Bowman and Kilburn were standing directly in front of the compressor when the explosion occurred. Kay stood in the rear of the room. The iron door of the room, sliding vertically and paneled with heavy plate glass, was closed. The concussion blew out the glass panels and shattered the windows.

Drag Man to Safety.

Fred Brooks, chauffeur, driving past the engine house in an automobile, heard the noise of the blast and saw the glass burst outward. He called police and firemen.

George Harmon, employed at the brewery, and Jack Snyder, Park cafe, crept with other workmen along the ground to the shattered front door of the engine house. Half overcome with the ammonia fumes, they grasped the outstretched hands of Assistant Engineer Kilburn and dragged him through a panel hole. Firemen could not penetrate into the room through the fumes. They managed to raise the sliding door and fished with fire hooks for the body of Engineer Bowman.

County's First Murder Trial.

Carrollton.—Carroll county will have its first murder trial here March 30 when Albert Pernica of Magnolia will be tried on the charge of killing Benvenuto Catamine on Feb. 16. It is alleged that the slaying was the result of rivalry for the affections of the 15-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the boarding house in which the two men lived. Pernica escaped after the shooting, but was captured. He pleads self-defense.

Carroll county records show only two murders, and in both cases indictments for manslaughter were returned. Pernica is charged with first degree murder.

Hears Sermon, Destroys Cigars.

Canal Dover.—"No man will ever buy tobacco from me," declared E. C. Fox, Uhrichville business man, who has sold tobacco in his store for a long time. He made the statement at a revival service at the Moravian church at which an evangelist delivered a sermon on "Consecration." Fox declared he will destroy all of his stock by fire rather than sell tobacco.

Slayer Sent to Reformatory.

Port Clinton.—Steve Blanna, aged eighteen, was sentenced to the Ohio state reformatory by Judge Young when he pleaded guilty to manslaughter. Blanna was one of four men who held up and murdered Mike Allec, near Gypsum, Nov. 5, 1913. Allec was struck on the head and robbed.

Hot Sugar Water Kills Boy.

Mansfield.—James B. Forsythe, aged 18 years, fell into a vat of boiling sugar water while trying to close a ventilator at a camp near Rome and was so badly scalded he died several hours later.

Votes to Stay Dry.

Toledo.—The village of Gypsum was voted dry by 125 to 68. At the election three years ago the drys had 103 votes, the wets 97. Gypsum has been dry for 15 consecutive years.

"Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

Youngstown.—Twelve-year-old Lawrence Boyd of this city is the latest victim of a "didn't know it was loaded" accident. He is in the City hospital with one eye gone. In playing with a flobert rifle he shot himself in his right eye.

Man Found Dead in Bed.

Perry.—Thomas Kneale, aged eighty, was found dead in his bed at his home by neighbors, who became alarmed when he did not appear at his boarding place for his meals.

PERFECT HUMAN FORM

What constitutes a perfect form is largely a matter of personal opinion. Certainly however, the old bourgeois shape is entirely out of date, and what a blessing it is. Recently the following figures were given out by a group of artists as being those of a perfect figure: Height, five feet eight inches; weight, 140 pounds; neck, 13 inches; chest, 33 inches; bust, 36 inches; waist, 26 inches; hips, 36 inches;

thighs, 34 inches; calf, 15 inches; upper arm, 11 inches; forearm, nine inches. However, as I have stated before, there are many who would not deem this their ideal in many respects. Of course, if you are shorter or taller, the proportions of your body will vary from these somewhat, and your present state will reflect the habits and training of past years. The proportions should be observed,

as nearly as possible, if mildly would appear up to date in the newest dresses. The same hip as bust measurement, with a ten-inch decrease in the waist line, are the lines recommended by the high-grade corsetiers of today for the woman who would be strictly modish.—Woman's World.

"See You Home Company." Commercial enterprise goes far and displays boundless ingenuity in these days of competition. But it is doubtful whether it has ever found a more unexpected outlet for its energies than that of the "See You Home Company" which has been started in Belgium.

Agents of the company visit the hotels and restaurants at an advanced hour of the evening and convey safely to their domiciles those in whom the desire to go home is greater than the ability to accomplish the journey.

The charges vary. "Summary conveyance" costs but 16 cents, conveyance in a wheelbarrow covered with a sack 36 cents, but conveyance in a cart drawn by dogs, 50 cents.