A LIFE OF LOVE

By Margaret Carruthers.

MERCEDES FLANTONY stood at the open window that looked out on the principal residence street of Necaxa, protected by upright iron bars, solid, immovable, as the bars of a prison.

It was almost midnight, but on the perfume-laden air came floating gently the ceaseless throbbing of the band in the Alemada, playing its now soft, now wild, Mexican music.

Inside, her face pressed against the grim grating, her eyes straining far out into the silvery night, sat Mercedes. She longed to be in the Alemada, walking slowly under the glorious grape-fruit trees, listening, silent, enraptured to the soft melodious strains of the native band.

Edwardo Flantony was the richest man in Necaxa. His wife had died when Mercedes was a babe and her death had been his tragedy. Left to his sole care, he had guarded her selfishly and sternly. Now he had told her, was time she should marry and had chosen the man himself, a trusted, respectable, "tho' poor" secretary, who had lived with them since Mercedes was a child. And, as in most such cases, Mercedes despised him, refused to listen to the passionate serenades, shutting herself in her room until late at night when every one was sleeping. Then she crept softly down stairs, across the patio, past the old well, through the rich flower garden, to watch out of the window until long after midnight.

"Such beauty! Everything so lovely, and I am not even free to enjoy it!" Then she would think of the lovers, who now with linked arms were walking slowly the Alameda, the beauty around them a thousand times intensified by the presence of each other. What if there was a "duenna" a few feet behind them? Were they not free? Were they not happier than she?

Just then a young man coming down the street paused and, seeing her, stood still and gazing at the lovely face in its frame of lustrous black hair, pressed close against the old iron of the window.

His face was clear in the pale moonlight and shown radiantly with the admiration he felt for the beautiful face before him.

Without speaking he stepped quickly up to the grating. The tall, lithe figure, the steady blue eyes and blonde head thrown back in an almost defiant attitude, instantly proclaimed him an American.

"You seem unhappy, senorita." He lingered, feeling her hesitation, then went on boldly.

"Come to the Alemada, senorita. The music is not nearly finished and we can walk together awhile. Do not be afraid, I will protect you. No one will see you, the park is quite deserted."

She looked back into the gloomy room to be sure no one was watching. She longed for freedom and love, and in the young American's face she saw reflected the tender look of admiration that is due every young and beautiful woman and makes their world happy.

She longed for just this frank admiration, and above all she longed for freedom to love whom she might.

All the strength of her passionate Latin blood cried out against the man her father had told her she must love. She had always obeyed him, but this last tyranny seemed almost too much.

Why not go to the Alemada, she thought. Glancing over her shoulder into the empty darkness behind her, she opened the door, passed out of the room, across the patio, through the entrance into the street.

She drew her mantillo closely about her head, particularly hiding her face, and, taking the arm of the American, was soon walking dreamily under the trees, only half conscious of the music and the belated others.

She was too drunk with the freedom and happiness of the moment to think of her stern father or the man he had chosen for her. She was too happy to be afraid.

The American scarcely spoke to her, content to watch the perfectly chiseled lips parted in a half smile, her eyes glowing with the joy she felt.

Suddenly the last strains of La Paloma grew fainter—the American said gently:

"Come, senorita, it is time to go."

Slowly, silently, they made their way back to her father's house.

When they reached the entrance, she looked up at him for the first time. Their eyes met. Instantly the color trembled uncertainly in the rounded cheek and that delightful fear, that mad expectancy, which is one of the best proofs of love, rushed into her heart.

She knew this was love—the very essence of life that rushed madly through her veins, though she had never felt it before.

The American came very close to her, put his arm around her waist, drew her close to him and kissed her.

"Tomorrow night, senorita," he whispered, as she wrenched herself from his embrace.

"Si, senor," she answered softly and was gone behind the huge iron door.

Inside she sank, weak and trembling on the floor.

The moonlight coming in at the window showed the lovely face illuminated by a strange happy light, that disappeared instantly, as a look of fierce determination crept into the wide dark eyes.

"Tomorrow night," she repeated, "tomorrow night."

Blakney Billings sat at his desk in the offices of the Allan & Sanger company, contractors, next day vainly trying to make some necessary drawings for the final work on the new post-office, of which he was the constructing engineer.

"AN EARTHQUAKE," SHE WHISPERED.

At last he threw down his pencil, shut his desk and went out into the street. All day the events of the night had crowded themselves upon him, making work, or even peace of mind, impossible.

"Who was the gentle, lovely creature, and would she meet him as she had promised?"

At last the evening coolness came and Blakney seemed suddenly struck by the beauty of the scenes around him.

He walked past his hotel, out into the cool freshness of the country, marvelling at the green turfy road that had hitherto seemed parched and dusty.

He was now fully alive to the charm of the beauty of the native grass-thatched huts, each standing in its own enclosure, fenced around with giant organ cactus, planted so that it grew up straight and tall, forming a natural fence.

For the first time he had seen the beauty of these great lofty dark green palisades of cactus, some bearing vivid crimson and golden flowers, enclosing each one, its hut and garden, leaving neat alley-ways between.

As he retraced his steps, viewing the wondrous beauty about him, he knew that with the great new love that had come to him so suddenly, had also come the appreciation of God's beauteous gifts.

He found her waiting, the moon full on the lovely face that shone radiant and happy through the rusty iron bars.

They wended their way through the crowds of happy lovers that thronged the Alemada, past the fountain to a bench hidden among the tall way banana trees.

She sat perfectly quiet, as though loath to break the glorious magic silence of the sweet-scented night.

He gathered the fine, slender hand into his own and drew her closer out of the path of an intruding moonbeam.

"May I ask the senorita's name," he said softly.

She had looked radiant and felt a wild rejoicing within her as a captured bird may feel when liberated again in the sunlight, but at his question her face clouded and she burst into tears.

Then in her own simple way she told him of Pedro and the lonely, loveless life she saw no escape from.

He listened, his jaws set firm, his eyes flashing with the storm of passion that raged within him.

"Mercedes," he began, gathering her in his arms, "you must feel, you must know I love you."

Her face paled as she thought of Pedro, but she lay perfectly still.

"Will you marry me, Mercedes?"

She looked at him hesitatingly. Before she could answer, he had stooped forward and kissed her on the lips, passionately, yet reverently.

"Say yes! Say you will marry me," he pleaded. "I am going back to the states in a fortnight and I will take you with me. Kiss me and say you will go."

She lifted her arms, put them softly about his neck and kissed him.

The touch of her lips on his thrilled him and the beauty of her face seemed to carry him away on a stream of happiness, as a glorious melody sweeps the senses along in a flood of joy.

"I must not stay longer," she said, reluctantly.

"Tomorrow night," he whispered, still straining her to him.

"Yes, senor," she answered, and went slowly homeward.

They had been too much occupied to notice the deadly stillness that had spread itself over everything.

The moon had turned a faded green, the stars had disappeared in the heavens and the air seemed choking them.

Mercedes paled and drew closer to Blakney's side, as the first faint rumbling began.

"An eartquake," she whispered, clutching the strong arm that held her.

He stooped and kissed the pale cheek that rested on his bosom.

Then the earth began to sway and tremble under their feet. The trees rocked violently, waking up the sleeping parrots, who chattered noisily, and a great fissure opened the ground a few feet in front of them.

Gradually the rumbling grew fainter and the swaying ceased. The stifling fumes of sulphur rose from the great crack in the earth.

A sudden realization of God's greatness swept over Blakney, as he viewed the destruction wrought by his awe-inspiring power.

"And, is not God love," he whispered, drawing the girl closer to him.

The rumbling ceased, the birds became quiet and the sulphur laden atmosphere lifted. With the first stirring of the leaves came the shrieks of the panic-stricken people.

Not until then had Mercedes thought of her father and Pedro.

"Come, senor," she said, grasping his arm.

They hurried out of the park, down the wreck strewn street, to where her home had stood.

Mercedes stopped, horrified at sight of the mass of ruins, from which curled up little tongues of blue flame.

The great bells in the cathedral tolled loudly and the frantic people ran hither and thither, each one alone in his own sorrows.

She stood numb, silent, viewing the wreckage of her home.

She was free now.

In the smouldering ruins lay buried her natural protector—"her father"—and buried with him, Pedro, and the lonely, loveless life she had feared.

She smiled a faint, fleeting smile at thought of her deliverance.

She turned away to where Blakney stood watching her—a face beautiful through the tears, with the light of confiding love.

He held out his arms to her and she crept trusting into them.

He stooped and kissed the tear-stained eyelids, then led her away to the life she had longed for—a life of love.

To a Graduate.

Let no belittling fancies
Turn your head to dust—
Look up and on and out:
A world of golden good
Throws open wide her arms—
Invites the true, the pure and just
Who, dauntless, feels and helps
The rabble at his feet,
But gains the good
And helps himself the while.
—Harry E. Netcott.

FLOWERS FOR CHRISTMAS--Now Is the Time for the Home Grower to Begin Work

"THIS is the month for the home grower to begin with flowers for Christmas," said a florist when asked to talk on the subject of growing flowers at home for special occasions. "As the humid greenhouse atmosphere does not prevail in dwellings, and as the growth of window collections is slower than in the greenhouses, plants, seeds or cuttings must be started earlier in a home. And people who are starting out to raise their own plants shouldn't forget that these same slow, cool-grown plants are hardier and often produce more perfect flowers than hothouse plants.

"The standard potting soil for all sorts of house plants is composed of sand, fibrous loam—that from rotted sods is the best—and old manure. If this mixture shouldn't be quite up to the mark, then a slight sprinkling of bone meal should be added.

"Even the best earth will give poor results if the drainage is not properly attended to. The best way of insuring this in potted plants is by using a layer of broken charcoal with a layer of moss above it.

"The shrubs intended for Christmas bloom should be potted just at this time and the pots sunk up to the rim in garden beds. This treatment insures a finer growth than if the plants are kept in the house, or even set on the earth out of doors. If the plants have been growing out of doors they may be allowed to remain undisturbed a few weeks longer, until the latter part of July.

"Plants intended for Christmas bloom should never be lifted later than August. They must have time to recover from torn roots and changed conditions; then their wood must ripen after the growth is made, then the buds must form before the heat of the house is applied.

"Syringing every evening through the hot, dry weather is necessary. When the buds begin to show, liquid fertilizer should be applied twice a week until they color; then they should be watered regularly with clear water.

"About the most popular and easily grown plants in the house are the calceolarius, cinerarius, cyclamen and Chinese primrose. These hold their showy flowers for a long time. If grown from the seed work should have begun in May.

"As good a way to plant these seeds as any other is in a pot nearly full of old leaf mold. Drain the pot, fill the lower half with rough soil, the upper half with leaf mold or compost finely sifted. It should then be thoroughly moistened, and when the water drains off the seeds should be sown thinly on the top.

"Set the pot in a window or some light place where the temperature is about 60 degrees, and lay a pane of glass over the top. Shade it from the sun with a cloth or paper at midday. The glass should be raised and the moisture that accumulates should be wiped off before night. If the soil should seem dry, it may be watered with an atomizer or by setting the pot in a saucer of water until the top shows moist.

"As soon as the tiny seedlings are large enough to handle they should be transplanted into fresh pots about half an inch apart. They will require several transplantings, and if the grower wishes to spare himself trouble and does not mind the expense it is better to buy plants from the florist at this season, and after potting them sink the pots in a shady place until the time comes to take them into the house and force for Christmas blooms.

"The begonia Gloire de Lorraine is another popular and easily grown plant. Small plants purchased in July will make flowers for Christmas. Such plants should begin to bloom in November, and will hold their blossoms from four to eight weeks.

"Roses and azaleas, though popular, are harder to manage for the home grower. The baby rambler, which is practically a dwarf crimson rambler, is a good variety for the window gardener. Small plants should be bought now and allowed to grow in pots, pinching back the buds until October if wanted for Christmas decorations.

"While I have seen several good specimens of home forced azaleas, they were nothing like so perfect as they might have been if forced in a greenhouse, so for that reason I never recommend them as a window plant. If, however, a person has the plants on hand and is not willing to go to the expense of having them forced by a florist I would advise allowing them to remain in the garden until the beginning of August. Then they must be potted in rich soil, kept in the shade until the roots have had time to recover and supplied with sufficient but not too much water. When the growth begins after this potting liquid manure should be applied twice a week until the buds begin to show color.

"Poinsettia is one of the most beautiful of the showy foliage plants that I would advise the window gardner to grow for Christmas. While the bracts are larger when the plants are grown from cuttings rooted in May, very pretty little plants may be had from cuttings rooted in sand in August. These will flower when only eight or 10 inches high and four or five plants can be inserted in a six-inch pot.

"The best soil for this is good, coarse loam mixed with about one-third sand and one-third well rotted old manure. Over-watering or removing to a cooler atmosphere after the bracts have colored will cause the dark lower leaves to turn yellow and fall. It is safer to keep poinsettias under cover all the time, as cold nights and storms all tend to lessen the color of the leaves and rot the roots.

"If old plants have been saved from the last winter they will furnish nice cuttings if bedded at this season. If given a little manure water once in a while poinsettias will retain their color much longer. Sixty-five degrees is the lowest night temperature these plants will stand without injury. The leaves should be sprinkled often enough to keep them clean.

"In growing bulbs for Christmas it should be remembered that most bulbs require from six to eight weeks of root growth before they can be forced. Dutch and Roman hyacinths should be potted in August and September, lilies about the same time, but tulips not until the latter month.

"The pots should be drained as for other plants and filled with a mixture of good sandy loam and leaf mould to within one inch of the top. Hyacinths and tulips should be pressed firmly into the soil, leaving only the top exposed. Lily bulbs should be covered several inches deep, according to the size.

"Lilies and Dutch hyacinths are not easily forced for Christmas, though they readily come into bloom later in the season. The best sort of Dutch hyacinths seem to be Amy and La Tour d'Auvergne. To lengthen the stem a pot should be inverted over the plant.

"Violets may be forced to bloom for Christmas by being lifted and planted in a frame in September. The frame should face south, and the plants should be watered and screened after transplanting until they have thoroughly revived. The soil I have found best for the frame is leaf mould, sand and fine old manure in about equal parts.

"The frame should be left open until frosts set in, then the glass should be drawn over it at night. In the latter part of November it should be banked up snugly, and mats and shutters provided against the coming of a cold spell. In all but freezing weather the ashes should be tilted to give the violets air, and on bright clear days they should be pushed back. In the same frame with the violets it is easy to grow forgetmenots, daisies, mignonette, galax and other similar plants.

"In ordinary window management there are several varieties of plants that will blossom Christmas without any special care. Of the soft wooded plants the carnation, geraniums and heliotropes give the best results. For vines, bulbs and blossoms I should recommend nasturtiums, petunias and oxalis. Where one is short of plants for the window salvia, nasturtium, vernon begonias, dwarf cannas, tuberoses and tuberous begonias may be taken from the beds in the garden before they are injured by the frost, carefully potted and kept with good results all winter. If the potting is done early enough and the plants have a sunny window there should be plenty of blossoms for Christmas."

An Exasperating Mamma.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

The small boy's mother was the only one who sat unmoved, while the small boy himself—most unwelcome addition to the informal-afternoon tea—gleefully galloped around the circular table, daintily spread with silver and china and towered over by a cut-glass lamp.

"I's a squirrel pony!" shrilled the infant joyously, as he tossed his flaxen locks and twinkled his besocked legs with ever-increasing speed.

"Mercy! He'll have the lamp over!" shivered a nervous young woman, as the human gyroscope stumbled over the edge of a rug, clawed at the table for support, then triumphantly continued circling. Conversation froze on pallid lips as they sat awaiting the inevitable crash. Only the voice of the small boy's mother rippled along serenely.

The nervous young woman could stand it no longer. In sheer despair she ventured: "Mrs. Archibald—er—pardon me—your dear little boy——"

The lady addressed stared blankly, then grasped the situation. "Malcolm," she said sweetly, "Malcolm, dear, run around in the opposite direction, darling. Miss Vinton's afraid you'll make yourself giddy."

Dairy of a Camper

By Wex Jones.

NO more of the city's heat and dust. Me for the sandy beach and the rolling ocean; the sky my roof and the clean sand my bed. Plenty of fresh air and salt water.

Picked out an ideal spot on the beach. Long stretch of fine sand; water at high tide lapping up to door of tent. Can't understand why every one doesn't live in a tent and get close to Nature's heart.

Got the tent pitched today. Looks simple, but it's quite a job in reality. Back feels broken and shoulders sore. But it's fine to run around in a bathing suit. Can't understand why every one doesn't wear a bathing suit. Would be nice and cool on Nassau street.

Morning—Large blisters all over shoulders, arms, back and legs. Never thought sun could be so strong. When I move a hand or foot a square yard of skin seems to crack in 20 places.

Evening—Been lying on cot all day wrapped in a suit of vaseline. Cot most uncomfortable thing to lie on. Seems to have been designed to do away with alarm clocks, for five minutes after lying down on it I am wishing it was time to get up again.

Got up this morning and was just saying to Smith, "Isn't this fine—sunrise on the water? I wonder how any one can live in a stuffy house," when some one jabbed a red-hot darning needle into my leg. Picked up a knife and turned around. No one there.

"Only a horsefly," said Smith.

"Only," I hissed (just like the villain in the novel).

Can't understand it. If a horsefly, why not stick to horses?

One advantage of camp was absence of mosquitoes. Mosquito's bite feels like the caress of a baby's pink fingers compared with red-hot skewer-thrust employed by so-called horsefly.

This is Nature getting too close to me.

Funny how everything in a camp seems to bit. Ants, flies, mosquitoes and even in the water the crabs, seem to regard toes as a sort of bonbom to be crunched at one go. There are none of these things in town.

Camp life great for the appetite.

Breakfast in town: One sip of coffee, one bite of toast, one quick glance at bacon.

Breakfast in camp will be one beefsteak, chops, potatoes, pie, ale, beans—everything solid.

Got up this morning hungry as a hunter.

Smith was cook. He put what looked like a section of brownstone on the table. "What's this?" I asked. "Steak," he replied. "It slipped off the pan when I picked it up and fell in the sand, but I guess it's all right." Ever eat sanded steak? Well, never do, unless you're a friend of some struggling young dentist.

Sugar was all sand, except the ants.

Coffee was all sand.

Bread was sand.

Butter was solid sand. Science note: A pound of buter can absord five gallons of sand.

Compromised on dish of breakfast food. Couldn't tell whether that was sand or not. Never noticed any sand in our flat.

"May expect a little humidity," an experienced camper told me before I left the city. Yesterday there was some humidity. Knives rusted. Collars wilted. Socks dripped. Blankets steamed. Water moist. Skin wet. Clothes ruined. Wonder why so many people go camping.

Large gale of wind. Fly of tent flew. Smith chased it. I chased remainder of tent. Caught it three miles down beach and returned. Everything else, including pair of 5-pound dumbbells, strewn over eight acres of tempestuous ocean. Wonder why anyone goes camping.

Found we couldn't put up tent again until wind moderated so we took turns lying on it to keep it down. Wish I was back at work.

Back at work. Flat for me tonight. Glad? Oh, ho!

THAT MODERN ATLAS, *The* American Farmer--Continued From the First Page *of* This Section

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sible; the cattle were not in the country, because the development of the industry has not kept pace with the growth of the population as the secretary stated.

Europe, already largely dependent on the United States for its meats, comes into the world's markets as a competitor with the people of our own soil where the animals are raised for the prime factor of the world's food supply.

A report that 100 tons of beef, stored in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, was to be shipped back to the United States to eke out our pressing need was laughed at. The laugh was not at the suggestion that we could be trying to recover such a trivial proportion of the world's supply, but at the notion that if we were to try for it we could retrieve it. Great Britain needs it herself too much to let an ounce escape.

Barely seven years ago, in the course of a government investigation of the cost of living extending over thousands of people embraced in working men's families, it appeared that, counting father, mother and children, the average annual expenditure for food throughout the country was only $326.90, or less than $6.29 a week, for the average family numbering 5.31 persons.

That $6.29 a week for the food of two adults and three children allowed them, then, some 15 pounds of meat a week, including 6 7-10 pounds of fresh beef, nearly 1 pound of salt beef, 2 1-5 pounds of fresh pork, 2¼ pounds of cured pork, 1½ pounds of other meats and 1 3-10 pounds of poultry.

It allowed, also 1½ pounds of fish, 20 eggs, nearly 7 quarts of milk, 2¼ pounds of butter, over one third pound of cheese, 1 8-13 pounds of lard, one fifth of a pound of tea, nearly 1 pound of coffee, more than 5 pounds of sugar, ½ pint of molasses, more than 13 pounds of flour and meal, 5 loaves of bread, ½ pound of rice and 1 13-100 pecks of potatoes. And all the incidentals of other vegetables and fruits and berries were included, besides.

Today the housekeeper who sought to furnish her table merely as well as that, with the other vegetables omitted and all the unnamed sundries unbought, could not come out under less than $7 a week—and there would be mighty little of the beefsteak that was the most attractive dish on the ordinary table half a dozen years ago.

As a matter of plain, unestimated fact, this spring and summer have cut off the amount of meat that is eaten some 50 per cent, while vegetables were abnormally high, and the people of the United States, surprised by hunger in the midst of their fancied plenty, hastened to imitate the avid immigrants, they hastened to flee homeward. European conditions they remembered, were not quite as bad as those they found here.

The farmer, loyal to his trust and more far-seeing than usually is his shrewdness, met that universal demand for the cheap staff of life by raising a bumper crop of winter wheat. But the secretary's profund analysis of the desperate situation remains unimpaired. The farmer's single-handed endeavor to meet the requirements of a population of 80,000,000 who find themselves on the eve of competition with that very Europe for that very wheat, is inadequate to the solution of a problem which has tied his two hands to his plow and his enterprise to his acres. The immigrants, with whose aid he could have made his truck patches fit to feed the nourishing vegetables which are so urgently needed, do not know how eagerly he craves their help or how urgently the nation needs it.

They congest in the cities, where one community, New York, can see only charity food to keep their children from fainting of empty stomachs at the school desks. Trade and manufacture, interrupted in their labor-devouring onrush, leave them waiting until only in homeward flight can they discern any chance of escaping starvation for themselves.

The world has its "granaries" and its cattle plains; but the United States is not a part of that world. Its granaries and its plains are its own; when they fail, there are no others to which to turn.

This farmer giant last year was worth to the nation $50,000,000 during every day of the crop-growing season. In the single year he produced material amounting in value to $7,412,000,000.

During the first half of that year the country was threatened with general crop failure throughout its length and breadth east of the Rockies. Only by superhuman efforts and by the last chance available in the long season of misfortune was the farmer abale to secure the country's "average crop."

It meant that he had saved the country from a disaster far more grave than the embarrassments of the fall and winter managed to produce. The balance of trade in farm products for last year was $444,000,000 in favor of this country—which meant that nearly half a billion dollars in cash was added to the riches of the nation.

In all other products, the trade of 1907 produced a balance in our favor of only $2,500,000.

Beginning with 1890, the farmer has compelled a trade balance in favor of the United States, the lowest in the record having been that of 1895, amounting to $193,000,000. The aggregate result of the trade in other communities was an adverse balance of $436,000,000.

In eighteen years the farmer has not only fed the United States, but he has so magnificently made amends for all the national shortcomings in the markets of the world that he has brought into the country more than $6,000,000,000, clear earnings over all of our foreign expenditures. As the secretary of agriculture has observed:

"A great stream of wealth has constantly been sent from the farms to foreign countries to offset the adverse balance of trade in commodities other than agricultural; to pay the ocean freight costs on imports conveyed in foreign-owned ships; to pay the interest, dividends and principal of investments in the United States by foreigners.

"It is the farmer," the secretary remarks who has sent credit to expatriated Americans; it is he who has provided the immigrant with millions to send every year to the loved ones in the old countries; and if there is still any credit to dispose of, the farmer has provided the American traveler in foreign countries with his pocket money."

The secretary is as modest as he would appear overconfident. The figures he used represent merely the amounts in those large items of the national accounts to which he refers. The direct circulation of those six billions came much nearer home to every employer, who has so systematically overbid the farmer for the labor which made possible that enormous total of six billions.

That $300,000,000 per year during those 18 years gave the railroads their prosperity; made investments safe for every man who saved a dollar; provided wealth that gave the manufacturers the credit which enabled them to expand—and take away more of the farmer's helpers, and bought the cloths the makers wove, supported the vast army of trade workers, raised their wages and furnished the profits for all the innumerable industries that let the rest of the people live.

Practically unaided last year, the farmer giant fed the United States and sent abroad products that brought home $1,055,000,000.

And that money was nearly all spent at home, for the farmer sells abroad, but rarely buys there.

That billion, so hardly earned, was liberally spent; it is only when he has no money that the farmer clings to his traditional economy. The trade centers of the country know only too well his liberality when he has it. And the bankers and manufacturers, as well as the trades people, remember only too well what a godsend the farmer's wheat earnings were during the winter, when the nation had to demand its payments abroad in gold to save the situation at home.

Today the country is praying for a good "farmer's year." The very hub of the renewed prosperity turns upon the outstretched arm of that plodding giant.

And today, with all his allies gone, he is resolutely heaving at his titantic task, bent on raising at least as much as last year, with its $1,350,000,000 of corn; its $650,000,000 of cotton; its $500,000,000 of wheat; its $260,000,000 of oats and all the other millions of the nation's crops.

Unaided! And, if he fail, who suffers?

The secretary of agriculture has at last raised his voice, to say the nation dare not let him fall, lest the nation itself fall.

What will the nation do about it?

Uplifting.

From an Exchange.

Jimmie—W'en de club steward hired me he said dat on account of associatin' wit' dese swell golfers dis job had an egercational value. Wot is it?

Billy—W'y, you rummy, didn't youse learn 17 dandy new cuss wolds yestiddy. Them's it.

TEACHING SOLDIERS HOW TO SHOOT--National Rifle Matches Soon to Be Made at Camp Perry, Ohio

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11—In one month the great National Rifle Matches will be in progress on the beautiful range at Camp Perry, Ohio. Lying on the banks of Lake Erie across from Put-in-Bay, adjacent to Sandusky, and within easy reach of Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit, Camp Perry is the most accessible of all large rifle ranges, which fact augurs well for the attendance on these matches. It is expected that more than 1,000 of the crack military shots will be in attendance who, with the 1,200 officers, scorers, markers, guards, etc., will make a camp of about 2,500 men.

It is assured that these matches will be the largest in point of attendance ever held in this country, and perhaps will be the best of the national matches to be held, at least for some years to come. Indications point to a change in the method of determining such contests. It is represented that the attendance on these matches is so large as to necessitate from two to three weeks' shooting, of which 10 days are devoted to the national matches alone. Many shooters are unable to take this time together with that necessary for home practice and competitions for places on the teams. The question of expense is also entering largely into the calculations of the state authorities. It costs some of the states as much as $5,000 to fit out a team and send it to the national matches, which is a very considerable item to the smaller states, especially when they are trying to buy and equip ranges of their own out of the appropriation for rifle practice. Accordingly, the project of dividing the country into districts, and having district competition instead of one great meeting, is being seriously considered with the possibility of being finally approved. The winning teams could then be brought together at some central point and a national competition held. Under this plan the smaller and weaker states who have no chance to land a prize in the national competitions, would be saved much expense and the time consumed would be considerably shortened.

The principal match at Camp Perry will of course, be the national team match, for which congress has provided the trophy. It is for teams of 12, open to the Army (2), Navy, Marine Corps, Military and Naval academies, and the National guard of the various states and territories, including the District of Columbia. In this match there will probably be 40 entries. The second team receives the famous Hilton trophy and the third the Soldier of Marathon, while there are six cash prizes for the six highest teams. Each member of the winning team receives a medal. Next in importance are the national individual rifle and the national pistol matches, in both of which there are a number of cash and medal prizes. Last year there were 645 competitors in the individual rifle, and 110 in the pistol match, and more are expected to enter this year.

Of the National Rifle association matches, the most important is the regimental team match, in which there were 47 teams entered last year. The first prize in this match is a handsome championship trophy valued at $500. It has been won twice by the Sixth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer militia, and if this team is again victorious, the trophy becomes its property. Next in interest is the company team match, in which the prizes are cash and medals. Of the individual matches it is difficult to determine which is the most interesting, the Leech cup, the Wimbledon cup, or the president's match. They are shot under different conditions, the Leech cup match being seven record shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards and the Wimbledon cup 20 record shots at 1,000 yards, while the president's match includes everything from the skirmish to the 1,000-yard stage. Both the Leech and Wimbledon cups are historic, and the winner of the president's match receives an autograph letter from the president in addition to a substantial cash prize. There are medals and cash prizes in each match.

Another very interesting event is the championship regimental skirmish match, open to teams of six. When won twice the beautiful silver trophy becomes the property of the winning team. Last year this match had 51 entries. Other N. R. A. matches are the inter club match, life members' match, state secretaries' match and the press match. There is also a championship revolver team match.

The greatest interest in Ohio State Rifle association matches centers around the Herrick trophy match for a magnificent silver trophy presented by ex-Governor Herrick of Ohio. It is accompanied by $375 in cash prizes with medals to the members of the winning team. This match is open to teams of eight who shoot 15 shots per man at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Other matches are: Hays' trophy match for teams of three (limited to the Ohio National Guard), ideal company team match for teams of three, all-comers' offhand match, all-comers' 600-yard match, Peter trophy match, individual rapid fire match, and a number of brigade, expert and novice matches, with cash and medal prizes. In addition, there will be a number of revolver matches open to teams and individuals.

REFUSE WORSE WHEN YOU CAN HAVE BETTER--By John Anderson Jayne

THAT seems a strange bit of counsel to give to a man. Yet there are many men who need just that kind of counsel.

There are many men who are satisfied with the grade lower when, by dint of extra effort, the grade higher and better could be theirs. These are the men who are content to work along the line of the least resistance, forgetful of the fact that the line of the least resistance always spells laziness.

How many men of your acquaintance do you know who could, if they would, live in a little better home, a little better neighborhood than they do, but are satisfied with their present surroundings because the change necessitated by moving to the better place would involve a little additional work?

How many young fellows of your acquaintance are there who remain in a humble position, when by the putting forth of a little extra effort, they could come to a better one?

There is no real advancement without real effort. He who gets up, as a rule, struggles up. What most men have, they have worked for. The farmer's wife does not find the cheese descending cart wheel shaped from the udder of the cow. Nay, nay. The milk coming from the animal must be strained, the rennet added, the curd made, the whey turned aside, the mold followed, the drying seasoning and ripening process carried out. Then the cheese, a delight to man, a well filled purse for the farmer's wife.

Dame Fortune does not turn her blessings into the waiting pails of man as water runs from a hydrant ready for use. She gives man the original elements, and it's up to the man to rearrange, combine and transform to suit his necessity. Wool on the back of the sheep must be spun, flax must pass through the weel, iron through the furnace, gold through the mill, a diamond under the hand of the lapidary before it is ready for the higher service of man. Suppose a man, however, is satisfied with the lower form to which all of these are brought before they come to the place they now occupy in the fabric of society. Stopped would be the wheels of progress, silenced the hammers of trade, hushed the wheels of commerce.

Man's dissatisfaction with the worse, his continual reaching after the higher, means the uplift of the race.

What's the use of taking a worse thing when you want, and can have, a better?

What's the use of wearing an ill fitting suit when you want and can have a better?

What's the use of being content with a position that is lower than your higher standard, when you can have the higher?

Why accept substitutions when you can have the real thing? The real thing represents a standard. The substitution, invariably is cheaper, and because it is cheaper it must have cheaper materials in it. Substitutes are imitations. Imitations are modeled on the same line as the thing imitated, but they are inferior in every way. Get the thing you ask for. Don't be satisfied with worse things—things substituted.

Every man makes his own standard. Parents may suggest, friends may advise, teachers may point, but in the finality every man makes his own standard.

When you have your standard, why not live to it, not being content with being three degrees, two degrees, or even one degree below the level of the very best that is within you.

It may take effort, aye, it will take effort to keep the standard up to its mark every time. But it can be done. when you find you have done a poorer thing than you know you can do, it's not a good idea to let that thing pass. It's hard doing the thing over again. But the results pay in more than in a financial way and all the time there is being established in the nerve centers of your life a determination to make everything the best which by the law of life soon results in a man habitually doing his best all the time.

A certain young artist is making great headway with new work that has been given him. He tells that he has drawn and redrawn his work, not satisfied until he has put his best into it. Is it any wonder that his work is succeeding, that his name is being honored, that his fame is increasing? When a man puts his best into his work, he must advance. Advancement comes to the plodder, the sticker, the man who works with his brain, his heart and his hands, who loves his work, who is ever refusing the worse for the sake of the better.

No man reaches the full limit of his ideals, but he who does his best finds ideals constantly leading him to better things, and turning his eyes toward the better, leaving behind the worse, the lower and inferior, he comes day by day to larger works, better influences and nobler living.

The mind that does not soar will grove. Work that is not well done soon becomes inferior. A life that is lived ignobly soon becomes ignoble. He who is satisfied with the worse never comes to the better. Think about it!