

Grief.
(By Ethel Cooke.)
I know all is true you tell me,
That God is wise and good,
That the Hand which spreads the
heavens
Provides the sparrow's food.
I know how sure is His promise,
Better than you can say—
But the dearest one on earth to me
Was buried yesterday.

'Tis a sin, you say, to sorrow,
God knows and does the best,
'Tis a coward's faith that falters
At trial's crucial test.
True faith is ever a hero,
I do not say you nay,
But the dearest one on earth to me
Was buried yesterday.

God loveth the soul He chastens,
I know, is Holy Writ,
Shall ever complain of the Potter
Who molds and fashions it?
Who molds and fashions it?
I know that the heart of the faithful
Will trust and believe in man,
Yet the dearest one on earth to me
Was buried yesterday.

Aye, what is the darkest sorrow
That clouds life's little span,
Compared with the weight of glory
And joy unmade by man?
But leave me now in my anguish
While to my God I pray:
'Thou knowest, Lord, that my dearest
one
Was buried yesterday!'

BY MARY B. MACDERMOTT

The End of The Story

Courtland sat quietly through the dinner as if troubled. Even the beautiful Miss Clairton, opposite him, who, some said, had refused to marry him and riches in marriage, failed to move his strange reserve. He listened in a preoccupied manner as old Colonel Warburton related his time-honored war story. As Miss Priscilla Lee recalled her off-repeated experience in a train wreck, and young Thornton related some new social gossip, Courtland, who had been a rather reckless young man eight years before, had recently returned from South Africa laden with honors as an engineer.

"I am sorry for him," he said. "You have an idea of the feeling of despair and loneliness that overcomes a man who is ill in a foreign country."

"Won't you tell us of some of your adventures in Africa?" asked Mrs. Winston, his hostess.

"Really, I had nothing worthy of the name," he answered. "Just a ceaseless round of work, digging and building, though occasionally our nights were enlivened by the howling of the animals in the jungle."

"But you must have had some extraordinary experience," persisted Mrs. Whitson.

"Well," said Courtland, after a moment of reflection and a glance at Miss Clairton, who was watching him intently, "I'll tell you of a young chap of whom I am reminded by Stray's illness, but I must warn you that I cannot tell the end of the story."

"They were building the great stone bridge over the Luapula River when he turned up in the camp, and none of the men ever learned to certainly how he found his way there. He was a white man, an American, by the way, and when he asked for work they put him in charge of a gang of Kafirs. As it turned out, the fellow really wanted to work, and it wasn't long before the men under his command had a new kind of boss. He did not stand around giving orders, but when an extra pair of hands was needed he supplied it. Presently one of the superintendents noticed his energy, made some inquiries and he was appointed a general overseer with half a dozen gangs under him. It wasn't long afterward that he was put on a surveying corps, for it developed that he was a college man and had taken his B. S. at Harvard."

"He did fairly good work with the transit; in fact, it was he who led the new survey through the Lukinga Pass and saved the company so much money that he might have had almost any position he wanted, had he not found his way into the barracks with the officials, and during the weeks he lay ill his story became known. I imagine there was a mighty little of his past life that he did not reveal during his delirium."

"He had lived a pretty fast pace in the States and had managed to acquire a reputation as a worthless sort and a ne'er-do-well, when he met the girl, for of course there was a girl in this in all other stories. She was a turning point for him. He braced up, tried to redeem his years of dissipation, and make himself worthy of her."

"Women had not figured much in his life and this girl opened a new vista to him. She was very charming, and very beautiful, the kind of woman who can make or mar a man's future—then Courtland continued, thought he had momentarily lost the thread of his narrative. "Her influence was ever for the good, but I fear he did not always realize it."

Miss Clairton made a half exclamation, then, recovering herself, went forward, not taking her eyes from Courtland.

"He fancied she was a bit vain," Courtland went on; "that she cared too much for the attention of many suitors and at times she despaired of ever winning her. Finally she had a foolish quarrel with her over another man, lost his temper and said things for which he was sorry. From that she did not notice it."

"He was broken-hearted and resolved to go far away, where there was no people or associations to remind him of the girl he had lost. He shipped aboard a sailing vessel and finally landed in the camp."

"His illness became serious, and during the long, hot nights he talked feverish his blood on fire, and talked of her, of places he had been with her, of her prettiness. His mind would wander among the scenes of his college days, but the girl was always uppermost in his thoughts. Dur-

ing his violent outbursts, he clung to her picture which he carried in a small gold locket that she had given him. It was every like that and Courtland held up an oddly shaped, old-fashioned locket for a moment.

Miss Clairton had listened attentively and at sight of the locket her color heightened perceptibly. As Courtland slowly restored to his pocket, she caught her breath sharply and leaned back as though relieved.

"Poor fellow," said Mrs. Winston; "did he recover?"

"Yes," answered Courtland in a tone of finality.

"But what was the end of the romance?" persisted Mrs. Winston, quite puzzled.

"I cannot tell the end of it, you know I said at the beginning that it was an unfinished story."

"The party left the table, and Courtland, who seemed depressed by his narrative, separated from his guests and made his way to the conservatory. As he entered it, Miss Clairton rose from a seat in a corner, "Oh!" she cried, "how could you? It was heartless; it was cruel!"

Courtland made no reply and the girl continued passionately, "You did not tell the girl's story. You did not say that she had watched his every effort, had taken pride in his gaining each rung in the ladder of success, that his advancement meant as much to her as to him, for she believed in his manliness and his future. He could not, would not see that the girl loved him and the other man was nothing to her. You did not tell that the girl was out of town when your note came to her home, and when she returned, it was too late, for he had gone no one knew where."

Miss Clairton sobbed, then dropping all pretence, cried: "Oh! how miserably blind you were."

Courtland leaned forward and took both her hands in his.

"Louise," he said earnestly, "I did not know—I saw no how. What a fool I was! But it is not too late. What I am now, my love for you has made me. You have been the inspiration of my work and it has been a labor of love. To you I owe whatever success I have won. Will you share it with me? May I atone for the lost years?"

"Yes," she answered; "let us regain those years together."

Colonel Warburton was heard approaching the conservatory and as Miss Clairton returned to the drawing room, Clairton's carriage was announced.

Courtland was one of the last to leave. As he bade good-night to his hostess, she said:

"Your story interested me, Mr. Courtland, but you don't tell me the end of it sometimes."

"Yes," he replied smiling and pressing her hand warmly, "I promise to do so very soon. I may say, however, that the story ended happily."—Boston Sunday Post.

Museums of Safety.

Museums of safety and sanitation are becoming the means of saving thousands of lives and lessening the economic waste of accident cases brought before the courts. A feature of such a museum will be an experimental laboratory in which safeguards may be perfected for dangers and processes now without any known device, and which may become an educational center for teaching the science and preservation of health, by preventing diseases due to impure foodstuffs, bad ventilation, occupational dusts and poisons, infection, tuberculosis and offensive trades.

There are in European museums of safety and sanitation located in Berlin, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Milan, Stockholm, Zurich, Moscow and Budapest. The Berlin Museum of Safety covers 34,000 feet of floor space, where are exhibited devices for the protection of the dangerous and safety in the process of sea in all trades and occupations. Many realize that every life saved is a national asset.—Century.

Mastery of the Air.

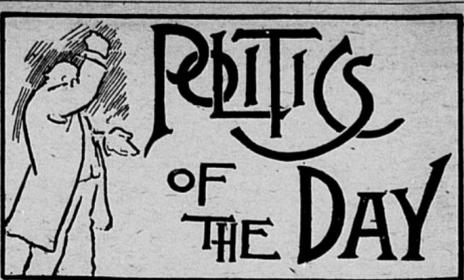
"Mastery of the air" is a fearfully overworked phrase, but every day confirms its appropriateness. In contrast to the Wright brothers. In contrast with the long succession of failures, accidents and half-successes which culminated in Orville Wright's disastrous flight at Fort Myer, the career of the two brothers ever since has been an almost unbroken sequence of victories. A long flight by the Wright aeroplane is no longer an event, but a commonplace. The goddess accident has ceased to persecute them. Cables and chains no longer part abruptly, motors don't freeze up or stop, landing gear works smoothly, even the most intricate mechanism have been retrained from unmanly snatches and eides. It is the difference between trial and performance; the leap from pupillage to mastery. Masters of the two Americas are peculiarly entitled to be called, because they are so successful in passing on their secrets to their pupils.—New York Evening Post.

Truck Garden of Brittany.

Ploughing is prosperous in these days, and very busy, especially in the strawberry season, which provides work for every man, woman and child in the village. The berries are picked and packed with great care, most of them being shipped to Plymouth whence they find a ready market in all parts of England. Some parts of Brittany seem to have become one vast market for the quantity of fruit and vegetables sent over to something enormous. There are acres and acres of asparagus fields cultivated for Covent Garden, and as for potatoes, the Britons themselves are puzzled to know what the English can possibly do with them. A woman asked me one day and when I told her we ate them she said it was impossible; that we must use them in the manufacturer's—duns less useless.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Scylla and Charybdis.

Against these affectionately libellous stories about clerical golfers must be put the remaining influence of the clergy on the line. They are all into was in progress on one of our links the players being two persons and one of the crack golfers of the club. The last mentioned got into a bunker and, try as he might, he could not get out. With marvellous self-control he bent on balloboring the ground. Thus, overcome by his emotions, he flung down his club. "How the devil do you expect me," he cried, "to get out of a bunker with a Congregational minister on one side of me and a Baptist on the other?"—M. A. P.



OPINIONS OF THE DAY

A Tragedy on "Protection." The other day in the United States Senate occurred this brief dialogue: Senator Bailey—How far would you go in making the tariff bill in the interest of the American manufacturer? Senator Aldrich—To the limit.

Senator Bailey—If, in your opinion, the American manufacturer would be better off with a 300 per cent duty, would you favor such a rate? Senator Aldrich—I would. And if necessary to go beyond that figure, I would be in favor of that.

In the light of his quoted remarks can there be any doubt in the mind of any reasonable human being that Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich is absolutely unfit to be permitted any voice in tariff revision, much less sole reviser? His doctrine is protection gone crazy.

Every sane political economist, from Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill down to the present school, defines "protection" as the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, plus reasonable profits to home manufacturers.

We developed, in this republic's economic struggle following the civil war, a "protective" tariff for revenue basis to a "downward" kind—has to run a three-fold gamut. First, it has to take its chances in the Payne bill with a lot of "upward" schedule provisions. Secondly, it has to stand the merciless cross fire of the United States Senate, where there is no closure, and where every "protected" interest will make its last stand. And, thirdly, it must wait upon the action of President Taft.

The President's attitude, in fact, looms larger in import as the two branches of Congress successively demonstrate their slavery to certain "protected" interests. Mr. Taft may either allow a mangled burlesque of a "downward" revision bill to become law, or he may send it back to Congress with a veto message that will stir the hearts of American consumers.

In short, the legislative branch of government has certain well-defined limitations when the administrative branch gets into action. Without analyzing the Aldrich substitute tariff bill in detail, it takes a deliberate snap at the administrative policies in tariff reform. For instance, the inheritance tax, which Mr. Taft specifically favored in his late message to Congress, is left out by the Senate entirely. The Senate ranges itself, as usual, on the side of the wealthy "classes" who have no inheritance tax. Likewise, the Aldrich substitute bill merely dresses up the old Dingley "protective" schedules on most articles in minor detail. It is emphatically a "standpat" bill.

Thus we come to the expected and inevitable parting of the ways. The American people demanded "downward" tariff revision. The Senate, speaking through Aldrich and his New England cronies, tells the American people they must take what the Senate, in its wisdom, pleases to give them.

Mr. Taft owes his election mainly to that considerable army of independent voters who believed in the genuineness of his pledge to give the country "downward" tariff revision.

These supporters of Taft are not now looking to a trust ridden Senate for relief from the robber trusts. But they do expect Mr. Taft to keep his pledge.

Porto Rico's Ingratitude. It is one of the disappointments of our new paternalistic imperialism that our wards of Porto Rico do not appreciate our government. We have given them sufficiently to supply the money for its support. It is feared, however, that we shall never reach the end of such disappointments so long as we hold them in leading strings and insist on dividing the authority in making disbursements.

The upper branch of the Porto Rico Legislature, known as the Executive Council, includes in its membership certain officers of the government who are appointed by the President of the United States. These ex-officio members dominate the Executive Council,

and the lower house so far resents this domination that it has refused to pass appropriation bills.

This is an unfortunate situation, but it appears to be a rather natural result of the kind of altruistic effort we have been making in Porto Rico. We have attempted to elevate the inhabitants to the beautiful tropical island to a higher plane of self-government, but we have been afraid to make a real, whole-hearted experiment, so our well-meaning, but possibly badly directed, plans seem to be making out a disagreeable failure.

The Legislature of Porto Rico have adjourned without making the expected appropriations for support of the Insular Government. President Taft now proposes an amendment to the laws we have established for the island so as to make the necessary appropriations during their work automatically when necessary. He asks that the previous appropriations stand as a new grant when new bills are not passed. Under the system we have tried to make the Porto Ricans appreciate our paternalistic benevolence has resulted only in an anarchistic condition of finance and public affairs.

The lesson of it seems to be that the laws and institutions of one people cannot be successfully grafted upon another people of wholly different character and temperament. This is bad enough, but there is always danger that our efforts to guarantee orderly governments among the Filipinos and Porto Ricans will eventually damage our own institutions more than we help theirs. Which would be a great deal worse.—St. Louis Republic.

Irrepressible Tariff Conflict.

The Republic can't resist the temptation to reiterate its conviction that there is the glimmering of a great truth behind the warning Dingley, of Iowa, gave his party in the Senate. If

ALDRICH WISHES HE HAD ON THE OTHER BOOTS.

I WOULD FAVOR A 300 PERCENT DUTY IF I THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP ANY.



ALDRICH

300%

TARIFF

300%

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

A man should esteem character above beauty in a wife. But some men are so selfish as to demand both qualifications.

The woman who lies abed while her husband eats his breakfast is the first one to emit piercing squeaks when he comes home ten minutes late for dinner.

Another undesirable citizenship is the woman who, sitting back of you at the theater, munches peanut brittle throughout the performance and breathes asthmatically.

Odd, isn't it, that so many women with missions utterly fail to appreciate the elemental fact that the first and foremost reason why a man loves a woman is that she is a female?

Now that the era of elbow-sleeved shirtwaists is all over, there can be no harm in whispering it that women with hairy or freckled or red forearms made a sad mistake in showing 'em.

Few men can figure out why it is that women who live their lives in the domain of smug respectability are so keen to find out all they can about women who are wholly outside the pale.

The peevish woman who raucously demands of her husband, "What kind of a wife do you want, anyway?" would feel a bit less peevish about it if she could only hear him saying to himself, "I don't want any wife at all, blast it!"

The women who, in giving their views about "How to keep a husband," write that "the man who is held captive by lingerie isn't worth anything" don't appear to offer any "equally good" proposition wherewith to hold 'em captive.

No Competitors. A New Englander, traveling on foot through the Southern mountains, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going that?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first-rate, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Well, it's like this, and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming; he'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him, he may set the dog on you."

"If he don't, and you get to talking with him, and say anything he don't just like, he may throw you down and tromp on you. But if you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun just and listen to explanations afterward."

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "If you want to undertake the trip, I'll be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggity."

"If you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"

"He's a Brick." The phrase "he's a brick," originated from an Eastern ruler, who, while visiting a neighboring principality, asked his host to show him the fortifications. Waving his hand toward his troops, which were drawn up in soldierly array, the Prince said to his guest, "These are my fortifications; every man is a brick."

Doubting Dennis. Judy—Will ye give me yer promise, Dennis, that ye'll love me forever? Dennis—Sure, an' Old like to do that, same, Judy, but Old's hardly anything. It can be sprayed or put in the machine oil can and sprinkled on. These pests are the cause of many untrifling hogs and ought never to be allowed to live.

Preparing the Lawn. In the very early spring is the best time to make a new lawn, and to repair an old one. Fertilizer should be applied to grass plots which have been established a few years, and thin portions should be reseeded. If seed has been sown in the fall for a new lawn

watch carefully this spring, and reseed those places where the first seeding fails to come up.

In making a new lawn great care should be taken. Prepare the ground as soon as it can be worked. Grade it, smoothing over rough surfaces, making proper level spaces and gentle slopes. If possible the lawn should slope away from the house.

Enrich the soil with a liberal supply of well-rotted manure. This is essential where the soil is lacking in humus, otherwise bone meal, or other food fertilizer is useful. The ground should be plowed or spaded not less than 8 inches deep, all stones and similar material removed, lumps broken up, and the surface smoothed. Then it is ready for seeding.

Use a good lawn mixture. Four parts Kentucky bluegrass with one part white clover, sown not less than five bushels to the acre, is good. Redtop instead of bluegrass is equally good, and when the plants are 15 to 18 inches high begin to train them. Remove all the laterals except one or two, which, with the main stem, may be tied to the stake with strings of white cotton cloth (which will not break the stem).

As these continue to grow keep them tied loosely to the stake, constantly pinching off the side shoots. The increased productivity is not so much per plant as in the fact that so many more can be grown upon the same area. Trellises have been advocated, but require more labor.

One amateur farmer has many years pursued this method in the very small area of the back yard of a city lot, and has not only grown enough fruit for the immediate use of his family, but he has supplied his neighbors liberally.

Basin of Dry Farming. It is on the fact, which is now well known, that breaking up the soil by plowing, and keeping it loose after it has been broken up by frequent cultivation, that dry farming is based. The soilists say that the most important factor in the soil, under ordinary conditions, by capillary attraction, or the moving up from one particle of soil to another of the moisture and going out into the air when it reaches the top. When the soil is loosened it prevents the escape of moisture by bettering the arrangement of particles of the soil necessary to conduct the moisture to the air. The top layer of loose earth is different from that below in arrangement of particles of earth, and is more or less filled with air and is a poor conductor of water.

The principle is supposed to be the same as the law governing heat and sound. When heat has to travel through different media it travels very slowly, as in the case of sawdust, in which case the heat has to travel through layers of wood and air, and which is used to prevent heat passing to stored ice. Sound will not travel easily if it has to pass through different substances.

If the top soil is kept loose or as near to dust as possible there will be very little loss of moisture. It has been noticed that where a pile of prunings from a vineyard or orchard was burned in the spring in California at a time when there was moisture in the soil, the moisture was kept in the soil all through the dry summer and not dry out as the surrounding land would in about a month on which nothing had been burned. The ashes in this case formed a perfect dust blanket, although the ground was not plowed.

The Proper Use of Fanning Mills. Improved farm machines the fanning mill stands out prominently as being especially valuable. The value of good seed is recognized in its full extent by breeders of horses and farmers who grow wheat, oats, barley, peas and other cereals have never waked up to the necessity of selecting seed with the greatest possible care.

Prof. P. G. Holden of Iowa State College, demonstrated a number of experiments that the careful selection of seed corn sometimes more than doubles the yield. Ninety experiments with seeds taken from the planter boxes of ninety farmers gave yields varying from thirty-one to eighty bushels per acre. The ground and cultivation was the same as near as possible in each case.

There is just as much difference in the value of good and bad seed when it comes to wheat and other grains, as there is in corn, but the fact has not been driven home to farmers in general as it has in the especial corn crop in the corn belt of the Middle West.

Seed corn is selected by hand by the best corn breeders. They almost pick out the individual kernels that they wish to plant. I believe it would pay the grower to better grain to do so, using thing. I believe it would pay a farmer to spend a whole month to select his seed wheat by means of a magnifying glass if he could obtain a fanning mill. I think if he should raise twenty acres of wheat he could clean by hand the necessary seed at a month's time. It would be necessary to go over a bushel a day, including Sundays. It would keep him busy, but his yield would be many bushels more per acre, and he could sell every bushel for seed at a high price. I believe he would sell his month's labor at a good figure, and he would learn something greatly to his future advantage.

I do not wish to be understood as recommending farmers to clean their seed wheat by hand, because there are improved fanning mills that will do the work as well, if not better, and at a time consumed is insignificant even when the work is very carefully and thoroughly done as it should be. The job is most particular, but with a good mill, a man and helper will prepare a lot of seed in a day.—Agricultural Epitomist.

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Moldy corn will prove harmful feed for the horse.

Provide roomy places for the cows. They do better than when kept in the tight stanchions.

It's a shame to waste so much time milking half-daired cows. Why not milk real dairy cows and make some money?

The man who is always thinking of the reward for his good deeds will not make a good showing in the final accounting.

The amount of food that will put \$1 worth of fat on a steer will make a lot more than \$1 worth of butter-fat if fed to a good cow.

For general driving purposes the good walker is the horse most needed. The walking gait is the best that can be cultivated.

How tenderly we nurse the young animal to give it a good start in life, but how often we neglect this care of our children.

Milk that is allowed to stand until it cools naturally will not keep as well as that which is cooled by water or ice immediately after it comes from the cow.

Because hogs will eat almost anything is no reason for giving them almost anything to eat. A wholesome milk diet, each of which is claimed to beat all the others out of sight. It takes a good judge to select the right machine from such an aggregation of world-beaters.

When milk cans are placed in water to cool the water should be higher than the milk in the cans. Always use a milk pail which will permit milking through the strainer. The main thing is to keep the dirt out. This is more important than getting the dirt out after it has once been in.

During the years when corn brought a very low price cattle feeding could be conducted on very loose principles, and still pay fair profits, but conditions have since changed, and methods must be varied to meet the new conditions in beef production. We are forced to adopt more economical methods of production.

They say that in some localities the introduction of riding machines has made labor so light on the farm that the hired men specify in their contract with their employer that he must furnish a riding machine. The conditions have since changed, and methods must be varied to meet the new conditions in beef production. We are forced to adopt more economical methods of production.

Be sure that the work horses are provided with collars of the best quality, and be sure that the collars fit. You would not go into the season's work with a pair of shoes which caused you to flinch at every step, but you may have put the same care into a collar which hurts every step he takes. Look after the comfort of the faithful horse as you would your own.

Use the wagon for lightening the beet sugar in the following method: One of the rear wheels is raised from the ground and the wire is passed once around the hub and fastened to a spoke of the wheel. The wagon is then wheeled by any suitable means, and the wheel turned in the manner of the mariner's wheel. In this way a pull of 100 pounds on the horse will exert a force of 400 or 500 pounds on the wire.

Increase in Beet Sugar. The increase in the production of beet sugar in the United States has been very rapid in recent years. A decade ago, in 1897, the production of beet sugar was about 84,000,000 pounds, against 644,000,000 pounds of cane sugar. Five years later, in 1902, the beet-sugar production was 329,000,000 pounds, against 729,000,000 pounds of cane sugar. In 1907, beet-sugar production was 997,000,000 pounds, against 744,000,000 pounds of cane sugar; the beet-sugar production of 1907 being greater than that of cane sugar in any year in the history of the country.

Swine Breeding. Select for a sire a pure-bred animal, using as much care and thought as the successful horseman uses in selecting his breeding stock. Use one that is recorded in the herd books of the breed you select. The registration is a guarantee of his purity and insures a uniform conformity of the litter, an item of value when they are ready for market and of satisfaction to their owner all through their growth.

He should be kept in good, vigorous, thrifty condition, not fat, with plenty of exercise. For summer, a pasture run or sowed with green food in large yard; in winter, part of his feed can be roots, and better, if his quarters are away from the other hogs. Handle him kindly, but with an understanding that he must mind and he will be quiet and kind.

Watch out for the lice that he will be sure to get in public service. They are so easy to get off, if attended to, that it looks like carelessness of any owner to see them on his stock. Any good sheep dip will take them off. Kerene will take one-half with water, to prevent blistering is always handy and effective. It can be sprayed or put in the machine oil can and sprinkled on. These pests are the cause of many untrifling hogs and ought never to be allowed to live.

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Twice as many widows as widowers died in New York State in 1908.