

Topics of the Times

The merciful man is merciful to his beast, also to his wife.

One of the commonest of delusions and one of the fatallest is where a man thinks he's in a hurry.

The Senate might easily learn all about the pure food question by reading the news columns of the daily papers.

An English author says that he wrote a story in his sleep and received pay for it. He simply lies in a peculiar way.

At a recent food exhibit in Berne, Switzerland, 1,785 varieties of sausage were shown. Every family must have its own brand over there.

Mails are carried on deer routes in Alaska. There are some deer routes here, too, if the post office appropriation bill is to be depended on.

It appears that Mr. Shonts' salary as president of the Clover Leaf is only \$12,000 a year. How Chauncey Depew must despise a road like that.

It also may be observed that when the unfortunate millionaire wishes to regain his health he lives as nearly as he can like the poorest of his fellows.

When a sartorial master like Edward of England turns his imagination loose, we get results. Beside the royal blue-what becomes of the Quaker gray?

The life insurance McCurdys still have one claim to distinction in being about the only persons who are made defendants daily in suits from \$3,000,000 up.

New York has discovered already that the subway, which it hailed as the eighth wonder of the world, is "dirty and unsanitary." So is there a fly in every ointment.

A London man recently paid \$6,000 for an orchid. He might have bought an entire prune ranch in Arizona for that price. Some people seem to have queer ideas of the value of things.

Smoking cars for women are now being run on English railways. The future hubby over there may complain that his wife's cigarettes are not as good as those his mother used to roll.

There might be some chance of the government clerks becoming reconciled to a 70-year age limit if the provision was made sweeping enough to compel congressmen also to back away from the public trough at that age.

A Baltimore paper refers to "Hamlet," the well-known play by W. Shakespeare. We hope we do not err in assuming that our contemporary has reference to the W. Shakespeare who formerly resided at Stratford-on-Avon, England.

Two Chicago boys who amused themselves by shooting at lanterns on railway trains, thus endangering the lives of passengers, have been sentenced not to touch firearms for two years. This awful punishment will no doubt cause all other young owners of revolvers to throw away their weapons and resolve to lead blameless lives.

For some time past tradition has been oversteer in the British navy by the substitution of bugle calls for the boat-swain's whistle. The admiralty has decided to restore the pipe. This will be a great boon to writers of sea ballads and nautical comic operas, to which the "bosun's" pipe is as necessary as the rose to lyric poets.

Japan is feeling its oats when the Minister of War tells the Diet that at some convenient date in the future the Japanese government will urge the British government to reform its army organization. It will throw John Bull into a contemplative state of mind to be admonished about his domestic concerns by this suddenly developed naval power in the vicinity of Hong Kong and Singapore and Sydney and Calcutta.

Why should the American citizen or citizeness who pays \$500 in good money to be enrolled in an "America's smart set" be made a target for the mordant jeers of an inconsiderate populace? How are we ever going to have an American aristocracy if the crowds in the bleachers are permitted to paralyze exalted ambitions by hooting at the patient performers in the field? If we are not to have a "Burke's Peerage" edited by society writers and sold on subscription to people who want their names mentioned, we are left with no standards of aristocracy whatever. It is very evident that a permanent social distinction can never be established in the United States if grand

juries are to be forever prying into the circumstances by which the title to social standing is acquired.

For a good many years it has been the habit of some Representatives in Congress to gird at the "brutality" of the wicked boys at West Point and Annapolis. The young satraps have and are hazed. They even fight, upon occasion; a crime unpardonable in youths bred to fight, if necessity arrives, hereafter. Besides, the rascals wear buttons and things and are much more brilliant in externals than the civilian, and yet what are they, after all, but Uncle Sam's charity boys, as their statesmanlike critics tell them to encourage them? Most of them come to the academies by the democratic route of competitive examination, but something survives of the curious old prejudice which was once keen against West Point in particular. No military and naval aristocracy here! No bedizened popinjays to sneer at the plain people first and enslave them afterward!

Charles M. Schwab, the young millionaire who was once the head of the steel trust and is now completing in New York the costliest private residence in the world, has once again remarked that education and culture unfit young men for success in life. Perhaps this is largely true so far as Schwab's observation extends. But it must be understood that the brain of Charles M. Schwab has a very limited horizon. Great successes are being achieved every day for the development and betterment of humanity, which a Schwab can no more appreciate and comprehend than a pig can understand art. The pig—come to think of it—has a tiny little brain. But every fraction of its intellectual energy is devoted to the welfare of its stomach. You see a lot of so-called human beings that seem to be built on the same plan. There is a sort of fatality leading them to the accumulation of money. They have marvelous cunning in getting rich, but if you touch their minds on any other question you may find them blank. The man who thinks of nothing but making money may not be capable of realizing that other people can think of nobler purposes. Like the pig, with its snout so deep in the trough that its eyes are buried in the slop, its human prototype may also be unable to see or think of anything in the world but the one business of getting all that's to be got. It is right and proper that the pig should have no thought but for its stomach—it is made that way. But with man it is different; to have a pig's mind he must acquire it by killing the best there is in him. By will he renounces manhood and debases himself to the level of the animal. He spills no blood, but he murders a man to make a pig. It is the basest of suicides, and perhaps the commonest. It is right and proper, too, that a man should make all the money he can get honestly and use wisely. The man who makes money, as a means to an end, is not to be despised. He is doing his part of the world's work, and the part is no small or ignominious one. But there are other duties in the world besides making money. There are qualities in the human mind and soul infinitely more important than those which make large accumulations of money possible.

Take Babies to Polls.

When the various provinces of Australia were federated into one commonwealth and the federal franchise was given to women the newspapers were greatly concerned as to what would become of the babies while their mothers were out voting, says the New York Tribune.

"They never thought how the babies were getting on on the 364 other days of the year," said Miss Alice Henry of Australia to the New York Equal Suffrage Association, at the Hotel Astor, "but their possible fate on that one day out of 365 seemed to give them great concern."

"But the matter settled itself very simply. We found, on the first day when we enjoyed the federal franchise, that there were plenty of women politicians ready to stay with the babies while their mothers went out and voted. They were organized and detailed for that very purpose. But many of the mothers did not think it necessary to avail themselves of such services for there was no law against taking the babies to the polls. I myself saw perambulators going down the streets by the dozen on election day and some women actually marked their ballots with their babies crowing and gurgling in their arms."

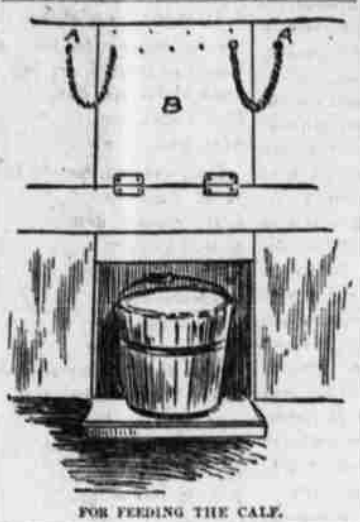
No Use Expecting Her to Forget.

"I know that spring is coming," she sang. "Yes, confound it," groaned her husband, "you bet you do, and there isn't any likelihood that you'll forget it, either. Oh, well, come on, I may as well know the worst right at the start. What's it going to cost this year?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never judge a painting by the size of the artist's signature.



Feeding the Calf Easily.
The calf is a stubborn little thing and is quite averse to being taken from its mother, so that, oftentimes, the problem of feeding it is not the easiest one in the world to solve. Any arrangement which will do the work readily is warranted and one of the best plans we know of can be evolved from the following: Keep the calf in a pen of some kind with a solid front. Then cut a square opening in the front



FOR FEEDING THE CALF.

Just big enough to receive the feed pail. Hinge the piece that is cut out to swing in. Then put chains, ropes and straps to the side of the opening and attach to the cut out portion by means of staples. The chain must be just long enough to allow the cut-out section (B) to drop down level as shown in the lower part of the cut, although the chains do not show in this part of the illustration. A cleat is nailed on the outer edge of the cut-out portion (B) and another on the outside of top edge of opening. The pail is set in position from the outside and the cleat at the top of opening and outer edge of cut-out portion prevents the pail from being overturned or the contents from spilling out. This plan does away with the annoyance of trying to set a pail full of milk over into the pen of a hungry calf who, in his haste, usually knocks it out of the hands of the feeder.

Cold Frame for Vegetables.

No market gardener could do without cold frames and conduct his business profitably. For extra early vegetables and extra-late ones they are equally necessary. Then, too, they are such a help in the way of giving many kinds of hotbed plants a good growth. But, useful as they are, cold frames are seldom used in private gardens, except of the rich. Yet they are not expensive and are very easy to make.

The best place for a cold frame is on the south side of a hill. There, protected from the cold north winds, the plants get the full heat of the sun and make great growth long before it is at all possible to grow them in the open.

To make a cheap cold frame all that is needed are a few boards, and, in the absence of sash, a frame covered with well-oiled cotton cloth. This protects from rain and from moderate



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR COLD FRAMES.

cold. Extreme cold would have to be shut out by covering with carpet, an old blanket or hay, straw or any other light material that makes good cover. The sun does not shine with full force through the cloth, but gives heat enough for most plants. In the illustration, the cold frame of Professor R. L. Watts is an ideal place to force a rapid growth.

Good Chicken Food Mixture.

A good chicken food mixture is composed of the following: Six pounds of cracked wheat, two pounds of cracked corn (fine), one pound of rolled oats or pin-head oatmeal, one pound of millet seed, one-half pound of broken rice, two pounds of fine granulated beef scrap, one-half pound of granulated bone and six pounds of pearl grit.

Sheep will eat brush and weeds when they can get no better roughage, and when they acquire this habit they persist in it and do well.

Let Down the Acreage.

Farm labor is growing scarcer each year; it is almost impossible to keep the boys on the farm and equally impossible to obtain labor from the cities that is of any use on the farm. Some of the poor men in the great cities would be infinitely better off in the country where they and their children might gain health and vigor, but it is next to impossible to keep them on the farm even if one gets them there, for they prefer the crowded tenements to the little cottage in the country.

Every employing farmer will testify that this is the truth. The alternative then seems to be a reduction of acreage and more care and fertilizer given to the portion cultivated; in other words, poultry crops and intensive culture. Poultry raising offers one avenue of escape from the no-labor question, up to a certain limit. Small fruit culture another in sections where women and children may be had to pick the fruit.

After these one must get down to the growing of crops which he can handle by himself, aiming to get quality and quantity from a small area. In some sections farmers are combining and, under an agreement, are turning certain portions of their farms into crops best suited to them, hay when possible, and each helps the other during harvest, the period when the lack of help is most felt. Look into the question of reducing the area seriously; it is worth considering before giving up farming as many are doing yearly.

Prize Yearling Merino Ram.

This yearling Merino ram, owned by Uriah Cook of Union County, Ohio, won first prize at the Indiana State Fair, and also at the 1905 Illinois State Fair. His dam was first prize and champion winner at some of the leading fairs in the country, and his sire produced many noted rams, a number of which were sold in South Africa. At the time this picture was taken the ram was a little over 20 months old and his weight was 150 pounds. He was fed a mixed ration of corn, oats and bran once or twice a day and run



YEARLING MERINO RAM.

on bluegrass pasture in the summer and plenty of good clover hay in the winter, and was housed from storms.

Pumpkins in the Corn.

Those who have stock on the farm, cows, sheep, swine or poultry, will find the old-time plan of planting pumpkin seeds among the corn a good one to hold on to, provided they will harvest the pumpkins carefully, store them as carefully and feed them to the stock during the winter. Pumpkins are readily kept through the winter, and by watching them carefully and using the speckled ones first, they will go through the winter and supply the stock with a much needed variety. They can be fed to advantage to all of the stock named, only being careful in feeding to poultry to chop the pieces finely after removing the skin. The pieces seem to be particularly enjoyed by the fowls when mixed with meat scraps, and the whole mixed with bran and moistened with skimmed milk fed quite warm.

Self-Binder Run on Skids.

A Minnesota farmer writes: Farmers on the Minnesota side in the Red River Valley tried a new scheme in harvesting grain last season. Excessive rains just before and during the harvest season so flooded the grain fields that it was impossible to get into them with the binder on wheels. The grain stood up all right, as it does in that country, but the ground was too soft to enable the binder to do its work. Some genius conceived the idea of putting the binder on skids, putting on horses enough to pull it through sledged fashion, meanwhile running the binding machinery with a small gasoline engine. A large acreage of grain was cut in this way and saved which would otherwise have been a total loss.

Whenever a farmer arrives at the place where he feels that there is no more for him to learn it is conclusive evidence that he has not begun to learn. When I was sixteen years old I thought I knew more than my father, and actually felt sorry for him. Now, that the numerals have become almost transposed (sixty-one) I am at least willing to conclude that he knew something.

The whole point of a kitchen garden is this: You get better things than money can buy—fresher vegetables, better kinds.

The Next Step.

"I don't want any government at all," said the anarchist.
"Suppose you succeeded in abolishing the government?"
"Then I could step in and start one of my own."—Washington Star.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

His Curiosity Exalted.

The subject under discussion at the corner grocery was the Panama canal.
"I've heard a good deal," remarked Mr. Wipedunks, "about this Culebra cut. Why in thunder don't some of the newspapers print it?"

Too Curious.

One well-known New York woman has discovered, like some others of her sex, that it does not pay to be too curious. One of the old family retainers is a Scotchman, named William, who does not believe in glossing over the truth for the sake of sparing his listener's feelings. The woman in question, although possessed of considerable charm of manner, is not a beauty and knows it. Her husband, recently deceased, was a remarkably handsome man, and his wife was one of his sincerest admirers. One day when she was looking at her husband's picture on the mantel in the sitting room, William was fussing around the grate, and in a moment of impulse she asked: "William, what do you think made such a handsome man as Colonel S. marry such a plain woman as me?" William looked from the portrait to the speaker, meditated a second, and answered: "Must have been heaven's will, ma'am."

Reconciled Science and Religion.

A clergyman is quoted in Everybody's Magazine as confounding an advanced young woman who was demonstrating to him that science had disproved religion with this little parable. "Madam," he said, "I once knew a member of your sex who perfectly reconciled science and religion. She is a prominent member of the Young Women's Christian Association and she was making an address to a large gathering of women, which was interrupted by a terrific thunder shower. She shared with many the awful fear of thunder and lightning, and, with the others, she trembled in silence for a few moments. When a blinding flash was swiftly followed by a frightful clap of thunder she struggled to her feet, and began to pray, 'Oh, Lord, take us under thy protecting wings, for thou knowest that feathers are non-conductors.'"

Pat's Effort to Keep Lent.

In an ordinary restaurant a waiter was surprised at being asked with Ireland's inimitable smile for "diviled whale." "Is it filleted shark that ye have, thin?" pursued the Irishman on being refused this delicacy. Again receiving a reply in the negative he tried once more. "Thin ye can bring me some roasted porpoise," he said. The waiter showed signs of becoming restive, and Paddy sank back in his seat and heaved a sigh of contentment. "I'll take some roast beef and vegetables," he said, cheerfully, "and sure ye'll not be for saying that I didn't ask ye for fish."—London Chronicle.

The Simple Truth.

"This," said the manufacturer proudly, "is our latest novelty."
"Very fair," remarked the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to our goods."
"Indeed? Are you in this line of business?"
"No, I make gunpowder."—Philadelphia Press.

Timely.

"I see Blikins is right up-to-date."
"In what way?"
"He's wearing a Longworth necktie and smoking an Alice Roosevelt cigar."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Ended at Last Through Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Selina Jones of 200 Main St., Ansonia, Conn., says: "If it had not been for Doan's Kidney Pills I would not be alive today. Seven years ago I was so bad with pain in the back, and so weak that I had to keep to my room, and was in bed sometimes six weeks at a spell. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, the kidney weakness was soon corrected, and inside a week all the pain was gone. I was also relieved of all headaches, dizzy spells, soreness and feelings of languor. I strongly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

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