The Harvesters.

The rippling fields of ripened grain
Stretch out, like lakes of shimmering gold.
To where the cloudless skies enfold
The sunlit plain.

With ceaseless clash and clang and hum
The binders their long circuits take,
Tireless and strong; and in their wake
The shockers come.

Patient they follow in the way,
Grasping the sheaves with eager hands;
They may not pause—so wide the lands,
So short the day.

Perspiring, tired, no idle glance
They backward cast; aside none turns,
Tho' all around the sun-glare burns,
And heat waves dance.

Hard are their tasks, and yet they give
A joy that sloth or ease ne'er yields;
And by the harvest from these fields
The nations live.

—E. E. Miller, in Farmers' Voice.

The Unlucky Dress

BY FLORENCE GADDIS PIPER.

"Well, I suppose I must wear that white silk of mine, and I do hate to," said Janet Winton.

"What's the matter with your white silk? I think it's the prettiest dress you have," spoke up Margaret.

"I know it's pretty enough," replied Janet, "but something unlucky always happens to me when I have it on. The very first thing, it didn't come home in time to wear to your dance, you know, Clara; then the first time I did wear it that clumsy Dr. Natling whirled a cup of coffee in my lap and none of us could think of the right thing to remove coffee stains. I tried all the sure cures, but the skirt had to be made over again. And then only last week when Mr. Wells called to take us to the Stein Club concert I again put it on and in going through the hallway from my room to the stairs in the dark I dashed against a cupboard door that was ajar and my poor pug nose was nearly smashed flat for a minute or two and then it became the size of three noses and I had to stay home."

Janet Winton was relating her troubles with a lugubrious countenance to some of the girls of the afternoon sewing club. The members were talking over a dance at which they were to be hostesses.

"Why don't you wear that pretty dotted muslin?" suggested Margaret Field.

"Oh, because Dr. Natling stepped on the flounce of that and tore it; besides, it's soiled and dingy now, as are all my frocks," replied Janet.

"Dr. Natling seems bent on mutilating all your dresses. Why do you have him around if he is so destructive?" asked one of the girls.

Janet blushed rosily as she answered, "I don't have him around, as you put it, Nellie. It just happens whenever I see him he seems to be all feet and hands."

"And heart, too," added Margaret.

The night of the dance arrived and there could not have been a daintier, disastrous white silk. It was a pretprettier little maid than Janet in the ty dress, all tucks and ruffles and chiffon. A deep red rose tucked in the belt gave the color it needed and Janet tripped up and down the drawing room waiting for her mother.

"I wonder if Dr. Natling will really call and go with us. I don't care if he doesn't—yes, I do care," mused Janet. "I know that he is awkward and shy and is afraid to ask any of the girls to dance with him because he steps on their toes more than the floor, but, then, most clever men are ungraceful. What was it Margaret said about his heart? There's the bell—maybe it's the doctor," and Janet stopped her pacing and sat decorously in a low chair by the fireplace. The ruddy glow of the burning wood flashing brightly on her and then flickering down, made a very pretty picture. So, thought Dr. Natling, anyhow, as he entered the room.

Janet arose and held out a welcoming hand, which the doctor took in his timidly.

"I thought, Miss Janet, I would stop in on my way to the Leonard School, where I address the class tonight," said the doctor.

"Why, are you not going to Mrs. Nelson's dance?" asked Janet.

"No, but I suppose you are," replied the doctor. "Won't you sit where you were when I came in" he continued. "I don't want to disturb you." The fact was he wanted the chance to further admire the cosey picture the girl made, though he didn't think of telling her so.

Janet turned towards the fire again. Not for the world would she let him see the tears that threatened to overflow, but the fire had partly burned down by now and the light was rather dull.

"It's just as well I'm not going, Miss Janet for you know how clumsy I am. It's an infliction to ask anyone to dance with me. My feet don't seem to propel as they should."

"Well doctor, I must confess that I have known better dancers, but you should not become discouraged," said Janet.

"That's comforting, and I might have tried again tonight," the doctor said good naturedly, "but the boys are rather backward on a certain branch of surgery, so you and your friends will be spared a boarish partner."

"Don't excuse yourself, doctor. We all know you'd rather be shut up all night in a stuffy lecture room telling the students things about their anatomy that they are too sleepy to listen to than to dance or to talk to the wittiest or the prettiest girl in Turville."

Janet smiled merrily as she said this, for she was still striving, to hide the pain and disappointment that was in her heart because the doctor would not be one of the guests at the dance.

"I wonder why mother doesn't come down? It's time she was ready. I'll poke up the fire a bit and then I will call her," and then she seized the tongs, gave one log a vigorous pull, lifted another, but her vision was blurred or her hand unsteady. The log suddenly dropped on the burning one underneath. Sparks flew up the chimney and over the fenders and one glowing one nestled itself in the gauze flounce of Janet's dress and in a second her frock was ablaze.

Dr. Natling may have been slow and awkward on a waxed floor, but he was quick enough in emergencies, though Janet's peril almost terrified his senses. He rushed to the window seat, grasped an armful of cushions and by the time Janet's screams had brought in all the family he had thrown her on the floor, smothering the flames and the girl, too, with the cushions and a heavy rug that was near. Then he carried poor Janet, who by this time had fainted, to the nearest couch, the unlucky white silk black and charred and hanging on in shreds.

Janet, scarcely conscious, heard a voice.

"Oh, Janet, speak to me."

Surely it was not her father's voice or her mother's! She felt something being forced down her throat. Then two shining gray eyes gazed eagerly into hers and in a moment she was gathered up in Dr. Natling's strong arms, careless of the frightened and bewildered family.

"Janet, my dear, thank God you are safe!"

Dr. Natling did not go to his clinic that night and Janet did not go to the dance, but the next morning Margaret, who had heard of the accident, called to find a very rosy, happy Janet, none the worse for the conflagration.

"Now, Janet, I suppose it was all on account of having on that unlucky white silk dress," said Margaret.

"I don't know that it is so unlucky, after all," replied Janet, "and I shall keep the fragments forever."—Boston Post.

Marvels About a Watch.

A watch is the smallest, most delicate machine that was ever constructed of the same number of parts. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upward of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

Some of the facts connected with its performance are simply incredible, when considered in total. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day, and is right glad when Sunday comes around; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day, and day after day, 432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows in a year without a stop or rest, or 3,153,600,000 in the short space of twenty years, says a watchmaker in the Chicago News.

These figures are beyond the grasp of our feeble intellects, but the marvel does not stop here. It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four-flea power. One horse-power would suffice to run 270,000,000 watches.

Now the balance of a watch is moved by this four-flea power one and forty-three-one-hundredths inches with each vibration—3 558¾ miles continuously in one year.

If you would preserve the timekeeping qualities of your watch you should take it to a competent watchmaker once every eighteen months.—New York World.

Wireless Weather.

One of the principal problems considered by the International Meteorological Conference in London last week was the question of wireless marine weather reports. Professor Willis L. Moore, representing the United States, urged the necessity of adopting regulations that will compel a ship beyond a certain tonnage to carry wireless instruments and operators and to take at noon, Greenwich time, a daily observation of the weather. Observations received by a ship would be transmitted to other vessels, so that by means of such relays the weather conditions over the entire ocean would in a few minutes reach the central meteorological offices in the United States, England, France, Germany and other interested nations. Forecasts could then be made and distributed to the vessels by wireless telegraphy. It is believed that a universal system such as this would be a great factor in saving life and property both on land and at sea. The conference, has adopted an international weather signal code. Heretofore American vessels have used flags by day and lights by night to convey storm warnings, while other nations have used balls and cones. Now any one will be able to read the weather signals, no matter what his nationality may be.—Scientific American.

Insect Stings.

Stings and bites of insects are extremely dangerous at all times, and, especially when the system is not in a condition to resist the poison injected. In many insects the nature of the poison has not been ascertained. While in most of them it is of an acid, irritant nature, in others it may contain a powerful cardiac sedative and depressant, and in still others organisms pure or mixed cultures may be introduced with the sting or bite. Apart from the natural poison used by insects, it should not be forgotten that flies and other insects that live on carrion may easily carry contagion and inoculate the persons whom they bite or sting, says Health. In the case of ordinary bites and stings the chemical antidote is a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash, which counteracts the acid of the sting. Suction at the wound in all these varieties of stings and bites will draw out some of the poison, and until some antitoxin treatment can be found which will prove an antidote to the bacterial poison introduced little can be done beyond the stimulating and supporting treatment, with attention to symptoms.—New York World.

An Artful Pleader.

"Look here," said the lawyer, "I enjoy a ball game as much as anybody But the next time you get off you mustn't tell me you are going to some body's funeral. Nobody can have so many grandmothers and aunts and other near relations."

"Our family isn't like the general run," answered the office boy. "Father was a Mormon."—Washington Star.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE DANGERS OF MT. BLANC.

By Professor Whymper.

There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice.

One of the first occasions of this kind which attracted attention took place in 1820, upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes which they had toiled.

Snow again broke away above, and more or less covered up the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurried into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow. Ten years afterward, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there."

"It was a melancholy reflection," remarked the tourist, "and all of the guides seemed to feel deeply the loss of their ill-fated comrades, who will in all probability remain imbedded there till the day of judgment." He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunates commenced to reappear at the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons in 1861, more than four miles away, in a direct line, from the place where they perished, and must have traveled down on an average at the rate of 500 feet per annum.—The Strand.

EVOLUTION OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

By Ada May Krecker.

"The embryonic man of the world, albeit rudimentary, is nevertheless a real organism. He acts as a living whole. The cities, as Spencer viewed them, are big organic centers in his body. The arteries of trade are his circulatory system. As he develops, his sundry parts become co-ordinated. They hang together better. They knit together more intimately. They act more nearly as one. Instead of multitudes of little beings he begins to behave as one being.

Of this, as our society man grows, we have many tokens. Syndicates, trusts, monopolies are only one phase of the unifying life. Many little businesses formerly competed with each other, as different entities, each of which must struggle for a separate existence. Now they merge into one gigantic throbbing life.

Housekeeping is done after a collective method as never before. Every laundry and every bakery and every carpet, curtain, and dress cleaner's establishment is a bigger business made up of a number of lesser enterprises carried on, each separately, for an individual household. And the ready to wear clothing maker is a colossal example of the identical thing. He has annihilated many of the differences separating the country folk from the city. Ditto the magazines and newspapers. Ditto the public school system, which in the first instance supplanted isolated private schools or the far more isolated and far more private home nursery.

As man in any or all of his parts evolves there inevitably are changes. Growth implies change. And when the growth is rapid there sometimes is pain. Many of the pseudo troubles of the hour properly are no more than the man of the world's growing pains. They are cause for much rejoicing and congratulation rather than reason for lamentation or for concern. They are marks of advancement in social organization. They are proofs of progress toward the realization of human solidarity.

MUSIC THE MOST SOCIAL OF THE ARTS.

By M. E. Robinson.

Music is "common and beautiful as light and air." There is no better exponent of this belief than M. Camille Bellaigue. In his opinion music is the most social and sociological of the arts. He remarks how it has always appealed the most strongly to apostles of the people who make social regeneration the object and hope of their lives. The people, he says, are by nature musicians. They are not architects, or painters, sculptors. Music exists for the people, not the public, and the decadence of music means the triumph of materialism and the loss of social faith.

When it is once understood that music is a fundamental part of ordinary life, and is not something added on to it, anyone who is described as musical will be, in nine cases out of ten, not a performer, but a listener. And the music teacher will be engaged not so much in showing children how to play as in giving simple expositions of musical form, with perhaps a few graphic and historical accounts of the composers and their times, and in pointing out the beauty of their works, and playing these in sections and as a whole many times over.

A great future is before the musical profession if they will but minister to the millions. At once the most intellectual and the most emotional, the most universal and the most personal of the arts, music is, indeed, the most potent of all consolations for the troubles of workaday existence.

COURTESY KEEPS HOME LIFE HAPPY.

By Helen Oldfield.

It scarcely is too much to say that, barring habitual drunkenness and jealousy, with or without reason, the lack of everyday courtesy between husbands and wives has wrecked the happiness of more marriages than any other cause whatsoever.

It is common for people to extol the "freedom of the home," and within bounds such liberty undoubtedly is delightful. But when it is so overdone as as to degenerate into license it becomes responsible for a considerable amount of domestic misery. Not long ago a woman lamented to the "home circle" of her favorite family magazine that her husband neglected his shaving in the most scandalous fashion when, as he expressed it, "there was nobody to see." He forgot that his wife was there to see. If any one else were to speak of her as a nobody he would be indignant; he reserves that privilege for himself.

Married people are apt to make the mistake of acting as if when once the vows are made the prayer is said, the deed once for all is done, and henceforth there can be no question of their love for each other. On the contrary, it is not enough that a man shall love his wife, he should tell her so over and often. It is not enough that a woman shall love and honor her husband, she must set forth in her life the fact that she does so. Married love, to which the inspired apostle likens Christ's love for His church, should be like God's loving kindness, new every morning.

GETS RICH ON BEANS.

Sixty years ago Edward Borchard, one year old, went to California with his parents in a prairie schooner. He returned east recently in a Pullman car to visit relatives.

Edward Borchard's parents were "forty-niners." Their home was in Iowa. Stricken with the gold fever they packed their belongings in a "schooner" and "set sail" for the land of their dreams.

Edward Borchard has made a fortune raising lima beans and sugar beets. His bean market is in the East. He numbers his acres by the thousand. He is the proprietor of six ranches and employs as many as fifty horses on a ranch. Also, Borchard possesses seven sons. They are growing up, and as they grow to manhood they relieve their father of his burdens. When a young Borchard reaches his majority his father gives

CASPAR BORCHARD.

him a number of acres, a number of horses, hands him some capital, teaches him the rules of ranching and tells him to go forth and grow his fortune.

Borchard raises about one hundred and fifty tons of lima beans every year. That's some beans. In California they don't raise them on sticks, but let them trail on the ground.

AT THE "LADIES' WINDOW."

Harmless Romance and Dire Tragedy Brought to Light.

In most of the larger postoffices of the country is a small window bearing the inscription, "Ladies' Window, General Delivery," where day after day thousands of letters are turned over to the fair applicants with no questions asked unless the official in charge have his doubts as to whether the one seeking a letter has the right to it. Then the only question generally asked is the name of the town or place from where it was expected. To the initiated, this window gives forth a different story almost with everyone who stops there.

Here may be seen a couple of school girls, laughing and joking, expecting a letter from some young fellow to whom the home address could not be given. Their little secret may be a harmless one, but they are venturing upon dangerous ground.

A woman whose face and clothing tell the bitter struggles she is making gets a letter from home, the letter which was sent through the general delivery because she did not want the folks at home to know where she could be found.

Another woman, well dressed, the expensive furs and jewelry stamping her as the wife of some prosperous man, walks past the window and back again, until she is sure there is no one around to see her receive the letter written in a bold masculine hand. She is rich enough to rent a hundred private boxes, if necessary, but experience has taught her that private boxes have failed more than once, while few mistakes are made at this window of the general delivery.

Next comes a woman with hard-set features, her eyes narrowed almost to slits, sizing up everyone in that corridor. Anything the least bit suspicious to her and she leaves to return some time later. The letter cannot be handed out too quickly. Her story is easily read. Someone dear to her is in trouble. The police are watching her home, the postal officials have been instructed to intercept any mail directed to her, and so she has learned that any other name will do, and that the general delivery window is the last channel through which she can be kept informed of the troubled one's movements.

So they come and go. The young woman who has eloped, the young girl with a harmless flirtation, the mother who has made the fatal mistake, the daughter to whom the gayer side of life appealed, the maid or the matron, each with her own reason for not having her mail sent to her home address.

Some read the letters in a secluded corner of that large building where their contents bring forth peals of laughter, or sudden, sharp cries of pain. Others read them as they walk along the street, finally to place them in some secure hiding place, or tear them up in the most minute pieces, throwing them away at long intervals so that no one could ever recover the telltale fragments.

CHINESE RAILWAY LOAN AND AMERICAN INTERESTS

SINCE the announcement of the desire of financiers of the United States, supported by President Taft, to participate in the proposed loan of $27,500,000 for the financing of the Hankow-Szechuan Railroad line in China, much interest has been manifested by the banking and business world in the questions involved in this international relation of the oldest and newest of the world's great nations. From the beginning of railroad construction in China the aid of American financiers has been anxiously sought, and for some obvious reasons very decidedly preferred to that coming from less disinterested quarters. About six weeks before the opening of the line of railway between Canton and Fatshan, constructed by the American-China Development Company, was characterized by the Colonial Secretary of Hongkong as an event of national and international significance, Prince Ching concluded with Sir Ernest Satow an agreement containing the following provision: "If China desires to construct a Hankow-Szechuan line, and her capital is insufficient, she will obtain all necessary foreign capital from Great Britain and the United States." This was on Oct. 1, 1903, and the understanding appears to have been formally renewed with Minister Conger in the following year.

The death of the controlling spirit of the America-China Development Company, Calvin E. Brice, stopped negotiations for its proposed investments, and Belgian influence began to assert itself with the beginning of actual construction of the Hankow-Canton road. The Belgian and French interests purchased from American holders a sufficient majority of the shares of the America-China Development Company to give them control of the company, which was reorganized, with Charles A. Whittier at the head. The Chinese government did not like the change and served on the Department of State formal notice of revocation of the concession to build the Hankow-Canton Railroad. This move was met by the Secretary of State with verbal and written assurances from J. P. Morgan that 1,200 shares of the company had been acquired from their Belgian holders and that these, together with some 2,400 shares in securely American hands, had been placed in a voting trust calculated to guarantee the maintenance of American control of the road.

It is, moreover, very much in the interests of China herself that a power so deeply concerned in maintaining the integrity of the empire, and so absolutely destitute of any desire for territorial aggrandizement at its expense, as the United States should be a party to negotiations which may have an important bearing on the future control of Chinese finances.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREES.

Method of Planting Always Secures a Bountiful Supply.

Christmas comes but once a year and the Germans try to make the most of it. Of the 6,000,000 families of the Kaiser's empire it is said that 5,500,000 purchase Christmas trees. The trees usually are spruce, which grows in all parts of Germany. The planting and the cutting of trees is all under control of the government officials, and it is thought that there is not now an evergreen growing in Germany that was not artificially planted.

In the initial stage the young plants are set in rows about four feet apart, with the plants one foot apart in the row. As the trees develop they gradually are thinned. When one foot high many are transplanted into pots and form miniature Christmas trees. But for this Yuletide market the forest plantings would have to be made farther apart or the trees cut out in thinning while small would have to be thrown away. This thinning is continuous until the trees have attained a size suitable for sawing purposes.

The thinnings are used for fork and hoe handles, grapevine stakes, hop poles, bean poles, scaffolding, etc. The owner therefore does not have to await the maturity of his forest before realizing an income from it. In the economy of cultivating a forest every twig is saved, and even the leaves are raked up and sold. Old people and children find useful employment in doing such light and easy work and adding to the family income.—Chicago Tribune.

The Salvation Army preaches the gospel in thirty-one different languages.

A woman's idea of a dry novel is one she doesn't moisten with her tears.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

Fettered by Both Custom and Law, They Lead Narrow Lives.

The vast majority of Spanish women still believe that it is degrading for a lady to take up any work for which she is paid. Therefore if they do not marry they either enter a convent or live with a member of the family, and they do not at all mind being dependent on the charity of friends or relatives.

Though marriages are often arranged without the consent of the bride-elect, law or custom gives the Spanish woman the power of appealing to a magistrate if she wishes to escape from a union which is distasteful to her.

The magistrate may take her from her father's home until she is of age, while if she determines to marry a man of whom her parents disapprove she may also place herself under the protection of the law, and she cannot be deprived of her share of the family estate.

On reaching her majority she enjoys the same privileges as her brother with regard to property, and may inherit, will, buy and sell; but when she marries she reverts to the position of a minor, and her husband has entire control of all her possessions, which he can squander without rendering any account to her, though she cannot spend a penny of her own money without his consent. He may desert her and her children without incurring any punishment or much public condemnation. A Spanish lady confers on her husband the titles of nobility and any privilege connected therewith she may possess at the time of her marriage.

Public opinion is still so strongly opposed to their education that it will be a long time before they are fitted to take their share in their country's work, and many women are so ignorant that they can hardly read their missals or write their names. This is especially the case in small country towns. At Madrid schools have been opened for their instruction, and the classes have been conducted by excellent professors, but comparatively few women have availed themselves of the privilege.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Master Passion.

Power-hunger and pleasure-lust are master passions.—Rev. W. L. Phillips, Congregationalist, New Haven.

Plea to Conscience.

The church's position is a plea to the conscience.—Rev. W. H. B. Allen, Baptist, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Power.

The church has sometimes been enamored of station and power.—Rev. W. H. Foulkes, Presbyterian, Portland, Ore.

Be Up and Doing.

Search for your place before you get into God's waste heap.—Rev. H. F. Carpenter, Christian, Santa Clara, Cal.

Position.

Position gives power. It lends advantage. Position puts one where he can be seen.—Rev. Statom, Presbyterian, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Calumny.

Calumny may be so insidious and so cowardly that it lies in the shadows and does its deadly work in the dark.—Rev. F. Hope, Baptist, Santa Clara, Cal.

Receptiveness.

Man's understanding of spiritual truth would increase more rapidly if he were more receptive to the light.—Rev. W. P. Lyon, True Life Church, San Jose, Cal.

Live in Christ.

However large any man may be without Christ, he can be much larger and greater with Christ living in him.—Rev. M. S. Kaufman, Methodist, Norwich, Conn.

Accuracy.

The great want of Americans is accuracy. If a man is to be accurate he must be taught it in his childhood or he will never learn it.—Rev. M. C. Peters, New York City.

Title of Nobility.

To be a man of God is to have a title of nobility worn by the prophets of old—the highest expression that a man is capable of becoming.—Rev. C. R. Hemphill, Presbyterian, Louisville.

Starved Soul.

Man may grow into a perfect animal, possess a cultivated brain, become carefully religious and yet carry in his bosom a starved soul.—Rev. Guy Arthur Jamieson, Presbyterian, New York City.

Dying Poor.

Our great political leaders are now expected to serve the public before their own pockets, and their glory in the future will be to be able to die poor.—Rev. G. C. Richmond, Episcopalian, Philadelphia.

Platitudes.

We are leaving the ten commandments to preach and to teach a few platitudes which do not affect the consciences of men, and which make a flabby character.—Rev. C. E. Spalding, Christian, Coronado, Cal.

What's in a Name.

A crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on those classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?"

The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'" — Cleveland Leader.

Told by the Features.

Men who succeed in commerce have alert faces, but no particular features. Clergymen who go up the ladder of preferment have faces that tell of self-repression—tight lips, eyes which look straight ahead, Artists, on the other hand, have eyes which are all over the place and small, well formed chins. Politicians who succeed by their influence over men have always prominent noses.

Poor Consolation.

The Successful Comedian—Cheer up, old man; we all have our trials.

The Disappointed Tragedian—It's a comforting reflection. I shall certainly attend yours.—The Sketch.

Fashionable Garb.

Mrs. Crawford—So his wife is extravagant in dress?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Very. Just now she's getting a coat of tan at a $100-a-week seaside resort.—Puck.

We all agree we should do certain things, but so many of us won't.

FARM AND GARDEN

Ridding Trees of Scale.

Prof. Harlan of California has discovered that the ordinary black ant will remove the scale from fruit trees without injuring the trees or leaves in the least. He says their work is more complete than that accomplished by spraying or by any of the imported insects.

The ants are captured by placing a plate of sugar near an ant hill, and when covered with ants the plate is put in the forks of the infected tree. The ants leave the sugar and go to work on the scale. As soon as they all leave the sugar the plate is placed at the foot of the tree and as the ants come down after having cleaned the tree they again assemble on the sugar and are thus easily removed to another tree.

Several ranchers near Ukiah have tried the scheme and estimate that it will be worth millions to fruit growers.

Potato Cultivation.

Most farmers do not cultivate their potatoes the most profitable number of times, says the Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer. It must be remembered that the potato crop suffers readily from drouth, and that frequent cultivation is practically the only means by which moisture can be conserved. Frequent cultivation also sets free much plant food that would otherwise remain locked up in the soil. Potatoes should be cultivated once a week from the time the rows can be followed until the cultivator wheels injure the plants. An ordinary six-shovel cultivator is probably the most practicable. More and smaller shovels would be better in a clean, mellow soil. The wheels must be set closer together than for corn, so that they will not run on the rows until the plants become quite large. Level culture should be the general aim, or only slight ridging for its aid in controlling the weeds in the rows. The first cultivation may be deep and fairly close if there is plenty of moisture in the soil. It cuts off some of the roots, but at this stage does more good than harm by loosening the soil up deeply, and thus leaving it in better condition for the future growth of the tubers and the roots.

After the first cultivation the shovels should always be run shallow, about two or three inches deep, never deeper.

Farm Labor Trouble.

"High prices for foodstuffs in the United States can not be justified," said Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, recently, "but if you want to know the real inside explanation I will give it to you.

"The farmers can't get help. While the population of the United States has been steadily increasing through the usual additions at home and from immigration, the cultivated area of the country is decreasing. Thousands of acres formerly raising products that made the food of the country have gone back to pasturage. The farmer simply can not get the men to raise crops.

"The city draws not only the laborer who might go to the farm, but the boy raised on the farm. Outside the fascination of bright lights, amusement and the excitement of mingling with people, there are the shorter hours and the better pay. The farmer has doubled his wages in the last fifteen years, but the farmer in his busy season must work sixteen hours a day, while in the city eight hours has become the rule.

"It would seem to be a wise policy to get the immigrant away from the large cities and out into the country where his services are needed and where he has a chance to grow into a property owner. So the government employment agency, as it has been called, is a good institution. On the other hand, many of the immigrants arriving would be of no use in the western country. They are from cities of Europe or have farmed in a primitive way and would not know what to do with our modern machinery. It is a pity that our laws will not allow American farmers to import real farmers from Europe who know how to do the work."

Can Your Own Vegetables.

The successful canning of vegetables depends largely upon their freshness. If you are forced to depend upon the markets, try to get them when first received. If you can secure vegetables fresh from your own garden or the country, so much the better. Before beginning canning be sure than your cans are absolutely clean, that the tops fit perfectly, and that can rubbers are new.

More canned fruit and vegetables are lost through a mistaken idea of economy in trying to use old rubbers than in any other way. Now, having fresh vegetables, and scientifically clean cans, wash the asparagus, trim it if of the large variety, to equal lengths, and pack neatly, heads up. The straight-sided jars are better for this purpose.

Having filled the jars full, hold under the cold water faucet and let the water run in with force until the vegetables are covered and no air bubbles show. If there are doubts about the water being pure, you had better boil it, then cool before using. In this case pour into jars from a pitcher, filling full.

Now adjust the tops without the rubbers and stand in a wash boiler or large kettle, protecting them from the bottom by a rack and from each other by a coil of clothesline or hay, says Emma Paddock Telford in the New York Telegram.

Now fill the boiler or kettle with cold water and set over the fire. The water should reach about half way up the cans. Bring quickly to the boiling point, cover the boiler and cook steadily an hour and a half from the time the water in the boiler commences to boil.

Then scald the can rubbers, lift out the cans, one by one, put on the rubbers and quickly screw down the lid and stand back in the boiler. Cook fifteen minutes longer. Some good cooks prefer to repeat the cooking three days in succession, unscrewing the top each day when put into cold water, then tightening it when it reaches the boiling point.

This is not necessary, however, and simply adds to the work. Asparagus and string beans are more easily preserved than peas, which contain sugar and are likely to ferment.

String beans may be canned in the same way as asparagus, either cutting them in pieces as for the table, or stringing and cooking whole.—Farmers and Drovers' Journal.

Value of Wood Ashes.

The question often arises as to the value of ashes for fertilizer. Professor Ten Eyck, of the Kansas experiment station, says that an average sample of unleached wood ashes contains about 7 per cent of potash and 2 per cent of phosphoric acid, which at current prices of these plant foods would make the ashes worth about $9 a ton. Besides the actual fertilizing value, by reason of the potash and phosphoric acid contained, there is some value to ashes simply by the power which the potash has to make the nitrogen of the soil available for plant use by its chemical action upon the organic matter and humus of the soil. The potash in ashes exists in a readily soluble form and is thus immediately available for plant food. The grower can well afford to pay $8 to $10 a ton for good wood ashes. Coal ashes are of little value as far as plant food is concerned, but they can be used with good effect upon some soils in loosening them up.

Ashes can be used for any crops that need potash and they may be applied at the rate of twenty-five to fifty bushels an acre. For cultivated crops they should be applied broadcast after the land has been harrowed and then cultivated in by a light harrowing. They can be used also as a top dressing in connection with phosphate fertilizers. As will be noticed, Professor Ten Eyck says that the unleached ashes are worth $9 a ton. As a matter of fact the leached ashes rarely have a value of more than $1 to $2 a ton, as the potash and phosphoric acid are washed out. If ashes are to be used they should be put in a dry place until ready for use, much or more care being taken with them as with barnyard manure. And in this connection it might be well to state that ashes should never be mixed with manure of any sort, as it sets nitrogen free in the form of ammonia gas, and the quality of both the ashes and the manure is lowered. Sifted coal ashes, however, can be used for that purpose, as they absorb liquids readily and, because of the small amount of potash they contain, do not liberate nitrogen. It would be a good plan for those who have soils that need potash to collect all the wood ashes they can and use them for fertilizer.

More Small Farms.

A survey of agricultural operations reveals a great evolution in progress in the average size of farms of the country. There is no longer the ambition to own a multitude of broad acres, because it is difficult to obtain help to properly cultivate large holdings. The great stock ranches and the immense cotton and sugar plantations are being subdivided into small farms, where owners operate them under the latest methods of scientific agriculture.

The reclamation of vast acres of desert land by government irrigation works has started the fashion of small farms under a system of intensive cultivation. Reclaimed desert land when irrigated is proving marvelously productive and admirably adapted to fruit, vegetables, nuts and alfalfa. The irrigated districts of Texas, Colorado, Washington, Montana, Idaho and California have produced crops of fruit and vegetables valued at upward of $1,000 per acre. Such vast revenue can only be achieved by intensive cultivation, which precludes the possibility of large holdings of land and encourages concentration of labor on small farms.

In the fruit belts of Texas, Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Idaho and Montana an acre of apple orchard will yield of $1,000 to $1,500 worth of apples that are unrivaled in appearance and flavor. American apples are in large export demand and an oversupply is not apprehended, as consumption of apples is equal to production at very remunerative prices. In favored localities farmers can realize a gross income of $500 per acre for fruit or garden vegetables when the small farm is operated to its full capacity under modern scientific cultivation.

The future agricultural development of the country will be characterized by small farms operated by a system of intensive cultivation. The farmer with a son inclined to agriculture may not be able to buy for him a quarter-section farm in the corn belt, yet he can purchase a ten-acre farm in the irrigated district, where the gross income from fruit or vegetables may equal the revenue of the 160-acre farm in the corn belt. The advantages of social life and the time of recreation and self-improvement are greater in a district of small farms than in localities featured by large farms devoted to live stock industry or grain production. The small farm is increasing in popularity and promises to revolutionize future agriculture. Small farms will eliminate the present tread of migration from the country to the great cities and intensify the national prosperity by increasing the number of land owners and enlarging agricultural production.—Farmers and Drovers' Journal.

The world's gold production from the discovery of America to the present time aggregates $13,000,000,000, speaking in round terms, and the amount of gold now in existence is estimated by experts at $11,000,000,000, while the value of the gold coin in all the countries of the world for which statistics are available now aggregate $7,000,000,000.

Mrs. Frank B. Vrooman, daughter of General John C. Black, of the Civil Service Commission, has paid $3,000 for the pew next to that occupied by Mrs. William H. Taft in St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington. The church officers say this is the highest price ever paid for a pew in that edifice.

The record of bone yield from a single whale was 3,100 pounds, which at the time was worth nearly $20,000.

Loan oft loses both itself and friend —Shakespeare.