

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

To a census enumerator all men are equal.

The Spanish letter fraud and the old green goods game are children of the same father.

A baby was born in New York recently with a full set of teeth, but it had no need ticket.

A Brooklyn widow advertises for a husband with a million. She must mean a million of faults.

The Harvard professor who says a man can live on 20 cents a day speaks academically for academic purposes.

A California man has two extra ribs. He would have made a great Adam, but he might have become a bigamist.

"There are no bad boys," says one generous man. Maybe not, but the neighbors' boys are never as good as ours.

So ragtime cures insanity. Now we understand why it has sometimes taken an earthquake to jar a man's memory back into working order.

France is to send over here a corps of young engineers to study our telephone system. It is to be hoped they will find a few lines which are not "busy."

A new and rather expensive disease is called appendicular gastralgia. It sounds something like appendicitis with the doctor's bill raised to the fifth power.

One trouble is that a statesman in endeavoring to get to the level of the plain people is in danger of underestimating the plain people's intelligence and refinement.

Ontario is offering a \$5 bonus for all servant girls brought over from Europe by the Salvation Army or other organization. Wouldn't that smash your best china!

A fire has just been put out after it had burned for fifty years and consumed \$2,000,000,000 worth of good hard coal. It will take the consumers a long time to get it paid for.

Harvard is discovering mathematical prodigies at such a rate that the country will expect soon to get an authoritative reply to the question is dropped some time ago in despair of Ann's age.

One of the occultists announces that few people are able to see things as they are. This is perfectly true, especially with regard to the ability of people to see things which affect them personally.

This is the time when the infant-phenomenon epidemic is raging in the land. A lad of 15 in Connecticut has a license to preach. With children filling pulpits in churches and chairs in universities, the wisdom of age and experience must resign itself to a back seat.

The writing on a fragment which is dated 2000 years before Abraham left Ur to go into the land of Canaan has been deciphered, after months of hard work, by Professor Hilprecht of Philadelphia. It must have been even harder to read than the writing of a high school graduate.

Boston baked beans, according to an expert, contain all the elements found in a wide and varied diet of other articles. This information should be interesting to families who find it difficult, on account of the high prices, to make both ends meet. They might make one end beans and save money.

Small children are not the only ones who ask questions hard to answer. Not long ago a naturalist advanced the theory that the dog's ears lorp over. Instead of standing straight, as do a wolf's ears, because the dog has been domesticated and under the protecting influence of man so long that the necessity for keen hearing is less imperative. Now other dabblers in science are asking him why the ears of the donkey, which has been domesticated as long as the dog, show no signs of lopping over.

From the clay of a railway cutting near Spokane, Wash., has been taken a tiny bit of vegetable fiber—the leaf of a ginkgo-tree which must have flourished something like one hundred thousand years ago. There are fossils of even greater age, of course, but this leaf is still a leaf, not a mere imprint in stone; and it is beyond question the oldest known bit of vegetable matter in the world. The particular species to which it belonged became extinct long ago; its only surviving relative is the ginkgo-tree of Japan. Its appearance at the point where it was found proves to geologists that it grew and fell when the Cascade and Coast Range Mountains had not yet been formed and the Rockies themselves were young.

An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. So seems to think Prof. Ransom, who attends to mathematics and civil engineering at Harvard. He has put on a jumper and is shoveling clay at a daily wage in the bridge subway at the Hub. He is a success in his digging and will soon be made a boss. Whoever would qualify for command may profitably learn something about the practical effects of orders by first having carried such orders out. The wide scope of this rule extends from the woman who keeps one servant to the factory that employs ten thousand hands. The success of our leading railways is largely due to the fact that most of their officials have risen from positions which called for the practical execution of detailed orders. They possess a first-hand knowledge of all points involved in the activities they direct, and fully understand the capabilities and idiosyncracies of their subordinates. It is possible, too, that our strenuous professor enjoyed mak-

ing a bolt from brain work to manual labor, and feels a keen pleasure through "getting his hand in." The world is full of people who will envy him. Many languishing ladies would enjoy a relapse into housework or dressmaking if the genteel conventions by which they are so mistakenly governed only permit. Many men held down to desks long for the opportunity to employ their muscles rather than their wits and are glad to relieve themselves in brief spells of carpentry or metal working. Mr. Ransom, whether his prime motive be the relief that comes from revolt or the efficiency that follows on practice, has set a striking example. In no event is he likely to regret the hours spent in the trench or the "demonstration" effected by his energy and spirit.

THE FIRST ROAD MAKERS.

The buffalo was a good surveyor. It did not reason out why it should go in a certain direction, but its sure instinct took it by the easiest and most direct paths, over high lands and low, to the salt-licks and water-courses which were its goal. The authors of "The Story of the Great Lakes," Edward Channing and M. F. Lansing, say that the buffalo observed something like the principles which today govern the civil engineer. As soon as the explorer landed on the southern shores of Lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior, he came upon buffalo roads or "traces." Sometimes these were narrow ditches, a foot wide and from six inches to two feet deep, trodden down by the impact of thousands of hoofs, as herd after herd of buffaloes had stamped along in single file behind their leaders.

When the first path became too deep for comfort, because of repeated travel, the buffaloes would abandon it and begin a second path alongside the first, and thus the frequented traces would be gradually widened. Again, an immense herd of these heavy animals would crash through the forest, breaking in their rapid progress a broad, deep road from one feeding ground to another. As this route would be followed again and again by this and other herds, it would become level and hard as a rock, so that there was great rejoicing in pioneer settlements when they saw the buffalo tracks, struggling with log causeways and swampy hollows, come upon a firm, solid buffalo trace. Now was this an uncommon experience.

The line of many of these roads is followed to-day by our railroads and canals, and it was followed by our log roads and turnpikes. The buffalo followed the level of the valley; he swerved round high points whenever it was possible, crossing the ridges and watersheds at the best natural divides and gorges; and he crossed from one side of a stream of water to the other repeatedly in order to avoid climbing up from the level, after the fashion of our modern loop railways.

A HAT STORY.

In Any Society It Is Well to Do as the Rest Do.

The young wife of the new professor came downstairs and paused, as if to turn back at the very threshold of the parlor. The next instant she advanced toward the group of "faculty ladies" who had been invited to meet her at a formal luncheon in the home of the university president. She was a slight figure in soft browns, with big, interested eyes—a Western girl suddenly transplanted to a far Eastern shore. Apparently unconscious of the fact that every other guest in the room wore an elaborate hat while her own head was quite uncovered, she went bravely through the presentations. Then, turning to her hostess with a half-appealing, wholly charming smile, she said, simply: "I ought to have kept on my hat, Mrs. Blount."

"It's not of the slightest consequence, my dear Mrs. Tyson," was the gracious answer. "You and I will be company for each other." Before that party dispersed it had dawned upon the most superficial woman there that the incident was a trifle. At subsequent luncheons, it need not be said, the newcomer's costume met accepted requirements, but her popularity really began that day when, with deference to others and perfect self-respect, she smilingly proved that she was thrifless rather than slave of conventionality. There was another luncheon, given in a certain college circle where fashion may occasionally lag, but intellectual progress never. The guest of honor, who happened to hail from New York City, found herself the only person wearing a hat, and her hostess, noticing the situation in time, offered her an opportunity to "do as the Romans."

"Yes, but I'll keep it on, thank you," was the unlooked-for reply. "I'm doing the proper thing; why should I change?" The result, absurd as it seems, was a marked constraint throughout the luncheon. "I was ashamed to think that we couldn't rise superior to that hat," said one of the ladies afterward, "but somehow the fact of her wearing it, under the circumstances, prejudiced every one of us against her. It did give me one useful idea, though. Since then, whenever I find myself—and it often happens—less up-to-date in any respect than any other woman, I just reflect comfortably that it's going to be far easier for her to forgive, and love me still, than if I had managed to outdo her. It really helps, you know, if one can keep it in mind."—Youth's Companion.

Ragtime Beats. "Music," remarked the sweet girl graduate, "is the language of the heart."

"According to that," rejoined the mere man, "ragtime must be caused by palpitation of the heart."

Brilliant. "Clever!" "Oh, yes. She is so bright that she can actually say 'cute' things into an ear-trumpet."

TO A DAUGHTER.

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide, Like all created things, secrets from me, And stand a barrier to eternity, And I, how can I praise thee well and wide, From where I dwell upon the hither side? Thou little veil for so great mystery, We shall I penetrate all things and thee, And then look back? For this I must abide, Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled Literally between me and the world, Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring, And from a poet's side shall read his book, O daisy mine, what will it be to look For God's side even of such a simple thing? —Alice Meynell.

HIS LADY CLIENT

"Fourteen years?" Paul Latimer spoke more as though he were questioning himself than his confidential clerk. He stood looking out of his office window upon Lincoln's Inn Fields, his gray eyebrows sternly knit. "Yes, sir, it's fourteen years," said the clerk in a low voice, his hand upon the closed door. "You'll see him, won't you?" "I'll see him, of course. But—"

The lawyer stopped abruptly, for just then a carriage and pair pulled up at the entrance, and a face—the face of a lovely girl of one or two and twenty—appeared at the carriage window. Latimer and his clerk exchanged glances. "The young lady will be coming into the office, sir. What had best be done?" "Go out to her," said Latimer. "Tell them to drive around the square till I'm at liberty. Don't let her quit the carriage on any account. There's no knowing what might happen if—"

"Leave that to me, sir," said the elderly clerk, hurrying out. "I'll see to that." Latimer sank into the chair at his desk. The day was closing in. A young clerk came in and lit the desk lamp, and drew down the blinds. And now the lawyer's look grew graver, more concentrated, for there was a step on the air. Presently the door opened, opened slowly, and a weary-looking man came slowly into the room. "Where's my daughter?" said he, standing with his grasp upon the back of a chair. "John Masterson," said he, in a tone of reprimand, "that's a question which it was understood between us, fourteen years ago, that you would never ask. Your daughter regards you—it was your father when you were not—regards you as—dead!"

"Ah! And she is a woman now," said Masterson. "When—when I was convicted, unjustly convicted, in that forgery case and sentenced to fourteen years, Nora was nearly eight. She would now be twenty-one—a woman now. She is beautiful, too, isn't she?" And he looked keenly for confirmation into the lawyer's face. "Yes," said Latimer. "She is a woman now, and very beautiful. And the lady of fortune, the lady who adopted her when you were sent to prison, Masterson—has lately died and left her property to Nora, and—"

"An heiress? My daughter an heiress?" said Masterson, rising quickly from his chair. "Take me to her! I'm destitute—nearly starving. Is there anything now to keep us apart?" "Yes, there's a barrier." "What is it?" "Yourself!" said Latimer. "Once make yourself known to your daughter and the property, by a clause in the will, reverts to another."

"Nora shall not be made penniless through me. No, I'll never— But stay! What if my innocence were proven—the stigma taken from my name?" "Ah, that might alter the case," said Latimer, cautiously. "Help me!" cried Masterson. "I had no hand in the business. Give me your aid—for Nora's sake—for I solemnly take oath that I'm not guilty of the crime that fourteen years ago was laid at my door."

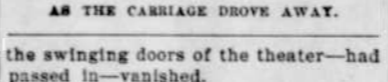
"The man who did it—who forged those drafts on the Philoboro bank—was a fellow clerk of mine," Robert Holroyd; and I've already begun my search for him," said Masterson, with a keen look in his eyes. "I mean to hunt him down, and I mean to force from him full and true confession, or else—"

"Well, well! We'll not pursue the subject any further—not just now," said Latimer. "I'll turn it over in my mind. Leave me your address. I'll see that the matter is looked into. I'll see if anything can be done."

Latimer had seized her wrist and gripped it tightly. But now the carriage, for a moment blocked among the crowd of vehicles in the great Holborn thoroughfare, moved rapidly forward, taking a westerly course in its homeward way. Days went by. For the time being Masterson was buoyed with hope. His interview with Latimer had put new life into him. He looked for a letter from the old lawyer every morning. But Paul Latimer gave no sign.

One night, as he turned out of Long Acre to start upon another night's wanderings through the lamp-lit London streets, Masterson became suddenly alive to the fact that a long line of vehicles was arriving and passing in under the portico of Covent Garden Theater. He was just making for his chosen post when a hansom cab pulled up with startling abruptness at his very elbow, and a tall man sprang out. He was in evening dress, a light inebriated cloak thrown negligently over his well-set shoulders; and as he thrust his hand into his pocket and turned half round to pay the cabman, the light from the street lamp fell sideways upon his face.

Masterson uttered a cry; and then, with the swift and writhing movement of a tiger eager for a leap, a flash of passion and hatred in his eyes—"Curse you!" he cried, springing forward. "I've found you, curse you, at last!" But as he made the spring a passer-by unwittingly ran against him, and he was thrown upon the railings with such force that he lost his footing; and when he rose to renew the attack he found the figure was gone. Casting about him a wild and searching glance, Masterson again got sight of the man. He was just passing in at



AS THE CARRIAGE DROVE AWAY.

the swinging doors of the theater—had passed in—vanished. Waiting there, pacing up and down outside those railings, Masterson began to grow puzzled over Robert Holroyd's youthful appearance. He looked no older—looked younger, if anything—than when they were fellow clerks at the Philoboro Bank. Was this man Robert Holroyd, or—? Suddenly a startling thought came to him. Robert Holroyd's son!

If so, so much the better. His yearning to strike was deeper rooted now; he would deliver a double blow. At last it grew evident that the performance was drawing to a close, and Masterson's gaze now became intent upon the faces of the fashionable crowd that began to pour out. No face in that outflowing crowd escaped observation.

And now a strange and startling thing happened. A carriage—one that he seemed to recognize—drew up, and the Lincoln's Inn lawyer, Paul Latimer, presently appeared, a girl on his arm—a girl whose face sent a sudden thrill to the very heart of John Masterson. "Nora!" he gasped. "My child!"

"No! No! No!" said Masterson, with a keen look in his eyes. "I mean to hunt him down, and I mean to force from him full and true confession, or else—"

"Well, well! We'll not pursue the subject any further—not just now," said Latimer. "I'll turn it over in my mind. Leave me your address. I'll see that the matter is looked into. I'll see if anything can be done."

Latimer's carriage? Tell me his name.

"Holroyd," said she. Masterson gripped the arms of his chair, and would have risen had not Nora held him back. "Upon the day you saw him in our carriage," said she, "Mr. Holroyd had arrived in London coming post-haste with a letter for you—from your fellow clerk at the old bank—a letter from his father."

"A letter—from Robert Holroyd—for me?" "Yes; and being unable to find you," said she, "young Holroyd had called that very morning upon Mr. Latimer. That letter, as you will find, contains Robert Holroyd's full confession of the crime of which you were so shamefully convicted."

"Ah!" "And Nora went on, 'and he has since died—since you were brought here to Mr. Latimer's house on that dreadful night—and he has made what amends he could by leaving you half his fortune, and—'" "What more?" said Masterson dejectedly. "His son, young Holroyd, has asked me—to be his wife," said Nora.

"What?" "I love him, father. Would you have me suffer for Robert Holroyd's sin?" Masterson made no answer. He seemed lost in thought; but after a while, he began to stroke her head caressingly, and Nora took heart, knowing instinctively that he would give way to her as he always had given way to her when she was a child.—Exchange.

DEER IN THE FAR NORTH.

Thousands Seen by Canadian Police Near Arcturion Lake. Three thousand three hundred and forty-seven miles—that is the police beat which Inspector E. A. Pelletier of the royal northwest mounted police has had to patrol for the past year, says the Canadian Courier. Inspector Pelletier, accompanied by his two comrades, Corporal M. A. Joyce and Constable R. H. Walker, crept back into civilization not long ago, and being nicknamed "Dumrey" because of his exploit, by the smart boys in the western barracks. It was back in 1908 that the inspector was dispatched to the far north, where he was under instructions to report on a feasible route from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River and to look after Canadian interests in the wilderness.

The jaunt to the top of the world began at Fort Saskatchewan. A few miles steamer stateroom comfort; then some gritty paddling, and Great Slave Lake was reached. That was where the real work commenced. The route along this great, wild sheet, into narrow, roaring channels was a nightmare of portages, mosquitoes and lurking, foaming rapids. On the list of September Inspector Pelletier and party touched Hudson Bay. The wind-torn timbers of a sailboat on the shore was the first object to meet their gaze. The wreck of the sailboat meant a long pause at Fullerton till winter should set in and permit the dog trains to gallop south with the police.

The move from Fullerton to Churchill—450 miles—was a thriller. Raw deer meat was all that was left of shrunken supplies to sustain the expedition. Probably the most picturesque part of the journey was the passage from Arcturion Lake to the height of land. Inspector Pelletier has this to say on the event: "Aided by the sails, we were making good time, but were delayed by large numbers of deer crossing at various points. We must have seen between 20,000 and 40,000. The hills on both shores were covered with them and at a dozen or more places where the lake was from a half to one mile wide solid columns of deer four or five abreast were swimming across, and so closely that we did not like to venture through them for fear of getting into some mix-up."

STONE AGE CUSTOMS.

Ancient Habits Still Endure Among Natives of Rural Rumania. Customs and habits directly traceable back to the end of the stone age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Rumania, says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Rumania over 54,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwellings of the stone age.

As recently as in the eighties millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was still crushed in Rumania by means of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. Today the Rumanian peasants still use ancient plows. At funerals a peasant named Coliba is partaken of consisting of soaked and boiled corn the exact way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe. Even to-day crabspeaks and wild pears are the only fruit known to the Rumanian peasant, and his vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from sunflower, hemp and good seeds. Medical men in rural Rumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

A Minor Tragedy.

Small Boy (to chemist)—Please, sir, can you mix me some castor oil so that you don't taste it when you take it? Chemist—Certainly, my little man. Are you fond of lemonade? Small Boy—Rather! (Chemist requires behind screen and reappears with a tumbler.) Chemist—There, my boy, you drink that. (Boys—does sir.) Isn't that good? Small Boy—Rather! That's prime! Now let me have the castor oil, please, sir. Chemist—Why, you've just taken it—in that lemonade! Small Boy—Oh! ericky; I wanted it for father's—Scraps.



FARMERS' CORNER.

Poultry Houses for Five Dollars. We have two poultry houses made from rough lumber, sawed from a tree out of the woods, and covered with shingles, but the cheapest one we have I made out of scraps of lumber found around the barn and lumber pile—such as can be found on most farms. Inside measurements are 10x12 feet, 5 1/2 feet high in front, 4 feet at back and 7 1/2 feet at the comb, which is 3 feet from front.

We like this shape and size of house very much, and if we were building another, think we would build the same shape of roof, as it is convenient and easy to get around in it. "Of course, there were cracks and irregular shaped boards in my house, but after I had covered the entire house with three-ply roofing paper these were covered up and we had a nice looking, warm and dry house. The window in front is 3 1/2 feet and is hinged so it can be easily opened for ventilation. At the end of the house I made a smaller window of ten panes of glass. These window openings are covered on the outside with 1/2-inch mesh wire screen. We have an inside door of lath, which we can close and leave outside one open on mild days in winter when the ground is covered with snow and we don't want the chickens out, or at night in summer.

It required four squares of roofing paper to cover the entire house, which cost us about \$2.75. We buy \$x10 glass by the box of 100 panes; so the 26 panes cost about 52 cents, and the wire netting for windows 75 cents. I built the house four years ago and it is as good as ever, excepting the roof, which was damaged by a very hard hail storm last spring. We put new paper on top of old, and it is now as good as new.—Mrs. J. E. Thompson, in Farm and Home.

The Quality of Butter.

The quality of butter depends to a great degree upon the food and drink of the cow. She should have clean, pure water and wholesome food. Much care should be taken in the selection of the ration. The individual cow has much to do in this regard. But with respect to the part that is played in handling the product of the cow too much carelessness is evident in the process of butter-making. After churning is finished the butter and milk mixture should remain quiet for about ten minutes in order to let the butter come to the surface. A cup of cold water will hasten the process. An old recipe says:

The butter should be carefully skimmed off into a wooden bowl half full of water. The water should be repeatedly changed until it shows no indication of milkiness. It is important that the butter should not be pressed or worked during the process of removing the milk from the butter. After this the butter may be pressed into a mass and salt to the extent of one-fourth its weight worked into it. The water should be well pressed out, but the less worked the more perfectly its granular character is maintained.

Catches All the Fruit.

One of the most ingenious of time-saving contrivances is the fruit gatherer designed by a Kentucky man. It collects all the fruit that falls from a tree and holds it where it can be quickly picked up and placed in a basket, also saving the apples, pears or whatever they may be from damage by falling. A circle of stakes is driven around the tree in a radius wide enough to include anything that falls from it. A circle of canvas, with a hole in the middle to receive the trunk of the tree, is fastened around the latter and also fastened to the stakes with the outer edge of the ring lower than the portion around the tree. Around the outer edge, too, is a wall to keep the contents from rolling off to the ground. The fruit falls from the tree into this canvas net and is thus saved from bruising. It rolls down to the outer edge and lies there until the picker comes along and collects it, thereby saving the latter time and trouble and keeping the fruit itself in good condition.

Fat Sometimes Disadvantageous.

Fat covers up weakness, a fact which purchasers do not duly consider. The ability does not seem to be cultivated by many, notwithstanding the great value of such ability. Even buyers of young dairy bulls are likely to give preference to young bulls that carry the most flesh. Hatching Turkey Eggs. Turkey hens are profitable until 5 years of age, but it is a good plan to change the gobblers every year. It requires twenty-eight days to hatch a turkey egg and seven eggs are considered a sitting. The nests should be on the ground.

Earthworms and Alfalfa.

Where there are numerous earthworms there is plenty of humus in the soil. Where there is plenty of humus alfalfa will grow. Earthworms can thrive only where there is humus in the soil, and their presence will determine whether it would be likely to prove good alfalfa land.

Plant Foods.

Clover and other legumes cannot restore old lands to its former state of fertility unless supplemented with manure and mineral plant foods.

Rheumatism of Horses.

In the highly fed and pampered horse, inadequately exercised, a form of rheumatism, indistinguishable from gout, is met with, says Horse World. It chiefly affects the fetlock, but may attack the navicular joint when the patient experiences "those pains arthritic which infect the toe of libertine excess."

The lameness is peculiarly painful when the latter joint is involved as no swelling can take place and give relief which is afforded by the puffing of a fetlock, a knee or hock. There can be little doubt that many of the intermittent foot lamenesses attributed to true navicular disease are rheumatic in origin, and that the so-called cures of navicular lameness otherwise than by the operation of unnering are due to the disappearance of rheumatic arthritis. Many navicular bones examined after the death of horses long suffering from disease have all the appearances of the rheumatic deposits.

The Milk Industry.

The milk producers of Northern Illinois have decided to resurrect a dormant industry in their fight against the milk trust. They are considering plants to re-establish their own creameries which were sold to the Borden Company ten or fifteen years ago. These will act as an outlet for their product if the association does not succeed in establishing its own distributing depot in Chicago, which is looked upon as more than a possibility. Fifteen years ago the Northern Illinois section was dotted with creameries established by the farmers, many of them being run on the co-operative plan. This was when the Borden Company was beginning to branch out. Offers of purchase were made to facilitate trading with the farmers and they agreed with most disastrous results.—Agricultural Epitologist.

Homemade Plank Harrow.

A good homemade harrow can be made by fastening together several planks so that each plank overlaps the one next to it like the clapboards of a building. It is said to be as good



HARROW MADE OF PLANKS.

as a roller for smoothing and firing the surface soil on lumpy ground. It will be found to work especially fine in the lighter soils. It can be used also for broadcasting small seeds and in the planting of garden truck.

Fattening Poultry.

Buckwheat meal is very good to use in fattening chickens, but should be used in preference mixed, half of its bulk of other meal, choice being given to cornmeal or ground oats. To fatten a fowl you should commence doing so exactly eighteen days before the fowl or fowls are needed for killing or for marketing, as after eighteen days of fattening they begin to lose flesh instead of gaining it.—A. V. Meersch in Western Poultry Journal.

Cost of Producing Eggs.

A bulletin from Cornell University gives the results of a record of a few hundred hens kept in 1903 as 9.2 cents per dozen for the average feed cost of eggs throughout the year. Some figures published in Farm Poultry give the record of a large number of poultry keepers, which shows the average cost of eggs per dozen in winter as 15 cents, in summer 8.7 cents. Under present prices the feed alone would be about 11 to 12 cents per dozen.

Slow Development Best.

When one is growing baby beef there are good reasons for forcing the feeding. With that class of animals forcing is necessary, but is not necessary with animals that are to stand at the head of herds. Development more than normally quick will be of no advantage to them. With them that style of development should be followed that will result in fullest and most vigorous growth when matured.

Smallest Cows in the World.

The smallest cows in the world are found in the Samoan Islands. The average weight of the females does not exceed 200 pounds. The males average about 300 pounds. They are very stocky built and are seldom taller than a merino sheep. In color these cattle are nearly all alike, a reddish mouse color marked with white. They have very large heads, and their horns are of exceptional length.

Fattening Wire to Small Posts.

If you are using hedge fence posts, especially small ones, the only sure way to fasten the barb wire to them is to wire it with bay wire. The staples might possibly stick at first, but the chances are that there will be a crack at that point and the staple will drop out or be pulled out sooner or later.

Sowing Beet Seed.

Beet seed should be sown rather thickly, if you want to save break-breaking thinning. Parsnip seed should be sown rather thickly to insure their getting through. In thinning parsnips never touch them when wet, as wet leaves touching any part of the hand, unless unexposed, will make painful blisters.

Utilizing Manure.

We have a small dairy of about fifty cows, mostly Jerseys, and sell milk, cream and butter. The manure from this herd is stored under shelter and applied with a spreader to wheat and young grass, says a writer in an exchange. We think that best results are secured by this method of applying.

Supplying Green Ration.

Start with the first warm days to grow green stuff for chickens. Peas will grow during the cool days of early spring and soon will furnish pickling for the birds. Many other things may be planted early and a succession of poultry garden "saws" to be carried along as needed. It will pay to do it.

Egg Fertility.

Authorities claim that the eggs from a hen will be fertile for ten days after the removal of the cock bird from the flock.