

The Decision of Tommy Atkins.
During the recent army maneuvers two officers were disputing about the classification of a tree. One was sure it was a birch, the other was equally certain it was an ash. A private was at length appealed to to settle the question. He looked up and down the tree, walked around it, stripped a piece of bark off and dug into the trunk with his bayonet.

"What are you doing that for?" asked one of the officers.

"To find out what kind of a tree it is, major."

"Well, what is it?"

The private gave another dig, and made a minute inspection of a splinter; then he delivered judgment. "You're both wrong," he remarked, respectfully though authoritatively. "It ain't a birch tree, and it ain't a hash tree; it's an ordinary wooden 'un."

A Rocky Road.

Editor Hightone Magazine—I have examined your manuscript, sir, and find it a thrilling narrative, which arrests attention at the start and holds it spell-bound to the end.

Struggling Author (despairingly) — Then, of course, it won't do.

Hope for Him.

"No, Mr. Hoamley," she said, "I have no thought of marrying any man."

"But," he persisted, "is there no hope for me at all?"

"Of course there is. You'll find lots of girls who are not so particular as I am."—Philadelphia Press.

No Dead Give-Away.

"Meanley, the millionaire, gives the impression that he's giving away considerable money to the poor."

"Does he say exactly how much?"

"Certainly not! You don't catch him giving away how little he's giving away."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Joke at a Church Fair.

"Had a great time at the church fair last night?"

"So? What was doing?"

"They had some strawberry shortcake, and I nearly laughed myself to death thinking how I fooled 'em. I didn't eat it."

The Difference.

"She's really not cultured at all. She says she can't understand Browning at all."

"But one may be cultured and yet not understand Browning."

"Of course, one may not understand it, but one should never admit it."—Philadelphia Press.

Not the Real Thing.

Smith—I don't believe Brown possesses the true Christian spirit. Jones—Why not?

Smith—Well, I did him an injury once and he has purposely overlooked a dozen opportunities to heap coals of fire on my head.

A Terrible Jolt.

He—I make it a rule to never speak unless I know what I am talking about.

She—That's a sensible idea; but aren't you afraid of losing your voice from want of practice?

Her Boast.

City Boy—Swampland, where we went this summer, was terrible hot.

Mother—Yes, it was.

"But you just told us as Stuckup you slept under blankets every other night. I mos' roasted."

"You forget, my pet, that you were not the one who had the ague."

At a Summer Hotel.

Stayhome—How was the weather where you were this summer?

Outer—Cool enough for blankets every night.

"My! My! I envy you."

"Y-e-s, but we hadn't the blankets."

His Opinion.

"In some parts of Africa," said Mrs. Naggs, who was perusing the village weekly, "a man can buy a wife for a clay pipe and a string of glass beads."

"Well," rejoined Naggs, "I suppose there are some wives who are really worth all of that."

Adjusting the Price.



The Subscriber—I would like to renew my subscription to the Weekly Wakeful.

Editor—All right, sir; we have plenty of potatoes, so you had better make it turnips.

Mrs. Lowerten Rebels.

Mrs. Lowerten—Is Mrs. Upperten at home?

Servant (snappishly)—She's out.

Mrs. Lowerten (quietly)—I happen to know that she is in, but her directions to you are quite excusable. She probably thinks that I am a bill collector.

When the present Czar was Czarevitch he was attacked by a fanatic in Otsu, Japan, and two jirikisha men assisted in rescuing him from his assailant. They have received a pension from Russia ever since. This year it was forwarded to them as usual, much to their surprise.

Miseries of Wealth.

Binks—There is a man who can afford to hang his overcoat on a fifty-dollar hall rack, instead of suspending it from a nail in the wall.

Winks—How do you know?

Binks—His overcoat is humpbacked.

In the Dim Future.

She—No, Mr. Smitten, I cannot accept you. I shall continue to wait until I meet the ideal man.

He—Well, here's hoping you will live till the millennium rolls around.

Experience as a Teacher.

Tom—Congratulate me, old man! Miss De Flypp has just presented me with the key to her heart.

Jack—I'll congratulate you later. It's dollars to doughnuts she'll have the lock changed to-morrow.

Ought to Be a Go.

"Say, old man, I'm writing a novel that is going to sell like wildfire."

"How's that?"

"When it's done I'm going to make the last chapter the first."—Detroit Free Press.

Soul Sorrow.

"Madam, your husband has been murdered and robbed."

"Just my luck! I forgot to go through his pockets last night."—Town Topics.

Former Senator Henry G. Davis and his son-in-law, Senator Stephen B. Elkins, have contributed \$100,000 to the Davis and Elkins College, just opened, at Elkins, W. Va.

"I'd like to show you a copy of the work I'm selling," said the agent. "It is something that interests every human being—'How to Live a Hundred Years.'"

"I've no use for it," said Gayboy. "unless it tells how to live a hundred years in ten years."—Chicago Tribune.

Feminine Charity.

Maud—Young Simkins is what I would call a prize idiot.

Clara—Then the report must be true.

Maude—What report?

Clara—That he has been making love to you, dear.

One or the Other.

"Yes," said Lowe Comedy. "I'm going to join a stock company in Chicago."

"Ah, what are your prospects? Do you expect to stay there for the entire season?" asked H Tragedy.

"Well, it will either be a long run or a long walk."—Philadelphia Press.

The Maiden's Reply.

Said he: "You're a peach. Fly with me."

She replied, as she dashed all his hope: "You're mistaken. A 'peach' did you say? Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IN FIELD OF HUSBANDRY

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND ORCHARDIST.

Elevation and Climate — California Mecca—Irrigation in Hawaii—Cranberry Culture—Pepper Trees for Honey—Horticultural Notes.

ELEVATION AND CLIMATE.

Everybody is familiar with the fact that elevation affects the climate. In California snow-capped mountains are numerous in summer, while in the plains below snow seldom falls in the coldest weather of winter. But how many can tell what rate elevation produces a change of temperature? In Draper's great work of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," Vol. I, p. 29, referring to the general elevation of Europe since the tertiary period of more than 2000 feet, he remarks that "an elevation of 350 feet is equal to one degree of cold in the mean annual temperature, or to sixty inches on the surface northward." At this rate the top of a mountain 15,000 feet high would be almost 43 degrees colder than the general elevation at the base; and so when the thermometer shows a temperature of 65 degrees at the base it would be 10 degrees below the freezing point at the top or 22 degrees Fahrenheit. With the temperature at 100 on the plains, it would be only 57 at the top of the mountain.

CALIFORNIA MECCA.

Our California Mecca in Riverside county, out on the desert 144 miles east of Los Angeles, equals the old Hebrew prophecy, "the desert shall blossom as the rose." It is a marvelous transformation which is taking place there. See the illustrations of the one-year-old vineyard, one-year-old Malaga grape vine, and the young fig orchard. Tropical vegetation only can exceed the growth of trees, vines, melons, alfalfa, beets, etc., at Mecca. With all of California and Arizona desert places to choose from the government has located its great date growing experiment at Mecca.—The Herald.

IRRIGATION IN HAWAII.

In the December number of the New York Review of Reviews there is an account by Lewis R. Freeman of the sugar industry in the Hawaiian islands which is both interesting and instructive. The subject is made highly attractive by several very fine half-tone illustrations of characteristic views which are more convincing than anything else could be. Through irrigation and improved methods almost an entire revolution in sugar production has already been accomplished, so that now, as Mr. Freeman says, "Hawaii, second to Cuba and Java, in the world's sugar product, has achieved an enviable position in twenty years of scientific cane-culture."

The crop average per acre on a four-thousand acre plantation is ten and a quarter tons of sugar, worth \$80 a ton in the open market. This plantation is but a few miles from the city limits of Honolulu. Irrigation is the chief cause of these vast yields, and of the increase in available cane land. This plantation lies on the leeward or dry side of Oahu, and was waste land until the discovery that it was underlaid with artesian water. In 1882 a government survey gave the sugar crop on the island as 3000 tons, raised without irrigation. In 1902, with irrigation, this island produced 107,870 tons.

The total Hawaiian sugar crop last year amounted to 437,000 tons. The ravages of the leaf hopper was brought to the islands a few years ago in an importation of foreign cane, but not until this year has its damage been serious. It cannot be controlled by straying and fumigation on account of the expense. The hope of the planters is in the discovery of a parasite. However, the yellow Caledonia variety of cane is not much injured by the leaf hopper and new plantings will be made of this variety until relief is found.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

When the conditions are right cranberry culture is a paying business. The berries, being firm, are good shippers, and there is little likelihood of loss in transit. More attention is being paid to the business of growing cranberries in Tillamook and Clatsop counties than in any other section of Oregon. Peat bogs are considered to be the best adapted to this business. The bog must be drained to about eighteen inches below the surface, and pure sand must be spread over it to a depth of several inches. The cuttings—which should be obtained from plants under cultivation if the best results are desired—are then set out, four in a hill, about a foot apart. Plants yield most abundantly from the third to the tenth year, and will then average 200 bushels to the acre. When it is known that \$2.50 per bushel is a good average per bushel is a good average price, the profit, after the first cost has been made up can easily be estimated. The first cost is really the only expense except picking, and this varies according to the locality. Cranberry culture might be called a one-man industry, since one man can easily handle a ten-acre marsh, except during harvest, when he secures help from the adjacent ranches or from the Indians.—Emma Seekle Marshall in Sunset.

PEPPER TREES FOR HONEY.

C. Modesto, writes the Cultivator, that a "tree man" told him that pepper trees on a place would spoil honey if one kept bees, while a "bee man," who keeps bees in his yard, stated that his bees get much good from the trees. He asks which is right. The bee man is certainly right. It is true that pepper belongs to a family of a family of a bad reputation as many of the trees are poisonous, like the oak, ivy, etc., yet in none of these cases is the nectar to be feared. The same report is often made of eucalyptus honey. I think it is very rare indeed, for any nectar to be poisonous. There are reports even from the time of Herodotus down to the present time of certain plants that furnish poisonous honey. The kalmi of our own southern States has this evil reputation, yet I have eaten freely of this honey and know the report is unfounded. Honey of any kind often makes certain people sick, sometimes very sick, and I have reason to believe that this fact is the source of these ill founded reports. I have known the bees to work on peppers almost every year for the past ten years, and had I bees, I should rejoice in abundant peppers in my neighborhood as I should, were there numerous eucalypts.

Horticultural Notes.

(California Cultivator).

A borax mine has recently been discovered in the Frazier mountains sixty miles west of Lancaster.

The people of Poplar, Tulare county, are talking of forming a company to bore for artesian water and gas.

Pasadena anticipates getting up a finer tournament of roses for January 2d than any yet given by that city.

The hunters about Santa Maria are talking about getting up a cayote drive to rid the country of these farmers' pests.

The Santa Rosa Republican says in the light of recent developments, it is believed that the California Northwestern railway will be converted from a steel road to an electric line.

About fifty cars of oranges were shipped out of Pomona for the Christmas trade and according to the Progress of that place, they netted the growers over \$50,000. This record is a great improvement over the last year's Christmas business.

The Holstein men of California are trying to have the National Holstein-Friesian association of America hold its next informal session at San Francisco. Owing to the by-laws, a regular meeting of the association can not be held outside the State of New York.

Young hens of last spring's hatch are selling at \$6 per dozen, thorough-breds are selling for considerably more. Every farm should have from two to five hundred laying hens to meet current expenses. They beat the dairy four to one in a dry year.—Lompoc Record.