

THE BEET

From an exchange we are pleased to reprint the following unusual article, in which some of the possibilities of the future are suggested:

School debaters will soon be able to add to their list of stock subjects for debate, the question: "Which is the greater friend of man, the potato or the beet?" And there will be a lot to say in favor of the beet. Some of our millions of minor American poets might compose an ode to this vegetable. The beet is a prolific producer of succulent root and the coarser kinds make excellent cattle feed.

People who keep poultry hang a beet up in the chicken house and it is a great thing for the chickens to have to peck at; it exercises them in winter and also gives them needed vegetable matter. The finer varieties of beets make a grand dish for the table, either boiled or pickled, and the tops are fine for greens. The variety of beet known as chard is one of the most useful vegetables in the whole catalog of garden stuff. In this beet the growth goes to the tops and yields an inexhaustible supply of greens the season through—or the year round in some latitudes.

The possibilities of the humble beet are shown by the fact that by careful selection it has been encouraged to produce up to 25 percent of sugar. A beet is an individual sugar factory, and its importance as such is shown by the fact that when the war started practically half the world's consumption of sugar was derived from beets. And the latest thing is that specially selected beets are being sold by seedsmen for planting in flower gardens; the foliage is so beautiful that these beets are now used for purely ornamental purposes.

One advantage of the beet is that it doesn't exhaust the soil as most vegetables do; on the contrary it helps build up the soil. If someone would only develop a strain of beets that would give milk, produce butter and lay eggs, all would be forgiven.

You think this is a joke, but it isn't; vegetable dairy and poultry products will be the common thing before many years. The possibilities are there; they merely await the patience and energy of some Edison or Burbank to see and develop them. The time is coming when the equivalent of meat, milk, butter and eggs will be raised in the home garden, as well as starch, sugar, etc. And in addition alcohol for running autos and farm motors, if not to get drunk on, will likewise be produced locally.

A "BOBBIE"

In America policemen are commonly called "cops" or "coppers" presumably because they "cop" or capture evildoers. The policemen of England and particularly London are popularly called "bobbies," a name

that is familiar to nearly all English-speaking people, thanks to the newspapers and the widespread habit of reading novels.

In all probability few would ever guess how this name came to be applied to them so we propose to "spill the beans." Years ago Sir Robert Peel was instrumental in having a regular police force take the place of the old constabulary. Shortly afterward some wag began speaking of the officers as "bobbies," playing familiarly on Sir Robert's name, and this nickname soon became a permanent fixture. They have also been called "peelers," from the surname Peel, but "bobbies" is the more common and generally used nickname.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST HOURS

One of Mark Twain's closest friends was Dan Beard, the artist, who illustrated a number of his works and who was with the humorist when he passed to "that unknown and silent shore." Speaking of him sometime after his death, Mr. Beard said:

There was a side of Mark Twain's nature that most persons never knew. He was one of the bravest men I ever knew. He knew he was going to die—knew it days before he passed away. You may know that the cause of his death was angina pectoris. In his last days he was seized frequently with paroxysms of pain but he never lost his patience or good humor. He would come out of one of these paroxysms with a smile on his face and a joke on his lips.

Mr. Clemens died on Thursday. He was joking with his friends almost up to the hour of his death. His only daughter was with him constantly. On the Wednesday before he died I went up to the house and his daughter came out weeping. Naturally I jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Clemens was dead but she assured me that he was still alive.

"I knew that my father was dying," she said, "but I was not prepared for the doctor's statement that he might not live through the day. Like any other woman would have done, I broke down. Father reproved me. He said: 'Daughter, you must not weep. Your mother never shed tears, neither did your father. I am an old man; my race is run. All of my playmates, boys and girls, and men and women, have gone. There is none left except Henry Watter-son. I am not afraid to die.'"

HER NAME IS A PALINDROME

Apropos of the signature of Wm. Smith which reads the same, no matter which side of the paper is held up, as was illustrated in the Pathfinder several weeks ago, a Deseret, Utah, reader tells us that the bearer of the name, Norma Damron, discovered when she was nine years old that the name reads the same backward as forward. It is therefore a palindrome and a remarkable one for the reason that it was evidently purely accidental.

A palindrome it will be recalled, is a word, phrase or clause that reads the same from right to left as from left to right. A classical example is "Madam I'm Adam," reputed to have been the form used by Adam in introducing himself to Eve in the garden of Eden.