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BURLINGTON, THURSDAY, OCT. 5.

WANTED.

When you want anything, advertise in the new special column of this paper. Some bargains are offered there this week which it will pay you to read about. See page two. This paper has more than 25,000 readers every week and one cent a word will reach them all.

It remains to be seen whether the Turco-Italian war is to be classed as a "dangerous occupation."

Dr. Wiley is again in command, according to advices from Washington, those who assailed him having taken to the woods.

The arrival in this country of the Hon. H. C. Ide, United States minister to Spain, suggests the unquestioned fact that this same Vermonter could unquestionably tell interesting things about present conditions in the Castilian peninsula, did not diplomacy seal his lips. Everybody who is acquainted with Minister Ide knows that he is a born diplomat.

The Montpelier Journal sagely remarks that "the contest over lieutenant-governor must now divide interest with that for attorney-general." There is one thing to be said about the contest for second place on the ticket that will not necessarily apply to the other. The mountain rule will prevent at least one-half of the fourteen counties of the State from entering candidates for lieutenant-governor.

ADVERTISING VERMONT.

That the railroads are more alive than ever before to the value of publicity for Vermont's attractions is evident from the fact that the Central Vermont railroad has already begun preparations for one of the most elaborate projects yet devised for the advertising of the Green Mountain region next season.

General Passenger Agent John W. Hanley of the Central Vermont and Mr. J. F. Cork, official photographer for the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, arrived in the city last evening and to-day they will visit many points of interest in and [illegible] Burlington for the purpose of securing a number of views for the elaborate and beautifully illustrated publication to be issued next season.

They will proceed the whole length of the State in the same way and a little later they propose to visit Mount Mansfield for the purpose of catching, if possible, some of the magnificent sunset views to be had from the summit of the king of Vermont mountains.

Mr. Hanley says that contrary to the opinions held in some quarters the auto travel has not injured their business, for it was greater this season than ever before. He is an enthusiast on summer hotels and sees a great future for Vermont as both a summer and winter resort.

AN INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.

Prof. S. F. Emerson, in the course of his initial talk to the men of the College Street Church upon the results of his observations during a year's sojourn in Europe, emphasized the fact that [illegible]ours is largely an invisible government, while the chief characteristic of the old world governments is realism. The subject of monarchies especially are impressed through the symbols of authority.

In this connection we note an interesting characterization of the American government's lack of outward expression, contributed to the columns of the New York Globe by Dr. Frank Crane. He says:

"If you will meditate long enough on this proposition it will clear up your mind wonderfully in your fundamental thinking about politics, economics, and sociology. Our ostensible government consists of mayors, sheriffs, governors, presidents, and the like. As a matter of fact, these officers have little or nothing to do with governing us. About all that the political government does may be put into two words: First, they punish crime, and, second, they collect taxes to pay themselves for this work.

"Now, the average man has nothing to do with crime. He does not commit crime, and is rarely made the object of crime. We urge him to attend the primaries and to vote, but he remains woefully indifferent. A curious proof of my theory is that the class most active in city politics is the criminal class; for government has most to do with that class.

"But the average man is not a criminal nor a criminal catcher. He is busy making a living. That, therefore, which controls his living and sets bounds and conditions for his business is that which really governs him.

"The real government, it follows, is not in the hands of the political officials whom we elect, but in the hands of the men of wealth, whom we do not elect."

Even if this stricture is correct, the fact remains that our government is invisible.

WILSON'S STAR IN DESCENDANT.

Six months ago the average political observer would have been ready to assert that Governor Wilson of New Jersey had a better outlook to secure the democratic nomination for the presidency of the United States than any other aspirant. Now all this has changed.

At the present time many democratic leaders are looking askance at the New Jersey executive. His transformation from an opponent of the initiative, the recall and the referendum to the most radical champion of these and other measures hitherto opposed by the orthodox democracy has been so sudden that nobody who has him classified to-day knows where to find him to-morrow.

Even Col. George Harvey, the versatile and able Vermonter, who edits Harper's Weekly and supervises the publication of other Harper publications, and who discovered Woodrow Wilson as a presidential possibility, has dropped him like the traditional hot potato.

The latest evidence of Wilson's swift descent down the political toboggan is to be found in his overwhelming defeat by the organization democrats in Tuesday's political primary.

James R. Nugent, former chairman of the democratic State committee of New Jersey, who became famous and lost his place, too, by declaring that Governor Woodrow Wilson was "an ingrate and a traitor," is said to have been the happiest man in Newark. His candidates, "the organization" candidates of his democratic faction, had defeated those of the Wilson League by some 3,000. This is what Mr. Nugent had to say about it:

"The result of the primaries in Essex shows that the democratic voters resented the interference by their governor in a strictly party contest. They resented also obnoxious features of the Geran elections law. The law is good in many particulars, but its virtues are clouded by absurdities. They resented also the classification of all men opposed to the governor as scoundrels. I use the word scoundrel on high authority. It is the governor's own indiscriminate language. They resented also abuse of the executive power. Governor Wilson referred in his Jersey City address last week to two assemblymen who had not to be 'threatened.' I claim it is the inference that there were others who were 'threatened.' The governor admits the 'threatening' and the people have resented that."

Another test may come next week when the democratic State convention will be held. That convention—under the new Geran law made up of the successful democratic candidates for the Assembly and the Senate—will issue a platform. It may or may not endorse the governor's hope for the democratic nomination for the presidency.

Another democratic leader in speaking of Wilson said: "If a resolution to endorse his candidacy is offered," said a Newark politician, "it will be defeated.

PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE CHANCE TO DO BUSINESS.

We showed the other day that the republicans can enter the national campaign of 1912 under favorable auspices by presenting in the coming session of Congress bills embodying a tariff and financial program that will tend to put business on an established basis.

That means tariff revision in accordance with the recommendations of a tariff board made after a non-partisan investigation and on a scientific basis, with ample notice to the public so that no unfair advantage can be taken of people by dealers in any commodity. It means a stable financial policy, and no radical tinkering with the nation's financial system. It means the adoption of measures that will reassure business all along the line while in no sense abating the impartial prosecution of law-breakers, whether trusts or individuals.

As the recognized head of his party President Taft is expected to take a prominent part in the formulation of policies, but the framing of measures rests with the law-making branch of our government.

The Republican party is not a one-man party, and the republicans of the two Houses of Congress can not shift their share of responsibility.

In the meantime President Taft is being urged to proceed now in this direction and now in that. The New York Sun goes to one extreme, representing as it does the orthodox financial corporation, and urges President Taft to become a rock-ribbed conservative. The Sun says:

"There is only one issue at the present time of sufficient magnitude to take a President of the United States away from his post of official duty to give oral instruction to the population between the two oceans. That is the supreme issue forced into being by the progressive disorganizers of government; the issue with socialism, disguised, half clothed or naked. Everywhere and in both parties men of patriotism and men of business are looking hard for a leader with the discernment to recognize this central fact of the situation and with courage enough to face the people and tell them the truth about it.

"Has Mr. Taft the discernment? Has he the courage? If so, Opportunity never beckoned more eagerly to the right man. If so, he will let the complexities of the Sherman act and the perplexities of tariff schedules go to Gehenna, and put himself speedily and unmistakably at the head of the conservative political forces that are bound to prevail if this republic is going to endure."

As regards the tariff, there is plainly a reaction from the time when the West was calling for the smashing of schedules generally. A continued upward movement in the cost of living may cause the pendulum to swing back again, and to oscillate until this whole question is settled.

But now that reciprocity has cleared the atmosphere the tariff question can not be settled without either adopting President Taft's tariff board program or espousing the democratic program of ripping up things generally through a sweeping revision of the entire tariff and the creation at a large free list open to all the world.

Public sentiment on the tariff question is now in a state of flux, and the drift will speedily set in one direction or the other. President Taft is called upon by the Sun to become conservative and so help business.

The democrats are already committed by their course in Congress to a free list and a tariff for revenue only.

Which policy regarding the tariff will the more help business?

Turning to the question of enforcing the anti-trust laws we find a powerful sentiment reflected in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, which says:

"Mr. Taft's desire to comfort the sorrowing and reassure the worrying is plainly manifest and manifestly sincere. His refusal to halt the enforcement of the Sherman act is surprisingly firm and unequivocal. He blends the bitter and the sweet with tact and cleverness. Yet it is hardly to be supposed that the business men who cry out against the disturbance, by a republican administration, of the order which the Republican party, through a long period of years, has sedulously fostered, will be easily pacified. Rather is it to be hoped that they will bring themselves to acceptance of the change as inevitable, and philosophically turn the energy now devoted to vociferous but unavailing protest to the readjustment of their business in conformity with the law as it has been interpreted by the court of last resort. The task may be difficult to those trained in the trust school, but it is by no means impossible. And the experience of the railways, which bent their necks to the yoke of law and regualtion only after a season of furious but unavailing protest, should teach them to accept philosophically what Mr. Taft, whose party has served these many years in the capacity of next friend to the trusts, assures them is inevitable."

However we may differ regarding the personality of the head of our government, President Taft unquestionably represents the sentiment of the great mass of the American people in taking his position as a middle-of-the-road progressive republican. The New York Sun will have few followers outside of the large financial interests in calling for a cessation of the prosecution of violators of the anti-trust laws.

Indeed, the man chiefly mentioned as a possible rival for the republican nomination for the presidency of the United States in opposition to Mr. Taft is far more radical than the latter and it is to be presumed that his policies would disturb business to a far greater degree than those against which so many people are protesting in connection with the Taft administration, indicating that the trend in the republican ranks as well as throughout the country is toward progressiveness and not in the direction indicated by our luminous New York contemporary.

The great thing for the people to do is to stop waiting for somebody else to think for them. Let them settle in their own minds whether they want to smash things or to remedy defects as fast as possible without plunging the whole country into prolonged uncertainty and then settle down to business.

ANOTHER VT. ORCHARD.

H. H. Hill Writes Concerning O. H. Rixford's Apples in Highgate.

To the Editor of The Free Press:

Appreciating your effort to direct attention to the possibilities of Vermont for the production of fruit, I thought I would write you what I saw on September 20 when I visited the Rixford orchard at East Highgate. It is located in the Missisquoi valley near the line, between Highgate and Franklin, on a moderately steep, rocky hillside so common to Vermont, and typical of the foothill scenery the whole length of the State. It was once a forest of the hardwood with but little of the evergreen timber as indicated by the growth at present on the hillsides in the locality.

I am obliged to leave out of this account much of the data which I would like to use on account of its owner, O. H. Rixford, and family being away at the State fair. This orchard was planted some 45 years ago by the father, O. S. Rixford, of the present owner, the well-known manufacturer of scythes and axes. He cut off the original growth and seeing some scattering scrub apple trees suggested the idea and planted this orchard among the stumps and rocks, where the plow had not turned a sod and so far as I could see, has never been plowed. The orchard is irregular on account of rocky ridges, interrupting the regular planting of solid systematic orcharding. But being a gentleman of the old red school and a graduate of Brigham Academy at Bakersfield, he developed a character, of sturdy honesty, [illegible] judament and sagacity, such as we are the better for having known. He visited me at my home nearly every year for the last 10 years of his life. He showed the best of judgment in planting this orchard wholly to snows or the femeuse (as commonly known) the hardiest variety known to our cold winters in northern Vermont.

He lived to harvest many good crops of the fruit which I have been told helped out financially in time of business necessity. The fruit has been packed and marketed these years in boxes 12x12x18 inches, inside measure. In the absence of O. H. Rixford and family I was met and taken over the orchard by the farm overseer or manager, Mr. Spear, a man of good and pleasing address and intelligence, who had been in the position for 12 years. This fruit was the finest show of snows I ever saw of about 800 to 1,000 boxes of clean, well colored, good size, uniform fruit. The crop is now being picked, packed and marketed. I could find no scab nor blight, no mark of insect or cut worm nor curculio. The fruit will pack 3 out of 4 boxes of A grade or No. 1 above two inches in diameter, in fact I think it is all of that grade, and the fruit less than two inches would be No. 1 only for the size.

This orchard was thoroughly sprayed and showed good fertility by a thick mat of rowen. It was top dressed in the spring with a liberal dressing of nitrate of soda. If apples fell they were not harmed nor cut unless they came in contact with a rock. But few had dropped and these were clean and bright.

I being an Isle La Motte orchardist, was agreeably surprised, pleased and well satisfied to find so fine a sight of fruit stowed away in the nooks and crannies of the rocks on a hillside, away by itself from the locality of other orchards.

We found the broad gate leading into the orchard wide open indicating to us the character and genial hospitality of the present owner and family. He telephoned me he had sold, but did not name price, this fruit since it was commercially produced. It has been marketed at Buffalo, N. Y., where it has come into competition with the boxed apples from the fruit growing of New York, from Oswego, along the shores of Lake Ontario to Niagara as well as the boxed apples from the Pacific States of Washington, Oregon and Colorado. It is so favorably known and appreciated for its superior fineness of texture, flavor and keeping qualities that I venture the assertion that it will require a liberal price to take away from the Buffalo market. Mr. Rixford should realize from this year's crop from [illegible] What has been accomplished in this orchard can be done almost without limit all along the Champlain valley.

H. H. HILL.

Isle La Motte, Vt.

THE USES OF RYE.

Furnished Flour for the Bread of American Colonists.

(J. W. Ingraham in New York Tribune Farmer.)

Rye is the principal bread for the inhabitants of northern Europe for a long time after the settlement of America it furnished flour for the bread of most families in the northern colonies, corn meal being mixed with the rye flour. "Rye and Indian" was the common name for the bread of most households. Rye bread is sweeter than wheat bread, and is preferred by some, but it must be baked oftener, as it dries up more quickly than wheat bread. Mixed with one-half of finely-ground corn meal it will remain moist longer than wheat bread. The corn meal should first be boiled in water and made into "mush" before mixing with the rye dough, as corn meal needs more cooking than rye flour.

Rye was extensively grown in the rougher regions of western Pennsylvania and was chiefly distilled into whiskey. The disturbance of this industry by the imposition of an excise tax levied by the national government produced the famous whiskey rebellion during Washington's administration.

Rye straw is in great demand for packing purposes and paper making in the eastern part of the United States, and brings so good a price when bright and long that the crop of straw from a field will sometimes bring the farmer more money than the grain, and at the present time, when both straw and grain are sold, an average crop of rye will bring more per acre than an average crop of wheat. I am aware that, as a rule, no straw should be sold from the farm, but when the price is high and the farmer has more wheat and oat straw than he can use for bedding stock, there is no impropriety in selling rye straw and using the money to buy wheat bran to feed his cows.

The number of acres devoted to rye in the United States in the year 1910 was 2,928,000. The number of bushels raised was 33,639,000—an average of 16.2 bushels per acre. The average farm price per bushel in the United States was 72.2 cents. Pennsylvania was the leading State in the amount of production, the number of bushels raised being 6,160,000. Michigan followed next with a production of 5,375,000 bushels. The farm value per acre of rye in the United States in the year 1910 was $11.76, and the average farm value of wheat per acre the same year was $12.53—only 87 cents per acre more than rye.

MORE MORGAN HORSES.

Purchase by Government for the Vermont Farm.

(From Animals from Kansas.)

The bureau of animal industry of the United States department of agriculture has just bought in Meade county, Kansas, four additional horses for use in the government breeding work that is being carried on in Vermont, with the object of preserving and improving the Morgan breed. These animals are the seven-year-old Morgan mare Fanny P. (Vol. III, A. M. R.), two yearling fillies by Headlight Morgan (a son of Ethan Allen 2nd), and a colt foal out of Fanny P., by Headlight Morgan. One of the fillies is out of Fanny P., and the mare is again in foal to Headlight. Fanny P. is by Julian Morgan, the sire of Roy Morgan, champion Morgan stallion at the principal State fairs of the central West in 1910. Fanny P.'s dam was by Flying Morrill, and her second dam by a son of Billy Root.

The pedigree of Headlight Morgan is well known to Morgan breeders. The horse was foaled in southwestern Kansas and has a well-deserved reputation in that vicinity as a sire. These horses are among the descendants of a large consignment of selected animals bought in Vermont and Illinois in the early '90s by the Morgan horse company of Carpentersville, Ill., and sent to southwestern Kansas to take advantage of cheap pasture there. Unfortunately, however, and partly on account of the depression in the horse market several years ago, the venture was not a success, the company disbanding and the horses being scattered over a wide territory. Some of this stock still remains in Kansas and Oklahoma. The animals bought by the government will be taken to the Morgan horse farm.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If at first you don't succeed, don't succumb.

But it is easier to earn money than it is to get it.

Be charitable; you may be up against it yourself some day.

Money makes the young man go—to the home of the homely heiress.

Most married people are in favor of an occasional peace conference.

Everybody gets a rake off but the consumer. Moral—Don't be a consumer.

The man with a theory may turn out to be a gold brick peddler in disguise.

Some public officials are unable to distinguish between a bribe and a present.

If it takes two to make a quarrel, and a husband and wife are one—what's the answer?

It amounts to this: When a man asks a woman's advice he can interpret the answer to suit himself.

If a girl has rosy cheeks when she gets on the shady side of forty people begin to speak of her complexion as florid.

When a married man does his duty as he sees it his wife is apt to think it advisable for him to consult an oculist.

Even a strong-minded man is apt to do exactly what the woman in the case wants him to do.

—New York Globe.

Right Wrongs

No Man

The business of this firm is the selling of the very best quality of Clothing for Men and Boys at a legitimate profit. We never charge you too much because we want your trade year in and year out.

Merchants' Week is bringing crowds of people to town and our store was filled all day with a stream of satisfied buyers. This is the case because we always sell good Clothes and always sell at the lowest price possible for the value given. This is a handy store to find, right in the middle of things, on the busiest corner in town.

Make it your headquarters. You will receive courteous attention whether you wish to purchase or not.

Pease's,

The Daylight Corner, Burlington.

OLD GREECE-ROME JOKES

Showing How the Ancient Quips Are Serviceable to This Day.

(From the Galveston News.)

It would be hard to say which age saw the birth of the first joke. No doubt, man had some sense of humor even during his struggling, cave-dwelling days—expressed most likely in rough-and-tumble horseplay or in practical jokes, rather than in keen jest and witty repartee. Very likely the first jocular utterance had origin in the form of criticism on the personal appearance, dress, manners or customs of others. A sort of corrective censure, one might say, on those who dared to depart from the accepted rules of the community.

The works of the ancient Greek and Roman authors abound in jests. A great number are severely personal of a cutting and sneering kind. Others are mere puns and verbal jests, incapable, of course, of being translated. But in many the fun depends entirely on the sense—or, rather, nonsense—of the thing. As we read them the antiquity of many of our present-day jokes is brought to light. In spite of their age, the humor in these classical jokes is as poignant as ever.

For instance, this quip from ancient Greece, how appropriate and full of meaning to all ages: Archelaus, asked by a talkative barber, how he would like to be shaved, replied: "In silence."

And this, surely, we have heard before. Gnathene of Athens was offered some rather poor wine. When told that its age was 16 years she dryly remarked: "It's pretty weak for its age." A similar jest is related of Cicero. When told at a banquet that the wine he was drinking was 40 years old Falernian said: "By my faith! It bears its age well."

And here is the classical form of the woman's age joke: Cicero hearing the wife of a Roman patrician say that she was but 30 years old, said: "No doubt 'tis true, for it is 20 years now that I have heard you say it."

Just as good as ever is this irony of 2,200 years ago. The painter Apelles, who flourished in the times of Alexander, was shown a picture by an inferior artist, who boasted of having sketched it out in an exceedingly short space of time. "Yes I can see that very well," said Apelles, "but I am surprised that you did not make several other pictures exactly like this in the same space of time." We are indebted, according to tradition, to this same Apelles for one of our common phrases. The painter had listened with patience and profit to a cobbler's criticism of the sandals in a picture. But when the cobbler began to enlarge the field of his criticism to other parts of the painting he received this rebuke from Apelles: "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

In "where the shoe pinches," the ancient rendering took this form. There was general disapproval of the actions of a Roman citizen who had divorced his chaste, rich and beautiful wife. "But," said he, pointing to his foot, "here is a shoe, well made and brand new; no one but myself knows where it pinches." As to-day, in the days gone by the doctors were made the target of the jester's sling. Pausanias, the Spartan general was asked by a physician how it was that he was never ill, and exultingly answered: "Because I never consult you." At another time Pausanias said that the best physician was the one who dispatched his patients with the least possible suffering. Pausanias strongly disapproving of a certain physician and his methods and berating him in no mild terms, was reminded by a friend that as he had never consulted that particular doctor, how could he be so sure of his statements. Pausanias answered: "Well, had I consulted him would I be living to-day?"

Here is a legend that is told of an American Indian and the governor-general of an early settlement: A Scythian king, seeing a man during a snowstorm entirely nude, asked him if he were not cold. "And you," responded the man, "is your face cold?" "No," answered the king. "Well, I am face all over," was the naked man's rejoinder.

Of law and the "law's delays" these tales are recorded: A woman vainly pleading her case many times before Philip of Macedonia received at every refusal the reply that "he had not the time." At last her patience gave out and she said to him: "Then cease to reign." The monarch, feeling that he had deserved this rebuke, immediately listened to her and rendered the justice that her case merited. Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, speaking of the laws of Solon said: "They were like the web of a spider, very good for holding the weak, but allowing the strong to escape." A petty thief was being led to prison. Diogenes said to him: "Fool, why didn't you rob on a grand scale, then it would have been you that would be sending others to prison?"

The absurd sight of a person clothed or equipped with something all out of proportion to his size always gives rise to a quip if not to some loose remark. One commonplace jest is the one about the small boy wearing a very large hat: "Hey, hat! Where are you going with that boy?" With the orator Cicero the jest took this form: One day, seeing his short-statured son-in-law wearing a long sword, he cried out: "Who, I ask, has attached my son-in-law to that sword?"

Of a distinctly antique flavor are these two tales of philosophers: Aronytas, the Pythagorean philosopher, on his return from a far, found his fields in a very poor condi[illegible] "They became so through the negl[illegible] of the steward," he said to him. "Give you a pretty good drubbing, sure not in such a passion." A similar incident is told of Plato, who provoked by the misbehavior of a slave, said to his nephew, who was standing by: "Beat that slave, I am in too furious temper to do it."

Ancient writings are rich in legends of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Syracuse. He wrote poems and tragedies. Once he sentenced Philoxene to hard labor in the quarries for daring to criticize a poetical composition from the royal hand. Dionysius after a time sent for Philoxene and had read to him the second time this poem. The first few lines Philoxene listened with patience, but the reading had not gone much farther before he rose and dashed for the door. When asked where he was going, exclaimed, "Back to the quarries, your majesty."

At a banquet Dionysius, wishing to affront Plato, placed him last at the table. He then said to his courtiers: "Plato will probably have much to say to us when he returns to Athens." "I hope," Plato rejoined, "never to be so at a loss for a subject of conversation that I should find it necessary to speak of you."

Dionysius repeatedly refused to grant Aristippus a favor. At last Aristippus humbly prostrated himself at the feet of the king and renewed his supplications. The philosopher was reproached for this servile groveling. "You should not blame me, but Dionysius who has ears in his feet," was the apology. One day Aristippus asked Dionysius for money. "But," said Dionysius, "I've always heard it said that a philosopher never has need of anything." "We will discuss that point, sire, but first give me some money," Aristippus said. The request accorded to, the philosopher immediately ejaculated, "Now you see, sire, I have need of nothing."

At a call to arms in Sparta, Androclides, who was lame, offered himself as a recruit. When refused on account of his crippled legs, he exclaimed: "I thought you were looking for men to fight, not to run away." There was a stranger in Sparta who prided himself on his skill in standing for a long time on one leg. One day when he was showing off his little trick he called to a Spartan, "Hey! you can't do this." "No, but every goose can," was the quick rejoinder.

THE ELECTRIFIED FARM.

Surely That Is not Far Distant, at Least Out West.

(Henry W. Brooks in the Chicago Tribune.)

In these days when the metropolitan city may be described as a great electrical laboratory and consuming station, it should not be overlooked that the farm itself is coming in for its share of this universal source of power. There are many ways through which the farm that can afford the use of electric current may have it for the trouble of installation. Some nearby interurban electric line may have its surplus current for sale; some stream close at hand may have a gravity waterfall to develop electricity sufficient for half a dozen farmers; or the gasoline engine in connection with a dynamo is within comparatively easy reach of the prosperous farmer, who discovers that to keep his boys on the farm—or even to make certain that his hired help will stay with him through the seasons—it is up to him to lighten those old drudgeries of 20 years ago.

In the home of the farmer, the first adaptation of the electric current would be in displacing the kerosene lamp. A motor in the basement and a pump and tank on the outside will effect a system of water works for the house. In the dairy the cream separator, churn and the washing machinery for dairy necessities can be operated. Laundry work—that bugbear of the farmer's wife—is simplified and lightened to the last degree. Even the long sought "milking machine" is to receive an impetus at the hands of Yankee ingenuity, and if it shall be perfected, the electric current must drive it.

In the cow barns and horse stables the electric bulb attached to wires in gasoline housings not only will give the safest light for winter mornings and evenings, but already the vacuum cleaner has made its appearance, adapted to the easiest and most thorough currying and cleaning of the coats of cows and horses.

Instead of the long and laborious process of cutting from ponds the electric current will operate the refrigerating room's ammonia fluids, with automatic stoppage of the motor when the right degree of cold is reached. The power may be directed to the farm workshops, where lathes and grindstones and emery wheels may be run for the farm's "jack-of-all-trades," saving not only the charges of the village blacksmith in hundreds of troubles, but saving the time of driving to and from the town.

In some of the northern fruit-growing sections the electric warning signal is set for arousing the whole farm population any time in the night when the "danger" temperature is reached out of doors. This means at the present time that every available worker turns out and kindle fires in the smudge pots that are set in the orchards, prepared for the torches that shall wipe out the dangers of frost. But as electricity is light, power and heat, all in one, may not the present smudge pots become electrical heaters, automatically turned on?

To-day, aside from the profits that are demanded by the great electrical systems of the cities, electricity should not be an expensive power, if only the generating stations might be run at maximum capacity. The trouble is that in metropolitan consumption the inevitable "peak" loads occur, both in light and power consumption. A plant must be built large enough to accommodate these greatest demands for current in certain comparatively short periods; after these heavy demands are satisfied, the generating plant must shut down.

For eight months in the year the "peak" loads for generating stations are greatest at morning and evening. Lights everywhere in homes and shops and factories are at greatest flood in the operation of the electric railroad's service the "rush hours" of the morning and evening crowd the generation plants to their capacity. Few hours in daylight and for hours between 6 o'clock at night and perhaps 6 o'clock in the morning single power units in a vast station are sufficient for the demands for current.

A factor almost as great in the cost of electric power, too, is the vast machinery for the collection of power and light bills. Armies of accountants, bookkeepers and collectors, together with the postage and stationery required for presenting bills and receipting them 12 times a year, pile up an immense overhead charge upon the cost of the current. Certain percentages of loss, too, must be charged against the book profits of the companies.

To-day there is not a practical electrical engineer who does not look upon the present state of electrical service as in its infancy. We have the electrical city. How long before the electrical farm?

IT ALL DEPENDS.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

A young lady recently sent this extraordinary request to the editor of the religious journal subscribed for at her home: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit in a man's lap, even if she is engaged?"

The editor spent some time in prayer, and then answered her as follows:

"Yes, if it were our girl and our lap. Yes, again, if it were some other fellow's girl and our lap. But if it were our girl and some other fellow's lap, emphatically no. We don't approve of such frivolity."

A BULL THAT ISN'T IRISH.

There's an old yarn about a fat and a lean duellist. The fat one complained that he offered a much larger mark to his antagonist's pistol, whereupon the lean man proposed chalking his outline on the fat one's body and no shot outside the chalk line would be counted. We were reminded of this story by the following notice which an accident insurance company has placed in the elevators of several office buildings: "This elevator is limited to fourteen persons. All over that number riding on this car do so at their own risk."—Boston Transcript.

MORE FOR THE MONEY.

Howell—It costs a good deal more to live than it used to.

Powell—Well, it's worth the difference.—New York Press.

NO SWELL JOINT.

Farmer Hayseed (in the city)—I want ter find an eatin' house.

Accosted Pedestrian—Are you looking for any particular place?

Farmer H.—Well, not too durned p'tickler.—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

The Small Boy—'Arf a pound o' yeller soap, please, and muvver says will you please wrap it up in a good love story.—The Sketch.

Put the word "stylish" appeals to a woman far more than the word "serviceable."