



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



TO-DAY.



A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Investigations conducted by a number of English physicians go to show that women as a class are growing taller, and the statement is seriously made that a hundred years from now, at the present rate of increase, women will be not only taller than their sisters of today, but they will be able literally to look down upon

Mere Man. Similarly, according to statisticians who deal with Europeans, man has fallen by at least three-fourths of an inch within the past 100 years; nor are there any signs that there is an upward tendency among the males. On the contrary, the average man of the future will appear squat, if not stunted, beside his Junonian sister.

AUTUMN.

'Tis now that spiders in the casement weave,
Or launch their silken airships on the breeze;
'Tis now that honey ripeness feeds the bees
Where vine-born amber sweets their prison cleave,
And golden spheres their leafy heavens leave,
The same wind whispers through the orchard trees
That blew our swallows over southern seas,
And stole the robin's vesper from our eye,
The spirit of the year, like bacchant crowned,
With lighted torch goes careless on his way;
And soon bursts into flame the maple's spray,
And vines are running fire along the ground.
But softly! on October's blazing bound
How laugh the violet eyes of tender May!

—Edith M. Thomas.

Presence of Mind

The curtain had fallen upon the first act, and Thomas Nash, whose attention had been divided between the stage and the girl who sat next to him, was able to devote all his attention to the latter. That, be it understood, as far as he dared; for she was a complete stranger to him. He could not speak to her, but was forced to content himself with little surreptitious glances aside, each of which gave him some further detail of her profile; her blue eyes, her slightly retrouse nose, her arched lips, and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders. There was a man with her, a man with a brown mustache, which Mr. Nash characterized unjustly as scrubby. But for the girl herself, he had nothing but appreciation.

The orchestra was about to commence the entr'acte, when a man in evening dress stepped before the footlights and spoke to the audience in a voice which cracked a little in his effort to suppress anxiety.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should feel much obliged if you would all leave the theater at once and quietly. There is no danger, but you must leave at once." He motioned to the leader of the orchestra to play.

Everywhere men and women stood up, quick anxiety in their faces, vague questionings in their eyes. In that moment Mr. Nash looked at his neighbor, and she did not hesitate to speak to him.

"What is it?" she said under her breath. "Fire?"

"I suppose so," he answered nonchalantly, with the wish to pose as a hero in her eyes. "But don't be afraid. There is nothing to fear. I will help you if necessary. I have been in a theater fire before," he continued, flinging truth to the winds. "The great thing is to keep one's presence of mind."

And then the curtain bulged forward, a vast sheet of flame swept from its under edge, and the man before the footlights threw up his arms and fell writhing before that scorching blast. Mr. Nash forgot his heroism, forgot the girl, forgot everything save the necessity of reaching the doors as soon as possible and at any cost. He turned and sought his way through the crowd, striking men in the face, flinging women on one side, his mind a panic fear. He felt two hands gripping his shoulders, but they scarcely retarded him, and he had more formidable obstacles to contend with. Cursing and thrusting, trampling upon the bodies of those who had fallen, he forced his way through, until at length he met the cool rush of air that was streaming in from the night outside, and found himself safe in the crowd on the opposite side of the street, panting and shaken, amazed and horrified at himself.

A sobbing voice near him called him to his senses. He looked round and saw the girl to whom he had spoken,

shivering in her evening dress, but too hysterical with grief and fear to notice the cold.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried; "thank you! I should never have got through but for you."

Mr. Nash stared at her a moment, unable to realize the extent of his good fortune. He had fled in panic and had earned the reputation of a hero.

"That gentleman who was with you?" he queried.

She pointed horror-struck to the blazing theater.

"Oh, go back for him!" she cried. "Go back and save him! You are brave; and I will thank you and pray for you all the days of my life."

Mr. Nash's heroism received a nasty shock. He looked about him desperately. But once again fortune befriended him, and he saw the very man, though much singed and blackened, coming toward him.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" said the newcomer with emotion.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Thank heaven! And thank this gentleman, too. He saved me. He got me out of the building."

The young man shook hands with Nash warmly.

"Sir," he said, "we must know more of each other; my sister owes you her life. My father and mother will be anxious to thank you themselves. I was knocked down in the first rush. I believe that my being so saved my life; for I crawled under the seats and got over into the pit, and so out that way. This is a terrible business. Let us get away at once and find a cab."

They hurried down a side street and found a four-wheeler not 100 yards away. As Mr. Nash sat in the cab opposite to his new-found friend, he became calm enough to realize the extent of his good fortune. The young man introduced himself as William



EVERYWHERE MEN AND WOMEN STOOD UP.

Pearson, a name which Mr. Nash knew well as associated with one of the big industries of the city. He introduced also his sister Lucy, and Mr. Nash responded by giving his name and mentioning modestly the fact that he was a solicitor. They dropped him at his rooms with further thanks, an address, and a warm invitation to call upon the following day.

The Pearsons lived in a large house in the fashionable quarter of the town. On presenting himself at the door, Mr. Nash was ushered into the drawing room, which was filled with people, all talking excitedly. It was Mrs. Pearson's at-home day, and the tragedy of the previous evening had formed an absorbing subject of conversation. He became the center of attraction. Mr. Pearson, a stout man with a gray beard and honest eyes, came forward and shook him warmly by the hand. Mrs. Pearson was voluble and enthusiastic. Lucy, looking pale from the effects of the shock, smiled wanly and made him sit beside her. Her brother recounted his exploit. All the guests poured questions upon him and were eager in their praises. In the midst of this adulation Mr. Nash did his best to bear himself with becoming modesty. In a pause in the buzz of praise, he smiled and spoke.

"I'm really very much obliged to you all," he said; "I don't deserve half the kind things you have said about me. All that was needed was a little presence of mind."

Mr. Nash became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Pearson's house. He came to be looked upon as a close friend of the family; and when the day came when he asked her to marry him,

her eyes sparkled with happiness as she accepted. Mr. Pearson made no difficulty.

"I'm not looking for money with my girl," he said heartily. "She has enough for two. I'll see that you are comfortable; and I daresay even a solicitor can find a use for a little extra capital. I'm glad to know that my daughter is passing into the hands of a brave man. That is enough for me."

Mrs. Pearson said the same, and kissed him.

At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Nash made the customary speech.

"This is an occasion for presence of mind," he remarked humorously. "Of all qualities, it is the most to be desired. I cannot forget that it is the presence of mind that I owe my present happy position." The guests applauded.

Lucy understood and looked at him with shining eyes.

Surely Mr. Nash should be a happy man. He and his young wife are very fond of one another, and he knows that her love is based on respect for his heroic qualities. But there is a fly in the ointment. Deep within him, a still, small voice tells him at times of the pain in which he fled from that theater, and he knows, though he tries to fight the knowledge, that should similar circumstances occur and should his wife wish to take advantage of his presence of mind, she will have to do so by keeping a tight hand on his shoulders.—J. Sackville Martin in the Sketch.

BETTER THAN BERRIES.

Harriet Hosmer's Delight When She First Finds Modeling Clay.

An old school friend of the late Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, has recently related some interesting anecdotes of her childhood. Her first modeling, it appears, came about through a blue-berried expedition. "Hattie," as she was always called, had gone to the berry pastures with her foster brother Alfred.

"They had tramped farther than usual, when all of a sudden Hattie stumbled upon a big clay bank. It was just as if she'd been looking for it all her life. Out went all the berries from her nearly full pail, and into the pail went big double handfuls of the soft clay.

"Then she fairly rushed home, sat down on the back doorstep, and there modeled her first figure, a representation of the little, shaggy yellow dog who was at that time her chiefest treasure. After that she never forgot the clay bank.

"Why, when she was at boarding school with the rest of us she made casts of all our hands, and they were beautiful. She did one of Mrs. Sedgwick's. I know—she was our head mistress—and I remember that Mrs. Sedgwick said it was 'truly exquisite,' and would it all over with the soft, smooth silver paper she used for her finest faces."

In a day when the athletic, outdoor girl was yet unknown, Harriet Hosmer, against all convention, at the imperative call of a free nature, rode, swam, paddled, hunted, fished, climbed, tramped, and studied nature—to the horror and dismay of the excellent housewives of her town.

"You should have seen her collections," said her old friend. "She had bugs and beetles, squirrels, rabbits and birds, and even an old fat woodchuck that she had shot and wounded herself. We girls could never see how she could do it—the things are so—so smelly—and unpleasant."

Even when her study of her art had taken her to Rome, among fellow artists and great folk who praised her and made much of her, she yet kept one relic of these happy days, oddly tucked in amid the clay and tools and glistening marbles of her studio. It was an old, dilapidated crow's-nest, the prize of a daring climb, reduced to decorous service as a darning basket.

A Literal Youth.

"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"

"None," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

FARM AND GARDEN

Dairy Idols.

Cows become favorites with their owners not altogether by reason of the milk they produce. We have known cows that their owners thought a great deal of because of the kindly disposition of the animals. One cow that the writer remembers gave but a few quarts of milk a day, but she was a pet of the family. She would prefer the company of members of the family rather than that of other cows. If the cows were being taken to pasture she would insist on walking by the side of the one in charge of the herd. It is hard to order a cow of this kind sent to the butcher, and many people will not do it. Instead, the animals are kept for a dozen years, and not only allowed to eat up the provender without returning a compensation for it, but are allowed to add to the herd more cows after their own ability not to produce milk. These may fairly be called dairy idols. Their owners claim great things for them without being able to substantiate the truth of what they say.

But the family pet is not the only brand of dairy idol. There are the general purpose cows that quite generally have the entire confidence of their owners as to their great value. They are idols that the single-purpose cow men have demolished again and again, to their own satisfaction, but they are still to be found all over the land.

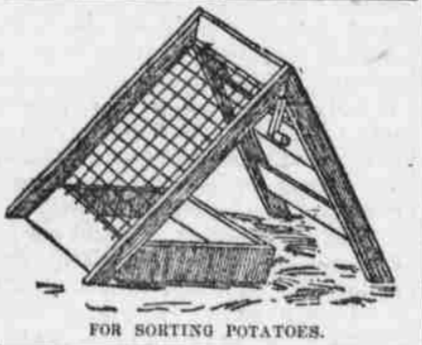
The dairy idol is a thing that can be dispensed with to the advantage of the owners of the cows. The warfare against them will be kept up, and little by little the factors we are warring against will disappear. It may, however, take about as long to eliminate them as it took Christianity to drive the idols out of the pagan world.—Farmers' Review.

Risk in Drenched Cattle.

Doctor David Roberts, State Veterinarian of Wisconsin, gives this advice: Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the danger of drenching cattle is to advise the reader to throw back his head as far as possible and attempt to swallow. This you will find to be a difficult task, and you will find it more difficult and almost impossible to swallow with the mouth open. It is for this reason that drenching cattle is a dangerous practice. However, if a cow's head be raised as high as possible and her mouth kept open by the drenching bottle or horn, a portion of the liquid is very apt to pass down the windpipe into the lungs, sometimes causing instant death by smothering, at other times causing death to follow in a few days from congestion or inflammation of the lungs. Give all cattle their medicine hypodermically or in feed. If they refuse feed give it dry on the tongue. The proper method of giving a cow medicine is to stand on the right side of the cow, placing the left arm around the nose and at the same time opening her mouth, and with a spoon in the right hand place the medicine, which should be in a powdered form, back on the tongue; she can then swallow with safety.

Handy for Sorting Potatoes.

In sorting potatoes a time-saver can be made of boards and common wire. The best wire should be smooth and about the thickness of ordinary clothes



FOR SORTING POTATOES.

line. The side-boards should be about 18 inches wide to keep the potatoes from rolling off the sides. The wires are fastened to a pulley at the top to tighten them so they will not sag and let the large potatoes through. Shovel the potatoes in at the top and the small potatoes will drop through the screen into the box.

To Tell the Ages of Swine.

It may be interesting to those who do not already know it, to learn of some way to arrive at the age of pigs, so we give the following:

Pigs having their corner permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding six months. Pigs having their permanent tusks more than half up will be considered as exceeding nine months. Pigs having their central permanent incisors up and any of the first three permanent molars cut will be considered as exceeding twelve months. Pigs having their lateral temporary incisors shed and the permanent appearing will be considered as exceeding fifteen months. Pigs having their lateral permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding eighteen months.

Shoeing Mules.

The hoof of the mule, being smaller and tougher than that of the average horse, does not need shoeing unless worked on hard roads a great deal. It is better not to have them shod if confined to work on the farm, unless used to haul heavy loads on frozen ground.

Nutrient in Milk.

Bulletin No. 51 from the State Agricultural Experiment Station, Connecticut, is a most excellent one on the origin or sources of those small organisms called bacteria, which are found so abundantly in milk. The bulletin also contains some rather startling statements and some wholesome suggestions.

Among the statements which ought to make the average man sit up and think are the following:

"A quart of milk at 8c is equivalent in food value to a pound of beef at 18c. This means that 4c worth of milk gives as much food energy in the body as 8c worth of beef.

"The average individual consumes three or four times as much meat in a day as the body actually needs for repair, and for its highest physical condition.

"If the American people would eat one-half less meat and consume one-half more milk, they would save about \$150,000,000, in money and in health, enough to make the doctors' bills look small."

To Fatten Fowls.

Shut the fowls up in a darkened place with just enough light for them to see to eat, and feed on cornmeal, ground oats, cracked wheat and shorts, which may be mixed in equal proportions and scalded. Feed as often during the day as they will eat up the food clean. That is to say, stuff them. Take a light and feed again just before your bedtime, and as early in the morning as possible. Supply them with grit and water and keep the premises clean. Half a dozen fowls together will fatten more quickly than a large number, as they will not pine for company. Cooked potatoes, rice, corn-bread, cracked corn and whole wheat may also be fed. Give no green stuffs, as it is too filling and will do no good. Fowls crowded this way should be in fine condition in two weeks. Shut up longer, they are likely to begin to mope and will go back rather than increase in weight.—Rural World.

Improved Hog Pen.

A large hog pen with space for both sleeping and feeding can be arranged with a floor on one-half to ensure a



PEN WITH SECTIONAL FLOOR.

dry bed. The size of the whole pen is 8 feet by 16 feet, so that the floored section of the pen is 8 feet square. It is made of strong materials, usually 2 in. by 4 in. stuff, and rests on cleats in the bottom of the pen.

The Milk Machine.

There is mighty little sentiment about a cow. She's nothing but a delicately organized milk-making machine. Her nervous organization is well developed, though, and is easily disturbed, but if she is well supplied with milk-making material and is let alone she will turn out a good product and plenty of it, provided, of course, she is built on the right lines. A poor machine of any kind is a curse to the owner.

Money in Irrigation.

Two hundred feet of the levee on the San Joaquin River in California gave way and flooded 4,000 acres of growing crops, causing a loss of \$5,000,000. Crops worth \$1,250 an acre are not rare in an irrigated district, though the figures above given would look like a misprint to an Easterner. About 300 acres of the inundated area were in celery, and the value would run far above the average stated.—El Paso Herald.

Beats the Steam Shovel.

A Kansas paper says that if all the hogs raised in that State last year could be rolled into one hog, it could dig the Panama Canal in two roots and a half, and wants to know how long it would take a Missouri hen to scratch out the canal. We don't know about that, but we do know that the Missouri hen can pay for the big ditch in one and a half years.—Humansville (Mo.) Star.

Not the Farmers This Time.

Prof. Truman of the University of Illinois, after making a searching investigation, declared that milk dealers of Chicago systematically adulterate and water milk delivered to families in the poorer sections of the city. In many instances the stuff is entirely unfit for food. In the better residence districts, however, the milk was nearly always up to standard.

Milk Vessels.

Use no wooden milk vessels, and after washing milk vessels set them out to dry scalding hot. Never rinse out with cold water after the final scalding. Leave them hot, so they will dry quickly and not get musty.

Notes on Orchard Work.

- Select only standard varieties.
- Spray frequently and thoroughly.
- Clover crops prevent soil washing.
- Buy only of responsible nurserymen.
- Go slow about planting dwarf varieties.
- Sell direct to the consumer whenever possible.
- Form strong symmetrical heads on all trees.
- Prepare the ground the fall previous to planting.
- Supply an abundance of plant food at all times.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1522—Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, printed the first work on arithmetic in England.
 - 1535—Jacques Cartier discovered the Saguenay.
 - 1620—The English Pilgrims sailed from Plymouth in the Mayflower.
 - 1631—Cromwell defeated Charles II. at Worcester.
 - 1675—The Indians under King Philip attacked the town of Deerfield, Mass.
 - 1682—Delaware was granted to William Penn by the Duke of York.
 - 1706—The French defeated by Prince Eugene at Turin.
 - 1724—Sir Guy Carleton, who was commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, born in Ireland. Died in England, Nov. 10, 1808.
 - 1726—Beauharnois appointed governor of Canada.
 - 1752—First play performed in America by a regular company of players, at Williamsburg, Va.
 - 1755—British defeated the French and Indians in battle of Lake George.... Sir Charles Hardy arrived at New York to succeed De Lancey as governor of the province.... Public announcement was made of the exile of the Acadians from Nova Scotia.
 - 1763—Indian battle at Bloody Ridge, Mich.
 - 1765—The subject of medicine first taught in America at the College of Philadelphia.
 - 1767—Charles Townshend, the British statesman whose bill taxing tea and other commodities brought about the American Revolution, died in England.
 - 1774—First Continental Congress assembled in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia.
 - 1777—Washington completed the defenses of his army at Wilmington, Del.
 - 1781—Washington and Rochambeau received in Philadelphia.... Americans victorious in battle of Eutaw Springs.
 - 1783—Peace made between Great Britain and the United States by the treaty of Versailles.
 - 1792—French republicans slaughtered 160 persons in the military prison of Abaye, near Paris.
 - 1804—Nineteen Dominican missions established along the California coast from San Francisco to San Diego.... American squadron under Commodore Preble made its sixth attack on Tripoli.... The American ship Intrepid blown up in the harbor of Tripoli.
 - 1812—United States troops repulsed the Indians in battle at Fort Harrison.
 - 1814—The British sloop of war Avon sunk by the American sloop Wasp.
 - 1829—A grand fete given in Lyons, France, in honor of Gen. Lafayette.
 - 1837—An extra session of the United States Congress convened to devise measures to relieve the financial embarrassments of the country.
 - 1854—Grand opera first produced in Castle Garden, New York.
 - 1855—The first Hebrew temple in the Mississippi valley consecrated in St. Louis.
 - 1863—Forts Wagner and Gregg, near Charleston, bombarded by Gen. Gilmore.
 - 1864—President Lincoln issued a proclamation of thanksgiving because of the successes of Farragut at Mobile and Sherman at Atlanta.
 - 1868—"No Popery" riots in Manchester, England.... Steamer Hippocampus foundered in Lake Michigan, with loss of thirty-eight lives.
 - 1883—Last spike driven in the Northern Pacific railroad, near Gold Creek, Mont.
 - 1894—One hundred and thirty-four unidentified dead, victims of the forest fires, buried at Hinkley, Minn.
 - 1894—Labor day observed for the first time as a legal holiday throughout the United States.
 - 1904—Telegraphic signals sent around the world in honor of the opening of the International Geographical Congress in Washington.
 - 1906—President Roosevelt ordered reformed spelling to be given a thorough test by the public printer.... Senator Heyburn attacked the forestry policy of President Roosevelt in the irrigation congress at Boise, Idaho.
 - 1907—Anti-Japanese riots occurred in Vancouver, B. C.... Seven persons killed and many injured in a Canadian Pacific railway accident, near Caledon, Ontario.
- Adds Zest.**
"Honest, now, do you really enjoy competition?"
"Yes, indeed. You see, I advertise, and I'm getting about all the biz."—Washington Herald.
- Different Viewpoints.**
Mabel—There goes that young doctor in his automobile. Isn't he just too killing for anything?
Stella—Oh, I don't know. They say he hasn't any practice to speak of.