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The two Dakotas raised more wheat than England the past year and Manitoba nearly as much.

Kansas farmers are realizing a dollar a bushel for their big wheat crop where they have fed it to hogs and converted it into pork.

Where a tree has ample room to grow and develop, its root system will be found to correspond in area occupied to the size and spread of its top.

A row of Scotch pines set eight feet apart for eighty rods along the north line of our orchard is planned for a windbreak. Could we do any better?

"In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hands," is a good motto to apply in the matter of sowing grass seed in the spring, particularly clover seed.

There will be a better litter of pigs and more of them raised to the period of weaning if the old sow has nothing to do with the corncrib before and after the pigs are born.

The cattle which brought \$7 at Chicago the last day of the old year—what? Just long yearling steers, finely bred and finely fed, weighing about 1,300 pounds. This fact is worth studying.

Don't try to be a weather prophet, for you will get let down if you do. The little intelligence which some men possess is very often devoted to descanting upon subjects about which they know nothing.

What is on many a farm is 25 bushels of corn to the acre. What might be is 50 bushels per acre on the same land. The how to bring this about is the great agricultural problem which thousands of men should study.

When a man finds himself the owner of a farm worth \$75 per acre, it then becomes his duty as a good citizen to see that the public highway along his premises is graveled and made into a good road even if he has to do it at his own expense.

Nearly every living thing, except the family cat and dog, are fond of well prepared corn silage—cows, young stock, the fattening steers, the sheep, the hogs, the chickens. A food which is so generally palatable to all kinds of stock should be provided for them.

Along the fence on the north side of a belt of heavy timber we will next spring set out an 80 rod row of dewberries, confidently expecting that this delicious berry will there find almost ideal conditions. We will train the vines along the wire fence if possible.

A good many of the rural mail route carriers are resigning, as one by one they find out that they really are the most poorly paid of any of Uncle Sam's large list of employes. The fair thing would be to add at least \$100 to their present compensation of \$500, especially as it appears that the business is more than self-sustaining.

We note the advertisement "For Sale" of a 550 acre farm of rich Indiana farm land in the Kankakee country, 100 acres of heavy timber thereon, at the seemingly low price of \$27 per acre, while men are actually tumbling over each other in their eagerness to pay \$45 an acre for lands in the Dakotas. What's the matter with the old Hoosier state?

The average yield of the cereal crops of England for the past ten years has been: Wheat, 29.93 bushels per acre; barley, 23.13; oats, 38.47. The average is not high on barley and oats as compared with the average crop of the West and Northwest, but on wheat England beats this country all to pieces, save in a limited territory in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

A late report from England states that there is plenty of work to be obtained on English farms at \$3.50 per week, the laborer to board himself, in which connection we remark that there is plenty of work on American farms at \$5.50 per week, with first class board—meat three times a day and two pieces of pie and washing thrown in and in some cases a likely show to court the hired girl or the old man's daughter besides.

The world's sugar supply is very large and is constantly increasing. Modern methods of culture and manufacture applied to the sugar cane and the sugar beet are revolutionizing this industry. Once put Yankee brains and machinery in conjunction with the sugar producing soil of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines in cane culture and manufacture and with the vast irrigable sections of the desert west of our own country in beet culture and America need not depend for a single pound of the vast quantity of sugar which it consumes upon any foreign nation.

Our Farm Machines in Russia. American reapers, harvesters, horse rakes and mowers are being adopted in nearly every part of agricultural Russia to the exclusion of all other kinds. Few people realize the enormous field this opens to the American manufacturer of farm machinery, the cereal producing area of Russia far exceeding in extent that of this country. There are vast sections of Russia where even yet the Russian peasant cuts all his grain with a scythe or cradle, tramps the grain out with oxen and winnows

with other deciduous trees to give a fine effect. In home decoration more attention should be given to the common woodland shrubs. The common hawthorne tree, the wild crab apple, the sumach, the elderberry, the wild cherry and in vines the Virginia creeper, the partridge berry and woodbine should each have a place on the home grounds.

Profits of Cottonwood Timber.

At a late meeting of the Southwestern Horticultural Society of Iowa a gentleman of good reputation made the following statement with reference to the profits of timber culture on the western prairies: Twenty years ago he planted a row of cottonwood slips four feet apart half a mile along the highway fronting his farm. The trees grew tall and thrifty, and as they attained large size drew upon his farm field adjoining for a width of three rods, occupying thus about three acres of land. Last fall and winter all but 100 of the trees were cut, and from them were made 22,000 feet, board measure, of serviceable lumber and 250 cords of wood. The lumber sold for \$15 per thousand and the wood was worth \$2.25 per cord, or a cash value for the timber grown on these three acres of \$1,042, or \$347.50 per acre, or an annual income of \$17.37 per acre for each of the 20 years. It should be stated in this connection that these trees grew upon the loose soil of the Missouri slope, a soil wherein the cottonwood tree finds its most perfect development, and we do not believe the above record could be duplicated upon the average prairie soils of the West.

Live Stock Auctioneers.

We are asked what sort of compensation is received by the live stock auctioneers—not the little fellows who cry the common farm sale, but those who sell the blue blooded Shorthorns, Daddies and Herefords at fancy prices. Inquiry develops the information that the best of these auctioneers receive from \$100 to \$150 per day for their services and sometimes more when they sell on a commission and strike a good lot of stock and a buying crowd. To be able to command these prices which if let alone they would not do. Not many men are naturally fitted for this business, for a man should have a reversible conscience and a tongue hung on ball bearings to make a brilliant success at it.

Pacific Coast Lumber.

With the disappearance of the pine forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota big forests of Oregon and Washington are beginning to be drawn upon to supply the demand for lumber in the central West for \$21 to \$22 per thousand feet by the carload, or at a price which brings it into competition with the product of the northern pineries. This coast lumber sells at the mills for \$7 to \$8 per thousand feet, and the freight is about \$14 per thousand feet. The great benefit of the reduced rates from the coast is thus easily seen, and it is likely to materialize before long.

One Hundred Years Ago.

It is a matter of history that a hundred years ago, before the fine roads of England had been built, the farmers living contiguous to the city of London vigorously protested against the use of public money for the improvement of the fearful winter roads leading to the city on the ground that such improved highways would hurt their sales of produce by enabling farmers from a distance to bring their stuff to market. The years may come and the years may go, but old human nature remains just the same.

A Sure Remedy.

A man was bothered almost to death with a flock of his neighbor's turkeys. Kindly requests and protests were no good. One day he took his gun and bagged the best bird in the flock and had an anti-Thanksgiving dinner. Next day the turkeys disappeared and never bothered him after.



Development of Great Qualities Not Originally Apparent.

Philistine: I have profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tumbled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the making; you do not know what he is going to become; his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundaries lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines. Every man was a boy; it seems strange, but it is really so. Wouldn't you like to turn backward and see Abraham Lincoln at 12, when he had never worn a pair of boots?—the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy, hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods 20 miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out crouching before the glare of the burning logs?

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a godly brood, who weighed only 50 pounds when 10 years old, who was thin, pale, and perverse, and had tantrums, and had to be sent superfluous to bed or locked in a dark closet because he wouldn't "mind." Who would have thought he would have measured every phase of warfare at 26, and when the exchequer of France was in dire confusion would say: "The finances? I will arrange them."

Distinctly and vividly I remember a smart, freckled boy who was born in the "Patch," and used to pick up coal along railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the court of appeals at Rochester. That boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Be patient with the boys. You are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny waits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys!

The first submarine cable to surrender to wireless telegraphy is that line between Rome and Sydney. It was shut down by a storm, and the 20 kilometers of sea between the two cities and the island has been successfully traversed by wireless messages.

UNCLE BILL AND



"GOOD morning," said the editor as Uncle Bill opened the door to his sanctum. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Oh, tolerable fair, for an old fellow," replied Uncle Bill. "Say did yer hear about me whippin' that Irish fellow?"

"You and O'Fallon did not come to blows, I hope," remarked the editor.

"No, 'twas that other son uv Erin that was argu'fin' with me on potatoes," said Uncle Bill, as he seated himself after first having located the cuspidor, and continued, "I kin take 'bout so much, an' then I'm loaded for the other feller, I'm like Jimpson's cow, don't care whether the milk pail is full or not when I git ready ter kick. I cut loose an' make a business uv it fur a while, an' 'his flannel-mouth, got his ball uv yarn all wound up fur me an' I had ter help him unwind, an' it didn't take me long ter take a few uv his snarls out."

"Did you go and fight it out?" asked the editor.

"I gin him a darn good hekin' fur once in his life," said Uncle Bill. "Shades uv Fitzsimmons, but I gin him a soaker, what made him quit spittin' flannel fur a while, an' say, yer couldn't tell the date uv him when I got through with him. He jest looked like a can uv tomatoes in a railroad wreck, he did, by giner."

"Speaking of railroad wrecks," said the editor, changing the subject, "I have had some very close calls in my time, some narrow escapes, one of them was the great Ashtabula disaster where a whole train went through the bridge, but I was fortunate enough to escape unhurt."

"How did yer happen ter escape?" asked Uncle Bill.

"Oh, I didn't happen to be on the train," replied the editor, who had a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth, as Uncle Bill was taken with a violent spell of clearing out his throat, when he recovered his composure, the editor continued, "Were you ever on a train when it got off the track?"

This was the opening Uncle Bill wished for, and he replied: "Was I? Well, now, I guess you'd a thought so if you'd a bin along, Jumpin' gallops uv Buffalo's, but there was a mess uv it."

This aroused the editor's curiosity, and he anxiously said, "Go ahead and tell us all about it."

"Wall," said Uncle Bill, "this happened way back in the 60s, that's a long time ago an' mebbe I've forgot some uv it, but howsoever, guess I kin tell 'bout all uv it. Yer see 'twas all on account uv Helen's health—she's my wife yer know—Wall, we 'lowed, as how we'd take a trip ter Denver, 'bout 5 in the afternoon he passed down collar an' drew on my bank account what I had laid away. I had a big flat stone down there what acted as my casher an' I could most always draw on it fur a leetle money, if I'd only git on the right side uv it, an' as I was sayin' we started on the trip, the train was loaded down with passengers an' it was a darn long train too. Trains didn't go as fast them days as they do now, but we was goin' along at a purty fast gait jest the same, when all uv

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"Wasn't you scared," asked the editor, who was deeply interested in the narrative.

"Scared!" exclaimed Uncle Bill. "Wall, I rather think I was, Rection yer never was on a train when it got scared at a buffalo stampede was yer?"

"No," answered the editor, "I was not, but when a train jumps the track it usually tips over and then comes a terrible wreck. Did your train tip over?"

"Nope, it run along 'bout eight miles across the country an' struck the track agin an' run along as if nothin' had happened," said Uncle Bill, as he leaned back in his chair and looked the editor straight in the eyes.

"What! you sit there and tell me that a railroad train can jump the track, run eight miles across the country and then get on the track again, without ever stopping?" said the editor. "Of all the monumental liars that I have ever heard of, or met, you are—"

"Hold on there young feller," exclaimed Uncle Bill, "every word I've told yer is true an' I'll not set here an' let yer call me a liar without a halt."

"But Uncle Bill," patronizingly said the editor, "it is an impossibility for a railroad train to—"

"Railroad train!" exclaimed Uncle Bill, who in thunderation is talkin' 'bout railroad trains I'd like ter know? Yer poor ignoramus, anyone knows there wasn't any railroad trains ter Denver from Iowa in them days. We went on an overland wagon train."

And as he started out the door he said, "You escaped Mr. Editor, 'cause yer didn't happen ter be on the train, did yer?"



HOW MORRIS "CASHED IN."

A Far Western Tragedy Described in Far Western Vernacular.

New Denver (B. C.) Chain: In 1887 there were flush times in the Stocan. The overflow of the Rossland boom swished through the silver camps and coated them with gold. The wash struck Sandon the hardest, and for months the town had its Cairo-like streets literally paved with dollars and playing cards. Sandon is built in a gulch between high mountains over which the sun occasionally peeps at the burg. In those days it was a hot locality. All night long the pianos were thumped "below the dead line," while above it the booze factories had no keys, and the clinking glasses kept time to be rattle of chips, and the cries of "That's good!" "I'm pat!" "Put in with you!" etc. These were the days when it often cost a plunk to look at your hole card, and chubbier were under the table. Gamblers were thicker than coons at a cake walk, and a flash of sunlight made the lower end of the camp look like a railroad switch yard with all danger signals turned on. The town never closed up, it was one long carnival of wine, women and cards. When one shift went flewy another took its place, and Canada's Monte Carlo never blinked an eye.

About this time Morris Butterman hailed the camp. Morris had no yellow in him, and packed more than 60 years on his broad back. He had been a gambler for nearly half a century. He had faced the tigers in Montana, shot craps in New Orleans, dealt stud on the old Mississippi, and peeped from behind the "four" in many a draw game. So when he hit the camp he was not afraid of anything in sight. He dealt faro in the Bucket of Blood saloon, and kept his shirt bosom ever white. For a long time his meal ticket had figures on it, and then the splits came. The crash in silver, and then the strike, soon made Sandon look like a dirty deuce in a new deck, and the old gambler went up the hill to cook for a while, but he did not suit, and wandered back to town again, broke, but sad, silent, and proud. Several of the boys noticed that he did not eat regularly and proffered him aid, but he shook his head and stood pat. One day, about 5 in the afternoon he passed the stairway at the rear on the way to his room. As he mounted the steps he turned and took a long look at the bar and Handsome Jack. Late the next afternoon Jack went up stairs to the old man's room, and found him dead. He had put on his best clothes, got under the blankets, took a swallow of poison, and cashed in.

And thus Morris quit the game—a philosopher.

Old, broke, and nothing behind the real, he preferred to pass up rather than burden his friends. Just a dash of tragedy in the fever of mining-camp life.

HE HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.

Colored Minister Looked Askance at Carnegie's Fifty Dollar Bill.

Des Moines Leader: It is related that on the last tour of President McKinley in the South, Andrew Carnegie was in the party and all were asked to attend a negro church in Thomasville, Ga., where a very fervid colored minister officiated.

It is said that whenever a full call in the services the deacons took up a collection, but through hospitable motives avoided passing the box to the white visitors. The old pastor rose at last and preached a sermon that was at the same time eloquent, earnest, and ridiculous—preaching right at the white folks—and his description of the poverty of the church was so impressive that when the deacons passed the contribution boxes around for the third time Mr. Carnegie intercepted one and dropped a \$50 bill in the box.

The old preacher counted their contents. When he had finished he placed a handful of small change on one side and a crisp greenback on the other. Clearing his throat, he said:

"Brethren, we has been greatly blessed by dish yer contribution. We has heah 'fo' dollars an' fo'ly cents dat is good, and if de \$50 bill put in by de white gemmen wud de gray whiskers is also good we is blessed a whole lot mo'."

And he looked suspiciously at the giver of libraries and campaign funds.

Edward North, who had been Greek professor of Hamilton college for 57 years, but resigned a month ago, received 700 letters appropriate to the day on Christmas morning from the alumni of the institution. The idea was suggested by the alumni by a St. Louis "geek," and among the letters were one from Secretary of War Root, who graduated in '64, and one from ex-Archbishop General W. H. Miller, of the class of '62.

When your luck's "on the bum," and you fear that you've come to the very last end of your rope; when your courage has fled, and you feel well-nigh dead; when you have lost ambition and hope; when you've swept in ashore where the wild breakers roar. There is only one thing to be done—Dip your oars in the stream, then put on extra steam. And pull like a son-of-a-gun!

Don't wait for the crash that will send you to smash. Buckle in with a will while there's time; You will never get out of the current of doubt.

By "imagining" all is sublime; There are rapids ahead into which you'll be led; There are treacherous shoals you should shun.

Dip your oars in the stream, then put on extra steam. And pull like a son-of-a-gun!

Don't float idly by when there's clouds in the sky; There's a duty for you to perform; 'Tis a sign to beware, when the lightning's red glare.

Announces the oncoming storm; When the waves madly sweep o'er the treacherous deep.

And the dangerous journey's begun. Dip your oars in the stream, then put on extra steam.

And pull like a son-of-a-gun! In the voyage of life, with its toil and its strife.

You will meet with the waves of rebuff; You will oftentimes sail in a financial gulf.

Though a channel that's rocky and rough; If in safety you'll land on the silvery strand.

With a joy that the voyage is won. Dip your oars in the stream, then put on extra steam.

And pull like a son-of-a-gun! E. A. BRINNSTOOL.

THE BOOK SOLD MOST OF ALL.

Even the Most Popular Novels Behind Record of the Bible.

New York Sun: "There is one thing in the way of a Christmas gift that you don't hear much about," said the busy book store man, "but whose sales at this time reach tremendous proportions—the Bible."

"You may talk about your multitudinous editions of popular novels, but the Bible leads them year in and year out. It is probably issued in more editions and got up in more styles and shapes than any other book in the world."

"Every bookseller aims to keep as large an assortment as his trade will allow; and as the profits on them are from 25 to 60 per cent, they're a decidedly paying line of his business. In most of the larger stores there is a man who does nothing else but buy and sell these books, and as there are not many men who are up on Bibles, they command a good salary."

"You'd be surprised at the different kinds of people who buy Bibles at Christmas time. The boy who is away from home is one typical customer. 'He is apt to say that his mother gave him one, but that he has read it through many times and the print is a little fine. It isn't improbable that he'll buy another large, well-bound volume to send home, just to show the old folks that he hasn't forgotten. 'He may not be living up to the teachings of the book, but when one is shown to him he always softens and rarely goes out of the store without it. 'Young girls, whether working for their living or the daughters of well-to-do or wealthy parents, are frequent buyers of Bibles, either for themselves or for some friend, most often a girl friend. 'Old women are perhaps the heaviest buyers of all. It is the grandmother or the aged aunt, you know, in every well regulated family, who considers it her duty to see that each child of either sex has a copy of the book. 'It is the old women, too, who are responsible for many of the Bibles to be found in the prisons. Millions of Bibles are bought and sent to prisons throughout the country every year. 'Tract and other religious societies buy many of these, but it is a fact that the majority of them are sent by kindly-disposed old women. 'Even the Chinese buy Bibles. It is remarkable how easily the Celestials learn to read English, and hundreds of them are learning every year in the mission schools of the city. 'When they begin reading the Bible, they seem to understand it, and whether they believe in it or not, it interests them. 'Next to Christmas, Easter is the briskest time of the year in the Bible trade, and all the church holidays have an effect upon it. But at Christmas people buy them in the most expensive dress. 'You would be amazed at the beauty and richness of some of the editions if you're not up on the subject. We have one, for instance, that is bound in seal, full gilt, on India paper, that is a great seller as a gift for women. 'It is really a wonder in bookmaking. There are several thousand pages printed on both sides. It is unaltered in every particular and the type is legible, yet it is not much larger than a Columbian stamp. 'From this the editions vary through every conceivable size, shape, binding, type, to the great family-record Bibles in one direction or the cheap, poorly-printed board-bound editions in another. 'Here is one final little peculiarity of the trade that is an open secret to every Bible salesman. A man may object to the prices on all other books, but he will never question the price of a Bible. This is not true of women."