

Every day has its new heroes, and a good many of them are firemen.

A professor of morals will be the first essential if the country ever has a correspondents' school.

The affair of the Congo seems to be one of those matters which will never be settled until it is settled right.

A British report says that America is facing a timber famine. At any rate, it is not a presidential timber famine.

The marriage of a prosperous medicine manufacturer to an actress gives assurance that there is hope for the American drama.

A Boston man is offering \$50 reward for a treatment that will cure a parrot of the habit of repeating profanity. Why not try the ax?

We have it on the word of an English scientist that the north pole, presumably having grown weary of waiting to be discovered, is coming south.

There being a considerable stretch of real estate intervening between France and Turkey it is perfectly safe for the two countries to make faces at each other.

Three Chicago men claim to have discovered a process by which human bodies can be turned into metal. There are plenty already who are evidently made of brass.

As regards the hen, furthermore, she has one conspicuous advantage over the cow. It is harder to counterfeit, adulterate or otherwise impair the usefulness of her output.

Several more desirable customs than the manufacture of dynamite bombs would be welcomed from anarchistic immigrants. This is a habit which should be left with the old folks at home.

A southern paper remarks that no one ever saw a "merry widower." This is a very gallant, if not very accurate, statement, for naturally, gallantly speaking, why should there ever be a merry widower?

The price of coal is decreasing, says a news report. However, this was to be expected. Now the really wonderful thing would happen if the price of coal were to decrease in the autumn instead of the glad springtime.

A problem in all countries is to keep the young men in the small towns. The remedies suggested are many, but we fail to find the most practical and the most potent. The way to keep the young men anywhere is to keep the pretty girls in the same neighborhood.

It is said that Madame Adeline Patti plans another farewell tour of America. America is pretty well accustomed to this sort of thing, but the former diva should remember that even over here we have a little saying about the turning of the 'patient worm.

It is very discouraging. Here is the Lady's Pictorial of London saying: "We do not want all women to be smart and energetic; she who can be merely gentle and charming and gracious—and shall we not even say helpless?—maintains the ideal of womanhood for man to worship." More mollycoddies.

Here is another indication that business is improving at home and abroad. The commercial papers announce that room on vessels has been engaged for shipping 150,000 tons of pig iron from Alabama furnaces to Mediterranean ports. This means not only that there is a growing demand in the old world, but that in supplying the requirements American producers will have a fair market and will be enabled to give employment to more American labor.

Commenting on the danger of trusting women to run motor cars, an Ohio mayor suggests that the only proper machine for a woman to run is the sewing machine. We should be more willing to confine our women to these useful contrivances if they had electric motors to drive them. It would be well if some of the power spent in driving automobiles were applied to necessary domestic engines, which in many homes overtax the feet that push the treadles.

After all, John Hay did write "The Breadwinners," a novel that had considerable vogue 25 years ago. It was published anonymously before the author had made a reputation as one of the greatest secretaries of state the country ever had, and the secret was kept, although suspected, until at last, states the Youth's Companion, Mrs. Hay has consented that the credit which belonged to her dead husband shall be given to him in an account of the book in "A Manual of American Literature," recently published.

It may be questioned whether in modern annals a queerer accident ever happened than that which caused the death of a man on a road near Philadelphia. He was picking dandelions growing under a wall along the road when a passing trolley car jumped the track as it neared him and, running squarely at him, crushed him to death against the wall. Not the most vivid imagination could conceive of such a tragedy, and yet, according to the laws of probability, says the Baltimore American, it will not happen again for two or three generations.



Lim Jucklin on First Love

By Opie Read

"And so you are Cal Atterson's boy," said Lim Jucklin as he sat down on the steps of the grocery store. "My, how you young chaps come on. And you? Ab Sarver's youngest, eh? Hasn't seemed more than a week since I saw you riding a stick horse and here you are big enough to make love to the girls."

"Don't make love to 'em? Go on with you. I'll bet your heart has been wrung and hung out to dry more than once. When I was about your age I fell sick along about tobacco-cutting time, and I didn't think I was ever goin' to get well. The cause of my sickness was a young gal that came into the neighborhood to visit her uncle. I haven't time now to tell you how beautiful I thought she was. I didn't believe she belonged on the ground at all—just touched it now and then to accommodate the earth, you know. She flew down from a cloud that the sun was a shinin' on and didn't care to go back. Recollect how astonished I was the first time I ever saw her eat. I thought she just naturally sucked the honey out of the honeysuckle along with the hummin' birds, and when I saw her worryin' with an ear of boiled corn big enough to scare a two-year-old calf I went out and leaned against the fence. But it didn't hurt my love any. I thought she did it just to show that she might possibly be a human being. She didn't want us all to feel bad. One night I groaned so that mother came to me and wanted to put mustard plasters on me. She 'lowed that mebbe she might draw out the inflammation. She thought I had somethin' the matter with my stomach because I had lost my appetite. I told her that I had an inflammation she couldn't draw out with a yoke of steers. Then she thought I ought to have an emetic. I said that if she had one that would make me throw up my soul she might fetch it along, but otherwise it would be as useless as saying mew to a dead cat. Then she thought I must be crazy and came mighty nigh hittin' the mark, I tell you."

"A few days afterward, about the time I was at the height of my fever, I met the girl in the road and she smiled at me, and I ran against a beech tree and if I didn't knock the bark off I'm the biggest liar in the world. When I came to I had my arm around a sheep, a walkin' cross the woods pasture."

"My, my, what a time that was to live. The sun had just riz for the first time and they had just called up the birds to give out the songs to them. They wan't quite done settin' the stars out in the sky, and they hadn't put more than one coat of whitewash on the moon. Music—it wa'n't there till she came, and the orchards bloomed as she walked along down the lane. But she didn't appear to know it, and I want to tell you that I marveled at such ignorance."

"I didn't have the courage to go straight up to her, and one night at meetin', when I was feastin' my soul with merely lookin' at her, up walked a feller and asked if he might take her home. I looked at him, quick-like, expectin' to see him drop dead, but he didn't. Then I waited for the lightnin' to strike him, but it didn't. Then I waited for her to kill him with a look, but she didn't. She smiled and said yes. Then I sneaked outside and whetted my knife on my boot. There wa'n't power enough on earth to keep me from bathin' my hands in his blood. Mother saw that there was somethin' wrong with me and she came out and asked me if I was sick. I told her I was a dyin', but before I bid farewell to the earth I was goin' to cut a scoundrel into strips and feed him to the dogs. But pap he came and took the knife away from me and said if he heard any more such talk he'd tan my hide till it was fitten for shoestrings. I don't know how I got home that night, but after a long time I found myself a smotherin' in bed. There was a well in the yard and I thought I'd slip out and drown myself. Just then I heard a rooster crow, and recollectin' that there was to be a fight over across the creek within a few days, I decided that mebbe I still had somethin' to live for."

"But I didn't give up my idea of vengeance on that feller, and one day I met him as I was comin' along the road. I 'lowed that before I knocked him down it would be well to inform him as to how he stood in my opinion, and I started out and I don't know what I might have said if he had given me a chance. But he didn't. He didn't appear to think that there were stars enough, so he began to knock them out of my eyes and I saw some of them as they sailed away. Among them was a comet with a tail about as long as a well chain. When I came to a muley cow was ringin' her bell over my head. I propped my eyes open till I could get home, and they covered me with fresh meat and left me to think over the situation."

"It was no laughin' matter, boys, I'll tell you that. The next day the girl came over. She said that she heard that a bull had met me and disagreed with me. What a lie, that fellow had told her; and she insisted on seein' me. She came into the room and I looked at her through a hole in a beefsteak. She laughed. Oh, I don't blame her now, you understand, but just at that moment my love stubbed its toe and fell, and fell hard, I want to remark. She said she was awful sorry for me and I said she acted like it."

"I tell you love can't stand much laughin' at. It's the tenderest plant that ever peeped out of the soft lap of creation, and in laughter if there is no sympathy there's frost. When a feller stops lovin' he sees more than he did before and yet he is blinder. He sees more in other folks, but sees that they ain't like the one he loved. And the reason that so few people marry first love is because that sort of love takes hold as if it wanted to kill. Don't appear that anything else will satisfy it. There's no use tryin' to dodge it, boys; a thief in the night can't slip up on you half so sly. It is the oldest thing in the world, but it is so new that nobody knows yet how to handle it. It makes ignorance as wise as a god and hangs a lamp with perfumed oil where darkness always fell before. A good many of the old chaps make fun of it, but when they do you may know that they ain't nothin' but money getters, and that marks the death of the soul. Does me good to look at you young fellers; I like to think of the sweet misery you've got to go through with. Oh, yes, there's more than one love. It's like the rheumatism. One attack may be worse than the others, but it's all rheumatism just the same, and no matter how light you've got it you know when it's there. So you are Ab Sarver's boy. What's your pap doin' to-day?"

"Arguin' politics with a feller when I left home."

"Well, he was always a mighty hand to argue. I haven't seen him in a long time. It's a good way to your house, ain't it?"

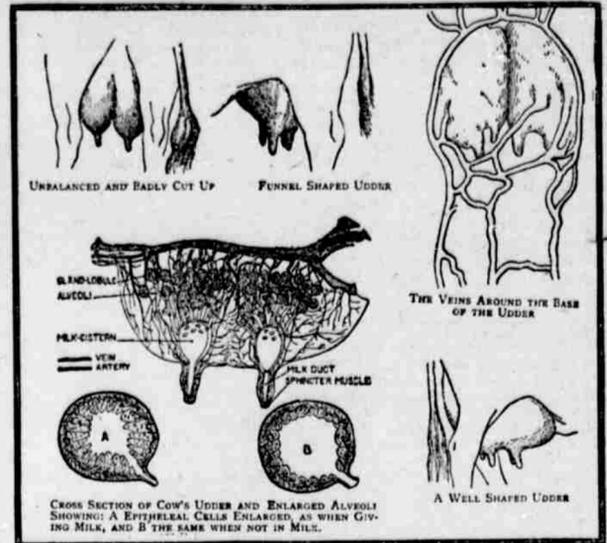
"About ten miles."

"Yes, and the miles get longer and the days shorter as we grow older. But no matter how old we get, if the heart remains sound, we never forget that rheumatism I told you about. I wouldn't give the memory of it for hardly anything in the world. One of these days you will see her comin' down the road, a makin' the orchards bloom as she passes along, and you'll wonder how you can live another minute, and you'll wish yourself dead just to make her feel bad. If she laughs at anything anyone else says it will send a knife blade through your heart, and if she sighs you'll think it's over some other feller. There'll be no such thing as pleasin' you, but I'd rather have it in store for me than a mountain range made of gold. Well, boys, it's about time I was a goin' on home. There's a woman there that I fell in love with years ago, and I haven't fallen out with her yet."

"So you are Ab Sarver's boy. You make me think, my son. It was your daddy that told the girl I had met a bull, and it was your mammy that made the orchards bloom." (Copyright, by Opie Read.)

THE UDDER OF THE COW

Anatomy of This Vital Part of the Good Dairy Animal.



Unlike the beef animal the dairy cow has been trained for centuries for the specific purpose of converting the raw materials into milk. In the best animals of the dairy type this has resulted in producing a type of cow quite distinct from her beefy sister. Instead of that deep, low set, blocky form, we have an angular form, with prominent hook and pin bones, lean sharp withers, refined head and neck. Generally speaking, she is said to be wedge-shaped. As a matter of fact all good dairy cows do not possess this form. Exceptions are found in great numbers and the fact makes one rather distrustful of saying that all cows possessing good dairy form are good producers or that all beefy types should be eliminated from the dairy herd.

In general, the productive capacity of a dairy cow depends upon three things; first, the number and activity of the gland lobules; secondly, the power to digest and assimilate food; and thirdly, the amount of blood which flows through the secretory system. The above factors are inherent to the cow and may not be changed. Other factors as the care, feed and management are directly under the control of man.

Indications of the numbers of the gland lobules are to be found in the udder. A large, well-balanced udder extending well forward under the abdomen and hung well back is indicative that there is at least room for

The amount of blood-flow passing through the udder is indicated by the size and length of milk veins. These should be large, long, and tortuous, ending in pronounced openings through the abdominal wall. These openings are known as milk wells.

Besides the points just mentioned there is the question of constitution. The vital organs of a cow, called upon, as they are, to assist in the performance of extremely arduous work, must have room to perform their action. The floor of the chest should not be tucked up and should have sufficient width to allow freedom of action of heart and lungs. How many cows do we see that lack in constitution? This makes them susceptible to all manner of illness and leaves them unable to perform with any degree of efficiency their natural functions.

CHIVES OF THE ONION FAMILY

This is a vegetable not widely known in this country, although it is native along the northern borders of the United States as well as in some parts of Europe where it is popular.

The plant belongs to the onion family and its leaves are used for seasoning in soups, salads, etc., and are preferred to onions by many persons because they are much milder and more tender. Europeans use chives for seasoning scrambled eggs and similar dishes.

The culture of chives is simple. The plant will grow in any ordinary garden soil. It is usually propagated by division of the roots, because it does not seed readily. The roots or clumps of roots may be purchased at moderate prices. The clumps should be planted in beds about nine inches apart in rows which are two feet apart. The planting may be done in either spring or autumn. The chives may also be planted in the border of the vegetable garden, and make an excellent permanent border. As a border plant the clumps should be planted about six inches apart. The leaves will grow thickly and form a dense green mat.

After the plants are once established they require little attention, occasionally watering in dry weather helping to keep them fresh. It is a good plan to break up and replant the border or beds every three or four years as the continued cutting of the leaves for table use tends to weaken the plants.

FEED TROUGH WITH COVER

A successful poultryman suggests the following style of feed trough, which can be built with hammer and saw at small cost:

Use an inch board, 12 inches wide and any length you wish the trough to



Home-Made Feed Trough.

be. Rip the board lengthwise a half inch from the center, so that one-half of it is 5 1/2 inches wide and the remainder is 6 1/2. Nail together at right angles as a trough; then nail two boards 11x12 inches for end pieces, so they will extend three inches above the trough. Make a cover of 12-inch board to project and fasten to end pieces with rough T hinges.

The Best Wheat.—DeFame was found to be the best spring wheat and Turkey Red the best winter wheat for milling purposes in a test at the Colorado experiment station.



I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Charles Battell Loomis



HEARD a beautiful story the other day about an afflicted father, a loving daughter, and a piano.

It seems that the father had long wished his daughter to become a proficient performer on the piano, and the daughter, distrustful of her own capabilities, had made up her mind that she could never play well enough to make her devotion of hours and hours of practice worth while.

Suddenly, and almost without warning, her father was stricken with blindness, and then the daughter, taking a leaf out of Dickens, determined to play Dot to his Caleb, and with that in view she bought a piano player on the installment plan.

Her father had been away for some weeks when the automatic player came to the house, and upon his return she said to him: "Father, dear, would you like to hear some music?"

And her father said: "I would, indeed, daughter, if you can play some for me. I want to see if you have improved during my absence."

So the old gentleman sat himself down on the sofa and turned his ear toward the piano, and the daughter put a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt in its place and started the mechanism.

When she came to an end her father called her to him and kissed her upon her forehead and patted her

check and said: "What a dear little thing it is and how much it loves to please its papa. Paderewski might interpret it differently but he could not play it any faster."

And while the daughter's pride and her conscience were having it out between them, her father said: "Daughter, I too have a surprise."

He turned toward her and continued: "While in New York I visited an oculist and I can now see as well as I ever could. How much do you have to pay a month for the thing?"

INCLOSE an interesting clipping that will appeal especially to you. Let me know what you think of it."

And then she doesn't inclose it and the recipient of her letter vainly hunts for it.

The noninclosing habit follows the postal route all over the world.

It can be carried to maddening extremes, as when the young man who is stranded in his west receives a loving letter from his mother, in which, after telling him all the little inconsequences of his native village, she says, "I did not know what to get you for your birthday and so inclose a five-dollar bill."

Imagine the feelings of the poor tenderfoot, down to his last cent, when he finds that she has forgotten the inclosure. If only she had forgotten the village gossip and remembered the

thing that would have made that particular letter memorable.

In the same class as the noninclosers are those who say, "Of course, George will have written you about the mysterious happenings in the house of Cynthia Alendale. How do you account for them?"

It is more than likely that if George has written at all he will have said, "I suppose that Emma has told you all about the blood-curdling affair at Cynthia Alendale's so I will not waste your time by telling you about it. But wasn't it awful? What are we coming to?"

If only George and Emma had assumed that the other had not told a single thing about the interesting affair! Here and there are people who hate to receive letters, but most of us are human (Heaven be praised!) and so in writing put in all the human touches you can think of, and don't assume that "the other fellow" has written all the interesting news because you may depend upon it he hasn't.

And remember to put in the inclosure even if you forget to post the letter containing it.

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Puzzles in Millinery.

"The hats this last winter have been puzzlers to even their owners," said the well-dressed woman, as she carefully adjusted before the mirror a handsome creation of velvet and plumes. "When I went to my milliner's a few days ago with this hat on she looked at me a minute in surprise, and then said: 'You are not wearing your hat right.' She removed it and replaced it as she had intended it to be worn, and then I saw that all winter I had been walking one way and wearing my hat the other."



Longitudinal Section of a Quarter of an Udder.

the presence of numerous gland lobules with their containing a lueoll and secretory cells. If coupled with this we have an udder that is not fleshy but soft and pliable we have further reason to believe that at least the milk secreting machinery gives promise of fulfilling its destined purpose and at the same time filling the pail with the white foaming milk. You cannot separate 1,000 pounds of milk per hour by means of a separator with a capacity of 400 pounds. Much less can you expect to obtain 40 or 50 pounds from an udder with a five-pound secreting capacity. Some cows appear as if Nature had forgotten to leave a place for the udder. The second point, that of the power to digest and assimilate food, is in part indicated by the size of the abdomen and in part by the nervous energy of the cow. A large "bread basket" is essential. This is true of both the beef and dairy type of animal. If there is only sufficient room to hold enough for the production of heat and energy for the animal body, the chances of profit are certainly not bright. Large abdominal capacity is imperative, and in buying a cow for dairy purposes this should be paid due attention.

Along with this is desired a cow of good dairy temperament. The eye should be full and prominent, showing nervous force. The general appearance of the cow should give the impression of power, power to produce a large amount of milk and to do it economically. There is an inexpressible sense of the "fitness" of the cow for the work to be performed.