

Old Favorites

Nature's Fidelity.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life
To lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thought, that neither evil
tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of self-
ish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is,
nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we
behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain-winds be
free
To blow against thee: and, in after
years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be mat-
ured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies;
oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what heal-
ing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!
—William Wordsworth.

The Empty Cradle.

Little empty cradle, treasured now with
care;
Oh, the happy burden it has gone,
Gone to join the angels, peace forever
more;
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.
Chorus—
Baby left her cradle for the golden
shore;
O'er the silver waters she has gone,
Gone to join the angels, peace forever
more;
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

In a quiet valley there's a grassy
mound;
There my little darling lies alone;
Violets and roses blooming all around,
Over her the weeping willows moan.

Baby is in heaven, beckoning us to
come,
Come to meet her on the golden
shore;
Leave this world of sorrow for the
heaven above,
Where we shall ever part no more.

DEVICES RAILROAD TICKET.

Agent Invents Long-Distance Form That Saves Time and Money.

What is expected to revolutionize the universal passenger-ticket system now in use is the Parker junction coupon ticket, the fruit of the inventive brain of William S. Parker, ticket agent at the union depot here, an Ottumwa (Iowa) correspondent of the New York Herald says. The new ticket is now in the hands of the committee on universal tickets, and its worth will probably be acknowledged by the acceptance of the ticket.

Aside from the fact that it shortens the cumbersome long ticket, the new ticket, it is said, will prove a boon to the railroads adopting it. It cuts down printing bills, lessens the size of the ticket holders in the offices and practically does away with nine-tenths of the clerical work of the ticket seller now necessary.

The new ticket is in the form of a small booklet, fastened together by brass clasps, and is sufficiently small to be carried in the vest pocket.

By using the Parker junction ticket the railroad offices will no longer have to keep in stock from 1,000 to 1,500 different forms of tickets, but will have to employ not more than forty-five forms. Five forms cover all the business east of Chicago, while twenty-six forms supply the want of visitors to western cities, no matter how circuitous a route may be taken.

Another feature of the Parker ticket is that the passenger knows exactly what he or she purchases. It does not require a veteran railroad man to understand it, and when large cities are reached the passenger will not have to suffer the irritable inconvenience now necessary by awaiting the process that is necessary for the long tickets to go through at the hands of the gatekeepers.

To the railroad company the new ticket will appeal as a great saver not only in office room but in fixtures as well. The present tickets for long passage needed a case seven feet high by six and a half feet wide, while the Parker system will need only a small box nine inches wide by eighteen inches long.

When a patron calls for a ticket from Ottumwa to New York with a stopover privilege at Buffalo, and passes east of Chicago by two or three routes, all that is necessary for the agent to do is to reach into the Chicago and eastern drawer, pull out two or three different forms, and, placing them together, put the booklet under the punch to apply the brass clasp, and it is surrendered to the patron.

The conductors will be able to work the Parker ticket in the same easy manner that tickets from Ottumwa to Albia are worked. All that is necessary for the uniformed men to do is to take a hasty glance at the transportation, punch it where necessary, or take off the form that has been traveled and hand the booklet back to the passenger.

Mr. Parker has long been trying to devise an improvement over the old system of tickets, but had not worked steadily on his invention before last September. Since that time, however,

he has perfected the scheme, and it is now in the hands of the ticket committee of the various roads. Mr. Parker has been in the railroad business for the last thirty-one years and has been an agent at the union depot here for twenty years.

PAID IN PELTS.

When Tennessee Was Known as the State of Franklin.

Probably few people know that the original name of the State of Tennessee was Franklin or that in 1783 the salaries of the officers of the commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law:

"Be it enacted by the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1783, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows—to wit:

"His excellency the governor per annum, 100 deerskins.
"His honor the chief justice, 500 deerskins.

"The secretary to his excellency the governor, 500 raccoon skins.
"County clerk, 300 beaver skins.

"Clerk of the house of commons, 200 raccoon skins.
"Justice's fee for serving a warrant, one minkskin."

At that time the State of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi River, and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a terra incognita, save a few canoe landings and Indian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana and in 1805 was made the territory of Louisiana.

The State of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost as little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

Pelts were as plentiful in those days as pennies and much better distributed for purposes of currency and barter.

LIKE SCENE IN A PLAY.

Zelaya, the extraordinary man who for sixteen years retained the presidency of Nicaragua, only to lose it because he went too far in offending the government of the United States, has all the "temperament" of the Latin race. Brave and ambitious, he was never satisfied unless he performed his coups d'etat in the most dramatic fashion possible. This story the New York Sun tells of him:

His spies once brought him information that a revolution was being planned by several of his army officers. They were to meet on a certain evening at the house of one of the conspirators to arrange the final details.

While they were eagerly discussing the best way to seize the president, the door opened and in walked Zelaya himself.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" he said, pleasantly. "I heard you had a party here this evening, and I have dropped in to share the fun. Quite a distinguished gathering! You are discussing military matters, no doubt?"

He went on, chatting affably for a half-hour, while his enemies were torn with fear and suspense. Did he know of the plot? Most of them thought he did, and wondered whether they had better not put a bullet in him at once. But he was so cordial, so thoroughly at ease that they hesitated.

Presently he rose, poured out some wine, and raised his glass.

"A toast, gentlemen," he said. "Here's long life to the President of Nicaragua and confusion to all traitors!"

As he spoke he hurled the glass against the window, where it smashed in pieces with a crash. The door flew open, and thirty or forty soldiers, who had been waiting outside for the signal, rushed in. All the plotters were convicted, but the president dealt leniently with them. Some were imprisoned and some exiled, but none were shot.

Oiling the Atlantic.

Pouring oil on the troubled waters will be much more than a metaphor if a plan offered by the U. S. Hydrographic Office is carried out. Its serious proposal is to keep the path between New York and the northern European ports well oiled so that the waves may be kept down and passengers may cross in perfect comfort.

The Hydrographic Office knows a lot about waves, and claims that nothing is so bad for 'em as oil. Moreover, oil spreads quickly and thinly over the water, and hence the calming can be done at small expense. A quart of cheap petroleum an hour for each ship would, they say, do the work in decent weather, and twenty-five dollars per trip ought to cover it easily. With the big liners constantly passing, the part carried away by the ocean currents would be restored without delay.

Maybe some day we shall have a wrecking crew to repair mid-ocean washouts in the oil track. Meanwhile the Hydrographic Office will need more than crude oil to calm the storm of ridicule which this plan of theirs has awakened. Veteran sea captains claim that they have never yet seen an ocean that would hold still long enough to be oiled.—Success Magazine.

Envy.

"Don't you think envy is a terrible thing?" said the earnest girl.
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "not if it's the envy of some one else for something you possess."—Washington Star

\$2,000,000,000 A YEAR TO FEED

OUR PESTS



Pests of various kinds cost the American citizen the staggering sum of \$2,000,000,000 annually, according to the Washington Post. "If," said Henry Wethersbee Henshaw, "we could get Congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the extermination of the English sparrow—which we couldn't; and having the million could thereby exterminate the aforesaid English sparrow—which again we wouldn't—it would be a million mightily well invested!" That sounds rather startling, but Dr. Henshaw is assistant chief of the biological survey, and speaks as one having authority.

And that is not half so startling as some of the other figures they can give you at the Agricultural Department on the cost of little things—things some of them almost microscopically small. According to experts in the biological survey, the smaller mammals, for the most part rodents, cost the farmers of the country something like \$130,000,000 a year. And that's a pretty big board bill! But it pales into insignificance beside the tribute exacted from the same farmer by the insect pests. According to C. L. Marlatt, assistant chief of the Bureau of Entomology, injurious insects cost the farmer about 10 per cent of his produce.

According to the last Agricultural

Department report, the value of farm products for 1908-09 was estimated at \$8,760,000,000, as against \$7,881,000,000 for the previous year. And if the insects laid upon the farmer the minimum of their yearly tax they would cost him \$876,000,000. This does not include "two very legitimate items, namely, the loss occasioned by insect pests to farm products, chiefly cereals and forage crops, in storage, and to natural forests and forest products." To each of these at least \$100,000,000 more must be assigned, making the total tax chargeable to insects last year \$1,076,000,000.

The "critter" known to the cotton planter as the boll worm and to the farmer as the head or ear worm is the costliest of the pests, taking one year with another. He is credited with destroying 2 per cent of the corn crop, in point of value and quantity the most important of Uncle Sam's crops, and 4 per cent of the cotton crop, which comes next in value. The corn crop has been steadily climbing up toward the billion and a half mark for the last few years. At that rate this particular worm has cost the country \$70,000,000. And there's the price of several Dreadnoughts gone into the maw of one measly little worm!

Equally costly is the Hessian fly,

which is specifically a wheat pest, though it also does considerable damage to rye and barley.

The aforementioned Hessian fly inflicts more damage on wheat than any other insect does on any one other crop. It is credited with a minimum destruction of 10 per cent of the wheat crop—say of \$60,000,000, as crops are running now—and with easily \$10,000,000 damage each year to rye and barley. And there's another \$70,000,000 and a few more Dreadnoughts accounted for!

Next comes the chinch bug, which attacks both corn and wheat, and to a certain extent the other cereals. It is estimated as accountable for 2 per cent of the corn crop and 5 per cent of the wheat crop—about \$30,000,000 on each, and some slight damage—a few millions a year perhaps—to other crops. Chalk up \$60,000,000, anyhow, to the chinch, and let it go at that.

While the great farm staples pay toll to destructive insects to the tune of about 10 per cent of their value, the fruit and truck farmers lose double that. The codling moth, for instance, costs the apple growers somewhere between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000 a year. There are the various scale insects, including the San Jose scale, whose depredations were at one time regarded so seriously that it was

considered necessarily fatal to any orchard in which it made its appearance, and many thousands of trees were destroyed in the hope of exterminating it. In the truck garden every vegetable has its own particular enemies. There are rootworms as well as fruitworms, and leafworms to boot. There are more varieties of plant lice than are dreamed of in the average mortal's philosophy. There are several special weevils for beans and peas. And there are beetles and borers, home-grown and imported.

It is estimated that every rat in the United States costs the citizens at least 2 cents a day for his keep. Unfortunately it has been impossible to get anything like an official census of the number of the pestiferous rodents supported, but considering that they breed three or four times a year; that the female begins breeding at three months, and produces from seven or eight to a dozen or more at each brood, it is easy to see that even Uncle Sam cannot afford to pay \$7.30 a year apiece for the pleasure of maintaining them. It is the farmer who pays the greater part of this board bill. Mice also lay a very heavy tax upon both town and country.

Ground squirrels cause a loss of many millions of dollars a year in the States west of the Mississippi, where grain is grown in large quantities. It is estimated that in California alone they eat up \$2,000,000 worth of wheat each year, and in Washington they do equal damage. Entire townships have been made barren by their ravages, and Kansas, Colorado and other Western States besides Texas have been working for years to get rid of them. Kansas is succeeding, but she has been for some years appropriating \$100,000 a year to the work.

The birds, the natural enemies of the insects, have been hunted mercilessly. It is only lately that any effort has been made to stop their absolutely useless slaughter. In many States their real value to the farmer was not understood.

WOMEN AND LOVE.

Only the Isolated Girl Able to Keep Illusions as Time Passes.

In Harper's Bazar Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, has an interesting article on love. She knows her subject well. Among other things she says this:

"We all know that the older girls grow, the more difficult are they to please in the matter of man; that is to say, when they have the opportunity to meet a reasonable number of men. It is only the sidetracked girl (generally in small towns deserted by the young men) or the too sheltered girl, who keeps her illusions. Women that see too much of men soon lose these. In mixed colleges the process of disenchantment begins just that much earlier—and in the most plastic years of the human mind. The girls who, almost shamefacedly, announce their engagements immediately upon the close of their collegiate career, are the undeviatingly maternal, those in whom love of children is so deeply implanted that no amount of contact (save matrimonial) can rub off the masculine halo. Others may have quite as much good looks and even charm, may even have a certain youthful element after romance, but the maternal element in them does not predominate, and that leaves them free to pause and think, consider; to see the male animal, with which they have rubbed elbows for several years, exactly as he is. Therefore, they conclude to wait a few years and seek the opportunities to meet men that can companion them, give them something more than a brief romance, a family, or an establishment. Sometimes these girls, particularly if they discover ability enough to make an interesting career, do not marry at all. No man fulfills their ideals of what a life companion should be; they conclude that happiness is to be found alone, not in the surrender of liberty to some one man who may develop all sorts of detestable traits.

"GRAND OLD WOMAN" IS DEAD.

Miss Spence of Australia Was a Friend of Children of Her Country.

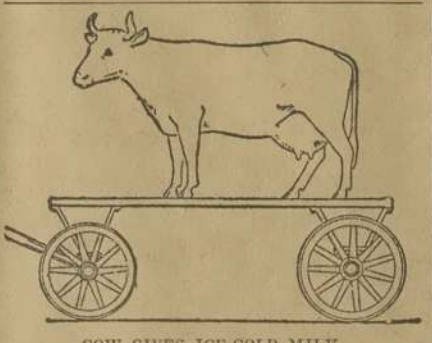
When Miss Catherine Helen Spence, the "grand old woman of Australia," died not long ago the children of her country lost one of their best friends. It was Miss Spence who, in conjunction with Miss Emily Clark, initiated the Australian system for the care of dependent and delinquent children, a system which is the envy of social workers in more than one other country. Old as she was, according to the New York Tribune, she filled up to the time of her death a seat on the state children's council and also on the destitute board of South Australia. But Miss Spence was never really old, though she had lived 85 years when she died. She took the warmest interest in all that her friends were doing. She mothered and brought up one after another three families of children. Her public work was many sided. The English colony in South Australia, to which, as a young girl, Miss Spence went from Scotland, was not at all like the colonies founded later by gold seekers. It was a colony established by idealists, with dreams of just laws and pure electoral con-

ditions. Miss Spence took all this in at the impressionable age and all her life she preached and worked for the voice of the people in government. In 1893 Miss Spence traveled in America, speaking at the World's Fair in Chicago and in many other cities.

HERE IS A FREAK PATENT.

This Refrigerator Cow, When Milked Gives Ice-Cold Fluid.

A curious idea for milk carts is contained in this patent, applied for in 1898. Just what it is intended for is told by the inventor himself: "My invention is a new and useful improvement in milk refrigerators and delivery apparatus, and has for its object the provision of a device that resembles a life-sized cow, in which milk may be stored and kept at a proper temperature, and from which it may be drawn as occasion requires after the manner of milking a cow. Within the body are receptacles or compartments, each of which is provided with a cover and adapted to contain the desired quantity of milk. By the use of two receptacles two quantities of milk may be stored at the same time, such as sweet milk and buttermilk. In the bottom of each of the receptacles is located a valve having a spring for normally holding it in place, so as to prevent the downflowing of the milk. Each of the teats has a toggle-lever connected to a lift-rod, and when the latter is raised the valve is lifted and the milk flows out of the teats. By proper manipulation of this device a



COW GIVES ICE-COLD MILK.

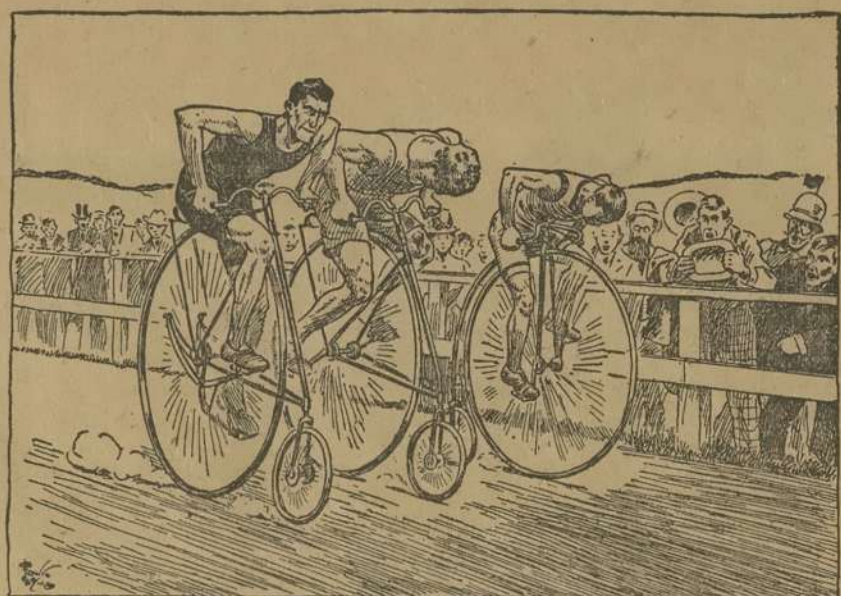
realistic representation may be had of the milking of a cow.

"The portion of the body of the imitation cow not occupied by the milk receptacles is utilized for the storing of ice to maintain the milk at a proper temperature. The imitation cow stands riveted to a wagon platform, and is drawn through the streets in the same manner as an ordinary milk cart."—Scientific American.

Pretty Legend About Corn.

There is a beautiful Seneca story of the origin of corn in Canfield's "Legends of the Iroquois," as follows: "Long and earnestly a young brave wooed a beautiful maiden and at last gained her consent to live in his wigwam. Fearing that she might be stolen by one of her many admirers he might be near to protect her. One night he was awakened by a light footstep and, starting up, saw his loved one stealing out of her lodge as a sleep walker. He pursued her, but as if fleeing in her dreams from a danger that threatened her life, she ran from him like a fleet-footed hare. On and on he pursued and finally

YESTERDAYS.



—Minneapolis Journal.

drew so near that he could hear her quick breath and the rapid beating of her heart. With all his remaining strength the lover sprang forward and clasped the maiden's form to his breast. What was not his grief and astonishment when he found that his arms clasped not the maiden he loved, but a strange plant the like of which he had never seen before. The maiden had awakened just as her lover overtook her, and, frightened at her surroundings, she was transformed. She had raised her arms just as her lover caught her and her uplifted hands were changed to ears of corn and where her fingers caught her hair the maize bears beautiful silken threads."

BE FAT AND SO BE HAPPY.

Stout People May Read This and Get Encouragement from It.

Fat is often unappreciated or misunderstood and unduly blamed for sins of delinquencies of other body foods, the Medical Record says. From 15 to 20 per cent of each healthy body is composed of fat and its chief sources are the starches and sugars, though certain fats are directly utilized.

The weight of present opinion is in favor of the view that fats are completely decomposed in the intestine and that the fatty acids formed are absorbed, either as soaps or in a solution brought about by the bile.

As a source of energy for the development of heat, fat may be described as quickly available, but not so lasting as some other substances. By its concentrated fuel power it saves other tissues, especially the albuminous ones from over-oxidation and is valuable as a reserve force.

Moreover, by its presence the protein is better enabled to do its work in tissue building and as a storage of energy for emergencies it is of great importance. The last material use of fat is to serve as a protection of the body from injury and cold. It forms an outer cushion for the frame.

From an aesthetic standpoint the physiological and orderly distribution of fat in the connective tissue makes

all the difference between beauty and ugliness. In considering the psychic role of fat we should specially bear in mind, G. M. Miles says, its reserve function in relation to active vital processes. A liberal deposition of fat is one of nature's wise precautions to enable us to bear some of the trials of life. It has been known from earliest antiquity that fat people are more contented and optimistic than lean ones and the supply of fat may be compared to the ample bank account of a busy and provident man.

Niles says that he believes he is correct in asserting that a physiological reserve of fat by its very presence exerts a quieting and reassuring influence on the vital forces most concerned in constructive metabolism, while its lack leads to a physical discontent and unrest, which sooner or later reacts on the disposition, developing into the pessimism and temperamental discontent so often seen in lean people.

Considerate.

"What shall we do, John," said the farmer's wife, who had retained much of her sentiment through twenty-five years of married life—"what shall we do to celebrate our silver wedding?" "Reckon up, where all the silver's gone to in bringing up our family," grumbled he.

"Oh, no, John; it must be something real good and out of the ordinary. I tell you what. Let us kill the fattest pig and give a banquet."

"Maria," said the husband solemnly, "I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

Manifested the Makings.

Alderman Smith's baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents.

"I believe," said the proud mother, "that he is going to be a great politician some day."

"Why?" asked the ruddy faced father.

"Well, because he crawls out of everything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.—Lippincott's