

Topics of the Times

The wild birds that sing the sweetest always hide themselves in the bushes.

A German scientist says that marriage develops will power. Also won't waver.

The motto goes back on the coins again. We hope the coins will not go back on the people again.

Mrs. Padewski paid \$7,500 for four chickens a few days ago. She ought to let her husband do the marketing.

Cobalt stocks are capitalized at \$475,000,000. If all that watered stock ever freezes over, the skating up there will be fine.

It won't be long until poor men may begin to complain that the bankers and financiers are crowding them out of the jails.

Secretary Wilson of the agricultural department says the public cannot tell fresh eggs from stale. After it has eaten them it can.

If we understand the matrimonial situation in the Panama canal zone, a leap-year girl wouldn't be able to get a proposal in edgewise.

A preacher says girls should not object when young men wish to hold their hands. Naturally this leads to the suspicion that some girl has been objecting.

A Berlin detective went insane because he was unsuccessful in his efforts to catch a thief. Incidents of this kind are not uncommon, but they are found usually in works of fiction.

A Georgia woman has been deserted by her fourth husband because he didn't like her cooking. A woman with her experience ought to have been able to pick out a man who was able to hire a cook.

Some people escape the rocking boat, the unloaded gun, the exploding grenade, the can, and the reckless chauffeur, only to get hold of the carbolic acid bottle in the dark when looking for cough syrup.

A returning arctic traveler announces that the north pole is shifting. Henceforth explorers cannot hope to bring back a splinter of the pole, but must content themselves with a piece of the hole as proof that they reached the final "farthest north."

Some idea of the present importance and value of great tracts of timber land may be gathered from the fact that an Australian company has secured a concession from the Russian government to take out thirty million feet of lumber a year from Siberian forests. Prices are so high in Australia that the Siberian lumber can be transported eight thousand miles to Melbourne at a handsome profit.

To find new names for old colors must tax the ingenuity of weavers and dyers, yet the demand for novelties never fails to be met. This year blue will be known as "hydrangea," or "bluet," or twelve other things, and there are fourteen names for mauve, nine for pink, four for deep red and scarlet, and sixteen for green. Facing such an array, a merchant, being only a man, may sometimes become bewildered; but probably no experienced "shopper" will ever entertain a doubt as to whether her new gown should be colored rose of the Alps, mirage, amethyst, minuet, Bengall, or Nigra.

A conspicuous American statesman has lifted up his voice in the East to do honor to the great American pay roll. Here are his words: "We have much to show the world as an evidence of America's greatness, but I venture to say that there is nothing that we should regard with as much pride as the American pay roll. It has no equal anywhere. In a large sense it has made the American home, the American school, and the American savings bank the envy of the world, tempting thousands to our shores every day to share our prosperity and our contentment."

The American pay roll—the listed rewards of American industry in all ranks and walks of life—is unequalled in any nation. It is a proper subject of national pride, for it proves the comfort of the average man of America above the average man of any other country. The American pay roll has been somewhat neglected of late by our most conspicuous statesmen. It has not been mentioned as an uplifting influence. It has not been numbered for several years among the "forces that make for good." Yet there is no influence more potent for moral advancement as well as for material welfare. None has soothed more anxiety, dried more tears, produced more happiness, or prevented more crime. Other nations appreciate its benefits even while we do not, and their people come by the thousand daily to find places upon it.

When an engaging swindler of fascinating demeanor finds it possible to do business with a romantic fraud or venerable antiquity it becomes apparent that ordinary methods of exposing these well worn deceits do not avail to prevent them from catching fresh victims at regular intervals. A majority of the frauds could be catalogued. They have been in use for generations. They have been dramatized, "novelized," and made the groundwork of the joke book. They have been in every police court and in every newspaper with such frequency that it would be natural to suppose that one could not show his face without being recognized from one end of the land to the other. In spite of all this the venerable frauds have only to let down their nets and they catch fresh fish. This leads to the suggestion that it would be highly desirable to have compiled a handbook of swindlers, making in everything from the dropped

pocketbook or gold brick up to the latest Spanish fraud, and to give it the widest circulation possible. Let the good man of the house make a place for it alongside his wife's cook book, the almanac, and the volume of ready remedies. When he learns that he has a beautiful cousin imprisoned in a convent in Spain let him turn first to the index of the swindle book, look under "cousin" or "convent," and there put the romance to the test before going ahead to learn by experience. Nearly all the successful deceits are of proved antiquity. The confidence man does not invent new tricks when he has at his hand old ones which have proved their efficiency and which have not lost value because of their age and long service. A handbook of swindlers, if it could be given general circulation, would aid in retiring the ancient frauds to a deserved rest. In the days of a state bank currency, when counterfeiters were more numerous than now, such works as "Thompson's Bank Note Detector" served the same purpose in protecting people against bad money as a handbook of swindlers would serve in the prevention of deceits which continue to have an almost ridiculous success. Naturally the confidence man would be driven to greater invention and a crop of new frauds might be expected, but even these could be incorporated in annual revision of the handbook and much protection might be given to people who now seemingly find no way to inform themselves from the misfortunes of others.

BUILDER OF STANDARD OIL.

It Was Not Rockefeller but an Obscure Lawyer Named Dodd. There was a time when the Standard Oil trust was nothing more than an idea in the brain of one man. Who was that man? How did his idea originate? And what was his purpose, in building the greatest millionaire-making organization that the world has ever seen?

The answering of these three questions makes it necessary to dig up the romantic story of Samuel C. T. Dodd, the legal builder of the Standard Oil trust, who rose from a log cabin in a Pennsylvania wilderness to be the first great corporation lawyer in the world, says Herbert N. Casson in the Broadway Magazine.

One of the main reasons why the Standard Oil is now in a state of practical outlawry is, perhaps, that Dodd is dead. The brain that created the pioneer trust and protected it for twenty-five years has ceased to think. Three years ago Dodd resigned his position as legal chaperon to John D. Rockefeller; and several months later he died, with his name practically unknown to the American people.

Among lawyers S. C. T. Dodd was the "man with the iron mask." He was the inventor of trusts. His clients had a world record for the sudden acquisition of wealth. And yet Dodd lived and died in comparative oblivion, without either fame or millions, when he might have had both for the asking.

During the time that Dodd was the attorney in chief for the Standard Oil trust it paid \$500,000,000 in dividends. It increased its share of the American oil business from 4 per cent to 85. It enlarged its yearly output from a few trainloads of oil to 22,000,000 barrels. And it widened the scope of its activities until it became the most international of all corporations, carrying its oil to fifty countries with its own fleet of a hundred steamships.

It was Dodd who saved the Standard Oil trust from Attorney General David K. Watson of Ohio in 1892 and from Attorney General Frank S. Monnet of the same State in 1895. It was he who unlocked the doors of foreign countries; who kept the Standard refinery at Havanna in operation during the Spanish war; and who, during the Russo-Japanese war, secured such complete protection for his company that it did not lose so much as a quart of oil or a lampwick.

Dodd brooded over the Standard Oil like a man with one chicken. He was not like the conspicuous men of the trust, who had other interests. J. D. Rockefeller had his iron ore mines and railroads, his church and his Chicago university. Rogers had his coal and copper, Flieger his Arcadia on the Florida beach, and Lockhart his Pittsburg iron mills. But Dodd was absolutely single-minded. He was a man of one idea and one job.

From an inside point of view it was he—the corporation lawyer—who was the central figure in the immense trust. It was he who solved the hard problems. "What does Dodd say?" was the daily question at 26 Broadway. If John D. Rockefeller wished to consult with Rogers or Flieger or any of his other partners, he called them to his office; but in most cases, if he wished to see Dodd, he wanted to Dodd's office. He ran to Dodd as a child runs to a parent.

"Feel that I can't do wrong," he would often say, "if Dodd is behind me."

A Ghost Under the Sea. The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon when two gray shapes of enormous size came shambling toward him. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychological Society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through—a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

George's Idea. "Must I wash my hands before I come to the table, mamma?" "Of course, George."

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"I am sorry to be late, mother," he had said, kissing the old lady. "I have been down at the docks all day, and have been busy and worried."

Mrs. Dimdale was sitting in her chair outside the fire knitting when her son came in. At the sound of his voice she glanced anxiously up at his face, with all her motherly instincts on the alert.

"What is it, my boy?" she said. "You don't look yourself. Something has gone wrong with you. Surely you're not keeping anything secret from your old mother."

"Don't be so foolish as that, my boy," said the doctor earnestly. "If you have anything on your mind, out with it. There's nothing so far wrong but that it can be set right. I'll be bound."

"This proved, their son told them all that had happened, the rumor which he had heard from Von Baumer at the Cock and Cowslip, and the subsequent visit to Eccleston square. "I can hardly realize it all yet," he said in conclusion. "My head seems to be in a whirl, and I can't reason about it."

The old couple listened very attentively to his narrative, and were silent some little time after he had finished. His mother first broke the silence. "I was always sure," she said, "that we were wrong to stop our correspondence at the request of Mr. Girdlestone."

"It's easy enough to say that now," said Tom ruefully. "At the time it seemed as if we had no alternative."

"There's no use crying over spilt milk," remarked the old physician, who had been very grave during his son's narrative. "We must set to work and get things right again. There is one thing very certain, Tom, and that is that Katie Harston is a girl who never did or could do a dishonorable thing. If she said that she would wait for you, my boy, you may feel perfectly safe; and if you doubt her for one moment you ought to be deuced well ashamed of yourself."

"Well said, governor!" cried Tom, with becoming face. "Now that is exactly my own feeling, but there is so much to be explained. Why have they left London, and where have they gone to?"

"No doubt that old scoundrel Girdlestone thought that your patience would soon come to an end, so he got the start of you by carrying the girl off into the country."

"And if he has done this, what can I do?" "Nothing. It is entirely within his right to do it."

"And have her stowed away in some little cottage in the country, with that brute Ezra Girdlestone hanging round her all the time. It is the thought of that that drives me wild."

young adventurer by his scheming old father. "You may say what you like of me," she said bitterly. "I suppose that is one of your privileges as my guardian. You have no right, however, to speak evil of my friends."

"You are becoming impatient," he answered, and resumed his calculations in his note book. Kate covered back into her corner again, while the train thundered and screeched and rattled through the darkness. Looking through the steamy window nothing was to be seen save the twinkling here and there of the lights of the scattered country cottages. Occasionally a red signal lamp would glare down upon her like the bloodshot eye of some demon who presided over this kingdom of iron and steam.

"And they were gloomy enough. Where was she going? How long was she going for? What was she to do when there? On all these points she was absolutely ignorant. What was the object of this sudden flight from London? Her guardian could have separated her from the Dimdales in many less elaborate ways than this. Could it be that he intended some system of pressure and terrorism by which she should be forced to accept Ezra as a suitor? She clenched her little white teeth as she thought of it, and registered a vow that she would never give in upon that point.

"There was only one bright spot in her outlook. When she reached her destination she would at once write to Mrs. Dimdale, tell her where she was, and ask her frankly for an explanation of this sudden silence. How much wiser if she had done so before! Only a foolish pride had withheld her from it."

The train had already stopped at one large junction. Looking out through the window she saw by the lamps that it was Guildford. After another interminable interval of clattering and tossing and plunging through the darkness, they came to a second station of importance, "Petersfield. "We are nearing our destination," Girdlestone remarked, shutting up his book.

"This proved to be a small wayside station, illuminated by a single lamp, which gave no information as to the name. They were the only passengers who alighted, and the train rolled on for Portsmouth, leaving them with their trunks upon the dark and narrow platform. It was a dark night with a bitter wind which carried with it a suspicion of dampness, which might have been rain, or might have been the drift of something in the air. They were numb with the cold and even her gaunt companion stamped his feet and shivered as he looked about him."

"I telegraphed for a trap," said he to the guard. "Is there not one waiting?" "Yes, sir, here's Mister Girdlestone. Here, Carver, here's your gentleman."

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"You trust in her, my boy," said the old doctor. "We'll try our best in the meantime to find out where she has gone to. If she is unhappy or needs a friend you may be sure that she will write to your mother."

"Yes, there is always that hope," exclaimed Tom, in a more cheerful voice. "To-morrow I may learn something at the office."

"Don't make the mistake of quarrelling with the Girdlestons. After all they are within their rights in doing what they appear to have done."

She led the way through a lofty hall into a large sitting room, which, no doubt, had been the monkish refectory in bygone days. It looked very bleak and cold now, although a small fire sputtered and sparkled in the corner of the great iron grate. There was a pan upon the fire, and the dark table in the center of the room was laid out roughly as for a meal. The candle, which the old woman had carried in, was the only light, though the flickering fire cast strange fantastic shadows in the further corners and among the great oak rafters which formed the ceiling.

"Come up to the fire, my dear," said the old woman. "Take off your cloak and warm yourself." She held her own shivered arms towards the blaze, as though her short exposure to the night air had chilled her. Glancing at her, Kate saw that her face was sharp-featured and cunning, with a lower lip which exposed a line of yellow teeth, and eyes which bristled with a tuft of long grey hairs.

From without came the crunching of gravel as the wagonette turned and rattled down the avenue. Kate listened to the sound of the wheels until they died away in the distance. They seemed somehow to be the last link which bound her to the human race. Her heart failed her completely, and she burst into tears.

"What's the matter then?" the old woman asked, looking up at her. "What are ye crying about?" "Oh, I am so miserable and so lonely," she cried. "What have I done that I should be so unhappy? Why should I be taken to this horrible, horrible place?"

"What's the matter with the place?" asked her withered companion, "I don't see nothing amiss with it. Here's Mr. Girdlestone a-comin'. He don't grumble at the place, I warrant."

The merchant was not in the best of tempers, for he had had an altercation with the driver about the fare, and was cold into the bargain. "At it again," he said roughly, as he entered. "It is I who ought to weep, I think, who have been put to all this trouble and inconvenience by your disobedience and weakness of mind."

Kate did not answer, but sat upon a coarse deal chair beside the fire, and buried her face in her hands. All manner of vague fears and fancies filled her mind. What was Tom doing now? How quickly he would fly to her rescue did he but know how strangely she was situated. She determined that her very first action next morning should be to write to Mrs. Dimdale, and to tell her, not only where she was, but all that had occurred. The reflection that she could do this cheered her heart, and she managed to eat a little of the supper which the old woman had now placed upon the table. It was a rough stew of some sort, but the long journey had given an edge to their appetites, and the merchant, though usually epicurean in his tastes, ate a hearty meal.

(To be continued.)

KEEP GUNFIRE SECRET. What Was Learned by the Japanese in Encounter with Rojestvensky. To those who have enjoyed the opportunity to gauge the Japanese character at close range the recent statement of a prominent army officer—none other, in fact, than Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance—that absolutely no information regarding the effect of Japanese gun fire on the armored battle ships of the Russian fleets has been made public or has even leaked out, will not prove surprising, says the Washington Post.

To the army experts the fact appears to have been the occasion of surprise and disappointment. They had long experimented with guns and armor and had reached certain conclusions which they regarded as practically definite. Nevertheless, they longed for more practical demonstrations even than their experiments afforded of the actual effect of modern rifled guns, using smokeless powder and discharging ten and twenty-four inch projectiles at the sides and on the decks of the modern battle ships, carrying an armored belt of eight, ten or twelve inches of Harvey steel, and with deck protected with perhaps six inches of the same material.

Would the armor-piercing shell, carrying a large quantity of high explosive, or the armor-piercing shot, carrying a materially smaller charge, but with greater piercing capacity, create the greater havoc? Would gun fire directed at the superstructure prove more effective in the long run than that aimed at the armored sides? Would it be possible so accurately to place the shots as to penetrate the lighter armor of the decks, and if so, at what ranges? These and a hundred other vital questions the ordnance experts knew would be solved when Togo's fleet met Rojestvensky's.

That the Japanese fire was mercilessly destructive they have had ample evidence. But no hint has come of the precise effects. No details are touchingly safe. Japanese admirals and Japanese generals meet and exchange compliments and commences with American officers, but never can they be induced to part with one sentence of information which might prove of value to the Americans. They sunk the Russian ships and then they raised them. They gathered an immense fund of invaluable information, in the opinion of the American experts, but they have never imparted the smallest fact. Possibly to English officers, their allies, they have given some hint on this all-important subject. And American officers are surprised and disappointed. Not so they who know the Japanese.

Retrenching. "Old Scads is in a tight place, I fear." "What makes you think so?" "He's doing everything possible to cut expenses." "Hain't heard of it." "It's so; he's broken the engagement between his daughter and Lord Nuffin."—Houston Post.

The Danger of Sincerity. Mrs. Fad—No, I do not believe in artificial aids to natural appearances. I think there is something meretricious about attempts to pass off the false for the real.

FARMS AND FARMERS

The Influence of Feed. Linseed meal has a tendency to make a soft butter, provided the meal is fed in large amounts. If fed in only moderate amounts, the butter fats are normal. It is a valuable milk-stimulating food and can be used to prevent the formation of excessively hard fats in winter. The only disadvantage to the general use is the price. Half or three-quarters of a pound of linseed or oil meal in a ration per day will exert a very favorable influence upon the quality of the butter.

Corn meal, when fed in large amounts with coarse fodders, has a tendency to produce a firm butter. When mixed with other grains, a better quality of butter is produced than if the corn were fed alone. Gluten meal, a by-product obtained in the manufacture of corn starch and glucose, produces a softer butter than corn meal. The gluten, it is to be observed, contains more of the vital nutrient protein.—Professor Harry Snyder, University of Minnesota.

Keeping a Gate from Sagging. Most farm gates are heavy, and after a little time they sag. When they get this way it takes a strong man to open and shut one. Here is a remedy. Get a wheel, either big or little, from an old piece of machinery, and bolt it to the front end of the gate.



GOOD USE FOR AN OLD PLOW WHEEL.

In such a way that the gate will be held level. Now the smallest child can open the gate for you. Try it, for it is a saver—saves your patience, your back, and the gate.—N. W. S., in Farm and Home.

Robins Killed for Food in the South. A million robins were killed in Louisiana during the winter of 1907-8, the offenders being men and boys who shot them for food. While they are protected as song birds in Northern States, it is a common Southern practice to shoot them for the table, and in some States the hunters kill them in great numbers at their roosting places. A government expert suggests that the eastward movement of the boll weevil has been facilitated by the killing of the robins. If that is shown to be so, the cotton growers will not receive much sympathy from the members of the Audubon societies.—Leslie's Weekly.

Transplanting Trees. In Revue Universelle, according to another foreign contemporary, there is a practical article of general interest on transplanting plants in full foliage at night. The results of some experiments by Rousset would make unnecessary the customary transplanting of deciduous trees in the fall or winter. He has found that trees may be transplanted in full foliage in May or June, with little or no injury, providing the process is carried on at night. This has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of some of the most prominent horticulturists of France.

Brewery Stock Feed. Dried brewers' grains rank close to bran in feeding value, containing a little more protein and fat, but not quite so much carbohydrates. It is claimed that in 100 pounds of this feed there are 15.7 pounds of protein, 36.3 pounds of carbohydrates and 5.1 pounds of fat. Malt sprouts and dried brewers' grains are valuable cow feeds, especially the latter. Sprouts are rich in protein, but not much relished by cows and should be fed only in limited quantities. Wet brewers' grains are apt to injure the quality of the milk.

Population and Food. The statistician in the Department of Agriculture of the United States estimates that in 1931 the population of the country will be 130,000,000. To supply the requirements of this number of people will necessitate the production of 700,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,250,000,000 bushels of oats, 3,450,000,000 bushels of corn, 700,000,000 tons of hay; and cotton, tobacco, fruits and vegetables in proportion. This will necessitate bringing under cultivation an additional 150,000,000 acres of land, and it is estimated that we have only 108,000,000 acres available for cultivation.

Insect with Springboard Nose. Among the curious insects of the Malay Peninsula is one called the lantern fly, which is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made without the aid of its wings. It was only after the first specimens of this queer insect were carried to London for examination, that it was discovered that a curious projection on the front of its head, a kind of nose with a cress in it, was the leaping organ. When bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released it sent the insect flying.

The Wisdom of the Bee. We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, writes John Burroughs in the Atlantic, and that is that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this, because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.

Early Indications. "What makes you think your infant daughter is going to be a prima donna?" "Because," answered the impresario, "she keeps vocalizing regardless of the surrounding conversation and never seems satisfied with anything."—Washington Star.

Quite So. "What do you think of Edison's concrete house?" "Seems to be all right in the abstract."

Odds in Weather Forecasting.

People have learned by experience to make allowance for error in the predictions of the Weather Bureau, but Prof. Schuster thinks that the allowances should be officially stated. Astronomers, it appears, are in the habit of giving the value of the "probable error" when publishing their observations. But, although meteorology lends itself more readily than any other science to the evolution of deviations from the mean result, the weather forecasters have not adopted the custom of stating the probable error. Prof. Schuster looks forward to the time when weather forecasts will be accompanied by a statement of the odds that the prediction will be fulfilled. Then, perhaps, we shall read in the weather column not simply "rain to-morrow," but "3 to 1" or "9 to 1 for rain to-morrow."

A Good Whitewash. Here is a well recommended whitewash: For 10 gallons use 25 pounds of common lime slaked with boiling water; 5 pounds of clean wood ashes; 10 pounds of melted beef tallow; 2 pounds of common salt and one-half pound of glue, dissolved. Add any dry mineral paint to color, such as burnt umber, yellow ochre or mineral red. Mix all white hot and apply while warm, keeping it well stirred.

The Sheep Pen. As a rule there is very little moisture in the sheep pen from the animals themselves. Shepherds say that by heavy bedding, particularly at the beginning of the season, the straw will absorb all the urine from the sheep without there being any softness or rotting of the straw, and the pens are often not cleaned more than once in a season without injury to the stock.

Spraying Fruit Trees. All fruit trees should be sprayed while dormant, with lime, sulphur and salt, as a preventive of San Jose scale, to destroy the fung. It is also claimed that this preparation is a good fertilizer, and will help to keep the trees healthy. Quite a number of insects attack only dead or decaying trees, and these form a breeding place for many other varieties of insect pests.

Digested Fertilizers. Manure is simply materials that have been softened and decomposed (digested) within the body of an animal. To apply such raw materials as bran and linseed meal directly to the soil would be of no advantage, notwithstanding that they are excellent fertilizers, their value being increased by feeding to stock.

To Prevent Runaways. An iron weight with a strap attached to it should always be carried in the farm wagon. The moment the horse is stopped and the driver is to leave the team, the weight should be dropped to the ground and the strap fastened to the horse. This will make it safer than to allow the team to stand unhitched.

Demand for Horse-Radish. Annually 75,000 barrels, or 7,500,000 pounds, of horse-radish are shipped from St. Louis to the Atlantic coast, to the Pacific coast, to the lakes and to the Gulf.

Farm News and Notes. Uncle Sam received \$11,500,000 last year for public lands of all kinds. A gardener at Tacoma, Wash., last season marketed \$750 worth of celery from one acre of ground. The explosion of a cream separator nearly killed Earl Adams and his mother, living near Trempealeau, Minn.

Emperor William of Germany sent fifteen coach and cavalry horses to the International show. They were among the most beautiful animals ever seen in this country. Wyoming is sending a large number of her tough little bronchos to Alaska, as it has been found that they stand the rigorous climate up there better than any other breed.

Night riders in Tennessee who were arrested for burning tobacco sheds and shooting at farmers were set free because a jury could not be found in the county to try them. The government reports that 2,600,000 cattle died in the United States last year, over half of these succumbing from exposure. The total losses from all causes is estimated at \$24,000,000.

Farming in New Mexico has been given a great impetus during the past few years by the work of the farmers' institutes and many unproductive valleys have been turned into rich grain and fruit fields. One of the sights at the International Stock Show was a pure white Galloway, sired by Scottish Standard, a thoroughbred Galloway bull out of a pure bred white Galloway cow. This is a freak, but may produce a new type of Galloway.

Self-Preservation. "The man who can be coerced into paying hush money is either a coward or a criminal." "I don't class myself with either and I pay hush money." "What for?" "If I didn't my wife would talk to me from one pay day till the next."—Houston Post.

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