

ALFALFA AND CLOVER.
Conclusions Drawn from an Indiana Experiment Station Report.
Alfalfa has been grown several years at the Indiana experiment station, and V. C. Latta, agriculturalist of the station, speaking from experience, says that alfalfa should be planted in the fall, and that it should be cut and cured in the same season without irrigation. This information is necessary to counteract statements made by some enthusiasts, who may, unintentionally, mislead some into displacing clover with alfalfa, on account of the alleged immense yields of the latter.

At the station it was found that alfalfa is more feeble than clover at the start, and is very little to be choked by weeds the first season; that it increases in vigor until the third year at least, and thus maintains itself better and longer in the soil than a common red, crimson or white clover; that in very dry seasons—like 1925—it may yield more hay than clover; that in normal seasons it sometimes yields less than clover; that but two cuttings of alfalfa may be expected the same season without irrigation.

In any fertile soil, having sufficiently porous subsoil to permit it to strike deep root into the lower, permanently moist earth, the alfalfa will probably do very well. It is said to do best in light, calcareous loams, underlain with a porous subsoil. The land should be thoroughly and deeply drained, and may be plowed to advantage in the fall, or the fall, but not the seed in the spring.

Clover pasturing by any class of stock is injurious to alfalfa, and sheep should not be allowed to graze on it. It is not so close to alfalfa as clover, and it will not graze so readily. It is, however, best for hay.

In any soil where clover thrives it is not wise to discard it for alfalfa. Alfalfa is a very hardy plant, and it is not so close to alfalfa as clover, and it will not graze so readily. It is, however, best for hay.

ONE HUNDRED MILLION STARS.
How Astronomers Compute the Number in the Heavens.
Let us see what richness of stellar distribution is implied by this number of 100,000,000 of visible stars, says the Gentleman's Magazine. It may be easily shown that the area of the whole sky in both hemispheres is 41,255 square degrees. This gives 2,424 stars to the square degree.

The moon's apparent diameter being slightly over half a degree (31 deg. 31 min.), the area of its disk is about one-fifth of a square degree. This gives 48,480 stars to the square degree.

The area of the whole star sphere is consequently about 200,000 times the area of the full moon. A total of 100,000,000 of stars gives, therefore, 500 stars to each space of sky in area to the full moon. This is a large number, but stars scattered over as thickly as this would appear at a considerable distance apart when viewed with a telescope of a high power. As the area of the moon's disk contains about 780 square minutes of arc, there would not be an average of even one star to each square minute. A pair of stars half a minute, or thirty seconds, apart would form a very wide double star, and with stars placed at even this distance the no. of stars would cover about 1,000, or six times the actual number visible in the largest telescope.

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THE BICYCLE.

The Consideration of the Popular Mode of Transit.
Little Danger of an Over-Indulgence in the Pleasurable Pastime of Wheeling—A Question of Public Taste and Morals.

Up to the present time, no matter what may be the future changes, the chief claim of the bicycle upon our consideration is its utility as a means of rational and wholesome pastime and pleasurable recreation. While it is not so much a purely economic consideration as its utility as a means of transportation, it is a means of amusement.

Nor is it to be reckoned against it in our calculation. We Americans especially need to have play forced upon us; we are too much given over to constant money-grubbing and the feverish pursuit of sordid ambitions. There is small danger that we will go too far in the direction of recreation and healthful pastime. Certainly the bicycle is a delightful source of emotion. It sends up through the rider an exhilaration indescribably comforting to weary nerves—and just here arise both the pro and the con of our argument.

If to ride moderately is pleasing, to ride faster is charming, and to speed like the wind is intoxicating. The habit grows, the fascination gets deeper and deeper hold, until, like all other overdone sports or pastimes, it becomes an almost incurable mania. The incurable mania is already scarcely less a nuisance in our streets and roads than the drunkard and the professional beggar. He casts a malignant shadow over the whole subject of recreation and forces right-minded people to shrink from public appearance on their wheels. The same or more may be said about a certain class of women and girls who for reasons of vanity and desire to be regarded as something more than ordinary riding an excuse for immodest and outlandish attire. Instead of honestly adapting costume neatly and becomingly to the needs of wheeling, they rush to the extreme suggested by a necessary change. Here a girl at a question of public taste and morals forces itself into our minds, and it is not too early to give it serious attention.

Overexercise is very hurtful to organic life. Mere waste is healthful if natural and promptly compensated by recuperation. Bodily exertion cannot go beyond a limit of safety without permanent injury to vital centers. This well-known law is too frequently broken by bicycle riders, especially the young and strong ones who feel licensed to exert themselves to the point of exhaustion. There is no stretch of muscular endurance, a rich crop of diseases is sure to be reaped by these reckless riders.

Doubtless wisdom will control in the long run, where it seems safe to permit an optimistic view of the great wheeling epoch. Observation has led us to think that our young people are adapting themselves in the main with great good sense to the conditions imposed by their new means of enjoyment. It is comforting to the wise and a rare delight to the artistic perception to see them out of a evening, riding along so lightly and smoothly, ignoring the road's roughness and skin abrasions. Where there is so much fascination and so little urge toward wiliness the only one must be good.

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BREAKING A BIKE.

BY FRANK H. HENSON.

When Horton said he had no trouble learning to ride a bicycle—just got on and rode right off—he was telling me some of the most foolish things I have ever heard of. I was not mistaken. I did have trouble.

Horton said he would come over and help me learn to ride. I knew how Horton would help me to learn to ride. All eleven people adopt the same methods. He would lead the wheel out into the smooth road with an air of supreme mastery, slowly it for me to mount, and, having enticed me to a seat on the ponderous machine, deliver himself in this wise:

"Now, take good hold of the handlebars—now, not too tight—they won't get away—just grasp them lightly but firmly—now put both feet on the pedals—now—don't be afraid, and—keep your balance—now—stepped up. Now, I am certain that I had that wheel balanced all right. I had raised myself with extraordinary care, and if the wheel had been a going down, it would have been a fall. This was a new wheel, though, and its chief characteristic was concentrated villainy.

That's what I felt as I got my foot well off the ground and was putting my dependence on the step, the thing I had been told to do. I expected to see the wheel broken to pieces, but it was not. It was a new wheel, though, and its chief characteristic was concentrated villainy.

The next time I had better luck. I succeeded in getting on the seat. This time, when I picked up the wheel, I looked around at my audience. I hardly expected applause, but thought I might reasonably look for it. I was even prepared to laugh hysterically when I saw the crowd. It was a new wheel, though, and its chief characteristic was concentrated villainy.

Then my friend comes up with a look of pained surprise on his face, as though I had been going through all these maneuvers on purpose to disregard his instructions. He shows me just where the trouble is. I have pursued it directly opposite to the directions. Particularly he remarks that I must endeavor to keep my equilibrium. I think him perfectly foolish, because I am sure that I have no equilibrium. I have no equilibrium. I have no equilibrium.

This time I was tired and disgusted. My knowing instructor is perfectly good, but much more disgusted than the worst pupil he has ever seen. Then he discovers that he has an engagement and must leave. I think him presumably for helping me with the wheel, really for his own amusement. I take the wheel back to the house, and I take the wheel back to the house, and I take the wheel back to the house.

Maybe I did Horton an injustice, but that's how I felt. I imagined that he would help me to learn to ride. I told him I didn't think I had any trouble; besides, I had already decided to make my first trial at night. This night might be a good time to try it. I had decided to make my first trial at night. I had decided to make my first trial at night.

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TIPS FROM THE EARS.

A Young Lady of Observation Says There is Much Character in Them.

I don't know whether there is any such science as eurythmics, said a young lady of observation recently, but I think it is a very safe and useful thing to take note of my friends' ears. I haven't yet got so far in my studies as to formulate a fixed set of rules, or the reading of character by the size, shape and position of the ears. I have, however, made a list of some of the little head-handlers of mine in fact, my studies have been directed to one point—the top or apex of the ear. There's a whole world of tell-tale indications there, and it would be a good thing if young girls were to learn the habit of casting a glance at the anatomy of their callers and admirers, and make a mental note for their own guidance by what they see there.

If the top of the ear lies close to the head and the ridge is straight or only gently rounded the young man that owns that kind of ear may be counted on as being eminently proper and as harmless as a lamb. But if the top starts away from the head at a well-defined angle and runs up to a point before turning down to become the back ridge of the ear—well, that young man is a different matter.

"People in the north, I understand, do not eat the seeds. If they had a stomach like mine, made in the boiler works, they could eat most anything, and I am particularly fond of the seeds, as they are the most nutritious."

THE SKUNK'S BITE.
"Is the skunk a dangerous animal?" I should say so," remarked E. P. Glaze, of St. Louis, the other day. "I know very many people will be surprised at the assertion, but there is one species of this unpopular tribe that is as much to be dreaded as a rattlesnake, as I learned one year while journeying in western Texas. One of the most common and most annoying of the prairie of Llano county, when we were awakened by the screams of a colored boy who had been taken along to cook for the outfit. He said that something had bitten him, and examination showed that his head was pretty badly torn. There was unmistakable evidence of a skunk in the victim's hand. The skunk was a small animal, but it was a skunk, and it was a skunk."

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LUSCIOUS WATERMELONS.

A Hilarious Statement Tells How the Melon Should Be Eaten.

"You want to know something about the watermelon crop, and not politics, well, bless your soul for that. It is a most interesting. Never eat a watermelon; it spoils it. Let it drop and then pick up the pieces and eat them with your fingers. Just imagine biting a chunk out of the ripe red heart; the bubbles of honey water, and when you get it in your mouth it evaporates and disappears, but leaves the sweetest taste that drives away any and all other tastes. But, of course, I'll admit that to establish that feeling for any length of time is necessary to eat more than one melon.

"Yes, I have eaten the hearts of nine melons without stopping, but I reckon I could finish several more. When I made that record the supply gave out and I had to stop."

"People in the north, I understand, do not eat the seeds. If they had a stomach like mine, made in the boiler works, they could eat most anything, and I am particularly fond of the seeds, as they are the most nutritious."

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THE SLAUGHTER OF ELEPHANTS.

In But a Number of African Travelers colonial politicians and scientific men have formed a "committee for the purpose of taming and preserving the African elephant." It is computed, according to statistical data of the exporting of ivory, that no fewer than from fifty to sixty thousand elephants in Africa are killed every year. The committee, that being so, the time is not far distant when the last elephant of Africa will, says the London Daily News, have disappeared. With such prospect in view, the committee have decided to put a stop to this mischievous slaughter. By taming and maintaining the last representatives of the enormous power the elephant is known to possess, so that he may be of still further use to mankind. The German Colonial company have already devoted a large sum of money to this purpose, and now the colonial department of the same office have augmented this sum by granting a liberal allowance.

A Woman's Cleverness.
A good story is told of the cleverness of a woman in a transaction with an insurance adjuster. The adjuster, who was a very clever fellow, was called in to adjust the loss of a house which had been burned. The woman, who was a very clever fellow, was called in to adjust the loss of a house which had been burned.

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"Is the skunk a dangerous animal?" I should say so," remarked E. P. Glaze, of St. Louis, the other day. "I know very many people will be surprised at the assertion, but there is one species of this unpopular tribe that is as much to be dreaded as a rattlesnake, as I learned one year while journeying in western Texas. One of the most common and most annoying of the prairie of Llano county, when we were awakened by the screams of a colored boy who had been taken along to cook for the outfit. He said that something had bitten him, and examination showed that his head was pretty badly torn. There was unmistakable evidence of a skunk in the victim's hand. The skunk was a small animal, but it was a skunk, and it was a skunk."

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THE SLEIGHT OF HAND.

A Good Story is Told of the Cleverness of a Woman in a Transaction with an Insurance Adjuster.

A good story is told of the cleverness of a woman in a transaction with an insurance adjuster. The adjuster, who was a very clever fellow, was called in to adjust the loss of a house which had been burned. The woman, who was a very clever fellow, was called in to adjust the loss of a house which had been burned.

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