

**FARMERS' CORNER**

**Crested White Ducks.**  
Bulletin No. 94 of the Department of Agriculture says of the Crested White duck:

The Crested White duck is what may be called an ornamental duck, much the same as Polish chickens. They are not bred to any great extent in this country, and they are very seldom seen in the showrooms. They have no especial value to the farmer, as better and more easily bred birds are to be found in the Pekin and Aylesbury.

These ducks have a medium-sized head; medium-sized bill, a large, well-balanced crest upon the crown of the head; a rather long neck; a medium-length back; breast, round and full; body, round and of medium length;



CRESTED WHITE DUCK.

medium-length wings that smoothly fold; hard, stiff tail feathers, with well-curved feathers in the tail of the drake; and short and stout thighs and shanks. Their eyes are large and bright and of a deep leaden blue or gray color. The shanks, toes and webs are of a light orange color.

The standard weight of the adult drake is seven pounds; adult duck, six pounds; young drake, six pounds, and young duck, five pounds.

**The Robber Cow.**

Two cows cost \$40 each a year for keep. One of them yields 4,000 quarts of milk a year, that bring \$36. The other yields 1,200 quarts, that bring \$26. The latter loses about \$14 and reduces the gain on the former from \$46 to \$32. Why do you keep that 1,200-quart cow? You would be better off with the one that clears \$46, for you would have only half the investment, half the work and half the feeding, and you would gain \$14 each year.

There would be no surplus butter on the market for years to come and prices would rule strong if all the cows were eliminated which are kept at a loss. Dairy farmers have not yet half waked up to an understanding of the great practical importance of weeding out the unprofitable cows from their herds. Many a man would make a fair profit, that now faces constant loss, if he would keep only such cows as pay a profit on their keep.

**Water Needed by Corn.**

Much interest has lately been manifested in determining the exact amount of water required for the growth of plants. This is just as important in the east as in the irrigated region, for we often have droughts which made necessary the most careful cultivation to prevent plants from suffering. Professor Clothier has found that after corn becomes two feet high each stalk uses up three pounds of water a day until the ears mature. This is equivalent to an inch of rain a week. In regions where the average rainfall is lower, and where a good, milky quality of sweet corn is desired in the garden during August and September, it is obviously necessary to have the soil in the most perfect state of cultivation so as to retain as much moisture as is needed.

**Fattening Stock.**

Weight is the main object of the farmer in fattening stock for market, and this weight is easiest obtained by feeding corn in order to produce fat. Farmers have long been taught by experience that fat is a desirable quality, and that it adds to the attractiveness of a carcass on the stall. It has been demonstrated at the experiment stations, however, that the weight can be secured at less cost, with a greater proportion of lean interspersed with the fat, by feeding a nitrogenous ration, which means that, in addition to a liberal supply of corn, an animal should receive a variety of food that is not so rich in oil, starch and sugar as is corn. This fact is worthy of consideration.

**Heavy Horses.**

The weight of a horse is an important item in estimating his value for draft purposes, for the fine-boned horse, with well-developed muscles, may do as much work as the heavy-boned one for a short time, and is even better for road purpose. When dry, wipe gently with a solution of gum tragacanth, which is made by boiling half an ounce of the gum in two quarts of water, boiling down to three pints, stirring freely while it is on the fire. When cool apply it lightly on the leather.

**To Feed Barley to Horses.**

Barley has as yet been little used for horses in the eastern part of the United States, probably because of its general high price. On the Pacific coast it is extensively used for breeding horses at all kinds of work. Where the horse's teeth are good and the labor not severe, barley may be fed whole. Ground barley is unpleasant to the horse while eating, and if, instead of grinding, the grains are crushed to flattened disks between iron rollers, they are more palatable and acceptable to the horse.

**Profits of Middlemen.**  
Consumers of fruits and vegetables in large cities are charged high prices by the hucksters and grocers. In Chicago peaches are selling retail for thirty-five or forty cents for a small basket containing about twenty to twenty-five peaches; other fruits and vegetables in proportion. It would be interesting to farmers to know just how much of this is booked as profits. Farmers get no such prices; in fact they are lucky if they get one-third of the prices now prevailing in Chicago. Either some class of handlers is making exorbitant profits or there is an unnecessary expense attached to the business of distribution. It costs money to handle produce. It requires storage, horses and men, and none of these things are cheap in the city, but there is no good reason why the consumer should pay three hundred per cent profit on what the farmers sell.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

**A Splendid Wheat Crop.**

The annual crop and business report of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, covering the Mississippi Valley, and a few of the more important States of the Pacific coast, says, in part: "The wheat crop of 1906 will be among the largest and best ever produced. The yield not only will be great, but the weight and quality will be far beyond the ordinary. In these respects it may be considered nearly perfect. The period of uncertainty is closing rapidly and the crop may now be called practically out of danger. The yield of soft winter wheat is large, quality the finest and movement free. Inasmuch as this movement has begun early and all grains are now nearly or quite on an export basis (with the tendency of prices downward), a large export business may be expected."

**Cucumbers.**

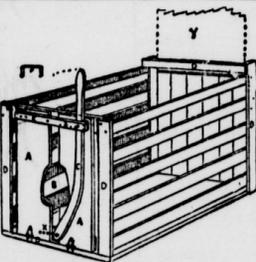
I raise five crops instead of one on the same ground, and on the same vines with hardly any extra work. Plant in the usual way. When a cucumber is taken from the vine let it be cut with a knife, leaving about an eighth of an inch of the cucumber on the stem. Then slit the stem with a knife from its end to the vine twice, leaving a small portion of the cucumber on each division. On each separate slit there will be a cucumber as large as the first. By this method you will only need one-fifth the ground that you would need if growing cucumbers in the old way.—Walter Stroenider in Epitome.

**Marketing Farm Produce.**

A small farmer who has made a success of marketing his produce gives sound and ingenious advice in a recent magazine. His preliminary work suggests Hannah Glasse's famous preface to her instructions for cooking hare: "First find a lady customer," is his advice. To her sell nothing but the choicest of fruit and produce. It will not be long before she will acquaint her friends, and they in turn will pass along the word to others. It pays to sell nothing but the best; the inferior produce can be fed to stock, and in a short time the farmer will find he has a good market and a good price, with no leakage of profit to the middleman.

**Hog-Ringing Trap.**

The frame for this hog-ringing trap should be made of 2x4-inch lumber bolted together at corners. The dimen-



SIMPLE HOG-RINGING TRAP.

sions are 4 feet 2 inches long, 2 feet 4 inches high and 1 foot 6 inches wide. There is a sliding door at the back end. When the hog puts his head through the hole in front, jam the lever against his neck.

**The Farm Toolhouse.**

No building on the farm pays better than a good toolhouse. It should be so convenient of access that there need be no excuse for leaving farm implements exposed to the weather when not in use. Properly cared for, many implements that now last only a few years ought to be serviceable as long as the farmer lives to need them. Besides, a tool that has not been rusted, warped and cracked by exposure will work as well the second and third year of use as the first. On many farms the tools are so much injured by being left out of doors that after the first season they cost more for repairs than they save in labor.

**Oiling Harness.**

To give harness a good finish saturate the leather with as much oil as it will take, and then sponge the harness with a thick lather made of castile soap. When dry, wipe gently with a solution of gum tragacanth, which is made by boiling half an ounce of the gum in two quarts of water, boiling down to three pints, stirring freely while it is on the fire. When cool apply it lightly on the leather.

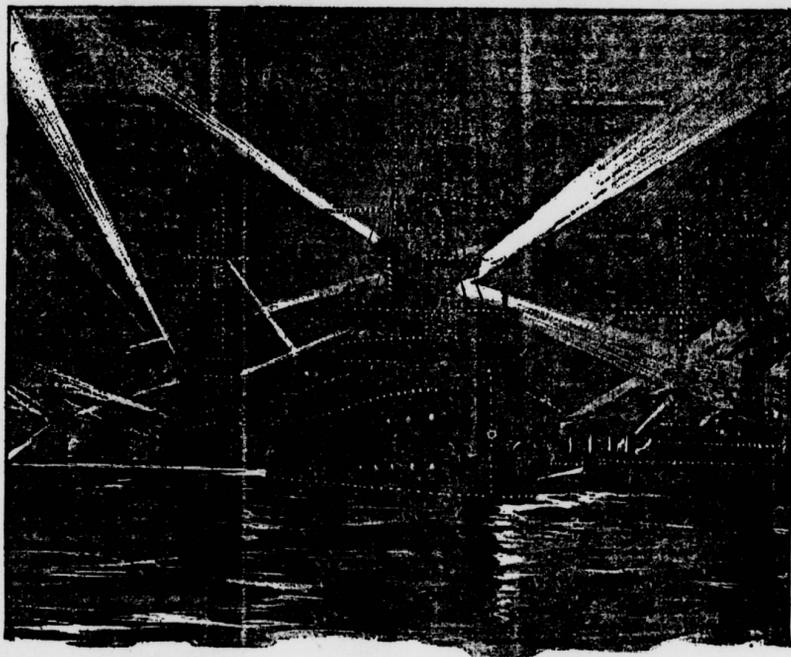
**How About It?**

The cherries apple has been born. But who would ask For colossus corn? —New York Sun.

**Scot and Smoke Kill Cattle.**

What was at first thought to be a contagious disease among cows belonging to Allison Hallcock, of Washingtonville, near Middletown, N. Y., has been discovered to be the result of too much smoke and soot. Eight cattle died, and post-mortem examinations have shown large quantities of soot in their stomachs. Near the place where the cows were pastured a large steam shovel has been operating and clouds of smoke from the engine settled upon the wet grass upon which the animals fed.

**GORGEOUS NIGHT SCENE AT THE OYSTER BAY NAVAL REVIEW.**



**GREATEST NAVAL PAGEANT.**

**Best Part of America's Navy Reviewed by the President.**

The most imposing naval pageant ever seen in American waters passed in review recently before President Roosevelt in Long Island sound. A combined fleet of sixty-one naval vessels, representing every type of ship in use in the navy except a hospital ship and a marine ship, greeted the President and a vast throng of sightseers on hundreds of yachts, excursion boats, launches and rowboats. There were forty-three fighting ships, ranging from the massive battleships, like the Rhode Island, of 16,000 tons, costing \$5,000,000, and from the powerful and fast armored cruiser, like the West Virginia, of 15,000 tons, costing \$5,800,000, down to the submarine Shark, of 120 tons, costing probably \$150,000. The combined cost of the ships, so far as construction was concerned, was probably more than \$125,000,000.

There were 15,235 men on the fleet, including 800 officers, if each ship had its full complement, and most of them did. This means that there were enough men afloat on the warships to supply a city of 90,000 people with men. There were something like 1,100 guns on the combined fleet. Three-fourths of the fleet upon which the President gazed has been built since the war with Spain.

The President, on board the Mayflower, passed through and around the line of ships anchored in three lines, each 450 yards apart. Then the Mayflower anchored and the three admirals of the fleet and all the commanding officers called on him and had luncheon. Then the President visited the three flagships and troopship Yankee, just back from a year's arduous work in Dominican waters, where he made a speech to the marines. Then he returned to the Mayflower and spent the afternoon and the early part of the evening on board, remaining long enough to witness the electrical displays on the

**CHURCHMAN HIPPLE AND HIS DOWNFALL.**



Hushnell

If Frank K. Hipple, president of the Philadelphia Real Estate Trust company, had not been so conspicuous in church work his wrecking of that company would have been no less serious a blow to one of the leading financial institutions of the city and would have caused no less distress. But had he not been so prominently identified with religious affairs he could scarcely have acquired such confidence as placed him in a position where it was possible for him to misinvest, by a system amounting to theft, \$7,000,000 deposited with the institution of which he was the head. The downfall of no other man in Philadelphia, save John Wanamaker, could have created such a sensation or the crash which followed the suicide of Mr. Hipple. So carefully were the circumstances of his death concealed by his family that it was not until after the exposure of his financial misdeeds that it became known how he died. He took laudanum and then lay down in his bathtub and turned on the water.

For years Mr. Hipple had been a prominent figure in charitable, religious and financial circles. He was superintendent of the Sunday school of the Tenth Presbyterian church, as well as one of the trustees of Bryn Mawr Presbyterian church. He was also treasurer of church institutions, among them the Presbyterian General Assembly. In several financial institutions he was a director. Hipple had an abhorrence for tobacco and liquor. His Sundays were spent in church or in religious meditation. Sunday newspapers he would not read, nor would he ride in street cars, unless the necessity was most urgent. He could not be induced to discuss matters of a business nature on the Sabbath. His charities were large and every one who appealed to him was generously helped. Hipple acquitted himself well in all positions. He was deemed by all men as of unquestioned probity.

Since its organization, twenty-one years ago, he had been president of the Real Estate Trust company, and a director in the Franklin National bank. He was also treasurer of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, treasurer of the sustenance committee of the Synod of Pennsylvania, treasurer of the Presbyterian hospital, and American treasurer of the western section of the Reformed church holding the Presbyterian system. He worked actively in the Tenth Presbyterian church. He was the counselor of the aged and the widows in their financial difficulties, the guardian of orphans and the trustee of estates. Owing to his connection therewith the Real Estate Trust company was made the depository of the Presbyterian church, from the general assembly down to the smallest organizations which found it convenient to make deposits there.

It is not suggested that Mr. Hipple maintained these associations for fraudulent purposes, or that his intentions were dishonest. But it is certain that after these affiliations had gained for him a great financial power as religious professions did not intervene between himself and the temptation to invest trust funds in wildcat speculation, nor to practice fraud to enable him to



REAR ADMIRAL EVANS.

ships and an exhibition of their search-light work.

The fleet was called officially the United States Atlantic fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. The fleet was divided up into three squadrons, with Admiral Evans in command of the first, consisting of two divisions of eight battleships. Rear Admiral C. H. Davis was in command of the first division of the second squadron, consisting of four battleships, and Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson was in command of the second division of this squadron, consisting of four armored cruisers. The third squadron consisted of the monitors and armored cruisers under the command of Capt. C. W. Bartlett and Commander B. A. Fiske.

Then came two flotillas of torpedo boats, with two submarines, a troop ship, a water ship, a provision ship and three colliers.

**At the Them.**

A young New Yorker had made his first ascent in his new air-ship, under instruction from a professional aeronaut. After an hour's gyrations, his car came tumbling to the ground. When he was picked up and found to be not much hurt, the professional demanded to know what was wrong. "Why did you not throw over the sand and save yourself?" he asked. "I did—the whole ten pounds of it." "Well, then, why did you not sacrifice the sandwiches you were carrying?" "I did, Mr. Smith," sobbed the jaded young balloonist. "I knew they were extra weight, so as soon as the car started down I ate every one of them."

If a girl of sixteen or seventeen isn't pretty and attractive, her mother should whip her.

**MARIAN TRAVELED ALONE.**

**The Met a Fascinating Stranger on the Train.**

"Cousin Morris, will you do something for me, please?"

The senior member of the law firm of Woodell & Brown glanced from his office desk to the innocent, eager face. "Sit down, Marian," he answered, smiling.

"I shall have to tell you the whole story," she began, breathlessly. "You know I came home alone from my New York trip? Well, a man had the other half of my section—a fine, scholarly looking man about your age—and when we were delayed by that wreck—ten hours late, you know—he saw I was nervous, and he was so kind about sending my telegram to my mother, and everything, that I just couldn't help letting him talk to me."

"He was a New York lawyer, Richard Ferry, going to Kansas City on a business trip, and he mentioned knowing the Chippendale here in Chicago. Of course that reassured me, and Morris, you can't think how well acquainted we got in one day! It was the strangest experience. He told me the story of his whole life—childhood home, school days, college experiences, everything! He's so much older, and he knows so much more than I. It seemed strange he should think I was worth talking to, but he did, and, Morris, to show you the kind of man he is, he quoted a lot from Wordsworth's 'Ode to Immortality,' and from Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' too. And oh, I wish you could have heard how beautifully he spoke of his mother!"

"Well, what happened next?" Morris Woodell asked, indulgently.

"He went on to Kansas City, and—please don't smile—he wrote to me that in the few hours we had spent together I had given him back ideals he thought were lost forever. He asked me to send him a line at his Kansas City hotel, and—well, I did it before I told mother. She didn't like it, because she doesn't trust my judgment. She can't realize that I'm eighteen, you see. This morning I had another note, saying he was passing through Chicago to-day on his way back to New York, and wouldn't I meet him for luncheon at the Atlantic Hotel?"

The indulgence suddenly vanished from Woodell's manner.

"Wait, Morris! I'm sure he didn't mean any disrespect. He's just unconventional."

"Is he married?"

"Why—no."

"Told you he wasn't?"

"He told me so much he couldn't have helped telling that if it had been so, and, Morris, this is what I want: Won't you go over to the hotel and bring him to luncheon with you and me? That would be proper, and you could see yourself how nice he is, and if you were in I'd dare tell mother when I went home. I haven't told her of this morning's note for fear it would prejudice her. She thinks I'm downtown shopping. Please, Morris."

Woodell shook his head. Then with a sudden thought he turned to his desk telephone and called Tom Chippendale.

The answer came promptly. "Ferry of New York? Well, not intimately. Just at the club. Brilliant fellow, but mighty vain of his conquests over the other sex. Oh, yes, wife and two children living out in Kansas City. No domestic life isn't just in his line. I fancy. Glad to serve you, Woodell. Good-by!"

Woodell hung up the receiver and repeated the words to his cousin, but he generously dropped his eyes while he waited for the answer. It came at last.

Hurt, chagrined, forcing back the hot tears, she said, under her breath, "Oh, I'll never trust any one again!"

"I hope you will, Marian," said Morris Woodell, gravely. "I hope you'll trust one person—a great deal more—your mother."—Youth's Companion.

**MEN, WOMEN AND MEALS.**

**Why the Gentler Sex Prefers to Eat from a Tray.**

When men suppose that dinner goes on whether they are at home or not they labor under a curious misconception, says the Reader, Arthur Penndens, writing about this melancholy fact, declares: "Some one once said that an ordinary woman's favorite dinner is an egg in a drawing room. All women have a passion for something on a tray. To a masculine mind things on a tray are unsatisfying; but to the feminine body they embody the very manna from heaven."

It is easy to understand that Arthur Penndens or any other "masculine mender" might have trouble in comprehending the why and wherefore of this debilitated taste; but no woman could be at a loss to explain it. It comes from the fatigue which woman suffers as the result of her colossal task of feeding man. To nourish the human race is the appointed work of woman.

At the very inception of life, this labor, and never can existence be so free, so heroic or so beautiful, that she must not pause three times a day—or more—to bend her mind to the menu that shall please her lord. She has been accused of writing no epics; it is said that she is incapable of composing an oratorio, or designing a cathedral, or conceiving an heroic statue or painting a picture of the first quality. The retort is that she might have done something of the kind if the men had not been hungry so frequently and so insistently.

To be the nourisher of the human race is an undertaking so prodigious that it is a marvel that the mere expectation of being chained to the larder has not made fiends or lunatics out of women—and from squaw to courtesan, their sufferings in this regard have points of similarity. It is the hungry man out of the way, the woman seeks escape from the tyranny of food, and "eats strawberries by moonlight on a festivity bank"

A candidate was to-day riding around in an automobile. "Cut that out," another candidate said to him; "too many farmers in town."

Talk, like looks, doesn't always go

**MOTOR WAGONS.**

Their Growing Use for Agriculture and Other Purposes in England.  
In many rural districts the agricultural communities are looking to the motor wagon as a panacea for their troubles, and there is no doubt, where railway facilities are few or rates high, that the motor wagon will enable them to get their produce to market with the least delay and at a low cost, says Cassler's magazine.

One of the many projects under consideration is that in Essex. In this case arrangements are being made to supply London with agricultural produce by means of an organization which is to collect the various goods at centers situated in Chelmsford, Braintree, Dunmow, Epping, Ongar, Witham and many other towns. These collecting centers are to be furnished with slaughter houses, chilling rooms, creameries and grading and selecting departments to deal with the produce brought to them from the surrounding country by motor or otherwise, and thence it will be forwarded to London by motor wagon. A somewhat similar system of collection is meeting with success in Berkshire.

Another promising outlook for the industry is the rumor that colliery owners are contemplating a system of direct deliveries of coal from pit mouth to consumer by steam lorry. It is remarkable that such a system has not been more in vogue where coal fields are within easy reach of industrial centers, as, for example, in Lancashire. The mode of procedure at present is for the colliery owners to load trucks on the railway, have them hauled from twenty to twenty-five miles by rail, unloaded to carts and eventually delivered to the consumer, sometimes three or four days being occupied in this manner, when by employing steam wagons as many hours would probably be occupied and the cost reduced to a minimum.

The present solution of the traffic problem in London and provincial towns no doubt lies greatly in the employment of motor goods vehicles in conjunction with motor omnibuses, and it has been predicted that in London in ten years' time not a horse will be employed for traction work. Whether this is too sanguine a view or not cannot be determined, but the fact that the supply of horses will soon cease to be available owing to the increase of self-propelled vehicles has occurred to the war office authorities is evident by the letter recently addressed to the Motor Van and Wagon Users' Association, desiring to know whether they would support a scheme for registering heavy motor cars for service in the country in time of war in the same manner in which horses have hitherto been subsidized.

**CHINESE TEACHING.**

A description of Chinese schoolroom methods, taken from "A Corner of Cathay," is of interest as showing the contrast between schools in the Orient and schools in this country. Many elderly people will recall the time when practices in the district schools of the United States had some of the Chinese thoroughness and dependence upon the memory.

The beginner takes his book to the teacher and bears him read a column or more, after which the pupil returns to his desk and consults his lesson aloud, until he can recite it without looking at it. He then takes his book again to the teacher, turns his back to the master, and recites what he has learned. This is called "backing the lesson." In this way the pupil commits the whole book to memory, and he is expected to learn it so thoroughly that he can at any moment repeat the whole of any passage the initial words of which are mentioned to him.

Just before the noonday recess the teacher writes a sentiment, a proverb or a proposition upon a slip of red paper and pastes it upon the door. Each boy, as he goes out, reads the lines, and in the afternoon renders to the teacher another line which will, with the first, make a couplet. In China all honors, social, pecuniary and official, await the scholar; and the teacher has always at hand illustrious examples to hold up for the emulation of those who become discouraged. Among the ancients, as among the moderns, many who were poor or stupid rose to eminence by sheer diligence and self-discipline.

The teacher tells of So Chin, who, being afflicted with drowsiness when at his nightly studies, thrust a needle through his flesh so that pain might keep him awake; and of the restless Sai Lin, whose active body revolted against sitting at his books, and who cured himself of a constant disposition to rise and leave them by placing a pall of cold water where his feet would be immersed in it whenever he stood up.

A warning is given in the career of the unscrupulous Pang Kien, who cut off the ends of the straws that his teacher told him to arrange evenly, while the careful and honest Sun Ping separated a similar bundle and laid the straws straight, one by one, and found that they were all of uniform length without cutting. The character thus manifested by the two showed their teacher which of his pupils would best repay his efforts, and his judgment was justified by the event, for Pang Kien came to no good, while Sun Ping won renown and wealth, and great honor came through him to his preceptor.

**Why He Won.**

Easymen—Made my first money on a' races t' day.  
Sharp—What hoss d'ye bet on, an' Easymen—Didn't bet on any, an' I was an easy winner.—Toledo Blade.

**Something Else.**

"Do you ever eat veal?"  
"No, I guess not. I used to think I did, however, until these packing-house exposures."—Houston Post.

When a number of women are shopping together some of them are always saying to the others: "Come on."  
Some meanness is necessary to succeed in business.