

# THE NEARER BATTLE

By Howard Fielding

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And at about the same hour there were two men talking of this very matter. One of them was Kendall's age though he looked younger. He spoke vigorously, smoked hard between whiffs and walked the floor with an air of zest in the exercise. The other was much older. His face was deeply lined and thoughtful. He sat by a broad, flat-topped desk littered with manuscripts and letters and an odd assortment of reference books, big and little.

"You have chosen the flower of the flock," said the younger man. "Kendall is not only a natural born correspondent, with the gift of getting the truth and the much rarer gift of writing it, but he is the very man physically for this job. Heat and cold, rain and drought, good food, bad food and no food at all; swamps, microbes and bullets—I tell you Kendall cuts them all and grows fat. The only thing that hurts him is a quiet life. I saw him in Cuba and in the Philippines, and he was always in condition, always bright and cheerful and enthusiastic. Besides, he has a smattering of Japanese—had a Jap classmate in college whom he was very fond of. I tell you, Graham, with these arrangements of yours and Kendall as your man you'll get the only good stuff that will have come from the east since the war began."

"There are two points," said Graham slowly. "We cannot afford to pay much; the expenses are so heavy. He'll come back no richer except in reputation. Second, I wish that he had kept himself more in the public eye of late. He has sunk completely out of sight."

"There's a reason for that, as I have told you," said the other, biting his cigar viciously. "But you can loan him up. The public remembers him."

"Well," Graham resumed after a pause, "I authorize you to lay this proposition before him. You are his closest friend, Stetson. You are the only man who without offense can show him the folly of his present course. Get him for me. I want him."

"Without offense?" echoed Stetson. "I don't know. But I'll do my duty. It isn't right that Ned Kendall should wreck his career for the sake of any woman, though she were the best in the world."

"Telegraph him to dine with you," suggested Graham. "Take him to Julian's, where the old crowd goes. Get him some raw meat and some good strong 'man talk,' as Kipling calls it. That will fetch him."

It was half past 6 when Kendall and Stetson met at Julian's. Kendall was weary with the day's ungrateful toil and gloomy thoughts; Stetson was alert and keen, with the eyes of a hunter. Fortune was kind to the younger man; there was there, the atmosphere of a hunt was perfect, and Kendall, with languid surprise, saw himself welcomed as if from a long illness or the very jaws of the grave. And in the exposition of the scheme Stetson surpassed all his own expectations.

"You have made an error, however," Kendall continued, "a natural error, which I will point out to you. We have seen so little of each other in the past year that you have lost track of me completely and now know nothing of my progress. I have advanced a great distance, but you have thought of me as standing still just where you left me. We all make such mistakes. We hold the pictures of our friends as they last saw them and forget that they must change."

"Do you mean that you've really got on with your work?" Kendall shook his head.

"Very badly," said he. "My work in most respects has gone back. It is I that have advanced, and I really didn't know it myself until this evening. There is my debt to you. It is the way you have spoken of a man's life that has opened my eyes. Why, Jack, you've been talking of boy's games, the healthful amusements and exercises of youth, which fit us for the serious business of the world. Do you really fancy that following an army and living on horse meat and sleeping in six inches of dirty water in the bottom of an abandoned trench constitute a great achievement that is worth while in itself? My dear boy, I have outgrown such things. I have done them in the past, and they benefited me as much as a child, perhaps a little more. It remains for me now that you have brought these early lessons back to my remembrance—to take the good of them and profit by the patience, strength and resourcefulness and courage that they taught me. I will begin tomorrow—no, tonight, for there are three great hours before 12."

"But—don't you go to take—Graham's offer?"

"I can't consider it. The war in the east is no doubt an important matter for those who are engaged in it, but not for me. Certainly I can't afford to look on at it. I can't afford to be a looker on right here and now, for there is war all around us, and I stand armed in the thick of it. I have dropped my pen and taken up the sword while you and I have sat here at this table."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the first duty of every man is to the woman he loves; that all the labors of his youth are merely preparation; that he endures hardships and sees battles and fights them if the chance comes for no other worthy purpose than to learn how to fight for her. And I haven't done it. I have been looking on and jutting down notes and telling stories. I'm through with it. To be plain with you, Jack, there is one high and holy task before me now, and the Lord, though you, has given me the grace to see it. Good night. Give my respectful thanks to Mr. Graham. You will see me again when I have cut my way out of the heart of this battle."

On the third day following this interview at the house of named "X," he had knocked at the Cameron's door and was admitted. He was haggard and pale, but his eyes revealed an inexhaustible energy of spirit. He crossed the room quickly to where Edith sat by the western window and kissed her hand with a fine fervor.

"What has happened?" she asked, looking up at him. "Something has come of all the mystery of these last few days. Is it a story?"

"Yes," said he; "a love story about the prettiest girl that ever lived and the stupidest man that ever died—and didn't know it till one day he walked up and saw that he was dead and came to life again. The occasion of this miracle was a conversation with an excellent friend who for the dead-alive man's good suggested an expedition to the wilds of Manchuria, where, I am told, there is a war in progress. Instantly the awakened individual perceived that there was fighting nearer home in which he had an intimate concern. In the midst of the battle he saw the prettiest girl aforesaid desperately threatened and surrounded by foes. Now, which battle was his, think you? It didn't take him long to decide, and he began to look to his weapons. In his right hand there was a pen—a good weapon in its way, but too slow for this emergency. So he reached up into the air and seized an idea which had the form and potency of a sharp sword. It had been within his reach and he had been too sluggish to grasp it. Armed therewith, he heaved his way to the citadel of a powerful magician who sat by a barrel of bright gold, with which he worked his wonders. "This sword for a share of that gold!" cried the invader, but the magician uttered a cold "Ha, ha!"

""Price and four times the man returned to the attack, and each time the sword was sharpened upon hard facts and polished with much thought. And at last he forced it into the hand of the great magician and was himself next moment head and shoulders in the barrel of red gold."

"To be plain, Edith, I have done a pretty stroke of business. I have some money down and some work to do and a good, safe contract for a sufficient salary. Dearest, look out into the west. The tint in that sky shines up around the curve of the world upon a little house bowered in roses. It shines into your cheeks. Come; there will be more color where the roses are. Let us go to find them."

"I dare not," she murmured, trembling.

"A gentleman connected with an express company," said he calmly, "will call for your baggage and your mother's tomorrow about this hour."

**An Early Betrothal.**

In the early days of California the daughters of the Lugo were sought in marriage by the best families of the state. It was a boast that they were even courted in the cradle, as when the young officer Colonel Ignacio Vallejo, being in San Luis Obispo on the occasion of the birth of a daughter to the Lugo, asked her father for the hand of the day old baby, provided when the time came to fulfill the contract the sonnetta should be willing. This seemingly absurd betrothal took place. The child grew up to be an intelligent as well as attractive young woman, married her betrothed and became the mother of many children, among them Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.

**Beauty and the Beast.**

A well known southern churchman was recently visiting New York, accompanied by his wife, who is as beautiful as her life mate is homely. They were walking down Broadway one sunny afternoon, and the party attracted much attention. One of two young "sports," evidently thinking to attract the favorable attention of the churchman's wife, in an audible aside remarked that it was another case of "the beauty and the beast." Quick as a wink the husband turned and, as the time came to fulfill the contract the sonnetta should be willing. This seemingly absurd betrothal took place. The child grew up to be an intelligent as well as attractive young woman, married her betrothed and became the mother of many children, among them Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.

**Do-Nothing Horse.**

President Roosevelt has rendered a good service in taking a pronounced stand against do-nothing horses. In Washington the custom is tabooed, and there the horse is quite exempt from such barbarity. It is a cockney snob supplied from the aristocratic stables of England. It not only deprives the horse of much of its natural grace, but of its weapon of defense against the flies and other insects, which are left free to torture him.

In Kentucky, to the credit of her people it is said, outside of a limited set, the practice finds no favor, and at the agricultural fairs, where the highest grades of horses of all kinds are shown, such mutilation is rarely seen.

**Blindness a Bargain.**

In the book of Ruth a shoe is mentioned as being handed over to ratify a bargain, and the custom in a sense seems to have been repeated later, for in the year 1062 certain bishops were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. These may have been richly jeweled gloves, for such formed part of the episcopal habit, and when some abbot thought fit to array themselves in similar hand covering peculiarly to bishops they were forbidden their use by the council.

**The Name Fooled Him.**

"Are you fond of snelts?" "Never tasted it."

"Eh! Snelts are fishes."

"Fishes! I thought they were some kind of cheese."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

**Richest Railroad in World.**

As incredulous as it may sound to many that Douglas has the richest railroad in the world, it is nevertheless a fact. This railroad track and bed are only about one-half mile long, but their value is doubtless correctly estimated at \$3,000,000. Alongside of the same plating works of the Copper Queen smelter is the road, which comes out of an excavated hollow somewhat to the east of the smelter and runs out to the smelter on a roadbed of some of the richest copper ore in the world and also thousands of tons of concentrates from other mines and mills. The railroad forms the surplus ore reserve from the Copper Queen smelter, to be drawn upon in case of accident at the Bisbee mines or on the railroad. The depth of the bed averages about fifteen feet, and it is thirty feet wide, and all is ore, oxides, sulphides, manganese, malachite, etc., and concentrates that glitter like nuggets of gold. It is estimated that the bed of this railroad contains 100,000 tons of ore which runs 30 per cent copper and is valued at \$20 per ton.—Arizona Republican.

**Carlyle's Bad Shilling.**

A farmer in Manitoba wears on his watch chain a blancheted metal disk, which has attached to it the following history: Some thirty years ago he was a bookkeeping clerk in a railway station in Dumfriesshire. One day Thomas Carlyle, whom he knew by sight, took a ticket for a short run by rail and laid down a shilling. The clerk, eager to secure the favor of his famous countryman, put the coin aside and from his own pocket made up the deficiency. He left the railway service and for a long time was out of a situation. Ultimately, although sorely against the grain, he was impelled to part with his last—the treasured Carlyle-shilling. But it would not stand the ringing test. Then the fact was made evident to the ex-railway clerk that somebody had palmed on the Sage of Chelsea a spurious shilling! Thus the lack of value on the relic's part enabled him to stick to it. Relatives sent him to Manitoba, where he prospered, and the fraudulent Carlyle shilling has long been his most treasured possession.—London Daily News.

**A Subway Mystery.**

A somewhat rare sort of abrasion on the top of the rail has appeared in the New York city subway. This is in the form of transverse depressions, an inch or more in breadth and an inch or more apart. So far no satisfactory reason for their existence presents itself. If only one rail were affected the cause might be thought a defect in the material, but this plainly is not the case, since the depressions occur more or less frequently over several neighboring rails. Now can they be ascribed solely to curves or to the effect of power brakes or to acceleration, while a considerable mystery lies in the comparative immunity of steam railways, where the conditions appear more unfavorable and essentially different only in the manner of applying power.

It is significant that these depressions are found occasionally on girder rails carrying electric street cars, so that in all probability their cause must be sought in some unrecognized peculiarity of electric traction.—Railway Age.

**Frost Makes Fat Turkeys.**

"Cold weather," because in the fall the ground keeps soft, the vegetation lingers on and the fields are full of worms and bugs. What's the result? The turkeys from sunrise till dark tramp the tempting fields on long forages, eating the worms and bugs, which thin them, and walking all their soft and fine flesh into tough, stringy muscle.

"A cold fall, with early frosts and snows, freezes the ground and kills the bugs. Then the turkeys are not tempted to wander. They loaf in the farmyard, gorge an abundance of grain and put on flesh like a middle aged woman at a country house. But in a warm fall, the ground is soft and the turkeys do their fifteen or twenty miles regularly every day and become athletes. For athletic turkeys there is no public demand."—New York Press.

**Power of Radium.**

In an address before the British Scientific Association, Professor Darwin said radium was a substance which was perhaps millions of times more powerful than dynamite. This was estimated that an ounce of radium would contain enough power to raise 10,000 tons a mile above the earth's surface. Another way of stating the same estimate was that the energy needed to tow a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of 6,000 sea miles at fifteen knots was contained in twenty ounces of radium. Now, we know that the earth contains radio active materials, and it was safe to assume that it forms in some degree a sample of the materials of the solar system; hence it was almost certain that the sun is radio active also.

**Docking Horses.**

President Roosevelt has rendered a good service in taking a pronounced stand against docking horses. In Washington the custom is tabooed, and there the horse is quite exempt from such barbarity. It is a cockney snob supplied from the aristocratic stables of England. It not only deprives the horse of much of its natural grace, but of its weapon of defense against the flies and other insects, which are left free to torture him.

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**More Noise.**

Theory—It's an actual fact that "two can live as cheaply as one." Popley—But not as quietly. Theory—How do you mean? Popley—I was thinking of our twins.—Exchange.

## FORGOT A DISTINGUISHED SMITH.

The late General Fitz Hugh Lee used to tell with great gusto an experience he had during his gubernatorial campaign in Virginia against J. S. Wise.

"Mr. Wise made the statement," said the general, "that if I had been named Smith instead of Lee I never would have been heard of. I endeavored to combat that theory and in every speech I made during the campaign would touch upon Mr. Wise's statement and would then briefly refer to some famous historical figures in order to show that the name Smith was not to be despised.

"One day I spoke before a large crowd on the courthouse green in a rural community, and I noticed a drunken man standing right up in the front row of listeners. I took up the Smith matter and informed those agriculturalists what a distinguished family the Smiths had been. As I warmed up to the subject I noticed that something seemed to be worrying that drunken man, and more than once he seemed to be on the verge of interrupting me.

"I reminded my audience that a distinguished governor of the state had borne the name of Smith and that many other men famous in war and in peace had borne the despised cognomen. Meanwhile the drunken man watched me with ill concealed anxiety. Finally he could stand it no longer. Lifting his hand and balancing himself with his feet, he burst out: 'Shay, gen'ral, don't forget thash old Smith killet Poeshtants!'—Lippincott's.

**No Second C. O. B. Wedding.**

Governor Blanchard of Louisiana was describing the precautions that a certain veteran physician had taken against the spread of a contagious disease.

"Knowing the people he had to deal with," Governor Blanchard said, "he saw that his rules were carried out before one of these people left their homes. They had tricked him in the past. He would not be tricked again. He was like the Camden clergyman of my boyhood.

"This clergyman once married a certain huckster, who after the ceremony declared he was unable to pay a wedding fee, and so, willy nilly, the clergyman had to let him off.

"Some years later the good man found the same huckster before him with another woman. His first wife had died. Now he desired to yoke with a second.

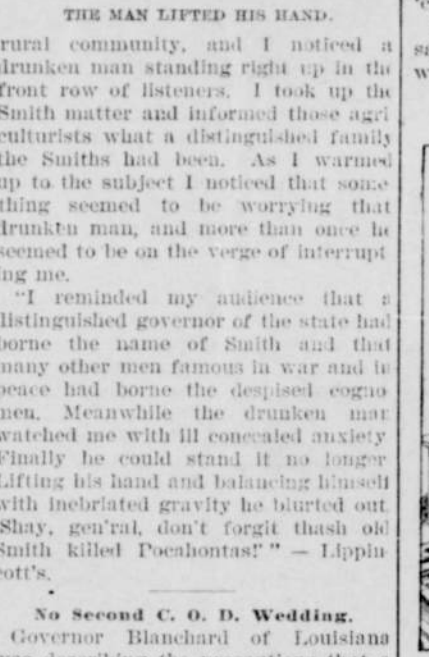
"The minister was willing enough to remarry the man, but this time he would take precautions.

"So leading the bridegroom to one side he held out his hand and said in a low voice:

"My fee."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the huckster confusedly, and he placed a bank note in the clergyman's palm.

"Thank you," said the clergyman with a bland smile. "That is for the first time. Now will you have the fee for this occasion?"—Buffalo Enquirer.



**Daughter—I thought I saw the duke come in. Where is he?**

Father—He has just had an interview with me, and at present he is in the library trying to figure out whether he loves you or not.

**Was Sure of It.**

"No, ma doesn't need a mop," said little Johnny to the man at the door.

"How do you know?" asked the agent.

"Because," said Johnny, "she wipes the door with me!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Him or Anybody Else.**

Neil—Yes, Miss Pussay is engaged to Mr. Coanley. It was quite sudden. She told me she never expected to marry him, but—

Belle—She might have left off the word "him" and still be telling the truth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Goodness.**

Mamma—He has no vices of any kind. His character is flawless. Why don't you accept him?

Daughter—But, mamma, it would be so uninteresting to marry a man that good!—Brooklyn Life.

**An Aged Pair.**

"I wish, madam, you would not interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you're talking?"

"No, you brute, you go to sleep!"—London Punch.

**The Reason.**

She—What do you think of this new theory that all the angels belong to the moon-club?

He—Well, the men have to go somewhere now you women want the earth.—Baltimore American.

**Still Worse.**

Higgins—You look worried, old man.

Higgins—I am worried.

Higgins—Don't owe anybody money, do you?

Higgins—No, but several people owe me money.

**A Conclusive Test.**

"How would you estimate the carrying capacity of your flying machine?"

"By the amount of stock it will float," answered the practical inventor.—Washington Star.

**Rather Tame.**

She—Was the football game interesting?

He—No. It was as bloodless as a French duel.—Chicago News.

## HUMORS OF THE HOUR

**Wanted Recognition.**

It was quiet in the office of the Carnegie bureau fund committee.

Nobody had rescued anybody from drowning, nobody had torn off a red petticoat and flagged a train hurtling on to destruction with its freight of human lives, no one had leaped into a burning building to save the imperiled ones within.

There was nothing doing. Not a sound could be heard save the interest mechanically adding itself up.

Suddenly but softly came through the door a fat man.

"I am in charge here," responded the attendant.

"I want a medal and a slice of the fund."

"Yes, sir. On what grounds?"

"Saved a whole community from yellow fever. What's the name of this mosquito that carries the germs?"

"Stegomyia fasciata."

"That's it. I was sitting on the hotel veranda, and one of them got on me—only one that ever struck the town. Smash! I swatted him. Look there."

And the clerk after inspecting the remains of the mosquito on the man's check plumed on the medal and filled out a check.—Chicago Tribune.

**Went the Limit.**

"My wife went shopping today and she had exactly \$32.19 when she started out."

"How are you so sure she had just that much?"

"Because when she came back she told me that was the amount she had spent."—Philadelphia Record.

**A Hot One For John.**

The word "cauterize," explained the teacher, "means to burn suddenly and severely. Julius Green, you may give us a sentence containing the word 'cauterize' used in its full meaning."

Julius cogitated for a moment, then said, "Mary's glances scorched John when he cauterized."—Judge.

**A Matter of Figures.**

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**His Pursuit.**

"May I ask," inquired the melancholy stranger, "what is your pursuit in life?"

"It depends," replied Subbuss, "upon whether I'm going or coming. It's the 7:45 train in the morning and the 6:12 at night."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

**Pretty Draped Waist.**

A very smart afternoon waist is shown here, evolved in ivory white silk tulle, with deep collar, cuffs and chemise of embroidered velvet adorned with small dots of green velvet. A deep crushed girth of ribbon velvet gives a smart touch as well as the small bows fastened to the front with tiny gold buckles. The model is one



which may be made dressy or not, according to the material used in its construction. The chemise may be made removable as well as the cuffs, and a good way to fasten them is by snap fasteners, which will allow them to be removed and put in with less trouble and time than by the usual method of buttoning. The sleeve is a very fetching one, being shirred in deep tucks over the elbow to fit the arm snugly and forming a moderate puff at the top. The front of the waist is shirred along the underarm seam and on the front edges, but with only so much fullness as to become any wearer. A velling French cashmere, chiffon taffeta or mousseline would be suitable as material.

**Styles in Skirts.**

Skirts are to continue very wide at the bottom and to be fitted with clinging closeness around the hips, all authorities are agreed, but one cannot tell just what is to be the fate of the skirt and other skirts platted into the waistband. Assuredly they are neither so new nor so smart as the gored and circular skirt, fitting smoothly over the hips with little if any plaiting or shirring, but attaining wide, rippling fullness at the bottom.

**Lace Boleros.**

Little boleros of heavy lace or embroidery are details of certain chic empire models, and on the more expensive coats this same handsome trimming is repeated in a deep border around the bottom of the coat, though the cloth coat is more often left plain or simply finished with braid or stitched bands.

**For Fall and Winter.**

Nothing makes handsomer suits than broadcloth, and nothing is more fashionable, although chevrons are exceedingly attractive this season and are shown in great numbers. Velvetten is well liked, and there are a great many novelties, among which plaid must always be noted. In this if any plaiting or shirring, but attaining wide, rippling fullness at the bottom.

**Brooklyne Life.**

It is too bad that most men do not realize what a pest the Canada thistle and quack grass are on the farm until these things have got a good start and it becomes almost impossible to eradicate them. We know of an eighty acre farm in Iowa which is now covered with the thistle, which the neighbors have seen develop from just a small patch, their regarding it with as much indifference as though it was a patch of bludweed or purslane, when they should have been as much wrought up over this little patch of thistles as the would have been over a case of smallpox in their community. A farmer leads a very independent life. It is true, but his independence should be curtailed when he makes a business of raising weed seed to infect his neighbors' farms.

**There is a great deal connected with the proper feeding and dressing of poultry for market. We were in a commission house about Thanksgiving last year where lots of turkeys were arriving for the holiday trade. Most of these birds had been taken right from a grasshopper diet in the fields and were lean, and many of them were very poorly dressed. The point which we wish to make is that these lean and ill dressed fowls were almost unsalable and when selling at all did not bring one-half the price the fat and well dressed birds did. Turkeys intended for the Thanksgiving trade should be rounded up at least two weeks before the killing and dressing, kept in a darkened place and be stuffed with all the corn or cornmeal they will eat; should be picked, dry and be cleanly dressed. This applies to the feeding and marketing of all kinds of poultry.**

**Her Happiness.**

He—I shall be just miserable when I have to go away and leave you.

"Oh, Jack, if I were sure of that I'd feel so happy!"—Life.

**His Tough.**

"That pianist has a metallic touch."

"I've noticed that. He borrows money of me every time he comes to town."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Eskimo sings almost constantly when they are indoors, between the intervals of sleeping and eating.**

**FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN**

BY J.S. TRIGG

REGISTER DES MOINES, IA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



The furrows which a mortgage places on the farm are quite often to be found as much on the face of the farmer's wife as out in the plowed field.

Sowing and planting good seed is one thing and sowing and planting it in a well prepared seed bed is another and almost of as much importance as far as the crop is concerned.

The hog is naturally a very clean animal, considering that he belongs to the scavenger tribe, when he is given half a chance. Filthy hog yards are often primary causes of sick and dead hogs.

We are of the opinion that Mr. Hubbard is entitled to a far greater need of recognition for the introduction of the famous squash which bears his name than is Mr. Benjamin Davis for his work in a horticultural way.

A friend recently drained a large swamp on his farm, and, looking it over with him, we discovered what he had thus exposed a four foot bed of most excellent peat. As he has to buy all his fuel at high prices, there should be something right there on his own farm worth looking up.

When a man grows a crop of grain on his farm and hauls it off to market he has been drawing on the principal of his capital and not using the interest, being selling the phosphates, the nitrates, the potash and the humus of his soil, which he must later replace if he would keep his account properly balanced.

Young man, if you are in debt and are eating up today what you expect to earn and pay for next month try an oatmeal diet for thirty days and get square with the world and hereafter pay as you go. The oatmeal will not hurt you—in fact, will be a good thing for you. A poor man has no business to run his face for food to eat unless he is a tramp pure and simple.

Five years ago we top grafted twenty-five Dutchess trees one year old with a dozen varieties of apples which are not rated as hardy where we live. The experiment to date is a success, the trees being very thrifty and just beginning to bear. The weak point of a tender apple tree lies in its root system and trunk, and we have reasoned that if these were made entirely hardy the tenderer varieties might be raised.

The corn crop of the west is big enough so that no eight hour day will do for the gathering of it. Help is scarce, the ears many and big, much of the crop badly down from the action of the storms, and it is all important to secure the crop before the snows fall. It looks as if the girls will have to take a hand in this good work, which will mean for them three feathers in their winter hat and a well developed muscle which will come in handy later on when they have to teach school or spank their own kids.

The average quarter section farm should have not less than twenty acres seeded to clover each year. This will keep forty acres of the farm in clover all the time and permit the turning over each year of twenty acres of clover sod for the corn crop, this course of treatment absolutely assuring very large and profitable crops of corn. Then there should be a good amount of take care of the clover as pasture and eat up the hay which would be produced. A farm so handled would not fail to make money for the owner, and a lot of it too.

It is too bad that most men do not realize what a pest the Canada thistle and quack grass are on the farm until these things have got a good start and it becomes almost impossible to eradicate them. We know of an eighty acre farm in Iowa which is now covered with the thistle, which the neighbors have seen develop from just a small patch, their regarding it with as much indifference as though it was a patch of bludweed or purslane, when they should have been as much wrought up over this little patch of thistles as the would have been over a case of smallpox in their community. A farmer leads a very independent life. It is true, but his independence should be curtailed when he makes a business of raising weed seed to infect his neighbors' farms.

There is a great deal connected with the proper feeding and dressing of poultry for market. We were in a commission house about Thanksgiving last year where lots of turkeys were arriving for the holiday trade. Most of these birds had been taken right from a grasshopper diet in the fields and were lean, and many of them were very poorly dressed. The point which we wish to make is that these lean and ill dressed fowls were almost unsalable and when selling at all did not bring one-half the price the fat and well dressed birds did. Turkeys intended for the Thanksgiving trade should be rounded up at least two weeks before the killing and dressing, kept in a darkened place and be stuffed with all the corn or cornmeal they will eat; should be picked, dry and be cleanly dressed. This applies to the feeding and marketing of all kinds of poultry.

*J. S. Trigg*