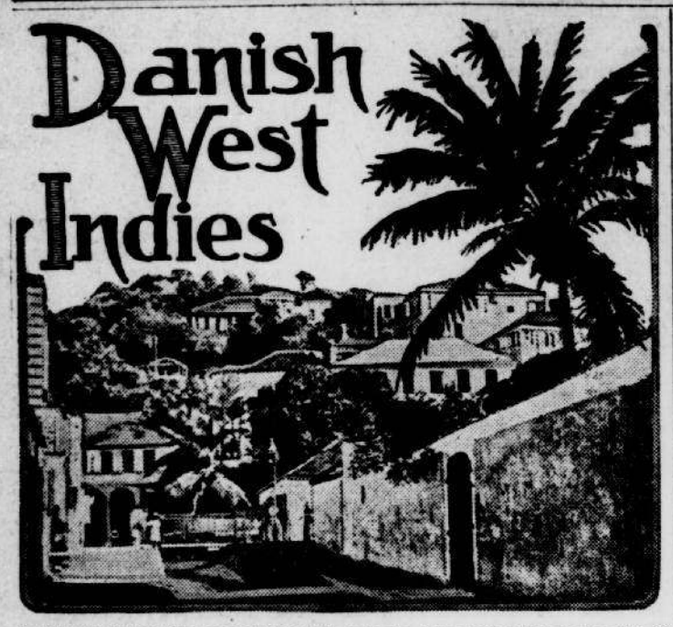
Danish West Indies



IF THE United States and Denmark strike a bargain and the three islands which comprise the Danish West Indies are transferred to the former, the sale will mark the culmination of a bit of bartering which began nearly fifty years ago, when the American government offered $7,500,000 for the 138 square miles of territory in the Antilles, a sum exceeding by $300,000 the price paid to Russia in the same year (1867) for the vast, rich territory of Alaska, comprising an area more than four thousand times as large. The sale was not consummated because the United States senate failed to ratify the treaty, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. Fourteen years ago negotiations were renewed and a price of $5,000,000 was agreed upon, but this time the Danish parliament refused to sanction the sale, although the islands had been governed at a loss to the mother country for many years, in fact ever since slavery was abolished in 1848, thereby putting an end to the profitable operation of the sugar plantations.

These three islands of the Virgin group—St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, in the order of their size and population—were discovered by Columbus in 1493. Spanish, British, French, Dutch and Danish flags have floated over one or all of the islands at various times.

St. Croix, lying 65 miles southeast of Porto Rico, has an area of 84 square miles, and is the most prosperous of the group, with its two towns of Christianstad and Frederikstad. It was held at one time by the Knights of Malta, having been given to that famous order by Louis XIV of France.

St. Thomas Has Fine Harbor.

St. Thomas, which lies only 40 miles east of Porto Rico, was at one time the chief distributing center of West Indian trade, its importance being directly attributable to the fact that the mother country, Denmark, maintained its neutrality during the numerous European wars of the eighteenth century. The temporary occupation of the island by the British during several periods of the Napoleonic wars added further to the importance of the chief port, Charlotte Amalie, where merchant vessels rode at anchor in the magnificent land-locked harbor while waiting for convoys to protect them on the voyage across the Atlantic.

This town of Charlotte Amalie, with a population of less than ten thousand, mainly negroes, is still an important coaling station for steamers in the West Indian trade. With a depth of from 27 to 36 feet of water, the roadstead can accommodate the largest merchant ships which sail these seas. The export and import trade has become negligible since the rapid decline of the sugar industry which the Danish government has tried in vain to revive by granting annual subsidies.

St. John, least important of the islands, lying four miles to the east of St. Thomas, has an area of twenty-one square miles. It is scarcely more than a ten-mile mountain ridge with but one distinguishing feature, Coral bay, the best harbor of refuge in the Antilles. Cruxbay, a village of 1,000 inhabitants on the northern shore, is the center of population.

While Danish is the official language of the islands, English is quite generally spoken. The monotony of existence is not infrequently broken by earthquakes and hurricanes.

If Denmark decides to part with these islands there will remain to her only two colonial possessions—Greenland and Iceland, which have an aggregate area more than five times as large as the mother country, but with only one-twenty-seventh the population. The 138 square miles of Denmark's West Indian territory sustain nearly three times as many people as the 46,740 square miles of Greenland.

Charlotte Amalie.

Creating More Holland.

Plans for reclaiming the Zuider Zee will shortly be laid before the second chamber of the Dutch parliament. The carrying into effect of the scheme would mean the reclamation of 815 square miles of the Zee and the conversion of the remaining 557 square miles into a freshwater lake. The cost is now estimated at about 234,000,000 florins (over $100,000,000), exclusive of interest, and the time required at 33 years.

The land will be reclaimed by the coistruction of an embankment 18.3 miles long from Ewyksluis across the Amstel channel to the southwest corner of the island of Wieringen and from the northeast corner of the island of Piaam in Friesland. Inside the space inclosed by the embankment it is proposed to form four polders, or reclaimed areas. It is believed that in the seventeenth year after the beginning of the embankment portions of these polders will be fit for habitation and cultivation. A total population of 250,000 is expected to find ample support in the new province.—London Times.

Old Town of Mozambique.

The Portuguese were the first Europeans to settle in East Africa, and Mozambique, their earliest stronghold, provides striking testimony to the spirit of energy and enterprise which distinguished the early colonists, the London Chronicle says. Built between the years 1508-1511 of stone imported from Portugal, no other African town has altered so little in recent years. Houses built four centuries ago still abound in Mozambique, their doors and windows, heavily bolted and barred, testifying to their antiquity. Dominating the harbor is the castle of Sao Sebastiao, which, with its massive walls, high above the water line, forms the most impressive structure on the East African coast.

Armed Plants.

Many plants protect themselves from their enemies by the use of spikes or prickles, and venom, just as certain animals do. Of those using the first-named device there are—as a naturalist pointed out—innumerable examples. The bramble, the gorse, and the holly are familiar instances of shrubs and trees "armed to the teeth," so to speak. Many plants imitate the reptiles in arming themselves with venom. Of these are the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, and the nux vomica. Less destructively inclined are those plants which are simply protected by their disagreeable taste. The common buttercup, which is one of these, is generally shunned by horses and cattle. A plant which, like the skunk, is protected by a disagreeable smell is the figwort. Only that hardy and insensitive animal, the goat, will touch it.

The Risorgimento.

The Italian word, "risorgimento" means literally "rising again." In some of its verb forms the word is seen to be cognate with our "resurrect." In Italian history the meaning of the word, for which you especially inquire, is the rebirth or remaking of the Italian nation. It thus covers the period of revolt from Austrian domination and establishment of the present kingdom—the risorgimento was the formation of united Italy. It began in 1831, when Mazzini founded "young Italy." The influential paper which Cavour edited in the stirring midcentury was called Il Risorgimento.

Bathing the Family Clock.

When it gets balky and refuses to go try a bath for the clock before sending for the clocksmith. Lay it on its back, remove the face, and with a small oilcan squirt kerosene all over it into the works. The oil does not injure the woodwork, and is easily wiped up as it drains off all discolored with dirt and grease. If the works are very dirty and clogged remove them entirely from the frame and soak in a bowl of kerosene, sousing up and down for a minute or two. This rejuvenating bath will probably start the clock on a new lease of life.

The Eyes of the Blind

By H. M. EGBERT

Lydia entered the sunny room in the big house a little timidly. When she had answered the advertisement she had never dreamed that the answer would come from anything but a business office. She was still more bewildered when the tall man wearing the blue glasses groped rather helplessly toward her and indicated that she should sit down where there was no chair.

"Miss Ford, I received something like fifty answers to my advertisement," said Harold Sarnold. "Many of them were clearly illiterate. However, yours impressed me most as my wife read it to me. I wish I could see your face. Won't you speak?" he continued, a little irritably.

Lydia, quite discomfited, murmured something.

"Yes, I have a mental picture of you now," answered Sarnold. "You are twenty, or thereabouts, and your quiet voice denotes a gentle personality. Is that correct?"

"I hope so," murmured Lydia, totally at a loss and resisting a strong temptation to flee.

"Well, now—you have sat down, haven't you?" said Sarnold, finding his chair. "I am an author. My pen name is Lucas Devine. You may have heard of it?"

"I certainly have," said Lydia warmly. "I have read—"

"Thank you," interposed Sarnold. "The trouble is that my sight is good for only six months, according to the best eye specialist in New York. Amaurosis, he calls the trouble. I could see you now, if I took off these glasses, but I am husbanding it. So,

Indicated That She Should Sit Down.

you see, my five or six thousand a year, my wife's future and my own look very dark sometimes."

Lydia watched the pathetic figure before her with a sense of vast pity.

"But I don't give up," Sarnold continued. "I have a good many literary interests and I am going to retain them. I have six months to train a pair of eyes for me—your eyes. Do you see that instrument?" he continued, pointing to a piece of mechanism in a corner near his desk. "That is a dictaphone. I am going to dictate my stories to you. That other mechanism is for shaving the wax records afterward.

"My plan is to practice dictating to you until I am able to dictate logical and coherent stories. I shall use my six months of eyesight to train you as to punctuation. You will learn from the tones of my voice just when to put a comma and when a semicolon or period. In short, by the time my sight is gone I shall hope to have an excellent substitute, and I shall then offer you, in addition to your salary, a share in my profits. You are not—pardon me—not engaged, Miss Ford?"

"No," answered Lydia, glad that he could not see her blush.

"Nor ever will be?"

"I don't know—I don't think so."

"It's one of the risks of life," said Sarnold. "Marriage is the penalty."

And so their association began; and Lydia soon learned why Sarnold had spoken so bitterly of marriage. If ever there was an incongruous couple it was Sarnold and his wife. Sarnold was quiet, gentle, thoughtful, and, perhaps, a little irritable upon occasion; Mrs. Sarnold was shrewish, cold, calculating, and evidently a source of continual distress to her husband. What the life of the couple could be like when she was not present Lydia could very well understand from what she saw while she was there.

And from the first Lydia seemed to become the object of Mrs. Sarnold's hostility. She guessed that the wife, too selfish to take the place she should have done as her husband's assistant, grudged her her own. Nevertheless Mrs. Sarnold shrewdly realized that her future, as well as her husband's, lay at Lydia's mercy.

At the end of three months Lydia could take her employer's stories exactly on the typewriter from the dictaphone, punctuate to please him, and even ventured to make suggestions which he sometimes adopted. That was the beginning, in fact, of a very happy partnership. Those hours were the happiest in Sarnold's life. Gradually their intimacy grew and Mrs. Sarnold was not slow to percieve it.

Sarnold's blindness seemed to have become quite progressive. He groped his way about the room now like one sightless, and Lydia, not daring to question him, felt her eyes fill with tears as she saw his helplessness.

She came each morning at nine and spent the day there. And she had come to live for those days. She did not realize the fact that Sarnold himself was the cause until one day.

He was at work on a serial novel, and from the beginning something had told her that it embodied a great deal of his own life. Delicately disguised though she was, Lydia knew, too, that Mrs. Sarnold was the woman who had wrecked that life. And then, suddenly, Lydia realized that the healing spirit which entered was—herself!

How she knew she could not imagine, for the girl was depicted as totally different from her. But she knew, and her hand fell suddenly from the typewriter keys, and somehow Sarnold's found it and closed upon it. And without a word being spoken Lydia knew that their love was mutual, was the dearest and the most sacred thing in all the world.

Then, looking up with a guilty start, Lydia saw Mrs. Sarnold standing in the doorway. A cold smile played about her lips; she had seen and understood.

She said nothing, and the next day Lydia spoke to Sarnold of the resolution to which she had come.

"You asked me when you engaged me whether I was engaged—in another sense," she said, with a laugh of affected embarrassment. "Or whether I expected to be. I did not, but—but someone has come into my life, and I am going to leave you."

She saw Sarnold start in amazement, and then a look of bitterness crossed his face. She knew what that look meant. He had given her the unspoken homage of his love, and she—had accepted it while her heart was another's.

Wrong though that love had been, there were many elements to justify it. And Sarnold felt that she had deceived him wretchedly.

"I'm sorry, but—of course, it must be so," he said. He asked no questions.

It was his wife who made the objections. She hated Lydia with all the vehemence of which her cold nature was capable; but she knew that if Lydia went her own future was compromised. If Lydia were not there, with her clever brain and skillful fingers, they might become paupers.

"If you want more money you can get it. I'll see to that," she said.

"Money would make no difference," said Lydia resentfully.

Mrs. Sarnold laughed shortly. "Don't pose as an angel," she answered "You'll find marriage isn't what it's cracked up as being."

Lydia had given Sarnold a month's notice, and offered to stay another month, if necessary, to train her successor, but Sarnold did not advertise for a new assistant. Wondering, Lydia found all her efforts to urge him in this direction repulsed with a sort of brutality.

She knew that she had wounded Sarnold to the core by the new tone of his work. Clever it was, but cynical, and all at once the realization came to her that it was she who had turned to gall the sweetness in Sarnold's nature. What had survived the disillusionment of marriage had been destroyed utterly by her action. And before she went she felt that that lie must be made white.

She closed the dictaphone for the last time and covered the typewriter. She turned to him.

"I must say something to you," she began. "When I told you that I was leaving because I was engaged to be married I was telling an untruth. I am not engaged to be married."

The blind man leaned toward her. "Then—then why are you leaving me?" he asked in unsteady tones.

Her breast rose and fell swiftly; she could not answer him. But he knew. Intuition had not played him false, as he had supposed. He knew—as she did.

With a laugh he sought her and held her in his arms, and their lips met—once—the only time, but with the pent-up longing of years.

Then he released her and took off his glasses.

"I will be frank, too," he said. "Lydia, I have seen perfectly for three months past. I deceived you—because I wanted you to stay. Because life was unbearable without you. I hoped we might be happy—just in the work. But it was not to be."

She rose and he took her hands in his.

"I shall always remember you," he said softly.

"And I you," she replied.

It was two years later that the sudden telegram summoned Lydia back to the house. Mrs. Sarnold was dying of an incurable disease. It was she who had sent for the girl.

She smiled through her pain as Lydia stood at the bedside.

"I have come to see clearly at last," she said. "I know that I have bitterly wronged my husband, and I want to make amends, the only possible amends."

She placed Lydia's hand in that of her husband. And with heads bowed they stood beside the dying woman.

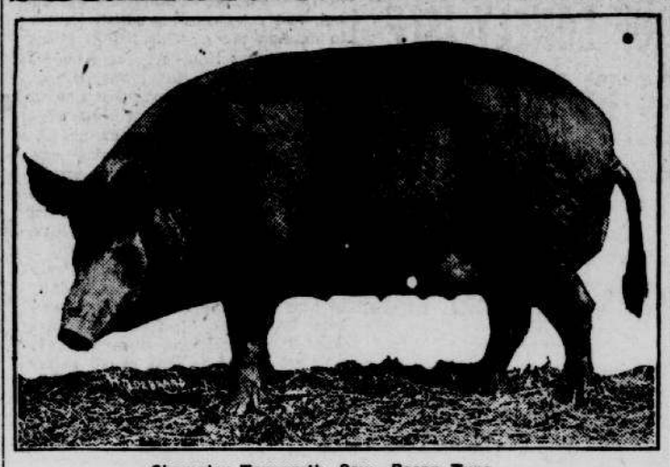
Flying Bird Broke Window.

The great speed and force with which birds fly was strikingly illustrated the other day when a partridge crashed through a large window in a country residence near Red Wing, Minn. The window was glazed with plate glass, one-fourth inch thick. The bird, which weighed 20 ounces, was found dead in the living room 11 feet from the window. The impact of its body broke a hole in the heavy glass about three feet in diameter. This window is more than five feet square and close to the ground. It overlooks a large lawn which at certain times of the day is very vividly reflected in the glass. It is thought that the bird was deceived by the reflection and supposed it was flying through an opening when it met its death. All but two or three very small pieces of the broken glass were thrown into the room.

Deserves Well of His Country.

General de Castelnau, the famous French commander, had nine sons when the war broke out. Now one is at school, five are fighting on the western front, while three have been killed.

REDUCING COST OF PORK PRODUCTION



Champion Tamworth Sow—Bacon Type.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

With the present high prices of corn and other grain foods, it is essential that we exercise strict economy in feeding the growing pigs, and also in maintaining the breeding herd during the time they are not in actual service.

A well-planned system of grass and forage crops will greatly reduce the cost of producing a pound of pork, as well as maintaining the breeding herd. The size of pastures, and the kind of forage and grass crops depend largely upon the location of the grower and the number of animals in the herd.

We prefer to have more acres of hog pasture than are needed to supply the herd with succulent food, so that we can plow under what is not eaten,

Purebred Sow and Thrifty Litter.

together with the drippings from the hogs, thus improving the pasture land for future crops of grain and grass.

In this way it is possible to improve the fertility of a number of acres, and at the same time we are utilizing the land for pasture purposes. The pastures and yards should be planned so that you are not dependent upon any one crop at any time during the season, or you will have an abundance at certain times, and no green food at other times.

Among the pasture and forage crops that are best adapted to hog pasture, are rye, clover, alfalfa, field-peas, cowpeas, sweet corn, oats, millet, and rape. They may be sown at various times during the growing season, so that some of them will be available at all times when the weather is favorable for the animals to be outside.

The hog growers should look to the legumes and investigate their high feeding value. They are highly nitrogenous food and may be grown with great benefit to the land at a low cost.

When a green forage crop is pastured with pigs, it is often necessary to plow under a large portion of the green forage, which, together with the droppings of the pigs while they are running on the field and being fed supplementary grain foods, greatly improves the land, increasing its humus content and adding large amounts of nitrogen to the soil beside freeing it from noxious weeds. It is an economical method of building up a run-down field.

A number of writers have advocated feeding the pigs nothing but grass and forage crops, but my experience, both in the alfalfa region and here in the East, will not bear out these claims for forage.

We find that in order to secure fairly good gains we must feed a little grain food at all times. Forage will make a great saving, and the best possible growth and thrift are secured when wheat middlings, corn or other grain foods are fed in connection with such grass and forage crops as alfalfa, blue grass, clover and cowpeas, and the pigs will reach the highest development they are capable of making.

It is claimed by the leading pork producers that a well-managed system of forage crops will reduce the cost of producing pork from 30 to 40 per cent.

In planning a system of forage crops and pastures, we must be governed by the number of pigs, their size, and quality of the land that is used for growing these crops.

In my own experience I have found no better method of improving the soil than to raise hogs, and practice a system of growing green forage crops and feeding them a reasonable amount of grain food in connection with the pasture and forage crops.

To secure the best growth and development the hogs must have some grain food in connection with their pasture and forage crops or there will be a tendency to promote an abnormal development of their stomach and intestines.

GIVE HENS PLENTY OF NESTS

They Should Be Conveniently Located Where Fowls Can Use Them—Cleanliness Is Urged.

A soiled or washed egg decays much sooner than one which never has been dirty and for that reason the chicken houses and yards should be kept in a clean and sanitary condition, points out Ross M. Sherwood of the Kansas state agricultural college.

"One nest should be provided for every five or six hens," says Sherwood. "This is important because when only a few hens have to lay in a nest there will be fewer dirty eggs. The location of the nests is important. They should be where the hens will use them and in places where the eggs may be gathered conveniently. When the nests contain plenty of nesting material there are fewer broken and dirty eggs produced."

INCREASE PROFITS ON COTTON

Plant Grazing Crops, Raise Hogs, Cattle and Sheep—Nation's Meat Bill Is Enormous.

Try to raise more pounds of meat than ever before. The nation's meat bill is enormous; many farmers' bacon bill is more than it should be. Plant grazing crops, raise hogs, calves and lambs. This is one way to get the better profits on the cotton you raise. Where meat is bought somebody else gets the farmer's cotton profit.

Cultivation of Corn.

The first cultivation of corn is the most important one. Go fairly deep at this time and get all the weeds you can close to the hills. The six-shovel cultivator is the favorite tool for this time through.

Work for Strong Litter.

If the breeding is right a feeder can do a lot in bringing a strong litter of pigs.

Test the Corn Seed.

Test your corn before planting. Avoid the mistakes made last spring, and make good use of the things learned last year.

Water of Importance.

The drinking water is very important in poultry. See that the water is clean and fresh.

Unprofitable Dairy Herd.

Many a poor and unprofitable dairy herd can be traced to a nondescript sire.

CATCH THE CHICKEN SNAKES

Unique Method Employed by Texas Poultry Breeders—Eggs Make Most Effective Trap.

In some localities poultry breeders are greatly annoyed by snakes stealing the small chickens and eggs. Here is the method in Texas to catch these culprits:

Simply shut up the coop all but one door. Before this door stand a board with a hole bored through it. Place an egg on each side of the board on the floor.

His snakeship will swallow the outside egg, stick his head through the hole in the board and swallow egg No. 2, when he will be able to move only so far as the eggs' situation will permit.

USING CLOVER IN ROTATION

Increase in Yield Resulting From Plowing Under This Legume at Least 50 Per Cent.

At the North Carolina experiment station it has been found, on poor land, using crimson clover in the rotation with corn and cotton, that the increase in yields resulting from plowing under this legume has been at least 50 per cent within four or five years.

Don't Plow Wet Soil.

You have heard folks say that if they don't plow their land when it is wet, they will never plow it. All right; better not. No surer way to spoil and make yourself trouble than to plow it when it's under water or when the water runs in the furrow.

Most Valuable Feed.

It is positively proved that ensilage is a most valuable food material, when properly fed, for all of our domestic animals.

Value of Farm Garden.

A good farm garden will afford a wholesome supply of food all the year round.

Where Blood Will Tell.

There is no place where blood will tell more clearly than in the dairy herd.

Currant Bushes for Planting.

In planting currant bushes use only good, sturdy plants.

Attention to the Ewes.

Constant attention should be given the ewes at lambing time.

Test All Seeds.

Test all seeds before planting.

THE BABY'S BLUNDER

By CATHARINE CRANMER.

John Elliott lay flat on his back in a hospital bed and stared at the bare and sanitary walls of his boxlike room. His drawn face showed evidences of mental suffering as well as of physical tortures inflicted by the grippe, which had overtaken him in late springtime after he had successfully evaded it all winter. It was bad enough to be shut up in a hospital at any time, but to be thrust from one's Pullman berth into an ambulance in a city a thousand miles from home at the very beginning of a day on which a big business deal should have been consummated was worse than bad.

It did not add to John's peace of mind that the girl he had once loved lived in this city, whither she had come at the time of her marriage to a wealthy manufacturer. He had always felt that her father's rehabilitation in business just after her marriage had a direct connection with the match which all of Dolly's friends had considered a wholly unsuitable one, owing to the difference in age and tastes between her and the middle-aged man she married.

He became vaguely conscious that some object had appeared in his doorway, but before his aching eyes had discerned that it was other than a nurse looking in, he was greeted by a little child's caressing voice.

"Poor Mr. Man," cooed the voice, as its owner, a dainty blonde maiden of three in a white frock and a flower-trimmed hat, tripped into the room and approached his bedside, "does 'oo head hurt 'oo? Don't 'oo want me to ture it?"

With all the motherly tenderness she would have bestowed on her favorite doll, the child patted John's aching temples, smoothed his eyelids, and talked an alluring prattle in the most sympathetic of baby voices. But the fairy's godmother, in the guise of a uniformed nurse girl, appeared at the door and summoned the little creature from the realm of healing.

"Mercy doodness!" she exclaimed, stooping down and bringing up a tiny green basket filled with purple and yellow pansies. "Muvver sent you this, and I mos' fordot it. Dood-by."

After the child had gone, John realized that the basket of pansies remained in his hand. He removed a card that peeped from the basket and on the side that first caught his eye was written: "Pansies for thoughts, you know; so be assured you are not forgotten." Turning the card mechanically, he whistled in sudden surprise as he read the name: "Mrs. Albert Brown Watkins." Which was the present name of Dolly Owen, the girl he had loved.

A cold sweat broke over him and with it came a queer feeling that all his physical mechanism had suspended operation. His bewildered mind was at first as incapacitated as his body, but slowly he began to realize that there was quite as much pain as pleasure in being remembered by Dolly.

He was snappish toward the nurse when she came in at noon to take his temperature and to give him some broth.

Late that afternoon, John lay in a delightful state of semi-slumber, when from the corridor came the sound of a voice that seemed to fit into his dream. A lady was in conversation with John's nurse.

"Quite by accident I found that my nursemaid made a stupid blunder this morning and took my little girl to room 260 with some flowers I had sent to dear old Mr. Throckmorton, who is the paralytic in room 360, you know. So I came over to see that lonely old soul, and, as I saw you coming out of 260 as I passed, I'd like to say that I hope my little girl caused your patient no annoyance this morning."

"Well," came the nurse's voice, "he did have quite a turn just after she left, but it may not have been caused by her visit."

"Oh, I'm so sorry." The lady's voice was softly penitent. "Do you think it would be an additional annoyance if I went in now and apologized?"

"Oh, no, madam, I'm sure it would not."

As John slowly opened his eyes, he could just make out in the twilight the outline of a slender woman's figure in white entering his room.

Before either of them had time to think, Dolly was kneeling at the bedside with her blushing face hidden in his outstretched hands. A moment later, came sane thinking into John's head, and he sank back upon his pillow with a groan.

"It's like hitting a man when he's down, Dolly, to give me these glimpses of the joy that might have been mine." He sighed heavily. "Why should I ever have thought you'd want to cheer up my sickroom?"

"But I do want to, John; won't you let me?" She looked appealingly at him.

"With your husband's full permission, of course," retorted John, suddenly becoming sarcastic again.

"My husband? Why, John, didn't you know my husband was killed a year ago in a fire panic in one of his own factories?"

Ten minutes later, just as the nurse, with a warning little cough, was about to enter the room with John's supper, the patient released a hand which he had been holding in his own fond clasp and whispered ecstatically: "That blessed little baby! Her blunder has saved my life!"

Fire Dangers.

Most everyone who has had any dealings with machinery knows about the liability of oily rags and waste that have been used for cleaning purposes to ignite from spontaneous combustion; but few are aware that sawdust, when soaked with oil drippings, will act in the same way. Sawdust is sometimes seen scattered over garage floors, but this practice should be prohibited. Sand is the safest for absorbing drippings.