

Topics of the Times

We are judged not by the poetry we applaud, but by the plain prose we apply.

More good is done by dispensing good cheer than by giving away dollars.

Come to think of it, when you were a boy sour-milk biscuits always made you feel younger.

Kink Head is a name which comes from Kentucky to go thundering down the ages with Dink Potts and Pod Dismuke.

A woman's clothes are so near her innermost soul that the care she takes of them often furnishes an infallible guide to her true character.

It is Dr. Gonsaulus who remarks that the day of the boy orator has gone. But there is nothing in this statement to arouse any deep regret.

George Ade should be more careful. If John D. finds out that there is so much money in writing comic operas he will be taking over the business himself.

Legal steps have been taken to stop firing in the Cathedral at Norwich, England. Of course, this is indecorous conduct, but it might lead to some extra services for the dominie.

The beekeepers' association will pay \$1,000 to anyone who can prove that honeycomb is artificially manufactured. The members believe it is hard to beat the busy bee at its business.

A writer in Farm and Fireside says that if hornets are handled gently they will be come as docile as butterflies. How are you treating your hornets—harshly or kindly? Pause and reflect.

A Kentucky woman has died of cancer which was caused by wearing high-heeled shoes. If her heels had deprived her of a chance to marry a title some of the ladies might decide to quit wearing high ones.

New York is to have a ten-story public school building which will hold from 7,500 to 8,000 pupils. It is, of course, to be located in one of the poorest parts of the city. They don't need school buildings of that kind in the more fashionable quarters.

It is safe to say that if Russia had not been somewhat busy in Manchuria Colonel Younghusband would have been a pretty old husband before he succeeded in bulldozing the Thibetan lama into that "treaty," whereby Thibet surrenders her autonomy to Great Britain. There is even a possibility that the treaty will yet be revised, once the Muscovite finds himself foot-loose.

Motherhood and art have different ideals, but they may become allies to overthrow the dull monster, common sense. The architect who designed the restoration of the Protestant Church at Speyer, capital of the Rhine Palatinate, planned a chancel window with seven angel heads, which should be portraits of the Emperor's children, each at the age of four. The Emperor objected, like any other mere man, that his children are not angels. But the Empress was pleased with the idea, and leagued herself with the artist, and of course the Emperor gave way to the mother.

The real winning of the West is not an accomplished fact. It has but just begun. And the work that is now being prosecuted in the West is more important than any that has preceded it and more interesting. What the West needs is water. And that is what the government and private enterprise are gradually supplying. If he be one of the most useful of men who makes two blades of grass where but one grew before, then what monuments do the workers deserve who make unlimited harvests grow on land that formerly produced nothing, who turn the desert into a garden of unsurpassed fertility?

It is not true that the human race has undergone a physical degeneration since the dawn of history or during the thousands of unrecorded years which have elapsed since its appearance on this earth. The idea that in their physical characteristics our forefathers were superior to ourselves is due to the inveterate tendency of the human mind to idealize the past and to assume that everything was better than it is now in the good old days, and it is no more justified in this particular respect than it is in any other. There were giants in those days just as there are giants now, a few of them, individuals whose abnormal development is the result of a disease which morbid pathology has recognized and classified, but that there ever was a race of giants there is no reason whatever to suppose.

Under our system of choosing Presidents, each State casts its entire electoral vote for the candidate who receives the largest number of individual votes at the November election. The members of the Union thus come to occupy relations to the political parties much like those of every-day citizens. Certain States are always Democratic; others are as regular in their Republican adherence, while a third group moves from one side to the other, according to the issues and candidates

of the campaign. States which are neighbors with kindred interests usually vote in about the same way. There is thus an element of personality imparted to the commonwealths. Of the eleven which in 1856 voted for Fremont, the first Republican candidate, eight have never since that time voted any other ticket in a Presidential election. Of these Fremont states, New York and Connecticut have supported the Democratic nominee in several great contests, while Wisconsin has been Democratic once. On account of the upheaval produced by the Civil War and reconstruction, but few of the nineteen States which voted for Buchanan nearly half a century ago have been steadfast in their Democratic allegiance. Illinois and Pennsylvania switched to the other side in the very next contest; the former has been Democratic but once since that time, and Pennsylvania never. Maryland, in 1856, voted for a "third-party candidate." Fourteen new voters "have become of age" since 1856. Of these only Minnesota has been steadily Republican in the Presidential elections. None has been invariably Democratic, although West Virginia voted for Tilden in 1876, and for every subsequent Democratic candidate down to Bryan. A group of these States which are west of the Missouri have been Republican except when the silver issue was uppermost. It is often asserted that state-lines are fading, and in some respects this is true. But as each Presidential contest rolls round, these units of government will assert their individuality so long as the present electoral system prevails.

Ever since the world began some wives have been the making of their husbands and some other wives the ruin of theirs. Also there have been some philosophers to see in the marriage institution the highest good of life and some cynics to condemn all marriage. It is from a different point of view than these that Cloudesty Brereton approaches the ever new subject in the columns of the London Times. He has convinced himself by what he considers to be an inductive process that marriage in the present day is a serious handicap to men, and he draws the conclusion that if women don't cease making it a handicap the bankruptcy of marriage and the consequent end of all things social is in immediate sight. To begin with, Mr. Brereton describes to us "the increasing exigencies of the modern married women." That means the wife is enlarging her demands on her husband's time, energy and money. She spends too much, because she wants to start in life where her parents left off, and "nothing we know can withstand the importunities of the woman with a purpose." Then, "even if honest John has been all day between the shafts, he must be bridled and saddled for the evening, and often for the afternoon as well." In other words, he must go to parties and balls. By and by he gets pneumonia, "and his wife's vanity and selfishness were largely responsible for the simple complaint carrying him off." It would seem as though that were the end of the husband. Yet Mr. Brereton in his next sentence announces: "But the impost that the Benedict of to-day must carry does not end there." We expect to be taken to the nether world, but we are wrong. Mr. Brereton simply moves onward to the woes of husbands in "lower" social classes. We are shown how hard it is for the "assistant secondary master" or for the "shop assistant" to get a job if he has a wife, and how impossible it is for a laboring man with a large family to find a home and a livelihood. Clearly this is all the woman's fault. Even a masculine declaration of independence won't help, for that would only hasten the ruin of society. Mr. Brereton implies that he knows the remedy, but he has not space in his letter to tell. While we are waiting for him it would be interesting to hear from Mrs. Brereton—if there be one—or, at any rate, from a feminine Coludesley.

Learning a Boy's Age.
While the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse, and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family.
With grave incredulity, he was saying: "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake."
The boy was positive; but to make sure: "Ma!" he called. "Ain't I just nine years old?"
"Yes, son."
"After a time he ventured: 'Say, mister, what made you think I was more than nine years old?'"
"Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."
In His Line.
"He's become very pompous and exclusive since he came in for his fortune."
"Well?"
"Why, he was nothing but a humble gardener before."
"Well, then, it's natural enough for him to go in for haughty-culture, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Too Talkative.
"Went to the mountains on your vacations? Why, Gassaway told me you were going to the seashore."
"Yes, I'd like to strangle that fellow. I told him I preferred the seashore, and he mentioned it to my wife; so, of course, we went to the mountains."—Philadelphia Press.

Somehow the glibness with which a friend lies for you, makes you uneasy regarding his word ever after.
The biggest fool in town never holds the title more than four or five years.



In the Woods.

"You can't judge of men while they live in civilized communities," said the old guide, as we sat round the campfire. "Civilization is only skin-deep with a lot of men, and the savage comes out when they get back to the woods. There is no place to test what is really in a man like the forest. Then you learn whether he is really a civilized man, or has been held up to an artificial standard by the average of life about him."

"I have a pretty good chance to measure men. They come here every summer to camp, and every fall to hunt, and I look after several parties each season. It would surprise you to know how much difference it makes in men, inside as well as out, to get off their store clothes and live in the woods. Some religious men, too, as well as the rest; you'd never suspect the reputation they have at home. I've sort of made up my mind that some of them have to be so good the rest of the year they don't know any way to get a vacation but to be more or less wicked. For it's a man's real self that comes out here. He knows that he's away from his own people, and in fact away from all people who would be any restraint, and if he's got anything coarse and mean and low in him, it's pretty sure to come out. But if a man has any real religion, here's where you'll find it out, too."

"I had a party season before last that surprised me. Pleasant surprise it was, too. Not that I'd expected anything bad of them, but they hadn't said anything about their religion, and no one else had, and all I knew was, they were a company of rich men coming up here for two weeks' fishing. Well, they were about the jolliest crowd you ever saw—middle-aged men most of them, with one or two young fellows. They had plenty of money, and the best was none too good. I looked for a high old time."

"Well, they had it, but nothing out of the way. Every night they had a camp-fire, same as this, and gathered round and told stories, and laughed till you'd think they could hear them to Minneapolis. But not a swear-word, you understand, and not a story that wasn't all right—just fun, that was all. There was no whiskey, either."

"Along about 10 o'clock Mr. Crandall—he's a big banker or railroad man or something—he said to his son, 'Phil, you know more Bible than some of us; just repeat a psalm before we go to bed.' And the young fellow repeated one, and they all sat quiet. Then the old gentleman said, 'Now we can all repeat the twenty-third psalm.' And they did it, all together. I'd heard it a good many times, but it never sounded quite the same as it did then. I learned it by heart hearing them say it, and used to say it with them, for that was what they did every night."
"There was no preaching, you understand; they weren't preachers. They just sat round and had their good time, and then before they went to bed they did that same way every night, repeated a psalm, or one of them would read it by the camp-fire, and then they would all say that psalm together, and then good night. All day they had their fishing, and in the evening their fun."

"Well, sir, when they went away I felt as if I had been among Christians, sure enough; and I've kept up the habit of saying that psalm every night. They made me feel, somehow, that I'd like to have more religion myself. I take it that a good test of having religion is to make men who see you want some like it."—Youth's Companion.

A Literary Critic on the Bible.
Praise of the Bible as an English classic has become trite; yet it is always opportune, for one generation does not always reverence the opinion of a prior one. Edmund Gosse, the eminent English critic, has just written to the Bible Society of England a most cordial letter, in which he says of the Bible:

"It would be impertinent for me to praise the English Bible, and needless to dwell upon its value as a model of noble language. But since you offer me this opportunity I should like to insist on the importance to those who are ambitious to write well of reading the Bible aloud. It is a book the beauty of which appeals largely to the ear. By one of those almost miraculous chances which attended upon the birth of this incomparable version, each different part of it seems to have fallen to a man appropriately endowed for that fragment of the task. The gospels, for instance, vibrate with the tender and thrilling melody of stringed instruments; in the narratives of the Old Testament and in the Psalms we find a wider orchestra, and the silver trumpet predominates. When young men, therefore, ask me

for advice in the formation of a prose style I have no counsel for them except this: Read aloud a portion of the Old and another of the New Testament as often as you possibly can."

Unrecognized Service.
Self-sacrifice at its best seeks no recognition. It is content with having done its work. But many who give up much for others seem unwilling to think the sacrifice complete until some notice has been taken of it. True self-sacrifice does not at all concern itself with returns. It rather rejoices in the unknown service and the unheralded act of spending for others with no thought of self. To those who have this spirit the world turns for help and strength. It is of one such as these that Whittier wrote:

A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
—Sunday School Times.

How to Reach the Masses.
A young clergyman from the Southwest sought an opening in St. Louis, and was told by the head of his denomination that there was none, except "possibilities" in certain neglected parts of the city. "If I can find a house for my family," said the young man, "I will begin preaching yonder among that unchurched cluster of working folk." A house was provided, a tent was set up for the young man to preach in, and in six weeks—preaching nights and Sundays, and making house-to-house calls during the day—he gathered a Sunday school of a hundred and a membership of sixty for a new church. To that dismal old query, "How shall we reach the masses?" this man has found the only answer: Go to them.

Keeping Still.
Many a good man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson of keeping still. If the hard word hurts it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained nobody knows what the result may be. You will find again and again that the way to keep out of trouble is to keep still.

ROBERT FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Struggle Renewed to Buy It in Lancaster, Pa.—Money Is Wanted.

In order to commemorate the name and preserve the historic birthplace of Robert Fulton, who perfected the first steamboat, Hugh R. Fulton of Lancaster, Pa., representing a number of prominent citizens, is again making every effort to raise by subscription enough money to purchase the property—Fulton House, in Fulton Township—where the great American inventor was born.

Harvey and Joseph Smith, who own the Fulton property, have completed arrangements to build a new house on the site, but have agreed to wait several weeks before beginning the work of tearing down this historic landmark as it now stands, and have offered to sell the place for \$2,000. Several men of Lancaster County and a grandson of Fulton in New York favor the preservation of the property because of its historic value, and are willing to join in the purchase of the property as a memorial.

Robert Fulton was the first man successfully to apply steam to navigation, though a steam engine was invented by James Watt, a Scotchman, some 35 years before Fulton's successful trip on the Hudson River with the Clermont. What Watt did was simply to improve upon the clumsy steam engine of Newcomen, which had been in use for more than half a century.

Of the early attempts to apply steam to navigation, one was by a man wholly unknown and unheard of at that time, William Henry, a gunsmith of Lancaster. About 1763 he made an engine from models he had seen while in England, and this he attached to a boat with paddles. The experiment which followed took place on Conestoga Creek, near Lancaster, but it did not prove successful.

When a number of prominent men selected discussed as to which American inventor's name should be enrolled at the Hall of Fame, the name of Robert Fulton received the largest number of votes. He was a hero of peace and the American people should preserve his birthplace.—Philadelphia Record.

Mistake of a Western Surgeon.

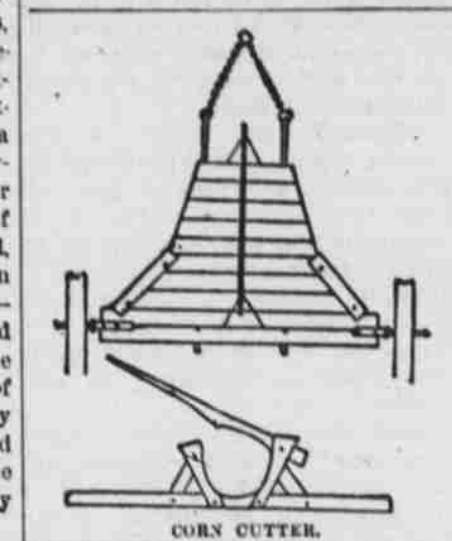
Clarence Douglass, of Muskogee, is poking fun at Clark Moore's radium water and tells this story: Recently a patient, while shaving himself, sliced off the end of his nose, and very naturally dropped the razor, which in falling cut off one of his big toes. A local surgeon bandaged him up, but in the excitement of the moment bound the end of the toe to the nose wound, and put the nose where the toe ought to be. The mistake was not discovered for three days, when the bandages were removed, and by that time, thanks to the wonderful curative powers of the radium water, perfect union had taken place and both wounds were found to be completely healed. The only inconvenience the patient now experiences is trimming the toenail on the end of his nose and taking off his shoes when he wants to sneeze.—Kansas City Times.

Still Holds True.
Philos—Nothing was made in vain. Inquis—What was the vermiform appendix made for?
Philos—For the benefit of the surgeon.—Detroit Free Press.



Two-Row Corn Cutter.

A subscriber of Iowa Homestead sends that journal a sketch of a convenient two-row corn cutter. He says: "I think it pulls easier than a sled cutter. I used this home-made corn-cutter one season and it works to perfection. I use a 4x4 for an axle, and bolt a 2x4 to this axle two and one-half to three feet apart, and let it run out twelve inches on the rear side. Board this over for a platform. For runners at the front end I took runners from an old Keystone planter and fastened them from the bottom



so as to have them run about six or seven inches from the rows of corn. For knives, I took two blades off an old stalk cutter. The platform may be either nailed or bolted down. The wheels are old planter wheels. On the table I have a buck fastened to the platform so one can sit or lean upon it when tired. Below this I had a pall large enough to hold a ball of binder twine. As soon as I have an armful of corn it is compressed with the device shown and tied ready for putting in the shock."

Knowledge Increases Crops.

During the past twenty-five years the increase in the yield of grain crops in Denmark per acre has been over 11 per cent for barley, 17 per cent for oats, 25 per cent for wheat. Potatoes have increased 59 per cent in yield per acre. Danish authorities credit the increase largely to government instructions and teaching in the best methods of agriculture. The Hungarian government also is coming to the front in its encouragement of agriculture. The state institutions include a great academy for the higher branches of agriculture, four farm colleges, twenty-one village farm schools, and winter schools for farmers, a great agricultural museum and eighty model farms. Twenty-five state orchards have been established, and during the past three years 878,000 grafted stocks and over two million seedlings have been distributed. Hungarian agriculture has grown at a surprising rate, the export of poultry and eggs having increased 80 per cent in five years, and dairy products having gained at an even larger rate.

Make the Cows Comfortable.

Most farmers think they know how to care for their cows without the advice of anyone, and the majority of them do give them food and shelter, but there are many more little comforts which cost but a trifle, but which go far toward increasing the value of the milk production. Sunshine, what little there is in winter, is as welcome to animals as to the human family, and the man who will contrive to give his cows all the sunshine possible will have better-natured cows and more milk. Then see to it that all cracks and crevices through which drafts of air can come are closed. It is not meant that ventilation be dispensed with by any means, but simply that drafts are shut out. Make the beds heavy with straw and keep the stalls clean; then with a well-ventilated and sunny stable and something to chew upon between regular meals, the cow will be happy and comfortable, and will surely repay you by a fuller milk pail.

English Farmers Quit Grain Raising.

The area devoted to the wheat crop in Great Britain has decreased about thirteen per cent as compared with last year. The barley crop also shows a decrease in acreage. A part of the land withdrawn from wheat and barley has been devoted to the oat crop, but the total acreage of all three crops is the lowest recorded since the official returns were first issued thirty-six years ago, and is 111 acres less than last year's total. Some of the land withdrawn from the grain crops has been devoted to specialties, such as fruits, flowers and vegetables, while other areas have been turned into parks, pasturage and mowing.

Feeding Condiments.

If there is any value in feeding red pepper to fowls it is mainly in furnishing a seasoning to the food which might otherwise be flat, and in this way stimulating the appetite. Chopped onions will have the same effect and are certainly better for the fowls than too much pepper. The red pepper, in moderate quantities, is good for the moulting hens, acting as a stimulant and strengthening their rather depleted vitality, but the pepper should not be made a regular part of the ration. It is not only unnecessary when the

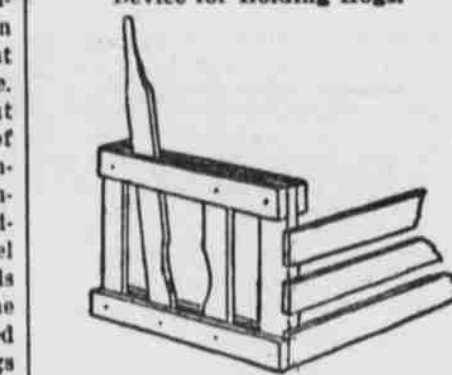
ration consists of good grains in variety, but is actually harmful if much of it is fed.

Shocking Corn.

One of the great objections farmers have to harvesting corn fodder is that the grain is seriously damaged by the operation. In fact, they say oftentimes it will not germinate, and is always more or less chaffy, light in weight, and otherwise not equal to corn permitted to remain in the field, or until after several frosts. A casual examination of the way the shocks are made on many farms would convince one that complaints made about getting an inferior grain might be expected, for the shock will not turn water, will not let water that happens to get in to the shock out quickly, and is, in fact, so much on the ground that it is practically wet all the time. It is not a difficult task so to handle both fodder and corn as to have a fine forage from the fodder and still secure the grain that is in every way equal to standing grain.

The corn crop is often cut too green. Frequently the stalk becomes brown, the blades turning yellow and the ear still soft and full of sap. In such instances the cutting should be slow, putting up quarter and half shocks over the entire area, giving the inside center of the shock an opportunity to dry, then later finish the shock. Where the corn binder is used the harvesting should be such as to save the fodder with as little damage to the corn as possible. This requires judgment. Then in shocking set four bundles in the four corners made by the horse, tie them tightly near the top, remove horse and place a bundle on each of the four sides in the center. This leaves a corner between the four bundles so located that it may be made to contain two bundles each. When the center bundles are placed around the first four eight bundles are up and the shock is one-half finished. Filling between with two bundles makes the shock, which contains sixteen bundles. The shock is small, well balanced, and when drawn well together near the top it is tied twice. The bundles in such a shock may be set well apart at the bottom, permitting good ventilation. The binder cuts such a low stub that the ear in the shock is high from the ground. In cutting by hand the careless shocker usually cuts high stubs, then he throws the fodder together. The high cutting causes the ear on the stalk to be near the ground or more probably on the ground, causing serious damage to the grain. Corn fodder should be cut as low as possible, that the grain may stand a good distance from the ground while in the shock.—W. B. Anderson, in Indianapolis News.

Device for Holding Hogs.



The illustration is self-explaining, and one can readily see how it is constructed and used.

Farm Notes.

Note the changes which you intend to make for next winter.

Have all live stock ready for market before you market it.

The appearance of things about the house is the first that attracts attention, good or bad.

Prepare to winter the young stock well. Don't be afraid. People will need beef next year the same as this.

See that all necessary repairs are made, not only upon the home buildings, but upon the outbuildings also. Winter is coming.

If those March and April pigs had clover and peas to run through the summer they are now just about ready for a corn diet.

A cheery, comfortable family room and plenty of good things to read robs winter of about all of its terrors, cements family ties and lays a foundation for pleasant memories in after life.

The Department of Agriculture announces its intention to go into the stock-raising business, using an appropriation of \$25,000 made by the last Congress. Special attention is to be given to horses, of cavalry and carriage types, for which purpose the experiment farm at Fort Collins, Col., is to be used.

Poultry Pickings.

One breed is enough for the farmer. Keep the fowls clean and their houses clean.

Roup is produced by a bad cold being neglected.

If eggs for hatching are desired, use 2-year-old hens.

Granulated is the form in which to supply bone to poultry.

To make poultry business a success it must have attention.

All perches should be on the same level, none higher than the others. It is very essential that the poultry house should be well ventilated.

Whole wheat is an excellent food for the hens, but should not be used exclusively.

Bone meal contains lime and also animal matter which is of value.

The use of food is to sustain life and maintain warmth and good condition of body.