

HAS NO REAL PLACE

SINCERITY NOT WANTED IN THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS.

Man Who Set Out to Be Absolutely Truthful in All Things Announces That He Quickly Discovers the Fact.

"I will be sincere," I said to myself. "No matter what it costs me, I will say exactly what I think at all times and all places. I will have nothing to do with shams and pretenses and conventions." So I went out and tried it.

"To the first man I met I speaking my position and my intention of stating my mind. The man grasped me by the hand as though I was his longlost brother.

"You are the man for me!" he declared. "I'm sick of the conventional humbug of the world. We will be friends, you and I, and we will always say exactly what we mean to each other, and tell each other our real opinions."

"We will," said I, "and as a start, I should like to say that the color of the tie you have on does not suit you at all. A man with your complexion should never wear a red tie." But my new-found friend was a Socialist, and he felt as though he was saying his creed every time he caught sight of his red tie in a shop window, so, after a slight argument, he remembered a previous engagement and vanished.

I was somewhat puzzled, but went on my way, and presently met a nice, pretty girl, and to her I unfolded my philosophy.

"I'm awfully glad you've told me," she said. "I get so tired of all the silly things people say to me, and I have so often longed for a friend who would tell me what he really thought of me. You will, won't you?"

"I will," I promised. "I'll begin now. You say you get tired of people who say silly things to you, but really you like them."

But it happened that she was a girl who prided herself on being sincere, and she explained to herself many times daily that she only did conventional things because "one had to," and so she was not at all pleased. She told me in tones of perfect politeness that I was quite mistaken, and went off to talk to another man who told her what a relief it was to meet some one who was not afraid of calling a spade a spade.

But at last I found an old lady, a beautiful old lady, who was not in the least ashamed of being old and looking old. To her I made, as in duty bound, my declaration of absolute and uncompromising truthfulness, but instead of composing odors in my honor she sat up and shook her finger at me.

"Now, now!" she said. "That won't do with me, young man. All the men who want to pay the most outrageous compliments begin like that, and I've heard too many of them." And the more I protested my complete sincerity, the less she would believe me.

So what was I to do? To try to be sincere with myself was about the only thing left. After a few more experiences of the same sort, which invariably brought the same results, I decided that real sincerity didn't occupy a very permanent place in this world's affairs.

Trade Follows the Doctor.

At nine o'clock the stranger in the neighborhood saw a grocery wagon standing in front of the doctor's house down the street. At ten o'clock another wagon stood there, and at 11 o'clock still another.

"The doctor's family must be big eaters if it takes so many grocers to supply their wants," she said to the janitor.

"Oh, they are not all delivering stuff at the doctor's house," said he. "They are only stopping there as an advertisement."

"Every grocer, butcher, baker and dairyman in the neighborhood houses his wagon in front of the doctor's house and carries the things from there the rest of the way. It pays to make folks think they have the doctor's trade."

"Many people who have just moved into a neighborhood never make up their minds who to deal with until they find out where the doctor trades. He is supposed to buy only the best foods and the newcomers feel safe in trading where he does."

Just Plain Arithmetic.

Since they have been teaching algebra as well as arithmetic in the public schools a certain small boy has been having a good deal of trouble.

He was poring over his books the other night, with a deep frown on his forehead.

"What is the trouble, Albert?" asked his father, going over to the table where the boy sat.

"It's an example in algebra, father. I don't know how to do it."

"Let's see," Albert handed over the book and pointed to the following query:

If A does a certain piece of work in four days and B does it in 12 days, how long will it take them both working together?

"What makes you think it's algebra, son?" asked the man after he had read it.

"It's got an A and a B in," returned Albert, "so I thought it must be."

When the boy heard that it was "only arithmetic" he set to work at once and had the answer in no time.

Too Much for One Ear.

The young man had talked for ten, or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted.

"Just a moment, Guy!" she said.

"What is it, Fieda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other car. This one's tired."—Chicago Tribune.

Johnny's Mistake.

"Well, dear, I suppose you have been wondering where I was?"

"No, Johnny told me you were next door listening to the music."

"That was mistaken; I was next door listening to the phonograph."

SOIL FERTILITY IS WANING.

United States Agricultural Expert Predicts Exhaustion of Farm Land of Western Prairies.

The agricultural department at Washington is concerned about the exhaustion of the soil of the United States. On the prairies of the west fertility is beginning to wane. In many of the older communities fertility has been reduced below the point of profitable production. How to store and maintain productivity of soil is a most important phase of the conservation problem.

These observations are set forth in a farmers' bulletin prepared by W. J. Spillman, agriculturalist in charge of the office of farm management of the agricultural department. Mr. Spillman says that in order that the prairie country may not follow the descent of the east and south it is necessary that intelligent and vigorous effort be made to farm correctly.

Renting of land on short leases for the purpose of growing grain for the market is one of the surest means of reducing the productive power of the soil. Well managed pastures and rotational systems of crop rotation are necessary to the development of permanent systems of profitable farming.

Land owners must realize this, and must take steps to improve renting methods by stocking their farms with a full complement of domestic animals, in case the renter is not able to do this for himself, and by giving longer leases whereby the renter may reap the benefit of intelligent management.

In view of the soil waste that has occurred, Mr. Spillman asserts, it is not surprising that values of farm products have risen to a marked degree in the last few years.

POTATO BUGS ARE AT WORK.

War Must Be Commenced Early and Continued With Vigilance—Paris Green Recommended.

Potato bugs are at work. They are an enemy to be poisoned by the potato grower. War must be commenced early and continued with vigilance. Paris green is the most highly recommended. It may be used as a spray, with a sprinker, mixed with air slaked lime, flour, or fine, dry road dust, sifted over the potato plants when covered with dew or rain. In any form of application at least one pound of Paris green should be used per acre, but when the plants are large a greater amount may be required. The Minnesota Experiment station prefers to use Paris green mixed into a thin paste with water and then stirred in the larger volume of water to be used in a sprayer. Very good results, however, have been obtained by the use of a common sprinker. Where the crop is large and it is possible to procure one, a power sprayer is advised and regarded as almost indispensable. Milk of lime, made by slaking two pounds of stone lime in water to each pound of Paris green, should be carefully strained into the poisonous mixture to prevent burning of the plants. Arsenate of lead may be used as a potato bug poison, but it is more expensive than Paris green. Paris green may be mixed with Bordeaux mixture, when the mixture is used as a disease destroyer. In this case no additional lime need be added.

The Colony House.

The permanent colony house is no as good as the portable. The portable house is usually built upon runners similar to the common stone boat. In the spring and summer they are drawn upon the range, and in winter may be brought up near the feed house and arranged in rows, so it is almost as easy to care for the birds as if they were in a single continuous house. The colony house system is in general use in England, and is practically the only system employed, says a writer in Baltimore American. These colony houses have wheels at each corner and no floors. I would advise those who contemplate going into the poultry business, no matter on what scale, to start with the colony system. It takes a little more work, but it is best in the end, and the chances of success are much greater than where the other plans are followed.

The Modern Farmer.

The modern farmer is working toward a well-defined purpose. His constant aim is to do less work that requires muscle and brawn, but more brains work. He purposes to purchase machines that will do the drudgery and irksome tasks while he himself can find time to solve the problems of farm management. A little headwork, properly applied to the management of a farm, will often turn loss into profit.

Food For Chickens.

A handful of grain dug into an ant hill will bring the chickens to it, and then feed to the insect. A plant of Swiss chard sown adjoining the poultry yard will supply greens all summer provided the fowls are not allowed to eat it more than an hour a day.

To Maintain Nitrogen.

Nitrogen must be maintained by legume crops, and the best legume for the corn belt is clover. The clover crop should be left on the ground. If removed, not much, if any, nitrogen is added to the soil. If the crop is removed and fed to average live stock and the manure given average care and hauled back to the field, the loss is nearly one-half of the plant food and three-fourths of the organic matter. If a good crop of clover is left on the ground once every three or four years, only the seeds being removed, it will supply sufficient nitrogen for quite large grain crops.

Milking.

Milking with wet hands is a filthy practice. The clean milkster uses clean hands and is sure before he begins that the cow's udder is clean and that no falling dirt can get into the milk. Using lard on the hands to make milking easy will aid in making hard milking. It will also help to keep the cow's teat very tender. Dampening the teats with milk also has the same effect.

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Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Many Baltimore Women Start Smoking



BALTIMORE, Md.—That there is a large and ever-increasing number of women smokers in Baltimore was the opinion expressed by several prominent physicians and women themselves.

Most of the physicians were unhesitating in their disapproval of the habit. Dr. William H. Pearce said:

"I consider it bad for anyone to smoke, but it is worse for women than for men. It lowers the moral tone eventually and has absolutely nothing to recommend it in any way."

When asked if many of his women patients were smokers he declared that he did not know.

"It's not the kind of habit to demand treatment," he said, "and as a matter of fact I know positively of only two of my women patients who make a practice of smoking."

The greater number of women smokers in Baltimore are to be found among the "fashionables"—the society set, and with them the cigarette habit is said to be general. At some entertainments given only for women the entire party will take cigarettes as naturally as their husbands and brothers would do. They have their own cigarette cases and match boxes, and their own favorite brands, and, while

not flaunting the habit in the faces of a conservative public, "make no bones" of the matter and readily admit that they smoke.

Another set about town among whom smoking is indulged in freely includes the artistic and musical coteries. Among them there is always a more or less foreign element and Continental ideas generally find favor.

Several well-known women physicians were asked about their observations on the subject and, with one accord, they replied that the habit was general among society women only.

"It is a conspicuous fact," said one, "that few women students of colleges or universities smoke. I have never known of a woman teacher who did."

Another woman physician said she did not consider it had ever been conclusively proved that smoking in moderation was harmful, but that she thought both men and women were none the better for it.

A well-known suffragist was asked whether a desire to vote on a woman's part went with the habit of cigarette smoking. She was indignant and declared "very few Baltimore suffragists smoke, and, anyhow, those who do did it before they became suffragists."

A well-known physician living on Charles street said that while smoking might not hurt the woman, he considered it a horrid habit and no woman was "kissable" who smoked. He was certain that he would not permit any of his family to indulge in it for a minute.

'Tis the Kellys Who Are Proud Now



CHICAGO.—Several hundred Chicago Kellys have received letters recently informing them that they are descendants of ancient Irish kings, and for the modest sum of one dollar they will be sent the famous Kelly coat of arms.

The letters are sent out by a Philadelphia concern that makes a business of looking up "family trees," and the Kellys all over the United States are receiving the glad news.

The "discovery" that Kelly was once a king of Ireland was made by a representative of the Philadelphia concern "after years of research in the libraries of Dublin, Cork and Belfast." The ancestral coat of arms is something that every Kelly should have—according to the letter—and as there are only a few thousand left, it behooves Kelly to remit his one dollar without delay.

The letter in part is as follows: Mr. Kelly—Dear Sir: We have just received from our agent in Dublin a rare old engraving of the coat of arms of the Kelly family. We are now producing this for framing and printing a pamphlet, describing it and giving the lineal descent of the first Kelly from Heremon, first king of Ireland, and through a long line of Irish monarchs.

"Sure the Kellys are the greatest people in Ireland," said he. "There is no name in Irish history that stands out like Kelly. He can—like Kelly can. I don't want to speak disparagingly of any Irish name, but Kelly beats them all."

Chicagoan to Start an Electric Farm



CHICAGO.—The shades of Ben Franklin and the near shades of Thomas Edison are about to fall upon the fertile fields of Lake county. Thanks to the enterprise of Samuel Insull, who has several considerable vegetable patches in the county adjoining Cook, the garden fields are to have an electric treatment.

When not working on his turnip patch, Mr. Insull is president of the Commonwealth Edison company. He has also much to do with Lake county electrical enterprises. They have electricity to burn. This may have something to do with the experiment in gardening which the Insull friends, and they are legion, declare he is about to perpetrate on a county whose farmers have always been respectably conservative. You see, to the president of an electric company the lightning juice is cheaper than fertilizer.

Think what it means to Chicago diners if the Insull plan bears fruit. Bill of fares will feature electric radishes, incandescent onions, which may be odorless; pie from 10,000 candle power pumpkins; kilo-watt potatoes and alternating current cabbages.

In the wake of this eating may come electrical spears. The somber citizen

Throws Vinegar in a Burglar's Eyes



NEW YORK.—Mrs. Nathan Jasper, wife of a contractor, saved her husband from possible death at the hands of a burglar recently by throwing a cup of vinegar into the burglar's eyes and blinding him.

The man went to Jasper and told him he was starving. His appearance bore out his story. Jasper gave him money for food, and told him he would put him to work. When the Jaspera were getting ready for bed they found the man in a closet of their apart-

Only enough will be printed to fill advance orders. The price is only one dollar. Send cash with order.

Have you noticed Kelly since he got the word from Philadelphia? He holds his head higher than usual and he will hardly bow to the Grays and the Kellys.

"What's come over Kelly?" is the question his neighbors are asking. When a Kelly meets a Kelly they shake hands cordially and the conversation is about their ancestral coat of arms.

"I always knew that Kelly was one of the best names in Ireland," said Edward T. Kelly, president of the E. T. Kelly company, publishers, "but I didn't know we were descendants of kings until I got the letter from a 'family tree' concern the other day. More than fifty men of my name have spoken to me about it, as they also received letters on the subject."

"There is only one way to spell the name, and that is K-double Y. Those who slip in the extra E between L and Y are not the real Kellys, the descendants of Irish royalty."

James W. Kelly, secretary of Thomas Kelly & Bro., plumbers' supplies, said it was not news to him that he was the lineal descendant of a king of Ireland.

"I don't see how you could have been so sure," she said, with a little laugh that was akin to a sob. Then she made a brave effort to control herself and went on slowly: "What will you say when I tell you that I made up my mind long ago never to marry a man who had not done something very different of achievement? Have you ever done anything noteworthy?"

"This is about my bravest deed," he admitted, gravely. "There isn't a great deal left for me to do. The north pole is discovered and the south pole will be before I could get there."

"Please don't make fun of me. I know it is only a left-over whom of my sentimental days, but I really mean it."

"Do you mean it now?" he demanded brusquely, looking her full in the eyes.

"Oh, I suppose I do," she returned, rather confusedly.

"The nail you have to do is to tell me what it shall be," he declared, rising with a display of energy that was new to him. "Out with it! Don't spare me. I deserve it all, and more, too."

She knew that she had not succeeded in her effort to convince him that she was really uncertain of her own feeling for him, and the knowledge was so disquieting that she was led into further extravagances by her conversation.

WHERE 'COCKTAILS' STARTED

One Story Is That Mexican Girl First Prepared Drink for One of the Montezumas.

Many stories are afloat as to the origin of the word "cocktail." One of them is that once upon a time one of the Montezumas who ruled over ancient Mexico was afflicted with a desperate fit of the blues, accompanied by a devouring longing for something new in the way of a reviving beverage, and the daughter of one of his courtiers, named Kocchitl, concocted a drink for him of the essence of the cactus plant and various other ingredients with which he was so delighted that he married the girl and forthwith bestowed her maiden name on the new nectar she had invented.

Centuries rolled by; the drink preserved its popularity, but its name apparently degenerated to such an extent that when, in A. D. 1847, our soldiers invaded Mexico under Winfield Scott, the best way they could English was then left of the Mexican

KATE'S WHITE ELEPHANT

By OSWALD EASTWOOD

As a remarkable variant from the type to which he actually belonged, David Minturn stood in refreshing prominence. The founder of the family had secured millions by methods which subjected him to more or less criticism in his generation, but which would be regarded as highly conservative at the present time. The intermediate Minturns had revised the methods to suit the times and had added to the millions. To fulfill the tradition, David should have been a spendthrift.

He was not. On the contrary, he was about as satisfactory a specimen of the congenitally rich young man as could be found anywhere, and even those who were not friendly to the class had to admit it. So far as he class had to admit it.

But that very morning he had begun to wonder how it was that he had never asked Katherine Sewell to marry him. By a curious mental twist, which he did not attempt to analyze, his failure to have done so took the form of a sin of omission. He even convinced himself that he had been guilty of the most gigantic plunder of his life. The new-born consciousness that for at least half a dozen years he had kept silent in the most daily presence of the most charming woman in the world almost overwhelmed him. The idea was so antagonistic to his notion of the fit-

ness of things that he seized his hat and set out to cover the two blocks between his house and that of the Sewells in an incredibly short time. Half an hour later he had done his best to repair his sin of omission, and had found himself involved in a sea of unexpected difficulties.

"It is such a perfectly undreamed-of surprise," she said, and her manner seemed to confirm the statement.

"We have been acquainted so many years that it is very hard for me to believe that—that it is possible."

It would have been an easy way, perhaps a lover's way, to plead lack of courage as an excuse for his silence, but he was too honest for that. "I must have loved you all the time," he said, "but I was too stupid to discover it. How could I have helped it?" he asked, with an earnestness that brought a flush to her face.

"I suppose the possibility of—of my inability to do as you wish—never occurred to you, did it?" she stammered.

"No, it didn't," he confessed, bluntly. "I don't see how you could have been so sure," she said, with a little laugh that was akin to a sob. Then she made a brave effort to control herself and went on slowly: "What will you say when I tell you that I made up my mind long ago never to marry a man who had not done something very different of achievement? Have you ever done anything noteworthy?"

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usual. Any absurdity, were better than that he should think her willing to fall into his arms without even decent investigation.

"Oh, well—" she said, with the last heroic effort to keep her voice steady, "if you insist, I will tell you! Get me a white elephant."

He was equally determined to accept her conditions and to purge himself of his sin of omission. The fact that Katherine Sewell had taken refuge in absurdity was an actual relief. He felt that he was getting off remarkably well under the circumstances.

"A mere trifle," he said, moving off with cheerful alacrity. "How much time do you give me to go out to Asia or Africa or wherever it is to get one?"

"Oh—about a—week," she replied, wishing for nothing so much as to have him leave her to her own emotions.

"Gee! A week from today at 10 a. m.," he said, as if it were the final word in the most commonplace business agreement.

Not until he reached home did the full extravagance of the proceeding unfold itself to his understanding. What miracle had he elected to perform? He knew perfectly well that, elephant or no elephant, Kate Sewell was his but how should he manage this one opportunity she had given him to show himself a man? He realized it was not a chance to become a hero, but it was something. The more he thought of it the less trivial it seemed. White elephant, indeed!

He had an hour later he was sitting in the private office of the junior member of the firm of Stacy & Co., universal providers. Tom Stacy had been his class mate at college and they belonged to the same fraternity. Tom was as genial as he was shrewd, and David had always liked him immensely.

"I want to consult you on a matter of business," Minturn said, after the customary greetings.

"Command me," said Stacy, with his best business manners.

"I believe you supply any demand," David observed, as an entering wedge. "Universal providers," Tom admitted, with a large smile.

"Suppose one should ask for something very unusual—something I might say not to be found on the market?"

There was everything in Tom's manner to indicate that he regarded such a condition of things as extremely improbable. "If we were asked to furnish any article whatever," he said, with great dignity, "we should feel obliged to make good. Our claim to be universal providers would demand it."

"Do you happen to have such a thing as a white elephant?"

Stacy saw in an instant that his friend was not buying him, the discovery brought with it a temporary embarrassment which he decided to cover in the young merchant's experience.

"I don't believe we have the article—in stock," he said, hesitatingly.

"I must have a white elephant one week from today—at ten o'clock in the morning," said David, with great distinctness of utterance. And then he told Stacy all about it.

Before he had finished Tom's face had grown radiant and he seemed to have been made the happy lodging place of a joyous inspiration. "Cheer up, old fellow!" he cried, slapping Minturn on the back with an energy that was unmistakable. "It's the dearest, easiest cinch I've struck in an age. All you have to do is to go into hiding. Let it be known that you have gone for a week's outing, and Stacy & Co. will do the rest. That white elephant will make his appearance in front of the Sewell house at the hour prescribed. Go away in perfect peace."

It seemed incredible, but Minturn knew his man, and went his way with this assurance that he should not be compelled to go back to Katherine with a record of humiliating failure to fulfill her condition, ridiculous though it was.

As the clock was striking ten on that absurdly specified day Katherine Sewell looked out of her window and saw, in front of her father's big old-fashioned house, a strange sight. The central figure of the exhibition was a little, dingy, ivory-colored elephant, and two or three others were beating vigorously on rattles.

The street was fast becoming packed with a crowd of delighted onlookers. "This is your white elephant, Kate," said Minturn, coming up behind her and taking her hands.

"If you love me take it out of the street," she said, without looking at him.

"Easiest ever," declared Stacy, afterwards. "I remembered that the animal was expected daily by a firm of amusement purveyors—customers of our—and I met it at the steamer. It took a thousand dollars, but Stacy & Co. worked it."

"And I've had it proved to me that I was born under a lucky star," added Minturn as he wrote a check.

"Kocchitl" was "cocktail." Unfortunately for this tale, there are those who claim that the original "cocktail" consisted of Holland gin, a lump of sugar and a dash of bitters, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

But the traditions of our revolutionary war add still more to the confusion, for they are there to prove that "cocktail" (whatever its composition may have been) was one of the specialties of "The Brazer Tavern" in New York city; so that "cocktail" had been known to a couple of generations of Gothamites before the Mexican war.

On the other hand, if you are desirous of trustworthy information and turn to one dictionary you will find the disappointing statement that cocktail is "chiefly United States (a slang name of which the real origin appears to be lost)."

In parts of England beer that is full of life, fresh and foaming, is dialectically known as "cocktail beer."

Constant Exercise.

"How did she strengthen her weak lungs?"

"By telling everybody about 'em.'"

REPARTEE ENDS IN DISASTER

Fresh Young Man in Quick Lunch Room Is Unexpectedly Showed with Oatmeal.

The young man with the iron cheek entered the quick lunch