



Economizing Green Food.

When green food is scarce or difficult to obtain it pays to plan some way so it will not be wasted. The following description is of a feeding box that works well. Cut two pieces for the ends, each twenty-four inches long, getting proper curve by using a compass. Make the back of the holder of thin boards four feet long and twenty-four inches wide and nail one end (figure 5) in place, hinging the other end, using small straps of leather to hold it shut. Cover the holder with coarse mesh wire netting and hang it in a convenient place high enough so the fowls cannot roost on it, yet so they can feed from it readily. Use hangers of wood, tin or leather as indicated in the cut at figure 6. This little feeding



ECONOMICAL FEEDING BOX.

box will enable the fowls to pick at the green stuff, whether it is clover, grass or chopped cabbage, without any danger of soiling or wasting it. Such conveniences are inexpensive, but save an immense amount of time, as well as food, so poultry keepers should use them whenever possible.—Indianapolis News.

Hens Don't Like New Home.

Fowls are very fond of their homes and dislike being moved to new locations. If eggs are the object it is most important that birds should not be moved from pen to pen, as it will delay egg production and also diminish the supply. Pulletts for early laying should, if possible, be brought up within sight of their future laying run or pen. On the contrary, if it is wished to delay the laying of a pullet, and to encourage growth for prize purposes, her home must be changed often. A sitting or broody hen may be interfered with by removing her to a new scene and fresh companions—a more reasonable and humane way of checking her maternal instincts than that of half-drowning her, shutting her up in darkness or resorting to other cruel methods.

Points on Raising Geese.

Have one gander to four geese, no more. Give them a good run. Do not try to change their nests, but let them set where they lay. Take first eggs and set under hens, as a goose will sometimes lay thirty to forty eggs in the season. Goslings should not be allowed to run in water or tall, wet grass, but should have a good grass run, grass that is short and green. Feed dried bread moistened with milk, cooked dry potatoes or cooked cornmeal. Do not feed them too much at first, and mix some grit and sand with their feeds.

Roup Remedy.

The fowls should be placed in a dry, warm and well ventilated house, and have plenty of fresh water and scalded bran or other light food. Take of finely pulverized, fresh-burnt charcoal and of new yeast each three parts, of pulverized two parts, of flour one and one-half as much pulverized cayenne as flour. Water enough to mix well, and roll into balls or pills the size of a hazelnut, give one three times a day.

Canadian Wheat Crops.

The official Canadian spring wheat crop report forwarded by Consul J. H. Worman of Three Rivers shows the wheat acreage increased by 500,000 over last year's record. This raises Manitoba over the 3,000,000 mark for that cereal alone. The land sown to oats is 1,155,961 acres, an increase of 124,722, while the barley acreage has nearly reached 500,000, being, in fact, 474,242. The total increase in the grain acreage over last year is 615,838. The other crops also show an increased acreage.

THAW'S BEST FRIEND.

If Anyone Can Save White's Slayer It Is His Mother.

Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, leader of the Pittsburg society and ruler of the many millions left by her husband, the late William Thaw, has proven herself remarkable in times of stress and trouble. If anyone can save Harry K. Thaw from suffering the consequences of his crime in killing Stanford White, it will be this devoted mother, who is his best friend.

Mrs. Thaw showed her ability as a manager when her daughter, Alice, decided to marry the Earl of Yarmouth. There was opposition from members of the family, who did not like the earl. Once settled that her daughter's happiness depended upon the marriage, Mrs. Thaw consented. There was trouble over the settlement, but she arranged that to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A year or so later Harry Kendall Thaw returned from Europe with Evelyn Nesbit, announcing her as his wife. The elder Mrs. Thaw hastened to haul in the reins and arranged for another wedding. Then she took them home with her. This high-minded and devoted mother has deemed situations that to others have seemed to be beyond hope of saving, and has controlled her offspring when only she was capable of doing so. Out of the complex love affairs of her children, when all the world scoffed, she has seen what was true and developed successful marriages.

With her other children, Josiah and Mrs. George Lauder Carnegie, Mrs. Thaw seems to have had less trouble. Mrs. William Thaw has her own views regarding the conduct of the



MRS. WILLIAM THAW.

case. What those views are remain untold. It is certain, however, that she will expend her entire fortune, if necessary, in the effort to save her son from the electric chair. Her mother love has been touched at its tenderest point, as Harry Kendall Thaw always has been her petted and best loved son. Always has she forgiven his escapades and dissipation, continually trusting that her love and devotion would tell in the long run. Now, in her old age, she faces the terrible ordeal of a son charged with deliberate and premeditated murder.

Why They Call Him "Old Beans."

Senator Pomeroy was called by many of those who knew him as "Old Beans." His friends used the nickname as a term of endearment, while those who didn't like him employed it to express their derision. He obtained the title by reason of having at one time, when the people of his state were hungry, a large quantity of that nourishing food shipped from Boston to Kansas. Whenever he profited in a pecuniary way by that act, of course I don't know, but he, at least, gathered in a host of friends.

"I first heard of the soubriquet when I was one of the assistant doorkeepers of the Senate. My station was to the left of the chamber, facing the secretary's office. One day, when the Senate was in session, a big, breezy westerner came up to me, and said: 'Will you kindly send my card to 'Old Beans.' 'Well, that stumped me, and I was obliged to confess that I didn't know 'beans.' Then the stranger explained. When 'Old Beans' appeared he fairly fell into his friend's arms, and when that gentleman told him, that I was ignorant of the name the Kansans knew him by, I was told why they so designated him.'—Washington Post.

Not Long Unattached.

"The last time I passed through here," said the traveling man, "she was grieving for her husband, who had just died. I suppose she's resigned now." "Resigned," echoed the native. "That's a new way of expressing it. Yes, she's married again."—Philadelphia Press.

Treat your parents with great tenderness and respect: You owe them something because you were not born a czar.

"What a job it is," said the father of a large family to-day, "to marry off a lot of girls."



"So, Tommy, you wish to be excused from school this afternoon?" "Yes'm."

"Is your excuse a good one or is it baseball?" "Both, ma'am."

"Why did you have the sun-dial moved, Amy?" "I wanted it where the moonlight would shine on it, so we could tell the time of night."—Life.

Kuicker—Strange they didn't name the baby after its rich uncle. Bocker—No; he looked at it, and said he'd give them \$10,000 not to.—Harper's Bazar.

Stella—Professor Lee says candy is a cure for fatigue. Bella—That's true; a man who brings me chocolate never makes me as tired as a man who doesn't.

Mistress (soliloquizing)—I'm afraid this hat's rather out of date. Maid—Oh, no, mum. It's quite fashionable. Cook has just bought one exactly like it.—Punch.

Lawyer—My wife bought this rug in my office at an auction sale. Client—She paid a big price for it, too. Lawyer—How do you know? Client—I sold it to her.—Detroit Free Press.

A Georgia man lost a leg in an accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was: "Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

New Bookkeeper (to employer)—How shall I enter up the five thousand dollars that your old bookkeeper ran away with—profit and loss? Employer—No, charge it to running expenses.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas? Bronco Bill—Will it hurt if I don't? Dentist—It will. Broncho Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it.—Life.

Lady Visitor—That new girl of yours seems very nice and quiet. Mistress of the House—Yes, she's very quiet. She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room.—Everybody's Journal.

As small Tommy was about to climb into his chair at the dinner table his mother said: "Are your hands clean, dear?" "Course they are," answered Tommy. "If you don't believe it, look at the towel."

"Where are we going to take lunch," she asked her husband, while out in his touring car. "O, wherever we happen to stop," he replied. "Goodness! You're not going to eat as often as that, are you, dear?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. City Boarder was being entertained by his rural sweetheart. "Do you play and sing 'When the Cows Are in the Corn,' Miss Milyweigh?" "Lord bless you, no!" she ejaculated. "I get the dogs and chase 'em out!"—Harper's Weekly.

Balty Moore—The meanest man has been again discovered. Calvert, Jr.—Where this time? Balty Moore—In Ohio, as usual. This chap is making money by selling the weather predictions furnished by his father's rheumatism.—Baltimore American.

A physician started a model insane asylum with a special ward for crazy chauffeurs and motorists. "But I don't see any patients," said a visitor to whom the automobile ward was shown. "Oh," the physician replied, "they're all under the cots fixing the slats."—Clipping.

"I'll take that," said the man, indicating a silver-mounted handglass, "and I want you to engrave on it, 'From J. R. to Phyllis.'" "Very well," replied the salesman, "we'll put it on the back here—" "Oh, no; put it around the edge on the front. I want her to see it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mamma," asked the little girl, "has Mr. Brown got heart disease?" "I don't know, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, it says in my new book that faint heart never won fair lady, and when I saw Mrs. Brown I made up my mind that something must be wrong with his."—Toledo Blade.

"I understand," began Mrs. Galley, sternly, "that you have been seen at the theater with my husband—" "Well," interrupted the pretty governess, defiantly, "what of that?" "Well, Miss Reeder, if you wish to remain in my employ you'll have to keep better company."—Philadelphia Press.

New Kind of Dialect Story. "What's this?" demanded the puzzled critic, reading the manuscript. "Go 'long wid ye or O'll gif you a punch mit der nose yet already." What sort of language is that to put in the mouth of your hero?"

"That's the most novel feature of my book," replied the young author; "you see, the hero's father was Irish and his mother German."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What He Called Him. "What do you call your baby?" "Aw, has my wife been telling you about that—when I called him that he'd been keepin' me awake over three—eh? Oh, his name! 'John.'"—Houston Post.

There Was an Old Woman, Etc.

A stout little woman on an East Washington street car looked around anxiously for seats for the children who were with her. Two of the older girls had babies in their arms, according to the Indianapolis Star. People on the car did not know whether it was an orphan's home picnic or a Sunday school convention.

"Beg pardon, lady," said the conductor, "but you have given me only eight tickets."

"Didn't know you charged for babes in arms," said the little woman, as she kept her eye on all other members of her party.

"But there are nine without them," said the conductor, apologetically. Perhaps he really thought the woman had only eight tickets.

"Stand up, children," commanded the little woman. She was imperious in her command, and immediately after her order to stand up they all arose to their feet.

Counting them one by one, she presently came to a little boy of about 8 years old, and, pointing her finger at him, she said:

"Sammy, I thought you stayed at home with the rest of the children."

She Was.

A West End avenue man undertook to meet his unknown girl cousin at the station on Tuesday. He approached a young woman in blue and asked:

"Are you Miss Blake?" "No," said the young woman, "I am not."

"I hope you will excuse me," he explained. "I am here to meet a Miss Blake. She is my cousin. I have never seen her. My sister Kate is the only member of our family who knows her, and she couldn't come. She told me I would know Jennie because she is so pretty. Just pick out the prettiest girl in the station and you'll be sure to strike Jennie," she said.

The young woman blushed, the young man sighed.

"I don't know who to ask next," he said. "There doesn't seem to be anybody else in the whole shooting match that comes up to the description. I guess Jennie didn't come."

A tall girl in brown sat beside the girl in blue. She got up and glared at the young man. "She did," said the girl in brown.

"Oh, Lord," said he, "are you—" "I am," said the girl in brown.

And of course nobody could expect a girl to be friends with a man after that.—New York Sun.

Tragedy of the Deep.

Suddenly there was a wild shriek. The passengers on the lower deck caught a momentary glimpse of a dark object falling swiftly from above.

They rushed to the side of the boat and gazed in horror at a woman's hat bobbing up and down on the rapidly receding waves.

It was all they could see. Where was the woman?

Up on the hurricane deck of the steamer, bare headed, and wringing her hands in despair.

It was her only traveling hat, and had cost her \$2.98.

Inherited.

Vincent was altogether too garrulous in school to please his teachers. Such punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy, until at last the head master decided to mention the lad's faults upon his monthly report.

So the next report to his father had these words:

"Vincent talks a great deal." Back came the report by mail, duly signed, but with this written in red ink under the comment:

"You ought to hear his mother."

Nature's Prophets.

The katydid had been insisting that there would be frost within six weeks.

"I've no faith in your long distance weather forecasts," said the tree toad, "but I'm willing to bet there will be rain inside of forty-eight hours."

Whereupon the rival weather bureau resumed their noisy predictions.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.