THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of the coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.
—Century.

A CULINARY TRIUMPH.

WHEN Dorothy Griswold, after a brief but blissful courtship, became Mrs. Philip Marston, it seemed to her that life could hold no more of happiness. But, alas, a cloud appeared on the sky of connubial bliss which increased in dimensions and density every day. The fact of the matter is this: Dorothy could not cook—not a little bit. Like too many of the girls of the present period, she was educated in anything and everything but the one thing needful to a housekeeper whose husband is a clerk in a Chicago department store.

Dorothy awoke from her dream of bliss to a realizing sense of her deficiencies. She discovered that burnt steak, muddy coffee, soggy biscuit, and dried-up roasts were not exactly the right sort of fuel with which to feed the flickering flame of domestic love. Philip was too much of a gentleman to indulge in unkind or sarcastic speeches to the bride of a few months, but he lost his bright spirits, became serious and preoccupied in his manner, lost his appetite, and, horrors, began to get thin.

Dorothy became anxious and worried him nearly to death with her solicitude. When, one morning he announced to her that his firm desired him to go to

DOLLY DEFTLY CHANGED THE PLATES.

New York to buy goods for his department, she actually rejoiced, though it would take him from her for a time, saying: "I am glad, Phil, dear; the change will do you good. I can stay with Aunt Sarah, you know, while you are away."

She put her flat in order, locked the doors, and betook herself to her aunt's house, which was a few blocks away. A few questions from her aunt, who noticed her troubled eyes, brought the whole matter to light.

"O, Aunt Sarah, I am so miserable," sobbed Dorothy, "and we were so happy. What shall I do?"

"Do?" cried Aunt Sarah, energetically. "Why, learn to cook; that's all."

"But where, and how?" asked Dorothy, bewildered.

"Here," said her aunt.

On the afternoon of Philip's arrival, a busy little figure in a gingham apron flitted through the rooms on household duties intent. Philip would not get home until 6 o'clock in the evening. She had planned a good plain dinner with a few kickshaws as a treat. Every article was of her own cooking, and she felt as proud as a queen. Her bread had turned out beautifully white and spongy and baked a beautiful brown. Philip was so fond of homemade bread—when it was good. She was so glad the pie was a success; Philip doted on apple pie. Then there was a Charlotte Russe, and a mold of lemon jelly to go with it for dessert. Everything was ready for the salad, the dressing made, the lobster prepared, and the lettuce crisp and cool.

Twenty minutes to 6 the bell rang. Dolly flew to the door, expecting to see only her liege lord. What was her surprise to find with him a stranger, whom he presented as his cousin, Jack Reynolds, from New York. She had often heard her husband speak of this cousin, however, and received him cordially.

"A real stroke of good luck, Cousin Dorothy," said this young man, proceeding to make himself at home at once, "my running against Phil just as he got off the train. He could not escape me, though I believe he tried," which was truer than he thought.

The soup was good and was followed by raw oysters, celery, and olives, with delicate soda biscuit. Dolly deftly changed the plates, and she could scarcely keep her face straight when Philip, carving the tender, juicy roast as if in a dream, stared at the beautiful, snowy bread and the well-cooked vegetables in amazed wonder.

His spirits rose visibly. By the time all were served and he beheld his Cousin Jack attacking the viands before him with great zest, his happiness was complete. His relief was so great when the dessert arrived that he became almost hilarious in his appreciation of his cousin's jokes and Dorothy's witty responses. He tried in vain to catch her eye. She resolutely avoided meeting his glances.

"You are the strangest fellow I ever came across, Phil," declared his plain-spoken cousin, when dinner was nearly over. "You were as glum as a deathshead before dinner. Who could imagine that a full stomach would make such a difference?" at which Philip flushed guiltily and Dorothy laughed outright.

When Jack was leaving he said, heartily: "Cousin Dorothy, you are a prime housekeeper. Phil is a lucky dog to get such a wife. Almost thou persuadest me to become a benedict."

"Do it," said Phil, with his arm thrown across his wife's shoulders and his face glowing with pride and affection. "If you can find another like Dolly," and Jack went his way, delighted with his visit.

"What a hypocrite you are, Philip," cried Dorothy, her face hidden on her husband's breast. "But you needn't get your breakfast down-town any more. I can cook lots of things"—she was sobbing now—"b-b-beefsteak and b-b-bacon and m-m-mu-muffins and—"

"Some infernal fool had to tell you that, I suppose," growled Philip, with his head laid on her yellow pompadour. "I swear I'll never do it any more, Dolly."

"You won't need to," cried his wife, triumphantly, lifting a tear-stained but beaming face so near his that he did what any young husband worthy the name would do in his place.—From What to Eat.

BEAUTIFUL FEET ARE RARE.

Present-Day Footwear Distorts the Extremities Abominably.

A man who denies that he is prejudiced, but claims that he is a good judge of feminine beauty, declares that there is scarcely a beautiful foot to be found among the women of to-day. The high heels, the exaggerated curve at the ball of the foot, the stiff heel stays and the pointed toes, he declares, have distorted the foot in a painful and ugly manner.

The ankles are misshapen. In some cases the bones are enlarged until they bulge out so that every bone is perceptible. The weight of the body thrown upon the toes has caused them to spread out. Crowded into pointed toes, they stick up in clusters of knotty corns.

The foot should be as shapely as the hand. Footwear should fit as a glove fits the hand. The perfect foot is slender, with an arched instep and toes that lie smoothly and easily.

The first step toward acquiring a pretty foot is to wear shoes that fit it comfortably. The next is to take exercises that will render the toes strong and supple. Begin by spreading out the toes to the utmost extent; then hold four toes still and attempt to move the remaining one. Every toe should be distinct and able to move separately. Every nail should keep its shape, just as finger-nails do. The big toe should be straighter and shorter than the next one and the arch should be shapely and pliant.

The feminine foot of to-day renders a graceful carriage an impossibility. And all because Dame Fashion has decreed that a short, high-heeled, pointed-toe shoe is the correct thing in dressy footgear, forgetting that there never was a human foot built that way.

Tit for Tat.

It is characteristic of those who are severe on others that they cannot bear severity. Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he had made the butt of his ridicule, with repeated sallies. At last the Dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman, seeing this, immediately said: "My good dean, you surprise me—you eat a duck like a goose." The company roared, and the poor dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.

Benefit from Smudges.

A curious bit of adaptation to circumstances may be seen in summer among the cattle of the swamp lands along the Mississippi. From July to mid-September blood-stucking insects—mosquitoes, flies, gnats and so on—are so bad their cattle are sometimes in danger of their lives. So are people unless they make smudges—that is to say, fires so thickly smothered they fill the air with clouds of smoke—and thus drive away the pests. The cattle soon learn the use and value of the smudges.

Boy Without a Chance.

Little George, who lives in a handsome house on a fine avenue, had been reading the biographies of Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, George Peabody and Gen. Grant. Laying down the book with great impatience he exclaimed: "If we were only just poor there might be some chance for me."—Detroit Free Press.

Spoiled Children.

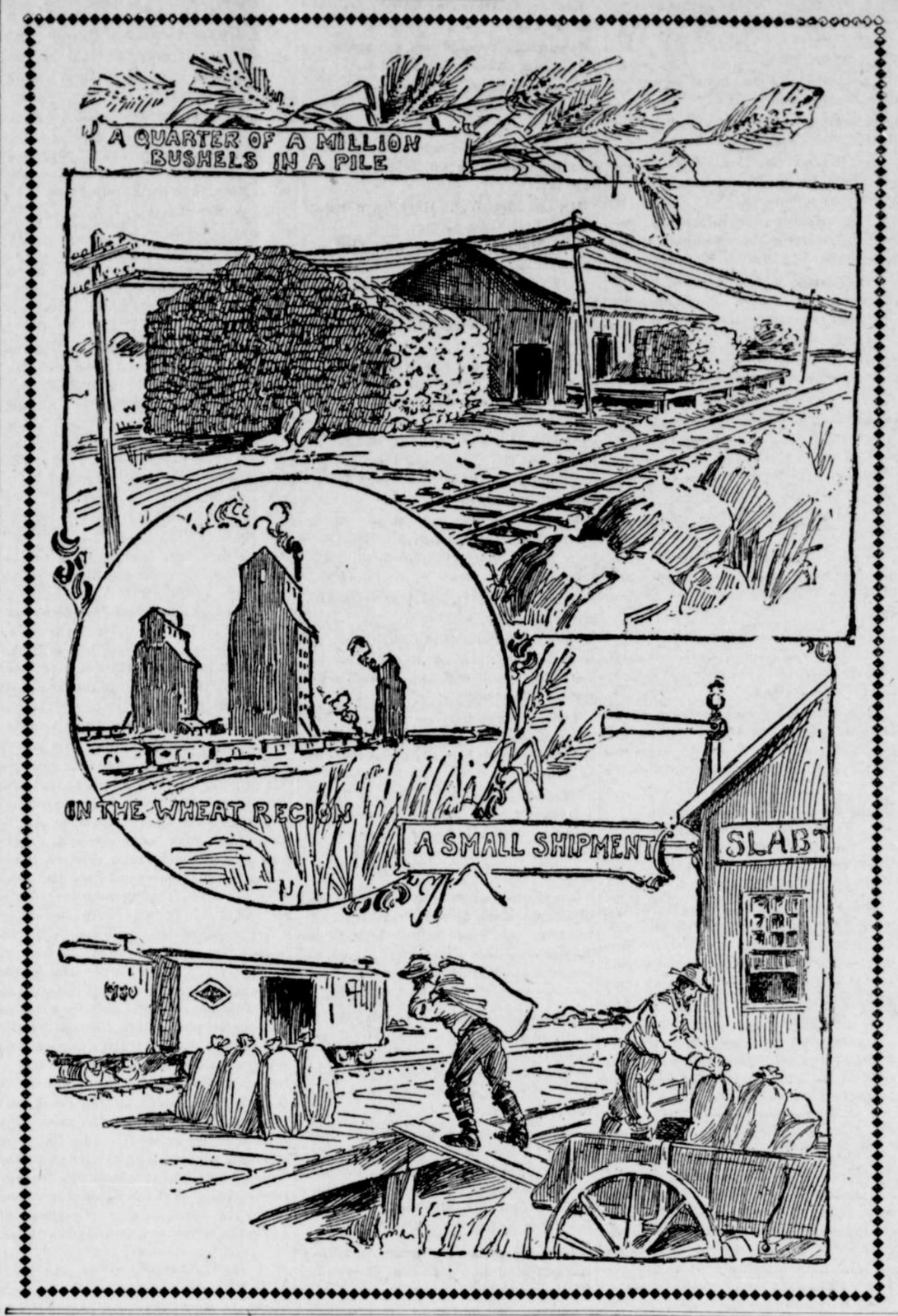
Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children.

Binks—What's that?

Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.—New York Weekly.

Dogs are not dentists but they sometimes insert teeth.

SCENES IN THE WHEAT COUNTRY.



MOVING THE WHEAT CROP.

A Gigantic Industry Employing Millions of Capital and Countless Hands.

At the present time the quantity of wheat which is sent abroad from the United States and Canada annually is about 250,000,000. Yet this, large as it is, will certainly be more than doubled within the next ten years.

Sir William Crookes, the distinguished president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, writing recently of the proportion between wheat production and wheat consumption, ventured to name the year 1931 as a date when the world's bread-eaters would cry for more wheat than the world's farmers could produce. This may be an overestimate, yet the statistics from which such prophecies are drawn show how very closely the consumer treads upon the heels of the producer, and how imperative is the necessity of distributing the crop—grown perhaps half a world away from the centers of consumption—as soon as it is shaken from the threshers in a million fields, in order that every white man shall have his loaf, and have it before his last supply has run out.

Great Britain eats her entire wheat crop in about thirteen weeks, and then she must be supplied immediately with the products of America or Central Russia or India, or else she must suffer. If the United Kingdom be completely blockaded, say by the ships of allied Europe, her population would probably be totally extinguished by starvation within three months. The like is true of every country in western Europe, although in some of them actual starvation could be much longer averted.

When a European thinks of food he thinks in terms of wheat. He is the greatest of bread-eaters. Yet in the best of years Europe never produces enough, even including the crops from the vast fields of Russia, to supply her own needs. She is therefore absolutely dependent on the United States, Canada, India, Australia and Argentine.

Progressive Wheat Growers.

The American and Canadian farmer, and particularly the Northwestern wheat farmer, who ploughs and reaps and threshes by machinery without so much as touching his product with his hands, is becoming pre-eminently a man of business. The Governments have supplied colleges for educating him, and they send him regular bulletins containing the results of long-continued experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture. He is a wide reader, sometimes a thinker, and always a politician. Every morning during the days of harvest he receives the reports of the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce where his wheat is likely to be sold. He has also on his desk daily prices and a general advisory letter from his commission men.

The primary movement of wheat is the natural flow to the local flour mill, where it is ground to feed the farmer's family, and toward the granary, where it is stored up for seed. The proportion of wheat thus actually retained and consumed in the country where it is grown is very large.

When the farmer has amply provided for himself, he begins to think of selling his surplus—which in 1898, for the United States and Canada, amounted to the enormous total of 450,000,000 bushels. Of this, something less than half is consumed in the cities of the United States and Canada, and something more than half is exported to foreign countries, either as wheat or as flour.

The wheat crop of the average year is, therefore, divided into three more or less equal parts, the first being consumed by the farmer and his immediate neighbors of the smaller towns and villages, the second going to supply the concentrated masses of population in the great cities, and the third being exported as wheat or flour to feed the foreigner.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in an article on the Movement of Wheat, in McClure's Magazine, tells of the manner in which the wheat crop is disposed of by the wheat farmer.

There are three general methods by which this is done. In the prolific Northwest, where large numbers of farmers are cultivating from 3,000 to 10,000 acres of wheat a year, where the various farm buildings are connected by telephone, where the ploughing is done by complicated machinery, where the farmer owns from two to ten threshing machines, from twenty to fifty reapers and hundreds of cattle and horses, the sale of a crop becomes a large business proposition.

But the great mass of smaller farmers, especially throughout the winter wheat districts, still sell in the old-fashioned way, to the local elevator man or buyer. They keep themselves so thoroughly informed, however, as to the reigning prices in the great marts and the probabilities as to rise or fall, that the commissions of the local dealer have been scaled to the lowest notch. Indeed, in this day of many railroads, if the small wheat grower is dissatisfied with local prices, he can combine with his neighbors—a not infrequent occurrence—and ship directly by carload lots to some city commission man, who is only too willing to buy his grain at the highest possible price.

System of Elevators.

So fierce is the competition among the wheat buyers that at some centers, most notably Minneapolis, vast systems of elevators have sprung up, each controlled by a powerful central house at the terminal point. There are no fewer than thirty-six elevator companies in Minneapolis, controlling 1,862 country elevators with a combined capacity of nearly 50,000,000 bushels of wheat.

A single company controls 115 country elevators having a capacity of 4,750,000 bushels of wheat. And the head of this company is also the head of other companies there, having lines of elevators in Minnesota and the Dakotas with a combined storage capacity of nearly 10,000,000 bushels. He also has lines of elevators in Nebraska and Kansas.

Perhaps no one thing so simplifies and facilitates the movement of wheat as the present rigid system of inspection and grading. In former times a load of grain must needs be carefully examined by every prospective purchaser, were he miller or commission man; and if this buyer sold again, a second examination became necessary, with its attendant disagreement as to quality. The business of wheat buying, indeed, was full of time-consuming details, and in the end neither party to a trade was likely to be satisfied.

As a consequence, the State government, or, in some primary markets, the local chamber of commerce, stepped in, and assumed charge of the whole system of grading and inspection; and now no portion of the great wheat business moves with more ease and efficiency, a degree of care and accuracy simply amazing to the outsider being constantly maintained.

At present the four great wheat elevator centers are Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and Buffalo. In the last-named city some of the elevators have a storage capacity of from 100,000 to 2,500,000 bushels, some of them built of steel, operated by electricity from Niagara Falls, protected from fire by pneumatic water systems, and having complete machinery for cleaning, drying and scouring the wheat, when that is necessary.

The elevators are provided with so-called "legs," long spouts, containing moving bucket-belts, which are lowered into the hold of a grain-laden vessel. Here the wheat is shoveled by grimy workmen, toiling in a cloud of dust, into the pathway of huge steam shovels, which, in turn, draw the yellow load—it looks from above like so much sand—to the ends of the "legs," where the buckets seize it and carry it upwards into the elevator, and distribute it among the various bins. A cargo of 180,000 bushels can thus be unloaded in a few hours, while legs on the other side of the elevator will reload it into cars, six at a time in five minutes, or in an hour fill a canal boat.

The cost of all these operations has been reduced to a ridiculously low figure—the entire work of unloading, storing and reloading rarely adding more than one cent to the price of a bushel of wheat.

Carriage to Seaboard.

The transportation of wheat from the West to the seaboard is a business of almost inconceivable magnitude. It means millions of dollars a year to railroad and ship owners, and during the rush season of the late fall, so great is the demand for transportation that shippers find difficulty in obtaining enough cars and vessels.

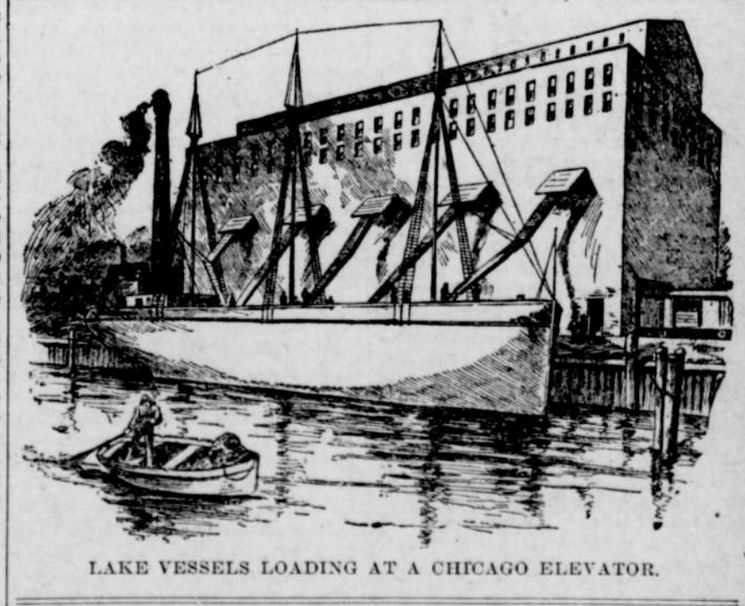
Most of the wheat of the Northwest now goes by way of the lakes, through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, to Buffalo, where it is shipped by rail or canal to New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Few appreciate the magnitude of the lake shipping interests, which have been developed to a considerable extent by the transportation of wheat. Duluth-Superior is the second port in the United States in point of tonnage, being exceeded only by New York. The Sault Ste. Marie Canal passes two and a half times as much tonnage in eight months as the Suez Canal passes in a full year. Lake shipping furnishes, moreover, the cheapest transportation in the world, the rate being approximately three-quarters of a mill per ton per mile.

Some of the greater lake vessels carry enormous cargoes—up to 250,000 bushels of wheat in a single load. Without comparisons, it is difficult to form any conception of the immensity of a cargo of this size. In Duluth, 700 bushels are estimated as a carload. At that rate, a cargo of 252,000 bushels, which has actually been transported from Duluth to Buffalo, would fill 360 cars, or nine trains of forty cars each. At fifteen bushels to the acre, this cargo would represent the yield of 16,800 acres of land. In many localities a farm of 160 acres is looked upon as a large one. It would take 105 such farms to raise enough wheat to furnish this one cargo.

Until recently New York had the lion's share of the wheat export business; but latterly Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Galveston and Montreal have been large exporters. For the fiscal year 1899 New York took only 28.8 per cent, while New Orleans and Galveston had 16.9 per cent. each, Boston 12, Baltimore 9.4, and Philadelphia 6 per cent., the remainder being scattered between Montreal, Portland, Norfolk and Newport News.

To quote again from Mr. Baker, the average yield of wheat per acre is gradually creeping up. In 1890 it was only 11.1 bushels to the acre; in 1895 it was 13.7 bushels; while in 1898 it had reached 15.3 bushels. By the use of machinery, combined with cheaper rates of transportation for supplies, the farmer can produce a larger yield more cheaply than ever before, so that, although the farm prices for wheat do not average higher from year to year, the farmer's profits are larger.



LAKE VESSELS LOADING AT A CHICAGO ELEVATOR.

An outward laugh oftimes conceals an inward groan.