

LESSON FROM A MULE

Dakota Farmer from "Down East"
Learned How to Raise Wheat
at Critical Time.

CROPS WERE ALL BURNED UP.

Discovered the Efficacy of the Roller
and Revolutionized Agricultural
Methods.

Twenty-five years ago, during the "dark days" of the west, when every crop failed and thousands of settlers were returning "back east," a discouraged farmer in South Dakota, looking over his ruined field for the last time before trekking back to Vermont, noticed that in the tracks made by his old lame mule, where the soil was packed by the weight of the animal, the wheat had grown strong and tall.

As a result of this observation South Dakota now harvests one of the largest wheat crops of any state in the union, and is filled with prosperous farmers, while the erstwhile discouraged farmer himself, H. W. Campbell, is owner of five big wheat farms aggregating 3,000 acres, which produce an average of sixty bushels an acre, says a Lincoln (Neb.) correspondent of the New York Herald. He is known as the "Bonanza Farmer" of the west. And all because a lame mule tramped across his wheat field one day.

The good stalks of grain growing in the mule tracks and surrounded by puny stems set Campbell to thinking.

gest crop that country ever saw. His theory had been proved, and the next year every farmer in that country packed his wheat ground down at the bottom of the furrow.

That was the start. To-day Mr. Campbell owns and operates 1,000 acres in North Dakota, 640 acres in Midland County, Texas; 320 acres near Plainview, Texas; 320 at Holdrege, Neb.; 640 acres at Medicine Hat, Alberta, and a section in South Dakota.

"And it all came about because my old mule walked across my wheat field twenty-five years ago," he says.

Oldest English Surname.
The name of Smith is, according to Professor Mahaffy, the oldest English surname. In a list of names he discovered when investigating the Petrie papyri, there is one, he tells us, "which appears regularly in the same form, and of which we can give no further explanation. It is the name Smith—unmistakably written. We have never found anything like it before, and it is surely worth telling the many distinguished bearers of the name that there was a man known as Smith in the twentieth year of the third Ptolemy, 227 B. C. and that as was occupied in brewing beer or selling it."

It Had Grown Crooked.
Everybody who had known old Henry admired him for the charity of his tongue when he spoke of his neighbors. It was his most marked characteristic—except the independence which he manifested in his political affiliations. It made a young man who was visiting in the neighborhood curious, and one day he managed to lead up to the subject and ask the old man what had taught him to keep such a good watch on his tongue.

"It was my father," replied the old man, quietly. "A splendid man, as I remember him. He always disliked

DECREASE IN BIRD LIFE.

Whole Species Extinguished by Pot
Hunters in One Generation.

In times of record the chief birds absolutely to drop from human sight are the dodo (1681), great auk (1844), Nestor Productus parrot (1851), and Pallas' cormorant (recently). These can only be reconstructed from skins and bones and old descriptions.

New Yorkers remember when the Labrador duck was common in the market. Sailors easily shot and brought it to port by thousands. Now only three are preserved in all the world. Walter Rothschild of England has two of them—one obtained from Gordon Plummer of Brookline, Mass., who bought it in Fulton Market, New York, in 1860; the other from William Dutcher of New York, by whom it was received from the widow of a man named Thompson, who shot it in the St. Lawrence River in 1852. Nine years afterward one was killed on Grand Manan, and four years later the last to be known was shot by J. J. Bell, who sold its skin to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

You see how carefully the roll is called and identifications are made when the battle is over. The battle is about over for the beautiful passenger pigeon. In 1848 it came down the Hudson River in such numbers that the then owner of "Claremont," near the place where Grant's Tomb now is, shot from his roof 100 in a morning. Twenty-eight years later a "pigeon nesting" near Petoskey, Mich., occupied an area twenty-eight miles long, averaging four miles wide. That season (according to freighting records) a billion passenger pigeons were destroyed in Michigan, when roosting, by guns, bludgeons and pots of sulphur. Railroads had been laid and markets were ready. The birds sold in New York for a cent apiece.

Nobody has noted a passenger pigeon, and proved it, since 1900. The only attested living specimens for years past were in captivity. A few were in the Cincinnati Zoo, a few in Milwaukee; others had been bred from a single pair owned by Prof. C. O. Whitman of Chicago University. Six years ago Prof. Whitman's refused further to interbreed. All that were known were presently dead, except one male in Cincinnati and one female in the Whitman aviary. The lone female was sent to the disconsolate male. Of the tremendous flocks which once flew over the United States, only these two birds are left.—Everybody's Magazine.

That Genius Whistles.

Of Whistler Lady St. Heller in "Memories of Fifty Years" writes thus: "He was a genius and had all the defects and qualities of one. To him everything was a joke, the subject of a bonnet. The lightest and daintiest of persiflage was what he excelled in, and one never had a dull moment in his company. He was always late for dinner, arranging the immortal lock of gray hair in its proper place as he came into the room, with apologies and excuses, none of them true—which he was perfectly conscious and also of the fact that his host and hostess knew that they were not. Wherever he was there would be a circle listening to him, and his ringing laugh would be heard all over the room as he sent his shafts right and left into the joints of the armor of those who were attacking him. It was a great surprise and almost a shock when he appeared as a benedict."

"To Express Our Appreciation."
John Smith, says a writer in the Monson Register, had worked for the Valve Corporation for forty-two years, and decided to quit. The company, in consideration of his long and faithful service, arranged to give him a monetary recognition.

The superintendent of the works, a German, was asked to present it. He was advised to use a little sentiment in making the presentation speech, and this is the way he did it:
"John, you have worked for the company over forty years?"
"Yes."
"You are going to quit?"
"Yes."
"Well! They are so glad of it that they asked me to hand you this hundred dollars."

Near-Billiards.
Two traveling salesmen, detained in a little village hotel, were introduced to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls which were of a uniform dirty gray color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the guests.
"Oh," said the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."
—Success Magazine.

Too Good to Be Misused.
Comedian—I can't go on for a minute, sir. I feel funny.
Manager—Funny! Great Scott, man! Go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts.—Stray Stories.

When the Bluefish Gather.
The capture of bluefish from New Jersey to Monomoy during a season is 1,000,000, averaging six pounds. Bluefish on the New England coast lasts 120 days.

How patient a girl is with the temper of Any Young Man, and how impatient she is with the ill temper of her father!

After you hear a few Mysteries explained, it is hard to understand why there is so much curiosity.

Some men act important only when they are talking over the telephone.

VELVET IN FAVOR FOR FORMAL GOWNS.



Velvet in black and other deep rich tones is very much in favor for formal gowns, and especially for walking suits. It is also used for long, handsome top coats, often with a soft white fur. The sketch shows three velvet models, each one serving in a different garment. The first figure shows a long coat of smoke gray velvet over a princess gown of gray satin cloth. It is quaintly cut and partly covered with arabesques of tarnished silver

braids. The one in the center is a black afternoon gown worn for teas, weddings and musicales. It is a belted princess, with bands of fur at the edge of the long skirt and the short sleeves. The belt is of black satin, with an immense rosette in front, and one long tasseled end. The hat is of velvet with white feathers. The third figure shows a street suit of dark blue velvet with stitched seams and military frogs in front.

Women of the Future.

There is not a country in the land but bristles with Jane Austen women, says a writer. With a good many exceptions, one would not be sorry to see them go. They are kindly, but small—deadly small.

The woman of the future is not of this type. She is far too busy to be womanish, but she will never grow out of being feminine. She is shedding her smallness. Like the genie in the Arabian Nights, now the cork has been removed, she is darkening the whole sky like a pillar of smoke; but presently the smoke will settle into "a figure of gigantic size." She will be the Meredith woman, softened by reality, as Galatea softened into life.

She will not glide about with up-lifted finger like Agnes, nor drive tired men to distraction with her prattle, like Dora, nor weep eternally when George is unkind, like Amelia. No, when she feels hysterical she will go and sit on a Himalaya till she is cooler, and when her husband annoys her out of her usual placidity, sticking a few pigs in Texas or India will soon put her straight. And with it all she will wear her frills as well as ever.

Comfortable Sweater.



This sweater is rather heavier or closer knit than the regulation garments of this sort. It is all white, in a small block design, and trimmed with large white pearl buttons and large flat collar, in ribbed stitch matching the belt and cuffs and piece down front. The jaunty cap is also knit and makes a chic finish to a very pretty skating or sledding costume.

The Home Storeroom.

The cellar or other similar room in which vegetables and fruits, either green or canned, are stored for winter should have the windows open on mild days for ventilation and for lowering the temperature of the room for chilling the store. The cooler they are held without freezing, the better they will keep. Bacteria which cause fermentation and decay cannot grow and multiply in low temperature. Dry cold will always hold them in check.

Dry Cure for Colds.

A French physician has been writing in one of the Paris papers about a cure for colds which he says is very old, but which a long time ago fell into disuse and was practically forgotten. It is a very simple remedy, the only requirement being that the patient refrain from all liquids for a

period of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. A spoonful of tea or coffee may be taken at meals and a small glass of water at bedtime, if thirst is very great. But it is much better to do without all liquids entirely, if possible. It is not necessary, says the physician, to remain indoors while the cure is being tried; in fact, he recommends that the patient get out of doors and breathe the fresh air. He claims that the "dry cure" is infallible.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Silk blouses are severe. The sleeves are flat, with little or no fullness.

Flat jet ornaments, as well as those of metal, are frequently used as trimming.

The vogue for gilt is now at its height, and silver trimming is also in demand.

Tasseled ornaments and fringe vie with each other for chief favor in trimming.

Some of the new bracelets encircle the wrist and end in a tiny jeweled bowknot.

Coats are a bit closer than the half-fitting ones of the past season, and skirts are usually plaited.

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Braiding upon coats has lost none of its vogue, and all manner of original results are gained by its combination with silk cordings, rattail buttons and made ornaments.

A quaint pelerine and muff was of white fox, with one large pink velvet rose on each piece and silk cords and tassels.

A novel trimming is made of two bands of black velvet ribbon fastened together, with a gold braid under the open stitching.

Copper is one of the most popular tones of the season, but it is of a reddish shade, not the brown or yellow one of former years.

Favorite shopping bags of the day are as big as ever, but they are flat, and are carried under the arm with the straps over the wrist.

Transparent scarf coats of tulle or chiffon will be general favorites in alliance with evening or ultra-elaborate afternoon toilettes.

Tiny flowerlets are scattered over the evening gown of satin and placed with the view of giving the gown a good hem finish. The flowers are partially covered with thin tissue drapery.

The Happy Habit.

Mothers who are constantly cautioning the little ones not to do this or nor to do that, telling them not to laugh or make a noise, until they lose their naturalness, and become little old men and women, do not realize the harm they are doing.

There is an irrefragable longing for amusement, for rollicking fun, in young people, and if these longings were more fully met in the home it

would not be so difficult to keep the boy and girl under the parental roof.

A happy, joyous home is a powerful magnet to child and man. The sacred memory of it has kept many a person from losing his self-respect and from the commission of crime. Fun is the cheapest and best medicine in the world for your children as well as for yourself. Give it to them in good, large doses. It will not only save you doctors' bills, but it will also help to make your children happier, and will improve their chances in life. The very fact that the instinct to play—the love of fun—is so imperious in the child shows a great necessity in its nature which if suppressed will leave a famine in its life. A sunny, joyous, happy childhood is to the individual what a rich soil and genial sun are to the young plant. If the early conditions are not favorable, the plant becomes stunted. This is true with the human plant. A starved, suppressed, stunted childhood makes a dwarfed man. A joyous, happy, fun-loving environment develops powers, resources and possibilities which would remain dormant in a cold, repressing environment.

Hat for a Young Girl.



While this is a Parisian model, it could nevertheless be copied by one of the many private and inexpensive milliners for a very reasonable amount of money. If the exact shape is unobtainable, a near duplicate should be covered with black velvet and trimmed generously with white marabout. The result is, indeed, pleasing.

Health and Beauty.

Beef tea is one of the best stimulants and the poorest of foods.

Acids taken before meals and alkalis taken after meals lessen acidity.

You should not take tea or coffee with any meal containing fresh meat.

Malt preparations are the best remedies for dyspepsia caused by foods containing starch.

In combing the hair use a comb with blunt, widely separated teeth. Never use one with sharp teeth.

Much vinegar causes gastric catarrh, whereof comes indigestion, which in turn gives rise to redness of nose.

Lettuce and onions promote sleep. Resting with the head to the north is essential for the repose of some people.

The most useful of all drugs for rickets is iron, not lime. Lime is useful, but iron compels the system to assimilate it.

GOVERNOR OF UNITED SOUTH AFRICA.



HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. Gladstone, who has been British Secretary of State for Home Affairs since 1905, has accepted the post of first Governor General of United South Africa. He is the youngest son of the late W. E. Gladstone, and was born in January, 1854. Mrs. Gladstone is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard Paget.

From it he evolved a new system of farming. His neighbors laughed at him and remained poor, while Campbell grew wealthy. When he wanted new tools with which to farm according to his new ideas, the farm implement manufacturers made light of his ideas. Campbell made his own tools, and to-day they are being manufactured in Odessa, Arad, Hungary, Hyderabad and half a dozen cities in the United States.

He wanted to tell the western farmers what he had discovered, so he turned editor and has had the satisfaction of seeing his articles reproduced in a dozen different languages. One of these, an article on soil value, was translated into Russian by Tschakowsky, the Russian political writer, while he was a prisoner in the fortress of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg.

E. H. Harriman, as he once passed through the great wheat country of the west, held out his hand to Mr. Campbell, who was in the railroad man's private car, and said:

"If the Union Pacific gave you \$1,000,000 every year it could not pay you for its increased freight from your work."

Mr. Campbell now lives in Lincoln, Neb., where he maintains a force of clerks to keep the accounts of his big farms and his other interests. And just twenty-five years ago this summer he had nothing but an ox and an old lame mule.

When he walked out to look once more at his burned field, he noticed small bunches of good wheat. His curiosity was aroused. He examined carefully and found that these bunches were growing in the tracks of the old mule.

"What did it?" and finally the answer came to him.

"It was the packing of the earth by the weight of the mule?"

The next year, when Mr. Campbell sowed his wheat, he rolled it with a home-made roller for days and days. His neighbors laughed at him.

When the wheat sprouted every kernel came up, and so did that planted by his neighbors, who again laughed at the "fool Vermont machinist who thinks he knows how to farm."

Then came the long hot days and the neighbors' wheat dried up and burned. But Mr. Campbell's didn't. His fields were green, and in the time of harvest it was found that he had raised the big-

to hear folks gossiping unkindly about each other. I've seen him, when they began it, get on his feet, just like a cow grazing and gradually working toward a hole in the fence, and before any one knew it he'd be out of the room, so's he couldn't hear 'em.

"He talked to me about it. 'Henry,' he'd say, 'when you're of age, never say anything about a man if you can't say good of him, and always vote the straight party ticket.'"

"But you don't vote that way."
"Well, sir," said Henry, "you see, my father said the straight party ticket; and when I came along to vote, the pesky thing had got so crooked that I don't believe he'd have recognized it."

A Rude Landlubber.

It is said that every man's definition of the term "gentleman" makes it inclusive of himself. Likewise it is true that each man is prone to believe that his manners are the best in the world. A writer in the Washington Star, speaking of this point, relates the following story. On a man-of-war there was once a reception, and it happened that a distinguished statesman forgot, or did not know, the usual formal salute on coming aboard.

"Who's that lubber what don't tip his skypiece to the skipper?" said a sailor.

"Choke your luff," returned another sailor. "That's Senator Blank, the famous tariff leader."

"Well," growled the first sailor, "why ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarter-deck?"

"Manners!" a third sailor chipped in. "What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."

The Big Atlantic Liners.

In a big Atlantic liner there are more than 1,000 tons of piping of various sorts. The boiler tubes if placed end to end would stretch about ten miles. The condensers pump up more than 50,000 tons of water a day, and the furnaces consume about 8,000,000 cubic feet of air an hour. About 50,000 separate pieces of steel are used in the main structure.

Two might be able to live as cheaply as one if there were no bargain sales.

Most of our budding geniuses get nipped in the bud.