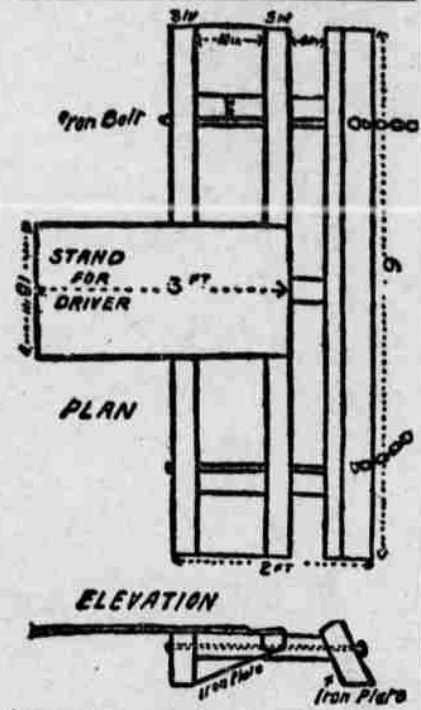


FARM AND GARDEN

A Ground Leveller.

A cheap and effective contrivance for levelling uneven land is shown in the accompanying illustration. The leveller may be made of any convenient length up to 12 feet; the steel smoothing plate is very light, but will last a long time. It is brought from the middle 3x2 in. beam to the underneath of the back 6x3 in. beam, and holes are cut in it for the ties and the bolts. It is a flat steel sheet with ends turned 1 in. and secured with 1 in. screws. The cutter is shod with 2 1/4 x 1/4 in. steel plate, with bevelled edge, secured with 2 in. screws. The stand for the driver is of pine, 2 ft. 9 in. by 6 in. by 1 1/2 in. In use the driver



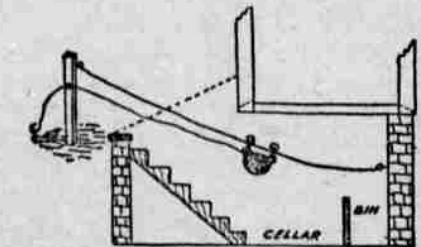
standing on the plate, by moving forward causes the front beam with its cutting edge to enter the ground, and carry forward any soil cut off. By moving backward he raises the cutting edge, allowing the accumulated earth to pass under in as great or as little quantity as he pleases; while the sloping steel sheet smooths it out, crushes the lumps and spreads it into any depressions.

Biggest Farm in World.

The announcement that the republic of Mexico is about to make some effort to curb the princely aspirations of Don Luis Terrazas of the State of Chihuahua promises to bring into the public eye one of the most remarkable and at the same time one of the least known of the world's unusual men. Four years ago a German prince traveled 5,000 miles to visit a "farmer," and this farmer was Don Luis, whose "farm," Mexicans are now beginning to believe, is getting too large for the public health. In short, it is the biggest farm in the world. In area it ranks with the largest of European kingdoms and empires, and would make one of the big States of the Union. It measures 150 miles from north to south and 200 miles from east to west, or 8,000,000 acres in all. It embraces whole ranges of mountains, entire water systems, volcanoes, mineral lands and thousands of lakes. Over it roam 1,000,000 head of cattle, 700,000 sheep and 300,000 horses. The "farmhouse" is the most magnificent in the world—a palace costing \$1,600,000 in gold, superbly furnished, with rooms to accommodate 500 guests.—The Bookkeeper.

A Labor Saver.

The little picture tells it all. This little device may be worked through any cellar door or window. It will save many steps when your time is



most valuable. Try it once and be convinced.

The Lighten Woman's Work.

Women are coming into their own every day on the farm. Time was when labor-saving devices were thought of only in connection with farm work. But that is changing. Woman's work at the best is hard, but is rendered much easier by the employment of handy devices which cost but little.

The telephone and the rural mail delivery have wrought great improvement in the lives of the farmer's wife and daughters of the farm and have done more to cultivate the spirit of true neighborliness than anything else.

Exercise.

Keep the chicks busy and hustling for all they get to eat; never feed them on a bare surface where they can eat without scratching. This is the easiest and surest way to insure strong, rugged chicks that will not be falling ill with "leg weakness" and similar ailments. Scatter all feed in a litter, making the chicks hunt and dig for it. This litter should be about 2 inches deep for chicks less than a month old, and composed of cut straw or hay, or chaff from the hay mow or floor. Sawdust is not very good for this purpose, because the chicks usually will eat more or less of it, and sometimes with bad results.—Agricultural Epitomist.

For Seed Potatoes.

Experiment shows that the most economic potato seed is made by cutting a medium-sized tuber into quarters. It also shows that larger pieces of seed potatoes will produce a very much heavier yield, as the young plant has more nourishment to begin with; under field conditions, however, the medium-sized tuber cut in quarters is the best and most economical. If this can not be done, spread the seed out in a thin layer in a cool, dark place, and they may be used at any time within ten days after cutting without appreciable loss. Never sack or barrel the cut seed, nor expose it to the hot sun.

A Co-Operative Market.

The price of living has become such a bugbear that something will have to be done beside boycotting the butchers to make things cheaper. Some of the farmers and gardeners in and about Denver are organizing for the purpose of supplying consumers with products at one-half the rate of the retailers. They propose to sell independently and have a co-operative market store, where all the farmers belonging to the association will sell their goods. This has not been done in Denver before because the wholesalers and jobbers have control of the transportation facilities.—Field and Farm.

Poisoned by Eggs.

That many people are poisoned by eggs, and not by spoiled eggs only, but often by those that are freshly laid and apparently good, is asserted by a French chemist. Numerous cases of poisoning due to eclairs, or cream cakes, have occurred recently in Paris, and it was in the course of an investigation of these that the conclusion was reached that the toxic action was always the fault of the eggs in the custard, never of mineral poisons introduced accidentally or of the other ingredients of the cream. French eggs, it is said, become infected before they are laid.

Cross-Cut Saw Support.

Two pieces of lath or other light strip of wood bored together as shown at 3 in the accompanying illustration, will stiffen a cross-cut saw so that



A ONE-MAN SAW.

one man will be able to saw with it without difficulty. The strips of wood tend to control the wobble of the free end. A piece of stove wire twisted around the saw and a strip at 2 will aid in keeping it in place. A wire twisted about the laths at 3 will help to maintain the strength.

The Milker.

Many times the milker goes to his task after brushing horses or doing other dirty work, with his hands soiled and his clothing thickly covered with dust. Both soiled hands and dusty clothing are loaded with germs that injure milk. Before commencing to milk the milker should cleanse his hands and slip on a clean suit and cap, which are used for no other purpose, and which may be easily washed. He should always milk with dry hands and never allow his hands to come in contact with the milk.—Missouri Dairyman.

The Queen Bee.

The queen bee lives from two to five years, according to the manner in which she is raised. When raised by the natural way, as by the swarming of the bees, and the mother queen is two or more years old, she often lives four or five years. The life of the workers varies from forty-five days in the honey-making season to five or sometimes six months during winter, taking the time of October to April. Drones very seldom live more than four or five weeks in hot weather.

Cider Frappe.

Unless your cider is very sweet add sugar to it. Put it into a freezer, pack in ice and salt and freeze as you would ice cream, with the difference that you do not let it get so firm as ordinary ice cream, but stop the process of freezing while the cider is still partially liquid.

Quite a Prediction.

A French writer predicts that in the course of 100 years very few persons will live in the cities. Cities will be used only for business purposes.

YESTERDAYS.



A SOCIAL EVENT.

—Minneapolis Journal.

OPEN THY DOOR.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
To ocean and sky and plain,
To shelving shore, and breakers' roar,
And the mountains that shout again.
Open thy doors, O my soul,
To the scent of the climbing rose,
To the meadow's sweep, and the drowsy sheep,
And the woodland's deep repose.
Wider, wider, my soul,
The winds through the pine tree blow;
'Tis the Word of God that moveth abroad,
And deep to deep will go.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
And the fret and pain of care,
And the futile stress and the pettiness,
Will vanish into air.
—Sunset Magazine.

A BIG BILL

I was just finishing breakfast when the misunderstanding began.

"The fact is, my dear," I said, "I've a long bill to meet."

"I shall never see another like it," she said, mournfully. "It's only two guineas."

I groaned.
"Two guineas! For a hat?"

"Ye-es. It isn't dear, really, Fred; not for what it is."

"I really can't imagine. I don't want to grumble, Kit, but you've had £3 over your dress allowance already."

"You need not throw it in my face, if you have. Uncle John never did."

Uncle John is a crusty old bachelor. He brought Kitty up.

"Uncle John is rich. I am not." She turned her back on me and shrugged her shoulders. When I had finished my boots I took hold of her shoulders and turned her around.

"You shouldn't have been so silly as to marry a poor man." She held me by the lapels of my coat and smiled.

"Perhaps I like you as well as hats," she said. "I'm dreadfully extravagant!" She sighed. "It is such a love!"

"Perhaps next month—?" She shook her head.
"It will be gone then."

There are as good hats in the shops as ever came out of them.

"No doubt it is a joke to you. You would not care if I wore a last year's hat to Paddington to meet Bill tomorrow."

Bill was her brother.
"If it weren't for that bill," I said doubtfully. "I don't know that they'd press me. Perhaps I might—"

"No, no! I won't. You'll lose your train, Fred."

"I'd like you to have it, of course," I told her. She looked at me with her head on one side and a finger on her lip.
I could see that she was thinking of fresh arguments. So I kissed her quickly and fled.
When I arrived at the office I found a telegram saying that her brother William's ship had reached Plymouth a day before time, and that he would get to Paddington about 1:50 p. m. Also, I found a request from one of our best customers that I would call on him at 1:45 o'clock. So I sent a wire to Kitty: "Cannot meet Bill. Due today 1:50. Ask Uncle John—Fred."

I entered hastily, but her brother was not there. Her uncle was. He stood upon the heartrug with his back to the fire and his arms under his coattails.

"Pleased to see you," he remarked, and frowned at me over his spectacles.

"Well," I said, with some annoyance. "I don't quite—"

"A pretty mess you've made of things!"

"I don't know what right—" I began; but Kitty pressed my arm suddenly. I noticed that she had been crying.

"However," he continued, "I expected something of the sort sooner or later."

"I'm sure it's not Fred's fault," Kitty protested. I was too bewildered for speech.

"A man," said he, "has no business to marry unless he can keep his wife properly."

"Kitty has told you!"

"What else did you expect?" I shook my arm free from her and paced the room savagely.

"I never thought you'd round on me, Kit," I remonstrated, a trifle unsteadily.

"Who said she was?" snapped her uncle.

"She had no business to speak to you about it."

"You told me to!" she cried. I raised my eyebrows.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"But—" she began. Uncle John stopped her with a wave of his hand.

"Anyhow, Kitty has told me. Of course, I cannot let her want. I have

written a cheque for the amount, but—"

"She shall not touch it!" I vowed ferociously.

"You are an insolent—idiot!" roared her uncle.

"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—" Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm around her.

"As for the hat," I told her huskily. "I made up my mind this morning that you should have it."

"Oh!" she wailed. "As if that mattered!"

"If it doesn't matter, why did you speak about it to your uncle?"

"Hulloa, little Kit. Prettier than ever!" He hugged her.

"Why, uncle, you get younger every day!" Uncle John grunted a mollified grunt.

"Fred, you old bouncer, why didn't you meet me? I suppose you got my wire saying I was due at 1:50 o'clock?"

"Yes, old man. I couldn't get off, so I wired Kit. I thought she'd get her uncle to bring her; but—" I looked at her. She looked at Uncle John. Uncle John looked at me. Brother Bill looked at all of us in wonder.

After we had stared at one another for a few minutes Uncle John burst into an extraordinary roar of laughter. I had never heard him laugh before. Kitty always said he did so biennially.

She began laughing and crying together, till Bill and I shook her to stave off hysterics.

"I think," I confided to him. "they've both taken leave of their senses this afternoon."

Uncle John gave another yell. Then he picked up a telegram from the octagonal table.

"Read this, William," he commanded. This was my telegram, as delivered.

"Cannot meet bill due to-day one hundred and fifty. Ask Uncle John—Fred."

"What!" I cried. "You thought I wanted to borrow the money!"

Uncle John took a pinch of snuff very deliberately.

"It seems," he confessed, "that I misjudged you."

"I misjudged you, too, sir," I said slowly. "Only I think you might have asked particulars before—"

"Before he wrote us a check," suggested Kitty, pulling it out of her pocket and squeezing my arm appealingly.

"It was very good of you, sir," I confessed gratefully. He blew his nose furiously. Then he held out his hand and I shook it.

"We shall understand one another better in future, my boy."

Kitty laughed in her quick way, and patted her brother's arm.

"Thanks—to our big Bill."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"Long Pig" in the South Seas.

Long pig is not pig. Long pig is the Polynesian euphemism for human flesh; and I suppose I shall not have the chance in these degenerate days to see any long pig eaten, but at least I am already the possessor of a duly certified Marquesan calabash, oblong in shape, curiously carved, over a century old, from which has been drunk the blood of two ship masters. One of these captains was a mean man. He sold a decrepit whaleboat to a Marquesan chief. But no sooner had the captain sailed away than the whaleboat dropped to pieces. It was his fortune, some time afterward, to be wrecked, of all places, on that particular island. The Marquesan chief was ignorant of rebates and discounts; but he had a primitive sense of equity and an equally primitive conception of the economy of nature, and he balanced the account by eating the man who had cheated him.—Jack London in Pacific Monthly.

Copyright Outlawed Then.

Manager (to composer)—Your piece is a fine one, but it can't be produced for at least three years.
Composer—Why not?
Manager—Because Wagner won't have been dead for thirty years till then.—Lustige Blaetter.

In 1909 Great Britain imported 78,406,000 pounds of rubber and exported 44,567,000 pounds, a large increase over 1908 in both.