Topics of the Times

Is there no way of discovering that a firetrap is a firetrap before it is in flames?

A man can quit any job he holds whenever he feels like it, except being married.

There should be a lot of money in it for the first man who opens an airship repair shop.

After proposing to a girl 208 times a Boston man has won her. We suppose she did the counting.

Go ahead and find the north pole, gentlemen, and I'll put up a $50,000 library there.—Mr. Carnegie.

A Chicago infant has a thousand-dollar crib. The kidnappers will be tempted to take the frame and leave the picture.

"Blondes are apt to be near-sighted," says an oculist. Still they are not apt to overlook the right sort of fellow at close range.

"I didn't expect this," said Mae Wood, after landing in jail. Mae should be old enough to know that it is the unexpected that happens.

The Queen of England wore gems valued at $5,000,000 at the state ball in Buckingham Palace. Sounds as if her father came from Pittsburg.

People who have the money to spare no doubt would rather contribute $50,000 toward finding the north pole than go in search of it themselves.

"O for the men of old!" sings a lady poet in one of the current magazines. It is our impression that the men of old demanded a good deal of submission on the part of their wives.

France and England are reported to be making plans for the further isolation of Germany. It must be quite flattering to a nation when other great powers are kept busy combining against it.

The English language will die out by the year 4000, announces a college professor. This is the first time we have seen the date fixed for the shutting down of the Indiana romantic fiction mill.

Young Alfred G. Vanderbilt, whose father selected him to be the head of the house, has decided to reside in England and drive a coach between London and Brighton. It will have to be generally admitted that he might easily do things which would be more disagreeable.

Six State Legislatures out of the forty-six in the country have petitioned Congress to call a constitutional convention in order to secure an amendment providing for the election of United States Senators directly by the people. A petition from the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States is required before Congress is required to call such a convention.

There are in New Haven about 4,000 persons who have come from a single province in Italy. They pride themselves—and well they may—on the fact that during the last twenty years not one of them has been sentenced to jail in New Haven, and there has not been a single divorce case, no one has been implicated in a murder case, and there have been few civil actions among them. It is evident, either that these Italians are most uncommonly good people by nature, or that there is something in the air of Connecticut which makes it still the "land of steady habits."

We believe the time has come when the "old man," who has slaved from young manhood to the lean and slippered pantaloon stage, ought to be awarded his due meed of praise. He has effaced himself too long, doing his duty as a matter of course and spurning commendation therefor. It is time to force him into the limelight and exhibit him in all his excellence. We do not think there ought to be a "father's day" and more than a "mother's day." But we feel deep down in our hearts that mother and the children ought to try to be good to the "old man" every day in the year. He spends his life in their service. The least return they can make is to recognize that father, with all his frailties and limitations, is a useful factor in civilization and in the domestic economy. We revere the mothers of the nation. We insist that the virtues of the fathers shall receive due recognition. They may eat onions, they may wear plain clothes, they may not know that more than one fork is desirable for a dinner course, but they are the salt of the earth. We lift our voices in behalf of this downtrodden creature.

There is no doubt that the common good will be served by the solemn formulation of a code of professional ethics by the lawyers' national organization, the American Bar association. Whether the somewhat cynical attitude of the layman towards the lawyer's professional ethics is more salient today than ever may be doubted, since the layman has never really or, at any rate, adequately appreciated the force of the truth that it is as important to the welfare of society that the guilty shall be "defended" as that the innocent shall be. He has always looked askance at the zeal of the advocate as an advocate, not realizing its vital necessity to the proper working of the whole machinery of justice. As the advocate himself has been known to overstep the proper bounds of advocacy, the layman has seized upon the egregious case to fortify him in what is really his misunderstanding of the advocate's duties. Wendell Phillips declared that Rufus Choate had made murder safe, and there is today among laymen a pretty well defined belief that lawyers thrive chiefly by making lawbreaking safe. That a declaration of ethics will do something toward modifying what is in great degree an unjust and hurtful belief can hardly be doubted, but the authoritative utterance of a code of ethical principles will serve a greater good than this. Such an utterance is needed within the profession. It is not necessary in support of this statement to discuss deeply the conditions which justify it. The main tendencies of the generation in American life are by this time apparent to any one who has a moral consciousness. Among the facts of the generation has been the development of a more than ever important relation between business and law. The rise of the corporation, itself a creation of the law, has involved the development of an enormously important and correspondingly profitable department of legal activity. In this new field success has meant usually not the strict and scrupulous application of the law but the adroit invention of devices for its evasion. The ethical problem here presented has never in its essential factors been absent and never will be absent from the practice of the law. But in a period of transition—a transition which is legal, economic, and social—which old conditions are to be adjusted as far as possible and with the least possible injury to new laws and prohibitions, the pressure is considerable upon the whole legal agency. A reaffirmation of right principles in the practice of the law has been made imperative by a charge so subtle yet so profound. It should be accompanied by the active exercise of the personal influence of the better class of lawyers upon their younger or weaker brethren. Much can be done—it is not too much to say that much must be done—to make the new code more than a counsel of perfection.

FISH AND THE BRAKEMAN.

Magnate Remembered Own Earlier Years and Stood for Fair Play.

When the Illinois Central formed an alliance with the Minneapolis & St. Louis and thereby secured an entrance to the great northwestern field, Stuyvesant Fish in his private car made a trip over the new line, says C. E. Russell in Human Life. Returning, the car was attached to the regular evening train for Chicago. About five minutes before starting time a young fellow that looked like a railroad man came to the rear platform of the car, where the party was sitting, and said:

"I want to see Mr. Fish."

Mr. Fish glanced down at him and said instantly.

"Come aboard."

The young fellow climbed over the railing

"Do you want to talk with me?" asked Mr. Fish.

The young man said he did.

"Then come in here," said Mr. Fish, and led the way into the car.

Three minutes later he reappeared and called for the conductor of the train.

"Jim," he said, "how long can you hold this train and have time to meet No. 7 at Lumptylump?" or some such place.

"Seven minutes," said the conductor.

"That will be enough," said Mr. Fish, and went back into the car. In five minutes he came out and the young man hopped off.

"I'll attend to it," Mr. Fish said to him. "Go ahead, Jim."

At the first stop Mr. Fish sent a telegram, ordering the reinstatement of the young man in the company's service. He was a brakeman that, because of some misunderstanding with a train dispatcher, had been unjustly dismissed. He had sat in Mr. Fish's private car and a train had been held while he told his story and he had got justice for the telling of it.

Some one expressed surprise that Mr. Fish should bother with such things. He said:

"That man was a brakeman. I have swung a lantern myself. All he wanted was fair play. It wasn't much to do for fair play."

SECRET WRITING.

German Prisoners Invent Ingenious Method of Communication.

The modern detective story so frequently depends for its plot either upon a cryptogram or invisible writing that a general interest attaches to a recent discovery made by Prof. Gross of Germany. This is nothing more or less than a method of invisible writing used by convicts for the purpose of secretly communicating with their friends who are still at liberty. According to the description of the German professor it is one of the simplest and most effective methods ever invented.

Take a sheet of common writing paper, moisten it well with clear water, and then place it on a hard, smooth surface, such as glass or stone. After carefully removing all air bubbles from the sheet place upon it another dry sheet of equal size and write upon it your communication with a sharp pointed pencil. Then destroy the dry paper upon which the writing has been done, and allow the wet paper to dry gradually by exposure to the air.

When the wet paper is thoroughly dry, not a trace of the writing will be visible. But on moistening the sheet again with clear water and holding it against the light, the writing can be read in a clear transparency. In other words, it can be read precisely like the "water mark" used by paper manufacturers. The writing disappears again after drying in the air, but it may be reproduced by moistening for an indefinite number of times. Should the sheets become too much heated, however, the writing will disappear, never to reappear again.

Offering a Fair Compromise.

"And will you let my daughter have her own way the same as I do when you are married?"

"No; but she will come as near having it as your wife does."—Washington Herald.

The man who has a motto is also apt to take up some of your time by quoting poetry you aren't anxious to hear.

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

In line with the best modern productions of fiction which we are offering, this serial is timely, intensely entertaining and dramatic, and should be received with enthusiasm by every reader who delights in a bright, interesting story. It is entitled, "The Chauffeur and the Jewels," and aside from the automobile element, which is fascinating, has a wide range in land and ocean travel and includes scenes and incidents of varied interest. The gifted authoress is Edith Morgan Willett, the story is finely written and interest is maintained to the very last chapter.

The heroine is Annette Bancroft, the daughter of a retired army officer, whose home is in Washington. Miss Bancroft and her mother pass a wonderful year visiting England in May, summer in Switzerland, the Tyrol in September and the winter in the Riviera, where their automobile was bought. They are robbed in a mysterious manner of very valuable jewels, and this incident forms the central point in the romance. Complications ensue and around these are grouped plot and counterplot and numerous incidents that are intensely depicted. There is a strong element of love and devotion all through the story, ending in a dramatic way that is original and striking.

This serial has a further element of fashionable society life that lends a pleasing variation to its development. The double impersonation, the loss of the jewels, the rapid change in scene, all continue to maintain the interest, and the result is a story of superior power and merit.

CHAPTER I.

Springtime in France—a poet's theme! The charm of a gray-blue sky strung with bead-like clouds, of level fields, of distant spires and turrets jotted picturesquely on the horizon; and always the white road, glistening, undulating ahead, keeping step with the windings of the Seine!

It was with the satiety of utter enjoyment that Annette at last closed her tired eyes and, leaning back on the crimson cushions of the tonneau, gave herself up to the twin luxuries of perfect motion and perfect air.

Chug-chug, snorted the motor as it swept ahead, consuming space at the rate of sixty kilometres an hour. Over the girl's head rollicked a merry wind, now steeped in sunshine, and again chill with the breath of far-away ice fields. Behind lay Paris, left that very morning, and now only a confused, composite memory of delights which had been crowded into three delicious weeks. Ahead the telescopic eyes of the motor pointed to Havre; and then—Miss Bancroft shivered slightly—there would be the Channel crossing, Southampton, Liverpool, and eventually—home!

Home. To the girl in the tonneau that magic word signified chiefly an abode in S street, one of Washington's unfashionable thoroughfares, where bay-windowed "twenty-foot-fronters" elbow each other with offensive familiarity; where walls are narrow, and ceilings low, and the smell of cookery haunts the air.

It was in one of those so-called "desirable residences" that Annette's father—a retired army officer on half pay—and her two little brothers had been keeping bachelor's hall without her for the past year.

However, Major Bancroft was a wise parent, as well as a kind-hearted if somewhat prosaic mortal, and when Mrs. Dick Waring, who was a distant cousin of his late wife's and a handsome woman to boot, had taken him off forcibly in her victoria one fine day of the previous spring, and begged "the loan of that nice girl of his for twelve months on the other side of the ocean," he had said "Yes" without hesitation.

After all, when a man has a penchant for doing his own marketing and divides his time satisfactorily between the club and his newspaper, an only daughter is not always indispensable—especially when she writes regularly and doesn't require an allowance. Besides, what an opportunity for the child! Europe at twenty-one! A witching combination, even with an exacting chaperone to offset its charms.

"You know," Mrs. Waring had informed her proposed charge very frankly, "I've quarreled with Julie—and, any way, one gets tired of traveling forever with a maid, as I've had to do ever since poor Dick departed this life—French women of that class have no ideas to speak of and are such poor travelers. You won't mind hooking me up behind sometimes, will you, dear, and packing my trunks? We'll have a beautiful time together and see everything within reach."

And so indeed they did, the wonderful year linking a chaplet of experiences that Annette, like a good Catholic, was forever conning over and over.

England in May; summer in Switzerland; the Tyrol through September; then Italy—and a winter on the Riviera, where the automobile had been bought.

At this most exquisite point in Miss Bancroft's rosary of recollections, a voice broke in upon them.

"Where are we now?" it demanded, in Mrs. Waring's clear, trenchant tones, that carried above the whistle of the wind. "What's that in the distance, Sarto?"

"Chateau Gaillard, madame." Then, to Annette, "There, to your right, see?"

Annette opened her eyes. Beside her the chauffeur was leaning forward and pointing to distant battlements. Far above the road on a rocky height the castle towered—a sullen mass of ruins, blotting the fair landscape.

The two people on the front seat of the motor had turned their heads and were staring up.

"What's the use of stoppin' and overhaulin' that old den?" demanded the huge, broad-shouldered, thick-set personage who was grasping the steering wheel. "If we're goin' to reach Rouen this afternoon, we'd better push straight on and keep our nerve and muscles and temper for the cathedral. What say, Gussie?"

"All right," laconically agreed Mrs. Waring, and the car shot on. "Mr. Buist is not an admirer of ruins," remarked the chauffeur sotto-voce, and then, as his companion acquiesced with a whimsical shake of the head, he shrugged his leather-covered shoulders and sat staring at the Englishman's square back with eyes which glittered behind their goggles.

The chauffeur himself was not an ineffective figure, in spite of the goggles, the heavy brown beard, and brigand-like moustache, not to mention an automobile livery which could not quite obliterate the graceful lines of his person and the straightness of his nose.

Six weeks ago it was that he had appeared miraculously on the wide, shallow, orange-potted steps of the Hotel de Paris, at Monaco, at the very moment that Mrs. Waring was descending them, and, approaching her with a low bow, presented to her a coroneted missive, in which no less a personage than the Prince Roderigo del Pino sang the praises of one Ludovic Sarto, who had managed his new forty-horse power touring car for two years in a trip which must have taken in all the corners of the globe, displaying nerve, resource and science in all motoring exigencies, besides intimate fellowship with Baedeker and "unusual linguistic ability." The effect of all this, endorsed by the coronet, had its influence on Gussie Waring, who engaged the paragon on the spot.

And so Ludovic Sarto steered the new Napier motor over the upper Cornice, down to Monaco and Monte Carlo, and finally up to Nice, where, Mr. Gerald Buist, an ancient ally of Mrs. Waring's (besides being second son of Lord Lindsay), appearing on the scene, the new chauffeur was relegated ignominiously to the tonneau and the society of Miss Bancroft.

A month is a long enough time to register an impression, and in Annette's diary it will be found recorded that there are worse things in this sad world than being whirled through space in a comfortable arm-chair, tete-a-tete with an agreeable individual who has apparently been everywhere and seen everything and who knows how to talk about it all in excellent idiomatic English.

"Chauffeurie," if there be such a word, is a curious craft, which admits of its votary working like a coal heaver and engine driver combined, while at the same time preserving the manners and appearance of a gentleman.

"I know he's a gentleman," Annette told herself irrelevantly, and for the twentieth time, that June day, as they left Chateau Gaillard—a pin point on the sky line—speeding on to Andelys, which shimmered alluringly through a blue haze.

Above the front seat a veiled hat and a gray auto cap could be seen in close propinquity, while their owners indulged in absorbed conversation, and the swinging car traced eccentric scallops on the broad road.

"We will be in the ditch without doubt if Meester Buist is not more careful," commented the chauffeur aside, in his precise foreign English. He bit his lip and scowled as the motor skimmed the edge of the roadway in a zigzag course of perilously acute angles.

The girl beside him laughed softly. "How you want to be on that front seat at this moment!" she ejaculated.

Sarto turned his head.

"Scusi, signorina?" he asked, eyeing his companion with an intent glance that gave way to one of reluctant admiration.

Annette Bancroft was not a beauty; the small oval face, with its delicate childlike features, had none of her cousin's emphatic brilliance. Nevertheless, the girl's shy grace was full of potentiality—hints half uttered, yet unmistakable, of the charm that was to be.

"Why do you imagine that I covet the front seat, signorina?" he inquired curiously.

Again Annette laughed. "Ah! I know you must long to be at the helm again," she surmised sympathetically, "in your rightful place, with your hand on the steering wheel."

"In my rightful place!" echoed the chauffeur. The man had taken off his glasses—an unusual action with him—and without their somewhat grotesque protection his eyes gleamed out unfamiliarly; long, heavy-lidded brown eyes they were, slightly raised at the corners, giving their owner the half-sad, half-wondering expression of an animal.

He smiled now—an odd, twisted smile. "It is not always that I have been on the front seat of a motor, signorina."

Then, breaking off abruptly, "This is Andelys," he said, in his usual tones. "That spire—it is a good piece of Norman architecture, do you not think so?"

But Annette only gazed absently ahead as the motor tooled through crooked streets at a pace that gave chickens and small children scant time to get out of the way.

When they had left the little town quite behind, she turned to her companion again. "Now I am going to make a conjecture," this abruptly spoken in French, the painfully correct French of the boarding school. "Do you know"—she flushed a little, inwardly surprised at her own audacity—"I've been wondering—tell me if I'm not right in fancying that at some time or other in the course of your life you've been a soldier; you know there is such an unmistakably martial look to your shoulders."

The chauffeur smiled. "You have great discernment, mademoiselle," he said politely. "Yes, I have been in the Foreign Legion—you know nothing of that organization? It is an extraordinary affair, the Foreign Legion"—his tones quickened, gaining a certain enthusiasm—"the most marvelous chemical solution in existence, capable of depriving a man—any man—of his identity and turning him into a bit of military mechanism, neither more nor less. I served in the ranks for two years."

He stopped short, and as suddenly the light, the vigor of an unwonted exaltation, went out of his face, which settled into its habitual impassivity. Replacing his goggles, he lowered his cap over his eyes, and folding his arms sat looking imperturbably ahead down the long road—a motionless leather-encased figure suggestive of motor cars and naught beside.

This attitude was not conducive to further confidences, but Annette Bancroft at twenty-one had all the instincts of a born biographer, and when once on the scent of possible romance was not to be turned aside.

"I suppose," she hazarded at last, joining the loose ends of his unfinished story, "that after you left the army you took this up?"

Her companion hesitated, twisting his long, brigand-like mustaches.

"Well, not immediately," he responded guardedly, still speaking in French. "I got down here by degrees; that is the way it generally happens. Let me see—I started by tutoring a bit in Switzerland; the boy had consumption and died in less than a year. After that one took up what came easiest. The transitions do not amount to much, but"—he laughed suddenly, a frank, gay, wonderfully light-hearted laugh—"in the course of my checkered career I have been respectively guide, courier, croupier, and even cabman on occasions, besides officiating as motor pilot for various racy individuals—not, of course, including His Highness the Prince del Pino."

He paused with a faint shrug of the shoulders.

For an instant the girl gazed at him with eyes that were unnaturally dilated.

"How interesting!" she murmured at last, inadequately.

The chauffeur made a slight bow.

"Rouen already!" he ejaculated, dismissing the subject and glancing around, then relapsing into his careful, conscientious English.

"See you our auberge at the end of that little street? How have we made the run?" He pulled out his watch. "Good! Seventy kilometres in as many minutes."

Whiz! buzz! sang the motor, its breath expiring like a wounded sky-rocket, as it drew up in front of a red brick Normanesque facade.

"Sarto!" called Mrs. Waring peremptorily.

She stood, minus her dust-cloak and goggles, a dazzling tailor-made vision with a big bunch of violets at her waist, smiling with unwonted graciousness to the chauffeur, who hastened to do her bidding. Then, accepting his hand, regardless of the Englishman beside her, the landlord in the doorway, and an obsequious commis-voyageur who was pressing forward to her assistance, she stepped nimbly to the ground and passed into the inn, followed by her cousin.

Mr. Gerald Buist with an expressionless countenance sauntered off to the postoffice, wondering "what possessed Gussie Waring to make such a fool of herself;" but the man whom she had delighted to honor stood by the motor rooted to the ground, gazing in a rapt, reverential way at his leather-covered gloves.

(To be continued.)

MAKE ELEPHANTS SNEEZE.

Boys Throw Chinese Compound to Animals with Startling Result.

Two small boys, names unknown, but very much desired by the keepers of the Bronx zoo, threw several hundred animals and several thousand persons into one grand sneeze recently and came near bringing about a general riot, says the New York Herald. The means was a large quantity of Chinese snuff, an innocent appearing white powder guaranteed to produce more sneezes to the minute than the worst kind of a cold in the head.

Since the tube under the East River was opened thousands of Brooklynites have found it convenient to explore the heretofore unknown fastnesses of the Bronx zoo. When the crowd was at its largest the youngsters with the snuff wormed their way into the elephant house and, with a breath, wafted a quantity of the powder into the air. At once the visitors began to sneeze. Soon Gunda, the trick elephant, ceased his regular Sunday exhibition, made an awful grimace and then gave vent to a "catchoo" that shook the roof. Sultan and Kartoom, the little elephants, followed with sneezes worthy their size, while Mogul, the rhinoceros, exploded with a terrific paroxysm. Meanwhile the visitors continued to sneeze.

At first it was taken as a joke and then the animals began to show signs that it is no joking matter to have one's nose tickled when one's nose is as long as an elephant's trunk. Keepers Bayreuther and Thurman, sneezing violently, saw impending trouble from the elephants and quickly cleared the house, allowing the wind to blow out the snuff.

Having found such satisfactory results in their first venture the boys wandered from place to place, wherever there was a crowd and threw out more snuff. At the bear pit they set the bears sneezing as well as the crowd around them. Henry Merkle, assistant superintendent, hastily organized a squad of keepers to run down the boys and started sneezingly in hot pursuit. The boys were not found.

Only an Office Boy.

"If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarped," said an insurance agent, "just watch the office boys in your own or any other place of business. In four cases out of five the thing will come out this way:

"A new boy is engaged. He is meek and mild, apologetic of bearing and courteous of speech. He is apparently seeking an excuse for daring to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the head office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style Sush rudeness pains him.

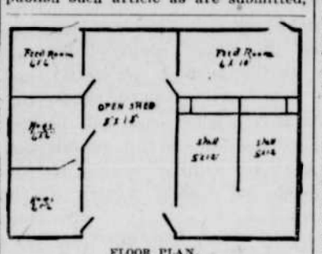
"Note this boy a little later. His rude superior has resigned or been dismissed, and he is now head office boy. Is he meek and mild, apologetic and reproachful? Say, he's a worse young ruffian than his predecessor—bullyrags the newcomer, ignores the cuspidor, uses language not fit to print and comes dangerously near 'sassing' his employer. He knows it all, and a little more.

"There are exceptions, but they prove the rule."—New York Globe.

A Handy Small Barn.

A Missouri subscriber of Farm and Home forwards a device for a handy and inexpensive barn, and in describing same says: "Many small farmers, poultrymen, fruit and truck growers have no use for a large barn such as those usually published by the papers. I send the plan here illustrated in the hope that it will be of some use to those wishing a small barn. It is 18x24 feet on the ground and divided as shown in the floor plan. The open shed is used for tools, a wagon, buggy, or a shop, and sometimes simply as a place to store manure. In some of the colder States doors should be provided for the shed, and possibly the partitions extended to the ceiling. The structure is ten feet at the eaves and fourteen to sixteen feet in front. The loft is floored over eight feet above the grade line. This provides ample storage space for hay and rough feed and the two feed rooms are ample for grain and bran. These may be floored or not, as desired. The outer walls are boarded up and down and battened. The roof should be covered with some rather tight material not over eight inches wide, and this is turn covered with any of the prepared roofing felt now on the market. The barn has been built several times at a price ranging from $50 to $60, and can be built some cheaper where native lumber is used. When neatly painted it will make a very good appearance. I was prompted to submit the sketch from several articles written by subscribers stating that small barn plans never appeared in the journals, and as it is very evident that they can only publish such article as are submitted,

FRONT VIEW.



FLOOR PLAN.

possibly the readers are at fault and not the journals. I hope the above plan will be found useful to many."

Mixed Breeding.

In mixed breeding, or cross breeding, nothing is accomplished beyond the first cross, says a Colorado veterinary bulletin. While a few good individuals may be secured, the tendency is for the progeny to be below rather than above the average. A man conducting his breeding in a haphazard way is contending with fearful odds, groping in the dark following a will-o'-the wisp. In a hundred years he would be just where he started. Incidentally this is just what we have been doing in this country from the beginning, and the reason why we have so few pure breeds of live stock and are, after all this time, sending our good money across the water for pure-bred sires which we should produce at home.

After animals have been graded up to a practical purity of blood, the longer they are bred along this line the more prepotent they become, and the more certain that the offspring will uniformly possess general excellence of form, quality, action and utility.

The same is, of course, true of all live stock. The only certain method of raising the average standard of excellence is by persistent breeding to sires of the same breed until the native blood is obliterated and the progeny uniformly possesses all those desirable qualities of the pure breed employed.

Don't Neglect the Garden.

In summer the farmer has plenty of work on hand, and work that must have prompt attention, but the work needed in the garden is that which he should least neglect. His living depends on it, at least he ought to think so, and act on that belief. It is certain that there is no other part of his entire work so important to the health and comfort of his family and himself, and the actual saving of expenses which a bounteous garden insures is a feature which alone warrants him in making a good garden, no matter what other work many cause him to defer. It is presumed that he has by this time of year made all necessary preparations for a supply of fruit for family use during the entire summer, and much of the provision for a supply of staple vegetables should be completed, but there is time for much more, and it will not pay to neglect it.

It does not occur to many amateurs that there is a right and a wrong way of cutting cabbage. To do it properly, press the left hand between the headed part of the plant and the larger lower leaves so as to make room for the knife; then make a slightly slanting cut close under the hearted part, thus removing the cabbage, but leaving as long a stump as possible. In case the stumps are intended for a production of fresh growth, do not remove the large leaves until the sprouts have been given an opportunity to attain some size.

Weaning Pigs.

It will soon be time to take young pigs from the sows, and in weaning them much care will be necessary to avoid stunting them or stopping their growth. When about three weeks old the young pigs will begin to look around for feed, and a pen should then be provided for them where they can be coaxed and given a little fresh milk—it takes very little at first—after they have once tasted the milk they may be easily called to their feed. Corn should be constantly kept in this pen and the little pigs have free access to it at all times. Milk or swill should be fed to them, a little at first, and increased gradually daily. It will be beneficial to give them all the fresh, clean swill they will drink up clean at each feed. Never feed little pigs anything sour, or so much swill that it will stand in the trough and sour. Feed them this way until you see that the sow is dried up, then remove her and the pigs will be weaned.

United States Forest Land.

The United States Forest Service now has administration over more than 164,000,000 acres of land. This is slightly more than one-fifth of the country's total forested area; the remainder is in the hands of private owners. Nearly all the timber land of the unappropriated public domain is now in the national forests. This means that it is being protected against fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation; that its power to grow wood and store water is being safeguarded for all time, and that nevertheless its present supply of useful material is open to immediate use whenever it is wanted.

Distributes Fertilizer.

Fertilizer is the life of the farm. The man who applies it generously is rewarded by large and fine crops, but the farmer who is sparing with the soil rejuvenator pays the penalty with decreasing crops until he discovers that his ground is "worked out." Next to the use of this valuable material is the matter of its application. The best results are obtained by its even distribution over the ground, so that all parts will obtain the benefit. Where it is scattered in lumps and heaps, much of its virtue is lost. In order to accomplish this operation in the most approved manner the apparatus shown herewith has been invented by a Virginia genius. He claims that it is the most effective and compact of all the machines for the purpose, and besides this it is capable of very fine adjustment, so that the amount of fertilizer may be regulated to a nicety.

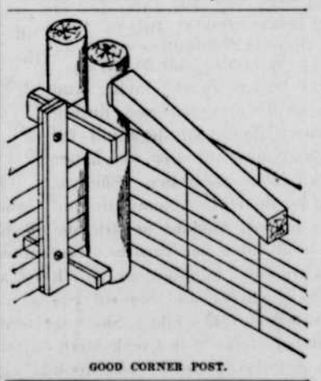
DISTRIBUTES FERTILIZER.

Seeding Clover.

There are customs which are rigidly adhered to in the sowing or planting of staple crops. Clover is usually sown on wheat land in the spring, the seed being scattered over the ground when it is covered with snow in order to facilitate the work. One of the rigid rules is to sow a certain quantity of seed (as little as possible if seed is high), and should the stand be light the cause is ascribed to everything but the quantity of seed that has been used. That fact is that seed should be used more liberally, as much of it is destroyed in various ways before germination, the saving of seed causing a loss of clover. Another point is to harrow the wheat, seed down the clover and then use a roller on the land. The better the preparation for clover, the more seed will germinate and the more perfect the "catch."

Corner Post for Wire Fence.

This contrivance is intended for the attachment of a portable woven wire fence at the ends. Two posts cleated



GOOD CORNER POST.

together at both top and bottom about four inches apart are set in line with the fence at each end. Two pieces of one by four inch oak are bolted on the fence in the form of clamps, placing one on each side of an upright wire to prevent slipping of the laterals.

Skim Milk for Chickens.

The West Virginia experiment station made a 122-day test to determine the value of the skim milk as a chicken feed. They selected twenty-two hens and fed them skim milk with the result that they secured 1,244 eggs in this time. Another lot of twenty-two hens fed with mash wet with water laid 996 eggs in the 122 days.

Best Soil for Beets.

Beets will grow well on any kind of soil except a hard, compact clay. The ideal soil is a mellow, moist one, preferably a sandy loam. Well-rotted manure should be applied to the poorer soils, the amount depending on the condition of the soil.

Feed for Brood Mares.

Brood mares should be fed liberally, but not to excess. They should have the best quality of well-cured hay, oats and bran. Moldy hay that has been heated in the mow or bale, musty oats and bran that has soured will not supply the proper nutriment for producing stake winners.

Belgium is importing about $1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motor cycles and bicycles. These imports have quadrupled in four years.