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Anybody who doubts the ability of the American Indian to be as civilized as anybody should observe him in a football game.

That man who is going to cross the ocean in a balloon should pause to consider that the water in the Atlantic is still deep and wet.

The inventive Yankee is still at it. During the last fiscal year the United States patent office received some 58,327 applications for mechanical patents.

Kissing, declares Dr. Napoleon Boston, spreads more disease than flies. We secure his statement because we don't like his name. Reminds us of Waterloo and Bunker Hill.

A way has been found to make paper out of cornstalks. This will create a pleasant harmony for the man who likes to combine his reading with the measures of a corn-cob pipe.

The plan of the proposed Henry Hudson memorial bridge in India was called for a reinforced concrete span of 710 feet, and represents one of the boldest engineering projects of the time.

"How," wails a stenographer in a Sunday paper, "can we girls escape the unwelcome attention of our employers?" Might try climbing a tree, suggests the Cleveland Leader, and making a noise like a suffragette.

During the five years preceding 1904-05 the total acreage annually under indigo cultivation in India was 755,900. In 1905-06 this area had decreased to 330,400 acres, or a falling off of a little less than 44 per cent.

**IS NOTED EDUCATOR**

**PRESIDENT ELLIOT HEAD OF HARVARD FOR 40 YEARS.**

Dean of University Chiefs Tenders Resignation to Take Effect Next Spring—Is Father of Elective System in Schools.

Boston.—President Charles W. Elliot, for years head of Harvard university, has tendered his resignation. Next March he will be 75 years old and, President Elliot desires to be free from the cares of office the remainder of his life.

Although because of his age the resignation of President Elliot has been looked forward to as a probability for the last two or three years, the news that he will retire in the near future will doubtless cause surprise to thousands of Harvard graduates throughout the country. He is the dean of American university presidents, and the general public, like Harvard men, has grown to look upon him as an educational institution not to be changed suddenly. No university head, indeed, probably is better known to the public than President Elliot, and his long administration of university affairs, in its essential respects, seems in keeping with Harvard's spirit and history.

President Elliot is in his seventy-fifth year having been born in Boston, March 29, 1834. He was fitted for college at the Boston Latin school and in 1853 was graduated from Harvard. From 1854 to 1858 he was tutor in mathematics and student in chemistry at the university; in 1858 he became assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry in the university's Lawrence Scientific school and remained in that capacity five years. Then he went to Europe and studied chemistry and investigated educational methods for two years. Returning to the United States in 1865, he became professor of analytical chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he remained four years. Again he went abroad, to France, where he studied a year and in 1869 he returned to take up the presidency of Harvard.

At the time he became the head of this old and wealthy seat of learning and culture President Elliot was 35



years old and had achieved a reputation as an authority on chemistry. These two facts hardly qualified him for the administration of a great institution of learning, according to New England traditions. Since their establishment the principal colleges of the east had been governed by clergymen past middle life. It was something of a shock to New England to have a young man and a scientist become the head of Harvard. The idea of young men and non-clergymen as presidents has since become popular, and this is largely due to the success of President Elliot's administration.

The name of President Elliot will forever be associated with the development of the elective system in American universities. He, possibly more than anybody else, brought about this system, which was for a long time looked upon with suspicion and distrust and has not yet found universal acceptance, though to a degree its principles have been accepted by nearly every one of our larger institutions of learning. The system differs fundamentally from the old rigid curriculum of prescribed studies in allowing a student to choose the greater part of the studies he must take to earn a degree. According to President Elliot's views on the system it promotes concentration and individuality, equipping each student to make the largest contribution to the betterment of the race and combining practical with theoretical culture.

It has been said of President Elliot that he is "first, last and only a university administrator," instead of being first a great teacher or author or scholar and secondly a great administrator. He has the faculty, highly developed, of co-ordinating the work of many men toward a harmonious and effective end, and he has a vigorous and impressive personality that has enabled him to carry out his ideas without exciting opposition. His kindness of spirit and desire to put students on their honor as much as possible have made him popular with undergraduates to an extraordinary degree.

One of his great achievements as an administrator has been the steady bettering of the Harvard professional school. The Lawrence Scientific school, the medical school and the dental school have been greatly improved and the university's highest standard has been raised.

**Domestic Economy.**  
"Nora, was that the coalman I saw making love to you yesterday evening?"  
"Yes, ma'am; but I 'ope, ma'am,"  
"Does he love you very much, Nora?"  
"E says 'e does, ma'am."  
"Devotedly?"  
"Yes, ma'am."  
"Well, tell him that unless he gives us better weight than he has been doing we shall get our coal elsewhere."

**An All-Round Actor.**  
Mrs. Sportington—I shall want you promptly at ten, Parker.  
Parker—Yes, mem, but—beg pardon, mem—will you want me as chauffeur, groom or coo-hann, mem?  
—Puck.

**AN EARL REFUSED \$150,000.**

**Singing Nobleman Not Tempted by a Music Hall Offer.**

London.—It has been reported that the earl of Shaftesbury has been invited to go on the American music hall stage at the modest salary of \$5,000 a week. This beats Harry Lauder. It is the largest salary ever offered to an amateur or even to an earl. Lots of the English nobility have found their way to the footlights, but few have possessed the qualifications of the young earl of Shaftesbury, whose fine tenor voice entitles him to



recognition and big pay. Of course, the fact of being entertained by a real live lord should count on the playbills. Though his lordship has at present declined the flattering offer of a 20-weeks engagement in America at the sum named, it is just possible that he may reconsider his decision.

The earl of Shaftesbury stands in the unique position—for a peer—of being wholly independent of filthy lucre; nor has he achieved a reputation through the channels of notoriety which other titled stage-struck people have followed. So far his record has been a clean one. He has held several important government commissions and army appointments. He was aide-camp to the governor of Victoria in 1898 and has been alderman and lord mayor of Belfast. His wife, the countess of Shaftesbury, is a sister of the duke of Westminster and lady-in-waiting to the princess of Wales. In fact, only quite recently, the earl and Lady Shaftesbury entertained the prince and princess of Wales at their beautiful estate, St. Giles' house, in Dorsetshire.

If the music hall stage captures the earl it will have one of the bluest blooded aristocrats who ever has appeared in public, and the \$5,000 a week salary will be the merest pittance under the circumstances. One of the conditions offered by the manager who is bidding for Lord Shaftesbury's contract is that the earl's "dignity would be sustained in accordance with the noble vocalist's rank."

The earl of Shaftesbury's voice is deemed to be an exceptionally good tenor. He has only sung in public on one occasion—at the dedication of the new organ at the church of St. James, Shaftesbury, where he rendered with fine effect, "If with Al-Your Hearts," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "The Soft Southern Breeze" from Barnaby's "Rebekah." He has sang a great deal in private and for charitable purposes.

**CRADLE GOLD CANNOT BUY.**

**Maine Woman Possesses One Six William Phips Was Rocked In.**

Boston.—Mrs. S. P. E. Hawthorne of Woolwich, Me., has in her possession a relic which gold cannot buy, and which is considered one of the most valuable of the many pieces of antique furniture to be found in the old town. It is a homely, little, old-fashioned cradle, made of pine boards.



This cradle has been in the family for over 200 years, and according to the tradition which has been handed down from generation to generation it is the one in which William Phips, later Sir William Phips, was rocked when an infant.

Mrs. Hawthorne's ancestors were among the first settlers in Woolwich, and lived in the same locality where Phips was born. They went there from York in a schooner which they had built themselves, and brought up large families of children.

**Condiments.**  
"And the hennens cooked the missionary in his clothes?"  
"They did."  
"They were hungry, I suppose, and couldn't take time to undress him?"  
"No, I expect it was for the seasoning. You see, he had on a pepper-and-salt suit."  
**Unbusinesslike Women.**  
Women, though they may always have been busy, have not always been businesslike; they have been instinctive rather than methodical. Thus they forgot to put a market value on their housekeeping and ignored to train for it scientifically.—Leeds Mercury.

**The Fading of 'L'**

By Frank Glover Heaton

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Aunt Malita drew her hassock a trifle nearer the stove and placed her slippers feet upon the footstool's tufted surface. As she prepared to string the heaped-up "erock" of pared and quartered apples for drying, she cast a glance toward her visitor, leaning back in a deep rocker and luxuriously munching an old-fashioned, plinkly golden Bellerose.

"No, indeed," she said, resuming the conversation that had, in the exigencies of properly paring the apples, been temporarily dropped; "no, indeed; it wasn't from lack of chances that your Aunt Malieety stayed what these harum-scarum children calls 'th' old maid.' I 's'pose they's hardly a girl in 'th' whole village has as many beaux as I used t' have when I was a girl myself—an' I shouldn't be a might 'prised but what I could have a few now, ef I wanted 'em."

The brightness of her eyes, unhidden by the "spes," that nearly always rested upon the top of her head, the dainty flush that mantled her unweathered cheeks, and the way coil of silvery hair that crowned her like an argent aureole, robbed the words of any hint of undue self-esteem; and the whole life of Aunt Malita Adams, as sound and sweet as her own apples, and as golden as the pumpkin pie that filled her kitchen shelves on baking days, seemed well calculated to round out the bleak existence of even the most hardened of homeless bachelors.

"But, thank my stars"—this with a mellow chuckle that took from the words their seeming selfishness—"I always managed t' escape 'th' tempter's snares." Not but what I had one or two pretty close shaves; but I always got away safe, an' glad enough I am of it.

"The very narrest escape I ever had," she continued, leaning back in her chair and letting the string of quartered apples fall into her white-aproned lap, "was the last; I never 'lowed things to git so serious again. Draw up your chair here, so's I c'n talk to you 'bout havin' t' holler clear 'cross this barn of a room, an' I'll tell you 'bout it.

"It was 'way back at th' beginnin' o' th' war, you might say, an', of course, I was livin' on th' old farm then, with father an' mother. I was a s'p of a thing, just passed 20, but I'd been havin' beaux for three-four years. Folks married a sight younger than days'n they do now. Well, I was just passed 20 when he commenced comin' t' see me. He? Sure 'ough; 'course you don't know nothin' 'bout who he was. His name was Ellihu Greene, an' he come into our neighborhood summer o' '63. Fine, big man he was, puttin' or more style'n a dog, an', of course, all th' girls was mighty soon settin' their caps for him. I was bad at th' rest, too, for all I'd had a lesson or two that should 'a' let me know better.

"Father never could 'bide 'Lihu'—father was mighty set in his likes an' dislikes. Called him a bounty jumper, an' a refugee, an' such names, an' declared at that Greene was too green fr his stick. Mother, too, had a kind o' pluck at him—said he's too out in th' wind fr her. But who ever heard of a girl payin' any heed t' what her parents said 'bout any man she took a fancy to?

"'Lihu had a fine head o' hair, black an' glossy, an' he wore it cropped off square in th' back an' th' ends tucked under. Then he had it fixed 'round over his ears an' roached up in a curl in front, an' so slick with bear's grease an' bergamont that father said once: 'A fy'd want a life insurance policy I ever it lit on that head.' He was th' first man that ever wore burn-sides in this part o' th' country; 'Dundreary's,' he called 'em, long an' flowin' an' as glossy black as his hair was.

"For all his whiskers an' hair was so black he didn't have a young-lookin' face; but all the girls laid that to credit sorer or some deep trouble he'd had back at the east, where he give out he come from.

"That slick hair ought t've turned me against 'Lihu, same's it did mother. First time he come to see me she had 'nough o' him. The best room in our house was papered—one o' th' mighty few in th' township, too. I c'n shut my eyes an' see that paper now; delicate, fady sort o' green it was, with stripes o' some kind o' viney pink flowers runnin' up an' down th' walls. 'Lihu, he come in an' took a chair an' 'lited back against th' wall, lookin' so fine I never dared t' hint at mother maybe wouldn't like it. When he went away there was a spot as big as your two hands on that fine green wall, where th' grease'd rubbed off his head. So there he was, with mother an' father both makin' a nock o' him, an' me dead set an' anxious t' have him walkin' on me.

"Well, things went along all that summer'n fall. 'Lihu went t' board at th' next meetin' t' father's, but he couldn't stand the little town (th' village wasn't half as big then as 'tis now), an' put in most o' his time 'at' home, 'round th' mill, an' such like. He was 'most fightin' t' see which'd git him. For all he never seemed to do any work, he al'ays had money 'nough. Father said he 'peered t' keep pretty busy doin' nothin' an' prosperin' at th' job. Spite o' all the sour looks an' short answers father an' mother give him, he'd come t' see me every Sunday night, an' pretty often he'd git in an' evenin' between. An' I'll admit, I was thinkin' pretty seriously o' 'Lihu; his whiskers, an' shiny hair, an' his fine clothes an' plite ways 'peered t' me sort o' frustrate me, I rocken, an' I was just 'bout ripe to fall into his hands 'whenever he'd say th' word.

"Did you ever hear tell o' the 'cold New Year's'—New Year's day o' '64 it was. That's th' day th' mercury dropped down 60 degree 'twixt sun-down an' sun-up, an' when many an' a

**POCKET GOPHERS COST FARMERS PRETTY PENNY**

Directions for the Destruction of the Little Pests—By David E. Lantz, Assistant, U. S. Bureau Biological Survey.

Pocket gophers infest all the states and territories west of the Mississippi, and parts of Illinois, Wisconsin, Florida, Georgia, and Alabama. They occur also in southwestern Canada and over the greater part of Mexico. All the species live underground in ramifying tunnels, and all bring to the surface quantities of earth, which is heaped up in the shape of mounds. The habits of these animals are everywhere much the same.

Throughout their range pocket gophers are very destructive to crops. They eat the roots of fruit trees and in this way sometimes ruin whole orchards. They eat both roots and tops of clover, alfalfa, grasses, grains and vegetables, and are especially harmful to



Fig. 1.—Mississippi Valley Pocket Gopher.

potatoes and other tuberous crops. Besides this, they throw up innumerable mounds of earth in meadows, pastures, and grain fields, which cover and destroy far more of the crop than is eaten by the animals or killed by having the roots cut off. These mounds also prevent close mowing, so that much of the hay crop is lost, and the pebbles they contain often break or injure farm machinery. The loss due to gopher mounds in the clover and alfalfa fields in some of the western states has been conservatively estimated at one-tenth of the entire crop. In many of the fertile valleys where

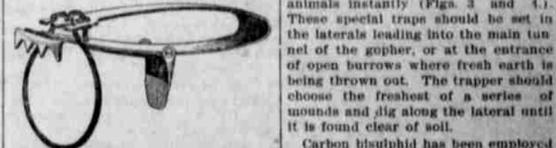


Fig. 3.—A Type of Gopher Trap Which Has Been Used with Success in California and Other Parts of the West.

they abound the animals are by far the most formidable of the farmer's mammalian enemies. In addition to all this, in the far west they burrow in the banks of irrigation ditches and thus cause extensive breaks, the repair of which results in the expenditure of much time and money.

Pocket gophers may be destroyed by poison, by traps, and by the use of carbon bisulphid.

Poisoning with strychnine is the most effective means known for killing pocket gophers, and, as it involves the least expenditure of money and labor, the biological survey recommends it for general use. As a rodent poison to be used by farmers, strychnine has several advantages. Its action is sure, its deadly character is known to most persons, and its bitter

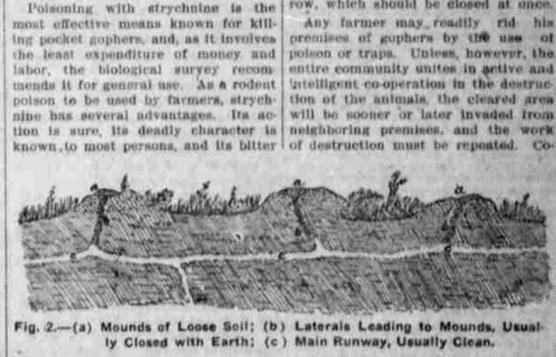


Fig. 2.—(a) Mounds of Loose Soil; (b) Laterals Leading to Mounds, Usually Closed with Earth; (c) Main Runway, Usually Clean.

taste is an additional safeguard against mistaking it for a harmless drug. Strychnine sulphate is the most convenient form of the poison, since it is freely soluble in hot water and in the natural juices of vegetables used as bait. To disguise its bitterness so that rodents may not be deterred from eating the baits, sugar is often employed, or the strychnine may be mixed with its own bulk of commercial saccharine. A sugar syrup poisoned with strychnine may be used with excellent results. It is prepared as follows:

Dissolve an ounce of strychnine sulphate in a pint of boiling water. Add a pint of thick sugar syrup, and stir thoroughly. The syrup is usually scented by adding a few drops of oil of anise, but this is not essential; if preserved in a closed vessel, the syrup will keep indefinitely.

The above quantity is sufficient to poison a half bushel of shelled corn or other grain (corn recommended). The grain is steeped in hot water and allowed to soak over night. It is then drained and soaked for several hours in the poisoned syrup. Before using, corn meal may be added to take up the excess of moisture.

Dry crystals of strychnine also may be used. They are introduced, by means of a knife, into small pieces of potato, carrot, or sweet potato, and the entire raisins or dried prunes. A single large crystal (or several small ones), is enough for each bait. Raisins are especially recommended because they are easily handled and contain enough sugar to disguise the bitterness of the poison.

Pocket gophers in ditch banks may be poisoned in the following manner: Select the freshest hill or mound and with a narrow garden trowel follow the soft earth of the tunnel until the main runway (c, Fig. 2), is reached. By noting the direction from which the earth was pushed out and locating the closed entrance, the burrow may be readily followed and the main runway quickly found. The poisoned raisin, corn, or small potato should be placed well back in the main runway and the opening closed. It is usual for one gopher only to occupy the burrows connected with a group of hills,

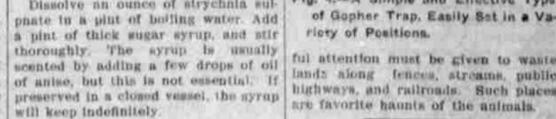


Fig. 4.—A Simple and Effective Type of Gopher Trap, Easily Set in a Variety of Positions.

operation only will effect a radical cure. When co-operative efforts for the extermination of gophers over a considerable area are attempted, careful attention must be given to waste lands along fences, streams, public highways, and railroads. Such places are favorite haunts of the animals.

**Windows in Stables.**—Most farm barns do not contain enough windows for the admission of direct sunlight. Horses like to look out of their stalls in daytime, and being confined in dark stalls is no doubt the cause of many weak eyes with horres. The dairy stable should be abundantly lighted at all seasons not only for the health and contentment of the cows, but for the cleaning, disinfecting influence of the sunlight. Direct sunshine is one of the most powerful disinfectants, killing and making impossible the growth of germ and fungous diseases. This light in the cow stables will not only tonk a healthy atmosphere for the cows, but make the air pure and clean for sanitary milking.

**Marketing the Poultry.**  
There is perhaps nothing marketed so poorly as poultry. If alive they are shipped in little crowded coops as thick as they can be squeezed in. If dressed—well, from what can be observed on market days, one's appetite for chicken could not be enhanced. There is no reason why dressed fowls cannot be put on the market in more inviting condition.

**Alfalfa and Beet Pork.**—The finest pork ever seen came from Colorado, and was made from alfalfa and sugar beets.

**Got What He Asked For.**  
Atlanta Plain-Clothes Man Surprised at Results Achieved.  
Spurred on by newspaper taunts, possibly, a plain-clothes man of the Atlanta police set out one day to detect violations of the Georgia prohibition law. On Decatur street he met an old negro whose appearance he considered "unpleasant."  
"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whiskey?"  
"I apes' maybe I kin git yer some of yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.  
"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."  
"Yeassah, boss, if e'll jer 'hol' die box er shoes fer me," and the policeman had the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darkey shuffled off down the street, turning the first corner.  
Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have an important prisoner and witness "with the goods on," the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.  
Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm and decided to have a look. The box was carefully unwrapped, a full quart bottle of corn whiskey.—Every-body's Magazine.

**Sorry He Spoke.**  
Of all the bores he was the limit.  
"Do you know," he drawled, "I sometimes feel the call of the polar regions. Weatly, I think I'd like to join a relief expedition. What do you think of it, Miss Wose?"  
"Well, Reggy," responded the weary girl, with a yawn, "it certainly would be a relief to some of your acquaintances."  
And without a word he took his hat and cane and departed.

**The Fall.**  
Pride starts away on a vacation and returns home again to suffer the fall of knowing that he wasn't even missed.—Detroit Free Press.