PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TREATMENT, REAL AND IDEAL, OF ANIMALS.

By F. Howard Moore.

A large part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great four-footed races. The horse, the ox, the mule, the elephant, the camel, the reindeer, the water buffalo, the yak, the dog, and the donkey—on the powerful and patient backs of these patient beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years.

Civilization is not an exclusively human thing. It is a joint product, the result of the combined labor and sacrifices of many races of mammals and birds. And no one of these races has the right to take more than its share of the blessings of civilization nor to shift upon others more than their portion of life's ills.

In the ideal state man treats the races of being affiliated with him not as objects of pillage, but as beings with rights and feelings and capabilities of happiness and misery like himself. He is kind to them and ever mindful of how he may gladden and enrich their necessarily meager lives.

He gets real pleasure by simply seeing them happy and realizing that he has in some measure contributed to that happiness. He provides them plenty to eat, comfortable homes, vacation days in which to rest, opportunities for pleasure and pastime, an education, and infirmaries for times of misfortune and decline.

QUESTION OF YOUR POSITION'S VALUE.

By John A. Howland.

I was talking with a bright young fellow the other day who has been nursing a little soreness against his employer. He went into the establishment as almost a beginner in the business. He has worked hard and faithfully for two years or more, with only one small increase in his salary. Six months ago, feeling that if he had progressed as he felt he had done, he was worth more money, he asked for more. But he hasn't got the "raise." He wasn't refused it; simply his employer hasn't given it to him.

That one greatest reason why this young man wouldn't think of leaving his employer was that in his work he felt he was getting a broad, liberal education in his specialty. That house which, through a friend there, had offered 50 per cent increase in salary, was slow, conservative, practically making no advance. In his present place of employment aggressive methods and unquestioned money to put them through had made it a standing example of up-to-date progress.

Men in business have built up organizations where they are besieged with applications for positions. Ordinarily that man who is an organizer in the true sense isn't searching out high priced, developed talent in other quarters with which to back up his business machinery. He is developing it himself. For this reason, in many lines of work, he has a double appreciation of the man who appreciates his organization for what that organization is. If he has a man drawing $10,000 salary who refuses to accept $20,000 a year in a third class establishment—and time and again such cases develop—should the organizer volunteer to increase the employe's salary because of the refusal? The man is tried and proved through the refusal of that offer; he has indicated to his employer that he means to stay where he is and do his whole duty according to office standards. But the organizer himself made the organization attractive. Shall he not have some of the benefits?

PLANE OF LIFE NOW INTERNATIONAL.

By Dr. Gustave Spiller.

We are living on an international plane. A large part of the population dwells in towns, and not only is travel to distant places rapid and frequent, but the movement of population from locality to locality and from country to country is a decided feature of the times. Through the utilization of steam and electricity villages and countries have been brought near to each other, the telegraphs for example, almost annihilating distance; hence the development of international commerce on an unprecedented scale, each place receiving the products of the farthest lands.

Simultaneously the democratic trend in politics became more and more noticeable. Accordingly to-day the total absence of constitutional government is a rarity, and not only have most men the vote, but women will soon have it, too. Even the orient, which was supposed to be unalterably absolutistic in government, has offered us recently the gratifying spectacle of one nation after another, Egypt, India, Japan, China, Persia, Turkey, demanding a constitution, and in many cases obtaining it.

Rapid transit and rapid news have, however, not only led to a close contact between the individuals of the several nations, but between the nations themselves. Hence village politics has gradually given way to national politics, and this to international politics, and men are consequently almost as sensitive to-day concerning what happens a thousand miles away as to what happens next door.

PROBLEMS OF BETTER HEALTH EDUCATION.

By Dr. Thomas Grant Allen.

It is obvious that in education health is fundamental, that you cannot properly educate a child that hasn't good health and that to maintain this health the conditions in the schoolroom must be physically wholesome. What is not so obvious is that it is the duty of the school to so train the child that he will keep in good health in after life about as easily and as naturally as he reads. The school that has failed to train the child to get good health and keep it has failed in educating the child as truly as if he were unable to read good literature with intelligence and appreciation. A sound body is, therefore, both a prerequisite for a good education and a test by which the quality of the education can be measured.

The health problems of the public schools have reference not only to the health of the school children and their ability to maintain their health in after life, but also in a larger sense to the health of the entire community. These problems are: to keep the schools free from contagious disease; to secure the correction or removal of physical defects; to provide the children with the proper living conditions; so to train them in wholesome habits of right living as to protect and develop their health, and to fortify them against disease.

TENORS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Industry That Has Thriven Since Jean De Reszke Gave It a Start.

The corner stone of opera is the tenor, and tenors are scarcer than four-leaf clovers. Comic operas are now written with baritone heroes for that reason, the Brooklyn Eagle says, but the great operas were written when the disappearance of the tenor had not been dreamed of, and tenors must be had to sing in them; else no opera.

Hence a tenor voice is a surer and often a larger source of income than a gold mine. Opera managers go up and down the world listening to cabmen, truck drivers, old clo' venders and the singers of popular songs in the cheap resorts, in the hope of hearing a voice that can be developed into an operatic tenor. For heretofore tenors, like the poets, have been born and not made. The manager's best chance was to find such a voice before his rivals and pay for its education.

But Jean De Reszke changed all that. He sang for years as a not especially conspicuous baritone in Europe. He was a good enough artist, but nobody thought of calling him great. Then a Paris teacher, adding two or three notes to the top of his voice, in a few months transformed De Reszke from a singer at $2,500 a month to one drawing $2,500 a night.

Since his transformation the musical world has dreamed of raising baritones into tenors as the alchemists dreamed of transmuting lead to gold. And now a New York teacher has done the trick. Rudolf Berger, who has long been one of the baritones of the Berlin opera, was the subject of the experiment. On Tuesday night he reappeared in Berlin, after a year's study here, as a tenor and sang Lohengrin, with what the cable reports to be great success. The audience is said to have gone wild over the success of the singer and his teacher, and no wonder. If that could be done with other baritones the problem of an opera for every city would be solved. Probably it cannot, more than once or twice in a generation, but that will not prevent a lot of ambitious teachers from trying it. Presently we shall see advertisements, "Tenors made in the off season," as we now see the signs of the emergency tailors. It is a great idea—if it will work.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Another dead-sure preliminary to a touch is when she tells you that you are looking so tired around the eyes.

The time used to be when only men called an evening of wild and hysterical rummiferousness "having a good time."

Why is it that the woman who harps incessantly upon the inconstancy and the willness of men usually has a face like that of a perturbed sun perch?

It makes a man feel pretty cheap when, after admiring some woman he meets in a company, his wife tells him that she wears a whole wig, and proves it.

Why is it that a woman will strive frantically for years to catch her husband in a lie and then weep till her nose and eyes are all puffy and red when she finally succeeds?

When a woman is extraordinarily careful to lock away her own letters aren't you filled with a sort of involuntary suspicion that she'd read other people's letters if she got a chance?

Why is it that, when a man sits still for ten minutes or so, probably thinking that he'd better get a haircut to-morrow, his wife makes up her mind that he is dreaming of some other woman?

When the regular day arrives for her to have what she calls "a good cry," why shouldn't she phone the information to her husband, so that he can stay down with the fellers and have a good laugh?

NEW HEAD OF CHICAGO'S POLICE DEPARTMENT.

LE ROY T. STEWART.

Under the direction of Le Roy T. Stewart the Chicago police system is to undergo a complete revolution, it is said. He is the new general superintendent of police and he will run the department on business principles. In other words he will be a business manager rather than a chief of police. If he succeeds in making Chicago a cleaner and better city he will do well, for in no other American city has flagrant vice of a certain kind flaunted itself more openly. Mr. Stewart has no use for the old military system in conducting a police department and he has as little use for the "old sleuth" style of policeman. He is a poet, a scholar, an athlete, a student of system and a master of men. He does not even wear a uniform in his office. In the last thirty years he has done nothing but handle men. His latest job was as superintendent of delivery in the Chicago postoffice.—Utica Globe.

Functions of the Happy.

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of Life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

An Indication.

"Rich old Mr. Rocksleigh must be failing in health."

"What puts that idea in your head?"

"Why, Alice Keene is going with that awfully stupid son of his."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And the man you hate is usually a better man than you are.

THE HAMLET BY THE SEA.

There is a little seaport town,
Whence long ago a fleet of ships
Sped, white and gay, beyond where dips
The dim horizon down and down.

Old men sit on the pier and gaze,
With pipe in mouth and dull surmise,
And whisper 'thwart their blear-eyed haze:
"Say! don't you see the sails uprise?"

Mothers that maids were, also wait
To greet the vessels' glad return.
Yet vainly shall they watch and yearn;
No tide brings ships, or tells their fate.

Yet does the little port keep bright,
Having an atmosphere of pride
That such fair craft from it took flight,
The cliff-o'ertopping waves to ride.

My heart, you are the little place
Close by the sea; your hopes, the fleet
That sailed forth to your buoyant beat,
Homeward its course no more to trace.

Sometimes you fret, then grow content
To dream of those enchanted things,
Which to the gray, drear past have lent
The spotless splendor of their wings!
—Ainslee's.

What Marcy Did

"Marcy!" repeated Miss Alcock, a trifle petulantly. "Randolph Marcy! I never heard one man speak so frequently of another as you do of Randolph Marcy! And I never laid eyes on him! I don't believe he actually exists!"

MacNish laughed. "Indeed he does!" he asserted. "He's my best friend—has been for years!"

"Then why have I never met him?" demanded Miss Alcock, severely. "Why haven't you ever brought him around? I've known you for perfect ages!"

There was indignation in her brown eyes, the righteous indignation of a girl who feels she has been deliberately cheated.

As MacNish looked at her blankly, trying to reason out just why she had never met Marcy, he was conscious of an odd, new feeling. His swift and amazed analysis of it disclosed that the reason she hadn't met Marcy was that he didn't want her to meet Marcy!

It wasn't that MacNish was in love with Daisy Alcock—far, far from it! MacNish had other plans and matrimony was not included among them. He was making a career and he could tell you all about how marriage hampered, distracted, impeded and mangled a career, for he had listened to others talk and had added a few deductions himself.

Some time in the distant future when he had reached the stage where bellboys flew agilely at his appearance and portly bankers doffed their hats hastily at sight of him, he might sensibly, carefully, sanely choose a wife and establish a home. He looked with pitying scorn upon his friends who surrendered to a mere temporary madness and attached a ball and chain to an ankle so early in life. This, however, did not prevent him from seeking the society of attractive girls as did other men. The only difference, MacNish told himself, was that he kept his head and regarded them with mere philosophic liking.

It was a great relief not to be eternally falling in and out of love. The reason he had sought the society of Daisy Alcock so much and so long was that in spite of her prettiness she seemed to have common sense and to be willing to take the calm friendship he offered and not expect it to develop into sentimentality as many girls, he was annoyed to say, did. He liked her and he felt that she liked him and that was all there was to it.

Therefore he could not understand why he should have had a twinge of rebellion at the idea of Randolph Marcy, who was remarkably fascinating to girls with his gay laugh and graceful devotedness, as an acquaintance of Daisy Alcock's. MacNish prided himself on being far beyond the foolish stage where he thought a man's good

WHEN MACNISH CAME TO.

looks counted. All sensible people, he felt, realized the charm of a rough-hewn face and a jaw that threatened achievements. MacNish had that kind of face and jaw.

He told himself that he had no use for a young woman who judged a man by his profile and could not look below the surface. Yet, though unacknowledged, he dimly realized that, running neck and neck with Randolph Marcy, he did not count for much with the average girl. Thus far he had never cared. Not being a marrying man, why should he mourn over the fact that he was not a social favorite.

"Why—why, I don't know!" McNish found himself stammering to Miss Alcock's last question when she had repeated it with some acerbity. "I didn't know you were so anxious to meet Marcy!"

"I'm not!" said Miss Alcock, distinctly. Nothing irritates a girl so much as to be told an unpleasant truth. "I've lived happily thus far without meeting Mr. Marcy and no doubt the remainder of my life won't be wrecked if his acquaintanceship doesn't come my way! Only, knowing you so well—and so long—it seems queer, when he's such a friend of yours! Why, it's just as though you didn't want me to meet him!"

"Nothing of the sort!" declared MacNish, hastily. Nothing irritates a man so much as to be told an unpleasant truth.

"It is, too!" declared Miss Alcock. "You were just thinking of yourself and not a bit about my pleasure or amusement!"

MacNish sat up straight. It was a blow to be told that he was not all-sufficient for the moment, present, past or future. Also Daisy looked very stunning when she was angry. But he didn't enjoy her being angry. MacNish felt very much at sea.

"I thought you were different from most girls!" he told her. "I didn't realize that you were so intent on widening your circle of admirers!"

"You are perfectly horrid!" Miss Alcock flashed at him, with crimson cheeks. Then, to his unutterable horror, she burst into tears.

When MacNish came to he found himself seated beside Daisy Alcock with two arms, undeniably his, clasping her to him and a voice startlingly like his own begging her not to cry, interspersing his appeals with a string of words and phrases he had foolishly thought existed only in the love scenes of mushy novels.

Instead of fleeing instantly he remained rooted to the spot, wondering why he hadn't been there before. A world of glittering stars and sunshine and little blue flowers and trilling birds suddenly had sprung to life all around him. He regarded the man he had been ten minutes before with deep dislike and disgust.

"Darling," MacNish said toward the end of the evening, "we'll have Randolph Marcy for best man!"

"I don't care," said Daisy Alcock with beautiful indifference. "A lamp post would do just as well so long as I've got you!"—Chicago Daily News.

Feat of Burglars.

Bill—I see the rolling stock of the Russian railways suffers loss from the hands of thieves. Two years ago 10,000 passenger and freight cars disappeared and were never found again.

Jill—I don't see how a man can put a freight car under his arm and walk away with it without some one seeing it.—Yonkers Statesman.

SCHOOL DAYS.

EXTRACT FROM TEACHER'S OPENING ADDRESS.

"Children, I can't tell you how much it pleases me to see so many bright and happy faces here this morning, all radiating ambition and energy for the coming year's work."

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Doesn't Hurt the Standpatters.

The standpatters who are raising an outcry against the new tariff commission admit thereby that the kind of tariff they have put into the Payne law will not bear investigation. They are so well satisfied with the plunder they get by means of that law that they want all details of its enactment forgotten. They fall into a rage when it is proposed to delve into the actual facts of our foreign and domestic trade.

But to the ordinary observer neither the commission itself, which President Taft appointed just before he started on his swing around the circle, nor the work which he outlined for it at the tail end of his Winona speech, need worry the standpatters. Interpreted in the light of what Mr. Taft said, the commission seems to have been intended, and doubtless will be used, as a stop-gap against further tariff legislation.

There is no guarantee that the members of the commission possess the high abilities that will be required to advise the President wisely in the delicate task of applying the 25 per cent tariff maximum, which goes into effect on April 1, 1910. They are Professor Henry C. Emory of Yale College, chairman; James B. Reynolds of Massachusetts, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Alvin B. Sanders of Chicago, editor and owner of the Breeders' Gazette. The Payne act appropriates $75,000 a year for their salaries and the employment of assistants.

President Taft proposes that they shall dig into the cost of production at home and abroad, scrutinize every item of the Payne tariff, including those on the free list, make a philosophical study of the effects of foreign tariffs on our export trade and of our tariff on our own trade and the trade of foreign countries, and compile it all into a tariff encyclopedia for his guidance and the guidance of the Republican party. The joker" which the insurgent Republican leaders will readily discover in Mr. Taft's plan is that he thinks it will take the commission until the end of his administration to find out enough about the tariff to teach the Republican party what kind of a tariff juggle it wants to put into its next platform. In the meantime he wants the Payne tariff left severely alone. The standpatters who kick against this program surely are hard to please.

But if it will take the commission three years to find out what the Republican party wants to do about the tariff, of what use can it be to him next spring when he has on his hands the job of applying the maximum tariff, with all its dangers of costly tariff wars? The maximum rates go into effect in every instance unless he takes affirmative action to arrest them.—St. Louis Republic.

Forcing the Tariff Issue.

President Taft's extravagant eulogy of the Payne tariff and his declaration that "party solidarity" must be preserved at whatever sacrifice, destroys the last hope that this country will ever get relief from the robbery of monopoly tariff legislation through the Republican party.

As long as party solidarity is paramount to the fulfillment of party pledges the extreme protectionists will have their way in every Republican Congress, and every Republican President will be forced to bow his neck to their yoke. Strong as are the President's inclinations toward a reasonable measure of tariff protection, strong as have been his expressions favoring a margin of protection that would only suffice to cover the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, he has been forced to surrender unconditionally to the radicals of the Aldrich-Cannon faction of his party. Any future Republican President who may favor moderation in tariff taxation will be subjected to the same humiliation.

The President's Winona speech was a slap in the face to the seven Republican Senators and the numerous Republican Representatives who voted against the Payne bill on its final passage. It was an affront to the Republican voters of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other western states, under whose instructions these Senators and Representatives opposed the outrage to the last.

President Taft has forced the tariff issue between the two great parties to the line from which there is no receding. The "twilight zone" between the Democratic party and the Republican party on that question has disappeared. By his speech at Winona the official leader and spokesman of the Republican party notified the Republican tariff reformers of the Northwest and the middle West that the party has nothing for them.

The Democratic party is the only agency through which they can get what they want. The President has destroyed the usefulness of Republican tariff reform delegations in Congress. Ht has pointed Chairman Lloyd and the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee to the ground on which the great tariff battle of next year is to be fought.

John A. Johnson.

By the death of Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, in the prime of a strong manhood, the Democratic party loses a leader whose services were grand and for whom the possibilities of the future were large. At this critical time in the politics of the Northwestern states, when the Republican party there is menaced with a disruption that cannot be mended, his death is most unfortunate.

Born and reared in a state overwhelmingly Republican, John A. Johnson was a Democrat because he believed in Democratic principles. His political career from the time of his first election to the State Senate of Minnesota, in 1898, was a continuing proof that those principles honestly adhered to and boldly proclaimed are hardly less potent in Minnesota than in Missouri.

His Swedish parentage was not without influence in effecting his three successive elections to the governorship of his State, for the Scandinavian vote is large in Minnesota, but the strong personality of the man, his reforms in the interest of all the people, and, above all, his able advocacy of the Democratic principle of tariff for revenue were the foundations of his success.

President Taft might have hesitated to go into Minnesota to support the Payne tariff if he had given proper attention to the election returns, which show that Tariff Reformer Johnson was elected to the governorship of Minnesota in 1904 by the safe plurality of 8,000, while the plurality for Roosevelt was too big to count; by nearly 80,000 in 1906, when there was no presidential election, and by 20,000 in 1908 to Taft's 85,000.

Governor Johnson was a type of that numerous class of Americans who have risen to high station from hard and narrow surroundings in early life. He rose because he was born with the qualities which carry men upward.—St. Louis Republic.

Our Foreign Trade Balance.

This year's record of foreign trade of the United States will show a heavy decrease in the balance that so long has been in our favor. For twelve years previously this balance has grown steadily. During the last few months the tide has turned and imports have exceeded exports.

Falling off in exports is due largely to shortage and high prices of agricultural staples which we inherited from last year. Heavy imports, which have been a feature since January, apparently are a result of the greater industrial recovery in America as compared with Europe. Rush shipments to anticipate operation of the new tariff also have tended to swell the total.

In view of the high prices at which cereals and cotton are still held, immediate improvement in the export business is not to be expected. On the other hand, increasing prosperity will operate still further to stimulate imports.

What effect this condition will have on financial relations remains to be seen. This country has been so long accustomed to a trade balance in its favor that movement in the other direction is likely to be regarded with solicitude.

As the change is the result of natural conditions, there is little reason for apprehension. The only danger is in possibility of a drain on the gold supply, and this is largely obviated by increasing European investments in American securities.

Nice Man.

Two young women in Washington boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed: "Oh, I've got the wrong hand!" Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam."

Do We See Are Wives as Others Do?

First Straphanger (in a whisper)—Why did you give that woman your seat? She isn't bundle-laden, tired, or pretty, or even polite.

Second Straphanger—Well—er—you see—she is my wife.—Harvard Lampoon.

George's Corner.

"George," said the Titian-haired schoolmarm, "is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

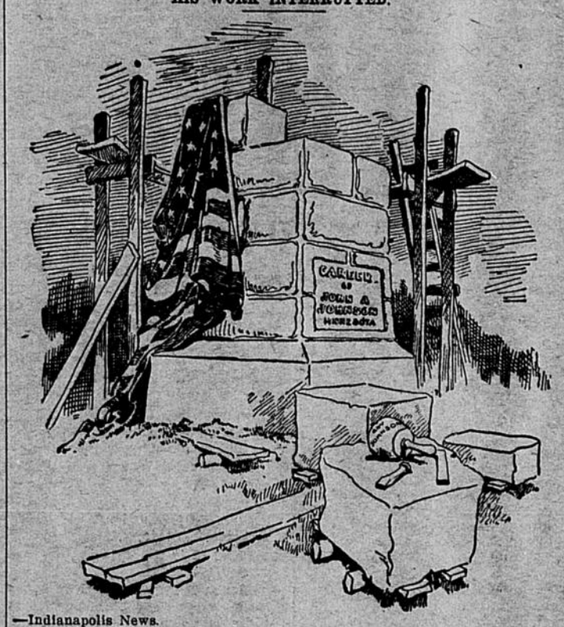
"Yeth, ma'am," answered George, promptly. "Hash."—Everybody.

A Good Stayer.

"Can you recommend me a young man of good staying power?"

"Oh, yes, sir. My daughter's young man."—Baltimore American.

HIS WORK INTERRUPTED.



—Indianapolis News.

FARM AND GARDEN

Raspberry Culture.

It is best to cultivate the raspberry plants before fruiting time. The old stalks which grew last summer will all die by the close of summer this year. The canes which will produce next year's crop of fruit will be those which come up as little sprouts this coming spring. It will be well, when these new shoots get to be 20 inches high, to pinch them back, so as to induce branching from the ground up. These will be the canes for next year's crop. Those which bear fruit this season can be cut any time after the fruit crop is harvested up to the beginning of growth next spring.—Dr. Whitten, Missouri Agricultural College.

An Instantaneous Cure.

During the cattle plague in 1866 in England a farmer who had lost a number of his cows grew so depressed that he fully persuaded himself he had also contracted the disease. The medical man whom he contulted tried in vain to laugh him out of his fears, but subsequently, being fond of a joke, pretended to agree with the patient's views and solemnly told him if he would attend to his instructions he would be cured. He then gave the farmer a prescription, which he directed should be taken to a neighboring druggist, but when the latter opened the envelope and read the contents he was as much startled as the farmer. For the prescription was as follows: "This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the backyard and shoot him, according to act of Parliament." Needless to say the cure was instantaneous.

Shipping Eggs for Hatching.

Another instance of the fact that eggs for hatching purposes can be sent a long distance with good results can be seen in the case of Mr. W. B. Borders of Wichita, Kan. Mr. Borders is a breeder of buff orpingtons, and sent to England, the original home of the orpingtons, for 30 eggs. They arrived in good condition and he hatched 26 chicks. Two or three of them were killed by accident, but he has now over 20 of those chicks and they are the finest lot of buff orpingtons he ever saw. It is not so much the long distances that eggs are shipped that causes poor hatches as it is the rough handling that they frequently get from express agents and others. If handled with proper care eggs can be shipped 10,000 miles away and still hatch a good percentage of the fertile eggs.—Kansas Farmer.

Weeds in Feed Mixtures.

Large quantities of seeds of pestilent weeds of which a considerable portion are alive and will under proper conditions grow, are sold in feed mixtures. These weed seeds are not always quickly detected, because of being mixed with chaff, oat hulls, linseed, barley and corn products, and sometimes with molasses. Ground weed seed may have a food value, but it is very doubtful if small whole seeds are broken and digested by the animal. A sample of barley sprouts was sent to the Connecticut station for examination. The sample contained:

Barley sprouts, 70.5 per cent; corn cockle, 14 per cent; wild oats, 10 per cent; bindweed, 2.8 per cent; four other species of weeds, 2.7 per cent; total, 100 per cent.

These facts are naturally not mentioned in the statements of composition, yet they are more important to the buyer than the chemical analysis.

Blackhead.

Blackhead was first noticed in New England, where it caused great loss to turkey raisers. It is described as a disease which first attacks the cecum, situated between the large and small intestines. It may also attack the liver, which becomes very much enlarged. While the disease is generally attributed to microbes, it is believed to be very much aggravated where inbreeding is too much resorted to. Diarrhea is a common symptom. The disease takes its name from a peculiar discoloration of the head. Birds of depleted vitality are the ones generally attacked, so that addition of new, strong and healthy stock is recommended. Some have tried introducing wild blood into their flocks. Treatment of sick birds has not proven very successful. Among the remedies most recommended are sulphur, sulphate of iron and quinine. Sulphur may be given, five to ten grains being combined with one grain of sulphate of iron, and sulphate of quinine one grain. It is necessary that such treatment be repeated two or three times a day and continued for considerable time to secure results.—Inter Ocean.

Topping Corn for Fodder.

One of the most desirable kinds of roughage to be found is that obtained by going through the cornfield about fodder-cutting time and cutting the stalks off just about where the shank joins them, bunching and tying together the tops thus secured, the same as in ordinary shocking.

This method not only affords the tenderest and very choicest of the plant for fodder, but also leaves the ears plainly exposed to view, where they may be easily reached and promptly husked without the husker being bothered by the blades and tops of the corn. Then, too, there will be no husking out to be done before the fodder is ready to be fed.

Another commendable feature of this plan is the great amount of labor saved by not carrying the ears of corn and the long, heavy stalks—nothing being touched except the light tops, which are easy to cut and carry, quickly and easily thrown out when fed, and attended by a smaller per cent of waste than fodder obtained in any other manner. Why not try handling a patch this way?—M. Albertus Coverdell in Twentieth Century Farmer.

Stringhalt Treatment.

Stringhalt, a spasmodic contraction of the voluntary muscles of the leg, usually occurs in animals of a highly nervous disposition. One of the most frequent forms of stringhalt is a jerking up of the hind leg as the horse travels, in many cases only when the horse first starts.

This is often most severe in cold weather and gradually increases as the animal grows older, but it does not seem to cause any suffering nor interfere with the general health of the animal.

In most cases of chorea (stringhalt) medical treatment does not give benefit, but good results follow careful feeding and tonics. The food should be nutritious, easily digested, of good variety and abundant.

A mixture of oats, oil meal and bran is good. Three times a week give the following: Salt, 4 ounces; sulphur, 2 ounces; hardwood ashes, 2 ounces—a tablespoonful in the feed. Also give Fowler's solution of arsenic, beginning with one-half ounce doses in the feed once daily, and gradually increasing by one-fourth ounce at a time until 1 ounce is given at a dose in the morning and at night. This should be given for two weeks, then withhold two weeks and then repeat.—Exchange.

How to Care for the Horse.

A hat is a great protection to a horse's brain in hot weather. They can be bought at any store for 25 cents.

Sore shoulders are caused by ill-fitting collars, and nothing else.

A man who will work a horse with a sore shoulder and make no attempt to cure it, or change the collar, ought to be compelled to wear ill-fitting shoes that would raise a new crop of blisters every week.

If the horses are taken off dry feed, allowed to run to grass and worked hard on hot days, look out for colic.

Work teams ought to be allowed to run in the pasture at night. It is cruelty to confine them in hot stalls.

The horse that sweats freely is in good condition.

During the heavy work in hot weather horses ought to be watered between the regular resting periods.

It does not make much difference whether horses are watered before or after eating. It is largely a matter of habit, and experiments show that one time is about as good as another.

A horse that bolts his food cannot have perfect digestion any more than a man who eats in the same way.

Try cutting the bedding straw for your horses into inch lengths. It makes fine bedding, absorbs liquid readily, is easy to handle in cleaning the stables, and also in the manure carrier and spreader.—Farmers' and Drovers' Journal.

Can Women Succeed with Poultry?

This is the heading of a recent article in a prominent poultry journal. It makes a woman smile to read it. Can women succeed? Did you ever stop to think that the moment anything in the live stock line begins to pay—or in most other lines, the men step in and take command at the helm then? In the poultry business it is more conspicuous than in others, I do think. The bulk of the poultry and eggs sold in the United States are produced by women and children. Then ask if a woman can succeed in poultry.

When it comes to selling fancy fowls, shipping these, or any kind, to shows, and judging, men certainly have taken the lead. A woman is just as womanly shipping fowls for exhibition and judging them at shows and fairs as staying at home cleaning after and caring for them, and I am glad to see that some women are pushing into the public part of the business. All but judging, I know of no women judges. And why, I'd like to know.

There is a field for woman right here if she will only push into it. There isn't one phase of the poultry business adopted by men that a woman could not do better if she would. Any intelligent woman is capable of starting a poultry place and taking care of 1,000 fowls a day as well as any man—if she wants to—and has a moderate degree of strength. If she hasn't this last she is not fit for any kind of work requiring the amount of muscle a woman should aspire to. The work is healthy, if carried on with system, and women are, as a rule, neater and more cleanly about work than men.—Ida M. Shepler in Twentieth Century Farmer.

Worth Reading.

Sixty-nine entirely new varieties of roses were shown at a recent French exhibition.

An average orange tree produces 20,000 oranges and an average lemon tree 8,000 lemons.

Russia is the largest producer of barley; Germany is second and the United States a close third.

The lucifer match was invented in 1829 after many years of experimenting by several scientists.

The tungsten incandescent lamp is the first artificial light by which all colors can be distinguished.

American plows and cultivators are turning up the soil in more than seventy countries and colonies.

The main doors in a leading New York hotel are operated by an electric motor, controlled by a push button in the hands of a doorman.

North Dakota is to establish a biological station on the shore of Devil's Lake, a large body of brackish water with apparently no outlet.

The country's slate production last year amounted in value to $6,316,817, an increase over the previous year of $297,597 despite the business depression.

Mrs. Keith Spalding, of Chicago, has just given $18,000 and forty acres of land to be used in establishing a tuberculosis sanatorium at Naperville, Ill.

Turkish farmers never use fertilizers, nor do they practice rotation of crops. The same crops are planted year after year until the soil is exhausted.

One of the last official acts of the deposed Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, was to revoke an order made half a century ago forbidding balloon ascensions in the vicinity of Constantinople.

The Brazilian ministry of public works has decided that its new drydock, which will be big enough to accommodate the largest vessels afloat, shall be of the floating type instead of the fixed.

A New York undertaker claims to have discovered a new method of embalming by which the tissues are preserved by outward applications of certain chemicals without the necessity of any incision.