PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHAT IS REAL FREEDOM?

By Juliet V. Strauss.

MRS. STRAUSS.

Woman is the creature who is always clamoring for freedom and never getting it. This is because she doesn't know it when she sees it. She doesn't know that freedom begins by accepting the inevitable, or if she does know that, she fails to recognize the inevitable.

The only way a woman can always be sure of beating the game is to play only the game that she knows. But she gets tired of that. She wishes to meet man on his own ground, to beat him at his own game. She wants to be a "dead game sport' herself. Maybe some time she will be so, but she has much to lose before that time. Whether what she gains will compensate, who can tell?

Before she gains a perfect equality with man she must be ready to do away with gallantry in favor of plain cold courtesy. She must give up romance. She must not demand deference because she is a woman. The whole story of life must be essentially changed. Unless it be changed, she can claim no equal rights with man, though she receive the ballot.

Susan B. Anthony gave the case away when she objected to having her statue placed in a certain spot frequented by men. She said she did not feel that she would be in good company. Why, then, has she spent her whole life trying to get her sex into this same company?

REFORMING LIFE INSURANCE.

By Gage E. Tarbell.

There is no denying that there has been too great a race for life insurance business—that the last few million dollars written annually by the larger companies have increased the cost somewhat. In fact, I believe that the cost of conducting the business should be materially reduced during the next five years, and I hope to see at the expiration of that time the leading companies of this country transacting their business at a total expense not exceeding 15 per cent of their total income. A law limiting the compensation to be paid for business, if properly framed, I think would be desirable, and a greater expenditure on the part of any company than the total loading for expenses is, to my mind, dangerous and unwise and should be guarded against by legislation.

The one thing desirable above everything else is complete publicity. That, properly arranged and well carried out, would be a cure-all for most if not all of the existing evils. In this connection gain and loss exhibits should be required, showing the percentage of loading expended. Any fictitious sales or loans should be prohibited. Officers of life insurance companies should not be permitted to accept an office in any other corporation carrying with it any compensation. No life insurance company should be permitted to own a controlling interest in any bank, trust company or any other corporation.

MORAL AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

By Gov. Joseph W. Folk.

A wonderful revolution has been wrought in the consciences of mankind in the last four years. We had got to a point in this country where patriotism meant little more than a word. Many men had patriotism on their lips and treason in their hearts. The moral awakening that is now sweeping the country is simply the patriotism that comes from the hearts of the people—a determination to stamp out the things that oppress in private life.

A new standard has been established—new, yet old—just honesty, that is all. The remedy for corruption has been found in the hearts of the people. There is nothing a corrupt man fears more than an aroused public conscience. The prisons may be filled with grafters, yet if the people were indifferent grafting would go on just the same. On the other hand, a very few may get where they belong, yet if the people are aroused grafting will be stopped with the force of public sentiment.

The grafter, as a rule, does not know good from bad. All he knows is politics. But he knows good politics from bad politics. He is being taught that grafting is bad politics, and when this lesson shall have been learned thoroughly the revolution will be victorious and good government will be enthroned.

OCCUPATION FOR MILLIONAIRES.

By Gertrude Barnum.

The millionaire class would have less time for golf and automobiling and yachting and other diversions of killing time if they would become interested in the welfare of the people who are creating their wealth. Take almost any millionaire and you will find his children living upon profits wrung from the working classes. Fortunes have been made in the laundry industry, where girls in steaming rooms work from early morning until late at night to earn a bare living. The sons and daughters of millionaires who have made fortunes in such lines are reared in idleness. This is far more reprehensible vagrancy than that of the poorer classes.

TRY.

There's a victory yonder awaiting the chap
Who greets with a laugh every downing mishap.
Who loses the game with a glint in his eye,
Who fights as he loses and dies full of try.

Who tackles the ladder with vim and with bounce,
And laughs when he lands at the foot with a jounce.
Who tightens his belt and with never a sigh
Keeps falling and falling with heart full of try.

He isn't defeated who dies in the fight,
If he had but lived he'd have finished all right.
It was fate stilled his laugh, and endeavor put by,
While his jaw was firm set and his heart full of try.

And I know that up yonder when he has cashed in
The loser will head many fellows who win;
For we're judged when we win to our homes in the sky
Not by our success, but the strength of our try.

—Houston Post.

THE SNYDACKER GIRL

GOSH!" exclaimed Marvin Parsons under his breath.

Washington Hancock followed the direction of his fellow loafer's eyes to where a young woman in a poppy-colored blouse and carrying a poppy-colored parasol was picking her way daintily through the dust to cross the street.

"Look at them white gloves comin' 'way up to her elbows!" whispered Parsons. "Hold me, Wash! Take a right good grip of my arm an' don't let go till she passes. Cracky!"

"She's with her pap," volunteered the storekeeper. "Him an' her comes down from St. Joe. The ol' man's in the lumber business an' he's be'n around to look at that white oak tract of Sim Atterbury's—calculates to buy it, I guess."

"See what you'd have ter buck up against, Marve?" said Parsons.

"Jest as soon keep her company as not?"

"I certainly would."

"You're reckless," said Hancock. "It don't do fer a young man like you ter be too reckless when there's gals around fixed up that way. You ought ter be like Cal Davis over in Penrose township. Cal kep' a gal like that company one time.

"Her pap came down on business, too, an' brung her along to keep him comp'ny, only this business was a railroad. He was richer than mud an', shoo! if you'd seen the di'munds an' rubies an' rings an' bracelets an' silks an' satins that gal wore you wouldn't have looked twice at this un.

"Wa-all, sir, Cal Davis seen her passin' along the street one time in Peterville, an' he got struck with the idee that he'd like to see her right clost, so what does he do but put on his Sunday-go-to-meetin's an' call around at the house they'd rented, with his buggy. He ast to see the gal. No, there wusn't nothin' bashful about Cal. He was a good-lookin' feller an' he knowed it an' he knowed most of the gals knowed it, an' he owned 200 acres of bottom land.

"Well, they ast him in an' after a while the gal came inter the room where he wus a-waitin' an' Cal spoke up an' allowed he came to see if she didn't want to take a buggy ride with him. He said she seemed to be sort o' s'prised, 's if she'd never been used to havin' comp'ny call on her, an' then she laffed an' fin'ly she allowed she'd go with him.

"Nex' night Cal wus around again. That time he didn't have the rig along. He came to do a regular sparkin'. The gal didn't seem noways unwillin', either, an' when her pap comes in she says: 'Pa, this is Mr. Cal Davis. He's come to set up with me, so now you're interdooced, we'll excuse you.' An' the ol' man jest kinder opened his eyes an' looked Cal over and then he laffed an' went out. Didn't seem noways ruaty, Cal didn't quite know what to make of it. He says she wus fixed up fit to kill—ruffles, an' frills, an' furbelows, an' di'munds sparkin' on her hands. Well, he jest sat there until she ast him if he reely had gotter go.

"Sat'dy night he hitched up to the buggy ag'in an' took her to the lit'ry. She let on that she enjoyed that right up to the handle an' she 'lowed there wusn't anythin' like it in St. Joe, nor Kansas City, fer that matter. Mebbe there wusn't.

"Course there wus a right smart o' talk about it. The boys deviled Cal more'n a little, but I guess they all wished they'd got his nerve. Blamed if he wusn't there up at the house settin' on the porch or suthin' 'most every night that he wusn't takin' the gal out buggy ridin'.

"Well, it went on that way fer about a month stiddy an' then all of a sudden Cal married Lucindy Palmer. Say! You might have pushed me over with a spear of ticklegrass when I heard about it. Lucindy wus a mighty fine gal, but she hadn't no more style about her than a mud fence. She had a necklis o' coral beads an' a cameo ring an' that wus all the joolry she ever owned in her life. I couldn't b'lieve it ontil I met Cal a day or two after an' ast him if it reely wus so.

"'I reckon it is,' he says.

"'An' you beauin' that gal of ol' Snydacker's around all the time?' I says.

"'No beauin' about it,' he says; 'that gal was the slickest dressed gal ever come inter these parts. Gosh! She had the purtiest little white han's an' the derndest little feet an', Wash, you seen how she dressed. Them fixin's she has—why, Christmus! Jest to see an' look at her or have her settin' alongside o' you in a buggy an' git a whiff o' that

FIXED UP FIT TO KILL.

smellum-good! I tell you I never had sech a time in my life.'

"'Then why didn't you spunk up an' marry her?' I says.

"'Shucks!' says Cal. 'Do you reckon I'd have took any pleasure in all that if I had to pay for it? Well, I guess not. Them fixin's cost money.'"

"Pretty cute, wasn't he?" remarked the storekeeper.

"I don't know," said Hancock. "After I left him I druv right by the Snydacker cottage an' the gal was settin' out on the porch, more fixed up to kill than ever, an' settin' alongside her was a feller all dressed to kill, too, with one o' these single barrel eyeglasses an' baggy breeches tucked into his yaller boots. I reckon ol' man Snydacker knowed what he was a laffin' at."—Chicago Daily News.

Froggie to the Rescue.

One day a couple of my friends were sitting on the river bank, when they heard the cry of a frog in distress. Following the direction from which the sound came, they discovered a snake in the act of swallowing a frog.

Just then another frog, evidently attracted by the distressing cries of its mate in jeopardy, hopped up to the scene of action. For a moment it sat blinking at the enemy; then leaped forward, seized the snake by the neck and tugged it into the river.

The water quickly poured between the snake's distended jaws, and it was, of course, compelled to release its victim in order to escape drowning. This it promptly did, and the liberated frog swam away with its plucky mate; while the baffled snake wriggled, as best it could, to the shore.—Woman's Home Companion for May.

He Wished to Know.

"Anything I can do for you while in Europe?"

"Yes. Should you visit the rock of Gibraltar, kindly let me know if it really has an insurance company's advertisement painted on it."—Pittsburg Post.

DOING FOR THE PARSON.

The old custom of having the minister and the school teacher "board round" is not wholly forgotten, as is seen in an incident reported by the Florida Times Union. The parson is a successful circuit preacher, who in his younger days was sent as a missionary to Florida. The town was off from any railroad line, and was sparsely populated. The new minister gathered the people and told them that he intended to establish a church; that churches brought schools, schools settlers, and settlers prosperity.

"I have no money," he said, "but I intend that you people shall care for me. What can you do for the preacher I don't intend to put the burden of my living on any one family, but upon all of you, turn and turn about. I will not go, however, where the latch string is not hanging out of the door. What can you do for the preacher?"

One old lady, who had a dim recollection of a small church in the piny woods of Georgia when she was a girl, said:

"I kin eat him, but I can't sleep him."

"That's good," responded the parson. "Now who next?"

"Well, if Sister Jenkins is gwine to eat him, I'll agree to steep him, but I can't wash him."

"That's good. Who next?"

Here another sister spoke up: "Well, I reckon I can wash him, but I ain't much on b'lied shirts."

Whether any one was found to "bile" the parson the story does not state.

Objects to Trees.

"Don't say tree to me," commanded the man with an Arbor day grouch. "I have no objection to forests; in fact, I think them a good thing—where they belong. What I do object to is living in the shadow of a city forest. Take my neighbor, for instance. Along the north edge of his property and well away from his own house is a double row of trees that were very charming when young. They made little more than a hedge then, and we enjoyed both the beauty and the privacy they provided. But that's all changed now. My house is close up to them, and we dwell in shadows as deep as those cast by the forest primeval. All our windows which should be flooded with dazzling sunshine show merely dark green and black shadows. Worse yet, the woodwork never gets a chance to dry off, so everything's always rotting away. It's positively uncanny. Now, if my neighbor is so fond of trees, why doesn't he plant them up close to his own house?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Serious Loss.

A careless young woman laid her wristbag on one of the desks in the postoffice yesterday afternoon, and, after she had addressed a letter she crossed over to one of the letter slots, into which she dropped the missive. Quickly turning back to the desk to pick up her handbag, she found that it had disappeared. "Where is my pocketbook?" she cried out anxiously, but no one around had seen the thief appropriate it, and so no one could answer her question. "That bag had every valuable that I owned in it; among other things, a pin I treasured as an heirloom," she told the sympathizing bystanders. Her lips quivered slightly, and for a moment it looked as if a storm of tears was imminent, when she began to laugh. "I can't even cry about it," she said; "my handkerchief was in the bag."

Bunching Anniversaries.

"There's a young man who's a money saver. He'll be rich some day."

"What's he done?"

"Well, for one thing, he married a girl whose birthday comes on the 25th of December, and he insisted on being married on that day, too."—Cleveland Leader.

The Whole Trouble.

"Mr. Richley had nothing but praise for your work for him before the citizens' committee," said the friend.

"Yes," replied the lobbyist, gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Whenever a woman relative is near a boy who is eating, he is sure to hear this sentence pretty often: "Don't eat so fast."

WEIGHING THE WORLD.

Correspondent of the The World To-Day Tells How It Will Be Done.

Science is dissatisfied with the accepted figures of the earth's weight. They are considered a trifle antique for a twentieth century standard. Americans are to lead the way in weighing the world once more, writes Percy Trenchard in The World To-Day.

It may sound absurd to some to speak of weighing the great earth and yet it has been done and is to be done again. More than half a century ago pendulums were swung, under Airy's direction, at the top and bottom of an English coal pit. The comparison of their times of swing showed how heavy the whole earth was compared with the outermost thin shell, a shell of the thickness of the depth of the coal pit. Since geologists were able to give a fair estimate of the weight of this surface shell, the weight of the entire earth became a mere matter of multiplication.

The same experiment is to be repeated by a scientific expedition from the Survey Department at Washington. Pendulums are to be swung at the apex of the great pyramid and in the chambers at its center and base. From the swing of these pendulums the comparative weights of the earth and of the pyramid can be learned, and the weight of the pyramid having been estimated, the weight of the world will be, as in the case of the Airy experiment, a mere matter of multiplication.

All this may be a little puzzling to the lay mind, but the explanation is not difficult. Asked to describe the method of weighing the world in plain untechnical language an official of the Survey Department said:

"The principle is that the weight of a body is proportionate to the attraction which it exerts. By the pull that the sun exerts over the earth as shown

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.

by the earth's motion, we estimate that its attraction is 352,280 times as great as the earth's and therefore that the sun's mass is that many times greater than the mass of the earth. Knowing the weight of the earth it is easy to estimate the weight of the sun by this method of comparison. In the same way the weight of Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Neptune or any other planet may be ascertained by comparison with the weight of the sun, basing the calculations on the amount of attraction the sun exercises over these planets. But first the earth's weight must be estimated to form a basis for the other calculations.

"The same principle is applied. The pyramid will be used as a basis for the first estimate. A plumb-bob will be swung from the apex of the pyramid, observation and calculation will determine the force of the attraction of the small body, namely, the pyramid, for the plumb-bob and the greater attraction of the large body, the earth, for the plumb-bob. The weight of the pyramid having been estimated, the weight of the earth will be calculated by multiplying the pyramid's weight by the number of times the attraction of the earth for the plumb-bob is greater than the attraction of the pyramid for the plumb-bob. From the standard thus fixed the weight of all other bodies in the solar system can be estimated.

"Here are some old figures for you; the number of cubic miles in the earth is about 259,800,000,000; each cubic mile contains 147,200,000,000 cubic feet and each cubic foot, upon the average, weighs 5.67 times as much as a cubic foot of water, or 354 pounds, 6 ounces avoirdupois. Figure it out for yourself."

FIRST CASE OF LYNCH LAW.

Hanging of a Murderer by His Heels in the West of Ireland.

So many different versions and explanations of the term lynch law have at various times been given and occasionally are even yet added to, that it seems fitting to recount the tragic incident which has since given a name to so many calamitous occurrences not only in our land but on occasion also in that of others.

The very name of "Lynch" gives the direct clew to the land of its origin—Ireland. And when we recall the fact that during the latter part of the seventeenth century there was comparatively a large immigration from the north of Ireland and the south of Scotland, coming as settlers to the Carolinas, from which much of this material spread westward into Kentucky and Tennessee, and, realizing the tenacity with which these peoples husband, nourish and perpetuate their folklore and traditions, it needs only to relate the incident which Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" graphically recounts to show how natural it was to apply the memories and such a term to the individual exercise of justice and punishment.

Thackeray, in the book referred to and in chapter 1, which treats of Galway, thus speaks of an occurrence within its precincts which in 1842—and probably does to this day—bore the grewsome "memento" so grimly described in the words following:

"Then there is Lombard street, otherwise called Deadman's lane, with a gallows and crossbones and a memento mori over the door where the dreadful tragedy of the Lynches was acted in 1493. If Galway is the Rome of Connaught James Lynch Fitzstephen, the mayor, may be considered as the Lucius Junius Brutus thereof. Lynch had a son who went to Spain as master of one of his father's ships, and being of a wild, extravagant turn, there contracted debts, drew bills and alarmed his father's correspondent, who sent a clerk and nephew of his own back in young Lynch's ship to Galway to settle accounts. On the fifteenth day young Lynch threw the Spaniard overboard. Coming back to his own country, he reformed his life a little and was on the point of marrying one of the Blakes, Burkes or Bodkins or others, when a seaman who had sailed with him, being on the point of death, confessed the murder in which he had been a participator.

"Hereon the father, who was chief magistrate of the town, tried his son and sentenced him to death, and when the clan Lynch rose in a body to rescue the young man and divert such a disgrace from the family it is said that Fitzstephen Lynch hanged the culprit with his own hands. A tragedy called 'The Warden of Galway' has been written on the subject and was acted a few nights before my arrival."—New York Times.

SUCCORS WOUNDED ANT.

Lord Aveling Convinced that the Insect Is Possessed of Reason.

Lord Aveling, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the famous scientist, writes: "In one of my nests was an ant which had come into the world without antennae. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest, but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length one day I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, apparently not knowing her way at all. After awhile she fell in with some ants of another species, who directly attacked her.

"I at once set myself to separate them, but, whether owing to the wounds she had received from her enemies or to my rough though well-meant handling or to both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helpless on the ground. After some time another ant from the same nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for anyone who had witnessed the scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings.

"In face of such facts as these it is impossible to regard ants as mere exquisite automatons. When we see an ant hill, tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason, and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

COLLECTING DOUBLE.

When the Minister Had the Huckster at His Mercy.

Gov. Blanchard, of Louisiana, was describing the precautions that a certain veteran physician had taken against the spread of contagious disease.

"Knowing the people he had to deal with," Gov. Blanchard said, "he saw that his rules were carried out before one of these people left their homes. They had tricked him in the past. He would not be tricked again. He was like the Camden clergyman of my boyhood.

"This clergyman once married a certain huckster who, after the ceremony, declared he was unable to pay the wedding fee, and so, willy nilly, the clergyman had to let him off.

"Some years later the good man found the same huckster before him with another woman. His first wife had died. Now he desired to yoke with a second.

"The minister was willing enough to remarry the man, but this time he would take precautions.

"So, leading the bridegroom to one side, he held out his hand and said in a low voice:

"'My fee.'

"'Oh, yes, of course,' said the huckster, confusedly, and he placed a bank note in the clergyman's palm.

"'Thank you,' said the clergyman, with a bland smile. 'That is for the first time. Now we will have the fee for this occasion, please.'"

Why the Hair Turns Gray.

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope, says St. Nicholas. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was 45 years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place.

As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air-particles which make it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man by the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease, or some result of sorrow, bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.

In 2006.

"She's bringing up her daughters in an old-fashioned, sensible way."

"She is?"

"Yes. Any of them can go into the kitchen and make a good, chemical analysis."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Herr—It is of no use. We must get a separation. The Frau—That is what I say. Isn't it beautiful how we agree!—Tit Bits.

THE SONGS THEY SING.

Cheap and Sometimes Vulgar Words Associated with Popular Ditties.

Philip Dewhurst and his sister Edna paused to smile a last good night to the girl in the doorway. As they turned again, Edna gave her brother's arm a squeeze.

"Isn't she sweet in that white gown? Oh, she's lovely every way—refined, intellectual, talented! How did you like her, Phil?"

There was an undertone of tense caring in the careless question. Phil felt it—and hesitated before answering:

"She certainly can play the piano, lis."

"Yes, she's a wonder at that. She goes to an opera once, and almost knows it by heart. But is that all you can say?"

"Look here, Edna!" Phil broke out, suddenly. "I see through this whole thing perfectly. I knew you coaxed me to make this call to-night with the idea of getting me interested in somebody else besides Bess Daggett. Of course you did it because you care so much about me, and I appreciate that. Bess hasn't just the reputation I'd want you to have; I admit it. But she's lively company, and as for all this talk about her being free and easy with the fellows, what did you think of your 'refined, intellectual girl' sitting there and singing cheap doggerel for us, the way she did?"

"Why, Phil! Those were nearly all popular airs from light operas!"

"Yes; but the words——"

"She never thinks of the words! It's the music that catches her!"

"Well, she'd better think! Seems to me a 'refined, intellectual girl' might get up a more brilliant way of entertaining a new young man than singing lines like

If you'd kiss me—kiss me—kiss me—
Don't be afraid! I'd not say nay!

"'Tisn't fair to repeat those words without the music!"

"Does a catchy tune neutralize vulgarity? It may sugar-coat, but it's no antidote. Bess Daggett doesn't set up to be 'refined and intellectual,' but the songs she sings are high-class compared with

Now, little honey bunny, tell me true,
Why I have such a funny feeling when I look at you.

"It's mighty queer, Edna. You nice girls wouldn't drink, but you'll shout drinking songs by the hour, if the tune's good enough, and you wouldn't, for worlds, make any advances to win a fellow, and yet you'll sit at a piano, the way she did to-night, and sing

I wants a man to love me all the time!
over and over, without a qualm!
There's a screw loose somewhere."

There was truth in what he said, but Edna's hurt pride rose, and lost her the chance she wanted so much—the chance of influencing Phil in regard to Bess. All the way home and into the house they argued more and more hotly, and at last she ended, petulantly:

"Well, Phil Dewhurst! If you have to tell me what's refined, things have come to a pretty pass!"

"I think so myself," he answered, curtly. "Good night!"—Youth's Companion.

Franklin on Catching Cold.

It is well known, says the New York Evening Post, that Franklin made a particular study of colds, and had his own theory about them, which, we believe, is pretty much the theory of today. One of his assertions was that catching colds does not come from mere cold, but from unequal temperature over the body, and from undistributed moisture. To prove this he made a number of observations on occasions when he did and did not suffer. A few of these follow:

By putting on a damp Shirt on a dry Body.—Yes.

By putting on a dry Shirt on a wet body, though this wets the body ten time more.—No.

By sitting in a Room where the Floor has been newly washed.—Yes.

By going into a River, and staying there an Hour (no sheets so wet.)—No.

By wetting the feet only.—Yes.

By wetting all the Clothes through the Body, and wearing them a whole Day.—No.

By sitting in a Room against a Crevice.—Yes.

By sitting as long in the open Air.—No.

Vaccinates Himself in Eye.

By a simple misadventure, the first of its kind ever recorded in this country, a doctor practicing in a town near Manchester, England, has become the victim of a peculiar and painful inoculation. While breaking a tiny phial containing lymph for the purpose of vaccinating an infant, a particle of glass flew up and struck him on the pupil of the eye. Adhering to the glass fragment was an almost microscopic quantity of calf's lymph.

The doctor realized the danger of vaccination to which he was exposed and immediately bathed the eye. So tender, however, is the membrane of the eye, that the glass made a minute scratch and a day or so afterward the usual symptoms which follow inoculation, gradually appeared. The pain and discomfort which ordinarily arise from the operation in this instance are acutely aggravated, and he is going through exactly the same process as if he had been vaccinated on the arm. He cannot sleep and in consequence the eye is never at rest, but it is not considered likely that the eye will be impaired.

The Reason for It.

"There's just as much human nature in some folks as there is in others—if not more," said David Harum. An earlier David—Colonel Crockett—found plenty of it even in New York City when he visited the metropolis in 1834.

"Coming out of my hotel," he wrote home, "I took notice that the rear of the city hall was built of brownstone, whereas the front and both sides were of white marble.

"'Colonel Jackson,' I said, 'why did they use cheap stone on the back of the building and not elsewhere?'

"'Oh,' said he, 'the poorhouse stood back behind there when they built the hall.'"

Still in Doubt.

Reporter (trying to learn the particulars of the disturbance next door)—"Who struck him? What does the man himself say about it?

Mrs. Lapsling—What does he say? Why, he hasn't spoken a word. He was knocked senseless, and the doctors that are working over him haven't been able to restore his animosity yet."—Exchange.

Get a man interested in a garden and you can always tell where to find him after working hours.

It takes a clever woman to say cruel things in an agreeable manner.

Poor farming is a thief of time and fertility.

The disease known as the footapple lot is now supposed to be caused by toad stools.

The way in which you are now feeding the heifers is making them good or bad cows.

The pleasures of a shiftless garden are great, but the joys of a well-planned garden are greater.

To teach the calf to drink the teacher must first know more than the pupil or the attempt will prove a failure.

If the hair on the cows begins to point towards the head give them a little oil meal in their feed for awhile.

Sheep should have access to all the straw they want to pick up; it helps the sheep and helps out the feed pile.

Don't make the hens stupid, lazy and unprofitable by overfeeding. The active, eager hen is the one that increases the egg supply.

No other animal kept in the stables in winter will make more or richer manure for the live weight of them or for the feed consumed than the sheep.

A flock of 50 ewes ought to save from 50 to 75 lambs, worth from $3 to $5 each. The wool clip will pay for the keep of the sheep, and you have the price of the lambs as clear profit.

About the first topic that comes up for consideration in the spring among farmers is that of obtaining the hired help for the year. In some localities the help is so scarce that those wanting help are not very particular and hire the first man that can be obtained.

Good drainage and good roads go hand in hand; without one it is impossible to have the other. The first requisite in making a good road is to get rid of the water, then it should be kept in such condition that the surplus water will soon leave the road.

The young man who expects to make farming his business can do no better than to buy a pair of good draft mares just as soon as he can. With good management it will even pay to go in debt for them rather than to miss getting them. A pair of colts can be reared each year and soon there will be some draft horses to be turned off that will bring a good figure.

An excellent and careful dairyman who has fifty-two excellent cows says that he knows every one of them by their voices in lowing, in daylight and dark. One who is so familiar with his cows as that is sure always to make a success of his business, which this dairyman does. He can tell what they want and what their needs are when each one lows, and they know just as well that their wants will be supplied.

A Frightened Cow.

No man who owns a cow can afford to have her afraid of him. It is a loss to the owner every time she is frightened. To run a cow to pasture is throwing money away. Make pets of the cows and they will make money for the owner. The milk of a frightened or abused cow is poisonous.

Placing the Bee Hive.

The location of bee hives during summer is important. Bees do not work contentedly in a hive that is exposed to the sun. During midday, when the temperature of the atmosphere is high, work within the hive, such as comb-building, must be suspended, as the heat is then too great for comfort, especially as the bodies of the little workers also give off considerable warmth.

To Destroy Plant Lice.

Soapsuds will destroy plant lice if used around trees and vines, especially the aphides that work on the roots. The suds may be sprayed on the leaves as well as thrown on the ground. Whale oil soapsuds are used to destroy scale, and if a little crude carbolic acid is added to the suds it will be all the better. For asparagus and celery soapsuds are excellent, and when thrown on the manure heap they assist in preventing the loss of ammonia. If soapsuds are to be thrown away it will be an advantage to throw them where they will prove beneficial.

All-Year-Round Farming.

Lewis C. Duncan, of Westville, N. Y., is what might be termed "a year 'round farmer." He has twenty acres under continual tillage, with most gratifying results. The farmhand problem and late frosts do not bother him, as all of his winter work is done under cover. Just now an acre of spinach is producing a shelving load a day. Other houses are set with radishes, beets and lettuce, and from one to four wagon loads of produce are sent to market daily.

The average farmer's work generally ends when frosts come, but Duncan says the time will come when farmers will adopt modern methods and people will have fresh vegetables every day in the year.

Feeding Horses Not at Work.

Horses at hard work, for instance, require a very different ration from horses which are not working at all or young and growing colts. The same is true of all other classes of stock. The nutritive ratios would be worked out, averaged up and the average amount of protein fed would be considered the amount of protein necessary for a maintenance ration for a horse at rest; the same of the carbohydrates and the fat. The nutritive ratios would be worked out, averaged up and ascertained in the same manner. Thus the amount of dry matter, protein, carbohydrates, fat and nutritive ratio are obtained. The same method has been used in determining the rations best suited to the needs of all animals for each specific purpose.

Steer-Feeding Experiments.

Bulletin No. 132, issued by the Kansas State Agricultural College experiment station, Manhattan, is a detailed account of an experiment in steer feeding at the Fort Hays branch station. Sixty-four head in eight lots were used. The experiment included a comparison of the roughages, alfalfa hay, Kafir corn hay, and sorghum hay, and a mixture of these; comparison of the grains, corn-and-cob meal, Kaffir corn, wheat, and a mixture, and a comparison of different proportions of protein. In general, the results showed the very great advantage of the use of alfalfa hay and of the balanced ration. The bulletin may be obtained free by addressing the station as above.

Squash Bugs.

Regarding the squash bug, it never lays its eggs on the stem, unless by accident, but on the under side of the leaves. The eggs are of a dark chestnut color, globular in shape, and exist in clusters. They may be found by turning up the leaves, when the eggs may then be crushed. Another insect deposits its eggs on the stem; this is the borer. The larvae, as soon as hatched, eat into the stem, and are then difficult to dislodge. In connection with the above it is not out of place to state that one of the most effectual remedies against enemies of the squash vines is a solution of saltpeter, which is prepared by dissolving a teaspoonful of saltpeter in a quart of water and then sprinkling over plant, though sawdust, saturated with turpentine, is also used on the ground around each plant with success.

Balky Horses.

We have never had a great deal to do with balky horses. There are a great many ways that a balky horse may be started, and some of them seem very unpractical, but are successful. For instance, we have known people who have started a balky horse by putting gravel in the ear, but we think that a little too cruel, writes J. Crotch of Lafayette in the Rural New Yorker. One of the best remedies that the writer has ever seen used, which was successful was to take a strong piece of lath or piece of board and get slightly to the front and still close enough to the horse that he could hit the horse smartly but not too hard on the knee cap. This would cause the horse to commence to rear slightly, and at the same time to go forward, and if kept up for a short time usually breaks a horse of the habit. In a young horse, it may be whipped out of him, but if the horse is seven or eight years old or over, it is a hard matter to break it, and sometimes impossible.

Chemicals on Old Pastures.

A series of very interesting experiments in pasture renovation have been carried on in England for the past eight years, and the general results are worth repeating because they agree in a general way with experiments in this country. The experiments were in the line of bringing up the quantity and quality of pasture by topdressing with chemicals. On a light soil potash produced but little effect. On heavy soils phosphate fertilizers were most profitable. The topdressing was not profitable for the first three years, but after that period lime proved profitable, and potash was also profitable the last two years. Nitrogen fertilizers proved of little use. The great advantage of the phosphate fertilizers and lime was to promote the growth of various kinds of clover, which resulted in improvement of the soil and the stand of various grasses. Fertilizers containing both phosphates and lime proved very effective, especially on heavy soils, which generally contain enough potash to last a number of years, but were deficient in lime and phosphoric acid.—American Cultivator.

Cement Floors for Poultry Houses.

In the building of new poultry houses the question of suitable floors is always an interesting one, and it must be admitted that the floor depends much on the nature of the soil and the climate. That is, in a moderate climate with the natural soil of a decidedly sandy nature, we would not hesitate to depend upon the earthen floor covered with more or less gravel provided it was enough higher than the surface of the surrounding soil to prevent any surface water running in the house, and also that it be kept well covered with straw or chaff, particularly in cold weather. The floor of boards is not objectionable provided this, too, is arranged so that it will not get damp and so that it is covered with straw. The cement floor has many things in its favor, provided it is properly laid, but here is just where the trouble is. A cement floor laid so that it is damp most of the time is worse than a damp board or earthen floor simply because it will not dry out as quickly. If properly laid it will probably be satisfactory, but under ordinary conditions we would prefer either the board floor or earthen floor with the average poultry keeper.—Indianapolis News.

Grinding Feed.

All good farmers recognize the value of ground feed as part of the ration and a great many are equipped to produce it on the farm. It is as senseless to carry grain to mill and back again as to haul grain to the elevator to have it threshed, then haul the straw home again. However, a great many will have ground feed even if they have to haul the grain both ways.

But why haul it at all? There are all sizes of feed grinders made and for all kinds of power, from a windmill to a traction engine. With your own grinders you can make what you want and in the right proportions to suit. That cannot be said when you patronize some feed mills. The miller grinds so coarse that the oats are not all cracked, to say nothing of knowing that you get back your own grain or in the amount you took. Who can tell if light oats have been substituted for heavy or spoiled corn for sound? Frauds in feed are as common as any other kind of steal. The man who has his own grinder is master of the situation.

Any ingenious man can rig up an attachment so he can run a little grinder with the common windmill, or attach it to the gasoline engine that runs the separator, etc., or put the bull on the tread power and make him grind feed.

Whole grain goes through horses and cattle and much is lost unless one permits hogs to follow, which can not always be done, especially with the work horses. Why feed your oats to English sparrows through the horses? Grind the feed.—Successful Farming.