### ON WITH THE SONG.

Off with the shadow and on with the song. The way and the day to the sunshine belong; Troubles will vanish and sorrows will fice With a song on the lips and a heart full of glee !

Off with the sighing and on with the smile, The long lane will turn at the end of the mile, And over the ridges the valleys will gleam With velvet of violets and purple of dream!

Off with the worry and on with the prayer; Life has its thorns, but the roses are there! Tolling and spinning, O true heart and strong. Off with the shadow and on with the song!

-Baltimore Sun.

# Concerning the Dead

He sat down at Emily's desk to go | decided that you had considered yourthrough her papers. Now that the self entitled to read my diary-

house was sold the servants dismissed "Allson!" and he himself back in bachelor quarters, there was no excuse for putting But that, you say, was a wrong the thing off. And if Emily had known guess." "You."

a month ago, he could not help thinking as he opened the drawers that she was to be killed in a railway accident, she could hardly have made his task easier. Neat little bundles, tied up with pink tape and clearly labeled, proclaimed her various activities. "Mothers' Union,"
"Soup Kitchen," "Sunday School,"

"Rook Club"—how the names recalled quiet bitterness. Emily herself. A swift pang of compunction seized him. Was it possible. Most of it's in the diary." then, that only after a month her image was fading from his mind? He continued absently to empty drawers and note books-that was all. . . Yes, heard." undoubtedly Emma was already becoming to him something shadowy and vague. How was it? Rather guiltily he tried to avoid the unexplored deeps of his mind, but the moment of self- minded you of Matthew Arnold's defirevelation was no longer to be post nition of the Athanasian creed-

underneath all that, could be deny the existence of a shameful undercurrent but I do believe I did." She turned the of feeling, a persistent, ever-growing leaves of the diary rapidly. "Yes, here joy in freedom regained? And yet, it is: 'March 18.-Emily resumed what a good wife she had been; how cross-examination. Wanted to know if practical, careful of his interests, un- I didn't consider his scientific learning exacting. In a thousand ways, large colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Ar and small, he would be the loser. A good wife, but-yes, that was surely it she had never conquered, never even entered the kingdom of his mind. And where she had never entered, could she ever be missed? Once in that king-

He turned with an impatient sigh. In the doorway stood Alison. . . . Of course, it was a dream, but he was conscious of a certain admiration of himself as a dreamer. He had remembered to make her look older-oh, quite five years older.

dom there had dwelt indeed a woman,

but she was not Emily.

"Poor Mark!" she said, softly. He started. Then it was not a

"I have only just heard," she explained, gently. "We've been in town for a day or two, and Mrs. Heritson has just told me about-Emily. I asked her for your address, and came straight on." She held out her hands in eager sympathy. He felt her fingers cold be- nold on the Athanasian creed to her neath her gloves. Quite naturally he Shock satisfactory." unbuttoned and drew them off, as though they had never parted in bitter silence more than five years ago.

"You must get warm," he said, gently, and led her to the fire. "Do you think." Allson asked, trem

ulously, "that-she suffered much?" He shook his head. "Not at all; the doctors said it must have been instan-

Alison bounded in swift relief. "Ah I'm glad. But-oh, it's hard to realize We were just the same age, and twenty-four is so young to die, and we used to be-to see so much of each other." word "friends?" he wondered.

meant. "There was nothing-noth hesitation revealed to him as clearly a ing-" he began. He wanted to explain words that Emily had been one that death had spared Emily the last them, and he reddened-"but-but that indignity of being revolting in its form, only sent me flying to the other ex but he could find no words.

would have been awful-that." He looked up with a grateful thrill.

Emily had never understood a half-fintshed sentence. "You were going through her pa-

pers?" Allson asked, glancing at the by you after we were engaged." open desk.

She leaned forward with sudden eagerness. "What is that?" She rose and picked up one of the

notebooks. "Ah, it is!" she said, and began to turn the pages. "Alison!"

She looked up in quick deflance, "It's my own," she said. "Your own?"

"Yes; my dlary that I lost five and a half years ago." The bewilderment in his face was not

to be mistaken.

"I? Alison, you can't seriously think I did that?"

She was silent, but they read the same thought in each other's eyes. "Then it must have been-" He stopped. Why say what was obvious?

And Alison's gesture was eloquent. Em-Hy was dead. She frowned thoughtfully. "Then

you haven't known, Mark, all these years, what was in my diary. He shook his head.

She looked at him in grave wonder. "Then what made you change to me?" He bit his lip. Did she think that didn't?" five years could heal such wounds?

"Have you forgotten?" he asked. "I never knew," she said, steadily, "I saw that you grew cold; I knew you had ceased to love me. Could the reason why have comforted me?" "I thought you must have guessed,"

town?"

him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed.

piteously. He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry. "Allson, you said you-He pointed to one of her hands.

gasped, "Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think-I could have forgiven her." His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door.

"Don't go, Alison," he implored. She shook her head. "I must. Don't rou understand?" She turned for an nstant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me. There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."-

# DO CLEVER GIRLS MARRY?

"And to be offended by its contents. tition with men?"

"Allson, did you never treat me to my face as though you liked me-when we were alone and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticise my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with

She nodded emphatically. "Often. "Must I repeat that I know nothing

of the diary. I-heard." "You heard?" Her look was quer pigeon holes. More neat packages, haif tioning. "I think you ought to tell me a dozen unanswered letters, and a few something, if only one thing, that you

"It's only fair," she urged. He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I re-

poned. He had been shocked, unnerved. 'Learned science, with a strong dash of horrified by that sudden tragedy; but temper?" She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten,



"IT'S MY OWN," ALISON SAID.

He was looking at her with startled

eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?" She referred to the diary, "March 18"

"But-that was before we were en-

"But-Emily-" "Ah, I sometimes thought-"

Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said. breathlessly. "I see, I see," He began to see, too." "I have always wondered." she

mused, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the Why had she stopped short of the diary. I felt sure you would see I was all in self-defense. Could a gir bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There He thought he could guess what she were girls who did it"-her momentar, treme. When people tried to to many

She nodded in swift comprehension, me about you, I said murtillia "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. It laughed, mocked, mimicked carles should discover how much I cared." He nodded. "I never knew," he said. slowly. "I was told-I thought all the

things that came to my ears were said "Mark!" she sald, and her voice onivered.

He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our lusane pride!" he grouned. 'If only we had spiken-asked ques

tions! through both their minds passed a sleepy hamlet in Alabama. "Are you giving, won't you? I'd like to have you dash of wonder that Emily should have a native of this town?" asked the travelall take dinner with us to-morrow." flash of wonder that Emily should have proved so good a Judge of character. should have calculated on just that proud silence with which they had met of the town?" "What's that?" "I marked humorously. catastrophe. And yet-she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Alison's only proof, the diary?" Suddenly Alison arose. "I must go, "You didn't take it?" she asked. Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in

wrong." Her smile was very sad. "Not this one," he urged, eagerly, 'Allson, not this one! You are in

town? I shall see you again?" She answered his unspoken thought 'Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"

"Alison!" he implored, "you'll forgive ne-some day?"

"Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it," she mused, "If I had married five years ago?"

He caught his breath. "Allson! You She shook her bead. "No; I didn't;

that would have been only hard." She turned towards the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train." His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in

She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white. "Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed toward THANKS FOR EARTH'S BOUNTIES. | wisdom of inviting eight strangers to of finely cut celery. Put in the frying

"It wasn't five years ago," she

Pennsylvania Grit.

London Thinks Education and Domesticity Do Not Go Together. "Shall we not be justified soon in

asking women to produce certificates of competency as to domesticity? Is not the time at hand when women should cease their unreasonable compe-

These questions, propounded by Prof. Armstrong at the meeting of the British association recently, were taken up by several well-known people, says the London Daily Mail. Mrs. Ruth Homan, a leader of the movement for the teaching of housewifery to the girls of England, gave the following answer to the professor of chemistry :

"The more educated a woman is the more keen she is to learn. Many uni- Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milversity women after marriage come to ly soberly, looking over at the young felme to learn all they can about the care low who sat mending a harness strap be-

of a house and of children. "For this reason I think the educated heart to get up a big dinner for just us girl makes the best housewife and the two." best mother. They also realize how neighbors to invite except old Pete Sprat, necessary it is that other girls and and he wouldn't come. We might send women should be trained in domestic him something by way of being neighknowledge and so you find that all new borly." organizations for training the working "And be turned away for our pains woman in the management of a house the woman laughed. and the care of children are started by "You can't even go out on the high educated ladies and carried on by ways and hedges' and gather in strag

"I would not send my four daughters the work of getting up a Thanksgiving to college," said Mrs. Luther Gulick of dinner, for it seems to me that you look New York. "I think girls ought to go tired, Milly. What's the matter?"
slowly through a high school and then "Nothing, Jim; I guess I need a little specialize in some branch of domestic outing. I'll take a run across the Hollow training or in something whereby they and be back before supper." can earn their living. I am unlike
many American women in thinking so,
but I believe a reaction will set in
against the college or university train. against the college or university train- ence of an occasional gum tree. The sky ing of girls. Only about 50 or 52 per was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a cent of them marry after taking the greenish glow where the dark forests rim

ity of Madrid, said the question had steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. which a woman depends in Spain slowly regaining his lost strength an which a woman depends in Spain vigor in the bracing climate of Colorado s whether she is pretty and whether which alone kept Milly's heart light and

# A Case of Scotch Shrewdness.

In a small town in the Midlands ter before them. there is a rich congregation which is "I'm getting morbid simply for the not characterized by lavish liberality, want of a little company,"

says a London paper. Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds foolishness." of the church. The members would,

A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the church, was not long in noticing

"I tell you what," he said, to one of the officials, "if you mak' me treasarer I'll engage to double the collec-

ons in three months." His offer was promply accepted, ind, sare enough, the collections began to increase, until by the time he and stated they were nearly twice as

such as formerly. "liow have you managed it, Mr. andyman?" said the pastor to him his armful of horse feed and looked at her

"lis a great secret," returned the anny Scot, "but I'll tell you in condence. The folk, I saw, maistly gave limited number of three-penny

give sixpences, at least, instead. That's the way the collections are doubled."

Defining a Native. While visiting the South recently a "Yes," she agreed, tremulously, and traveler chanced upon a resident of a a native of this town?" asked the traveler. "Am I what?" languidly asked the one addressed. "Are you a native asked you whether you were a native of the place?" At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, sallow and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioncoming, and my impulses are always or she said; "Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was yo' livin' heah take it?" when yo' was born, or was yo' born before yo' begun livin' heah. Now answer him."

# Carefully Concealed.

The McSwats had returned from passed along. Where do you live?" their vacation. "Now, Billiger," sald Mrs. McSwat, where did you hide the jewelry that

we didn't take along with us?" "You hurried me so, Lobelia," be an swered, "that I've forgotten just where, ment."

So many people are unreliable that you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which two cups of soft bread crumbs with two lately we are beginning to suspect our

Through the gray dawn in the meadows we Through the gray dawn in the meadows we beard the reapers singing.

The song of men who conquer and who know their triumph's worth:

die the bare blades of an army the keen, swift acythes went swinging.

And golden in their wake lay piled the goodly spoils of earth.

And I said: "Give thanks. O heart of mine.

With sound of acciamation when the bat-tiling is through,
To Him who gave us strength and skill to force the stubborn soil.

For glory of the galuing and the triumphing of toil."

Light of step and gay of voice, as merry children go. And I said: "Give thanks, O Heart of mine, with very mirth for meed To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed.

For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming blossoming
And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

The praise of words for things of earth, O tender Heart of mine, But never yet gave mouth of man meet thanks for gifts divine;
Nor mirth nor acclamation but to Him who granted love
The great, glad tears of gratitude and silences thereof.

-Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Weekly.

# Thanksgiving at Lonesome Hollow

~~~~~~~~

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat side the blazing hearth. "I haven't the

glers like the ancient host of Bible fame Maybe it is just as well not to have a

med the far horizon. Not a sign of his Dr. Luis Simarro, professor of ex- man habitation was visible, and not erimental psychology at the Univer- sound broke the vast stillness save t sity of Madrid, said the question had not arisen in Spain. He almost wished two years she had endured it in cheerfu it would. "A woman in Spain is a silence, working patiently at whatever woman in the true sense of the word," her hand found to do in the rough little said the professor; "rather too much shack which had gradually assumed so. She has but one idea and that is cozy, homelike appearance. They have to be docile and obedient to her hus left the busy, grinding East in quest and. The principal prestige upon health for her young husband, who wa

> when she thought of the long, dreary winshe walked down the untraveled road is the face of the crisp north wind. "Tha

hopeful, but in spite of that joyful fac-

she could not dispel a shiver of lonelines

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the indeed, give something, but it was of chopping which seemed to come from nearly always the smallest silver coin the Hollow beyond the divide. She turnof the realm that was placed on the ed and made her way easily through the leafless thicket, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped this state of affairs, and a remedy beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, soon suggested itself to his practical gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt in leathern jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with

Milly stopped abruptly when she found eight strangers, then changed her minand crossed the ley little brook and made

her way toward the fire. A big, black-whiskered man dropped piercingly. "Lost?" he asked brusquely.
"No. I live two miles up the divide. 1 happened to hear you chopping, and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistant gaze annoyed her, three-penny bits. Well, when, I got but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the he money every Sabbath evening. I little group incited a little throb of pity arefully picked oot the sma' coins and made her think gratefully of her own and put them by. Noo' as there's only cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth. pleces in a little place like this, and for the night," she ventured, looking about

as I have maist o' them at present at the meager comforts of the camp. under lock and key, the folk maun "Well, no," answered the black-browed man, who impressed her at once as being I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. this claim, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then you'll be here over Thanks-The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half cred- scrap of white paper crept mysteriously "It's rather unexpected," he re-

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here, you sight, and not a sound broke the deep know," Milly explained cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you We are from the East, and and this is what it said: we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I "Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all it shall go unharmed. Thanking you for run down with overwork. We expect to a pleasant hour. BLAISEDALE."

stay here until he's quite well."

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrice road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"We didn't notice any houses as we

take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad | who are turkey hungry. Select a clean-looking, plump, whole to accept your hospitality, and thank some bird, with no scales on its legs and but I know it's either stuck behind "Very well. I shall expect you promptsome of the rafters in the top attic or ly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't blue and disconsolate. with tender skin. Avoid a bird that looks buried in the coal pile in the base- there? I want you all, remember. Now,

own statements.

After a man marries, he makes the startling discovery that his wife also

After a man marries, he makes the startling discovery that his wife also

Towner's a cert. Good-night."

Milly returned in great good spirits.

Jim looked dubious at first, but he was lot to good plan or two of onion juice—it is a good plan to rub the dish in which the dressing is belpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the mixed with a cut onlon-and half a cup

their home. "You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously. 'Not a bit. If it pleases you let's have broken English walnut meats which have

them by all means." "You should have seen them! Great gaunt, hungry looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across butter; then dust it generously with salt their path expressly to give them a and pepper, and dredge with flour.

asid cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill Baste frequently." At full noon in the orchard we heard the maldens' laughter—
Bare-armed among the laden trees they pulled the branches low:
Home at twilight went the wains, with us to follow after.

To course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much cider as they can drink. For as much cider as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and iced cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a

table big enough to seat them all. They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seeding raisins and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big best flavored. deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not ougher in appearance than the men who story of some historical personage or finally seated themselves about the steamng board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and name the person or place. A prize may tried dutifully to "act as if the company be given for the largest number of corbelonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the oth- rial for such stories. The names of Masers addressed as Blaisedule had the place | sasoit, Roger Williams, Miles Standish, honor because he seemed to be the leadr of the gang by natural selection, as the est all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious intentness which brought flush to her cheek and made her slight-

uncomfortable. "You're mighty comfortably fixed for ese diggings," said he presently, lookng about the walls with their homely rints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable, thanks

pan and cook till slightly brown. Oysters if added, must be washed, coarsely cut and browned with the crumbs. A cup of

stood one minute in boiling water is a good addition to the first rule. The first thing done to the turkey after t is stuffed is to rub it well with melted

Put about two inches of water in at least. Keep a good, even heat, and allow fifteen minutes to the pound for a young turk and twenty for an old one. turn over, so that the breast may brown.

Put him on your largest platter, fringed first with blanched celery leaves, sur round him with the sweet potato made nto balls, and lay an olive between each ball. Then you may send him to table with conscious pride in his good looks. As a matter of fact, however, a hen turkey is supposed to be the tenderest and

Thanksgiving Games. An interesting contest is for each person at the Thanksgiving feast to tell the event connected with New England colonial history, and require the others to King Philip, John Winthrop, Judge Sew-

ell and others are at once in mind. The hostess should warn her guests that they may read up a little on colonial history, and thus be prepared to contrib-

Or, she may write a little story of the early coming of the Pilgrims, leaving blanks for the guests to supply the names. Thus:

"A colony of (pligrims) consisting of o Milly's ingenuity." Jim answered, with (101) persons arrived from (England) and landed (December 21) at a place we You're lucky to be able to afford such | now call (Forefathers' Rock). They be-

HIS FORTUNE.



xur es in Colorado." Blaisedale remark- land), calling it (Plymouth); and so on.

nen in the world. I owe everything to be asked to fill them in. A little prize Milly, even my life. I was a poor law when we were married, and when be given. ny health broke down she simply took all was her money that enabled me to come ere. It's her bit of money that we're livng on now. All that she has in the orld is in the little bank at Sunrise, where she goes once a month to draw the The Gamin's Thanksgiving Dinner. ecessary sum for our provisions. But now that I've got to work we're making ur way along without much help from the I tell you I hated to use that noney bad enough, but if it hadn't been or that the Lord only knows what would

Milly blushed deeply and becomingly. "Why, it doesn't amount to that," said she, with a snap of her brown fingers. 'All the money in the world would be vorthless to me if I didn't have Jim." "I've heard a saying about a 'good wife being a treasure," Blaisedale re-

"Your wife proves the truth marked. The dinner was a great success. Blaise dale, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talk-ative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queerer people which avored of familiarity with lawlessness and lawbreakers, but which kept Jim reathlessly interested until the eight strange guests made their adieus. When the company had filed out of the little cabin door Blaisedale, who was last to

go, turned at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly. "You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake you for your hospitality. You won't re-There's talk of gold gret your kindness, by the way." "Queer fellow, that one," Jim remark-

ed, as he watched the gang recede down the wintry road. "You may be sure he has a strange history behind him. That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth, a under the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in

stillness of the icy night. Milly read the note over his shoulder, "Some curious whim prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and rifle the little eggshell bank at Sunrise before quitting these diggings, but for the sake of Milly's "bit of money

New York Times. Preparing the Turkey. At eight pounds a turkey begins to pu on fat, therefore get a fowl that weighs ten or twelve pounds. A twelve-pounder "Well, being as you're so kind as to should be sufficient for a family of six

A turkey should be killed and dressed I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You at least two days before cooking. cross the hill and go straight south till A good recipe for the stuffing require will take you directly to our shack, going large tablespoonfuls of melted butter; mix thoroughly and season with sait, pep-

fancy fixings are gan the first settlement in (New Eng-These may be mimeographed, leaving the 'Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest part in parentheses blank, and the guests for the most correctly filled paper may

Whatever games are played should ine responsibility into her own hands. It clude the whole family and should be significant of the day. Nuts, apples, popcorn and elder should be served in the evening.

> The gamin sat there at the board That groaned with things to eat, Around him was a goodly hoard He ate with growing appetite
> And fed upon that store,
> He put much food away from sight,
> Then looked the table o'er,
> And then with sundry sighs and grins
> He said: "I wisht dat I wus twins."

The viands vanished like a dream,
The turkey soon was gone.
But then came cake and rich ice cream
And he ate on and on,
And still he wore those greedy grins
And said: "I wisht dat I wur twing."

On nuts and fruit he also fed,
And ple and candy, too,
He gloated on the sumptuous spread
That loomed before his view,
And fumed and sighed between his grins:
"Gee whiz, I wisht dat I wuz twins."

But by and by he had to stop,
For he could hold no more,
His knife and fork he had to drop
And then began to roar,
For all at once he lost his grins
And groaned: "I'm glad I ain't no twins."



Mother Gobbler-What are you swear aside until cool before bottling. ng for, Brutus? Brutus-Well, I just heard a man say he wanted a good turkey, and I want hin to understand that I'm as tough as they



Colonel Kaintuck-Rastus, rascal, how did you come by that tur Uncle Rastus-Dat am jes' de trubble; fat-both of which should have been couldn't git by dat turkey nohow, Cun-

Now, on this day of gratitude
And thanks expressed, let's surely not
Forget, with others, to include,

# MERITS OF THE COMBINE.

### Comparison Made With Od Mathed of Harvesting.

A Spokane man wrote to the Washington State Expermient station staff, Pullman, recently, inquiring relative to the growing and cutting of wheat, the and flour-making content of the berry as affected by soil, climate and meth de of cutting. Professor R. W. Thatcher, director of the station, answered the

inquiries as follows: 1. Does the wheat lose any of the essential elements for good flour by standing until ripe enough to cut and

thresh at one operation. "Wheat does not lose any of its constituents by standing until it is thoroughly ripe. It does, however, manufacture and store up a somewhat larger proportion of starch than if cut when in the dough, resulting in a slightly softer wheat with a larger proportion of starch and a smaller proportion of gluten. The difference in this respect is rather small, however.'

2. Are the berries as plump when cut by a combined machine as when the grain is harvested by a binder or header, and threshed after standing in the shock, or having been stacked? We are informed that the wheat buyers and millers make a difference between grain harvested with the combined machine and that cut with the binder or header.

"The berries are plumper than when eut by the binder and left standing in the shock, for the same reason; that is, a greater production of starch fills the

berries plumper." 3. Do the berries lost their colo when left growing until ripe enough to cut with a combined machine?

"The color of the berry is not changed materially until after the grain is dead ripe, after which it may be bleached out to a varying extent, depending upon the length of time and the climatic conditions."

4. Is all the wheat in one sack of an even grade when harvested with the combined machine? "The wheat in a single sack of grain harvested by a combined machine is not necessarily of an even grade. Since the machine is run up or down hill, it may cut and run into the sack wheat growing under quite different conditions. This. however, is equally true of any other method of harvesting. It is well known that grain from the top of a clay point is different from that of a north hill slope, and both of these are different from that of a south hill slope, or upon a flat. I do not think any methd of harvesting will secure absolutely

the uniformity you suggest. 5. Is there more wheat lost during the operation of the combined machine than through harvesting and threshing by the old method? If so, how much? We have no information which would make it possible for us to state definitely whether there is more or less wheat lost during the operation of a combined machine, than by harvesting and threshing by the old method. We are aware of the objection that has been raised in California to the use of a com-

bined machine, but do not think it is a 'great' objection, as has been stated. 'There is no question but that the grain cut with a combined machine is slightly lower in proportion of gluten which it will show. The yield per scre-is certainly a little later, if the grain is allowed to become ripe. I am personally of the opinion that the most is in the distribution over the field of

## the threshed out weed seeds.' DEVELOP NEW WATER POWER

Elma Electric Comprny Will Utilize Cloquallum Creek. Chehalis county, Wash., abounds in some of the finest water power in the state. The Upper Satsop river, the Wishkah river, and numerous other streams flowing into Grays harbor afford magnificent oportunities for the development of water power for commercial purposes. Scarcely a move has yet been made to secure any of these water power sites. The Elma Light & Power company is among the first to take advantage of the opportuntities afforded and now has a large force of men at work on the Cloquallum creek, three miles northeast of Elma, constructing a large dam to store water and will install one of the

eral miles without doing any damage and power enough can be derived to give light and power to the town of Elma for years to come. The company has a franchise from the town of Elma for furnishing light to the town. Ite present plant has been in operation for three years. The power has been obtained from

stream, but the cost of wood and coal

has become so high that the company

decided to install a water power plant.

The water can be backed up for sev-

latest model water wheels.

The saving in fuel and operating expenses will be about \$200 a month. Peel and chop together two dozen tomatoes and six small onlons with two seeded red peppers. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of salt, a cup of granulated sugar, three teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon and alispice and a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Put into a kettle with two quarts of vinegar and boil for three hours. Set

To know if an egg is fresh, place it in a basin of cold water. If it remains at the bottom, it is all right; if it floats at all. It is of rather doubtful freshness; if it floats gayly on the surface. you may be certain it is quite bad.

Metal Tenpots Kept Sweet. Metal teapots, if disused for some time, give a musty flavor to the tea when next used. This may be prevented by placing a lump of sugar in the teapot before putting away.

Chop the coarse parts of the cleaned turtle meat with the bones, cover with four quarts of cold water, add a bunch of sweet herbs, two silced onions, pepper and salt to taste. Stew very slowly for four hours, strain and stir in the other parts of the turtle meat with the covered with two quarts of water and allowed to simmer for an bour. Thicken all with browned flour, after putting them together, and simmer for an hour. Add forcement balls and the juice of a