

ONE FARM

Grain Grower Who Began
25 Years Ago With Little
Except Hope.

MADE \$150,000 LAST YEAR.

Now Has 12,000 Acres of Land and
Will Plant It All in Wheat—
Sowing and Reaping.

The crop of wheat from one farm in Thomas county, Kansas, sold last year for \$150,000. That farm embraced 10,000 acres of land. This year 2,000 acres have been added to it and if the crop is as large and prices as good as last year the farm revenue should approximate closely \$200,000. And that, most any one will agree, is a pretty fair income for any down-trodden farmer.

But beginning with that kind of a statement is telling the story backward. To bring the real Kansas atmosphere into a story one must never speak of the dollars first, the Kansas City Star says. They always come, of course, in Kansas stories, but at the last and plentifully. To tell it right, one must start the story back twenty-five years, in this case, to the conventional setting when a pair of thin, faded, harness-scarred ponies draws into the landscape and outlines against the setting sun a dilapidated covered wagon.

Bronzed by the sun, and with that spring that ambition puts into the young, the driver, "Jim" Fike, springs from the seat to the ground. From under a canvas he swings two chubby babies to the thick carpet of buffalo grass and turns to give his arm to his wife. They are young and vigorous and at once begin the making, on that wide prairie, that which they have been planning for years—a home.

There is the regulation routine, the location, the trip to the land office, the filing of homestead papers, the building of the sod shanty, the like of which dotted the prairies in thousands in those days; the breaking of virgin soil and the planting of the crops, and then—sometimes—the harvest. Through all the years of drought and hard times, through all the disappointments that come with the early settlement of a country, through the bountiful golden harvests, this man toiled on, working harder and harder, but always with the firm belief that the country was destined to be a great country of homes.

Hope died in many a breast these trying times and many were those who wended their way back to the old home because they lacked the brave heart to face the hardships. But "Jim" stayed. "Jim" he was to everyone who knew him in those days, and "Jim" he still is to every resident of Thomas county. "Jim" Fike is one of the largest and most successful wheat growers in America to-day.

The average yield last year on his 10,000 acres was about fifteen bushels an acre. The price paid for the wheat, which was not sold in the usual way, but marketed in carload lots, was within a few cents of \$1 a bushel. A large portion of it was shipped to the West, where millers were especially eager to obtain it.

The Fike wheat farm does not lie contiguous, being made up of a number of farms ranging from 320 to 2,400 acres in extent. Harvest usually begins about July 1, but last year harvest was late, and all over Thomas county the hum of the header did not begin until about July 15. To cut this 10,000 acres of wheat in fifteen days requires intelligent and systematic handling of the small army required to complete the work before the wheat is ruined in the field. Seven big steam plows were used in the fall plowing for this season's crop.

FINDING A COUNTRY HOME.

Some of the Mistakes Which Must
Be Guarded Against by Novices.

It is easy to prove that an income of \$1,000 in the country is worth \$2,000 in the city, and that the difference is saved in the cost of living and in the fact that the home helps to support itself. On the other hand, there are vexations, disadvantages and even hardships incident to rural life, and they cannot fairly be passed by, says Ralph D. Paine in Collier's. Money is bound to be wasted in experiments, in bungling methods, and in learning how to do things right. The utmost vigilance is required to avoid spending what is saved on the one hand by going ahead too fast with improvements on the other. A dozen temptations to put more money into the place lie in ambush at every turn. Economy is fully as difficult as in the city. Isolation, lack of congenial society, and maddening inability to find efficient servants—in fact, any kind at all—are insistent factors of the problem. The initial outlay is likely to be no more than half the ultimate cost. Tools and equipment pile up bills to dismay the novice. Labor is lazy and untrustworthy. If there are children, and there ought to be children in every country home, their education must be considered.

It still remains true, however, that to find and own and improve one's own farm, however small and humble, is an achievement worth fighting for, whether it be for an all-the-year-home or not. And few there be who have won this fight that would willingly return to the flat in the city or the hired house in the suburbs with its fifty-foot

frontage of lawn. The ownership of land, and plenty of it, creates a spirit of independence. It was the "embattled farmers" who drove back the red-coats from the redoubt on Bunker Hill. To-day the foreign immigrant is populating the abandoned farms of the Eastern States and gaining prosperity for himself and his children.

The man who is tied to the city by his business or profession, yet who genuinely desires for himself and his family the peculiar kind of contentment, health and self-reliance that are bred of country life, has the solution of the problem in his own hands. Let him first choose the region in which he wishes to live. Then let him lease a farm for a year, spend as much time on it as he can afford and learn all he can about making it productive. If he takes kindly to the experiment, let him go in quest of a farm of his own, buy it (and farms are sold on uncommonly easy terms of payment) and make up his mind to retire to it whenever circumstances will permit. Owning a country home is not a speculation. It is one of the soundest and sanest investments in the world.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Simplex system of driving concrete piles, which the British admiralty is trying at Rosyth, is the invention of an American, F. Shuman. A steel tube, having a loose point or a pair of hinged jaws at the lower end, is first driven to the required depth. Then, as the tube is withdrawn, concrete is introduced, and this passes through the now opened lower end and fills up the hole made by the tube. The concrete is filled up to a level several feet above the finished head of the pile, in order to allow for sinking as the tube is withdrawn. The plan has been successfully tried in many places.

In an English review of the progress in aeronautics during 1909 the first place in the list of unsolved problems is given to that of obtaining a certain degree of automatic stability at slow speeds. It is recognized that the high velocity of flight required to enable the aeroplane simply to keep aloft must be lowered before the machines can become truly useful and safe. Another question is that of the engine. In order to make this certain in operation, it is suggested that the weight must be still further reduced, so as to permit either of a duplication of parts, or of the employment of two complete engines, each under normal conditions working at only a fraction of its full power.

A remarkable photograph of half a dozen porpoises, playing under water, just ahead of the bow of a steamship traveling at the rate of 13 knots an hour, has been published by a correspondent of Knowledge, C. H. Gale. The sea was calm and the photograph was made by leaning over the bow of the vessel. Mr. Gale calls attention to the singular fact that the porpoises, while easily maintaining their position ahead of the ship, showed no apparent effort or motion of body, tail or fin. Yet he thinks that they were not carried along by movement of the water in front of the vessel, because air bubbles were seen rushing from their backs, and the photograph shows the effect of these bubbles by the white streaks on the backs of the animals. Sometimes they rolled over sideways, but always maintained their position.

In a recent book about ants, Rev. H. C. McCook gives some surprising facts about the mound-making ants of the Alleghenies. He has measured some mounds more than 30 feet in circumference, although rarely more than three feet in height. But around these there are many new mounds, in course of construction, only a few inches in height. They are found in groups, one of which, near Hollidaysburg, Pa., contains 1,700 mounds within a space of 50 acres. Their total population is enormous, and each group of mounds appears to constitute a community—an insect kingdom or empire. In regard to their numbers, Doctor Forel is quoted as saying that these ant kingdoms have in all probability from 200,000,000 to 400,000,000 inhabitants, "all forming a single community, and living together in active and friendly intercourse."

Ruskin's Grave.

Ten years ago John Ruskin passed peacefully away at Coniston. A grave in Westminster Abbey was immediately offered by the dean, but was refused out of respect for Ruskin's frequently expressed wish that he might be buried wherever he chanced to die, says the Westminster Gazette. He was laid to rest in Coniston churchyard on Jan. 25. In poets' corner there is a medallion of him by Onslow Ford, immediately above the bust of Sir Walter Scott. In his native Camberwell the master's memory is perpetuated by the bestowal of his name upon the finely wooded park on Denmark hill, within a stone's throw of his old home.

His Opportunity.

"How did you manage to go through every house on that block in broad daylight without being detected?" asked one burglar.

"Very easily," replied the other. "I selected a time when a moving van drove up to a vacant dwelling. I worked while the neighbors were hanging out of the front windows to criticize the furniture."—Washington Star.

It's easier to break away than it is to get back.

Successful physicians are lucky guess

VALUE OF SOCIAL QUALITIES.

Every Mother Should See That Her
Daughter Possesses Them.

Thank goodness we are getting away from the idea that to be frivolous is wicked and nowadays up-to-date parents insist that their children shall face life with a laugh rather than a serious face and that they shall have accomplishments as well as virtues.

This question of accomplishments is a very important one in a world which is selfish and exacting and doesn't want to give without receiving in return, the Duluth News-Tribune says.

Who has not seen the wallflower girl, who, when others were entertaining the company, replied solemnly: "I have no parlor tricks," which trite saying veiled very thinly the fact that she was secretly envious of the cleverness of the others and wished she could unlimber and do something herself.

Now, whose fault is it—the girl's? No, indeed—her mother.

No doubt that estimable maternal relative was of the sort who believe it their "duty" to see that the child tells the truth, is neat, punctual and obedient. No frills was her motto, but a thorough drilling in the three Rs, and, as she often observed to her little girl, "handsome is as handsome does."

Well, that may have often been the case in her day, but just now we are thinking of a great deal of the veneer, it would seem.

It is very easy for a clever mother to cultivate social talents in her children. Most little ones show a leaning in some direction, and it is a matter of patience and tact to cultivate this. The main thing is to free the child from the dreaded curse of self-consciousness, which prevents so many women from making a success, no matter how gifted the yare.

Encourage the children to give little entertainments for the family in which each one does his part.

Never laugh at mistakes, but enter into the spirit of the children themselves. Home concerts are splendid things, wit hmoother playing the piano and every one, even the tiniest tot, joining in the singing.

Make the boys and girls feel they have no right to hide their gifts, but should give them unselfishly toward the entertainment of their relatives and friends. In this way you will bring to them the true spirit of social life, which is an even mixture of give and take.

A LAUGH ALL AROUND.

And, as Usual, Those Who Laughed
Last Laughed Best.

"Common decency is cheap abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first trip to Europe. "During all the time I was on the continent I was subjected to discourtesy in but one instance, and I think I got away with it then, at that."

"We were crossing one of the Swiss passes by diligence, or coach, and stopped off for luncheon at some little town. It was hot, and I suppose I made rather a comical sight in my shirt sleeves and black glasses, with a handkerchief over my collar, as I stepped out of the vehicle to the road. I suppose, too, that the brand of French in which I tried to ask questions was pretty ragged."

"Anyway, a group of young Frenchmen waiting in a carriage while their team was changed saw in me their long lost original scream, and the way they laughed was convincing, if not flattering. They weren't backward about pointing out the real, racy bits in the picture either, and they only laughed harder when I glared at them mildly. Another American and I trudged off for lunch, and when we came back there was a bunch ready to take up the howl at me again. I looked at my compatriot and he at me. I don't think either of us put the idea in words, but we began."

"We began to laugh. We fell into each other's arms and laughed. We held each other up and laughed. We laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. We laughed till we couldn't stand. We rolled into our coach, still laughing, taking inspiration for each outburst from a glance at the Frenchmen."

Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen just wilted. First they closed their mouths; then they lost their grins; then each one began squinting at the other, trying to make out what was wrong. Before we'd been at it two minutes they all discovered they needed a drink and sneaked off to the little hotel. We laughed till we saw the last of them, and then we laughed at the way we had turned the trick."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unnecessary Adjunct.

Many of us have heard of the woman traveler who, while riding through the Yosemite, exclaimed, "Oh, I do love scenery; it adds so!" M. C. M. Simpson, in "Many Memories of Many People," instances an opposite case where the scenery was considered not only unneeded, but rather obtrusive. In speaking of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the famous English statesman, the writer says:

Although greatly beloved, he had a very cold manner. He was a marked contrast to his enthusiastic wife, Lady Theresa, who once complained that a tree overshadowed a window of the drawing room of their country house, and interfered with the view. Said Lewis, calmly and rather contemptuously:

"Why can't you, when you come into the country, sit with your back to the window and read a book?"

Some smart men do not properly estimate the importance of politeness.

Nothing jolts a woman's sweet trustful disposition like marriage.

YOUNG FOLKS

A Ride on the Trolley.

Said Dolly to Polly: "Now this would be jolly!"

Let's all go to ride on the trolley!"

But Daisy was lazy and said they were crazy.

"Twas too hot to go on the trolley."

"It's chilly," said Milly; "I think you are silly."

To want to ride on the trolley."

Said Lizzie: "I'm busy; besides, I get dizzy when I go to ride on the trolley."

Lily Cook took a look at her new birthday book.

and wouldn't leave that for a trolley.

"There's many a penny," said sensible Jennie.

"Paid out for our fares on the trolley."

Said Polly to Dolly: "Though it would be jolly"

To have a nice ride on the trolley.

It's funny, my honey, but we have no money.

And so we can't ride on the trolley!"

—Chicago News.

"Hold on Tight."



How Ned Was Tied Up.

"I'd like to know what has become of my cap," said Ned Brown, giving the room door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible.

"I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there."

"I think," said Ned's mother, speaking with calm assurance, in spite of Ned's statement, "that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Ned, I put up a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it. You'll just have to hunt it up—that's all. I can't stop to look for it."

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred and little Harry, accompanied by two of the neighbor's children, came into the room, their eyes glistening, and cheeks aglow, as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

Ned made a tremendous effort, but when he found that he was able to break the thread, a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face.

Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Ned succeeded in freeing his hands again.

"Well done," said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Ned's wrists a great many times and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

"I can't," said Ned, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation. Indeed, Ned looked so very helpless and woebegone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

"Now let me tell you," said Aunt Carrie, "what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this. Habits are very hard to break, for they are made up of separate acts, just as Ned's hands are held together by means of separate threads."—Round Table.

ROBBERY TOOK SIX HOURS.

In Early Kansas City Bandits Stopped
All Travelers One Afternoon.

Three bandits, who spent an entire afternoon holding up twenty-five citizens forty years ago were the pioneer sensational criminals in Kansas City. The robbery was begun at 1 o'clock and wasn't finished until dinner time.

The bandits met their victims at 26th and Main streets, which at that time was only a macadamized road leading out to Union Cemetery.

Frederick Midland, a cabinet maker, employed by the Leo J. Stewart Undertaking Company, was an undertaker at that time and was returning from the cemetery when he saw a small crowd down the road ahead of him.

"I hurried up to see what was the matter and found that all except three of the men were standing with their hands raised over their heads," Midland relates. "I realized that a robbery was going on, but it was too late to turn back. The robbers were on horses and were stopping every one who came along the road. They saw me before I could get away and commanded me to line up with the rest and to hold up my hands. In those days the robbers were even more formidable appearing than they are to-day and I certainly didn't hesitate about obeying."

"Well, they kept us there without any trouble. As the farmers came by in their wagons they were forced to get out, tie their teams and join the growing line of victims. When a crowd of at least twenty-five had gathered the bandits began their work. I was at one end of the line, and one of the men started to search me while another began down at the other end. The third stood in the foreground and preserved order with a display of arms that made us dizzy. That's no joke, either, about a revolver barrel looking like a tunnel when it's pointed at you."

"All I had was 15 cents. I figured that they would hand it back with an apology for robbing a poor man, but they were not that kind of robbers. The one who was searching me swore a little at my poverty and went on to the next man. When they had finished with the crowd they rode away rapidly and we dispersed. They were never captured, because the event was considered lightly. The only ones who were really angered were those who arrived first and had to stand with their arms in the air until the crowd had been collected—it was almost six hours. The bandits had not

"Why don't you come out and play, Ned?" asked Alice. "We've been having such fun. Haven't we, Fred?"

"I can't find my cap," said Ned, looking vexed and disconsolate. "You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"

"No," Alice replied.

"I haven't seen it either," volunteered Fred.

Little Harry felt that the blame had therefore been shifted onto him.

"I don't know where it is," he stoutly protested. "Really, I don't."

"What is it that's lost?" asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Ned's cap," said Alice.

"What, again?" said Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. "That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somewhere a very short time ago, Ned. I think—yes, that's where it was, behind the sofa in the sitting room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now."

"Oh, yes," said Ned, with a surprising return of memory. "That's just where I put it. Laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down."

"Before you go out to play," said Aunt Carrie, when Ned had brought his cap. "I would like to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" asked Ned, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Ned she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her sewing apron, she wound the thread about Ned's wrists, drawing it tightly.

"See if you can break it," she asked.

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—Kansas City Star.

SERVANT PROBLEM IN AFRICA.

Servitors Are All Men and Are the
Dirtiest in the World.

Servants are an absolute necessity in Africa, declares a writer in the Delinctor. But next to the climate and the insects, the native servants are the greatest pests. Even the best of them are the worst imaginable. They delight in grease, rags and dirt. They never do anything if they can avoid it.

Servants are all of the male gender. They are engaged by the month and paid in cash or merchandise, at their option. The principal servants are cook, house boy, small boy, jack wash and head man.

I was very fortunate in getting one. His wages were \$5 a month, cash, and all he could steal. He dressed in an undershirt and the cast-off trousers of some white man. At the end of the month, when he received his wages, most of it went for rum and aniseette bought at the factory. When the money was gone he tapped a palm tree and drank of its fermented juice.

No matter how intoxicated he became his meals were always on time and he was polite and deferential. He called me Missy.

Because we both spoke English and he was a British subject, he looked after me in a way. He instructed the bushmen how to act and dress before a white woman. He warned me when there was any mischief brewing, and when he got into trouble, which was very frequently, he looked to me for aid. But he never forgot his position. He was small, slight, 33 years of age, could read and write and sing Moody and Sankey hymns. He came into my employ the day I landed in the bush and left me when I took the steamer at the coast to return to civilization. On the march he was the first to start away with the cooking kit on his head; upon my arrival in camp he met me with hot coffee. No matter how discouraging the conditions, he was faithful. Had I raked all Africa I could not have found a more faithful servant. Only those who have lived in the bush can appreciate such a one. If native cooks do not like their masters they have a habit of feeding him slow poison. Many a white man makes his cook first partake of the food.

When a girl gets her first letter from a man she keeps the envelope stuck in her mirror frame for six months

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—Kansas City Star.

EXPLORES BELIEVE PEARY.

The new element of distrust thrown about the story of Commander Peary by the refusal of the House Committee to favor special honors for his discovery of the North Pole has brought out a defense from two noted polar explorers. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish expert in Arctic travel, is quoted as saying that the length of sledge journeys which Peary claims to have made is not impossible. Rasmussen himself says he has traveled on sledges from seventy to 100 miles in a day. But still he thinks it a little strange that Peary made those wonderful marches on his return journey from the pole when his dogs must have been very tired. Rasmussen thinks Peary should give all his data to Congress. From London comes an interview with Lieut. Shackleton, who holds the Antarctic record. He says one can not have the slightest doubt of Peary's achievement.

A Fortune in Bugs.

The University of Kansas has a collection of insects which has just been invoiced and valued at \$47,000. The collection was begun in 1873 and there are now 130,000 specimens, all mounted and labeled. Most of the specimens are American insects, but there is a fair foreign collection obtained through exchange. All the known Kansas crop pests are mounted, together with samples of their ravages, and the farmers are being taught how best to make war upon them.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1684—A charter for an American colony was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh.

1622—The Indians massacred 349 of the Virginia colonists.

1676—Marlborough, Mass., destroyed by Indians.

1719—Spanish fleet intended for the invasion of England dispersed by a storm.

1764—A circular letter was issued by the Presbyterians of Philadelphia preparatory to the organization of a synod.

1765—The British Stamp Act became law.

1790—Benjamin Franklin petitioned Congress to abolish slavery, this being his last public act.

1807—Abolition of the slave trade in the British Empire.

1808—The French under Murat entered Madrid.

1815—Napoleon joined by all the army after his return from Elba.

1836—Steam power was introduced into the mint at Philadelphia.

1838—Sir Francis Bond Head resigned office as lieutenant governor of upper Canada.

1849—Complete defeat of the Sardinians by the Austrians at Novara.

1854—Great Britain declared war against Russia.

1861—Vote of Louisiana on secession made public. First State Legislature of Kansas met.

1862—Gladstone presided at the presentation in London of a \$10,000 testimonial to Charles Kean, the celebrated actor.

1863—Confederates under Clark captured Mount Sterling, Ky.

1865—The British Parliament granted \$250,000 for the defense of Canada.

1867—The British North American Act received the royal assent.

1871—Commune proclaimed at Paris.

1873—John Drew made his first appearance on the stage at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia.

1877—Execution of John D. Lee, Mormon bishop, convicted of being the main instigator of the Mountain Meadow massacre.

1880—Great banquet given in Montreal in honor of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, the first Canadian high commissioner in London.

1882—Samuel Blatchford of New York appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

1885—The Saskatchewan rebellion broke out with an attack of half-breeds upon the Northwest Mounted Police.

1890—President Harrison declared the Bering Sea closed to unlicensed seal fishing.

1892—The British and French governments renewed the "modus vivendi" respecting the Newfoundland lobster fisheries.

1897—Opening of the second session of the eighth Parliament of Canada. ... New steel arch bridge over the Niagara River completed.

1900—Canadian troops arrived at Cape Town to engage in war with the Boers.

1903—Strike in the cotton mills at Lowell, Mass., threw 20,000 out of employment.

1904—United States Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas convicted at St. Louis of accepting a bribe.

1908—Great Britain and the United States reached an understanding in regard to the fresh water fisheries disputes between Canada and the United States.

1909—Crown Prince George of Serbia renounced succession to the throne. ... New Zealand offered a battleship to the British imperial army. ... Lieut. Shackleton, of the British navy, reached New Zealand after having penetrated to within 111 miles of the south pole.

Explorers Believe Peary.

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