

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT.

By Webster.



THE TIME THE CORNER GROCERY RAN OUT OF CRACKERS 3 DAYS BEFORE THE FOURTH

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Charles Trowbridge Titman, for the past four years bass soloist at St. John's Church, has resigned to accept an engagement as soloist and precentor at All Souls' Unitarian Church. He has resigned, also, as bass of the quartet of the evening choir of the Covenant, with which choir he has been singing for two years past. Titman's duties at All Souls' church will not begin until the opening of the season in the fall. He has had a wide experience in church work, having sung with the St. John's choir more than twenty years, and while studying law at Harvard he was bass soloist in the choir of St. Paul's Church, Boston (now St. Paul's Cathedral), under the leadership of Warren Locke, and later served in the same capacity at Calvary Episcopal Church, New York City, under the direction of Rev. L. C. Baker and afterward of John Bland.

Miss Jennie Mysen Lind, pianist, was the singing soloist at a students' song recital recently, given in the oak room of the Raleigh Hotel. Miss Lind played and sang with the program, "The Song of the Mountains," by Mrs. L. C. Baker, and "The Song of the Mountains," by Mrs. L. C. Baker, and "The Song of the Mountains," by Mrs. L. C. Baker. The vocal numbers included the choruses, "After the Rain," by F. L. and "Morning Glory," words by Mrs. Alice S. Byrnes of the Friday Morning Club. The instrumental solos by Ernest Lent, incidental solo by Miss Ruth Barr, and duets, "Where My Caravan Has Rested," by Mrs. L. C. Baker, and "The Light Caravan," by Parker, Miss Beulah Burton and Hugh Stanton. The program was directed by Hilchad, Miss Ethel Noble Johnson and Mrs. E. Burton. Solo numbers were given by Miss Florence Blackburn, Samuel Ford, Miss Clara Crown, Miss McLearen, Mrs. A. K. T. and Mrs. E. Burton, Miss Jessie Sanford, Miss Eleanor Loomis, Miss Bertha May Sellers, Miss Jennie Kimmel and Miss Beulah Burton. The program was given with two numbers, Leo Stern's "Spring," and "The Fairy Pipers," by Brewer, sung by Miss Johnson.

Le Roy Glider, tenor, will give the musical number at the concert of the Covenant this evening, beginning at 7:45 o'clock. He will sing "The Song of the Mountains" by Widemere, John G. Klein will lead the congregational singing and Mrs. Klein will accompany on the organ.

Compositions by Schumann, Scharwenka, Mendelssohn, Tschakowski and others were well rendered at a recent pupils' recital at the home of Mrs. Katherine Stone, Misses Susie Dorsett, Mary McKenzie, Misses Clara and Ida May Lang, Grace Bush, Adele Grant, Dorothy Wolf and Mildred Von Elm, Misses Ruth and Margaret Taylor, Frank Taylor, Miss Amy Cristie, Roger Flather, Miss Margaret Hancock, Miss Emma Le Grys, Miss Elizabeth Owen and Miss Dorothy Scott.

A special music was a feature of the services at St. Joseph's Catholic Church last Sunday, on the occasion of the first high mass celebrated by Rev. J. J. Byrne. Included in the program was Gounod's "Messe Solennele," incidental solos by Misses Nancy Corigan, D. N. Kennedy and R. I. Dunigan; "Veni Creator," by Karst, Mr. Kennedy, offering "Ave Maria" by Dana, Miss Corigan. The regular choir was assisted by Misses Waltham and Aredes and Misses Corigan, Ryan and Frank Corigan. Before and after the mass several selections, including "Zerzesse," "The Light Caravan," and "Beethoven's Minuet," were given by Messrs. Taylor, Brannon, violinist, and Miss Marie Louise Sullivan on the organ.

Both solo and ensemble numbers were featured by junior class pupils in a piano recital Wednesday afternoon. The program was given by Misses Georgia and Gladys French; "Russian Dance," by Low, Miss Lillian Maud Spoor and Dorothy Bohm, by Misses M. and Ruth Snapp, interspersed the solos, which were presented by Miss Mary E. Dalglish, Miss Elizabeth Springer, Miss Octa Buchanan, Miss Georgia, Miss Lewis Matern, Miss Gladys Vanhorne, Miss Blanche Beachler, Miss Russell Branshars, Miss Gladys, Miss Helen Herndon, Miss Marion Buffum, Miss Catherine Lynn, Miss Ruth Branshars, Miss Ada Dumes, Miss Fegan, Miss Dorothy Gallier and Miss Mary Alaband.

Miss Vera Corey entertained at a musical Tuesday evening in her apartment. The program was an attractive program of piano numbers was presented. Edwina Diano, violinist, was assisted by Misses Georgia and Gladys French. The program was given by Misses Georgia and Gladys French. The program was given by Misses Georgia and Gladys French.

The choir of the Ninth Street Christian Church, with a quartet and orchestra, gave a pleasing rendition of the sacred cantata, "The Prophet," at the home of Mrs. J. H. Harrison, organist and choir director of the church. The quartet consisted of Mrs. J. H. Harrison, Mrs. E. W. Sedell, soprano; Mrs. Grace V. Williams, alto; Ralph Cady, tenor; and Wheeler A. Wilson, bass. The accompaniment was by Mrs. J. H. Harrison. The program was given by Mrs. J. H. Harrison.

Miss Florence Coumbe, mezzo soprano, left yesterday for Vienna, Va., where she will be the guest of friends over Independence day.

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George county to spend the summer with relatives. Mr. Frank E. Johnston entertained Friday evening at a moving picture party with a supper afterward at his home on South St. Asaph street. Misses Martha Fulton, Mrs. Harry Kirk, Miss Bertha Keene and Mr. Nevell S. Keene were the guests for the trip through the west and to the Panama-Pacific exposition. Miss Blanche one soloist at the home of Mrs. Frank E. Johnston, who attended the wedding last week of Miss Susie Keene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Johnston, and Mr. Albert H. Johnston of Baltimore.

Miss Frieda Haus, violinist, was the assisting soloist at a pupils' recital Tuesday evening in Chevy Chase, where she played "Serenade," by Droll, and "The Song of the Mountains," by Widemere. Those taking part in the program were Miss Dorothy Davis, who delighted the audience with her rendition of "Silent the Summer Night," by Dana, Miss Corigan, Miss Dalglish, Miss Elizabeth Springer, Miss Octa Buchanan, Miss Georgia, Miss Lewis Matern, Miss Gladys Vanhorne, Miss Blanche Beachler, Miss Russell Branshars, Miss Gladys, Miss Helen Herndon, Miss Marion Buffum, Miss Catherine Lynn, Miss Ruth Branshars, Miss Ada Dumes, Miss Fegan, Miss Dorothy Gallier and Miss Mary Alaband.

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halts his team in front of the gate, lifts the white child to the seat beside him and says to the driver, 'The horse and that's about all only.'

The chances are the man will never realize what he is doing, until—some time—somehow—Some One will say to him: 'That which ye did for my little one ye did it unto me.'



Let's him pretend he is driving the horse.

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On the subject until Mr. Brown backed up Lee's judgment as to the likes and dislikes of the various breeds of cattle with his scythe, for the brush and stumps made it impractical to use a mowing machine. The weather favored him and he cut out in three tons of that hay. The mow of our barn is too small to be of much account, but Lee's mow is a big one. He has mowed and stacked it carefully against the coming of rain. From the meadow along the creek and in the orchard we have cut another ton of hay, and next week we are going to cut an acre of oats in the milk. The oats were mowed as a nurse crop for grass and isn't that, but we ought to get at least a ton of good hay and the fodder from three acres of corn, it would seem I ought to make something of the impression on the winter feed bill.

Not in this all. Both in the cornfield and in the garden, at the final calculations, I am coming out with a net profit of winter rye. Primarily this will be for plowing under next spring, but I have a lot of it in the soil and if next winter is as open as last winter it will furnish a lot of grating for the stock and green feed for the chickens.

Trying Some Experiments. I have several pieces of ground, some of which have been used at all and others from which peas and other early crops came, which I call my experimental plots. They range in size from fifty feet square to a quarter of an acre, and on them I am trying all sorts of things. This, I mean, is the chief source of fun in farming, and now that I have a man to do the hard work part of it, I am going to make the most of the opportunity.

On one of the largest pieces I have alfalfa. I'm inclined to think this experiment is not going to be a success, for the ground was too foul with weeds. The alfalfa is up all right, but the weeds are still there and it doesn't look as if the alfalfa will have a chance to come first under the wire. When it comes to a race between growing alfalfa and clover, the alfalfa is bound to suit the weeds better than it suits the crop you are trying to grow in competition. Next spring I am going to take a piece of ground which has been a part of the garden for two years and give alfalfa a trial under the clover.

Another of my experimental plots I am growing kafir corn, to be cut just before the crop is ready to mature. I don't know what the kafir corn is, but I have heard of it in the West. There isn't enough of it to have any great bearing on the winter feed problem, but if the cows like it, it seems to be a milk maker. I'll grow it next year. Kafir will thrive on the best of soil and in the best of crop. In the semi-arid regions of the West it is grown extensively for the purpose of making a silage for the cow. It is a very reliable data as to its feeding value as dry fodder, because its drought resisting qualities and the fact that it is a good producer, the experiment seems especially worth trying. Maybe I'll discard it, but I'll give it a trial while to the dairymen of this part of the country.

Root Crops for the Cows. One thing I am doing which is not done generally by dairymen hereabouts, but which is of proved value, is to grow root crops for my cows. Between my rows of small fruit and in other available places I have planted turnips and carrots. If the crop is a good one, and so far everything certainly has been in its favor, I ought to have enough roots to half fill my cellar. I have a lot of watermelons, and I am going to broadcast white turnips where the sweetcorn comes off. These will be a good thing to have in the winter as needed in the late fall and early winter.

The roots I figure, will give the cows plenty of succulent food the winter through, when no other green stuff is to be had, and there isn't any doubt that both the health and the milk flow will be improved thereby. Every agricultural college and experiment station in the country has a plot for dairy cows, and the surprising thing is that so few dairymen practice feeding them. They do it on the fine farms where record-making cows are kept, but the average commercial dairymen doesn't seem to care for the extra profit.

Where silage is made and fed root crops are less essential, but experiments show that even with alfalfa a valuable supplemental feed. If ever I reach the point of keeping four cows instead of two, an alfalfa silage will be a good thing to have. I am going to keep silage perfectly my own and had at a very reasonable price, and it no longer is necessary for the farmer to buy it.

Our present horse has never won the place in our affections which might be called "Bill" achieved, and I don't believe we ever could feel toward another cow as we feel toward "Lady." Along with "Lady," Margery's collie, a dog now grown to a big and beautiful dog, she ranks almost as a member of the family.

No doubt such sentiments will seem silly to one who always has lived in the country, and let them call me silly, if they want to. To use a lately popular slang expression: "We should have a dog in the country." We should get all the enjoyment and happiness out of life we can. Instead of being ashamed of our dogs and their small possessions, we encourage it in the children.

The thing has its drawbacks, of course. There has been grief, especially for Margery, when animals have had to be parted with. We all grieved when "Bill" was sold, and I don't believe we ever could feel toward another cow as we feel toward "Lady." Along with "Lady," Margery's collie, a dog now grown to a big and beautiful dog, she ranks almost as a member of the family.

Even if the new cow doesn't rival "Lady" as a family pet, she is a very worthy rival when it comes to milk. She produces a lot of milk, and she has been striped from "Lady's" bovine blood. The new cow exceeds the old one both in quantity and in richness of milk. I never saw such cream nor such butter. I am sure it is worth \$100 which she cost us. As Lee Custer has said, "I don't know what she adds a lot to my sense of getting forward in our agricultural experiments." I figure it will be a good thing to have a cow like "Lady," but Lee feeds and cares for her along with the other cows.

There isn't going to be any trouble making use of the increased supply of milk. I have a cow that gives me a quart of milk a day, and I am going to use it for my own use. I have a cow that gives me a quart of milk a day, and I am going to use it for my own use. I have a cow that gives me a quart of milk a day, and I am going to use it for my own use.

Feed Question Partly Solved. I have been doing considerable pondering on the question of hay or other winter roughage for our horse, two cows and the calf. It looked as if I would have to buy a lot, but Lee Custer came to the rescue and partially solved the problem. He inquired a few mornings ago if I didn't think he had better cut the hay over on the "new land" meaning the ten acres we added to Sunny Knoll last spring. "What hay?" I asked, in no little astonishment. I never had seen anything of the new land that looked to me like hay. He assured me there was a lot of hay there, and at the risk of being late for the office I went over to have a look. "You don't call that hay, do you?" I demanded. "It looks to me like a mess of weeds and daisies."

With a horse, two cows and a calf, our live stock already has outgrown the barn, and I am confronted with the necessity of providing something more in the way of shelter. There are only two stalls in the barn, and even they take up room that is needed for the busy wagon and farming implements.

Between now and the middle of October quarters have got to be provided for about 200 bushels of corn, but Lee Custer will do the work after the season's rush is over the cost will not be large. Between now and the middle of October quarters have got to be provided for about 200 bushels of corn, but Lee Custer will do the work after the season's rush is over the cost will not be large.

Though I do not harbor one regret that we bought the addition of ten acres to our land holdings, I can't help now and then mourn the absence of some of the improvements we had planned to make to the house. My chief lament always has been and still is that we have no bathtub. Coming in hot and tired from field or garden, I had to wash in a tub of water, not a luxury beyond compare. But we can't eat our cake and have it, too. The bathtub is a necessary part of the house, and it is going to be a part of the house. I have decided to do nothing at all to the house this year. We simply are afraid to start on improvements, but we have decided to do nothing at all to the house this year.

AROUND THE CITY

Consider the war map. From the day it was posted—a splash of colors against the marble white of the Star building—it has caught the interest of passing crowds and rivalled the news bulletins in excitement.

It is such a big map that people on the flagging can follow every movement of the foreign campaign, as traced by discs; red for allies; black for Germany—and such an authoritative map that the clash of combat has scarcely come to a decisive victory for one side or the other before the discs show the exact standing of the armies involved—a human game of rouge et noir, in which the winnings are battles, and the losses, death.

Most people know enough about geography to recognize the accuracy of the Star's chart, and to realize the tragedy of every moving disc, but there are always others. One morning, for instance, when an official was directing a man on a visit to Miss Julia Langhorne (now Richmond), Mr. Leo Pohl and Mr. A. J. Pohl, Jr., left this week for Platteburg, N. Y., to attend the military exercises at that place. Mr. Pohl and Mr. A. J. Pohl, Jr., left this week for Platteburg, N. Y., to attend the military exercises at that place.

For the woman, a war zone was an unknown quantity, and Lemberg had been captured in vain. The man with the keys of the vacant house, Jack and, incidentally, an intimate acquaintance with the "great American game," as christened by one of her friends, "I guess those things are pretty near right, or they would be there."

He meant well, but he was mistaken. "Those things are not pretty near right. They are exactly right. Here's why: The instant the cable flashes the location of a definite battle, a wise man who knows everything knows the location of hostilities on a smaller map with smaller discs. Then the map is rushed down to the office of another wise man, and he sees that the information is duplicated on the outside map, via the man on the radio, and he knows how easy a thing is—when you know how.

There is one fine thing about the everlasting map that study the war map, day in and out: It is seldom that any outward sign is given of inward misery caused by the disgusting supremacy of either war or peace. It is natural to "take sides," because human nature is built that way, but no study how surely any man or woman may cherish a "pro," which follows the immutable discs of victory or defeat with a conservatism in keeping with the attitude of a nation which declares itself to be—quoting one Mr. Pohl—perfectly neutral.

Granted that every crowd includes "a mole who cannot see beyond his nose and an eagle who can't see the wood for the trees"—see the Maupassant—it may be that in the daily throngs which pass The Star building there are occasional mole persons who see in the war map nothing more than a small map and miss colors divided by meaningless lines—just as there may also be those who venerate Europe dying of hemorrhage—but— For the mass of men and women who pause to study the latest phase of war, the men called "rumormongers" in keeping with the attitude of a nation which declares itself to be—quoting one Mr. Pohl—perfectly neutral.

In an uptown garden there is a palm that is dying from want of sleep. It is a big palm that ought to be hand-

TAKE A FAMILY BACK TO THE SOIL