PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WE NEED INTELLECTUAL ATHLETES.

By Prof. Woodrow Wilson.

I rejoice to see manual training recognized as part of the liberal education. No one can doubt that it has played a large part in placing this country in its present position. And America cannot afford to overemphasize any one feature of its education. It cannot attain its industrial supremacy unless its lads are taught skill in handicraft as well as in letters. Americans must not have the narrowness, the provincialism, of being able to do only one thing. They must be able to turn their hands to anything that comes into their natural workshops.

There is a lot of nonsensical talk about education. People too often ask of some branch of education: "Is it practical? Can it be used in business?" All education is practical. You want your boys to go into the gymnasium to build up their muscles, but you don't ask them if they intend to do the double trapeze with their business partners in their offices. What we need are schools where there is a complete system and no muscle of body or mind is laid idle at the expense of another.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

By Andrew Carnegie.

These questions are always before us: "Is man retrograding or advancing? Is he becoming purer, nobler. Is he devoting more and more of his time and means for the benefit of his fellows and thinking less and less of himself? Is the idea of brotherhood increasing—the knowledge that we are all members of one great family, only playing with somewhat different toys?"

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

What a man was by birth used to be the ruling consideration and is so in some countries yet, but is constantly growing less important. Wherever our tongue is spoken it is rapidly vanishing. It was displaced for another test—what a man owned, and the millionaire was ennobled, for the rule of those that stood upon birth, the first test, has always been that enormous wealth should be drawn into their ranks. This alliance of birth and wealth is being displaced in our day by what a man knows, a fit successor in the march of progress, and an infinitely higher and juster standard than birth, rank or wealth.

It is not, however, that a man knows that is to be the final step; in the future the question is neither to be how a man was born, how great his wealth nor even what he knows, but how he serves his fellow men. Here is the true, the final, aristocracy which never can be displaced—not what he does for himself, but what he does for others.

MISGUIDED MOTHER-LOVE.

By Dorothy Dix.

We talk about the unselfishness of mother-love. In reality it is the most selfish thing on earth. No mother ever stops to consider other people's rights where her children are concerned. There is probably no mother alive who doesn't think that it is an actual treat to you to hear her baby squall with the colic, or her little Johnny shriek up and down the hall like a young Comanche. In making everything and everybody give way to their children women are not consciously trespassing on other people's rights. They are simply so besotted with affection that they cannot imagine any one not enjoying being trampled upon by their dear little Dickey.

Uncomfortable as this misguided mother-love makes the world for those of us who are forced to become unwilling and struggling victims to our friends' children, the chief curse descends upon the child himself. He has been taught to be greedy, overbearing, selfish, and that he occupies the center of the stage, and it takes many a hard knock from experience to teach him what a very insignificant pebble he is on the beach.

More than that, it is a hard saying, but worthy of all acceptance, that misguided mother-love is at the bottom of most of the failures. A woman's idea of love is softness and ease. Her conception of the law to prepare her children for the stern battle of life is to protect them from any hardships as long as she can, which is as sensible as it would be to train a prize fighter by having him loll around on silk cushions and eat chocolate creams. A mother washes and scrubs and cooks that her daughters may keep their hands soft and white, and she takes in boarders that her sons may play on football teams in colleges instead of doing some sort of honest work, and the net results are the trifling, useless women and the dissipated young men that cover the earth.

COWS WEAR GLASSES.

Remarkable Heard of Myopic Milkers Owned in Arkansas.

If one were inclined to make a pun he would say that the cattle owned by George Hepro and kept by him on his farm near here are "spectacled." It would be true of them in one sense of the word, and to a certain extent, in both senses, says a Big Sandy (Ark.) dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.

About twelve years ago Mr. Hepro was the owner of a prize cow named Arrydice, the best milch cow in this part of the country—so excellent an animal that he was offered $1,100 for her by the state agricultural college. He would not sell her, even at this high price, but not so long after he had refused the offer he was sorry that he had not done so, for the animal became troubled with a bad case of short sightedness and feeble vision. She could not see things well, even when they were within two inches of her nose, and nearly starved to death in the pasture before it was discovered that she could not see the grass well enough to eat it.

Mr. Hepro's son, Montmorencie, is an oculist in Little Rock, and, happening to be home on a visit at the time the cow's difficulty was realized, he suggested that he could make a pair of spectacles for her that would enable her to see as well as ever. He was given the commission, with a promise of $100 if they worked, and in a very short time he had fitted the high-priced bossy out with an excellent pair of bifocals that enabled her to graze and eat as well as ever with her head down and to see distant objects as clearly and distinctly as in the palmy days when her head was lifted. She became as valuable as ever, and the college renewed its offer, which was again refused by the farmer. It soon developed, however, that the peculiarity of shortsightedness and feeble vision was hereditary in her descendants to the second and third generations, and inasmuch as her remarkable milking qualities were hereditary also, Mr. Hepro could not think of changing the herd. He held onto it, and, while adding to his bank account by means of the astonishing flow of milk that characterized all of the Arrydice strain, he continued to remedy their inherent visual defects by the use of the same kind of glasses that the noted ancestress of the herd always wore.

These aids to the vision had to be placed on the calves at an early age and changed, both as to size and degree of refractive power, as the animals grew older, which latter change has also to be made occasionally even after the animals have reached maturity.

He now has a herd of 23 of the wonderful myopic milkers, and it is a strange sight to see them roaming over his extensive pastures, all fitted out with large, strong, shining and expensive bifocal glasses—old cows, calves and all—as solemn and serious looking in appearance as an assemblage of Boston schoolmarms.

Mr. Hepro claims that the wearing of the glasses has a sobering effect on the animals, which is perfectly apparent even in the young ones, and that they never frisk about and play as other calves do. The cattle are very fond of wearing the glasses and are very careful, scarcely ever breaking them.

VETERAN TICKET PUNCHER.

Conductor Who Believes He Holds the World's Record.

Because he has seen 58 years of continuous service with one railroad company, during 50 of which he has been a passenger conductor, Albert Roath,

of Worcester, Mass. believes he holds a world's record. Though over 78 years old Roath is a marvel of sprightliness and goes about his daily duty with the same enthusiasm as he did when he was first promoted to his present position.

During that time he has traveled over 2,500,000 miles, or upwards of 100 times around the world, measuring at the equator. The number of passengers whom he has piloted over the road must be well over the million mark. The veteran conductor served for eight years as a switchman, brakeman and baggageman, and the remaining half century as a passenger conductor.

Pardon for an Old Crime.

France has just pardoned a criminal who enjoyed a moment of notoriety thirty-nine years ago, but who has since been practically forgotten. He is Berczowsky, who in 1867 fired a pistol at the Czar, Alexander II., as he was reviewing the French troops in the Bois de Boulogne.

The shot missed the Emperor. It struck a woman among the spectators, but she was only slightly wounded. The would-be assassin was a Polish workingman. He was sentenced to deportation and life imprisonment and was shipped to New Caledonia in short order. He was really insane. The fact was recognized by the jailers. He has grown worse as the years passed. His delusions took the form of inventions, one of which was a perpetual motion machine, and he used to try to bargain with the governor of the penal colony for freedom in exchange for the secret.

For some years he has enjoyed relative freedom on the island. On reaching his 70th year he was allowed to live in a little cottage outside the prison and to dispose of his own time. The government still provided for his support and he amused himself cultivating mechanical projects. Lately his case was taken up by the Humanitarian League and his complete pardon was the result. The Parisian papers speak of it as a doubtful mercy. It is hard to see what shelter he can find in France now except in an insane asylum.

There is something missing out of the children's lives if there isn't a vacant lot next door.

The avenue of escape is a popular thoroughfare.

HAIL TO OUR COUNTRY.

Across the land from strand to strand
Loud ring the bugle notes,
And freedom's smile, from isle to isle,
Like freedom's banner floats.

One song—the nations hail the notes
From sounding sea to sea,
And answer from their thrilling throats
The song of liberty!

They answer and an echo comes
From chained and troubled isles,
And roars like ocean's thunder drums
Where glad Columbia smiles.

Hail to our country! Strong she stands,
Nor fears the war drum's beat;
The sword of freedom in her hands,
The tyrant at her feet.
—Frank L. Stanton.

WHEN HE GOT HOME

The lately acquired suit case actually belonging to Parkin Jones was lying on its glossy, bright, yellow side, just as it had been dropped, with the more familiar scuffed family valise, between the dining table and the wall, in defiance of all rules of order. Parkin Jones' new derby hat reposed on the table-cloth. Parkin Jones himself was pinned in the faded morris chair with the comfortably broken springs by young Parkin and Lauretta, who were crumpling all shape out of his smart new suit. Baby Jones was gnawing at the extended toe of his patent leather shoe, unheeded by his fond mother, who, flushed with the glow of the recklessly flaring gas log, sat at Jones's feet with one plump hand on an unoccupied part of his knee.

"You looked so grand coming along we hardly knew you," said Mrs. Jones, with a loving little pat on the burdened knee.

Jones smiled complacently. "Pretty swell guy, ain't I?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Quit it, you squeezicks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder."

"It's the blacking," explained young Jones. "It's got sweet in it. I tasted it."

"I knowded you, papa," said Lauretta, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowded you dess ye moment I saw you."

"Did you, sweetness?" asked Jones, hugging her. "Well, tell me what's been happening, mother."

"There's three new pupples over at——" began the boy.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. "Let your father talk. My! nobody can get a word in edgeways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything."

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones. "Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" as the shouted reply.

"Very well, then," said Jones. "I started last Monday week, went away, away off to Pittsburg, and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the pupples son."

"There's three of them——"

"Des as cute!" added Lauretta.

"Children!" said Mrs. Jones. "Wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificant father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions."

Jones pinched her cheek.

"Tell me, dear, did everything go all right?"

"Smooth as velvet," replied Jones. "There wasn't any work to it—hardly. It was just as a pleasure jaunt—regular junket the whole time. Private car going down."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"That's what I'm telling you. Why what did you think? Do you suppose that the great and only Burmerly was going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not. I hardly think he would have requested Parkin Jones, esquire, to give him the pleasure of his company if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which the Honorable Parkin Jones has been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke, and Mrs. Jones joined in heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.

"Private car," resumed Jones; "private cook, private porter and Burmerly's own private valiay."

"Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones, rather anxiously.

"The valiay? Well, yes, considering his position. He unbended quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Burmerly."

"Treated me like a prince. I hadn't any idea he could be so nice. He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dare-to-presume way he's got. Once or twice he was almost jolly. Yes, it was 'anything you want, touch the button, and the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game, fish, steaks three inches thick and—say! I never knew there were such steaks. And I ate right with his imperial nibs."

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones, with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a handout on the rear platform," said Jones, jocularly. "And I met all manner of magnates."

"I'm so glad you got that suit," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"It did happen pretty well, didn't it? Made me feel good, too. Two hours to get ready wasn't much notice, eh?"

"I should think not. Then you think he liked——"

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do, take it all round; but once or twice I had to bustle. The old gentleman's a fiend for setting a pace, but when we got through he gave quite a successful imitation of a smile. 'We cleaned that up in pretty good shape,' he says. 'Jones, how long have you been with us?' And when I told him he says, 'Hah!' and looked thoughtful. Another time he said: 'I don't seem to miss Ridgely at all.'"

"Really?"

"Honest. And when we met Gibbuns at Hookerburg, he introduced me as if I had been an old friend of his

"DID EVERYTHING GO ALL RIGHT?"

and began to talk business right away. Gibbuns raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me and Burmerly and said, 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see I'm Burmerly's confidential man."

"You ought to have said, 'Yes, I'm paid well to be trusted—$25 a week.'"

"I know that's what I should have said,' said Jones, smiling. "But I have a foolish streak once in a while. I just kept my head closed. But I have what is known as a hunch."

"Papa," said Jones, junior, "those puppies——"

"Parkin!" said his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbuns mansion palace in Clydale—automobiled out there, and if you had seen my room! Such a magnificence! Rugs so thick and soft it was like walking on I don't know what. Furniture! Gorgeous bathroom with silver faucets and pier glasses. Servants and flunkies and table cloths with lace edges and china that scared me to death. Man came up to know if he could help me dress. Oh, maybe I wasn't treated well! I saw Ridgely's wife. Style!"

"What did she wear?" asked Mrs. Jones, looking down at her own bargain silk waist.

"Don't ask me," replied Jones.

"Suppose some day we had all those things," mused Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Burmerly has taken such a fancy to you he'll give you something better now, and then—— What a beautiful time you must have had!"

"The darndest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life," said Jones. "Here, I want my old coat and slippers—my old slippers. Get off me, you scaramouches. Mother, what have you got the cloth laid for? You don't mean to say you are going to feed me! What's for supper?"

"I suppose after all the lovely things you've been——"

"What's for supper?" reiterated Jones, embracing her.

"It's—it's Irish stew," faltered Mrs. Jones.

Jones took his hat from the table, threw it in the air and dexterously caught it. "Hooray!" he cried. "I thought of it, but I hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my legs alone. Let's all go out to the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew!"—Chicago Daily News.

AN INDIAN MOSES.

Creek Chief Would Lead His Followers to Settle Mexico.

Chitto Harjo, better known as Crazy Snake, a full-blooded Creek Indian, is planning to become the Moses of his people. All his life he has been fighting the government in a vain endeavor to prevent the absorption of his home and the lands of his people by the whites and now old and broken in spirit he sees the uselessness of the struggle and would flee from the long-dreaded inevitable. For five years he has been the leader of the more discontented and resentful Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes. Now he is trying to dispose of all the land in the Creek nation that is held by his followers and lead them to Mexico to colonize there. There he believes they can lead a natural primitive life undisturbed by the white man. Crazy Snake is 70 years old, so that the task before him, even if neither the United States nor Mexico interposed objection, would be an arduous one.

CRAZY SNAKE.

Historic Ship House Sold.

The historic Ship house and a part of the Johnson homestead on Germantown avenue north of Washington lane have been sold to James J. Allen, a builder. Workmen will start to raze the once famous hostelry, which has stood for more than a century. Mr. Allen will preserve the old stone carving of a ship which was built in the gable end of the house and gave the place its name. This will be presented to one of the historical societies.

These properties bear marks of bullets fired during the revolutionary war, the battle of Germantown having been fought there. The Johnson homestead has been in the family possession since the time of William Penn, from whom they hold the original grant. The Ship house has seen many changes of ownership. One of the earliest owners was Captain Darlen, an old skipper, who placed the carving of the ship in position. When Captain Darlen died the heirs sold the place to Jacob Peters, who conducted a line of stage coaches and made this a stopping place. When Peters died the place was sold to Jas. Ford, who opened a private school there. He died and the heirs contemplated selling it for use as an insane asylum. The Bockius family owned the adjoining property and objected, so were compelled to buy the place. It was again turned into a hotel and remained so until the elder Bockius was killed by a horse about sixty years ago.

Mr. Allen will build sixty-eight houses on the site.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Roller Skates Are Old.

It is generally believed that roller skates are a recent invention. They are not; for more than 130 years ago many attempts were made to ignore King Frost and skate on boards.

The first attempt of this kind was by Joseph Merlin, a native of Huy, Belgium. He went to England with the Spanish ambassador in 1760. He was a maker of musical instruments and had, among other novelties, a pair of skates that ran on wheels. A story is told of Merlin, that at one time he put on these skates, took a violin and attended a masquerade. The skates, which were not made to turn and had no contrivances by which they could be stopped, got contrary during the evening and run him through a mirror costing $100. In addition to smashing the mirror, his violin, a valuable one, was splintered and Merlin himself was badly wounded and bruised.

In 1819 roller skates were brought to the attention of the public through the patent office. This was the time when M. Pettibled patented a skate, fitted with thin copper wheels, which, however, persistently refused to turn corners. From here it went through various improvements and modifications until the roller skate, such as the boys and girls of 1906 enjoy, was produced.

Occasionally a man puts his best foot forward for the purpose of registering a kick.

Children's Corner

THE SEED AND THE FLOWER.

The North Wind and the sweet South Wind,
And all the winds in town,
Came once to see a little seed,
Clad in a garment brown.
The North Wind brought a fleece of snow,
It felt so soft and warm
The little seed would not get up,
And face the cold and storm.

"Ho!" cried the East Wind. "Lazy folks
Must try the water-cure,"
And then he dashed upon her bed
Some rain-drops bright and pure.
Such conduct vexed the little seed.
She tried so hard to frown,
That in her indignation great
She tore her russet gown!

But Nature only smiled and said,
"Here is a dress of green,
It is your best, though, so take care
And keep it nice and clean."
"Come out!" cried merry, strong West Wind,
"I bring a playmate bright."
And so she peeped about the ground
And saw the fair Sunlight!

The South Wind gave obeisance mild.
"Would you not like to dance?
My Zephyrs play a sprightly waltz
They learned in pleasant France."
And then, ask not the why and how,
I know not to this hour,
By all these gifts and changes strange,
The seed became—a flower!
—E. M. Ford, in Youth's Companion.

THE STAR WINDOW.

Andrea and Fay were next-door neighbors and test friends. Andrea lived in a square white house very much like other people's houses but Fay's house was an old-fashioned, octagon structure. All the rooms were round, and delightful little curving stairways were found in all sorts of unexpected places. From Fay's dainty blue sleeping-room a tiny flight led up to the "den," a small room filled with many beautiful and curious things from far-away lands, belonging to Uncle Kent, who was away from home on a second voyage round the world.

In this room there was a window shaped like a star; and near it hung an electric light bulb, in which, by pressing one or another of a row of buttons, the color of the light could be changed. This was simply an electrical experiment of Uncle Kent's, but very mysterious and fascinating to the children.

One day Fay had a beautiful idea, and her eyes sparkled and danced as she told it to Andrea.

"Every night at bedtime," said she, "I will turn on the ruby light, and it will shine through the star window, across the garden, into your chamber window, and it will mean 'Good night! Sweet dreams!'"

"How lovely!" cried Andrea. "Fay Meredyth, how ever, ever did you think of it?"

"Oh, I heard Brother Harry telling about a man in a story-book who used colored lights to send orders to his servants," replied Fay, "and I thought how nice it would be to use the ruby light to say 'Goog night.'"

"It will be just splendid," said Andrea, "and when you want to see me right off, for something very special and important that can't wait till morning, turn on the violet light, and that will mean, 'Come over.'"

"All right," said Fay, and soon they had arranged messages for the other colors.

"If we should ever have a quarrel," said Fay, slowly, "the blue light could mean, 'I am sorry.'"

"But we never could!" cried Andrea, in dismay.

So every night the ruby light shone in the star window, and Andrea knew that it was Fay's good-night message. And sometimes in the early evening the violet light would call urgently, "Come over, come over!"

And then one dreadful, never-to-be forgotten day the two dear little best friends quarreled. Neither knew exactly how it happened, or what really was the cause, but Andrea went sorrowfully home, and for the first time in many weeks Fay sent no good-night message.

For two nights the star window was dark, but on the third Andrea woke late in the evening to find a light shining in her face. Could it be a message from Fay? She sprang up eagerly. Yes, a light was shining in the star window—the violet light, most urgent signal of all. Andrea put on her shoes and stockings and seized a shawl.

"Come over! come over!" signalled the imperious violet light.

Andrea took a blue hyacinth from among her window plants, and slipped noiselessly down the stairs and out of the house. She ran swiftly down the shadowy garden and across the Meredyths' lawn. The door in the western porch was open, and she ran happily in, and up the queer, winding stairway, through Fay's room and up to the den, where the violet light was still shining brightly. But in the doorway she came to a sudden stop, and her lips began to quiver with disappointment and fright, for the room was full of strangers, and Fay was nowhere to be seen.

Then some one saw the little figure in the white night-dress and trailing scarlet shawl, with the blue hyacinth clasped tightly in her arms, and in a moment the whole Geology Club was crowding round her.

"Why, it is little Andrea Wayne!" cried Fay's mother. "Tell me how you came here, darling."

"I thought Fay called me," sobbed Andrea.

"But Fay has gone to her grandmother's to stay until tomorrow night," said Mrs. Meredyth. "How could you think she called you, dear?"

"It was the violet light. It said, 'Come over,'" whispered Andrea.

"You have been dreaming little lady," said Mr. Meredyth. "Now say farewell to the Geology Club, and I will carry you home."

Andrea handed the blue hyacinth to Mrs. Meredyth. "Please give it to Fay," said she, "and tell her it means the same as the blue light."

"Now I know she has been dreaming," laughed Mr. Meredyth, as he carried her down the stairs.

All the next day Andrea waited patiently, wondering if Fay would understand the message of the blue flower. Just after she had gone to bed a light flashed in the star window. Andrea ran to her window in great excitement.

The blue light—the dear blue light was shining brightly. "I am sorry! I am sorry!" it semed to say.

Andrea laughed happily.

Then the light changed. "Love—love—love," said the white light.

"Oh, the dear, beautiful star window!" cried Andrea.

"Good night! Sweet dreams!" said the ruby light.—Youth's Companion.

THE TRADE RAT.

One of the oddest little animals in existence is the California wood rat, better known as the "trade rat." It owes the latter name, says the Strand Magazine, to the fact that, tho it is a great thief, it never steals anything without putting something else in its place.

The story is told of a paste pot which had been left overnight in the assay office at the Silver Queen Mine, and which was found in the morning filled with the oddest collection of rubbish.

This was the work of trade rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a piece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire, and an unbroken glass funnel.

The object of the trade rat in so scrupulously paying for what he takes is something of a mystery, but these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they collect.

A description is given of a trade rat's nest found in an unoccupied house. The outside was composed entirely of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry, with the points outward. Interlaced with the spikes were about two dozen forks and spoons and three large butcher knives.

There were also a large carving fork, knife and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenter tools, including several augers, and a watch, of which the outside casing, the glass and the works were distributed separately so as to make the best show possible. Altogether the oddest collection! None of these things was of any earthly use to the rats. They must have collected them just in the same way that a child hoards up odds and ends to play with.

ACROBATIC CORKS.

Save up all of the small corks you can find, and when you want a real good laugh take your acrobatic corks into the bathroom, after you have fixed them, and see how funny they yill cut up. Miss Anna Wulf Davis, in The Ladies' Home Journal, gives these directions:

Take half a dozen small corks five-eighths of an inch long. (Those longer than three-fourths of an inch can not be used to advantage.) Into the edge of the small end of the cork stick two large-headed carpet tacks, and they will look like "Brownie" legs and feet; near the upper edge of the cork stick two short brass pins for arms, having them on a line with the carpet-tack legs. Into the center of the top stick a large-headed brass upholstery tack, letting it project well, for the neck and head.

Now half fill your bathtub with water; throw in the corks, and if your tacks and pins are properly placed they will balance perfectly. The current created by the water, which must be kept running in a moderate stream, will cause the corks to sail around the tub until they arrive under the stream of water, and then you will learn why I call them acrobatic corks. If the tub is of large size a whole dozen of corks will create more sport than half that number.

THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME.

It was formerly the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Tim Moorehead breathlessly sought the teacher, exclaiming:

"Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?"

"Indeed I do, Tim," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat that I like better than pork."

Some time passed, and there was no pork from Tim's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon teacher took the boy aside and asked:

"How about that pork, Tim, that your father promised me?"

"Oh," answered Tim, "the pig got well."—Harper's Weekly.

CONUNDRUMS.

How many ships make one drinking vessel? Eight anchored (a tankard).

What is that, if you take away its eye, only leaves its nose? The word no(i)se.

Why does a baby boy always get a hearty welcome in a family? Because it never comes a-miss.

Why is it impossible to catch a theif who has stolen a complete set of harness? Because there is not a trace left.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

Why should a man in crossing the Sahara Desert carry with him a watch? Because it has a spring in it.

When are soldiers and carpenters alike? When drilling.—Philadelphia Record.

Eloquence and Success.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., the editor of the New York Christian Advocate, has said that the best lecture which he ever heard on the subject of success in life was delivered by a man who was an absolute failure in everything he undertook—except that lecture. The lecture was a great success, but the lecturer who delivered the lecture was a failure in everything he ever undertook. He failed in the ministry. He failed to bring up his children properly. He failed to keep out of debt. He failed everywhere and in everything except the lecture on "How to Succeed"—that was a tremendous success. It always drew full houses and its author was always sure of an invitation to return and repeat his wonderful discourse.

It is vastly easier to tell others how to succeed than it is to achieve success for yourself.—Young Men's Magazine.

Farm and Garden

If possible, select your brood sows when the pigs are 5 or 6 months old.

Sunshine, crude carbolic acid and air-slaked lime will keep the hogpens sweet.

Fowls that get a little charcoal and a few sunflower seeds once or twice a week will have red combs and bright plumage.

You cannot make a low-headed horse look toppy and stylish by reining with a tight rein, nor improve the style of a lofty-headed fellow's appearance.

Heaves, frequent coughing and difficulty in breathing in horses, can nearly always be traced to feeding dry, dusty hay. Dampen all hay now before feeding.

It is about time for some faker to bob up with some new variety of alfalfa with wonderful qualities. A variety that will do well anywhere and live on anything.

It is estimated that an active man and active boy can attend to fifteen cows. These on fifty acres of land near a good town ought to make for him a good living.

A dozen good fowls will furnish more eggs than the average family requires, and will leave a surplus for pin money. Think what it costs to buy absolutely fresh eggs all the year round!

The advertiser of a breed not only lays the foundation for a paying business for himself, but helps boom his breed and his association, and thereby indirectly benefits his brother breeder.

When a farmer sells a horse he must give a guarantee. When the same farmer buys nursery stock he has to wait until the trees come into bearing to see whether he has what he bought.

The woman with a gasoline stove and the farmer with a gasoline engine have all of a sudden discovered that the demand for gasoline by automobiles has caused it to slide up a notch or two in price.

A thorough farmer can get more out of the scrub than a scrub farmer can. As a rule that kind of a farmer does not keep the scrub any longer than he can help. A scrub farmer will soon make a scrub out of a pure-bred animal.

Hogs shipped into the stock yards show the result of too much inbreeding by careless farmers, who reason that it does not pay to get a new boar each year while they have one which will breed, and they lose enough in a litter or two to pay for a new sire.

Breeding at random and repenting at leisure has run its course—at least it should have by this time. It is now in order that less time and money be spent on this, or that or the other breed and more attention be paid to the individual animal.

A camel can easily carry a weight of one thousand pounds on its back, about four times as much as a horse can carry. The camel begins work at the age of 4 and is useful for half a century; the horse, as a rule, is nearly played out at the age of 15.

Mowing down strawberry tops just after fruit has been gathered is practiced on many rich soils to cause the plants to stool out more vigorously and a retard runners. This is sometimes followed by a thin dirt covering to further encourage stooling.

An exchange remarks that "what is known in the market as chamois skin is really oil-tanned sheep skin linings. The supply of real chamois is very limited, and all there is in the world would not supply the United States for a single day." Another decided score for the sheep!

The free seed delivery has done some good in the world after all. The agricultural department at Washington brought us sorghum from China, and kafir corn has been given the semi-arid country of the Southwest. Macaroni wheat has been brought from Russia, and Japanese rice from Japan.

Now come the news that food adulteration is practiced in Germany just as extensively as in this country. That is awful after that country refusing our pork products. It is presumed that Germany wants to do its own adulterating. The number of prosecutions for adulterating food in Germany have increased from 1,400 to 6,000 in 1903. Who'd thought it?

More money may be made from orchards on thin land when the trees are set close, twenty to twenty-five feet apart, than when only half that many are set. The trees shade the ground better, and heat and drought will not do as much damage as when the greater part of the ground is exposed to the sun to burn up the humus and dry the moisture out of the soil.

When snow is on the ground, rabbits have a hard time securing food, and will eat anything that will prevent starvation. It is then they girdle trees and do damage which is not within the power of the farmer to repair. Smearing the trunk with blood or wrapping the trees with tarred paper or mosquito netting two feet from the ground serves as a protection.

For twenty years the Ohio Experiment Station produced an average of forty bushels of wheat in a three-year rotation consisting of potatoes, wheat and clover. On another farm a rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy was carried on with a yield of twenty-eight and one-half bushels of wheat per acre. With proper market privileges for a series of years a clover, potatoes and wheat rotation will be hard to beat.

If a garden is manured heavily and not kept in growing crops all through the growing season the fertility will leach away into the subsoil, where it will be out of the reach of surface-feeding crops. If kept growing something all through the summer it will not leach and it will be all the better for the soil. If allowed to leach it will be better to change the spot occasionally and put the old garden spot to clover to bring up the fertility again.

According to the National Stockman, the demand for pork this year has astonished even the most sanguine friends of the hog. Both fresh and cured meats have been taken in large volume right along at prices which were so high that they were expected to check consumption. There are three reasons why this condition has existed and still exists. First is the prosperity of the South, a large consumer of cured meats. The southern trade was never larger than it is to-day. Next is the growing foreign trade, which, like our own, seems to proceed regardless of prices; and, finally, the people of this country have learned to eat bacon.

Ask a cattle feeder in the corn belt how he is coming out with his steers, and he will say that if his steers don't make him any profit his hogs will let him out. So often does this happen that the hog has come to be an important factor to reckon with in all cattle-feeding operations. Indeed, if it were not for the grunters, the business of cattle feeding might be a precarious one. There is a sad lack of profits, as a general thing, in handling hogs, just because there is a sorry lack of managment somewhere. The essentials are the countless little things which no one can teach another, and these have more to do with it than general rules. The blood, the care, the warm shelter, the proper food are all on the list, but only the practical man learns those which are not written.

To Get Rid of Cockleburs.

A correspondent of a farm paper says:

Cockleburs can only be exterminated by pulling up the last one of them in a field for two years running. The necessity for the two-year treatment is accounted for from the fact that every cocklebur, according to our correspondent, contains two seeds, one of which will grow the first year and the other one the second. By planting corn for two years running, and taking great care not to leave a single plant in the field, it is claimed they can be exterminated.

Producing Denatured Alcohol.

"If a farmer or other person desires to go into the business of manufacturing denatured alcohol, at a plant however small," says Internal Revenue Commissioner Yerkes, "he will be required to construct his plant in the manner prescribed by the general laws and regulations. He will be required to give a bond, the effect of which is to prevent him from defrauding the government of the tax on any distilled spirits produced by him. He will be required to establish a distillery warehouse; to deposit the spirits produced by him in this warehouse; to establish a denaturing bonded warehouse, and to tax pay or denature, just as he may wish, the alcohol produced by him. All of this will be done under governmental supervision, but the government pays for this supervision. The manufacture of alcohol does not bear one cent of it. There is no objection to a farmer manufacturing his alcohol in 'his back yard' provided he wants to establish a distillery there. If you will take the trouble to investigate you will find, in my opinion, that the laws and regulations relating to the manufacture of alcohol in Germany do not differ to any great extent from the laws and regulations in this country."

Horse Maintains His Position.

The horse is always about to be, but never is put out of business. On the appearance of every new agency of transportation the announcement is solemnly made that the horse, after passing through an era of decreasing prices, will cease and determine. It was so when railroads began to gain headway, when bicycles came into use, when the electric cars commenced to buzz along the highways, when the auto developed into something more than a curiosity, but yet here the horse is still with us, and more valuable than ever.

Statistics submitted to the House of Representatives, in connection with the agricultural appropriation bill, show that there has been a notable increase both in the number and value of horses in the United States in the last nine years. The aggregate of horses Jan. 1, 1906, stood at 18,718,578, against 14,367,667 at the corresponding date of 1897. Their total value increased from $452,649,396 in 1897 to $1,510,889,906.

This startling rate of increase in value is no more marked than that of mules, according to the same government authorities. There were 2,216,654 mules in 1897 and 3,104,061 in 1906, and the values were, respectively, $92,302,000 and $334,680,520.

Husking Corn.

The following expression of opinion is from one who has been watching the work of handling corn by machinery: Much of the work will be done by the power husker and shredder, but a number who had their corn husked in this manner last year are going to return to the old method as being cheaper and more satisfactory.

The shredder is the natural companion of the binder, and most of the corn cut by the latter will be shredded. There are, however, some binders in this vicinity that have stood still while their owners cut their corn by hand, they thinking it cheaper and fully as rapid and easy, where help for shocking could not be obtained. A neighbor of mine cut one field with a shocker, but could have cut it as quickly by hand, and went back to the binder for the next field. He will shred these shocks, and, I think, find them hard to handle, as they are so tightly compressed.

In husking by hand, it will be found convenient to have crates enough for one or two loads and scatter a load of them along the rows before husking, throwing the corn into them while husking. This will save picking up and shoveling off, and the hauling will be easier and more rapid.

Shredded fodder is all right if the stalks are thoroughly cured when shredded. If not, look out for spoiled fodder—and also corn, unless put in a narrow, well-ventilated crib.