

Lorimer spoke for over an hour. He went over the story of the Tribune's part in his expulsion, and the pressure that had been brought to bear on United States senators.

Father O'Callaghan also told how Charles P. Taft had told him that President Taft considered Lorimer one of the ablest men in Washington, and one with whom he had rather discuss a public question than any other.

This, however, was before Taft got to feel that overthrowing Lorimer was necessary to save his own political hide.

THE CITY FARMER

The country Rube who came to town used to be a stock joke. But the Rube has made good. Most of the men at the head of any city's biggest affairs first came to town as Rubes.

The tide of migration has turned, and with it the joke has turned upon the city man who has the idea that a few thousand dollars and a few books on agriculture will make him a successful farmer.

Even a stupid turnip is said to know a city farmer as soon as it sees him; the peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes; wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey making, he gets stung in three places; his cauliflowers turn out to be cabbages; the thunder sours his milk; the drouth takes his corn; the rust gets in his wheat; the peaches drop off before they ripen; the rot strikes his potatoes;

the hogs destroy the watermelons; everything goes wrong and farming is a failure.

Yet, in spite of these difficulties, the city farmer, in the vicinity of every city in our land, is making good—not financially, perhaps, but in ways even better.

A sharp-handled hoe will hack to pieces all his dyspepsia. Swinging of an ax will tone up his nerves as no other tonic will. On the prongs of the long fork with which he tosses the hay into the mow he can pitch away the worst attack of "the blues." In the wake of the plow he picks up strength to meet any emergency. The dash of the shower that wets him to the skin composes his spirit for any crisis.

Neighbors looking over the fence may think he is only weeding tomatoes, or splitting wood, or husking corn. But he is doing infinitely more. He is rebuilding strength, enkindling spirit, quickening his brain, purifying his heart, and blessing his soul.

He is a King of Creation, whose royal banquet lasts all the summer, beginning with cups of circus and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal glory; and the handwriting on his wall is that of the honeysuckle and the rambler rose.

When the sky seems particularly full of stars, according to an old weather saw, frost is likely. If the stars flicker against a dark background it probably will snow. — Somebody please cause a flicker.