



Commerce of Paris Has Annually Been Growing in Importance. Paris will soon be the greatest port in France. Work which was begun thirty-seven years ago is now nearing completion and when this is done the gay capital will have many miles of wharves capable of landing thousands of tons of merchandise daily. Although the port is mostly concerned with internal traffic, the Seine at Paris is also deep enough to receive ships coming direct from London. Her commerce of this nature has annually been growing in importance.

Shortly after the war of 1870 the Paris Municipal Council decided to establish wharves along the river banks so that boat traffic could be more rapidly developed. A vast plan of improvement was then laid out. The river was dredged. Locks were established both above and below the city, so as to maintain the river at a nearly constant level. Then a series of docks was established, some of which were large enough to take Channel steamers of moderate tonnage. Such steamers are now a familiar sight at the Port St. Nicholas, just opposite the Louvre.

The chief feature of the shipping which has Paris as its home port is stone, plaster and other building material. Huge quantities of cereals and wine are also handled. Among the things which Paris ships to the provinces by way of the Seine is refuse derived from old buildings which have been torn down, and such unattractive material as chemical manures and so forth.

During the year 1906 almost 13,000,000 tons were shipped from Paris. Last year's record surpassed this by another half million. When the present improvements are completed it is believed that the annual tonnage will be almost doubled. Practically all the ground removed in excavating for the city's new underground railroad was carried away by Seine boats. All the material used in its construction came by the same route.

The only port which at present surpasses Paris in annual tonnage is Marseilles, and within the next few months even Marseilles will have to take second place.

Humane Work That Is Practical.

Other tender-hearted women have attempted to lighten the burden of draught horses with varying degrees of success, but it has remained for Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the great orchestra leader, to hit on a practical remedy for the evil. She is taking steps to submit to the city council of Chicago a mammoth petition for an ordinance regulating the tonnage a horse may be required to draw. It is her hope that the full legal penalty may be attached to the measure, and that it will be enforced. She realizes that, while a good many owners of horses might be influenced by arguments based on sentiment, there are hundreds who can be reached only through their pockets. If she can make it expensive for an owner to overload a wagon, she thinks she will be able to save the four-footed animals many a weary task.

Mrs. Thomas does not content herself with having her petition signed by leading citizens. She goes every day among the teamsters themselves and, by simple reasoning, induces them to add their names to the plea. Her argument is that it is to the teamster's interest to see that his horse is not overtasked, because he then will be able to do his own work much more quickly and so, in time, command higher wages. Many hundreds of teamsters have given their signatures to the earnest woman, and she expects to have the names of a fair proportion of the owners on the sheet before she takes it to the council.

An Old-Fashioned Tanner.



A Pleasure Foregone.
"Have you studied political economy?"
"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "I'd like to, but I'm afraid my constituents would think I was amusing myself reading books instead of hustling for pensions and appropriations."
—Washington Star.

Helpful Hint.

"What would be a good motto for a young author?" asked the youth with dreams.
"First, be sure you typewrite and then go ahead," replied the reader from Puncton's publishing house.—Kansas City Times.

One thing may be said to the credit of the parrot: He never makes any thing worse in repeating it.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Odds in Weather Forecasting.

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

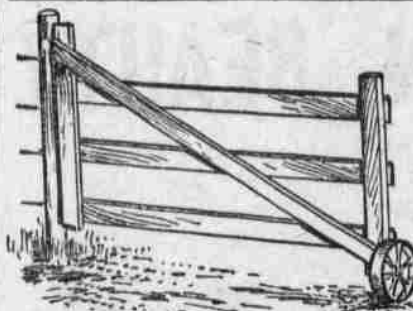
The Influence of Feed.

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

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

Keeping a Gate from Sagging.

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



GOOD USE FOR AN OLD FLOW WHEEL.

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

Robins Killed for Food in the South.

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

Transplanting Trees.

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

Brewery Stock Feed.

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

Population and Food.

The statistician in the Department of Agriculture of the United States estimates that in 1931 the population of the country will be 130,000,000. To supply the requirements of this number of people will necessitate the production of 700,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,250,000,000 bushels of oats, 3,450,000,000 bushels of corn, 100,000,000 tons of hay; and cotton, tobacco, fruits and vegetables in proportion. This will necessitate bringing under cultivation an additional 150,000,000 acres of land, and it is estimated that we have only 108,000,000 acres available for cultivation.

Insect with Springboard Nose.

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

A Good Whitewash.

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

The Sheep Pen.

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

Spraying Fruit Trees.

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

Digested Fertilizers.

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

To Prevent Runaways.

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

Demand for Horse-Radish.

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

Farm News and Notes.

Uncle Sam received \$11,500,000 last year for public lands of all kinds.

A gardener at Tacoma, Wash., last season marketed \$750 worth of celery from one acre of ground.

The explosion of a cream separator nearly killed Earl Adams and his mother, living near Trempealeau, Minn.

Emperor William of Germany sent fifteen coach and cavalry horses to the International show. They were among the most beautiful animals ever seen in this country.

Wyoming is sending a large number of her tough little bronchos to Alaska, as it has been found that they stand the rigorous climate up there better than any other breed.

Night riders in Tennessee who were arrested for burning tobacco sheds and shooting at farmers were set free because a jury could not be found in the county to try them.

The government reports that 2,000,000 cattle died in the United States last year, over half of these succumbing from exposure. The total losses from all causes is estimated at \$24,000,000.

Farming in New Mexico has been given a great impetus during the past few years by the work of the farmers' institutes and many unproductive valleys have been turned into rich grain and fruit fields.

One of the sights at the International Stock Show was a pure white Galloway, sired by Scottish Standard, a thoroughbred Galloway bull out of a pure bred white Galloway cow. This is a freak, but may produce a new type of Galloway.

Self-Preservation.

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

LEARNING THE BEST.

A tired little worm went to sleep one day in a soft little cradle of silken gray. And he said, as he snugly curled up in his nest, "Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."

He slept through the winter, long and cold. All rightly up in his blanket rolled. And at last awoke on a warm spring day. To find that the winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings. And no longer need crawl over sticks and things.

"Oh, the earth was nice," said the glad butterfly.

"But Heaven is best when we learn to fly."

—Weekly Bouquet.



The Summer Boarder

The rolling ranges of the Blue Ridge and the Smokies have become the camping ground of ambitious artists and art students. Amaryl was accustomed to see them pass along the road, with camp stools and other paraphernalia, to meet youths and maidens in the pursuit of art wandering through the forests, valleys and fields, intent on hopeless and fruitless attempts to capture the glories of sunset and sunrise down a vista of far-distant peaks.

When their summer boarder, therefore, unpacked an easel, paints and brushes, Amaryl was delighted. "You could make lovely pictures if you would copy the scenes around here. I will take you to see our wonderful falls and cascades, and there is nothing lovelier than Mission Valley when the moon floods it with light. A river runs through it like a silver thread and the sawmill and little settlement below the crags are wonderfully picturesque."

"I came to your mountains seeking the loveliest thing in Nature," the artist answered ambiguously. "He is watching Amaryl through half-closed eyes while she transplanted some ferns. She was too intent on her task to notice his steady gaze."

The artist seemed to be lazy. He was content to spend hours in his room, idling, presumably; then he would wander off with Amaryl when she could spare the time in the sweet, late afternoons, to visit some beautiful spot she told him of. No one knew of the glorious canvas which he kept locked in a closet of his room.

He would sketch for a few moments, then, throwing himself on some moss-covered rock by Amaryl's side, would drift into desultory descriptions of scenes of far-distant lands, or would wander into dreamy speculation on the problems of life, whose charm was accentuated by the murmur of waterfalls or the wail playing its Eolian harp in the pines and hemlocks overhead.

Their summer boarder had offered so large a price for the room he occupied, with its quaint mountain-made furniture, that Susan Wilbor's sad face brightened visibly and a faint color came into her pale cheeks. "He's a gentleman," was Sam Wilbor's comment when told of it after he had come home weary from his usual work in the field.

The days passed swiftly that summer, and never had Amaryl been so happy. She was always busy, but found time to take pleasant strolls with Philip Armstrong when her day's work was done.

"What a pity you are not more ambi-

tious," she said to him chidingly. "I am sure you could paint better than all of them if you would only try," at which the artist laughed gaily.

Many long unknown comforts crept into the cottage, and the artist seemed to think it only natural to buy lavishly from all the country wagons as they came lumbering by.

"He is pleasant and kind-hearted," was Susan's comment. "He is much more than that," Sam Wilbor said, glancing down at his toll-worn hands. "He has the fine instincts of a man of true breeding. He ought to be wealthy; he would make a good use of his wealth."

The artist and Sam Wilbor were congenial. They had long talks together in the gloaming on the porch, and the weatherbeaten tolder and former clubman saw the summer draw to a close most regretfully.

In answer to a letter of inquiry which was shrewd, kindly and worldly, the artist wrote to Mrs. Dartmore: "The child is divine, fair in face and form, and, oh, my friend, what sweet freshness of heart and spirit! It must be the grandeur of Nature in those vast rolling ranges, always pointing to lofty ideals and immeasurable heights, which has made Amaryl the perfect being she is."

"My picture requires but a few more touches. I have studied her face under all aspects and emotion. She lives on the canvas a spirit of flame and beauty. I will send it to the Paris salon. Would



NEVER HAD AMARYL BEEN SO HAPPY.

that I could keep it. But our compact holds good. It's price is Amaryl's."

"As to the other clause of our engagement, I will bring her to see you some time this winter."

Mrs. Dartmore folded the letter and put it slowly back into its envelope, and there was a faint smile on her lips and a gleam of keenest pleasure in her clever eyes. "Poor, dear Susan, and Sam—that hero, Sam. I am glad," she murmured.

The tourists, art students and art professors all left the mountains, and went back to their various vocations amid the grind and struggle of daily life in big centers. The old ranges were left to themselves. The little hamlets and villages dropped back into sleepy ways, and the four-ox wagons passed slowly along the public roads unmolested by smart traps, fashionable road carts and well dressed people.

The approach of fall was felt in the air, these late September days, and the leaves of the forest were crimson and purple and gold. Amaryl was disquieted and unhappy. "He leaves us next week, mother. How delightful the summer has been," she said, sadly.

"His coming to us was a great blessing. Perhaps he will return next summer, child," her mother answered.

"Yes, a great blessing. We have not been so comfortable and happy for many years," Sam Wilbor said, musingly, from where he sat smoking by the fire, for the evenings were cool and the blaze cheery.

"A pleasant companion. A true gentleman, Amaryl, daughter. He will come back some day," he added, placing his

hand on Amaryl's head, for she sat on a low stool close to him. Amaryl drew his arm lovingly around her neck.

And when, an hour later, Philip Armstrong stood with Amaryl on the rustic porch to watch the moon rise in a blaze of glory behind the distant hills, this last night of his stay in the mountains, there was a suppressed triumph in his eyes. His great picture was finished.

"I came to your mountains for a sublime inspiration, and I found it in you—Amaryl, child of beauty. I am a poor devil of an artist, always striving and straining after impossible ideals. Without you I would fall. Will you marry me, little one, and be my inspiration? You will always have my undying devotion."

Some months later a carriage rolled up to Mrs. Dartmore's door, and two people got out.

"I have brought my wife to see you, dear friend," Philip Armstrong said on being ushered into an elaborately handsome morning room.

"Philip Armstrong, you don't think that you have surprised me, do you?" Mrs. Dartmore asked scornfully, after clasping Amaryl lovingly in her arms.

"Why, child," she said, holding her off to get a better view of her, "you are handsomer than his painting of you."

"You know you have been awarded the gold medal," she added, turning to Philip, her face aglow with pride and satisfaction. "Here's the cablegram. Paris and London are raving over your picture, Amaryl. Here is your check-book, child. The money is fairly yours. Ask Philip. Baron Von Stamer bought it for \$20,000. Philip does not need the money. You can play ducks and drakes with it if you choose. He has more than he knows what to do with, child. You may not know it, my dear, but you have married a very great artist."

"Come upstairs with me, dearie, your rooms are ready. You and Philip are to stay with me until Susan and Sam arrive. I am having the house next door prepared for them. Philip can take you abroad after they come. He has not done you justice, but his picture is glorious."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poetry Defined.

George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When Gen. Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says, 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

From the Devil's Note Book.

Death came near to her when she was young and beautiful.

"Oh, have mercy!" she cried. "I am not prepared to die—there it too much before me."

Death desisted, but returned a few years later. The woman held forth her trembling hands in supplication:

"Spare me! Have mercy! I am not prepared to die—there is too much behind me!"

Moral—There is no pleasing some people.—Smart Set.

The Sarcastic Victim.

The Barber—Your hair is coming out on top, sir.

The Crank—Good! I knew it was in me. Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again.—Philadelphia Press.