

CHANGING the STARS on "OLD GLORY"



The admission of Oklahoma into the Union has necessitated the rearrangement of the stars on the flag to admit the symbol of the new State, and it has been a big task to rearrange the stars on all the military flags of the country.

Various ideas have been advanced for the simplification of the field of stars on Old Glory. The difficulty in adding new stars is that the rows are necessarily made up of uneven numbers, and

this makes it impossible to arrange a field of stars that is perfectly balanced. In order to obviate this difficulty it has been suggested that the stars be placed in a circle, so that no matter how many new States and stars are destined to apply for a place in the future they could all be provided for by the simple expedient of adding constellations to the end on the circular line. This is a radical departure that has found some favor with the government off-

icials entrusted with the work of rearranging the flag, but it has not been thought expedient to adopt the idea without appeal to Congress and through Congress to the nation, for it is felt that such an important matter as the re-designing of Old Glory is a matter of full national consideration.

Far-seeing citizens have pointed out that in time the addition of new States and the unavoidable division of single States into double or treble commonwealths will so crowd the field of stars as at present arranged that it will look ineffectual and unsatisfactory. The greater the number of stars the smaller will be the symbols, for the comparative size of the field cannot be changed without spoiling the flag and destroying the appearance of the finest banner on earth or sea. This problem is being discussed by patriotic persons who take an interest in national matters, and a number of designs are on file at the war office that aim to provide an artistic and striking arrangement of stars that, like that suggested by the circular array, will permit of the addition of a great number of constellations without making the flag look at a little distance like a striped banner with a jack of pure white, as would be the case were the blue field crowded with stars.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.



A Gate for the Barn Doorway.

When the horse stable opens into the buggy room and it is necessary to keep the door open for ventilation, I find that a small gate constructed of light material is an excellent protection against horses getting loose and injuring the buggies. The cut here-with shows a light gate we have in use in our horse barn. It is very simple in construction, but serves a very important purpose. Were it not for this light gate we would find it necessary to keep the door closed between the horse stable and buggy room, thus shutting off ventilation.

The gate is hinged on the rolling door with light strap hinges, explains a writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, so that when the gate is not in use it swings



SLAT STABLE DOOR.

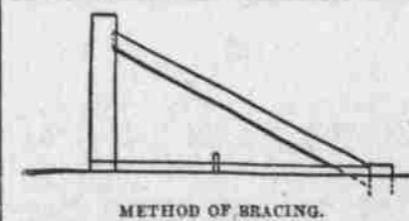
around and fastens to the large door out of the way. For material in making the gate we use inch strips of good pine for the horizontal pieces. The upright pieces are light strips gotten out for fence pickets. I find a light gate of this character a good thing to keep poultry out of the barn during the summer months.

The Colony Plan.

If you want vigorous chickens and hens that lay do not overcrowd them. Forty or fifty in one flock are sufficient. If you have more than this number by all means make a change, for your chickens are probably costing you more than they are worth. If you do not care to sell any of your birds then start into the chicken business on the colony plan. Divide your flock into colonies of about forty fowls each and build houses for them in different parts of the farm. For instance, if you have one hen house on the east side of the barn, put another house on the west side. Then if you have enough birds put another house down by the calf lot and another to the farther end of the barn yard. A dozen different places will suggest themselves if you look for locations on your farm. If you have made a failure in raising chickens or your hens "don't amount to much," try this method. It will surprise and please you. Your hens will be healthier, will lay better and will require less feed. The reason for this will be easily seen when you have once tried it. Chickens, or anything else for that matter, cannot stand crowding. Also the colony plan gives the fowls wider range and encourages the birds to hunt for their living.—Exchange.

Bracing Corner Posts.

This method, while cheaply devised, is used very effectively in bracing corner posts. Use as a brace a pole nine or ten feet long, four or five inches in diameter and square at both ends. Fit one end of pole to the post half way between its middle and top and place other end of brace on a flat stone. Secure one end of a wire around bottom of post, then take it to outer end of brace and back to post again, fastening securely. With a short stout stick twist wires together until very tight



METHOD OF BRACING.

and your brace is complete, says *Farmers' Review*. This brace comes in line with your fence and by fastening your wire or boards to it prevents it from slipping sideways.

Hogs for Cuba and Mexico.

Some of the coast country farmers while visiting Galveston saw that many hogs from distant points in Texas and Oklahoma were being shipped to Cuba and Mexico and returned home impressed with the idea that if it paid the North Texas and Oklahoma farmers to raise hogs for the Cuban and Mexican markets, it would pay the coast country farmers to do the same thing.—Galveston News.

If You Doubt It, Try It.

A man once backed himself for a large amount, which he subsequently lost, to move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road outside Chilchester. He failed to move the brick, and it may be roughly estimated that the friction of the cord on the road increased the weight of the brick (about seven pounds) and cord to a dead weight of not far short of a ton.—Fry's Magazine.

DAIRYING IN DENMARK.

Land Worked for Hundreds of Years Still Beats Ours.

That American farmers and promoters of agricultural industries are rather lax in grasping their opportunities, and are in danger of being outgeneraled in the markets of the world, unless they improve their methods, is the belief of Dean James E. Russell, of Columbia University, New York. Dean Russell was recently a visitor at the state college, and during his stay there addressed an assembly of the teachers of the Inland Empire, who were attending the teachers' institute in Pullman. Relative to the problems just mentioned, he said:

"Thirty years ago New York was sending butter and cheese to the London market. New York butter and cheese were ruling out similar products from Ontario, and other parts of the world. Just thirty years ago Denmark began to think she could make butter and put it in the London market. The question was, How could she overcome the lead that New York already had in the London markets? She sent men to London to study out the ground; to find what London wanted. Then she set about to give them the required product.

"Denmark is a country of poor soil, which has been tilled and overworked for a thousand years. Nevertheless, the Danish population annually sells in the markets of London \$35,000,000 worth of butter. In 1903 the entire United States exported only \$1,064,000 worth of butter. In addition to the vast quantity of butter mentioned, Denmark sends out one-fifth as much pork as we do, and just as many horses; and certainly, we should lead the world in the breeding of horses. In the meantime the Danish nation has taught the hens how to work. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of eggs were exported by this country in 1875, and in 1903 this export had reached a value of \$8,092,000. In the last ten years Denmark has taken \$8,000,000 worth of corn from Iowa and Nebraska, via New York, which she has fed to Danish cows and pigs, and then placed the latter in the European markets in successful competition with similar products from America.

"I said a moment ago that twenty years ago the competitor of Denmark was the State of New York. In these twenty years the Danish people have increased their exports from \$1,000,000 to \$40,000,000. In the same twenty years farm values in the State of New York have decreased \$200,000,000. In the last fifteen years Ontario has outbid New York in the same way in the cheese market. Twenty years ago New York companies received Canadian cheese and put the New York stamp on it to get one cent more in the English market. Today the New York farmers are sending their cheese over the Canadian boundaries, and paying two cents per pound in order to sell it at all."

Showing the superiority of European methods of education in comparison with American education, Dean Russell said:

"Wurtemberg is a small German state, a little larger than the Inland Empire of Eastern Washington, and having a population of about two million persons. Thirty years ago Wurtemberg began to realize that her population was beginning to dwindle; that something had to be done to maintain her integrity as a state. So she set about building up a system of schools for all the people; that would help the boy who wished to be a carpenter, a plumber, or a farmer, in the same degree, according to his needs, as they would assist the youth who desired to be a lawyer, an engineer, or a physician. Today Wurtemberg has a university, giving courses of world-wide fame; technical schools, weaving and manufacturing schools; two hundred and thirty industrial schools in towns and villages; schools for metal workers, and workers in the textile trades; schools of art, of agriculture, of preparation for household management; and numerous farm schools, and high schools throughout the state.

"Wurtemberg, a state but little larger than the Inland Empire of Eastern Washington, supports all these institutions, with an income of ten dollars per head of population. What would American citizens think, if in addition to supporting agricultural colleges, they were asked to support five hundred technical and industrial schools for every two million of population? This is what is being done in the small state of Wurtemberg, and from the point of view of American citizens today, it is almost inconceivable; the contemplation of which must lead any American citizen to infer that his country has much to do and learn before it can successfully compete with the old country in the products of industrial education."

Answers to Queries.

By J. L. Ashlock, Washington Experiment Station, Pullman.

Haverford, Pa.—"Is it considered that hog-raising is practicable in the northwestern part of the United States?" H. W.

"It is probable that there is no place in the United States where the prices for pork products average as high as in the Pacific Northwest. A condition of significance, too, is that the people of this region are not sufficiently alive to the necessity of their meeting the demand for pork products. Those who are in the business are making money. Conditions are improving, however, for at the present time we note a growing tendency among farmers to pay more attention to this business. The Berkshire breed is preferable, in my opinion, although the Duroc Jerseys are making some headway. At the experiment station we have about concluded that a cross of these two breeds would be better than either one by itself."

Eventually.

Reporter—Do you ever contribute anything to foreign papers?

Comic Bard—Why—er—yes; on looking over the miscellany columns of the papers I find that I contribute lots of stuff to the London Tit-Bits.

Says Everything.

Prosperous Clubman—When I first arrived in this town, forty years ago, I hadn't a shirt to my back.

Old Clubman—Worse than that; you hadn't a tooth in your head.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

Dear, whom I would not know
If I passed you on the street,
So long and long and long ago
Are the days when we used to meet,
You may be glad to hear
That somewhere out of the blue
Come vague sweet dreams that bring you near,
That I often think of you;

That now and then I thrill
At a rustle in the dark;
That I start as the wind sweeps over the hill,
As I see the fire-fly's spark.

Somebody stepped on my grave?
Or somebody slipped out of yours?
I cannot tell! There are ghosts that crave
A bit of the love that endures.
—Harper's Magazine.

AUNT HANNAH'S PARTY

"Dear me, Ezra!" said good Aunt Hannah, "I do wish something would happen! Land o' liberty! I get so awful tired of this monotonous life—not a single neighbor less than a mile away an' not a chick or child at home. I ought to be ashamed to complain, and I am! But I do wish something would happen right here in front of our house! Something to look at!"

Aunt Hannah, good soul, little dreamed that before three hours had passed something would happen.

The one great event in her monotonous life was the daily passing of the overland passenger trains, which brought their eager tourists to California or carried home returning wanderers back toward the rising sun.

In Aunt Hannah's daily life this simple passing of the trains grew to be an event of importance. She could catch tantalizing glimpses of women's fair faces and the laughing eyes of little children as the Overland flashed by, not three rods from her own front door. Sometimes she waved a snowy dish towel at them as they rushed past, and looked wistfully after them till the long cut hid the curving train.

But on this particular day Aunt Hannah's heart almost stood still in her ample bosom. For the Overland came into sight, running more and more slowly, and finally coming to a laboring, clanking stop almost at her very door.

Such a thing had never happened before, and Aunt Hannah was filled with wordless excitement. Something had happened at last! Uncle Ezra was stirring around near the house, keeping a watchful eye upon old Dobbin, the white horse, which was patiently walking never-ending miles in the treadmill which pumped water for the house and garden and the neighboring orchard of young orange trees.

Aunt Hannah speedily informed him of the great event, and Uncle Ezra, as wonder-filled as she, walked down to the railroad track to see what might be wrong.

Aunt Hannah, from the porch, heard him say hospitably to the conductor: "Why, yes, we've got a telephone. Come right in an' use it."

And in a few moments that wonderful creature—the blue-uniformed, brass-buttoned conductor of the Overland was standing on Aunt Hannah's bright rag carpet and talking in crisp, curt, masterly tones to some unseen denizen at the city ten miles behind. It appeared that some one had blundered.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars and wandered aimlessly along the track. Then the women and children began to stray into Aunt Hannah's

front yard, looking with genuine tourist curiosity at every little commonplace thing that met their eager gaze. For this was a trainload of brand-new tenderfeet from the far East, most of whom were stepping upon California soil for the first time in their lives.

Aunt Hannah was radiant and overflowing with hospitality. Before ten minutes had passed she had discovered an old lady from her own town in Iowa, and a young lady from Boston who had known a second cousin of Ezra's first wife's nephew or some such near relative. Aunt Hannah was in her element. Every rocking chair she possessed and every straight-backed one as well, she brought out into the front yard under the great drooping pepper tree, and her unexpected guests sat around and asked highly intelligent questions of every official they could waylay. Noon came, and the long train stood powerless to move. Unaccustomed rivulets of perspiration trickled down the portly conductor's face as he walked up and down in ill-concealed impatience.

Aunt Hannah's hospitable soul expanded. "I'll fry every egg on the place," she said, "and steep that five pounds of coffee I've just got, and cut up the six loaves of bread I baked yesterday, and open every glass of jelly I've got, but these women and children shan't go hungry!"

So she bustled indoors and tied on her second-best white apron, made a



"I DO WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN."

fire and set things going in her usual capable way. "Land!" she said. "It's a long time since I had such a run of company! Of course, they could get their dinner on the train, but mebbe good home cookin' 'll taste good to 'em! Anyway, it wouldn't look right for me an' Ezra to set down and eat an' not ask 'em!"

The young lady from Boston tied on Aunt Hannah's very best white apron, beautifully ironed and smelling of old-fashioned lavender, and carried plates and cups and forks and spoons out to the waiting travelers under the great pepper tree.

And when Aunt Hannah's famous coffee began to send forth its enticing fragrance, one by one the men came, too, standing around looking sheepishly expectant.

They sat on the porch steps and waited patiently for empty cups. Then the big pan of doughnuts went around, and generous slices of Aunt Hannah's fresh bread and golden butter and delicious dabs of Aunt Hannah's finest jellies and preserves.

The two dozen eggs did not last long, but Aunt Hannah helped out with crisp slices of home-cured bacon, which, as the blue-uniformed conductor said, went right to the spot.

The white-capped waiters served a few select souls in the dining car of the Overland, but Aunt Hannah's was by far the more popular lunch. She bustled about, flushed and happy. It was like a great beautiful party—a surprise party! Something had happened at last.

Out of the abundance of her generous heart Aunt Hannah had fed the multitude, but the multitude was not content to have it so. The brass-buttoned conductor himself (who had set a very bad example by eating of Aunt

Hannah's cooking instead of the colored chef's) passed his official cap and gathered in a shining shower of silver, which he presented with a neat little speech to Aunt Hannah.

Then the ever-present tourist cameras came into action, and Aunt Hannah was taken with her big white apron on by at least a dozen amateurs. Then there were other snapshots, too—Uncle Ezra in his overalls, the great pepper tree, the disabled engine, the perspiring conductor, and even old Dobbin himself.

The old lady from Iowa and the young lady from Boston insisted upon helping with the dishes, and there ensued a merry clatter from the kitchen. Some of the young folks gathered around Aunt Hannah's parlor organ and sang old Gospel hymns, or looked over Aunt Hannah's plush-covered photograph album on the marble-topped center table.

At last the conductor wiped his streaming brow and shouted "All aboard!" and Aunt Hannah's beautiful party was over. There were hurried handshakes, and one or two impulsive hugs and kisses for Aunt Hannah, many cheery words of thanks and appreciation, and then they all ran toward the cars and scrambled aboard.

Aunt Hannah, looking and feeling twenty years younger, stood on the porch and watched the long train as it got into motion and slowly pulled out, waving her white apron in response to a score of waving handkerchiefs, and could scarcely see them for the tears which dimmed her kind eyes.

And thus she stood as the long train entered the cut and slowly disappeared from view.

She and Ezra began to carry the chairs into the house. Aunt Hannah was a little tremulous from excitement. "Ezra," she said, "when I wished this mornin' that something would happen I didn't really want the Overland should break down, but I'm awful glad it did!"

"My! My! I don't know when I ever did have such a good time! And, Ezra, here's \$27 that conductor took up in his cap. What in mercy's name, can I do with so much money? Oh, I know! I know! I'll pay Ella's fare out here—Ella's and the baby's! Seems like I ought to use it some way like that, seeing my opposition restaurant took a lot of customers away from the dining car on the Overland!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Art in Spanish Bank Notes.

To baffle the counterfeiters who are both numerous and cunning in Madrid, the Bank of Spain has pursued the policy of changing its notes with great frequency and retiring each issue as fast as possible, says the *New York Sun*.

The bank has now determined on a new plan. It has placed an order for a series of notes with an English concern and it will rely for safety upon a special color process. In addition the notes are to present pictures of well known buildings in Spain, executed with a perfection that will defy counterfeiting.

"The pictures are to be so beautiful that amateurs will be tempted to frame them," says one Spanish newspaper. "Hardly," rejoins another, "the cost of the set will be 1,675 pesetas, you see." To the Spanish mind \$338.50 is a great deal of money.

Then the Quarrel Ceased.

They were having the usual family quarrel. As was usual, she could not convince him that she knew where she argued.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" she screamed.

"Yes, dear, you did," he replied calmly. "And you came back stupid."—The Bohemian.

Make your services so useful that employers will hunt you in the daytime with a lantern.