

Topics of the Times

Men love to be admired as much as women love to be loved.

The man who invented gas certainly ought to be the patron saint of the grafters.

An occasional domestic storm is necessary to clarify the matrimonial atmosphere.

It might help some to make the marriage fee as big as the divorce lawyer's fee.

A bachelor farmer says that the quickest way to remove weeds is to propose to a widow.

Now that Editor Bok has set his lance in rest the "tipping evil" may as well dismount and surrender.

Edison says an inventor is a bulldog with a poetic temperament. This is quite a tribute to the poetic temperament.

A Reading, Pa., blacksmith has accepted a call to the ministry. Many pulpits are now filled by hammer experts.

On her wedding day a girl always imagines that she has her mother beaten to a standstill in the selection of a husband.

A new novel is entitled "A Woman's Remedy." It isn't true. There never lived a woman who didn't have more than 3,000 absolutely sure remedies.

Mr. Rockefeller's declination to establish a pension fund for retired clergymen is the product of a recent lesson that they won't keep still anyhow.

If the churches refuse "talented money" they make it possible that the money may be used in furthering the work of the common adversary. Think well, brethren.

The statisticians have estimated the average number of children in an American family to be two and three-eighths. No wonder there are so many fractious children.

Now we have the "fireless cook stove." When we evolve to the foodless meal and the clothless clothing, we'll not worry so much about the relation of the trusts to the cost of living.

"Laughsome" appears to have been the beef trust's code word for "rebate." The railroads seem to have also used some code word for the same subject, indicating anything from a chuckle to boisterous hilarity.

A Chicago husband has secured an injunction restraining his wife from moving. It is only a step now to enjoining the lady of the house from housecleaning. When that step is taken life may indeed become one grand sweet song.

Ordinary black ink has just been discovered to be a sovereign remedy for scalds. It bids fair to become a cure-all, as it has long been known both as a powerful irritant, a first-class sedative for the removal of freckles from reputations, while as a boosting tonic it stands unrivaled.

Much vital American history is written in the old overland routes, like the Natchez Trace, the Oregon Trail and the Santa Fe Trail. The patriotism which led Kansans to appropriate money to mark the Santa Fe Trail is not merely local, but national. The Appian Way in Italy and the Roman roads in England record the history of a great past; the early American trails led to the present powerful life of the West.

When it became known a few weeks ago that the late Senator Platt of Connecticut was seriously ill, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, an intimate associate, remarked: "He looked at everything with the nation's interest first, with Connecticut's second, and with his own third." It is too bad that this excellent order should ever be reversed. In the long run a State is better served by the man who puts the larger good first. Probably the individual fares as well, too, if he only knew it.

To have "gras dried linen" is one of the latest domestic extravagances. It has been handed along by word of mouth from one to another who appreciate a good thing, and there has neither need nor inclination to cheapen it by advertising. It was the happy idea of a man who fell heir to one of those New England farms that you can not rent, sell or give away. But the first view of the situation showed that his farm would bring him to speedy bankruptcy if he were to attempt to run it agriculturally. It had plenty of water and broad, wind-swept

meadows, where the sun beat all day long. This gave him his idea. From a city friend he coaxed a lot of what housekeepers call the "big pieces" of the family wash. When the sheets and tablecloths and serviettes came home it was not so much that they were clean—that is elemental laundry work, though rarely attained—but they had the breath of country air and the smell of grass. From this beginning the trade has grown until that Massachusetts farm is paying better than it ever did under a system of rotation of crops.

There is a wide and deep philosophy contained in that phraseology of the street—"Forget it." It is as important to forget as to remember. One is as difficult as the other. And ability along one line is as hard to acquire as the other. Both must be cultivated. It is impossible to become an optimist without learning how to forget. Disagreeable things are bound to happen and one must train oneself to wipe them off the mind as the boy wipes the figures from his slate. Having erased the ugly memories, it is easier to write the pleasant things on the slate of the memory. The man who considers himself a nemeses, who treasures up a wrong, who nurses an injury, who lets ignoble hatreds foster in his heart, cannot be a happy man. His soul is like a crouched tiger ready to spring upon the victim of his wrath. Learn how to forget. If it is easier for you to put on record in your memory personal grievances and to hug an ugly feeling it is because you have chosen to do so. If you heard up in your mind the unhappy episodes of life it is because you have formed the habit of doing so. To persist in that habit of mind will make you miserable and a confirmed grouch. There is nothing noble in such a disposition to remember. Learn to forget. Let go the uninspiring, the depressing and weakening grievance. Hold on to the memories that cheer and brighten. There is not room for both. Wipe out the resentments. Write in the place of your hatreds the things that are pure and just and lovely and of good report. Let no mean thing ruffle the serenity of your soul. Forget it.

When an author is spoken of as the "man of one book," there is no intention of implying that his other works may not have more or less of the element of greatness. It is a compliment to any author when his or her fame rests upon a single production, though the rest of the same author's work may have large value. It is one of the accidents of fame and fortune that benefits author and readers alike. The "one book" may not even be the best that the author does, but if it is a heart-thrust, and the public accepts it, its intrinsic literary value may take secondary place. So in acting. The late Mr. Jefferson's "Rip" became his other self, and his title to undying fame, because the public willed it. Between the true actor and his auditors there is an elusive chord which, when struck, makes him a character creator for all time. Madame Bernhardt plays characters well, but nine out of ten who have seen her remember her as Camille. It is not certain that it is her best role, but in it she touches the heart. She is Camille. Similarly a singer may become identified with a single song. Those who heard Patti twenty years ago, and not since, recall her "Home, Sweet Home," and nothing else. Jessie Bartlett Davis' "Oh, Promise Me" will live as long as memory of the singer lives. It was a simple lyric, but its simplicity and its heart-interest made the singer famous. The singer has gone, but the song lives. It is like a single rose on the dead singer's breast—more beautiful and eloquent than a myriad of costly exotics. Simple and full of sentiment, the song and the sweet, sympathetic voice of the singer touched the finer chords in the hearts of countless auditors. In Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," the player's hand wanders many times over the keyboard until divine harmony is reached. Jessie Bartlett Davis' "Oh, Promise Me" was a lyric without much literary quality. And yet the singer, who is deeply mourned, will always be remembered by it.

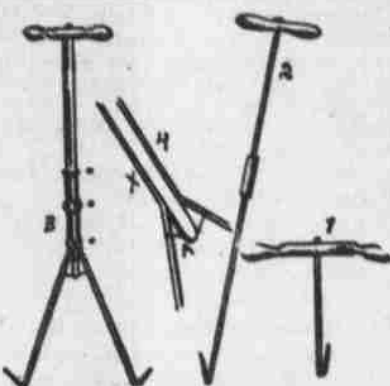
Needed the Basket!
A country gentleman recently took a great fancy to a cob ridden by a butcher's boy who brought the meat to the house from the nearest town. He thought he knew something about horseflesh, and he made a bid for the animal. A price was arranged, and the horse changed owners. The clergyman was also the head master of a grammar school, and he rode his new mount to his daily duty; but to his disappointment the animal had lost all his fire. Neither whip nor spur would get it out of a shuffle, while jibbing and shying brought about one or two spills. In great indignation he called on the butcher, who, in his turn, asked the boy what it meant. "He'll be all right again," said the boy quite seriously, "if you'll only carry the basket!"

Patience is to be applauded always, but, of course, the people who have dealings with you never have occasion to use any.



Some Convenient Hooks.

Where there is more or less hauling of bags of grain or other bulky articles on the farm a number of hooks attached to handles will be found exceedingly useful. Several hooks may be formed by the local blacksmith at small cost in the labor saved in a single season. The illustration shows several of the hooks that will be found the most useful. The hook shown at Figure 1 is the one familiar to city people, used as it is by truckmen who handle heavy bags and boxes. Figure 2 represents a longer hook made of iron with a sharp hook end and a short handle of wood; a piece of hardwood is fastened around the middle of the bar of iron which permits one to get a firm grip with the other hand. Figure 3 represents the double hook fastened to a handle of hardwood by ferules indicated at o, o, o. Figure 4 shows the details of construction of the hook 3, the manner of flattening the ends of the iron rods and fastening them to stout handle by rivets, if so desired. A indicates a stout wire run through



CONVENIENT HOOKS.

small auger hole near end of handle and securely wrapped around rods to give strength and firmness to the fastening.—Indianapolis News.

Relieving Calves from Flies.

During the summer months flies are a constant torment to young calves. The entomological department of the Kansas State Agricultural College has been experimenting and compounding various substances in order to produce an effective and economical mixture, which, when applied to the surface of an animal would ward off the flies. As a result of these experiments, it has succeeded in producing the following formula, which seems to answer the purpose reasonably well: Resin, 1½ pounds; laundry soap, 2 cakes; fish-oil, ½ pint; enough water to make three gallons. Dissolve the resin in a solution of soap and water by heating; add the fish-oil and the rest of the water. Apply with a brush. It to be used as a spray, add ½ pint of kerosene. This mixture will cost from 7 to 8 cents per gallon, and may be used on either calves or cows. One-half pint of this mixture is considered enough for one application for a cow; a calf, of course, would require considerably less. It will be more economical to apply this only to the parts of the animal not reached by the tail. At first it will perhaps be necessary to give two or three applications per week, until the outer ends of the hair become coated with resin; after that, re-touch those parts where the resin is rubbed off.

Ear Mark the Pigs.

In the fall when we wish to sort out breeding sows we do not know whether they are from sows that we care to reproduce or from inferior animals, writes H. E. Cook in National Stockman. Ofttimes a sow may have only three or four pigs, and they become full grown on account of plenty of nurse. Now, I would much rather have young sows from mothers giving full litters, even if not quite so large, because they are bred from good milkers, just what we want to reproduce. I therefore ear-mark the pigs in the spring as soon as they are strong and record the numbers, making a judicious selection possible.

Points on Poultry.

Plant a plum tree in the chicken yard now.

Feed all fowls confined in the yard green food.

Stop feeding ten or twelve hours before killing.

The higher the breed, the greater the care must be. Cut down on the large grain.

Persian insect powder is a good remedy for lice. It should be dusted over the fowls and nests.

Keep the chicks out of damp places and watch for roup. Dampness affects the feet and legs of the chick.

Wood ash is a good fertilizer for the trees, and in the garden, but do not put it in poultry-houses, as it has a tendency to injure the legs of your fowls.

No poultry breeder will make the nests for his sitting hens on the ground.

Never allow sick fowls to be with the rest of the flock; many poultry diseases are contagious.

Paint the poultry-houses outside and whitewash it often inside. If you can not do both, do the inside once a month.

Clean the poultry-house every day.

Do not throw away old broken plaster and mortar. Put it in the poultry yard.

Capons are superior in every respect to all other fowl. The public demand them—the poultry dealer must have them—and the poultry raiser must produce them.

Small Areas, Better Care.

An agricultural paper published in the West is denouncing the tendency of farmers to reduce the area of working soil. In some localities they are being forced to this by the increasing value of farm property, with the consequent taxation making it too valuable in the one sense, and too expensive in the other, to use for farming purposes. There is, however, another side to the question—a side which farmers in all sections located near good markets have learned—and this is that it is more profitable to till ten acres well than a hundred ill.

Near the great city of New York there are a hundred men or more who raise market stuff on land worth several thousand dollars an acre. They pay the high rent for such land and make a profit simply because they get several big crops from the soil, with the help of hotbeds and cold frames, in a season. It may be claimed that such work is not possible except in such a locality, but those who know say that prices in New York are frequently much less than in many of the smaller cities and towns, which is undoubtedly true. A neighbor of the writer, in Iowa, makes more profit from seven acres in small fruits and about an acre, range and all, devoted to poultry, than do most of his neighbors with farms ranging from fifty to eighty acres in extent.—Indianapolis News.

Farmers Making Money.

That farmers are receiving more for their products now than they were ten years ago is a matter of congratulation. Statistics show that the people who buy farm products are paying higher prices now than they have at any time since a short time after the Civil War. The following figures are interesting as showing the cost per capita of food products:

	1894.	1904.
Breadstuffs	\$15,115	\$18,244
Meats	9,889	9,083
Dairy and garden	9,874	10,648
Other food	8,487	10,400

On the other hand the cost of clothing and many other things that the farmers buy have increased in price, but not in the proportion their own products have increased. The increase in the price of farm labor is the most important. However, there is no disputing the fact that farmers are better off to-day than they ever have been, and this prosperity is likely to continue owing to the enormous increase in our population. We are now receiving from abroad more than a million emigrants every year, to say nothing of the natural increase of our own population at home. These mouths must be fed and they will be fed from American farms.

Worms in Swine.

To secure the best results affected hogs should receive individual treatment. Twenty-four hours before administering treatment very little feed should be given them. Then give the following medicine, first recommended by the veterinary department of the Kansas State Experimental Station, as a drench to each hundred-pound hog (larger or smaller hogs should receive a dose in proportion): Oil of turpentine, four drams; liquor ferridialysatus, one-half dram; raw linseed oil, six ounces. If necessary, repeat the dose in four days.

Medicinal Eggs.

By breeding and feeding his fowls in a special way, a scientist in Wiesbaden, Germany, has been able so to increase the natural quantity of iron in eggs that they are medicinal and useful for the cure of various diseases.

A Little Garden Talk.

Put up strings, trellises or other supports for morning glories, nasturtiums, cobbeas and other runners.

Thin poppy bed or border; you ought to have one; if you have not, thin other annuals. Give them lots of room—it pays to do so.

Don't give vegetation a "lick and a promise;" it's better to soak heavily twice a week than to moisten superficially.

Transplant flower seedlings and water well; sift with a goodly lump of soil and place in new spot after making soil fine and moist. Do the transplanting after sundown.

Prune shrubs as soon as bloom ceases, insuring new wood and flower buds. Don't wait until next spring, when you will probably cut off much of the spring blooming possibilities.

REAL MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

Test to Distinguish the Genuine from the Spurious.

Once upon a time there was a smoker who spent eight of the best years of his life coloring a meerschaum pipe, only to find at the end of that period he had been nursing a piece of "massakopfe" instead of the genuine "ecume de mer." The "massakopfe" is a composition made of the parings of genuine meerschaum and a mineral clay, says the New York Press. The parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water and molded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay; each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably it must be left some time to dry. These bowls are distinguished from the genuine meerschaum by their greater specific gravity, but there is no absolutely certain test by which the real meerschaum can be told from the composition.

In forming a pipe from "ecume de mer" the silicate of magnesia is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and fats. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking; the heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation and, becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, they are diffused through the substances of the bowl, producing those gradations of tint which are so much prized. In some cases the bowls are artificially colored by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood.

Good meerschaum is soft enough to be dented by the thumb nail. It yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. There are various densities; some kinds sink in water, others float on its surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the pipemaker, for the light varieties are porous and even cavernous; and the heavier kinds are often made up artificially. Many judges assume that the heavier kinds are spurious, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. A negative test may be mentioned; the composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum. Therefore, if a blemish occur in a meerschaum bowl—which is frequently the case—the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable, but as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time the test is not of much value.

A BALZAC ANECDOTE.

French Author's Great Liking for Fenimore Cooper's Works.

In a recent volume upon "Aspects of Balzac," says the Philadelphia Record, appears this characteristic anecdote: "On one young English woman, at any rate, Balzac himself made a strong—if maybe a temporary—impression, according to his friend Gozlan, as recorded in the entertaining 'Balzac on Pantouffes.' Gozlan met the novelist one afternoon in the boulevards, hungry for dejeuner. Balzac took him into an English confectioner's in the Rue Royale. Having ordered some macaroni pates he laid down on the table some volumes he was carrying. 'Do you know what that book is?' he asked Gozlan. 'No, my dear Balzac!' Hearing Balzac's name, the English girl behind the counter started as if fascinated by it. Balzac did not notice her. 'It is "Pathfinder" of Fenimore Cooper.' And he poured out an enthusiastic appreciation of the American novelist, forgetting his hunger, forgetting where he was and everything but his subject. 'But you are not eating,' said Gozlan. 'True,' replied Balzac; and in three or four gargantuan mouthfuls, eating, laughing and praising Cooper at the same time, while he walked up and down the shop, he gobbled up four macaroni pates, to the immense astonishment of the girl, who was amazed that a man who, as she had thought, would feed upon flowers, air and perfumes, should eat so greedily. 'What do I owe you, mademoiselle?' said Balzac, at length, satisfied. 'Nothing, Monsieur de Balzac,' answered the girl, in a tone which admitted no contradiction. Balzac looked at his friend, hardly knowing how to reply to this delicate attention. And then, after a moment's pause, he presented her with Cooper's romance, saying: 'I have never so much regretted, mademoiselle, that I am not the author of it.' 'We do not know whether Balzac ever saw the girl again. He was not of the nature of Sterne. This incident reminds one of the buffet scene in the first act of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' with this one immense difference, that Cyrano refused to accept more than a grape and macaroon, while Balzac—intending to pay, however—had eaten his fill."

Not Inherited.

Madge—What beautiful hair Dora's baby has. Where did she get it?

Polly—I don't know, but I know where Dora got hers. I was with her when she bought it.—Detroit Free Press.