Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Feed wasters—cold stables.

The less birds the more bugs.

Read and preserve farm papers.

Theory is the pioneer of practice.

The weed gone to seed is an evil indeed.

There is one good mortgage—the paid one.

Rust ruins more farm tools and implements than work.

A grouch and bad health nearly always travel together.

Most unconfirmed rumors are started by confirmed liars.

Red clover and the hog seem to be made for each other.

A kicker, no matter whether he is a mule or a man, is always unpopular.

It is only the unfair and jealous man who calls friendly rivalry in business—fighting.

The farmer who thinks straight never plows crooked furrows nor zigzag lines of fence.

It's the wrong kind of boost when old opinions formed before we knew—come home to roost.

A stitch in time may save nine, but unless we keep on stitching, the rent will continue to grow.

The greatest cause for the discontent of farm boys can usually be traced to the old folks.

Many a misguided farm boy who goes out for wool in the city comes home shorn to the skin.

A man with an accusing conscience often goes to church but he does not find it a good place to sleep.

A man with a grouch is like a dog who has been fighting skunks—everybody gives him a wide berth.

Magazines, papers, books and bulletins may be studied to advantage, as a preparation for next season's activities.

If some folks could see themselves as others see them, they would never have any more use for the looking-glass.

A man may worry until he becomes heartsick and yet he cannot cause a ray of sunshine to break through the clouds nor a drop of rain to fall upon his thirsty crops.

GOOD DEMAND FOR FARMERS

Important Message Sent to Boys Who Are Now Considering Question of Future Occupations.

The announcement by the director of public welfare that the city has a job paying $2,000 a year, with a good home and board thrown in, for which no qualified applicant has yet offered himself, is more significant than it is novel. The unfilled place is that of manager of the city's 2,100-acre farm at Warrensville. The successful applicant, it is said, need not be a resident of the city or state, but must be an able farmer, having an agricultural college education, practical experience in farming and business knowledge qualifying him to get results from the city's large investment.

The persons to whom this state of affairs should carry an important meaning are the boys who are now, or ought to be, considering the bothersome question of their future occupations—boys in a position to obtain the benefit of technical education of some sort, but undecided as to what sort best fits their needs. Though very good indeed as such things go, an income of $2,000 a year with living expenses paid may not seem irresistibly attractive to ambitious boys, particularly when coupled with the uncertainties of public employment. But the lesson of the situation is not so much that an acceptable place should go unfilled as that there is evidently a shortage of men qualified to fill it.

The need of scientific farmers to manage big farms has not gone unforeseen. The agricultural colleges of the country are filled even now with shrewd young men learning a profession sure to come into greater and greater demand. There is room for more. Young men still debating their futures should give attention to agriculture's possibilities, particularly if their tastes lie in any such direction. Such callings as the law, medicine or engineering may be overcrowded, but there is no likelihood that agriculture will be for many years, if ever. Private, as well as public, farms of large size are always bidding for capable superintendents and it may be taken for granted that the demand will increase as the financial possibilities of farm efficiency become more adequately realized.—Cleveland Leader.

Get Best Results.

When conditions remain unchanged for a long time, farming becomes approximately what it ought to be to get the best results, provided that practice which is immediately the most profitable does not deplete the soil fertility.

That Awful Office Itch.

We can vaccinate against blackleg, hog cholera and typhoid fever, but no one has so far invented a serum that will immunize us Americans against office itch.

Silage for Cattle.

The same acreage devoted to a silage crop will support more cattle than it would if devoted to hay or other roughage.

Best Houses for Hogs.

Hogs need properly ventilated, not drafty houses, with plenty of dry, clean straw for bedding.

Good Stable Manners.

A horse with good stable manners has more value than one with no manners.

PLAN OF GETTING TOGETHER

Farmer Must Push Aside Green-Eyed Monster of Jealousy—Be Impersonal in Choosing Leaders.

Did you ever stop to think of what a public-spirited man has to contend with in building up a community? Generally he meets with sneers and gibes, his purpose is questioned, ulterior motives are attributed to him. Usually these men are like Joseph, "dreamers of dreams," looking down the vista of the future, foreseeing the grandeur of the things to be. They must be made of stern stuff and their only reward is such as is common to all. This country needs such men today. They are to be found among us, so let us hunt them out and develop them. The banker, the merchant and big business man find little difficulty in fighting their battles collectively. These men may be bitter personal enemies, bpt you find them fighting shoulder to shoulder when their business interests are involved even in a small measure. The farmer must do the same. Push aside the green-eyed monster, Jealousy, and get together, writes Perley B. Gates in Denver Field and Farm. Let your slogan be "one for all and all for one."

In selecting leaders be impersonal. Do not name Neighbor Jones as one of your leaders because he is a good fellow and you wish to pay him a compliment. Bear in mind that it is not always the fellow who kisses the babies and slaps you most heartily on the back that is best suited for the work you desire done. We want to make of this country what its God-given qualities entitle it to be—a happy, prosperous farming community. Then, without fear or favor, select leaders who are best adapted to the bringing about of that end. A little over a year ago some of us got together and started what is called the Farmers' Improvement Association of Montezuma County. The purpose wa to advance the interests of the farmers. We are political, but nonpartisan, we take no blood-curdling oaths, we bind ourselves to nothing but the upbuilding of the community. It brings us together more frequently. There are many ways in which such an organization can be of assistance.

Our national and state governments spend millions of dollars annually in aiding the farmers. How much of these vast sums benefit us? There are many problems confronting us. Shall we not act together in solving them? We should have local committees in every part of the country through which communication may be had with a central committee, the head of which may be easily reached. Let it be known that we are standing behind our committee and we will be amazed to see how much more we are respected acting collectively rather than individually. Our achievements will depend in a large measure on the men we select as leaders, but our judgment of men would have to be very poor indeed in order that our efforts prove wholly barren.

BEST FARMER IN COMMUNITY

Good Results Cannot Be Secured Out of Co-operation Scheme Unless Everybody Works Together.

Every wide-awake, enterprising, reading farmer helps every other enterprising, wide-awake farmer in the community, and the more there are of them in the neighborhood the better it is for everybody.

You can't get good work out of any team if half the mules pull and half don't. So you can't get good results out of any scheme of co-operation in your neighborhood if half of the farmers are waked up and pulling together and the other half are not. And the best way to get them waked up is to get them to reading.

BUSINESS SUCCESS OF CROP

It Must Be Disposed of as Efficiently as Grown—Teamwork Always Pays Best Prices.

It is not enough to grow a good crop, or even to grow a good crop at low cost. To make a big crop a business success, it must be disposed of as efficiently as it is grown—must be so graded and packed as to meet market standards and so marketed as to bring the farmer the highest current price.

The farmer who is too suspicious to get together with his neighbors in order to do co-operatively what no one can do alone is sure to pay dearly for his incapacity for teamwork.

Horses and Mules.

Growing horses and mules may be fed a liberal ration of corn silage, but they must have some hay and grain along with it. A few pounds of silage a day is good for work horses too, but they should not be expected to eat a lot of it because they need a more concentrated ration.

Be a Success.

Why longer experiment? Corn is a success. Alfalfa is a success. The silo is a success. Live stock farming pays. Why not quit grain gambling and be a success?

Watch Cotton Acreage.

In the meantime, let every cotton farmer of the South walk around his cotton acreage and be sure that it has not expanded.—Houston Post.

Brains Count Most.

It does not follow that the farmer, in order to be prosperous must be a drudge. Brains count as well as muscle.

Good Profitmaker.

The fall pig generally strikes a good market and if he is pushed right along by good feed and care may easily prove a good profitmaker.

Farming That Pays.

Diversified farming pays. Try and have a little cash coming in every week in the year.

Weeds an Asset.

A rank growth of weeds becomes an asset when plowed under before they make seed.

"Weary Jimmy"

By Verda Rossiter

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

He was ragged, hungry, in sore need of a place to sleep, yet Weary Jim took it all philosophically. He had become inured to the law of averages as to the liberal-heartedness of the casual passing crowd. The benevolent-faced old men were the favorite subjects of his mendicancy, but it was late afternoon and that class of leisure had long since gone homeward bound.

"I'll wait till dark and tackle the theater crowds," decided Jim, and picking up a flying scrap of newspaper, selected some steps leading to an unused basement and idly ran his eyes over the columns of the torn and creased stray fragment.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jim suddenly, and his eyes goggled and his hand shook, and he read again the brief but thrilling advertisement:

"Reward: A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to the discovery of James Newton, sometimes known as 'Weary Jim,' and formerly of the Little Jim Fisk restaurant. Apply to Adam Sharp, Attorney, 12 Court building, or residence, 1194 Berry avenue."

"That's me!" gurgled in the throat of Weary Jim. "Wanted—Reward! And once I did work at that restaurant and disgraced myself with the crowd for it, and drifted into the free-and-easy corps again. Lemme see—are there any black marks against me that I'd be wanted for? No, it's not that. I never touched a cent that wasn't my own—and never

To Do as I Like With?"

will. I'll look up this advertisement right away."

One hour later Weary Jim sat in a maze. He had called at the house in Berry avenue, to be rebuffed by the servant, to be bowed and scraped to, almost hugged by Lawyer Adam Sharp. The latter ushered Jim into his elegantly appointed library as though he were some prince. He unfolded an astonishing story.

A distant relative, a half uncle, whom Jim, the last of the family line, had long forgotten, had left to Jim his entire fortune, viz.: $30,000 in cash, a sumptuous residence, free and clear of all incumbrance.

"You mean—you mean," gasped Jim, "that all—that—is—mine!"

"Unqualifiedly," assented the suave attorney.

"To do as I like with?"

"Without bar or hindrance."

"Now—right now, an advance, a slight advance," pressed Jim anxiously.

"Well, the banks are closed," explained Sharp, "and you will have to go into court as a formality, but in the meantime, if you will appoint me your permanent legal representative in the matter of the estate, I will advance you whatever you want."

"Then gimme a dollar," said Jim eagerly.

"A dollar! My friend, you need a great deal more than that just to, ah! ehem! rehabilitate yourself. I will give you $100," and he produced the crisp inviting bank notes that made Jim's mouth water. "I would suggest a bath, a becoming suit of clothes, a suite at a good hotel and I will meet you at my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, go into court and place the estate cash of thirty thousand dollars to your account at the bank. Ah, my dear," he interrupted himself as an angular, vixen-faced lady entered the room, "let me have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Newton—my daughter, Hyacinth."

"Oh, dear," piped the spinster languidly, "have you found the gentleman at last? How sweet! how romantic!" and she almost caressed this expected—victim!

Weary Jim left the house like one in a dream. One thing his more conspicuous senses aimed for and landed. This was at a restaurant. The meal Jim ate astounded the waiter, its volume so surprised the proprietor that he approached before it was finished and intimated the gross amount involved. Unctuous and full-mouthed, Jim pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"Give the change to the waiter," he directed grandiloquently.

One week later, Weary Jim came out of the mansion he had inherited, by way of the rear door and with a scared look on his face. He almost ran until he reached a point some squares distant.

"Whew!" he panted, "I'm out of that for good—I've escaped!"

What Jim had "escaped" from was misery. For him wealth had brought torment. A bath had made him tender and the flannels irritated him. Rich food gave him the toothache, with consequent loss of appetite. He missed the dozy atmosphere of the hayloft and the cheap lodging house, lying in his luxurious feather bed.

But the crowning terror of his life had become Hyacinth—Hyacinth Sharp, the attorney's daughter. Like a were-wolf she pursued him. She was bound to marry him—or rather his money. At the thought of this tremendous responsibility Jim had resolved to sacrifice all. He thought of the happy-go-lucky life of old, and then of her, and shuddered and—decamped.

Jim had his plan. Long and diligently he searched for an old partner of the road—Crippled Joe. He found his friend in a poor lodging house. He astonished the helpless hobo comrade with a proffer of home, fortune, friends. He took Joe to a lawyer and transferred to him legally all of his uncle's bequest except $10,000 in cash.

"Poor fellow! I've put it over on Joe!" murmured Jim, "but maybe he'll escape Hyacinth."

Then Weary Jim plunged back into the old life. For a time, although the frowsiest of them all, he ran a free hotel for his compatriots, and expended $5,000 in that philanthropic venture. The result was a riotous household, increased indolence on the part of his patrons, and the police closed the place.

One day Jim saw Cripple Joe and the peerless Hyacinth flash by in an auto. He knew they were man and wife from the pained, furtive expression on the face of Joe.

"Sold into slavery!" chuckled Jim, and gloried in his rags and freedom.

The remaining $5,000 was a burden to Jim. Its possession hurt his pride as a down-and-outer. One day he took a long tramp. It was to a place he had never forgotten, and the end of his pilgrimage landed him at the door of a quaint, rustic cottage.

The place looked poor, and the lovely young girl who came to the door was neatly but plainly dressed. A young man, her lover, just leaving her was evidently a workman.

"I wanter to see Doctor Adams," explained Jim, and his face fell as he was informed that the physician had been dead for several years, leaving his family very poor.

"Such good men do," said Jim sorrowfully, and then he told how, 15 years before, the doctor had nursed him through a two weeks' sickness—he, a poor, homeless waif—and Jim had never forgotten it.

He told a great lie as he placed his $5,000 into the hands of the young lady. He had made a fortune in a mine and wore poor clothes so he would not be robbed. And then he flitted away, leaving Rose Adams fairly astounded.

The time came when Weary Jim felt he was "all in." "His uselessness was over," as he comically put it. He was up one day, down another. Somehow, an indefinable longing sent him tramping it to the cottage home of his dead benefactor's daughter.

It was dusk when he approached the open window. Within the room were husband and wife and a sweet little girl in her night robe. She was saying her prayers, and they ended with:

"And, dear God, bless Mr. Newton, who brought mamma and papa the blessing of their life."

At the sweet cherub in pure white the old tramp gazed, then at his own attire.

"I won't spoil the pretty picture," he said, and he went wearily to a sheltered corner of the garden and lay down and slept—and died.

Thus they found him, and tenderly cared for the poor shell of a great soul. And in the quiet village graveyard there is a tombstone reading simply: "Weary Jim—Tramp, at Rest."

What Becomes of Lead?

Lead was unquestionably known to the Egyptians, the Romans apparently understood its desilverization, yet we are apparently already entering on an era of permanently higher prices. The world's accumulated stocks of 5,000 years seem powerless to help us, D. M. Liddell writes in Engineering Magazine. How can they, when every rain washes lead paint from the houses into the ground in a form too disseminated ever to be regained; when every hunter fires away a portion of the world's stock; when almost every coffin carries a lead lining; while lead pipes or lead joints in iron pipe corrode in the ground, and when every plumber's apprentice throws away lead dross, and tea is packed in lead foil? In the meanwhile the increasing use of lead in storage batteries adds another possibility of loss. The sludge from these batteries will usually be thrown away when the cells are cleaned. And so the new discoveries of science help to add new methods of waste.

The Modern Way.

"What is your diagnosis, doctor?"

"Well, I find that you have a little inflammation in the ears; your throat is slightly affected; your digestive organs are not functioning properly, and there is evidence of bronchitis."

"But can you fix me up?"

"Well, I advise that you go to Dr. Tappem for your ears; across the street you will find Dr. Swallow, who is a throat specialist, and Dr. Pepsin will undestand your digestive difficulties. As to your bronchitis, you should see a good lung expert at once."

"But isn't there anything the matter with me that you can cure?"

"Yes, you have a $10 bill in your wallet; I'll relieve you of that."

The Dear Things.

This is the kind of stuff you hear on the front porch:

"Why, George, how dare you? Now you can just go right home, and don't you ever, ever speak to me again!" George goes—as far as the steps.

"Let me come back, please. I'll be good; honest, I will."

"If you're going to be good, there isn't any reason for coming back."

"Oh, you little angel!"

"George, dear, I can't breathe."—The Gargoyle.

Rather than stand up for their principles some men will sit down on a cushion and let their money talk.

Maintaining Earth Roads

Drainage of Prime Importance—Drag Should Not Be Used on a Dry Road—How to Operate Road Drag

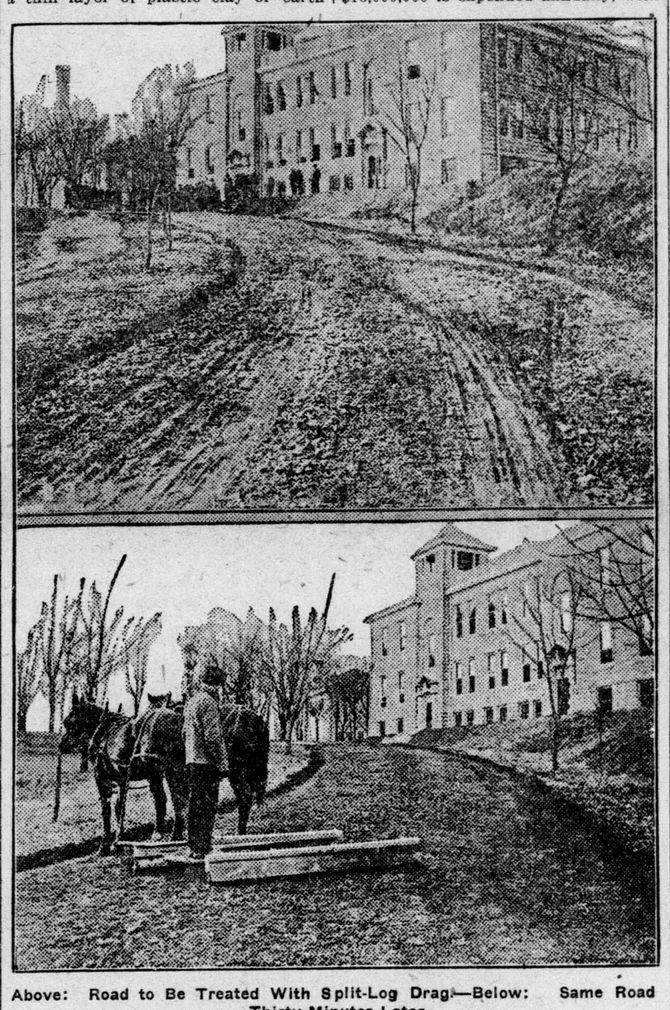
(Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture)

The first and last commandment in earth road maintenance is to keep the road well drained. To insure good drainage the ditches should be kept open, all obstructions removed and a smooth crown maintained. Side ditches of ample capacity should be maintained with sufficient fall to dispose of surface water. These ditches in most places can be constructed and repaired with a road machine. The road machine or grader may in general be used effectively for this work. The machine should be used when the soil is damp so that it will pack and bake into a hard crust.

All vegetable matter, such as sods and weeds, should be kept out of the road, as they make a spongy surface which retains moisture. Clods are also objectionable for they soon turn to dust or mud. Bowlders or loose stones are equally objectionable if a smooth surface is to be obtained.

A split-log drag or some similar device is very useful in maintaining the surface after suitable ditches and cross-sections have once been constructed. This drag can also be used to advantage on most gravel roads as well as on earth road. The principle involved in dragging is that clays and most heavy soils will puddle if worked when wet and set very hard when dry. The little attention that the earth road needs must be given promptly, therefore, and at the proper time if the best results are to be obtained.

In dragging roads only a small amount of earth is moved, just enough to fill the ruts and depressions with a thin layer of plastic clay or earth



Above: Road to Be Treated With Split-Log Drag—Below: Same Road Thirty Minutes Later.

which packs very hard so that the next rain, instead of finding ruts and depressions in which to collect, runs off, leaving the surface but little affected.

Using the Drag.

The drag should be light and should be drawn over the road at an angle of about 45 degrees. The driver should ride on the drag and should not drive faster than a walk. One or two round trips, the first straddling the wheel tracks, is usually sufficient to fill the ruts and smooth the surface. If necessary, the road should be dragged after every bad spell of weather, when the soil is in proper condition to puddle well and still not adhere to the drag. If the road is very bad it may be dragged when very wet and again when it begins to dry out. A few trips over the road will give the operator an idea as to the best time to drag. Drag at all seasons but do not drag a dry road.

The side slope or crown of an earth road should be about one inch to the foot. If the crown becomes too high it may be reduced by dragging toward the ditch instead of from it. If the drag cuts too much, the hitch should be shortened and the driver should change his position on the drag. If it is necessary to protect the face of the drag with a strip of iron, it should be placed flush with the edge of the drag and not projecting. A cutting edge should be avoided as the main object of the drag is to move but a small amount of the damp soil which is smeared over the surface of the road.

BEAUTY OF OUR STATE ROADS

Plan of Planting Shade Trees Along Roadside Is Good One—Decision of Maryland Court.

The decision of the court of appeals sustaining the validity of the law which confers upon the state board of forestry regulative power and authority in the matter of planting or cutting and pruning trees along the state highways, is of potential importance in connection with the latest proposal to improve the side lines of the state roads by the planting of forest or fruit trees. The state road law apparently, in the original draft, contemplated such a scheme of improvement, says Baltimore American. While the planting of shade trees is not made a mandatory duty on the state road commission, there is a clause in the law that opens the way for such a plan of beautification.

The state forestry board would perhaps be the agency through which such a plan could be best realized. The activities of the annual arbor days have not been largely resultful in the matter of roadside tree planting. Such a scheme can only be brought to realization through systematic and persistently maintained effort. But the idea is a good one and should be brought to realization even though it is necessary for the state to invest some money in the undertaking. Nothing would more conduce to the beautification of rural neighborhoods than the lining of the highways with shade trees.

STATE TO MAINTAIN ROADS

Amount Exceeding $160,000,000 Expended Annually for Construction and Care of Highways.

The realization has become quite general that, in order to render maximum service, state highway departments should be given some measure of control over the construction and maintenance of local roads. For this class of roads an amount exceeding $16,000,000 is expended annually, with comparatively little result to show in the form of improved road mileage for this great outlay. The state of Iowa has met this situation by placing all the road work in the state under the direction of the state highway department.

Traffic is increasing so rapidly as to cause excessive wear upon the roads, especially in the vicinity of congested centers of population. This results in a heavy annual maintenance cost, averaging in the large Eastern states not less than $750 per mile per annum. Many experiments have been made in the effort to devise types of road which can be maintained at relatively low cost. Thus far, aside from the cheaper forms of construction, the states are depending upon the various forms of bituminous macadam, concrete and vitrified brick road.

Sulphuric Acid Antidote.

Burns from sulphuric acid are easily cured. Just remember that plain water—lots of it—must be poured on the victim of a sulphuric acid accident at once, even to throwing the party into the water, if possible. This acid on the skin feels like fire. With water quickly applied in great quantities this acid is rendered harmless. Men have been burned with it repeatedly without harm through a knowledge of this proper antidote. If not treated promptly the most horrible disfigurement results. The police department of Paris exhibits wax figures of faces of victims of the foreign practice of throwing this acid in one's face. A prompt treatment of water would have rendered the acid harmless.

Natural Viaduct.

In Argentina there is a natural bridge that is one of the most wonderful in the world. It spans the Rio Mendoza and is known as the Inca bridge. But it is the work of nature, and not, as was popularly supposed, of the Incas. The road on which it occurs was probably a colonial highway made by the Peruvian Incas, who took advantage of the phenomenon by leading their road over this natural viaduct.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

There is no medicine equal to a merry laugh—well mixed with fresh air.

One secret of success—stick-to-it-iveness.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Tallow of beef or suet is too hard to use for shortening in a general way; but if tried out and mixed with equal quantities of lard it will be soft enough to use for any shortening. Cottonseed oil with suet has been used with good results, pouring in equal quantities of the oil when the fat is still hot. This fat is especially good for deep frying.

A five or ten cent dish mop makes a fine mop or duster to use to dust down the hardwood stairs, or to clean out the spiral springs of the bed. Treat the mop to a bath of kerosene and it will catch and hold the dust.

This same dish mop can be useful in keeping the sink and bathtub clean. Dip it in a cup of kerosene and it will remove all the dirt quickly, doing away with the scouring process.

An ordinary carpet sweeper, if dampened with water before using will take up the dust with less dust left in the air.

When washing windows add a little ammonia to the water instead of soap, the glass will be clearer.

Cellar or attic stairs which are dark should have the top and bottom stair painted white; this will prevent many accidents.

A heavy piece of sheet iron on the top of a gas stove will be found a great convenience. Foods will simmer and plates and dishes may be kept warm for serving.

When ink gets thick in the inkwell dilute with strong coffee instead of water, the ink will be better.

Stick pins through the corks of bottles containing poison and keep the bottles by themselves, then they will never be taken by mistake.

Soft corns may be permanently cured by the use of talcum powder and a small wedge of tissue paper to keep the toes apart. Moisture is the cause of soft corns.

Use a small blackboard eraser to clean the stove. Dip it in parafin oil and it will keep the stove clean and black.

A wire hairpin makes a fine cherry pitter, a new one may be kept for just such purpose.

A man without ambition is like a busted bank, all building and no assets. —Caxton.

The resourcefulness of today is the outcome of experience with the odds of yesterday.

DELICIOUS DISHES.

When it seems hard to find something for dessert try this:

Peach Melba.—In a sherbet cup place a cone of ice cream on top the half of a canned peach, over this pour a tablespoonful of raspberry sirup, stick four sweet wafers around the side of the cup and serve.

Peach Canapes.—Cook in a little butter circular pieces of sponge cake until delicately brown. Drain canned peaches and place with a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan over the heat, add a grating of nutmeg and a few drops of lemon juice. When hot serve on the hot circles of cake.

Add a little cooked rice to the meat loaf. It will make it go farther, add to the flavor and slice in neat slices either hot or cold.

When roasting beef sprinkle the top, while roasting, with finely minced onion, it adds to the flavor of both meat and gravy.

To make a truly elegant dish of roast leg of lamb, roast with a sprinkling of chopped onion or onion juice mixed with lemon juice, using a teaspoonful of onion and half a lemon, Spread the leg with a thin coating of jelly, either currant or gooseberry, and baste while roasting.

Paper Gingersnaps.—Boil a cupful of molasses five minutes, add a teaspoonful of soda, a half cupful of lard and a tablespoonful of ginger. Cool and stir in flour enough to roll very thin. Bake in a hot oven.

Tomato Marmalade.—Take a cupful of pulp, that is strained tomato through a sieve to remove the seeds, add one and a half cupfuls of sugar, the juice of a lemon, a half teaspoonful of the acid that comes in the package with acidulated gelatin, a half teaspoonful of ginger and a little allspice. Cook until thick. Serve with roast beef.

Nellie Maxwell

His Way.

"That man acted in such a way as to actually drive his wife from home."

"You don't say so! How did he do it?"

"In the new limousine he bought for her birthday gift."

Weighty Subject.

Mr. Yeast—They sold biscuits by the pound at the bazar last night.

Mrs. Yeast—How many of mine did they give to the pound?

"Only one, dear."

Hard Going.

"I hear you have gone into business, old fellow."

"Yep, the restaurant business."

"And how is the restaurant business, as you find it?"

"Quite a grind. I eat in my own place as an advertisement, but it is beginning to tell on me."

Love That Wins.

The love that is kind, that envies not, and is humble, will win its way through doors that are barred to the self-assertive and the overbearing.