

## RUE JEANNE D'ARC! AH, HOW ABOUT IT?

Tragedy in French Town as  
Overheard in Cafe of the  
Golden Lion.

### SCENE AT APERITIF HOUR

Mme. la Patronne Tells How the  
Uhlans, in Lordly Fashion, Paid  
for the Drinks She  
Served Them.

Paris.—We were sitting in a cafe at the aperitif hour—an hour that survives the war. We were in a city of good size in northern France, famous for both cathedral and cheese. It was then a principal haven for refugees and an evacuation center for wounded. The Germans had been there, as the patronne of the Cafe du Lion d'Or narrated constantly, but now the battle lines were some distance away. If the wind happened from the right direction, when the noise of the city was silenced by military order at nightfall, the haunting boom—boom—boom of heavy artillery could be heard faintly. No one who has heard that sound ever forgets it. Dynamite blasting sounds just about the same, but in the sound of artillery, when one knows that it is artillery, there seems so much the knell of doom.

The cafe was crowded. The fat face of the patronne was wreathed in smiles. Anyone is mistaken who imagines that all northern France is lost from human view in a dense rolling cloud of smoke. At any rate, in the Cafe du Lion d'Or one looked upon life unchanged. True, there were some new customers in the place of old ones. There were a half dozen soldiers in khaki, and we of the American ambulance column, dressed in the same cloth. In a corner sat a young lieutenant in the gorgeous blue of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, drinking vermouth with a grizzled captain of artillery. Other French uniforms dotted the place. The "honest bourgeois" were all there—the chief supports of the establishment in peace or war. They missed the evening aperitif during the twelve days of German occupation, but now all were in their accustomed places. For the places of old-timers are sacred at the Lion d'Or.

**Took Husband's Place.**  
Mme. la Patronne acted in place of her husband, who was now safely serving in the cooking department of the army, some kilometers from the firing line. Madame sat contentedly at the calice superintending the activities of two youthful, inexperienced garcons. The old waiter, Jean and Andre, vanished into the "zone of military activity" on the first day of the war. After several post cards Jean had not been heard from. Andre was killed at the battle of the Marne.

We had heard the garrulous tale of the German occupation many times. It was thrillingly revealed both at the Restaurant du Commerce and the Hotel du Soleil. At the Lion d'Or it was Madame's absorbing theme when not haranguing the new waiters—or counting change. Madame remained throughout the trouble. "But yes, to be sure." She was not the woman to flee and leave the Lion d'Or to the invaders. Her ample form was firmly ensconced behind the calice when the first of the uhlans entered. There were officers, and—wonder of wonders—they spoke French. The new waiters were hiding in the cellar, so Madame clambered from her chair with dignity and placed glasses and

### LEADS "SOIREE ARTISTIQUE"



Mrs. Christian D. Hemmick wearing the gown of the French empire as she appeared at the benefit "soiree" in Washington. Mrs. Hemmick wrote and arranged the Greek idyll "Dispute of the Muses" which was the feature of the soiree.

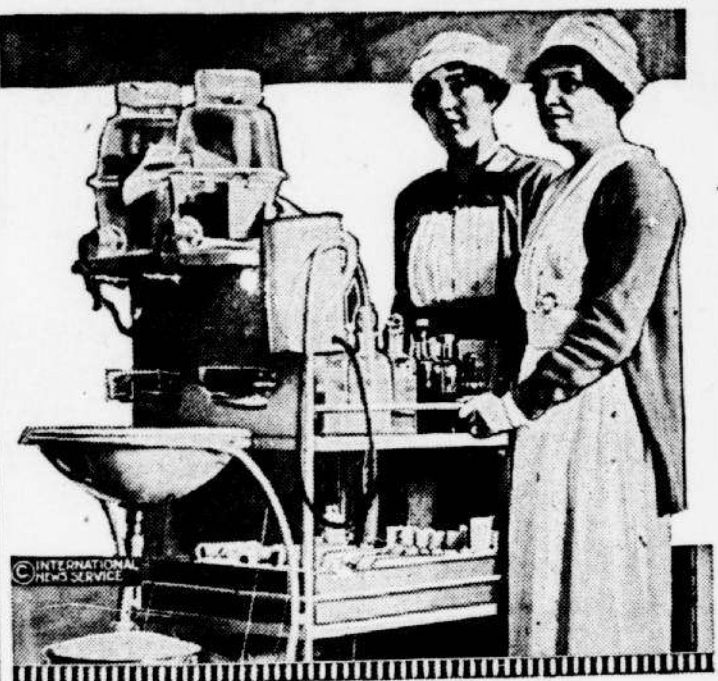
### TALCUM POWDER AS WEAPON

Started Girl Hurl It in Face of Assaultant, and Makes Her Escape.

Chester, Pa.—Hurling a package of talcum powder that she was carrying in her hand into the face of a man who grabbed her the other night, Miss Sibina Winters was able to break loose from the man and make her escape.

The girl told the police that she

## IN THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL



Miss Vera Arkwright, granddaughter of the duke of Cambridge, at left, and Mrs. Whitney of New York working in the American hospital in Paris.

drink before them. And then—would wonders never cease?—these Germans had actually paid—even overpaid, ma foi—for one of them flung a golden half-crown on the counter and stalked from the place, refusing change.

Of course at the Hotel de Ville the invaders behaved differently. There the mayor was called upon for one million francs—war indemnity. But that was a matter for the city's concern and not the individual. Madame still had that golden half-crown and would show it if we cared to see. Gold was scarce and exceedingly precious. The sight of it was good.

### Unanimity of the War.

Now the Germans were gone—forced out, grace a Dieu, so the good citizens no longer lived in the cellars. They were again in their places at the Lion d'Or, sipping vermouth and offering gratitude to the military regime that had the decency to allow cafes open until eight o'clock. Outside the night was cold and a fine drizzle beat against the windows. Several newcomers shivered and remarked that it must be terrible in the trenches. But the electric lights, the clinking glasses on the marble tables, the rattling coins soon brought them into the general line of speculation on how long it would take to drive the Germans from France.

For a hundred years the cafes have been the forum of France. The Lion d'Or had for that entire period been the scene of fierce verbal encounters between members of more political and religious faiths than exist in any other nation of the world. Every Frenchman no matter how humble in position or purse has decided opinions about something. But now the voices in the Lion d'Or arose only in appellations concerning les Boches. There was unanimity of opinion on the absorbing subject of the war.

The members of the American ambulance column sat at a table near the door. Our khaki always brought looks of friendly interest. Almost everyone thought us to be English, and those who learned the truth were always distinctly pleased. We finished the aperitif and consulted about dinner. We were off duty—we might either return for the army mess or buy our own meal at the restaurant. We paid the garcon and decided upon the restaurant—a few doors away. Several of the men were struggling into their rubber coats. I told them that I would follow shortly. I had just caught a sentence that thrilled me. It held a note of mystery—or tragedy. It brought life out of the commonplace normality of the aperitif hour at the Lion d'Or.

### Where the Tragedy Comes.

The speakers were two Frenchmen of middle age—fat and bearded. They were dressed in ordinary black, but wore it with ceremonial rather than conventional manner. The atmosphere of the city did not seem upon them. They might rather be the butcher and the grocer of a small town. One of the pair had sat alone for some time before the second arrived. I had noticed him. He seemed to have no acquaintances in the place—which was unusual. He drank two cognacs in rapid succession—which was still more unusual. One drink always satisfies a Frenchman at the aperitif hour—and it is very seldom cognac.

When the second man entered the other started from his seat and held out both hands eagerly. "So you got out safe?" were the words I heard, but our crowd was hurrying toward the door, and I lost the actual greeting. I ordered another vermouth and waited.

The two men were seated opposite each other. The first man nervously motioned to the waiter and the newcomer gave his order. It was plain that they were both excited, but the table adjoining was unoccupied, so they caused no attention. The noisy waiter, slapping bottles on the table, drowned out the next few sentences. Then I heard the second man: "So I got out first, but you managed to get here yesterday—a day in advance." The other replied: "I was lucky enough to get a horse. They were shelling the market place when I left." The second man gulped his drink and plucked nervously at the other's sleeve. "My wife is at the hotel," he almost mumbled the words. "I must

tell her—you said the market place. But how about the Rue Jeanne d'Arc?—her sister lived there. She remained."

"How about the Rue Jeanne d'Arc?" the other repeated. He clucked his tongue sympathetically. "That was all destroyed in the morning."

The second man drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped the sweat from his forehead. Then he paid the waiter.

### DOG BRINGS DOLLAR HOME

Finds Money Lying in Street and Carries It to His Master's House.

Muncie.—Edward Gottlieb of Muncie has a shepherd dog which for intelligence he believes cannot be surpassed. It is not unusual for the animal to bring home things it finds in the streets, but the other day it surpassed all its previous endeavors by coming home with a brand new one-dollar bill in its mouth. It is said the dog picked up the money in South Walnut street, in the center of the business district. Mr. Gottlieb is now endeavoring to find the person that lost the money.

"Sheep does not mean to be dishonest," said his owner, "but he thinks that everything of value he sees should belong to me."

### SHOT TEN TIMES, IS UNHURT

Bullet Holes Were Found in Clothing of Detective Fighting Thieves.

Hammond, Ind.—Friends of Frank Wiroski, head of Erie detective force for the Huntington-Chicago division, says he bears a charmed life. After a thrilling revolver battle with car thieves, he found ten bullet holes in his clothing, but he escaped unhurt. Wiroski surprised ten men who were stripping an Erie freight car in the Griffith yards. He opened fire on them and in a running battle 30 shots were fired. The thieves escaped.

### ACTRESS HELPS OUT



Miss Maxine Elliott sitting up a barge with which she is traversing the Yser canal with food and clothing for the destitute.

### "Going West."

London.—The British soldiers' slang for death is "going west," and London papers are trying to find out its origin, but antiquarians, philologists and literary men have been unsuccessful in explaining it.

### Use Copper Bullets.

Petrograd.—The war has made the price of lead so high some of the nations have been compelled to make bullets from copper, particularly Russia.

### Boxing Bouts at Front.

Paris.—With the applause punctuated by artillery fire, the Scots Guards held a boxing tournament in a barn along the battle front. Twenty-five bouts were pulled off in a ring made of biscuit boxes and tarpaulin.

### Progress Slowly.

Paris.—A French expert figures that at the rate of progress made since the war started, the French ought to be in Berlin in twenty-eight years and four months.

## GRANDMA STILL KNITS

BUT THE YARN TANGLES.

"Sometimes," said the strikingly handsome woman with the white hair, "I really wish I were my own grandmother. It must have been so restful to be a grandmother in her day."

"Yes, of course I'm one myself, but the styles in grandmothers have changed so greatly that I'm not in the least like the dear old lady in the black silk and real lace cap who used to sit placidly knitting by our fireside when I was a little girl. I can see her now, in the summer time, too, in a retired corner of the porch of our old home. Usually Young's 'Night Thoughts' lay open on her violet-sprigged muslin lap. It is a lovely picture of quiet and repose to recall in these busy times. She didn't have to read Bergson and Ellen Key or any of the modern philosophers that I have to gobble in large bites in order to keep up with my department in the Woman's league. She wasn't burdened, either, with a civic conscience. I don't suppose it would ever have occurred to her that it was her duty to leave her dinner half eaten and rush down to the city council on a Monday night to throw the moral weight of her presence against the passage of a nefarious ordinance."

"Oh, dear, there's the telephone. Friday forenoon, did you say? Please wait a moment until I consult my calendar. Yes, I can see you at ten. Please come promptly, as I have a committee meeting at 11."

"That's a young woman who wants me to hear her paper on eugenics before she reads it to the Mothers' council in the settlement where she works. I wonder what my grandmother would have thought about eugenics?"

"Just excuse me a moment while I glance at these notes. Here's an invitation to the ball poudre the Hadsalls are giving Wednesday of next week. I certainly must squeeze in a dancing lesson or two before then. Billy—that's my younger grandson, you know—told me the other night at the club hop that I was really rusty on the waltz and two-step. You see, I've done the new dances so much the last two years that I've rather neglected the old ones, and now that they're coming in again, I certainly must brush up. I suppose I might take a private lesson early Monday afternoon before I go to the lecture on Chinese porcelain. That reminds me—I must refresh my memory on the comparative importance of the art of the successive dynasties. Dear old grandma, she wouldn't have known the difference between the Ming dynasty and a china teapot, and I believe it was a comfortable state of ignorance."

"No, I can't rest much Thursday afternoon, because I'm one of the patronesses at the play and the dancant that Adelaide—that's my granddaughter, you know—and the rest of her sorority are giving for the benefit of the Red Cross. But Saturday will be quite a free day. Just one short meeting in the morning, a musicale in the afternoon and the theater at night. I'll have the time to rest in the early morning, while the manicure is doing my nails. I always take that hour of the manicure's weekly visit to do a lot of quiet thinking. I suppose grandmother had all the time for thinking that she wished."

"My head fairly buzzes with projects for the new vacation camp I'm getting up, the movement for introducing household economics in workmen's homes, that I'm pushing, and plans for all my other various boards and committees. The change of fashions is bothering me just now also, for all my frocks, nearly, are too narrow skirted for the present mode, though they were only made last autumn. I'm trying to evolve a method of making them fuller which won't necessitate a complete remodeling."

"How pleasant it must have been for grandmother always to know that her waists were to be made surplice and her skirts plain gathered. It must have given her a peace of mind far exceeding that I gained from the course in artistic dress design that I took last year. She was free from all worries about harmony of tones and graceful lines. Her only care was for cleanliness and neatness, and her feeling for art was easily expressed in the pattern of knitted lace which finished the hem of her crisp white apron that she rarely mused, for all she had to do was to knit."

"Yes, of course, I knit. I knit without ceasing almost. The only place I don't knit is at church or a dancing or bridge party, and I don't know how long I shall be exempt from knitting there. A woman whose needles aren't continually clicking for the sufferers across the sea is considered heartless. The family darning, which was a sacred rite with my grandmother, is sent out of our house to be done, so that we can have the time to knit, knit, knit. I keep a work bag in the dining room so that I can knit between courses, and I have another hanging in the limousine that there may be no time lost between engagements as I drive across town. "Somebody to see me about the rural library extension? Yes, I know. Certainly, I'll go right down. Will you excuse me a few moments? I don't have to make company of such an old friend as you. Thank you, my ball is always rolling away and getting the yarn tangled, but I'll probably be able to knit several rows while the young college professor is giving me his views."

### Tomorrow.

No one ever sinks under the burden of today; it is always the tomorrows and yesterdays that overwhelm us. If it were not for the sorrows of the past and our fears and anxieties for the future, we could very well bear today's cares and do its work. Every day holds its strength and its compensations as well as its troubles, but it has no provision for that which does not belong to it. All the journey through, the heaven-sent manna must be gathered morning by morning.



ARTHUR CAPPER

Arthur Capper, the new governor of Kansas, is the first chief executive of that state to have been born within its borders. He is a newspaper owner and once was a Washington correspondent. He was born in Garnett, Kan., in 1865.

## STEGLER INDICTED FOR CONSPIRACY

Two Others Were Indicted With German Naval Reservist Who Is Accused of Plot to Secure Passport.

New York.—Mrs. Richard P. Stegler, arrested on a charge of felonious assault made by Arthur Mateikel, a reporter, was discharged later in police court. Had certain evidence been more definite, the magistrate said, he would have been inclined to send her accuser to the workhouse.

Almost at the moment of Mrs. Stegler's discharge in police court, the federal grand jury returned an indictment charging her husband with conspiracy against the United States in obtaining an American passport falsely. Stegler is a German naval reservist. Two others were indicted with him, Richard Madden, in whose name the passport was issued, and Gustave Cook of Hoboken, who, it is charged, participated in obtaining passports.

Mrs. Stegler testified that the party remained together in the hotel during the entire period and that the two men had tried to disrobe her. At no time, she testified, were she and Mateikel alone. She characterized the charge against her as a "frame up." In discharging the complaint against her the magistrate said he would be inclined to send Mateikel and his male companion to the workhouse if the testimony concerning their alleged attempts to disrobe Mrs. Stegler were more definite.

### Considers Germany's Charge.

Washington.—The charge by Germany and Austria that submarines are being manufactured in the United States for Great Britain was discussed at the cabinet meeting, but without action, because Secretary Daniels had not finished his investigation. Recently the State Department discouraged American manufacturers from taking similar contracts.

### New Building For Arkadelphia.

Washington.—Senator Robinson has succeeded in having the Senate agree to an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill appropriating \$55,000 for the completion of the federal building at Arkadelphia, Ark.

### Refused to Be Vaccinated.

Washington.—Lieutenant Samuel Peacock of the coast guard ship, Miami, has sent in his resignation because he refuses to be vaccinated against smallpox.

### New Trial Refused Becker.

New York.—Charles Becker's application for a new trial on the indictment charging him with the murder of Herman Rosenthal was denied by the Supreme Court.

### 18 to Stand Trial For Nightriding.

Hickman, Ky.—The examining trial of men charged with nightriding came to a close here. This trial has been in progress several days.

### Defends His Actions on Bench.

Washington.—Federal Judge Alston G. Dayton of West Virginia testified before the House Judiciary Subcommittee investigating charges against him. In opening his statement, the judge declared he had been repeatedly misrepresented.

### Germany Needs Cotton.

Washington.—Germany will require 125,000 bales of American cotton a month to keep her mills running at three-fourths capacity, Commercial Attaché Ernest W. Thompson reported.

### Bank Robber Gets \$5,500.

Farmersburg, Ind.—Robbers blew the safe in the Citizens State Bank here and got \$5,500. The robbery was not discovered until next morning. The safe had been drilled by electricity.

### Dayton Firm in Denial.

Washington.—Emphatic denial of impeachment charges pending against him was made by Federal Judge A. G. Dayton of West Virginia, before the investigating subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee.

### Army Appropriation Passes.

Washington.—Without a dissenting vote the Senate passed the army appropriation bill carrying approximately \$103,000,000, while the house passed the \$50,000,000 fortification bill.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR MARCH 7

SAUL ANOINTED KING.

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 24:1-14.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Fear God, honor the king.—1 Peter 2:17.

Because of the acts of Samuel the people petitioned for a king (ch. 8:5). They are told plainly what to expect if a king is set in authority (ch. 8:19). God, however, granted their petition and spoke "in the ear" of Samuel, saying, "I will send thee a man," telling him of the work which this man is to undertake (ch. 9:15, 16).

I. "Samuel Saw Saul" vv. 17-21. Saul was a man to gaze at and to admire (ch. 9:2). His fruitless search for his father's asses leads him to the city wherein Samuel was residing. There he is advised to consult the "man of God" about his difficulty—a good suggestion for us all. This experience (ch. 9:14) exhibits Samuel in a new light. The word "seer" indicates "one who sees," one who sees the things God makes manifest in dreams (Num. 24:1-6). While the word is similar to the modern term "clairvoyant" yet the latter are not the successors of these Old Testament "seers" or "prophets." They are rather the successors of the false prophets (Jer. 17:14), and of those who dealt with familiar spirits (1 Chron. 10:13-14; Isa. 8:19-20; 2 Kings 21:1, 2, 6). Saul evidently did not know Samuel (vv. 16-18). There is no necessary conflict in this account and that recorded in the tenth chapter. Samuel's warning to the people was useless and lots were then cast that the people might have a visible token that the choice of this obscure youth was from God.

Samuel took Saul with him for the night to take his mind off his father's asses and to prepare him to receive the word from God. Christians take far too little time to withdraw themselves and take their restless minds off the things of time and sense to be still and hear the word of God. "What were a few asses to Saul, to him for whom all that is desirable in Israel" (v. 20 R. V.)? Christians who are heirs to the heavenly kingdom ought not to set their affections on the poor possessions of earth (Col. 3:1, 2; 2 Cor. 4:18). In response to Samuel's information, Saul disclaims any greatness; indeed, he is not from one of the least of the families of one of the smallest of the tribes (v. 21). Such humility gave great promise for Saul's future usefulness. Such was the mental and spiritual attitude of the man whom God chose to be king (ch. 15:17). It was later, when pride and power had puffed him up, that the kingdom was taken away from him (ch. 15:23; 16:1; Luke 14:11; Heb. 13:1).

II. "Samuel Took Saul" vv. 22-24. Saul was then led into the guest chamber and placed in the chief seat. Read our Lord's parable found in Luke 14:7-11. Samuel then bade the cook bring the thigh, which was a choice piece of meat especially reserved for those thus honored (Ezek. 24:4). Such a portion belonged to the priest (Lev. 7:32). That which did not belong upon the altar Saul was to eat (v. 24). Samuel and Saul may have had the preference and eaten before the other guests (v. 13), and Saul is made acquainted with the special honor conferred upon him. Following the feast, they return to Samuel's home, where Saul is conducted to a couch upon the flat house top (Acts 10:9). Here Samuel had private converse with Saul (v. 25 R. V.). What that converse may have been we know not, but we are reminded of one such nocturnal conversation which gave to the world God's most precious summary of his love (John 3:1-16). Such rare experiences are of short duration and the summons to be off came to Saul at the "spring of the day," i. e., about dawn, the usual time of departure in that hot country. Our summons is to those duties which lie between us and our promised crown. There are times for us to be up and away (v. 26), but there are also times when we should hear the command "stand thou still awhile, that I may show thee the word of God" (v. 27). Many fall to hear God speak because they are ever so busy, the noise of the rattling of things drowns out God's voice from their ears. Even in some prayers we rattle along perhaps charmed by the sound of our own voices, or admiring our own sentences, and God cannot make himself heard.

Samuel poured oil upon Saul's head. Prophets, priests, kings and cleansed lepers were so anointed, a type of the anointing by the holy spirit (1 Kings 19:15, 16; Lev. 8:12, 14; 16:18; Isa. 61:1; 1 John 2:20 R. V.). This act was also a symbol of entire consecration to God, and pointed forward to the coming king (Messiah, Anointed One) whom God himself would anoint (Ps. 45:7).

Saul was anointed to be "a prince" and to save God's people (ch. 9:16; Acts 5:31). His ear is always open to the cry of his people. Even though they had sinned, and their sorrow was because of their own disobedience, yet God regarded their affliction (Ps. 106:43, 44). Only God's anointed ones can save (Isa. 61:1-3). Saul's selected task was to save Israel out of the hands of the Philistines (See Luke 1:69-71). God's eye sees the oppression of mankind and his ear is always open to the cry of the poor and needy; of innocent children suffering because of the sins of parents; of men defrauded of justice; of Europe, because of blood-lust, and the struggle for commercial supremacy. These cries will surely come up before a just and righteous God.

But the delivering remedy will not be brought by any earthly king. Mankind is today crying for a king (sometimes it is termed "democracy") and will not have God to rule over them.

Best Keeping Qualities. For best keeping qualities, apples should be picked as soon as they are well colored and before they are over-ripe. However, if picked too early they will shrivel, while if allowed to become too ripe they will become soft and mealy.

### Vaccination a Fake.

If any tree doctor offers to vaccinate your trees to repel insects and diseases, set the dog on him and drive him off the place in a hurry. He is a charlatan and his treatment is no good. It only hurts the tree; it certainly will not do it any benefit.

### Pear Trees Run High.

Young pear trees are inclined to run up high. They should be headed in severely every year while young. Pruning pear trees need but little pruning.

### Trees Require Air.

Roots of trees require air as well as moisture. A soil that is excessively wet excludes the air and the tree dies of suffocation.

### Spraying is Necessary.

While spraying is not a panacea for all the ills of the orchard, it is absolutely necessary for the production of fine fruit.

### Prune the Roots.

Before planting fruit trees, prune the roots.

## Horticultural Points

### PICKED UP IN THE ORCHARD

If Trees Are Not Protected Against Mice Much Damage Will Result—Sort and Pack Apples.

As we look out over the orchard these days, everything seems to be quiet and peaceful on the surface; but if there is deep snow on the ground thousands of mice are probably busily making their tunnels from their nests to the young trees to breakfast on their tender bark. If you have not protected the trees by putting paper or wire screens about them your reflections will not be altogether pleasant.

If you have apples to sell and they have not yet been properly sorted and packed, now is a good time to do the work. Sort according to size and color and pack in small boxes with paper between the layers, particularly if you have private customers, as most people



Good Way to Use Dead Trees—Fire Work for the Winter.

ple like them better that way than when packed loosely in barrels.

Be particular to select good apples of the same size for the top layer, but be just as particular to see that those in the middle and the bottom of the box are equally good.

Second quality apples should be packed in the same way, in boxes themselves, and the culls can either be made into cider or worked up for family use or sold in the market just what they are. If the second grade apples and the culls are packed in along with the best you will get nothing more than the price for culls as buyers always base their offerings on the poorest quality of fruit.

If the fruit is stored in the cellar, it must be well ventilated and perfectly dry, although we have found that apples stored on a cement floor become too dry and are apt to shrivel. We believe that there is nothing better than an earthen floor for storing apples, as fruits of all kinds, providing the drainage is perfect.

If the cellar becomes damp at any time the fruit should be kept over carefully and all imperfect specimens sorted out and the fruit stored two or three feet above the floor.

If you are going to plant a new orchard next spring make your selections now and give your order to the nursery in February so that you may be delivered to you when wanted. By getting in your order early you are more likely to get good trees and elements will be made to reach you at planting time.

### Best Time for Pruning.

There is a lot of truth in the saying that one should prune when the knife is sharp. Spring is the best time for pruning, as at that time the wounds heal up most quickly. If the trees are making excessive growth, pruning early in July is good, as growth is not likely to be any new growth starting as the results of cutting the old. There is also little danger of recurring growth if just the water sprouts are cut out now.

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