

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Kissing does not spread germs. Let's not spread any.

Rich men seldom fear a panic in time to do a poor man any good.

There is war in the hog market, but the hog gets the worst of it no matter who wins.

A Frenchman has been killed in a duel. Accidents will happen, even in a French duel.

Nobody has as yet tried to prove that Mark Twain was not the author of his own works.

At Harvard a senior is living on \$1 a week. One must hope the brain food he gets is worth more than that.

Every little while some rich American coming home from Europe gets through the custom-house at New York without a squabble or a scandal.

People often say of an unusually bright boy: "He's too smart; he won't live." Yet nearly all boys of that kind not only live but outgrow it.

A demented Russian threw a can of uncooked beans at the German crown prince. Boston will regard this as a needless waste of precious material.

"London wants New York's gold," the financial report says. And London is likely to get it, if the annual migration does not undergo an unusual shrinkage.

Large quantities of bogus art are being shipped into this country from Europe. This should be stopped. America can easily produce all the bogus art that is needed here.

"George V., in my opinion," says Sir Conan Doyle, "is the biggest and strongest man mentally who ever ascended the throne of England." Perhaps Sir Conan would like to be a baron instead of a baronet.

An expert says oysters may be kept in cold storage for ten years and still be good. We have encountered oysters that seemed to have been kept in some kind of storage for ten years, but they did not bear out the expert's theory.

The natural-gas well which in its day developed the strongest pressure of any in the United States has had to be abandoned, along with several others in its vicinity. Another reminder that "America's inexhaustible resources" are somehow or other gradually becoming exhausted.

A defender of the kind of football which is rapidly passing out of existence has been ridiculing the revised regulations, and sarcastically proposes this additional rule: "Any player caught scowling at the opposing eleven shall be promptly disqualified." Should this also be adopted, no doubt the game would be more pleasant for both participants and spectators. A scowl is not always a sign of good temper.

The raising of cork is one of the latest experiments of the Agricultural Department. Two thousand one-year seedlings of cork-oak have been planted, fifteen hundred of them in the Santa Barbara National Forest, and five hundred in the Monterey National Forest in southern California. The climatic conditions in both places are similar to those in Spain, the natural location of the cork-oak, and in fact, trees of considerable size have already been grown in California. The experiment, if it succeeds, will add a new and valuable source of revenue to the country.

The cost of living problem has now struck France. The government, which maintains a monopoly of the tobacco and match trade, is caught with the goods. Not only has it raised the price of these commodities, but it has reduced the number of matches in the box and is selling tobacco in short weight packages. Its excuse for the latter proceeding is that the moisture which was in the tobacco when it was packed has evaporated. The increase in the cost of cigarettes has excited the boulevardiers to such a frenzy that, should absinthine become dearer, there will surely be a revolution.

The ancient democracies practiced not only direct nomination of candidates for office, but direct legislation as well. The proposed laws were submitted to the qualified voters, and were accepted or rejected, according to the will of the majority. As population increased and democracies extended over great areas, the representative system of lawmaking grew up. In some form the people of more than twenty-five States have adopted the direct nomination system in place of the party nominating convention. Its

popularity is due largely to the belief that it makes it easier for the voters to control the action of their party. It is urged in its favor that it destroys the power of the "machine," and makes it impossible for the "bosses" to consummate corrupt agreements among themselves. The friends of the system say further that it makes the party immediately responsive to the will of the majority through the elimination of the unnecessary nominating convention. In spite of its growing popularity, many thoughtful men regret that so much of the time of the legislatures has been consumed in the consideration of plans for changing the machinery by which nominations are made and officers chosen. The only merit which they can see in the change of system is that its discussion attracts attention to the need of vigilance in government. They insist that the convention system has produced good results and is responsive to any emphatically expressed demand of the party. As a device for carrying on the details of party management, when the mass of voters is indifferent, they maintain that it is unsurpassed, and that the admitted abuses under it are no worse than those which will arise under any other system. But discontent with the nominating conventions is widespread, and the discontented say, "Let us try the new plan. It cannot be any worse than the old." And so the aspiration for better things is behind the movement.

The eternal spirit of boyhood is crippled, but not suppressed by the cramping conditions of industrial civilization. The natural culture for this lively human germ is the breezy farm and the healthy rural village. Farm life is sounder but its isolation, under the conditions of American agriculture, prevents that combination through which the boy spirit, like industrial energy, reaches full development. The home of Tom Sawyer was an ideal place for a boy to grow up and the boy stories of William Allen White indicate that such villages still thrive in the State of Kansas. Crowded streets and the tainted air of industrial cities blight the spirit of boyhood, even when it is not crushed by early toil. The few boys, miscalculated fortunate, who are lifted by wealth and luxury out of crowded streets and tainted atmosphere, escape only to encounter new fetters upon the soaring spirit of boyhood. Condensed from the age of rompers to a round of conventional duties befitting their station, and of pleasures only less deadly, the feeble of them repeat in a miniature of fashion the boredom and sometimes the vices of their elders. The rare spirits who break out of these and revert to the vital habits of primitive boyhood in the country may be the hope of a living future instead of the memory of a dead past. The grandson of Jay Gould, who ran away from Pomfret, Conn., exactly as Huck Finn ran away from his father's cabin, revives the spirit of boyhood in many an elderly bosom. He was 16 years old and had two dollars and a half. He had seen a bit of Broadway and Pomfret bored him. He never had left home before and was a bit homesick. He climbed the fence at a ball game and started to walk to New York. He had no other aim except adventure. He preferred barn sleeping to cheap lodging houses and made his money last from Friday until Monday morning, when his blistered feet led him to a police station and a confession. By the time he was rested and filled up a secretary came and took him home. This reads like a sissy performance beside those of Huck Finn, but it is something for the grandson of the man of Erie and black Friday.

Winning His Way.
A man past middle age, gray and neatly dressed in black, on a New York car remarked rather loudly that it was a fine day, and that he was glad he had come to the United States. He seemed to know all the policemen as the car went along and the street cleaners and street repairers as well exchanged salutations with him. He was familiarly known as "John" to all of them. The passengers were amazed at the alacrity with which they all espied him, far and near, and responded whenever the old man waved his hand. He was in exuberant spirits, and a policeman who seemed to take an interest in him asked: "Well, John, where are you going now?" The old man's face brightened as he replied: "I am going to put in the newspapers how well I've done since I came to America." "What have you done?" "Tell us," asked a passenger sympathetically. "Well, I have been working a few years as a street sweeper, and have just been promoted to a job at repairing the roads."

A Careless Tailor.
The young woman sat plying the needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. As the husband appeared, she said, fretfully:
"It is too bad, the careless way the tailor put his button on. This is the fifth time I've had to put it on for you."

After a man is married he can tell a piece of bait farther away than any single man that ever lived.

FARM AND GARDEN

Handy Pea-Shell.

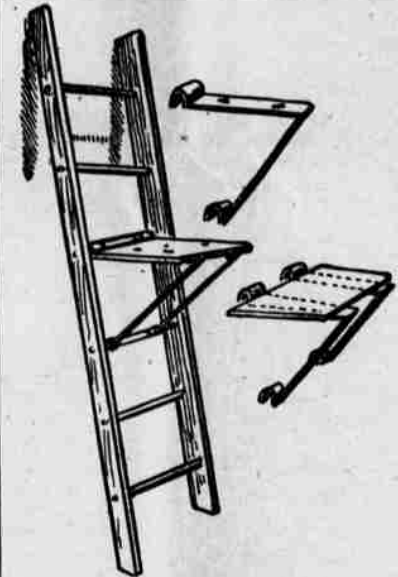
A little machine that will be highly appreciated in the kitchen is the pea-sheller invented by a Utah man. This handy little device will shell a peck of peas in the time it would take the cook to shell a dozen by hand. It consists of a hopper-like arrangement clamped to the table by an iron upright.

SAVER OF TIME.

Above the hopper a pair of roller bearings studded with blunt, pyramidal teeth are in close relation. A handle turns these rollers, while the mouth of the hopper opens over the table, where a dish can be placed beneath it. The pods are inserted between the rollers end foremost. As the rollers are turned the teeth engage the different shells of the pods and rip them open, allowing the peas to roll down into the bowl. The shells are then tossed out the other side of the "wringer." Of course, the two rollers are not close enough together to crush the peas, but just close enough to engage the pods.

Adjustable Step for Ladder.

House painting is very easily done by painters having their own scaffolds, but a person desiring to do his own work will have only a ladder to take place of a scaffold. To paint and stand on the rungs of a ladder all day will tire one's feet. As the writer had to do some painting and a ladder was the only thing obtainable to climb upon, a flat detachable step was made to put upon the rungs of the ladder to stand on the same as a scaffold. The step can be adjusted to any part of the ladder for the painter to stand upon and paint a surface within easy reach. Two irons are bent V-shaped,



THE ADJUSTABLE STEP.

as illustrated, each end having a half circle to fit over the rungs of the ladder. Two holes are drilled in the top angle in which to put bolts for fastening the step. The step can be quickly changed from one position to another. A person will feel as safe on the step as if he were on a staging.—Popular Mechanics.

Milo Good for Dairy.

Milo can take the place of corn in feeding dairy cows, and will yield an average of twice as much grain an acre as corn in dry regions. In seasons so dry that corn will be a total failure milo will usually yield fifteen bushels of grain or more an acre.

The heads of milo may be snapped from the stalks and fed to cows giving milk. This is an economical way to feed this grain, as a cow has to chew a head a considerable time before she is satisfied to swallow it, and the more she chews it the better it will digest.

The whole heads may be ground without threshing, and the small stems that hold the seeds form, when ground, a good material for diluting the meal and making it more easily digested.

The threshed grain may be ground before feeding. It does not pay to feed unground threshed grain, as the cow chews the whole grain but little before swallowing it, and a large proportion passes into the manure undigested.

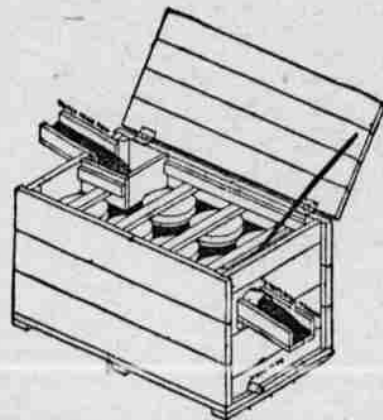
Green Food for Chicks.

Growing chicks demand green food, and by all means give them plenty of grass range if you have it; if not, supply them with an equivalent, such as lettuce, cabbage, weeds, clover, alfalfa; they relish it and will thrive on it. Provide chicks with shade and where a cool breeze can fan them in warm weather. This should be supplied, even if a temporary board roof is the only thing that can be furnished.

A Question of Economy.

It is natural for every man to want to get the best possible when he goes in to bring out some new farm machine. This often brings a fellow to grief, however, since the desire to spend as little money as possible sometimes causes the purchaser to take the cheap machine. If confronted with a proposition to take a sulky plow, for instance, that will last five years for \$25, or another that will last ten years for \$35, which one would you take? This is about the sum and substance of buying a cheap farm implement. It may not seem that way in the warehouse — when each tool looks gaudy with paint, the cheaper one looking even the more gaudy—but in actual work, in the rough and tumble of the ranch, this is about the way it always turns out.—Denver Field and Farm.

Deep Setting of Milk.



The best results in keeping milk sweet and maintaining the highest quality of cream are obtained by setting the cans in cold water. The box as shown should be near to the pump and ice house.

The Average Farmer.

Farms in the United States produced \$8,760,000,000 in 1909. But did the farmer get his share of it? We read a whole lot about the American farmer being king and we are told of the farmers sporting automobiles and sending their children to college or to Europe if they have been given the college course, but it is the one best bet that the average farmer is no plutocrat. The farmer is considered lucky if he can keep the interest paid up on the mortgage, and if finally, after years of hard labor, he owns his place clear of all indebtedness he is considered well off. The American farmer is a long way from being the real ruler of the country.—Field and Farm.

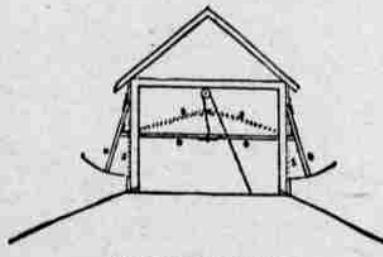
What Becomes of the Corn.

People often wonder, particularly those who have traveled for hundreds of miles through the corn belt, what becomes of corn which is grown every year. In the year 1908, when the total crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels, 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in flour and grist mill products, 8,000,000 bushels in the manufacture of starch, 9,000,000 bushels for malt liquors, 17,000,000 bushels in the production of distilled liquors, 40,000,000 bushels for glucose, 190,000,000 bushels for export and 13,000,000 bushels for seed, making a total of 518,000,000 bushels, or 19.3 per cent of the entire crop. The remaining 80.7 per cent, or 2,118,000,000 bushels, seems to have been used almost entirely for feeding.

Death Among Chicks.

The trouble which causes the death of many young chicks is commonly known as white diarrhea. Different breeders have different theories as to the cause of this trouble, among them being a lack of vitality of breeding stock, improper feeding and poor ventilation. Lack of sunlight and imperfect sanitation cause the death of many chicks. The diet should contain a sufficient quantity of animal food and the chicks fed often and not allowed to get so hungry that they will devour large quantities at times and then fast for long intervals.—South Dakota Farmer.

Stable Ventilator.



REGULATES ITSELF.

This ventilator is always in working order as the hinged doors are kept closed on the windward side and at the same time the connecting board presses open the door on the opposite side. The cord and pulley enable the connecting board to be lifted to the dotted line when both doors will remain closed.

New Harvesting Machine.

A new harvesting machine has been introduced in Nebraska. The harvester is propelled by its own power and is followed by a truck-carrying gasoline engine, which operates the harvesting mechanism of the machine. This is used mainly in wet fields, where the power of the harvester is not sufficient to make headway

JOLLY JOKER

Flanigan—Phot would you do if you lived to be 200 years old? Lanigan—Oh don't know yit.—Brooklyn Life.

Young Hopeful—Mummy, have gooseberries got legs? Mother—No, dear. Young Hopeful—Then I've swallowed a caterpillar.

Husband—Why don't you act cheerful, like Mrs. Binks? Wife—I would if I were a widow, as she is.—Cleveland Leader.

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?" "Yes, and there's always one more than you think."—Sourire.

Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No, ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone. She—What did he say? He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."

Stranger—Rastus, do the people who live across the road from you keep chickens? Rastus—Dey keeps some of 'em, sah.—The Housekeeper.

"Edison has perfected his invention of cement houses which may be poured." "Then it's me over the hills to the poorhouse."—Houston Post.

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

"How was July Fourth observed in your town?" "In the usual way; there were one hundred people at the town exercises, and five thousand at the baseball game."

Traveler in Africa—This vast plain is, I believe, what is known as the veldt? Boer—Vell, ve don't call it dot no more. It is now called der Roosevelt.—Judge.

"Don't you think it looks mannish to smoke cigars?" said Mrs. Flingilt. "It may look that way for a woman to smoke them," replied Miss Cayenne, "but not for a man."

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—The Delineator.

"Miss Bright," whispered Miss Gauslip, "can you keep a secret?" "Yes," replied Miss Bright, also whispering, "I can keep one as well as you can."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Bones (telling a story)—Well, the evening wore on— Jones—It did, eh? What did it wear? Bones—Well, if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day.

"You should dress according to the weather," said the physician. "I try to," replied the man with a cold. "But I'm not quick enough to keep up with the thermometer."—Washington Star.

Tapeson—I suppose you'll spend the season in Europe among the big bugs? Tickerly—Unless the market changes I'll be more likely to spend it out in Yaphank among the potato bugs.—Punch.

The wife of a college professor warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day. "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll surely catch cold."

A smart Irishman was leaning against a post when a funeral procession passed. "Who's dead?" someone asked. "I don't know," answered the Irishman, "but I presume it's the gentleman in the coffin."

Lady—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty. Do you never wash your face? Tramp (with an injured air)—Pardon, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy an' 'lgeenic.—Punch.

Ascum—Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society? Wise—Oh, no. I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to skip out at a moment's notice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Here, here" yelled the commercial traveler in the washroom of the village hotel. "You're using my toothbrush." "Am I?" inquired the rural guest. "Gee whillikens! Well, where's th' one th't belongs to th' house?"—Cleveland Leader.

"I did not know you had lost anyone by death lately." "I haven't." "Then why do you wear that black band on your white sleeve?" "That's merely where the conductor caught hold to help me onto the car this noon."—Houston Post.

Pater—Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Sutor—Yes, sir. I've breakfasted at your house, and I'm certain that I can complain about the coffee, read the paper, demand the discharge of the cook and announce that I'll dine at the club.—Cleveland Leader.