



### Planting Potatoes.

The prevailing, and we might say foolish, custom of most farmers is to plant potatoes just as they come, little and big. Indeed, some use the smaller ones for seed and retain the larger ones for cooking purposes, sometimes placing them on the market.

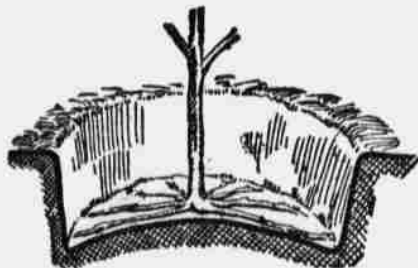
While such a course will not noticeably affect the potato crop for a single season, its continuation surely but slowly lowers the yield—not so much by an insufficient number of tubers, but by inferiority in size and quality. We believe this to be the chief blunder made by most potato raisers and that it accounts for more failures with this crop than any other one cause.

Assuming that you failed to select seed potatoes at the proper time last season (as nine out of ten fail to), great care should be exercised in selecting seed this spring. With the thought in mind that it was quite likely the healthy, vigorous plant which produced the larger tubers, these should be chosen for seed, since the smaller potatoes, which no doubt came from a weak or inferior plant, and, if planted, would produce a like growth. Is this not true of any other plant or animal life? Then why should it not be true of potatoes?—*Twentieth Century Farmer.*

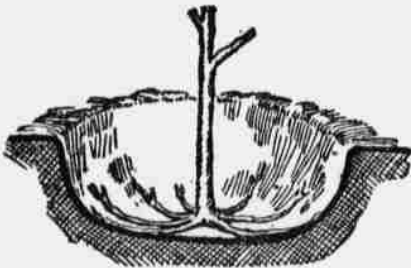
### Facts About Farms.

Nearly 1,000,000 new farms have been created in the United States during the last ten years. In the last ten years the total number of farms has increased 18 per cent. In the older States, from Ohio eastward, there has been going on for 20 years a tendency toward the amalgamation of farms distant from market into larger holdings.

### HOW TO PLANT SHRUBS, ROSES AND TREES.



Correct way of making hole. Notice how the bottom is rounded. The roots lie with a downward turn. They are not cramped or crowded or bent from their proper course.

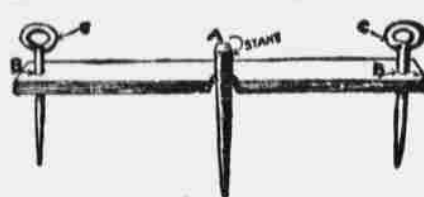


Incorrect way of making hole. Observe how the roots are bent upward. If the shrub lives the roots must bend downward again—not always successfully accomplished.

On the other hand, this section has witnessed the cutting up into smaller sizes of many farms nearer to market. There are now almost three times as many farms as in 1870, and an unprecedented increase in the value of farm lands and live stock.—*American Agriculturist.*

### Tree Planting Device.

To those who will be planting shade and fruit trees, the following method may be of assistance. In preparing for planting stake out the plot having the stakes in line in several directions. After the plot is carefully staked the trouble is to get the tree



DEVICE FOR TREE PLANTING.

set on the exact place occupied by the stake. The following plan will overcome this difficulty. Take a board about 8 ft. long and 8 inches diameter, as shown in illustration. Bore a hole in each end and cut a notch in the middle. Place the board with the notch against the stake and drive wooden or iron pins into the holes B. B. The board can then be removed from the pegs, place the tree in the notch and pack the soil around the roots. The tree will thus be in the exact spot occupied by the stake, and in line with the others.

### Egg Imports.

The fact that eggs are not included in any lists of imports which have been published and from the results of the American hen's activities, as reported by the census office, leads to the supposition that importing eggs would be like carrying coal to Newcastle. In 1900 over 1,293,662,433 dozen eggs were produced in the United States. This number is large enough to provide each person in the country with seventeen dozen eggs a year. There are almost four times as many chickens in the United States as there are people.

### How Milk is Formed.

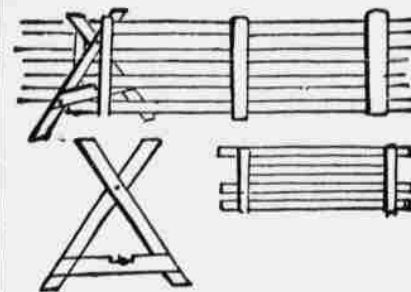
Milk is elaborated from the blood. Food is converted into blood, which is forced from the heart and lungs to the udder; from the udder it returns to the heart through the large veins from the under side of the belly, running from the udder nearly to the front legs, where they enter the body and connect with the heart. These veins are commonly called milk veins, but they are not, however, as no milk ever passes through them. The orifices in the body where such veins enter are called milk wells.—*Rural World.*

### Value of the Silo.

The Missouri Experiment Station summarizes the value of the silo as follows: Silage keeps young stock thrifty and growing all winter. It produces fat beef more cheaply than does dry feed. It enables cows to produce milk and butter more economically. It is more conveniently handled than dry fodder. The silo prevents waste of cornstalks in the manure when silage is fed. The silo will make palatable food of stuff that would not otherwise be eaten. It enables the farmer to preserve food, which matures at a rainy time of the year, when dry would be next to impossible. It is the most economical method of supplying food for the stock during the hot, dry periods in summer, when the pasture is short.

### Temporary Sheep Fence.

A movable fence of this kind for soiling sheep is made in panels as seen in the picture. The panels are

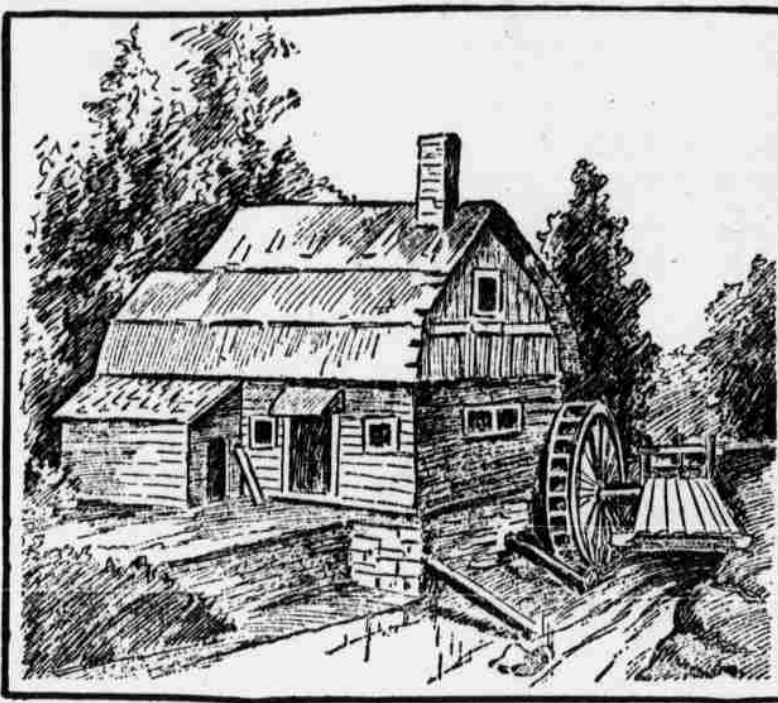


ten feet long, made of four-inch boards solidly nailed together. After this fence is once put up sheep or hogs are not likely to overturn it. A fence three and one-half feet high will turn most flocks.—*Denver Post.*

### Drainage.

One of the essentials about the poultry house and grounds is good drainage. For this reason a good hill slope is the best place for the grounds. The land should slope enough so that rains will wash it clean of all impurities. On flat land the grounds should be frequently changed and planted to some crops that will take up the noxious elements. The draining and surface draining the grounds will assist in keeping them dry and pure. Scraping off the top soil each year and filling with fresh soil from the field will aid in

### REMINISCENCE OF THE GRIST MILL AND THE MILL BOY OF THE OLD DAYS.



HERE are but few men in the country that have reached the half-century mile stone on the highway from the cradle to the grave but have memories lingering around the old grist mill of their boyhood days, writes L. O. Emmerson in the Princeton (Ind.) Clarion-News. In their mind's eye they see its steep roof and hear its "chew-chew"—and think that is just what the old mill was doing with the corn and wheat that was pouring into its insatiable maw—the old grist mill with "wool carding" painted in big letters along its side which might be read with ease a half-mile away, with closer inspection showing in smaller letters this sign near the entrance door, which all were expected to read: "Custom days Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Toll one-sixth for corn, one-eighth for wheat. First come, first served."

Here all the gossip of the country was exchanged for its kind. Here knives were swapped, either by inspection or unsight or unseen? Horse swapping was also of common occurrence. On those "custom days" from early morn to dewy eve the crowd was coming and going, swapping and bantering. Did it happen to be a campaign year, politics was discussed by all except the miller, who was supposed to favor all sides and have nothing to say, and it was regarded as a breach of good breeding to attempt to draw him into discussion.

The milling was most often done by the boys of the family, ranging in age from 10 to 17 years. If anyone should inquire about the size of any certain boy, and was told that he was big enough to go to mill, they would consider the answer satisfactory. When the family meal barrel showed signs of exhaustion, a bag of corn would be selected the evening before some particular custom day, and at night after all the chores were done and the family was all indoors, a bed quilt would be spread out upon the floor and the corn poured thereon. Then the family would gather around and shell the corn upon the quilt, while the cobs would be thrown aside for use in the kitchen stove. Then the quilt would be gathered up, causing the corn to collect in the center, when it would be scooped into the bag and set aside till morning.

Bright and early the next day it would be placed across the back of a horse with a boy mounted astride, and he would strike out for the nearest mill. Sometimes he would have to go five or six miles. The sign, "First come, first served," was strictly adhered to. Often he would be among the last to arrive and many times he would have to stay till dark for his grist, and then ride the lonely way home through woods and swamps in the darkness.

But all this was nothing to the day he had spent with the other mill boys, wrestling, jumping, playing ball and marbles, swapping knives and exchanging gossip for gossip, which he knew would be called for and listened to by all when he got home. A good supper would be waiting for him when he arrived at home at last, for of dinner he had had none.

Mills quit grinding custom grists more than twenty years ago. In the old grist mill times when a boy came he was met by the miller at the platform in front of the mill door. The miller there took charge of the bag of grain, which he placed in a row of other bags, each in the order of its arrival. And when the last grain of any grist had disappeared down the hopper the miller would shout "Rake away!" This was the signal to the mill boy whose grist had been ground, and he must quickly rake all the meal in the meal box to the end and not allow it to get mixed with the next grist, just poured into the hopper.

It was curious that people always supposed that the meal they got was ground from the same corn that they brought to the mill, when in fact it took several bushels of corn to fill the mill before any would run out. But they were satisfied and that was enough. Mills now buy your wheat and corn outright and sell you their meal and flour. The exchange is made at once, and you do not have to await your turn.

No more do the mill boys congregate about the place. Going to mill has lost its charm; it is a lost art. We who have served our time must accept the customs and say farewell to the old grist mill, which, like ourselves, has seen its day.



### Pellagra.

This is a disease which has long been known among the peasants of northern Italy, northern Spain and parts of southern France, but has only recently been discovered in this country.

It is variously regarded as a skin disease and as a form of insanity, for it is in reality both; that is to say, there are skin eruptions and a disturbance of the mental faculties, both due to the same cause.

The disease is at first remittent in character, that is to say, it has periods of remission—in the winter—when the patient is apparently in his ordinary health; but each spring it returns worse than before, and so it goes on, with three steps forward and one backward, to a fatal termination at the end of from three to five or six years.

The eruption begins as a diffused redness or discolored patches, itching most distressingly, and is followed by a peeling of the epidermis in the form of branny scales. It is most marked on the backs of the hands and feet, but may come on the body or legs as well. It begins in the spring and gets worse during the summer, but may nearly or quite disappear with the advent of cold weather.

The next spring it returns, and now there are digestive troubles added—pain and distress in the stomach after eating, diarrhoea, and often vertigo headache, and persistent ringing in the ears.

In the winter these troubles again become less, but return in aggravated

form the next summer, and with them appear mental symptoms—delirium and profound melancholia. And so the disease goes on until death puts an end to the patient's sufferings.

This description is that of the disease as it occurs in chronic form in Italy. In this country it is apt to be more acute and rapidly progressive, without the winter remissions observed in the European cases.

Pellagra occurs generally only among the very poor and those living under the most unhygienic conditions; but although poverty may predispose to the disease, its sole cause so far as known is the eating of diseased maize. This grain trouble is a corn-smut, a form of mold which attacks the grain stored in damp places.

The prevention is simple—the use of flour and meal made from good grain only; but in the conditions under which many of the Italian peasants live, this is not so easy as it sounds.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Slang Tabooed.

Slang is tabooed in the home of a West Philadelphia family principally because there is a bright little girl who displays a persistent aptitude in retaining expressive but uncultured phrases.

The other evening at dinner the mother, father and daughter drifted into the vernacular and a fresh start was necessary. The little girl started it. "I'm not stuck on this bread," she remarked.

"Maggie," said her mother, "you want to cut that slang out."

"That's a peach of a way of correcting the child," commented the father.

"I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

### End of the Courtship.

"She referred me to her father." "And what did he say?" "He said that was her way of letting undesirable suitors down easy and gave me a 5-cent cigar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A widow and her fortune are soon married.

### BARE PAINTING DISCOVERED.

Picture Declared to Be Work of Feti, Sixteenth Century Artist.

A rare and very valuable painting of "David," said by experts to be the work of the famous sixteenth century Italian artist, Domenico Feti, has been discovered in Philadelphia, the Public Ledger of that city says. It has been in the possession of a well known man who, however, is not an authority on art, for some years, and while he and his friends always admired it for its beauty and the mellowness of its coloring, it has been only in the past week that it came to the notice of experts, who enthusiastically pronounced it a genuine Feti, and worth probably \$25,000.

The picture is vigorous in treatment and remarkably strong in color, technique and the general handling of the subject. The figure of the Biblical hero is youthful and beautiful. In the dark shadows of the lower foreground is dimly seen the severed head of the giant Goliath. The picture is said to be one of the few large ones done by Feti. It is about four feet by six feet. The painting is on exhibition in a window at 1634 Chestnut street and has attracted much attention.

Domenico Feti was born in Rome in 1589 and died at Venice in 1624. He became a follower of Ludovico Cigoli and afterward went to Mantua, where he obtained the patronage of Cardinal Gonzaga, who, on coming to the dukedom, appointed him his court painter. Unfortunately, however, Feti gave way to intemperance, and this shortened his days. He adopted the style of Guilio Romano without, however, being a mere imitator. His coloring is forcible and the expression of his figures animated. His works, though chiefly of small size, are very scarce. There are four of them in the Corsini palace of Florence and one in the Mantua Academy, while others are in Dresden, Munich and Vienna. Feti was a great favorite of the celebrated picture collector, M. Crozat.

### Effect of Heat.

When one stands before a hot fire the face becomes red, as we all know. This result is the effect of the action of radiated heat on the nerves controlling the small blood vessels of the skin. These tiny vessels are normally in a state of moderate contraction. Under exposure to heat they relax and become distended with blood. The same process, under the mysterious connection of the vasomotor nerve system with mental impressions, produces ordinary blushing.

In regard to exposure to direct heat the reddening of the skin, together with the uncomfortably warm feeling accompanying it, may be looked upon as one of the useful little "danger signals" with which we are surrounded. Persons who from any cause have lost their susceptibility, as is the case in some forms of paralysis, may expose a limb to heat until serious injury results.

The reason that the face chiefly flushes is that in the ordinary position near a fire it is most directly exposed to the rays of heat, while most of the body is shielded by clothing; that the nerves of the face are particularly sensitive in this respect and that the skin there is more abundantly furnished with blood vessels.—*London Standard.*

### Art of Papermaking.

In the matter of making and using paper we are not in line with the Chinese and other Asiatics, who not only make the finest paper in the world, but apply it to all sorts of uses, making window panes, fans, umbrellas, sandals, and even cloaks and other garments of it. The art of making paper from mulberry bast is said to have been invented in China in the second century, B. C. Afterward bamboo shoots, straw, grass and other materials were also used. The manufacture spread to the adjacent countries. The Arabs learned it in Samerkand, and their learned men carefully kept secret the process by which they made paper for their own use. The crusades made Europe acquainted with the art, and the first paper mill in Germany dates from the twelfth century.

### The Prodigal Scholar.

"Teacher, may I be absent to-morrow?" "What for?" "Gotta go to a funeral."

"You ought to be saving these funerals, Johnny, the baseball season will open pretty soon and you will need all the funerals you can get."—*Houston Post.*

### Exchange of Courtesies.

One of the keenest of journalists and wits, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, had the better of the irate stranger against whom he ran by accident at the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast!" cried the offended person without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

### A Matter of Time.

"You ought not to gulp your lunch like that." "But I save five minutes each day." "Five minutes, eh? Wait until you get to waiting two hours each day in some dyspepsia specialist's anteroom."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### Bankruptcy Defined.

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?" "Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

### Pessimistic.

"What a pessimist Brown is!" "What's the matter now?" "He even bewails the fact that he can't live to collect his life insurance."—*Detroit Free Press.*



Student—Want my hair cut, Barber—Any special way? Student—Yes; off.—*Williams' Purple Cow.*

"Ida gets every prize in our bridge club." "The best player, is she?" "No, the worst adder."—*Life.*

Mrs. Rangles—I am always outspoken. Mr. Rangles—And I am generally outtalked.—*Smart Set.*

Diner—Is there any soup on the bill of fare? Waiter—No, sir; there was, but I wiped it off.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"What kind of a man would you like for a husband?" "Oh, either a bachelor or a widower. I'm not particular which."

Burr—What kind of a genius is Nabbs! Does he work by fits and starts? Kurr—No. He works by fits—and stops.

He—My income is five thousand dollars. She—How much more than that do you think it will be safe for us to spend?—*Life.*

"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?" "It all depends; he may be very poor, Marie!"—*Frou-Frou.*

"She wants to be a sister to me." "You can easily get her out of that notion." "How?" "Treat her as you would a sister."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"I'm going to marry your sister, Johnny, and take her far away. What do you think of that?" "I guess I can stand it if you can."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Miss (hiring servant)—I hope you know your place? Servant—Oh, yes, mum! The last three girls you had told me all about it.—*St. Louis Star.*

Bobbs—The suffragettes believe in the equality of woman, don't they? Slobbs—Not at all; they believe in the superiority of woman.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"My daughter is a promising vocalist," said a proud mother. "Well, get her to promise she won't sing any more," was the caustic suggestion of her next door neighbor.

Miss Pasleigh—I have had my picture taken once every year since I was ten. Miss Youngthing—Oh, do let me see one of the old daguerotypes. They're so quaint.—*Roseleaf.*

"What size in boots do you take, Murphy?" asked a quartermaster. "Twelve, sir," answered the private. "Well, we've no twelves in stock—"

"Thin O'll take two pair o' sixes, sir." Mrs. Crawford—I don't see how you could join such a club when you don't believe in the object of it. Mrs. Crabshaw—You see, dear, it meets Mondays, and that's the only day in the week I had no place to go.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Mr. Grimes," said a minister to one of his deacons, "we had better make the collection before the sermon this morning." "Indeed?" "Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."

"As for me," remarked Muggsley, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek." "I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."—*B. C. Saturday Sunset.*

Miss (When I engaged you, Lucinda, you said you had no male friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there. Lucinda—Lor' sakes, ma'am, he ain't no male friend o' mine. "Then who is he?" "Ma husband."

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelly called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition. "Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelly asked. "No; but I am," said Casey.—*National Monthly.*

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting. "No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation for two years an' ye haven't resigned yet."

"I wonder," said the teacher, "if you could tell me whether George Washington was a sailor or a soldier?" The boy grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," he said. "How do you know?" the teacher challenged. "Because I saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware. Any sailor would know enough not to stand up in a boat."

Terrific Heat in New York. New York City never forgot the torrid weather which prevailed on the last Tuesday in March this year. On that day it was 82 degrees above zero in the shade and the humidity was high as well. At 6 p. m. the heat fell to 77 degrees, and at midnight it was 70. Women wore white gowns in the impossible task of trying to become cool, and men donned straw hats. It was one of the most dreadful days New Yorkers ever had to struggle through.

A woman said to-day: "It's harder for a woman to work that it is for a man." Please consider this as an objection to that statement.

A woman loves her husband as long as she has any feeling of hope toward him. Where there isn't a shred of hope left she ceases caring for him.

One can't judge a man's religion by the rent he pays for his pew.