

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CORPORATIONS STIMULATE ABILITY.

By George W. Perkins.
We have heard many warnings that because of the great corporation we have been robbing the oncoming generation of its opportunities. Nothing is more absurd. The larger the corporation, the more certain is the office boy to ultimately rise to some more place if he is made of the right stuff, if he keeps everlastingly at it, and if he is determined to become master of each position he accepts. In the earlier days the individual in business, as a rule, led his business to his children—the firm to its relations. Whether or not they were competent did not determine the succession. But the giant corporation cannot act in this way. Its management must have efficiency—above and beyond all else it must have the highest order of ability; and nothing has been more noticeable in the management of corporations in the last few years than that "influence," so called, as an element in selecting men for responsible posts, has been rapidly on the wane. Everything is giving way and must give way to the one supreme test of fitness.

A position carrying a salary so large as to represent the interest on a handsome fortune can be permanently filled only by a man of real ability, so that in case a man who is occupying such a position dies, it must, in turn, be filled with another man of the same order—while the fortune might be and most likely would be passed on regardless of the heir's ability. Therefore, the more positions of responsibility, of trust and of honor that carry large salaries, the more goals we have for young men whose equipment of life consists of integrity, health, ability and energy.

IS DEATH THE END OF LIFE?

By Camille Flammarion.
To be or not to be! Such is the great eternal question posed by the philosophers, the thinkers, the investigators of all times and of all beliefs. Is death an end or a transformation? Do there exist forces, testimonies of the survival of the living organism? Hitherto the subject has remained beyond the category of scientific observations. It is possible to approach it by the principles of the experimental method which humanity owes all the progress realized by science? Is the effort logical? Have we not here to deal with the arcana of an invisible world different from that which falls under our senses and impenetrable to our positive methods of investigation? Can we not try to learn if the facts, concerning the phenomena of the spirit, are susceptible of being analyzed scientifically and accepted as real by the severest critics? A certain number of facts can be due to hallucinations.

ONLY A WORKING GIRL.

She's only a working girl, busy each day in gaining her portion of bread. Her mother is old and infirm, so she says. Her father, they tell me, is dead. And there, at her window, I see her employed— I glance at her morning and night, And think that without her earth would be void Of much of its gold and light.

She's only a working girl, seeking to send A brother through college, I hear: May the angels her deeds of devotion befriend. And crown her endeavor with cheer. More strength in her hands and more warmth to her heart? May the clouds never darken her sun. And duty and beauty, in love's magic art, Forever be wedded as one.

She is only a working girl. Chance has decreed She must dwell with the lowly of earth; And yet she is rarer in thought and in deed. Than the queenliest princess of earth. And I would she might know that her beautiful life, Though shadowed with want and with care, Has been, in the midst of my toil and my strife, A hope and a song and a prayer. —Nixon Waterman.

His Overthrow

Dean always half-laughed, half-groined "Nothing do!" whenever the question of matrimony, as applied to him personally, came up. He declined to censure his friends when one by one they bowed their heads to the yoke, for he saw that a man in possession of a sane mind would lead to make an idiot of himself if he was his own business, and he had a perfect right to do so. He preserved a complacent though pitying aloofness, sent expensive wedding presents and sought out friends who could be depended on for an evening at the club without having yearning eyes turned upon their homes. He was always getting himself disliked for thoughtless promulgation of his theory among friends. Fluffy young creatures, with trusting eyes and marvellous pompadour, who previously had cast speculative approving glances at his blonde features, usually tilted their noses haughtily and abandoned him to his fate after he had launched forth his opinion of the galling bonds of matrimony.

Probably this was because each one desired to inscribe her calling card with the name of Mrs. Ernest Dean; still, it rather takes away from a flavor of the game to smelle upon a man who one knows never, by any possibility, will give on one, save in an impersonal and distant manner. Older and more experienced young women who suspected that he might be talking just for the sake of talking, finally concluded also that he really believed what he said, and so sought other fields to conquer.

So accustomed had Dean become to being eyed reproachfully, surprisedly, indignantly, that he experienced a distinct shock the evening he met Serena Hubert the second time. As he lazily watched the cigar smoke curling upward—it was after an informal dinner—he said apropos of some remark, "It served him right for getting married, anyhow!"

Serena merely continued to lean back languidly among the cushions of the divan and to smile agreeably. "It does, indeed," she murmured calmly. "I never can understand this idea that matrimony means happiness! People situated like you and like myself, for instance, are the only wise ones!"

Dean let his cigar slip from his paralyzed fingers, as he stared at her vivid face. "Do—do you really think that?" he said stammered.

but not all. When, for example, an apparition manifests in a costume unknown to the observer, and which the dead person neverthe wears, hallucination or auto-suggestion cannot explain it. When a dead person comes begging you to pay a debt of which you do not know the same explanation must be ruled out of court. A phantom that leads a person to the site of a crime cannot be placed under the category of hallucinations. These observations have not the rigor of mathematical demonstrations, nor of experiments in physics or chemistry. They have human elements more or less important, to be weighed and compared. But to declare that there is nothing there but imaginary sensations of diseased brains would evidently be an error.

NO REAL REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

By William M. Ivins.
Within the last few years we have seen grow up a condition distinctly peculiar to our country. Great corporations have seen fit to pervert the law by securing legislation for their own ends, without thought of the interests of the community as a whole. The result is that the State has ceased to represent the people and that legislators have ceased to represent the people. We have today in our Congress at Washington no real representatives. We have in our Legislature at Albany only a few men who really represent the four and a half millions of people of New York City. We have seen the passage of laws by corporation influence—laws passed only for those who see fit to take part in the speculation of purchasing legislation. There has been a complete reversal of power. Corporations have been trying to reap rewards and profits that do not belong to them. We have come to the point where we are on the eve of what would be, were we not the people that we are, a revolution. Instead, we will have an evolution worked out on lines which look to those things that concern the good of the entire republic.

WOMAN'S INTEREST EQUAL TO MAN'S.

By Julia Ward Howe.
The religion which makes me a moral agent equally with my father and brother gives me my right and title to the citizenship which I am here to assert. I ought to have equally with them its privileges and its duties. No man can have more at stake in the community than I have. Imposition of taxes, laws concerning public health, order and morality affect me precisely as they affect the male members of my family, and I am bound equally with them to look to the maintenance of a worthy and proper standard and status in all of these departments. With equal moral and mental capacity we now have education equal to that enjoyed by men. Where is the defect, where the deficiency, which bars our way to the full exercise of our social and political efficiency?

Serena laughed. "Of course, I do," she said. "It's all foolishness!" Dean stopped over and recovered his cigar. "Yes, of course," he murmured. "That's always been my theory."

"And you are quite right," Serena asserted. "I am glad to meet a man with enough sense and brains to recognize the fact and not be afraid to stand by his colors." She smiled at him sweetly, and Dean forgot what he said in observing the delicate contour of her face and how lovely her color was. Then he roused himself to say that, of course, he agreed with her and that he so enjoyed meeting with a sensible girl, who could be talked to without demanding a touch of the personal in the conversation. He said it was unusual.

"But then," Serena replied, "you are an unusual man, Mr. Dean." "Not in the least!" cried Dean, gratified, yet protesting. He sat, talking with Serena, till his hostess came and forcibly dragged him away. He lost his good humor till he got hold of a man who could take him to call on Serena, because he had to forget her in his absorption the evening of the dinner, to ask her if he might come. He took her in the theater and then he was asked to a chafing-dish supper.

Through it all Serena insisted on complimenting him on his well-known views against wife and home. She elaborated on the subject. She agreed with his remarks before she had then and if he did not make them she cleverly put them into his mouth and he spoke them hopelessly. He began to have a strange reluctance to hear them, for of a sudden he was tired of their iteration.

An awful fit of the blues descended on him and he was in a victim for a week. Each time he called on Serena in the hope of being cheered up by the society of a person so thoroughly in accord with his own views, he came away feeling worse. It was an awful thing to hear a fair young girl sit up and declare that she never should marry, but should devote her life to being free and happy.

"As if she could not be equally free and lots happier if she married!" Dean found himself muttering one evening as he left her. Serena was eminently fitted to make some home-ropes, he had thought. It was not right for a woman to desire so gayly the institutions of life.

Finally, one evening, when he was particularly down-hearted, he could restrain himself no longer. "Stop it," he told Serena. "I don't like to hear you say such things! Of course you'll marry somebody. I wish— I wish you was a show for me! Couldn't you—would you think of marrying me, Serena?" "Well," murmured Serena, "maybe I am foolish to have such views. I—I'll think about it." Ernest, though, of course, I am so surprised and startled.

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AS TO THE WOMAN.

"I'd hate to be a June bride this year," remarked the stenographer boarder, with a little sigh.

"Why?" inquired the dental student. "If the boy was all right and had the shekels coming in regular, why not June?"

"It didn't mean June, you see," said the young woman employed in the downtown cloak department, with friendly freedom. "She meant this year. Don't you know what year this is?"

"Oh-h-h!" said the dental student. "I catch on. Pardon me."

"What do you think of this asked of women proposing, Mr. Simms?" said the landlord, the old bachelor. "Do you think they ought to?"

"Nobody would be safe if they did," replied that person.

"You would," said the young woman from the cloaks, with some asperity.

"Now, now," said the dental student. "You mustn't have this. Sure, they've a right to propose if they want to."

"You'd better take care how you express yourself on that subject, with these fascinating young ladies around," said the bachelor boarder, warningly.

"I wish there was danger of it," said the dental student, with a glance at the stenographer, who cast down her eyes and wadded faintly.

"I never have any luck, though," he resumed. "I always manage to get in with a bunch of such lookers they don't have to. They have to take a club to keep the fellows away from them."

"When you say a 'bunch' I presume you mean a galaxy," said the landlord, in a tone of approval.

"I mean a bunch of daisies, ma'am," said the dental student.

The young woman employed in the downtown cloak department reached behind the poetic boarder to pat the student on the back. "You'll never lose a thing by that," she said.

"Woman," said the poetic boarder, seriously, as she passed. "I don't know her nature is too timid, too delicate, too reticent to take the initiative in such a matter. She is the goddess to whom we sue, not the suppliant, the devotee. If she takes pity on us, she sends men it is out of her divine compassion. If she blesses us with her countenance, it is a thing for which we should be humbly grateful and strive to repay with our own unceasing care and devotion."

"Hear him!" cried the dental student. "Fine business! Good talk!"

"There's nothing slow about Mr. Dill," said the young woman employed in the downtown cloak department.

"Come off," said the bachelor boarder.

"If woman should propose," continued the poetic boarder, "it would inevitably destroy our high ideal of her. There might be exceptional circumstances, but in the ordinary course of her history has some instances of it, but no doubt it would tend to lower her in the estimation of a manly man of fine feelings."

"Fine fiddlesticks!" said the old bachelor boarder. "Doesn't she propose all the time? She doesn't come right out and say, 'Will you be mine?' That would be too direct and too honest. No, but she'll get after him just the same, and once she does there's no hope for him. He might as well throw up his hands—unless he's on to their game. You let them begin making eyes at you, my friend, and see where you land. You may think that you're doing it, but you won't be. Hook!"

Just here the young woman employed in the downtown cloak department violated the proprieties and the rules of the house. She threw a beaten biscuit at the bachelor boarder.—Chicago Daily News.

Optimism in the Philippines.

The Philippines are to-day nearer the realization of the doctrine of "The Philippines for the Filipino" than they ever have been. There is more English being spoken in the islands than Spanish at the present time. Important public enterprises are under way which have attracted the attention of careful students of insular affairs all over the world. Water works are being built under the most expert scientific advice, public schools are being built in large numbers, and of superior equipment, and the summer capital of Manila, are being laid out and constructed. Plagues have been made practically impossible, the customary fever period has been largely robbed of its terror, and sanitary conditions and the health of the people have been made completely independent of the climate. While complete independence is the dream of the people of the islands, they are finding that with so large a number of their own people in charge of the local government, as officeholders, they are practically administering their own affairs. The Philippine Congress has many of the brightest men in the islands, and they are manifesting an enthusiastic interest in their responsibilities. The speaker of the House, Senor Don Asmensa, is a progressive and talented young man who believes in American ideas and is adapting them to his large field of usefulness. Hopefulness and optimism are the dominant notes of the Philippines to-day, and these are the qualities that make for success and progress. —From Secretary Taft's Own Story of His Tour Around the World in the National Magazine.

Children's Favorite Toys.

A hundred and thirty-two schoolboys of Paris and seventy-two girls were invited to describe their preferences in the way of toys. Among the former twenty-three for a railway train, twenty-three for a soldier, ten for a steam engine, ten for a bicycle, and eight for toy typewriters, ten for mechanical horses. Forty girls—a solid majority—declared without hesitation that a doll was superior to any other implement of recreation. The super-chick seems, happily, a long way off.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Napoleon as a Reader.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omnivorous, indefatigable. By the camp fire and in his traveling carriage, in his temporary staff office or his own bedroom his favorite volumes were ever kept within easy reach.—Reader Magazine.

The Real Test.

Job may have displayed great patience, but it is not written in the book that he ever had to wear a striped collar.

But the woman with a history is never anxious to dispose of a copy.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Personal Government.

If the shades of the fathers of the republic held to take notice of our present political condition, they must view with horror the lapse from the Constitutional government they established. The Congress of the United States was originally the supreme law-making power, responsible only to the people who elected its members. Now, however, Congress is governed by an oligarchy, and that oligarchy in turn is moved by the greed for spoils to follow where President Roosevelt leads.

The government has become a personal government in the smallest detail, being run in the interest of Theodore Roosevelt. The old Hanna machine has been displaced by a more personal vehicle to register his will and whims. A Republican convention virtually dictated the platform, revised the speeches and ordered the Republican National Committee to select Mr. Cortelyou for its chairman, giving him absolute power.

At this time, as formerly, the whole aim of President Roosevelt is to play personal politics, and to force an unwilling party to either nominate one of his favorites, or to renominate and elect himself. He virtually ordered Senator Hanna to pass resolutions favoring his nomination at the Ohio Republican State convention of 1903. He is now engaged in setting up delegates among his subordinates in the executive offices, to control the next convention.

Brave men rarely boast, or call others cowards, cravens, and weaklings. The brave man does not threaten those weaker than himself. President Roosevelt is forever boasting, threatening and brow-beating. But is President Roosevelt so steadfast and strong that his mind and once made up does not change? On the contrary, that he is vacillating, and plays fast and loose with his political ideals is certain. He has been on all sides of many questions.

First a free-trader, then a tariff reformer, now the most ardent protectionist. Once for reciprocity, now against it. In 1896 a bimetalist, now for the gold standard. Once for the free coinage of silver, now he regards the policy of gold money as "only a little less insane than that of the free coinage of silver." Less than three years ago he was an ardent Civil Service reformer; now he is in league with the spoilsmen, and is trusting to benefit by their work.

He has renounced the farmers as the basest set in the land; then in his letter of acceptance, for personal political advantage, he declared them to be "steadfast, single-minded and industrious."

These indications of a mind easily changeable for political reasons, beset by a lack of steadfastness in Mr. Roosevelt.

If the Roosevelt way of running the government for his own personal aggrandizement, with the prospect of his entangling the United States in costly and dangerous undertakings, is sought by the voters to be for their interests, they will vote to endorse his "policies."

But they must remember that the Roosevelt who is now hostile to "malefactors of great wealth" and "loud in the praises of his own exalted virtues, has always favored the money power."

There will be startling changes soon. Roosevelt will again bring out the "big stick" from his hiding place and keep the navy from rusting. He may find it better for the army to do that which is being kept up to a war strength. The "cattle," as he styled Congress, in his speech when governor of New York, before the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce in 1896, will be more than ever coerced and forced to carry out his personal government. Let the people beware of the wonder of stage-actor, and also of Secretary Taft, who in words all he does, and who is pledged to follow Roosevelt policies if he is elected President.

Tariff on Men's Clothes.

If the United States Congress, in government called on you every month to pay directly what you pay indirectly in tariff taxes, you would rebel, and declare it would ruin you; and there would soon be a political riot. Or if you are for peace at any price, you would pay the tax demanded and make up your mind to vote for tariff reform at the next election.

But as the tariff tax is collected from you in an indirect manner by the amount being added to the price you pay for clothing, food, and other necessities of life, as well as luxuries, you hardly know who to call to account. Yet if you could follow the matter up, you would come to the conclusion that the law-making power is to be hostile to you, and that you are to be taxed for goods, and therefore do not pay any of these indirect tariff taxes. But in this you are mistaken; for though you buy only American made goods, yet the indirect tariff tax is demanded, and you pay it, not to the government, it is true, but to the manufacturer, trusts and manufacturers whom you represent in Congress have prevented the importation of foreign goods, unless a high tariff tax is paid.

One example showing how the trusts charge you with what would be the tariff tax if the goods were imported will be as good as a hundred of examples that could be given on nearly everything you buy.

If you purchase enough imported clothes or worsted cloth for a suit of clothes that is valued in the country from which it comes at not more than 40 cents per pound, the tariff tax is 33 cents per pound, and the tariff tax is 50 per cent on the value named in the foreign invoice. This specific tariff tax of 33 cents a pound, and the 50 per cent ad valorem tax, added together, make a tariff tax of 133.75 per cent. If the cloth you purchased was valued above 70 cents per pound, the tariff tax would be 44 cents per pound, and the 50 per cent ad valorem tax, added together, make a tariff tax of 139.75 per cent. So you see that under this "scientific" tariff tax with which the Republican party has burdened you, the man who can only afford cheap clothes has to pay 41.25 per cent more than the man that buys a better grade

AGRICULTURE AND GARDEN

Camphor Trees.

All true camphor is supplied by Japan and China, 80 per cent by the former and 20 per cent by the latter, according to the Pharmaceutical Era. In obtaining camphor, the trees are destroyed. Both countries have passed laws compelling the planting of young camphor trees, China being more radical than Japan in this particular, as for every camphor tree that is cut down, five new ones must be planted. Japan has planted 3,000,000 young trees since 1900, to which are to be added 500,000 planted this year, and hereafter 750,000 annually.

The Tassan Farms.

The Tassan peasant stands in the peculiar position of being neither a proprietor nor a dependant, writes Helen Zimmerman in the Youth's Companion. He is, instead, the partner in an industry. According to this method of farming, which is called *massaria*, the proprietor of the land pays all the taxes, advances all money required, furnishes capital for the purchase of cattle and keeps in repair the dwelling house. The peasant in return works the fields, attends to the live stock and to other home industries, sells the produce of the land, and is the absolute master of the land that is confided to him. He works the soil exactly as if it were his own, and then, at stated intervals in the year, divides the products and profits with the real owner.

Avages of the Tick.

Dr. J. H. Wilson, chairman of the State Live Stock Sanitary Commission, places the loss in the South as the result of the ravages of the fever tick at \$24,000,000 annually. This is considered very conservative, for the last year all the taxes, advances all money required, furnishes capital for the purchase of cattle and keeps in repair the dwelling house. The peasant in return works the fields, attends to the live stock and to other home industries, sells the produce of the land, and is the absolute master of the land that is confided to him. He works the soil exactly as if it were his own, and then, at stated intervals in the year, divides the products and profits with the real owner.

The Census Bureau Estimates that there were 49,000,000 animals slaughtered at the various stock yards in the United States last year.

The milk bringing better prices in all the more reasons why you should weed out the poor cows and increase the margin of your profits.

In very many instances poor results on the farm are due more to farming methods, or rather to the lack of them, than anything else.

Throw out the stalks of corn that have fungus growth on the ear. Then burn them. These fungus-growth stalks should never be fed with corn stalk shucks.

Don't place any dependence on the free government seeds sent out by the congressmen. The best seeds are none too good. Procure the catalogues of reliable seedsmen and order from them.

The total crop of wool in the United States for 1907 was 298,294,760 pounds, including the washed and unwashed product. Of the total output there were 120,350,118 pounds of scoured wool, valued at \$78,283,163.

The importance of good feet on horses is an old story. However, from the way people disregard the need of giving proper care to the hooves in the colt, as well as the mature horse, it calls for constant reiteration.

There is no better place to cart the ashes than the cabbage plot. They should never be used on the potato patch, for the reason that the lime in the ashes is apt to assist in the production of scab on the tubers.

One set of people seem to be too busy to breathe, while others are so busy that their business affairs that they forget that they have a body and a soul to care for. Between the two there is room for a very happy medium.

A South Dakota farmer recently traded for a herd of Shetland ponies what is supposed to be one of the largest horses in the world. The animal in question stands eighty-one inches high and weighs nearly 8,000 pounds.

Tuberculosis germs die hard. According to scientists they may live for six months in dry, dead material. Nothing short of ten or fifteen hours of sunlight, or an hour in boiling water will give them a casual death, while freezing seems to be invigorating.

If the failure to get a start in clover due to the same cause as that with alfalfa, it is quite likely that in a good many cases insufficient seed is sown to give a proper stand. Especially is this the case where no nurse crop is sown and where, if the clover plants do not get a good start of the weeds, the weeds will swamp the clover and smother it out. Thus, clover seed is expensive, but this furnishes additional reason why, if it is worth while sowing the crop at all, enough should be sown to produce a satisfactory stand.

Even Buds Grew Old.

According to a government botanist at Washington, there is reason to believe that buds share in the growing old of the parent plant. He illustrates his meaning in this way: Suppose the average life of an individual plant-saved tree to be 100 years, then a bud removed when the parent plant is 50 years of age, and if transplanted by grafting will be able to live on the graft only 50 years more.

Women Dairy Inspectors.

The lost office to be created for women in New Zealand is that of dairy inspector. There are now 54,000 dairy cows in New Zealand, producing more than 52,000,000 pounds of butter a year, besides 600 private dairies and eighty-nine cheese factories. The Department of Agriculture appointed women inspectors to visit the dairies and factories and give instruction and advice to the wives and daughters of the dairymen.

Effect of Mother on Chick.

Prof. Gowell of the Maine Agricultural College is one of our most able experimenters, and his methods could be followed with advantage by all poultry men. In addressing a recent gathering of poultry men he said: "The constitution that you find in a chick comes from the treatment the mother hen has. Constitution is something that is born with the animal, and you cannot get it into the animal after it is born. It comes from the habitance comes from the parent that

Testing Seeds for the Farm.

The other day a race was found to have made a small fortune by chopping up palm leaf fans and selling the stuff at a dollar a packet, containing a bunch or two of the precious dust—which was said to be the seed of a rare, so-called flower. So writes W. G. Pitt-Gerald in the Technical World Magazine.

He advertised widely, and numbered professional florists among his victims. True, he disclaimed responsibility for the germinating power of his "seed," but this is a common warning given by the wares of reputable seedsmen, so that the buyers planted, watered and watered with pathetic zeal, until at length an angry lady laid the swindle by the heels.

Now farm and flower seed of the highest quality is costly stuff. So minute is that of the most common, that the actual cost of producing the finest strain exceeds ten times the weight of the seed in pure gold. Mignonette seed, too, is by no means cheap, yet that of the begonia is at least thirty times dearer; and a liberal allowance for a 32 packet in measured in 100,000 seeds with an outside diameter of three sixteenths of an inch. And yet in that small spoonful there will be enough seed to produce more than 100 steady begonia plants.

The writer goes on to describe the careful testing seeds undergo at the hands of the government inspectors, and an interesting series of photographs illustrates the test.

Farming Old and New.

When the late Robert G. Ingersoll was a farmer boy in Wisconsin the farm was not the place it is now. He has left a description of early rural life as he recalled it: "They used to haul wheat twenty miles in wagons and sell it for 35 cents a bushel. They would bring home about 900 feet of lumber, a couple of shingles, a barrel of salt and a cook stove that never would draw and never did bake. In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. They had poor houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow piled joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no bars. The horse man kept in long pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the aldes would be eaten away and nothing would be left but the roof. Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would never cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of 21 they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities."

Those were the days before farming was a science. Now the bright youth intended for agriculture take the short course at the university. He learns things about soils and crops and the selection and care of stock that the old-time farmers never dreamed of. He farms not by the sweat of his brow, but by the aid of machinery. The farm is equipped with comfortable buildings, and the farmhouse is a comfortable home, sometimes with pretensions to architecture. It has a telephone and it may be heated with hot water. There is a rural delivery mail box not far from the front door, and good roads facilitate the easy transportation of the product of the farm to a not distant railway station.

The Western farmer of to-day is one of the most prosperous and independent citizens of the republic.

Wisconsin boys of this generation after it is born, a year or more in the bushiness comes from the parent that