

MOON.

Charmed into silence lay
The forest, dimly lit;
No wind that summer day
Moved the least leaf of it.

No choric branches stirred
Its calm profound and deep,
Not voice of any bird,
But silence dreamed like sleep.

Like dew upon the grass
It fell upon my soul;
Loosed it to soar and pass
Beyond the stars and control.

Vague memories it woke,
Shaped far too frail for touch;
And then the silence broke,
Least I should learn too much.
—Frederic Manning, in the Atlantic.

A Misunderstanding

"You really think this of me, Jim?" Betty grasped the back of the chair against which she was leaning and her face whitened perceptibly. She had known all the morning that this moment would come, the moment when Jim must question her as to where she had been the evening before and with whom she had spent the time. And she was not at liberty to give a full explanation her heart sank within her.

"Betty, what else can I think? You admit you were motoring with Captain Carstairs and that owing to the car breaking down you did not reach home until 2 o'clock in the morning. Do you expect me to believe that? Is not it proof enough?"

"No, Jim, it's not."

"Then I don't know what is. Directly I'm safely out of the way you go off with your lover and—"

"Stop, Jim; that's enough." And Betty with the haughtiest of looks on her lovely little face walked slowly out of the room, although she felt as though her heart would break.

Jim, smothering an oath, gazed after the dainty little figure with a frown upon his face.

Could it be possible that his Betty, the girl whom he had chosen above all the world for his wife, was guilty? Yet had she not said she went motoring with Captain Carstairs and did not circumstances look black against her?

Unable to bear the silence longer and too proud to go to Betty to hear the full story from her lips, Jim mechanically put on his coat and banged the door loudly behind him and went in the direction of his club.

Meanwhile Betty upstairs was sitting in her boudoir gazing into the

price of yours?" And Joan bent over her friend, giving her a loving kiss.

"I don't suppose Jim will be home to dinner, Joan."

"Then shall I stay with you, dear?"

"Thanks very much, Joan, but if you don't mind I'd rather be alone. You see, with a brave attempt at a smile, "Jim might come home and then, you dear impulsive child, you would simply go for him."

"Of course I should, Betty, and why not?"

"No, dear, not yet. First get your people to like Arthur and then things will be easier. You know Jim thinks him too frivolous and hardly the sort of husband for his sister, but I feel sure when they once know him they will alter their opinion."

"What do you think of your friend you are, Betty, and how Jim must love you."

"I'm afraid he did, but now I'm afraid he will find it hard to love and trust me again."

"No he won't, dear, for I give you full leave to tell him everything. How good you've been to Arthur, and I'm really intended for to spend the evening alone, the first, by the way, she had spent by herself since her marriage."

Presently a soft little smile flitted across her face and her eyes shone.

"I know I will put on his favorite gowns and I'll have him to show him how much I wish to be friends, and Betty, with a pleasurable excitement taking possession of her, commenced her toilette. When everything was complete the reflection in her mirror gave forth a dainty figure clad in the softest of silks, with a bunch of roses at her waist. With a little sigh Betty turned to go downstairs when she ran right into her husband's arms.

"Jim, how—how you startled me!"

"Betty!" was all Jim could say as he glanced at the pretty face in front of him.

"Betty," Jim repeated, "come into my den. I want to speak to you."

With heart beating almost to suffocation, Betty followed Jim into his den and then closed the door.

Seating himself in a big armchair, he drew Betty into his arms and kissed her passionately on the mouth.

"But, Jim," gasped Betty, when she had recovered her breath, "I thought you were angry?"

"So I was, girl, but I was also a fool to imagine such a thing about you."

"But what has made you alter your opinion?" said Betty, more bewildered than ever.

"Well, sweetheart, when I left you this afternoon I felt mad with rage and didn't care where I went or what I did. After wandering about for a time I landed at the club and the first person I ran against was Carstairs. He would have passed me by, but I buttonholed him and got the whole truth out of him. I rather begin to like him, after all, and if he will only settle down shall not mind him as an addition to the family. He told me what a loyal friend you had been to him when luck seemed dead against him and that it was through your influence the pater seemed more favorably disposed towards him. Betty you're a brick, and I'm proud of my wife."

"Jim!"

"Sweetheart!"

Betty drew her husband's face close to hers and whispered softly:

"You'll never doubt me again?"

"Never, my own Betty, and he drew his wife into his arms and once more kissed her.



"Betty, you're a brick."

fire with eyes that saw nothing. The banging of the front door roused her from her reverie, and rising from her chair she flung her arms above her head and sighed wearily.

"High—ho! This comes of playing the good fairy to one's friends," she thought. She wondered if Jim would have said those unkind things had he known the circumstances? Would he have accused her of going off with Captain Carstairs if he had known that he was his own sister's fiancé. Poor old Jim! How angry he was. Yet she would forgive him if only because he was—

Here Betty's train of thought was interrupted by a gentle tapping at the door, and a very pretty voice asked: "May I come in, dear?"

"By all means, Joan," answered Betty, rising to break the news to her friend.

"I say, Betty," began Joan, "you were a trump last night to bring Arthur over. Do you know that dad is really coming round at last. After you both were gone he even said, 'Well, after all, Carstairs can't be such a bad fellow or Betty would not be friends with him.' So you see, dear, I've just come to thank you again for all you've done for us both." And impulsively Joan put her arms round her friend's neck and gave her a frantic hug.

When her enthusiasm had somewhat abated Betty gently pushed her friend away, and placing her hands upon her shoulders said, "Joan, dear, I'm glad I've been able to help you; but do you know my help has been dearly bought."

"Dearly bought, Betty! What do you mean?"

"Simply this, dear, that Jim has found out I've been motoring with Arthur, and last night as we were coming home a most unfortunate thing happened. After we had gone about a couple of miles something went wrong with the car. Try as he would, Arthur could not make it go. At last, in desperation, he asked me if I would mind waiting alone while he tried to find a garage, as it was no good wasting more time over the wretched thing. I felt so desperate that I did not seem to mind anything. After I'd seemed to me an eternity Arthur returned accompanied by a mechanic, and though the repairs were done with the utmost speed the delay was so great that we did not get back until 2 o'clock this morning. Naturally, of course, Jim was furious, and as I had seemed to secrecy I could not give a full explanation or defend myself, and so Jim accused me of—of having a lover—and—"

In a few seconds, however, she had recovered, and, rising from the couch, held out a shaking hand to Joan.

"Never mind, dear, no doubt it will come out all right, and some day I shall be able to explain to Jim."

"Not some day, Betty, but to-day—this very evening, and as I'm bound to come to dinner. How could you think I would purchase my happiness at the

NOTED LONDON BEAUTY TO WED.



MISS MARGERY CUNARD.

The engagement of the noted London beauty, Miss Margery Cunard, to Robert V. Harcourt of London, has been announced. Miss Cunard is the granddaughter of the founder of the famous Cunard steamship lines, Sir Samuel Cunard, and the daughter of Sir Cunard's second son, Mr. Harcourt is in the British Parliament. "Bobby" Harcourt, as he is called for short, is a half-brother of Lulu Harcourt, the Minister of Works in the present English government, and husband of Miss Mary Ethel Burns of New York. Mrs. Harcourt, Sr., was also an American, the daughter of J. L. Motley, at one time American Minister to London, and author of the famous history of the Dutch republic.

FOR COUSIN CORNELIA.

The Girls Fixed Up the Guest Room with Frilly Things.

"There," Emilie said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I believe that is the last touch. Wasn't it fortunate, Pen, that that pincushion Della Stacey gave you for Christmas was yellow? It fits as if it were her hair; it certainly is a beauty."

"Um!" responded Pen, doubtfully. Emilie turned with suspicion born of lifelong acquaintance.

"Now what is it?" she asked. "It is pretty, even if it is frilly."

"Nothing. I was just wondering whether Cousin Cornelia liked pincushions in the shape of roses, and frilly whisk-broom cases, and green-ribboned hatpin cushions and carved glove cases that you can't keep the dust out of."

Emilie dropped into a chair and looked at her sister.

"Ten Merfildes, what do you mean? Haven't we put all our prettiest things into our guest room?"

"Prettiest—and fustiest! I wouldn't be hired to live with them, and have to put pins back in the same holes, and never dare sit on the bed and—Don't look so, Em! I'm a brute! It is over so pretty, and maybe Cousin Cornelia adores such things. I deserve to be shut up in a white-washed cell for even suggesting such horrid heresies."

Pen, penitent, was always irresistible. Besides, Pen always did have queer notions. The idea of a guest room without a fancy pincushion, or Cousin Cornelia arrived at 4 o'clock. Pen gave a smothered gasp when she saw her—certainly she didn't look "frilly"; but apparently Emilie was not troubled. She took their guest upstairs, chattering all the way in her pretty fashion.

Ten minutes later, when the girls were together in their room, there was a knock at the door. Emilie, opening it, stared speechless. Cousin Cornelia stood before her. Over Cousin Cornelia's shoulders were the lace bedspread and pillow-shams; in her hands was a miscellaneous assortment, in which the yellow rose pincushion, the green-ribboned hatpin cushion and the lace-covered glove were prominent.

"I always think it's foolishness," Cousin Cornelia remarked, "not to be comfortable a minute with these gimcracks. Give me a plain bedspread if you've got one—if not, I'll do without, and a hemstitched towel for the bureau, and a tray or a box—anything without ribbons, for pins. I've suffered enough trying not to spoil guest room folders in places where I have to speak out, but when I'm among relatives, I'm going to have the relief of telling the truth."

"Yes, indeed, Cousin Cornelia, I'm so glad you did," Emilie replied, meekly. She did not glance at Pen; but Pen, who was generous, gravely relieved Cousin Cornelia of the lace counterpane.—Youth's Companion.

More Exclusive in Philadelphia.

The story is told of an elderly man, a member of the "Inner circle" of Philadelphia society, who was much affected by the news of the death of a man of social aspirations which had not, it is said to relate, been aided by his well-known benevolence.

"Mr. Blank was in many respects an admirable character," said the old lady, "and it was a real pity that his lowly origin made impossible our recognition of him. Poor, dear, vulgar creature! We could not know him in Philadelphia, but we shall meet him in heaven!"—Lippincott's.

A Mistake.

"Oh, doctor, he growled so savagely I was sure he was mad even before he went on in such a biting way."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about; it's my husband."—Baltimore American.

Only Lunch.

"Have lunch today?"

"None."

"Thought I saw you going out."

"You did, but I had lunch, not luncheon. I only had 15 cents to spend."

When a woman sets a good example she never knows what it will hatch out.

The Drawback.

"I love her! I adore her and cannot marry her! The obstacle is insurmountable."

"What is it? A family secret?"

"Ah, no! Much worse!"

"What, then? She loves another?"

"Worse than that. Her dowry is only \$100,000."—Pele Mele.

YOUNG GOTHAM MERCHANTS.

Early Start Made by Juveniles to Build Up Business.

They certainly do start 'em young in this camp, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star says. Away up in the Washington Heights section a small kid has been running a news stand. He isn't much more than large enough to see over the little table on which he displays his morning and evening papers, but he is always there with the brief grin when a customer comes along and he never makes a mistake after the second day as to what particular paper that customer buys to read on the way downtown. It began to look as if the kid had a fairly profitable little business started when the other morning one of the regular patrons applying one of the regular patrons approached the stand. No one was in sight, but as the patron passed by it the old cloth curtains that concealed its shaky legs parted and out rolled a plump, dirty little brat, about half the size of the proprietor. He thrust the little paper in the customer's hand and stuck out a grubby little paw for the penny.

"But what are you doing under the stand?" asked the astounded buyer.

"Play'n house—wid Wosie," said the juvenile clerk.

Hearing his name, "Wosie" rolled into view, presenting her as a nominally smeared apparition of 3 years, clutching a candy-dusted doll to her breast. The lord of the manor seemed to be in a communicative mood. "Me bruvver's started a new stand," he said, "an' I git half what I make out of the customer's hand, and then Wosie gits this one."

As the customer passed on, gasping, the boss and "Wosie" rolled under the stand again, to resume the fascinating occupation of playing house. Through the slit in the curtains one bright black eye might be seen peering sullenly, awaiting the arrival of possible buyers.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Only truth and justice ever paid in the long run.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburg.

Married life is what married people make of it.—Rev. Dr. Page, Congregationalist, Boston.

We shall do well to-day if we allow ourselves to be grasped by the spirit of healthy optimism.—Rev. W. F. Geisler, Methodist, Providence.

Modern civilization never could have come to pass without the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ.—Rev. J. L. Parks, Episcopalian, New York City.

The work of the church is not simply to overthrow the outward forms of vice, but to redeem the victim.—Rev. J. M. Taber, Methodist, Newark.

Nothing less than the power of God can save the world. If we are saved at all we are saved by divine power.—Rev. J. M. Walden, Methodist, Cincinnati.

The life which keeps to itself, monopolizing its own resources, is valueless to the world.—Rev. Dr. Lee, Episcopalian, Detroit.

There are far better ways of coming into the best things of spiritual life than waiting to be driven into them through fear of some great disaster.—Rev. C. E. Dowman, Methodist, Atlanta.

As we are acquainted with one world of God's making, and though it is so marred God's handwork, the autograph of its Maker has never been erased from the earth.—Rev. H. A. Porter, Baptist, Louisville.

Mammonism is the worship of wealth. In principle and spirit it is Paganism because it involves supreme confidence in a fancy phylactery.

The Bible is from God and so is science, and there is no conflict between them. Jesus Christ was the Supreme Scientist. Man and nature were perfectly known to Him. His gospel, miracles, and present power prove that.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, Independent, Los Angeles.

The people of to-day should learn a lesson from the commandment to tarry in prayer and communion. Life is being spent too rapidly. Speed seems to be the great motto to-day, but we should not be race horses on the track of life.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

What the homing instinct is to the bird, religion ought to be to a man. Reason, guided if by no more than probability, dictates a degree of religiousness in a man. A little religiousness of the right kind always arranges.—Rev. E. H. Pence, Presbyterian, Detroit.

Like the air of heaven, which ascends the highest mountain and descends down to the deepest valley, everywhere purifying the fact of nature, the gospel permeates every rank and grade of society, diffusing everywhere a healthy moral atmosphere.—Carroll Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

The ideal Christian walks with God and acts with God. He sees the delights and sorrows of the world as God sees them, and acts for righteousness and against iniquity, as God acts.

The ideal Christian is not a mute—he speaks for the right; and neither is he a paralytic, for he helps against the wrong.—Rev. Z. H. Copp, Bethany Chapel, Washington.

Shoemaker's Candles.

I will remember some seventy years ago seeing fat candles in use. To produce what was known as the fat candle, which was also sometimes called "shoemaker's candle," two newly-made "dips" were pressed close to each other while soft and then again lowered into the hot fat, thus holding them together as one candle with two wicks. The dips could be in fact increased if desired. This fat candle was most generally used by shoemakers in some households whenever an extra bright light for working or reading was required.—Cor. Dickenson.

Making Herself at Home.

Last summer five-year-old Lola's aunt came to spend a week with them. "Now, aunt," said Lola, "you must make yourself at home."

"How can I do that, dear?" queried her aunt.

"Why," answered Lola, "you can pitch in and help mamma work."—Chicago News.

Never say fall. Just go ahead and fall and your creditors will soon hear of it.



ROTT'S OF THE DAY

Busy Days for President Taft.

During his swing through the West and South President Taft has made voluminous promises of reforms to be enacted by the administration during the coming session of Congress. If he carries out even a majority of these assurances his work will be cut out. Even his strenuous predecessor never outlined a program so extensive and diversified.

Here are the principal matters that President Taft has pledged the administration to accomplish:

Creation of a central bank of issue which shall control the treasury reserve and deal with currency stringencies.

Establishment of a postal savings bank system.

Adoption of the proposed amendment to the constitution authorizing the levying of an income tax, such tax to be enforced only in cases of national emergency.

Addition of a feature to the corporation tax imposing a tax upon interest to be paid, thus reducing the amount of interest a corporation would pay to bondholders to the extent of the tax collected.

Recommendation that no further changes be made in the tariff during the administration.

States, not the federal government, to correct swollen fortunes by means of drastic inheritance laws.

STUCK!



Amendments to the anti-trust law and opposition to exempting the trades union class from the operation of such laws.

Amendments to the Hepburn interstate commerce act providing for the creation of a court to pass upon appeals from decisions fixing rates made by the Interstate Commerce Commission; authority for the commission to determine the proper classification of merchandise for transportation; authority for the commission to initiate complaints of discrimination in rates; granting the commission power to compel connecting carriers to unite in forming through routes and to fix the rate and apportionment thereof among the carriers; prohibition of railroads to hold stock in competing roads; requiring railroads to obtain the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission to all issues of stocks and bonds, which issues must be for legitimate purposes and free of "water," authority for railroads to make agreements on rates approved by the commission; addition of an auditor bureau to the Department of Justice to prosecute violations of the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws.

Proper legal definition of cases in which preliminary injunctions may be issued without notice in labor disputes and of the procedure to be pursued in such matters.

Requiring interstate railroads to adopt additional safety devices.

Appointment of a Congressional commission to investigate the cause of delays in the federal courts and development of a system which shall secure quick and cheap justice in the federal courts and serve as a model for the States.

Conservation of natural resources. Reclamation of arid lands and issuance of certificates for the purpose. Preservation of forests. Deepening of waterways. Reorganization of the public land system.

Reorganization of government departments in Washington, particularly the Department of Justice, Interstate Commerce Commission and Bureau of Corporations.

Prosecution and punishment of all violators of the law, even of the most powerful, which includes clearer definition of the statutes relating to business.

Enforcement of the pure-food law. Peace and friendship and development of closer relations with Japan.

This is another case in which it will be interesting to compare promise with performance.

No Need of Ship Subsidies.

As the discussion of ship subsidies proceeds it becomes each day more apparent that there is no necessity of taxing the people of the United States to build up a merchant marine.

Three causes contributed to the decay of the shipping industry.

The substitution of iron for wood made it impossible for the American sailing clipper to compete with the steam freighter.

The high protective import duty on iron and steel made the cost of building freighters in the United States so high that they could not compete with freighters built abroad.

The law denying American register to foreign-built ships prevented American ship owners from purchasing ships abroad and sailing them under the American flag.

A ship subsidy bill is to be introduced at the next session of Congress.

Representatives of the people must be deluged by prophecies of great trade with the Orient and South America on completion of the Panama canal. This trade is merely a possibility, and has nothing to do with the desirability or necessity of ship subsidies.

If subsidies are right after the Panama ditch is completed they are right now. If subsidies are wrong now, they will be wrong when the canal is in operation.

There is no lack of ocean tonnage to carry all American freight. Idle freighters are tied up in every great port for lack of cargo. Barely 5 per cent of our manufactured products are exported. Our highly protected manufacturers have no desire to export a larger proportion because they can make higher profits in the home market than abroad.

From what source, then, is to come the freight for the merchant marine that the people are urged to subsidize?

The Journal doubts that a ship subsidy would create a merchant navy. Senator Elkins has shown that a subsidy can be provided at the expense of the tariff barons. If necessary, all the available facts do not show that a subsidy is necessary or advisable.—Chicago Journal.

Senator Aldrich's Ideas.

Senator Aldrich made his first speech in his Western campaign Saturday night at Chicago. A few days before his appearance it was announced that the Senator had no thought of urging any special plan on the people and that his principal idea was to give our Westerners a chance to become acquainted with him that he might see that he was unadorned with horns and hoofs. As our objection is to the Aldrich personality but to the Aldrich theory of government, we are not able to see how an exhibition of his personalia will do much to change our attitude. What we "in these quarrel with is the control of the government by such men as Aldrich and Cannon in the interest of "the interests."—Indianapolis News.

Protect Our National Credit.

For the first time in thirty years United States bonds have sold below par, Panama 2 per cents changing hands the other day at 93%.

These bonds are bought by banks to deposit as a basis for the issue of bank notes. What will happen if Senator Aldrich's central bank monopolizes the issue of currency, thus removing from national banks the necessity of buying government bonds?

Who is going to buy government 2 per cents, with so many other safe available investments that will pay higher interest?

The cash balance on hand of the United States treasury is small, the deficit of currency expenses over revenue is piling up every day, and national bonds are depreciating in value. What is the cause?

Theodore Roosevelt's reckless extravagance set a pace in national waste of money which left the White House mortgaged. Under President Taft conditions have not improved.

During the Stress Yell.

First inquirer—How do you like them college boys' cheers?

Second Ditto—It got docked for the quit yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle.—University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Public funds have been squandered shamelessly. Vast armies of employees have been added to the public pay roll. Millions of dollars have been spent in projects of questionable value. Large additional expenditures are proposed. No sign of economy is apparent.

On the contrary, there is every indication that President Taft proposes to increase the public burden, raise tax rates, and pour out millions to be absorbed by Republican grand dukes like the Sahara desert swallowing up Niagara.

For the sake of national credit, and in the interest of preventing the financial upheaval that must result if present conditions continue, it is to be hoped that Mr. Taft's cabinet advisers will insist on retrenchment at Washington, and protect the treasury department from the possible influence of certain high financiers who may desire to further their own ends at public expense.—Chicago Journal.

The Central Bank Danger.

If Senator Aldrich's central bank scheme should by any mishap become law nothing could prevent control of this great national financial institution passing into the hands of the Wall street captains of finance.

The actual value of securities of every kind depends upon the safety and earning power. The Aldrich central bank would control interest rates. To intrust such unlimited power to a little coterie of money kings or their political puppets would be disastrous.

Thus armed, they could stop or start the wheels of commerce to please themselves; they could render the securities of any company safe or unsafe; they could create panics and allay them without hindrance. In

Draft Horses in Demand.

The claim has often been made that the automobile and trolley are steadily displacing the horse, and that the introduction of motor vehicles would so reduce the price of horses as to make them in a short time worthless.

This claim is not supported by facts, and at the present time the horse is even in greater demand and more valuable than ever before. It is true that the railroads have banished the stage-coach and the prairie schooner, and numerous mechanical devices on the farm are doing the work once required of the horse, yet, in spite of these inventions and substitutes for horse power, the demand for heavy draft horses is continually growing.

Statistics for the past twenty years show that the price for horses have advanced from 35 to 40 per cent, and that horses have been steadily increasing in number.—Our Dumb Animals.

Do Farmers Read Bulletins?

I have noticed one thing in particular while traveling in some of our best agricultural States, and that is, when I see a number of well-dressed farmers discussing beef and milk rations, feeding young animals for a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and the functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community, says the Agricultural Epitomist.

Now, the question is, Do the best and most intelligent farmers read these bulletins and keep in touch with their station workers and read the agricultural press, or does the reading of these bulletins and agricultural papers make more intelligent farmers? It is one or the other, considered from a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and the functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community, says the Agricultural Epitomist.

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Warning to Farmers.

The attractions of the cities have tended to augment the city and business life at the expense of the farm life in the United States, and in consequence there has been ignorance and shiftlessness in the care of the soil, a depletion of the soil's fertility, and lessening yields. This opinion, which sounded a note of warning of the great need for an increased agricultural population, was expressed by M. Richards, lan and industrial agent of the Southern Railway, in his address before the Farmers' National Congress in Raleigh, N. C. He also praised the railroads for the part they have taken in giving the United States its present rank in the markets of the world.

Mr. Richards asserted that he was not one of those who feared that the United States would fall behind as an agricultural country. "The day is far off," he said, "when we shall be unable to produce, and at prices which will enable us to compete in the markets of the world, our share of the grains, fruits and meats needed to feed mankind."

"We are steadily advancing to the time when all our soils shall be properly cared for and their fertility retained."

Value of American Farm Products.

It is estimated that the population of this country has gained about 17 per cent since the last census was taken. In that time the value of farm products has increased nearly 80 per cent. Since the census of 1890 the gain in population has been about 40 per cent. The value of farm products in those nineteen years has more than trebled.

Even the farmers themselves do not appear to realize what the rise in the prices means to them and to the wealth of the country. The total value of the products of the farms in 1900 was \$4,717,000,000, having nearly doubled in the course of ten years. Last year the value increased to \$7,800,000,000, and the Department of Agriculture offers the figures \$8,300,000,000 as the value of this year's crop.

Here are represented gains for 1906 of \$380,000,000 over 1905, in 1907 of \$600,000,000 over 1906, in 1908 of \$378,000,000 over 1907, for this year an indicated gain of \$500,000,000. All our farm products in the last five years have an aggregate value of \$37,000,000,000.

These gains are not all due to the opening up of new territory, the planting of a greater acreage by the individual farmer and the rise of prices. The farmer is profiting by the teachings and discoveries of the agricult-



ural stations and the labors of the agricultural specialists. There is more diversity in farm products, less of work by mere rule of thumb, an approach to that ideal of the intelligent farmer, scientific tillage of the soil.

Farm Life Ideal.

There are attractions associated with rural life that make a home on the farm preferable to living in a city. The dangers incident to raising a family in the country are infinitely greater than in the city. It is dangerous for the child to be on the street alone for fear of being run down by a street car, express wagon or automobile.

The natural health and vigor of children reared in the country are superior to city-raised children. Country cooking, with fresh vegetables, eggs, milk, butter and bread made by the farmer's wife, far surpasses in health-producing attributes the style of living in cities. In the country the atmosphere is clear, while in cities it is hazy with coal smoke and clouds of dust swept up from the macadamized streets by every wind that blows. The country is the ideal place to grow healthful bodies and develop clear, strong minds. The child with a robust body trained to do things has a confidence in himself that cannot be acquired in any other way. The child reared in the country develops the qualities of a leader, and from the farm have come the Hills, Harrimans and Morgans that are now the world's captains of industry. The contact with nature not only creates vigorous bodies, but also instills the principles of honesty and morality in the mind, without which enduring success is impossible.

Farm life and investment is the most stable of all the industries. One reason why so many city people fail to accumulate a competence for the vicissitudes of old age is the instability of business enterprises in cities. One passes an attractive store with elegant display of merchandise, and he notes that the place is for rent in a few weeks. People with limited capital in cities invest it in enterprises they do not understand and their possessions are soon swallowed up by relentless creditors. Not so in the stability of investments in agricultural lands. The earth is an inexhaustible repository of undeveloped wealth that only awaits the labors of the husbandman to materialize into bountiful harvests to enrich the owner of the soil. A multitude of themselves and great fortunes took to themselves in the panic of 1907, but the stability of agriculture was not affected. No farmer lost his home and fortune because some bank failed or some mercantile house went into liquidation. Panics that affect commercial and financial industries do not depreciate the production of the soil and the farmer finds himself immune from the calamities which wreck the fortunes of other enterprises.—Goodall's Farmer.

Improving Crops.

This bit of wisdom is from the Twentieth Century Farmer:

"The high price of corn and the knowledge of how to make two ears of corn grow where but one grew before is the kind of argument that is convincing with the American farmer. This common sense theory is what has set in motion the present great wave of educational reform in agricultural affairs. It explains the new life that is to-day found in the county fair; it explains why there are corn growers' societies of all degrees, from the township association with the State and National associations. In short, it bases the beginning of a systematic improvement all along the line of cereals, grasses and farm crops."

Draft Horses in Demand.

The claim has often been made that the automobile and trolley are steadily displacing the horse, and that the introduction of motor vehicles would so reduce the price of horses as to make them in a short time worthless.

This claim is not supported by facts, and at the present time the horse is even in greater demand and more valuable than ever before. It is true that the railroads have banished the stage-coach and the prairie schooner, and numerous mechanical devices on the farm are doing the work once required of the horse, yet, in spite of these inventions and substitutes for horse power, the demand for heavy draft horses is continually growing.

Statistics for the past twenty years show that the price for horses have advanced from 35 to 40 per cent, and that horses have been steadily increasing in number.—Our Dumb Animals.

Do Farmers Read Bulletins?

I have noticed one thing in particular while traveling in some of our best agricultural States, and that is, when I see a number of well-dressed farmers discussing beef and milk rations, feeding young animals for a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and the functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community, says the Agricultural Epitomist.

Now, the question is, Do the best and most intelligent farmers read these bulletins and keep in touch with their station workers and read the agricultural press, or does the reading of these bulletins and agricultural papers make more intelligent farmers? It is one or the other, considered from a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and the functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community, says the Agricultural Epitomist.

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Warning to Farmers.

The attractions of the cities have tended to augment the city and business life at the expense of the farm life in the United States, and in consequence there has been ignorance and shiftlessness in the care of the soil, a depletion of the soil's fertility, and lessening yields. This opinion, which sounded a note of warning of the great need for an increased agricultural population, was expressed by M. Richards, lan and industrial agent of the Southern Railway, in his address before the Farmers' National Congress in Raleigh, N. C. He also praised the railroads for the part they have taken in giving the United States its present rank in the markets of the world.

Mr. Richards asserted that he was not one of those who feared that the United States would fall behind as an agricultural country. "The day is far off," he said, "when we shall be unable to produce, and at prices which will enable us to compete in the markets of the world, our share of the grains, fruits and meats needed to feed mankind."

"We are steadily advancing to the time when all our soils shall be properly cared for and their fertility retained."

Value of American Farm Products.

It is estimated that the population of this country has gained about 17 per cent since the last census was taken. In that time the value of farm products has increased nearly 80 per cent. Since the census of 1890 the gain in population has been about 40 per cent. The value of farm products in those nineteen years has more than trebled.

Even the farmers themselves do not appear to realize what the rise in the prices means to them and to the wealth of the country. The total value of the products of the farms in 1900 was \$4,717,000,000, having nearly doubled in the course of ten years. Last year the value increased to \$7,800,000,000, and the Department of Agriculture offers the figures \$8,300,000,000 as the value of this year's crop.

Here are represented gains for 1906 of \$380,000,000 over 1905, in 1907 of \$600,000,000 over 1906, in 1908 of \$378,000,000 over 1907, for this year an indicated gain of \$500,000,000. All our farm products in the last five years have an aggregate value of \$37,000,000,000.

These gains are not all due to the opening up of new territory, the planting of a greater acreage by the individual farmer and the rise of prices. The farmer is profiting by the teachings and discoveries of the agricult-

Getting Rich.

"How did you get the money to buy paints to finish your picture?" asked the sympathetic intimate of the struggling artist.

"Pawed my coat."

"Oh! And how much did you get for your picture?"

"Nearly enough to get my coat out."—London Globe.

The Climate Chaser.

"Who is that man who is afraid to sit in a draft?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is probably one of those people who think nothing of traveling a thousand miles to get where there is a breeze."—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.

"Tom—So you uncle Sam died and left you a fortune? I suppose you have received oceans of congratulations. Jack—I should say I have. Why, even my tailor remembered me. He sent me a bunch of forget-me-nots."