

Western Kansas World.

State Hort. Society

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR. Yearly Subscription \$1.00. WA-KEENEY, KAN., SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1901. H.S. GIVLER, Prop. NUMBER 38.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MAN VERSUS EVIL THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From Proverbs XXIII: 35, as follows: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again"—The Return of the Prodigal—Surmounting Obstacles.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.] Washington, Nov. 10.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by unradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said, "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

Surmounting Obstacles.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God, thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

Slavery to Habit.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has

lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking juggernauts.

The Prodigal's Return.

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why, are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. In all our great cities there are men who are 5,000 miles from church—vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know, unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen! I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting today among the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you might have been a crouching wretch in a stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage should not be so hard on the fallen.

First Get Ashore.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water, "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore and then talk to him about the nonessentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you, my brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way, take hold of the same hymnbook with him, though his disposition shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unriveted and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits you have and ask him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of ohs and ahs and forever and forever amens! Go to God and cry for help.

Healing Balm for Wounds.

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at the time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street hospital was opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men tonight. Please take care of them." From my church there went out twenty or thirty men and women. As the poor wounded men were brought in no one asked of them from what state they came or what was their parentage. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God he does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the 1,600,000,000 of the race, not one instance. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three but one.

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grogshop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after awhile they forced him to go in? It

was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

Surrendering to God.

Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. And what glorious news might these young men send home to their parents that this afternoon they had surrendered themselves to God and started a new life! I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up from the meadow brook at the nightfall and stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under their feathers. When the nights get cold, the flames clap their hands above the great back log and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of? After awhile the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town tonight?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you. We always could trust him when he was at home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 or 9 o'clock just before they retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said, "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victor.

Honor to Parents.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother, mother!" Oh, that today, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed Come with me!"

New Trade of Housewifery.

One of the finest Anglo-Saxon words among recent new additions is the word "housewifery," which describes the working on the new iron structures used in the building of apartments and large office establishments. The trade which is in some ways the antipodes of the housewifery is that of mechanics who pull down old city buildings to make way for new. It has been hard to coin a name for this trade. The latest attempt here is "housewreckers."—New York Post.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

The Lentil.

The plant herewith illustrated is the Lentil, known scientifically as *lens esculenta*. It is a small branching plant with delicate pea-like leaves. The small white flowers growing in pairs are followed by flat pods, each containing two very flat round seeds, convex on both sides. Unlike the pea and bean, the lentil is eaten only when fully ripe. The brown or reddish lentil is smaller than the yellow, but of more delicate flavor. The lentil is one of the most ancient of food plants, probably one of the first to be brought under cultivation by man. It has been grown from early times in Asia and in the Mediterranean countries. The reddish Egyptian lentil probably furnished the "red pottage" of Esau. In Europe this legume is far less grown than the pea and bean, partly because its yield of seed and straw is less; therefore the market is partially supplied from Egypt. The lentil, according to analysis, is one of the most



Lentil.

nutritious of all the legumes, but its flavor is pronounced and to some persons not as agreeable as that of the pea and bean. It has sometimes been claimed that indigestion and other bad effects followed the eating of lentils, but this impression is known in some cases to be traceable to the use of certain poisonous vetches, whose seed much resembles the lentil. There is every reason to consider the lentil a wholesome food. Until recent years the lentil was little known in the United States, but with the growth of the foreign population its use has steadily increased. The lentils found in our markets are all imported, but the culture of this legume with European seeds is being tried in our southwestern territories and elsewhere. There is already grown in New Mexico and Arizona, as well as in Mexico, a small variety of lentil, the seed of which was doubtless brought from Spain centuries ago by the ancestors of the present mixed race living there. The sandy soil of moderate fertility seems adapted to it; it has become acclimated, is hardy and prolific.

Notes on Apple Trees.

At a recent convention reported by the Farmers' Review, Prof. Webster of the Ohio Experiment Station reported the results of some experiments carried out by him in setting apple trees to keep off the codling moth. A number of trees were covered with nets to keep out the moths, and beside them were a number of check trees left uncovered. When the apples were harvested it was found that 19 per cent were wormy on the covered trees and over 70 per cent wormy on the uncovered trees. It will be noticed that even the apples on the covered trees were affected to almost one-fifth of all. Just how valuable the experiment is we cannot say, especially as we do not know how near the covered trees were to the uncovered. It seems to the writer that one very important part has not been reported. We wish to ask: Did not the moths that tried to get onto a covered tree turn away from that and go onto an uncovered tree, thus making the number of wormy apples there very much larger than it would have been under ordinary circumstances? If such were the case the relative value of the covering would be lessened for actual use. Also, did the covered tree bear as much fruit as the uncovered one? We ask this, as the netting that kept out the moths might also keep out the insects that assist the cross-fertilization of the blossoms, it having been quite fairly demonstrated that even our apple trees benefit by this cross-fertiliza-

tion. It may yet pay well to protect some of our fruit trees with nets.

Good and Bad Work of Bees.

Professor Waite of the Department of Agriculture has been investigating the work of the bee relative to its carrying of disease germs from flower to flower, and expresses the opinion that the bee is largely responsible for the distribution of the peach rot fungus. The bee himself does not puncture the peach, but gets to work on the peach after the wasp and the soldier bug have punctured it. Bees also carry pear blight. Pear trees do not usually show much blight till they bloom and begin to bear fruit. The pear blight virus is gummy and can't be blown by the wind; it must be carried by insects. If the virus dries it dies in a few days. A twig that has died of blight is no longer a menace, because the virus that killed the twig is dead also. It is therefore evident that the germs are spread by insects, especially bees.

On the other hand the bee is a great increaser of our crops through his work of cross-pollination. Many of our plums and apples are sterile to their own pollen, but such is not true of the peach and quince. The pear is not of the type that produces pollen that is borne by the wind. From the biological standpoint the bees are doing their natural work in visiting blossoms, and in spite of what harm they do they are necessary to the best results in our orchards.

Campbell Method of Soil Culture.

Some years ago the Campbell method of soil culture made a considerable stir in agricultural circles. Recently little has been heard of it. The only reference made to it this year is in an experiment station bulletin, which says: "The Campbell method has yielded small crops of wheat, and has given no appreciable saving of soil moisture." As some of our readers will remember Mr. Campbell, the inventor of the tools used in this process, claimed that the stirring up of the ground was not an advantage to crops, and that where the soil was plowed it should be again compacted as firmly as it had been at first, if that were possible. He said that the ordinary roller only compacted the first two inches of earth, but that below that crust the soil was light and loose. The roller he invented was arranged to penetrate the soil and compact the earth down to the depth of the plowing, while at the same time a dust mulch was left on the surface. At one time some of the experiment station men looked quite favorably on the scheme. Results, however, have shown it of no value.

Spraying Fruit Trees in Bloom.

There is at present much controversy whether or not fruit trees should be sprayed when in bloom. In the state of New York a law has been passed making it a misdemeanor to spray fruit trees when in bloom, on account of the danger to bees. It is without doubt true that some bees are killed by the poison in the spray. In one case reported a whole hive of bees were killed, and an examination showed arsenic in the digestive apparatus of the bees.

It has also been discovered that the poison is equally destructive to the life of the pollen, even when the amount of poison is only 9 to 100 parts in 10,000. Even two parts in 10,000 has been frequently found fatal to the pollen. The danger to the pollen is, however, greatly lessened by the fact that the blossoms do not all open at once, but the process extends over several days. In a clump of five apple blossoms the central one opens first, and spraying at that time kills the pollen in only those open blossoms.

Fertilization of Flowers.

Insects are necessary to the fertilization of most flowers, and were it not for insects, especially honey bees, many of the crops we now have would be wanting. There are a good many flowers that produce pollen that has no means of getting from flower to flower except by the medium of insects. On the other hand some plants throw off great quantities of pollen without the help of the insects. Prof. James Fletcher relates that when in British Columbia some people came to him and asked him to explain a shower of sulphur that had apparently fallen during the preceding night. He assured them that there had been no shower of sulphur, but that what looked like sulphur was in reality the pollen of pine trees.

In Belgium Sunday rest leagues have been formed and strong attempts have been made to provoke legislation on the Sunday closing subject but to no avail.

Sweden has 2,303 miles of government, and 4,387 miles of private railroads. The government has not yet succeeded in acquiring the latter, although efforts have been made to do so.

A new form of benefaction to a New England town is that taken in the gift of Francis Schell of New York, who has given Northfield, Mass., a \$32,000 bridge.

Water in Cereal Production.

A wheat-raiser says that subsoiling will increase the yield of wheat in his vicinity, but that the amount of water used in the production of the crop is greater. That is most certainly so and it is no argument against subsoiling. Every increase in the crop of anything means a very large increase in the amount of water used. No other condition is possible. It takes a certain amount of water to convey the food to the grain of the plant, and the amount of water used is hundreds of times the bulk of the food carried. This water is not used over and over again, so far as we know, but after acting as a conveyor is thrown off from the foliage of plants in the form of vapor. Experiments have shown that there is used 453 pounds of water. It will thus be seen that to increase the yield of wheat by one bushel means the added use of 27,180 pounds of water. This is over 13 tons. Anent this subject it may be interesting to quote the conclusions arrived at by Professor King of Wisconsin as to the amount of water used in the production of the leading grains. To elaborate one pound of dry matter the requirements are as follows: Barley, 461 pounds; oats, 503 pounds; corn, 270 pounds; clover, 576 pounds; peas, 477 pounds; potatoes, 385 pounds. These figures present an interesting study. The low demands of corn show that it is a crop adapted to a limited water supply and point to its origin and development in a country semi-arid in nature. It will explain why the corn crop comes through drouths that destroy other crops. As to subsoiling for the increase of water supply it must be remembered that that is the prime reason for the process, as it increases the water reservoir of the soil.

Water in the Soil.

There are many things about the physics of soils that remain to be explained. One of them is the movement of soil moisture, both as relates to the water table and to the moisture present by capillary attraction. Thus we notice that in some experiments made in North Dakota it was determined that "the water table falls during the winter season, but there is little or no loss of soil moisture and there is an actual gain of moisture in the surface soil, which is not due to rain or snow." A possible explanation is that the cold earth, even in its frozen state, may act as a condenser of the moisture in the air, on days when the temperature of the air is above the freezing point. Another explanation may be that the air in the soil actually circulates toward the colder surface soil, and deposits its moisture there by condensation, just as is the case with the air above the soil. However, further investigation of the subject may show the main causes of such concentration of the water supply and its advantage to agriculture.

Our Neighbor's Orchard.

Scientists that have had large experience in the matter of orchard treatment declare that it is better to treat large areas for insects and fungi instead of here and there individual orchards. The reason is apparent. In the case of treating a few acres of trees at a time the region around those acres serves as a base of operations for the pest desired to be exterminated. The untreated orchard of our neighbor is the one that does the mischief. How to get that orchard sprayed is a problem. In some states laws have been passed making the treatment of the orchard compulsory on complaint of certain property holders in the vicinity. But such laws are inoperative, for the reason that men are not very numerous that will take the initiative in such a matter. The only effective move we can see as advisable is for the most interested man to call a neighborhood meeting to consider the question of spraying all the orchards. Then, if possible, have all the orchards treated at the same time.

Ducks and geese stand being exhibited at shows better than the land fowls. Among the latter the loss is great. Some of the breeders that follow the fairs and show their birds during an entire season lose as high as half of their birds. Some of these die while at the fairs, and others succumb to disease after they are brought home, but as a direct result of the showing. Not infrequently roup exists among show birds. The case with the sick fowls may be some distance away from the others, and when the breeder takes his birds home he imagines they have escaped the roup. But a few days after reaching home the dread disease breaks out among the birds he has had on exhibition. Nevertheless, it pays enterprising breeders to take their best birds to the fairs and poultry shows. The reward comes to the breeder not only in an increase of knowledge, but also in increased sales.

New South Wales has an agricultural college.

The double or triple skirt looks decidedly smart on slight figures.