

Just for a day in dear old boy-time
places,
Back to the river's edge where willows
grew,
Where shadow deep and sunbeam inter-
laces,
And water lilies in the bayous blew.

The narrow path thro' fragrant mea-
dows stealing,
That led to distant wood, dank, cool
and sweet,
Where ran the brook with silvery laugh-
ter pealing,
And rippled softly at my bare, brown
feet.

I'd like to listen to the song birds calling
And hear again the sad-voiced whip-
poorwill
Where 'round the place the shadows
gaunt were falling—
Calling to its mate beyond the hill.

I'm sick of 'factory's frown and grimy
city,
The greed of man that everlasting
lives;
I want to go where sacrifice and pity
Are lost in what the dream of boy-time
gives!

—New York Globe.

FLIPPING THE COIN.

ALTON brought the automobile to a stop at the crest of a hill. Below was a vista of green fields and winding white roads. Beyond, the ragged line of hills stood out sharply against the sky.

"Isn't it splendid, Dan?" said Alicia, with appreciative enthusiasm. "I didn't really know there were such bits of landscape about here."

Alton settled back comfortably on the cushions. With studied deliberation he lighted a cigar and puffed away several moments before he turned to the girl.

"I thought I'd stop in the pleasantest spot I know of," he explained. "We'll probably stay here for some time."

"Indeed?" she said.

"We shall stay here until you decide," he affirmed.

"Decide what?" she said.

"Decide to answer the question I asked you a short time since; the one, in fact, I have asked you repeatedly during the last year."

Alicia frowned.

"You develop determination rather suddenly," she observed.

"Exactly," he returned, stolidly.

"Well," she said, "you may as well go on. I'm not ready to answer you yet."

"Alicia," he said, gravely, "it's not fair to treat me in this way. You should give me an answer, one way or the other."

"And either answer would be quite welcome after this patient wait of yours," she mocked.

"Did I say so?" he asked, quickly.

"It is evident I'm not worth waiting for," she said, looking pensively across the valley.

"You are worth waiting for forever," he declared, stoutly, "but it isn't fair to keep me in suspense like this. You know as well now as you ever will."

"There are pros and cons to be weighed thoroughly before I decide," she said. "A man always thinks a woman can decide offhand a matter of the gravest import."

Alton's eyes twinkled.

"Heaven forbid!" he muttered.

Alicia flashed him an angry glance.

"We may as well be going," she said with some constraint. "It's growing late."

"I haven't my answer yet," Alton reminded her.

"If you intend to wait for that, I'll walk home," she said.

Alton sat erect and knocked the ashes from his cigar. He drew a penny from his pocket and laid it on his knee with exaggerated care.

"I've a proposition to make," he said, slowly. "It seems that you have no intention of definitely settling this matter. Therefore, suppose we let Fate decide it with the turn of this coin. If it comes 'head,' you'll marry me in June; if 'tails,' I'll leave the field to other suitors. Is it agreed?"

The girl turned her eyes and gazed at him silently. There was unutterable scorn in that look.

"We'd better go back," she said, icily.

Alton turned the automobile and they sped homeward over the hard white roads. Alicia sat silently beside him. Her head was turned away, but he could see the angry color in her cheek.

Instead of being crushed, as it was meant he should have been, he seemed vastly amused. For some time he made no attempt to resume conversation.

"Alicia," he said at length, "have I blundered again? Are you angry?"

"I didn't think you were capable of such a thing," she said, wrathfully. "You have said my answer meant everything in the world to you; but how much do you care if you are willing to leave it to the turn of a coin?"

"Everything," he said imperturbably.

"You can't, or you'd never have suggested such a hazard," she declared.

"I was desperate," he said with becoming meekness.

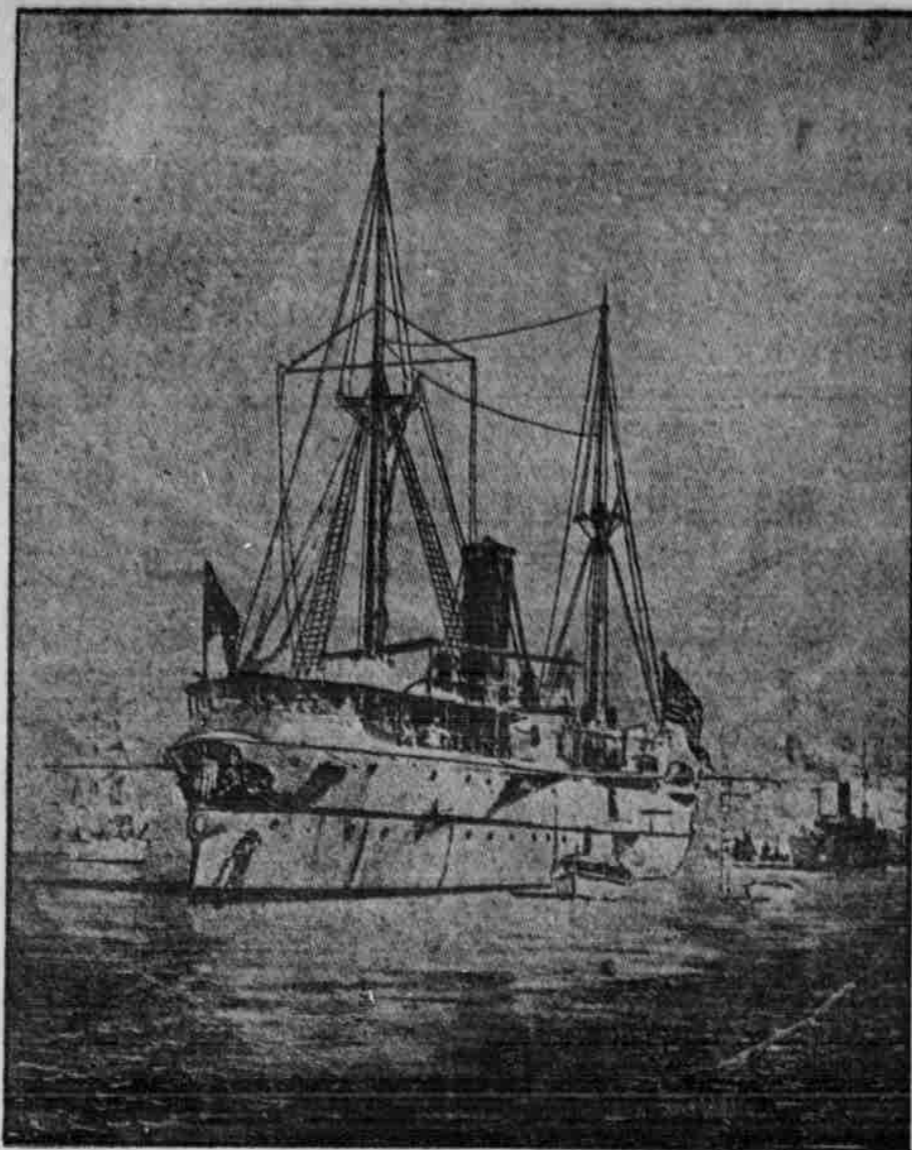
"Perhaps we'd best say nothing more about it," she said.

"And, with all this I haven't my answer," he complained.

Alicia's face was calmly disdainful.

"Dan," she said, "it seems to me you might guess, after what has happened,

THE BENNINGTON DISASTER.



THE U. S. GUNBOAT BENNINGTON.

The explosion on the United States gunboat Bennington at San Diego, in which one officer and more than fifty men were killed, has been attributed to a defect in the boiler. The discussion of the disaster shows a tendency toward putting the blame on a bad system rather than upon mere accidental carelessness of individuals, says the San Francisco Argonaut. It is pointed out that the act of 1890 amalgamated engineer officers with line officers in response to a general demand, inspired by social considerations. Engineers didn't like to be called engineers, and so a law was passed transforming them to ensigns, lieutenants, etc. But those line officers soon showed tendencies toward shouldering the more practical duties of their positions upon their subordinates, the warrant machinists, they themselves merely bossing the job. But good warrant machinists are scarce; trained engineers are scarce. In six years the number of trained engineers has diminished from 181 to about 120. Fifty-seven of these are on shore duty. Thus, it is said, the engine rooms of our vessels are under-manned. Eight years ago the Bennington carried two trained engineer officers, one of whom had had twenty-three years' experience. The officer in charge of the Bennington's engines on the date of the explosion was a youth not yet 26, graduated from Annapolis in 1902. It is said, further, that there were no warrant machinists on the Bennington—only machinists' mates, who get \$40 to \$70 a month. The Army and Navy Journal admits that the law of 1890 has "impaired engineer efficiency throughout the navy."

what my answer will be. If you were willing to leave it all to chance—" "Chance?" he cried.

"Certainly," she cried, "the chance of a coin's turn."

Alton threw back his head and laughed heartily. Alicia watched him in amazement. Then his face became grave.

"Pardon, Alicia," he apologized, "but those remarks about chance are amusing. Did you imagine for a minute that I would trust to the turn of an ordinary penny?"

He drew the penny again from his pocket and laid it in her hand.

"It wasn't coined at a mint," he explained. "Kindly examine it carefully and tell me what you find."

Alicia bent over the penny.

"Why it's—it's 'heads' on both sides, Dan," she said.

"That's the chance I took," he said. "Shall we leave it to the coin now?"

Alicia was looking across the fields.

"If—if you like, Dan," she said.—New York Daily News.

INDIAN BASKET-MAKING.

How the Big Demand Has Lowered the Quality of Supply.

It is becoming more and more difficult, it is said, to secure finely woven Indian baskets, and consequently to form collections of the basketry of the aboriginal American. Fewer of the fine baskets are being made and the number of those who desire to make collections is increasing, says the New York Tribune. It is estimated that baskets valued at \$5,000,000 have been taken from California and Arizona within the last two years. Not all of these, however, were of the kind sought by the most exacting collectors. So heavy has been the demand that the southwest has been well-nigh denuded of the finer baskets. Most of the baskets now obtainable are made hurriedly and to fulfill the demands made by collectors. The Indians do not spend the same amount of time upon them as when they made baskets to be handed down as heirlooms. In some cases it is not possible for them to find the durable grasses which they once used, for civilization has extinguished them.

Some of the earlier baskets were the products of months of labor. Many of these cannot be bought for less than \$25, and as high as \$1,000 has been paid for specimens. The kind of basket that can be bought for \$1.50 or \$2 is not the kind which the experienced collector will accept. He wants a basket which illustrates the artistic taste and the skill of a tribe, not a "pot boiler."

At one time basket-making was an art carried on by all the tribes of Pacific Coast Indians from Alaska to Mexico. At present the tribes of Arizona make most of the baskets. The Moki, or Hopi, and the Apaches make many baskets and plaques. The Pimas and Maricopas formerly made fine baskets and some of the former do to-day. The Pimas learned the art from the Maricopas when the latter sought shelter among them from the slaughter of the Yumas, about 100 years ago. The Maricopas have allowed their basket

weaving to cease, while the Pimas are again taking it up.

The cheap modern baskets have heavy fibers and coarse stitches or strands. The choicest baskets and those sought by the connoisseur are delicately woven with mellow-colored markings and soft, flexible strands. The latter are so well put together that they will hold water. It is said to be almost out of the question to form a complete collection of baskets and to make a collection of fifty or sixty good ones showing the different stages of development means hundreds of miles of travel to the reservations and the expenditure of much money and much speech in coaxing the remnants of the old tribes to part with their woven treasures.

Merely a Parable.

It is regrettable but true that among our colored brethren of the sunny South the stealing of poultry is not considered a heinous sin. Indeed, they seem to look upon the matter very much as did Huckleberry Finn, who said, if I remember rightly, that his "pap" always took along a chicken when it didn't seem to be "roosting comfortable," because even if he didn't need it himself it was an easy matter to find somebody who did. An amusing story is told of how a negro preacher once took advantage of this weakness among his parishioners.

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning he announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken-house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of his fowls had disappeared.

"I doan' want ter be pussional, bredren," he added, "but I hab my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. I also hab reason foh believin' dat if I am right in dese suspicious dat pussion won't put any money in de plate which will now be passed around."

The result was a fine collection, not a single member of the congregation felgning sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward.

"Now, bredren," he said, "I doan' want your dinnels to be spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable, gotten up foh purpose of finances."—Popular Magazine.

No Time for Athletics.

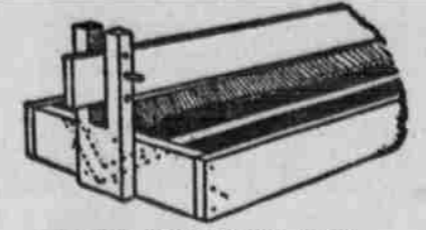
Japanese students and schoolboys twenty years ago had no appreciation of athletics. They took too serious a view of their duties to waste on games the time that might be devoted to studies and they had to be driven by their early English professors and teachers into the playgrounds as though to a disagreeable task. Now they take a keen interest in rowing, lawn tennis and baseball, though cricket with its long periods of enforced inactivity does not appeal to them.

Isn't this the way good advice goes the world over? To-day we saw one of our associates writing a piece about the folly of drinking ice water. Then he went over to the tank and filled up on it.



Clean Water for Hogs.

How to provide clean water for the hog is one of the problems. It is difficult to devise any means by which water can be kept before the swine at all times and yet be so arranged that the hogs will not wallow in it. It appears, however, as though a valuable suggestion looking to the solution of this point has been made in a late issue of the Iowa Homestead by a Kansas farmer who suggests a plan from which the accompanying cut has



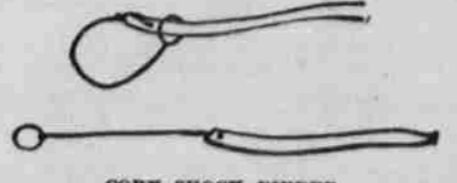
WATER TROUGH FOR HOGS.

been made. Writing to our contemporary this man says:

"It is my opinion that many of the maladies and much of the fatalities among hogs is due to carelessness on the part of the owner by which the hog is compelled to take into his system large quantities of filth in his drinking water. I know where there are wallowing places it is indeed a problem to prevent this, because if there is one thing which a hog delights in more than another it is to bathe himself in mud and then try to dry it off in the drinking trough, and he generally succeeds quite well. And a bunch of them can usually put three or four inches of mud in the bottom of a trough in a single week. I enclose you a drawing illustrating the plan that I have used for some time in trying to keep my troughs clean. The trough in this case is made out of two planks, one 2x8 and the other 2x6, a piece of eight-inch plank 15 inches long nailed on each end. To this in turn two other planks are nailed, thus furnishing an agency for scraping off considerable mud from the hogs while they are drinking. I then nail on an upright, as is indicated in the illustration, mortised out so that a plank may be raised or lowered directly above the center of the trough, the height depending upon the size of the hogs that have access to the trough. I acknowledge that it takes a little labor to make troughs of this kind, but where one has a big bunch of hogs I believe that he can save the price of his material and labor almost every day."

Corn Shock Binder.

I have seen two articles of late telling how to tie the corn in the shock. Will give my way, which I believe to be more rapid than either the former articles teach. The accompanying cuts will give the idea at a glance. I take a curved stick (the end of a buggy shaft is best) about 30 inches long. Bore a half-inch hole 3 inches from the larger end and put through it a piece of rope 12 inches long and tie the ends together, forming a ring or loop. Into this loop tie a piece of rope 3 1/2 feet long, or longer if very large shocks are to be tied. To the other end of this rope tie a 4-inch ring made of 1/2-inch rod (I use an old breeching ring). This makes the compressor complete as shown at Fig. 1. In tying the shock take the stick in your right hand and throw the rope and ring around the shock. Catch ring in left hand and slip stick through it as far as you can, then bring stick to the right until other end passes through the ring, as shown at Fig. 2, when the shock is ready for tying and the compressor



CORN SHOCK BINDER.

can be turned loose, as it will stay in place. This implement can be used for a two-fold purpose. In husking corn I use a shorter one like this for tying stover. Untie the shock and lay it down, then as you pull the ears off gather the stalks in your hands, have the binder lying straight out at your side, and when you get an armful lay the stover across the rope, pick up the ring in one hand and the stick in the other, slip ring over end of stick and slip down until entire stick has passed through the ring the same as in tying shocks. Tie twine around the bundle, which can then be reshocked if not ready to haul. This way takes a little more time at first, but saves time and trouble when you come to haul, and the stover will take less room in the shed.—J. H. Freeman.

Sod-Bound Fruit Trees.

Sod-bound trees are not very common, but they are to be met with. When a tree has made a good growth and has spread out its top to cover its feet there is little danger of its becoming sod-bound, for the branches of the tree catch most of the sunshine and the grass growth below is meager. The sod-bound condition comes when the tree is either very young or so old that the leaves are thin and few. The young tree that is set in grass ground and has never obtained a very good hold of the ground is the one most likely to become sod-bound, which means that the roots of the grass have possession of the soil and are taking most of the plant food and

moisture. Such a tree can be relieved only by digging out the grass and giving its roots the entire use of the ground.

Goats or Sheep.

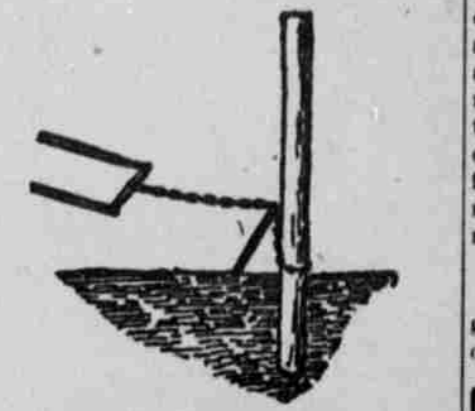
The Angora goat certainly has not yet become very popular in New England. There are a few small flocks, but those who have them seem less enthusiastic than they were two or three years ago, and their neighbors do not seem anxious to invest in them. In Texas and some other States of the South and Northwest they appear to give better satisfaction. Reports from many sections in the Eastern States show an increased interest in sheep and many fine flocks can be found, especially of the larger English mutton breeds. Vermont seems to stand by her Merinos, as she properly should, for they have attained a high reputation and have sold at high prices, but even in that State may be found good flocks of Oxford, Shropshire and Hampshire, and these seem to be the favorites with those who are starting new flocks or those who have flocks of mixed breeds that they wish to improve by crossing with a pure-bred ram of a larger breed. Let the good work go on, until New England has as many sheep in proportion to population as were here a century ago.

Doesn't Pay to Coddle Alfalfa.

If an alfalfa field is in bad condition it is usually best to plow up and re-seed. It scarcely ever pays, at least where irrigation is practiced, to coddle a poor stand of alfalfa. Many growers recommend disking every spring, even when the stand is good, and some have even found it a paying practice to disk after each cutting. Such disking will often prevent the encroachment of weeds. In the Eastern States alfalfa fields sometimes suffer a check in their growth, tend to turn yellow and otherwise show a sickly condition. Oftentimes this condition is accompanied by an attack of alfalfa rust or spot disease. The best remedy for such a condition is to mow the field. The vigorous growth thus induced may overcome the diseased condition.

Way to Pull Posts.

S. W. Leonard says in Farm and Ranch: "I will give a plan for pulling up old fence posts. Take a chain and put it around post close to the ground.



A TEXAS POST-PULLER.

Take a piece of plank, say 2 feet long, 2 inches thick and 8 inches wide; set bottom end about 1 foot from post; let chain come up over plank and lean plank toward post. Fasten single-tree to end of chain and when horses pull the post will come straight up."

The Squab Fad.

The inflated boom for squab raising has nearly passed off, and yet the legitimate squab plants continue in business. It is with this branch of the poultry industry just exactly as it is with other branches, the egg business, the duck industry, the Belgian hare, etc. Every little while there is a big stir made about one of these enterprises, creating quite a fever for a time. This gradually subsides, and that particular business settles down to its proper basis, and many who keep on in their usual way, raising squabs, pullets for laying, ducks, etc., continue to secure, not untold wealth, but fair profits from their operations.

Smut Attacks Late Sown Grain.

Early sowing of cereals when the soil temperature is low gave in experiments with barley, oats and spring wheat less smut than late sowings. In a similar manner, less smut will be found on those cereals grown on a cold clay soil than on a loamy soil, and, as a rule, the greatest amount of disease will be found in cereals grown on sandy humus soils. A high temperature of the soil during the first week after sowing favors the germination of the smut spores, and consequently the infection of the cereals. Cereals will germinate and begin their growth at a temperature below that at which the fungus can develop.—New England Homestead.

Why Strawberry Plants Die.

Many strawberry plants die because they are kept too long after being dug before transplanting. Some die because set too deep and the crown or center of the plant is covered. But in a dry time more plants die from a lack of pressure on the soil about the roots than from all other causes. In a wet season they will live if left on top of the soil with no earth to cover the roots. Plants out of the ground are like fish out of water. Therefore the sooner they are in their natural element the lower the death rate.

Keeping the Soil Fertile.

Prof. Hopkins suggests: If the soil is acid or sour, apply lime to it to make it sweet. If the soil is poor in nitrogen only, grow clover or some other legume which has the power to secure nitrogen from the air. If the soil is poor in phosphorus only, apply bone-meal or some other form of phosphorus. If the soil is poor in potassium only, apply potassium chloride or some other form of potassium.



James B. Dill, one of the foremost corporation lawyers of America, appointed by Governor Stokes of New Jersey a Justice of the Court of Appeals of that State. He received an income of \$300,000 a year from his law practice. He was a Judge with a salary of \$3,000. His private net worth was \$25,000. He offered an insurance policy. Within a few days Mr. Dill placed on file his resignation as director of ninety-one companies of the State of New Jersey. In New Jersey he withdrew from many more corporations. He has notified clients that he can no longer serve them. He forth his duty is to the State. On account the Standard Oil Corporation the steel trust and the Public Service Corporation filed written protests against the Governor and opposed the appointment. Mr. Dill's fees have been enormous. The career of this famous corporation lawyer in the Judge's office will be subjected to the closest scrutiny.

William A. Day, who has been appointed acting comptroller of Equitable Life, succeeding Thomas Jordan, who was ousted, has been special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States several years, and since 1903 has been in charge of the prosecution of trust cases. For a time he also was an auditor in the treasury department. WILLIAM A. DAY. Mr. Day formerly lived at 200 Madison St. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1896 and is credited with having discovered at that time the plot between many and General Benjamin F. Butler to stampede the convention for Dr. Dricks. Mr. Day gave timely warning of the scheme to William C. Whitney and Daniel Manning, and he was rewarded with a government office.

General James R. Carnahan, general of the Uniform Rank, Knight of Pythias, died recently at his home in Indianapolis. James R. Carnahan was born in Rayton, Ind., May 18, 1841. He broke out in the Civil War and was elected the late General Law's private. He joined the Eighty-sixth Indiana Regiment, for the war he studied law and practiced a number of years at Lafayette. He joined the Knights of Pythias in 1874 at Lafayette and was elected grand chief of Indiana in 1880. He was regarded as the founder of the uniform rank and was elected its first major general in 1884, which position he held at the time of his death. He was post-parliament commander of the G. A. General Carnahan was appointed member of the visiting committee West Point military academy last year by President Roosevelt and delivered an address there.

James Van Alen, the expatriate American, is said to have exhibited love for lavish expenditure of money buying forty hats for some of his friends at the recent opening of C. A. Abricotti's millinery shop in London.

William Woodville Rockhill, minister to China, who has notified the Peking government that it must serve treaty stipulations and frown on the boycott of American goods, is a diplomat of wide experience. He has served as secretary of legation at Peking, was charge d'affaires in Korea, has been minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia, also first assistant Secretary of State, the congress at Peking, following the Boxer uprising, he was United States plenipotentiary and signed the protocol. Mr. Rockhill has traveled extensively in the far East. He has held other official positions that he has been that of director of the Bureau of American Republics.

Camille Flammarion's new perpetual calendar starts the year at the vernal equinox, March 21. Every quarter contain two months of thirty days, one month of thirty-one days, and one would make 354 days. The same would occur on the same days of a week and one calendar would last a lifetime.

Prof. A. G. Wilkinson is dean of patent office examining corps at Washington, having been in charge since 1898. He was graduated in 1856 from Yale.