Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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JOSEPH STAGG IS FILLED WITH DISMAY WHEN HE LEARNS CAROLYN HAS BEEN LEFT TO HIS CARE.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunty Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

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The window was open and she went to it and looked out. A breath of honeysuckle blew in. Then, below, on the porch, she heard the uneasy movements of Prince. And he whined.

"Oh, poor Princey! He doesn't know what's become of me," thought Carolyn May.

Downstairs, in the great kitchen, Aunty Rose was stepping back and forth, from table to sink, from sink to dresser, from dresser to pantry. As the daylight faded she lit the lamp which swung from the ceiling and gave light to all the room.

It would have been impossible for the wisest person to guess what were the thoughts in Aunty Rose's mind.

A glad little yelp from the dog tied to the rail of the porch sounded suddenly. Even Aunty Rose could not mistake that cry of welcome and she knew very little about dogs—to their credit, at least. She had heard no other suspicious sound, but now she crossed the room with firm tread and opened the porch door. Yes, a little white figure was down there hugging the whining mongrel.

Carolyn May's tearful face was raised from Prince's rough neck.

"Oh, Aunty Rose! Oh, Aunty Rose!" she sobbed. "I just had to say good night to somebody. Edna's mother came and heard our prayers and tucked us into my bed after my papa and mamma went away. So it didn't seem so bad.

"But tonight—why! tonight there isn't anybody cares whether I go to bed or not! But Prince! Prince, he knows just how—how empty I feel!"

"You would better come in now and wash your face and hands again before going to bed. That dog has been lapping them with his tongue."

Sobbing, the little girl obeyed. Then she would have gone back up the stairs without a word had not Aunty Rose spoken.

"Come here, Carolyn May," she said quite as sternly as before.

The little girl approached her. The old lady sat in one of the straightest of the straight-backed chairs, her hands in her comfortable lap. The wet blue eyes were raised to her compound face timidly.

"If you wish to say your prayers here, before going upstairs, you may, Carolyn May," she said.

"Oh, may I?" gasped the little girl.

She dropped her hands into Aunty Rose's lap. Somehow they found those larger, comforting hands and cuddled into them as the little girl sank to her knees on the braided mat.

If the simple "Now I lay me" was familiar to Aunty Rose's ear from long ago she gave no sign. When the earnest little voice added to the formal supplication a desire for the blessing of "Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose" the latter's countenance retained its composure.

She asked a blessing upon all her friends, including the Prices, and even Prince. But it was after that she put the timid question to Aunty Rose that proved to be almost too much for that good woman's studied calm.

"Aunty Rose, do you s'pose I might ask God to bless my mamma and papa, even if they are lost at sea? Somehow I don't think it would seem so lonesome if I could keep that in my prayer."

CHAPTER III.

"Well—She'll Be a Nuisance."

Mr. Joseph Stagg, going down to his store, past the home and carpenter shop of Jedidiah Parlow, at which he did not even look, finally came to his destination in a very brown study. So disturbed had he been by the arrival of his little niece that he forgot to question and cross-question young Chetwood Gormley regarding the possible customers that had been in the store during his absence.

"And I tell you what I think, mother," Chet said, with his mouth full, at supper that evening. "I think her coming's going to bring about changes. Yes, ma'am!"

Mrs. Gormley was a faded little woman—a widow—who went out sewing for better-to-do people in Sunrise Cove. She naturally thought her boy Chetwood a great deal smarter than other people thought him.

"You know, mother," he said, on this evening of the arrival of Carolyn May, "I never have seen any great chance to rise, workin' for Mr. Joseph Stagg."

"But he pays you, Chet," his mother said anxiously.

"Yep. I know. Don't be afraid I'll leave him till I see something better," he reassured her. "But I might be clerkin' for him till the cows come home and never see more'n six or eight dollars a week. But now it's apt to be different."

"How different, Chet?" she asked, puzzled.

"You know Mr. Stagg's as hard as nails—as hard as the goods he sells," declared the gawky boy. "Mind you, he don't do nothin' mean. That ain't his way. But he don't seem to have a mite of interest in anything but his shop. Now, it seems to me, this little niece is bound to wake him up. He calls her 'Hannah's Car'lyn.'"

"Hannah Stagg was his only sister," said Mrs. Gormley softly. "I remember her."

"And she's just died, or something, and left this little girl," Chet continued. "Mr. Stagg's bound to think of something now besides business. And mebbe he'll need me more. And I'll get a chance to show him I'm worth something to him. So, by and by, he'll put me forward in the business," said the boy, his homely face glowing. "Who knows? Mebbe it'll be Stagg & Gormley over the door one of these days. Stranger things have happened."

Perhaps even Chetwood's assurance would have been quenched had he just then known the thoughts in the hardware merchant's mind. Mr. Stagg sat in his back office poring over the letter written by his brother-in-law's lawyer friend, a part of which read:

From the above recital of facts you will plainly see, being a man of business yourself, that Mr. Cameron's financial affairs were in a much worse condition when he went away than he himself dreamed of.

I immediately looked up the Stonebridge Building and Loan association. It is even more moribund than the papers state. The fifteen hundred dollars Mr. Cameron put into it from time to time might just as well have been dropped into the sea.

You know he had only his salary on the Morning Beacon. They were rather decent to him, when they saw his health breaking down, to offer him the chance of going to the Mediterranean as correspondent. He was to furnish articles on "The Debris of a World War"—stories of the peaceful sections of Europe which have to care for the human wrecks from the battlefields.

It rather cramped Mr. Cameron's immediate resources for your sister to go with him, and he drew ahead on his expenses and salary account. I know that Mrs. Cameron feared to allow him to go alone across the ocean. He was really in a bad way, but she proposed to come back immediately on the Dunraven if he improved on the voyage across.

Their means really did not allow of their taking the child; the steamship company would not hear of a half-fare for her. She is a nice little girl, and my wife would have been glad to keep her longer, but in the end she would have to go to you, as, I understand, there are no other relatives.

Of course the flat is here, and the furniture. If you do not care to come on to attend to the matter yourself, I will do the best I can to dispose of either or both. Mr. Cameron had paid a year's rent in advance—rather an unwise thing, I thought—and the term has still ten months to run. He did it so that his wife on her return from abroad, might have no worry on her mind. Perhaps the flat might be sublet, furnished, to advantage. You might state your pleasure regarding this.

You will see, by the copy of your brother-in-law's will that I enclose, that you have been left in full and sole possession and guardianship of the property and affairs, including Carolyn May.

And if somebody had shipped him a crocodile from the Nile Joseph Stagg would have felt little more at a loss as to what disposal to make of the creature than he felt now regarding his little niece.

"Well—she'll be a nuisance; an awful nuisance," was his final comment, with a mountainous sigh.

Thus far, Aunty Rose Kennedy's attitude towards the little stranger had been the single pleasant disappointment Mr. Stagg had experienced. Aunty Rose was an autocrat. Joseph Stagg had never been so comfortable in his life as since Mrs. Kennedy had taken up the management of his home. But he stood in great awe of her.

He put the lawyer's letter in the safe. For once he was unable to respond to a written communication promptly. Although he wore that band of crepe on his arm he could not actually realize the fact that his sister Hannah was dead.

Any time these fifteen years he might have run down to New York to see her. First she had worked in the newspaper office as a stenographer. Then she had married John Lewis Cameron and they had gone immediately to housekeeping.

Cameron was a busy man; he held a "desk job" on the paper. Vacations had been hard to get. And before long Hannah had written about her baby—"Hannah's Car'lyn."

After the little one's arrival there seemed less chance than before for the city family to get up to Sunrise Cove. But at any time he might have gone to them. If Joseph Stagg had shut up his store for a week and gone to New York, it would not have brought the world to an end.

Nor was it because he was stingy that he had not done this. No, he was no miser. But he was fairly buried in his business. And there was no "look up" in that dim little office in the back of the hardware store.

On this evening he closed the store later than usual and set out for The Corners slowly. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg rather shrank from arriving home. The strangeness of having a child in the house disturbed his tranquillity.

The kitchen only was lighted when he approached; therefore he was reassured. He knew Hannah's Car'lyn must have been put to bed long since.

It was dark under the trees and only long familiarity with the walk enabled him to reach the back porch noiselessly. Then it was that something scrambled up in the dark and the roar of a dog's barking made Joseph Stagg leap back in fright.

"Drat that mongrel!" he ejaculated, remembering Prince.

The kitchen door opened, revealing Aunty Rose's ample figure. Prince whined sheepishly and dropped his abbreviated tail, going to lie down again at the extreme end of his leash and blinking his eyes at Mr. Stagg.

"The critter's as savage as a bear!" grumbled the hardware merchant.

"He is a good watchdog; you must allow that, Joseph Stagg," Aunty Rose said calmly.

The hardware dealer gasped again. It would be hard to say which had startled him the most—the dog or Aunty Rose's manner.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunty Rose Unbends.

There never was a lovelier place for a little girl—to say nothing of a dog—to play in than the yard about the Stagg homestead; and this Carolyn May confided to Aunty Rose one forenoon after her arrival at The Corners.

Behind the house the yard sloped down to a broad, calmly flowing brook. Here the goose and duck pens were fenced off, for Aunty Rose would not allow the web-footed fowl to wander at large, as did the other poultry.

It was difficult for Prince to learn that none of those feathered folk were to be molested.

There was a wide-branching oak tree on a knoll overlooking the brook. Around its trunk Uncle Joe had built a seat. Carolyn May found this a grand place to sit and dream, while Prince lay at her feet.

When they saw Aunty Rose in her sunbonnet going toward the fenced-in garden they both jumped up and bounded down the slope after her. It was just here at the corner of the garden fence that Carolyn May had her first adventure.

Prince, of course, disturbed the serenity of the poultry. The hens went shrieking one way, the guinea fowl lifted up their voices in angry chatter, the turkey hens scurried to cover, but the turkey cock, General Bolivar, a big, white Holland fowl, was not to have his dignity disturbed and his courage impugned by any four-footed creature with waggish ears and the stump of a tail.

Carolyn's sunny disposition begins to have its effect upon Aunty Rose, with results that are amazing to Uncle Joe. You will enjoy the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If the Simple "Now I Lay Me" Was Familiar to Aunty Rose's Ear She Gave No Sign.

Mrs. Tetlow's Thanksgiving Guests

THE old Tetlow place stood off to the east of Layton. It had once been surrounded by wide acres, but gradually the growing town had encroached on its borders; and, bit by bit, the property had been swallowed up, until at last the low-browed, rambling farmhouse was elbowed by smarter town residences, and could boast only a narrow dooryard in front, and a cramped orchard in the rear.

"The mills had spoiled Layton," old Mrs. Tetlow used to say, with a dreary shake of the head, as she watched these changes.

The Tetlow farm had been a prosperous one in its day, and its owners had lived on it in quiet respectability for many generations. But they were all scattered and gone now—these Tetlows—save for the one lonely old woman, who gazed out of the small-paned windows.

People said Mrs. Tetlow was growing forgetful. Perhaps she was—forgetful of the present.

It was a dreary November day. The clouds hung low and a few scattering snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Real Thanksgiving weather," murmured Mrs. Tetlow, as she looked out of her front window.

"Yes, it's real Thanksgiving weather," repeated the old lady, drawing her small shoulder shawl closer about her. "It's time to be making the mincemeat."

"Mother always did that the first thing," she went on, by and by, "and today is Friday. Next week will bring the last Thursday in the month. The proclamation'll be rev' next Sabbath."

The knitting needles lay idle in Mrs. Tetlow's lap, as she rocked slowly back and forth.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always came by Wednesday night," she said, after a reflective pause, "and brother Peter and his wife and boys would get here as early as 9 Thanksgiving morning. The rest didn't come till nearly noon. I wonder where Peter's boy is now. I wish the West weren't so far off. I wonder if the boy's done well."

Mrs. Tetlow stopped rocking and sat up straight in her chair.

"Wouldn't I like to get ready for another such Thanksgiving party," she exclaimed, a red spot burning in either cheek. "I believe I will."

She arose, her slight figure trembling as she rolled up her knitting work and thrust the needles into it.

"Let me see," she went on musingly, "how many must I provide for? There's Peter and Mary and the three boys, and Jane and Henrietta and Uncle Selon, Nannie and her husband and the little folks, bless 'em! and Grandma Spencer's folks and Joe and Letty. It'll be a long tableful, but I'll be ready for them."

Monday saw active preparations going on in the old kitchen.

The last thing each night before going to her bed the old lady took her wavering candle and inspected her pantry shelves, and with every evening there were more toothsome goodies to behold.

When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection. The man's eyes opened wide.

"Expecting company, ma'am?", he asked as he weighed it, and the old woman nodded gravely.

That morning the windows in the upper chamber were thrown open to the wind and sunshine, and sweeping and dusting and airing of bed linen were in order.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always come by Wednesday night," she said, "and the rooms haven't been used for some time. They feel a little damp, so I'll have them open all day."

Toward night Mrs. Tetlow put on her second best gown and sat down near the window to watch.

When her guests arrived, the nearest neighbor might not have known, but a lamp was lighted in the dim best room that evening, and at nine o'clock the old woman took a bedroom candle in either hand and toiled up the creaking stair. On the little stand beside each bed she placed a brass candlestick, and, having turned back the sheets, went out again, murmuring a soft "good night."

Mrs. Tetlow arose at dawn, and before it was time to prepare breakfast she had dressed her turkey and set it aside, ready for the oven.

About nine o'clock she began to lay her table.

Having smoothed out every wrinkle in the cloth, she gathered all her geranium blossoms and put them in the center of the table in a glass bowl. Then the silver, which had all been polished the day before, was brought forth from its canton flannel wrappings, and Great-grandma Tetlow's blue china was lifted down from the shelves of the china closet.

"How good it is to see all these things out again!" exclaimed the old lady, surveying the result of her labor with pardonable pride; "and it's right good to have company once more," she added with a little sigh; "I've eaten alone so long."

"I've nothing to do now," she said, "but to sit at the front window and watch for the folks to come. I'll be able to see them far up the meadow road."

A few minutes later she was startled by hearing a knock at the front door, and, quite trembling with the shock, she arose to open it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow." It was Mrs. Clifford, the young doctor's wife, who spoke. "Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow. Isn't this a beautiful Thanksgiving day? Madam Clifford is out in the carriage and she wants to take you home to have dinner with us. Please say you'll come; and let me get your bonnet and shawl for you."

Mrs. Tetlow looked down into the bright young face, with a dreamy happiness in her own, as she slowly shook her head.

"You're real good," she said, "and please tell Madam Clifford I'm just as much obliged to her, but I can't come today. I'm—I'm looking for company."

There was a ring of tremulous pride in the old voice that went to the heart of the young woman. She looked up into the wrinkled old face and noted the strange glow of content and far-off happiness in the old eyes. Mrs. Clifford remembered it afterward with a sense of awe.

As she turned to go now she saw, through the open door, a corner of the long table, all ready for dinner.

"I'm so glad for you, Mrs. Tetlow!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I hope you will have a pleasant Thanksgiving day." Then she hurried back to her carriage, and Mrs. Tetlow returned to her rocking chair by the window.

"They're real late," she murmured to herself now and then, and a new, strange weariness and numbness crept over her as she sat and waited, her dim vision still wandering far up the meadow road.

Suddenly she started forward with outstretched arms. "Peter!" she cried, "Mary!" and then she sank back feebly in her chair. "I'm right glad to see you all," she faltered, "but I seem to be a little tired. Just lay off your things and draw up near the fire. It is growing chilly." She drew her shawl closer about her, with a little shiver as she spoke.

"Johnny, just put another stick in the stove; that's a good boy." She closed her eyes a moment, murmuring softly to herself, "I mustn't give out now; its nearly dinner time. I'll just rest till the others come."

But soon she leaned forward again, a joyous smile on her lips.

"Nannie!" she exclaimed, "and the blessed baby! I didn't see you come in. Sit here, child; I'll hold the little one while you rest," and she began to croon softly as she rocked. "It is cold," she murmured again, "real cold; but then it's Thanksgiving weather."

Several moments slipped by while the old clock alone broke the stillness; then Mrs. Tetlow raised her head. "I smell lavender," she said. "Aunt Henrietta! I knew you had come. I smelled the lavender."

"Grandma Spencer's in the best room," she added. "She came at sundown last evening and she seems real smart. What, Joe, you here, too! Did you come in the back way? Uncle Selon and pa are in the barn, aren't they?"

An anxious look suddenly clouded the sunshine in her eyes. "Nannie," she whispered, "will you just take a look at things in the kitchen. I seem to be a little tired, but there's nothing to do. I'll come soon."

Her gaze wandered up the "meadow road" again, the joyous look returning. "They're coming!" she cried at length. "They're coming; I can see the sleigh." Then she turned, as though some one had touched her elbow, and started back wonderingly.

"My little Mary!" she faltered, with dimming eyes, "my little Mary, with her old rag baby! I thought—oh, father, John, here is our little Mary!"

With a beautiful gesture she clasped the child of her youth to her heart, and when she raised her eyes again it was to murmur, "Mother, father, Letty, Eben—what a grand Thanksgiving! I didn't count on seeing you all—why, the room is full—full—but I have enough—"

The sun had gone down when Dr. Clifford drove by the old Tetlow place on his way to see some patient.

"So the old lady is entertaining," he said to himself, remembering his wife's story, and then glancing at the house, he drew his horse up suddenly. "No lights?" he exclaimed, and an intuitive impulse made him stop. "I can't seem to go by," he said. "I must just run in and see if all is well with the old lady."

He hurried up the path and lifted the heavy knocker, but no one answered. Then the doctor opened the door and walked in.

"Mrs. Tetlow," he called, but the loud tick of the clock alone responded. Finally a sleepy cat emerged from the kitchen and rubbed against his leg.

Dr. Clifford struck a match and lighted a lamp that stood on the hall table. Then he passed into the sittingroom. The fire in the airtight stove had gone out and the room had grown cold. Through a half-open door he could see dimly a long table, laid for many guests, but no plate had been disturbed.

The doctor raised the lamp above his head and turned toward the front window. In the high-backed rocker a slender, motionless figure leaned back among the cushions, but the old house was wrapped in peaceful stillness; for, with a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests.

ENGLISH ONE-MAN COLLIERY

Unique Industry Is Matched by Railroad That Is Operated in the United States.

One-man businesses are many in these days of depleted staffs, but a working coal mine, controlled, supervised, and staffed entirely by a single individual is something of a novelty, says London Answers.

This one-man colliery is found at Hether Heage, Ambergate. The owner works the mine every day and all day to secure an output of 1,000 tons of coal a year. The mine is small, and the produce near the surface, while the coal is small—used hitherto in the manufacture of blacking, but thought of greater value in war time.

The other side of the Atlantic can, however, match us in one-man industries. There, on the Idaho Southern system, is found a road run solely by one man.

The track was once a portion of an irrigation system, long since abandoned; and a high-powered motor car with flanged wheels has been built to run along the rails. It carries 16 passengers, and in the two light trailers go the freight and luggage. This quaint railroad has neither guard nor porter, yet it has a printed time table of its own and runs its trains strictly on time.

Didn't Intend to Be Fooled.

Manager (of Heckville Academy of Music)—"How many girls with your company?" Advance Agent (evasively)—"We advertise 25." Manager—"Tain't no use advertisin' unless you got 'em. The popylation of this here burg will be at the depot to check 'em up."—Buffalo Express.

Those Dear Girls.

Nell—"I understand May Cutting remarked that I looked so much like Miss Hoomley-Ritch. Isn't that awful?" Belle—"Yes, she's always knocking Miss Hoomley-Ritch, because she's jealous of her."

Earliest Guide Book.

The earliest guide book printed in English is "Instructions for Forraine Travel" published in 1642 by James Howell, a famous traveler of that day.

Grateful for Victory in War.

This is indeed a sad world to which Thanksgiving day comes this year, a world full of death and destruction, woe and hatred, and my greatest and deepest thankfulness this year is that Almighty God made it possible for me to believe in an outcome of it all which shall be for the ultimate welfare of all people. My hymn of praise is for the faith that is in me. Otherwise, amidst the play of titanic forces which use men merely as pawns on a world chess-board, I would see nothing but doom and despair. Unless we believe that wrong is going to triumph over right in this world, unless we believe that injustice is going to triumph over righteousness, unless we believe that God is mocked, unless we believe that the wheat of the kingdom is going to produce a harvest of tares, unless we believe that Calvary was a vain sacrifice, and that God is going to be defeated in his good purposes, we can thank God this day for the mighty faith which sees the invisible and trusts its God in war's dark hour.—Exchange.

Life's Object.

The image of Christ that is forming within us—that is life's one charge. Let every project stand aside for that. "Till Christ be formed" no man's work is finished, no religion crowned, no life has fulfilled its end. Is the infant's image begun? When, how, are we to be different? Time cannot change men. Christ can. Wherefore, put on Christ.

Faster Flying.

"It would be easy for any English airplane manufacturer to produce a machine which could make better than 250 miles an hour," declared Capt. W. G. Ashton, one of the leading experts on air mechanism, the other day.

"This could be accomplished," he explained, "by merely altering the curvature, or camber, of the planes. But this would mean a minimum landing speed of 150 miles an hour, and there is the great difficulty. The machine would be unquestionably flyable, but its successful landing would require an airdrome five or six miles long, to say nothing of extraordinary skill on the part of the pilot."

The Matter.

"What makes nearly all of your business men look so despondent and talk so gloomily?" asked a guest. "To pass the time I dropped into various establishments this forenoon, and the proprietors of practically all of them told me business had not only gone to tunket, but showed no promise of ever coming back. None of them had made a cent this year, and all were momentarily expecting to be closed by the sheriff. What is the matter? Is there a blight on the town?"

"They are afraid so," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "Every one of 'em suspected you had come to open up a rival establishment and compel him to clean out his shebang, wash his windows, advertise, and be fairly civil and decent to his customers."—Kansas City Star.

NEW METAL FOR WAR USE

Mineral Found in Colorado May Revolutionize Making of Iron Castings.

Cortez, Colo.—Metallurgy experts sent to this state by the government are testing a new mineral that promises to revolutionize the making of iron castings.

Large deposits of the mineral have been found in the Ute mountains, 18 miles from Cortez, in the southwest corner of the state.

Government tests were started in the hope of perfecting a casting that will turn a bullet and be of inestimable value in the manufacture of guns and ship armor.

Assays of the new mineral show traces of vanadium and manganese.

Plan Municipal Piggery.

Manitowoc, Wis.—A municipal piggery is the plan being considered by the city fathers here on the suggestion of the state agricultural department, which has figured out that every city of 1,000 population or more has enough garbage to fatten 50,000 hogs annually. This city, according to that estimate, would be able to raise 150,000 pigs every year.

Bars Ads in German Papers.

Philadelphia.—No more city advertising will appear in papers here printed in the German language. Heads of all departments were ordered by council to discontinue this advertising.

IRON CROSSES FOR HIGHEST

More Than 50,000 Given to Officers, Princes and Other Dignitaries by Kaiser.

Paris.—According to L'Eclair, Emperor William of Germany has been extremely profuse in his generosity to high officers, princes and other dignitaries in his bestowal of the iron cross. L'Eclair points out that he has found 133 princes to honor with the decoration; 967 generals, 26 high dignitaries and 51,386 other officers. The number of private soldiers honored with the decoration is only 4,743.

Besides 12,645 noncommissioned officers have received it. The number in the aviation service reaches 3,984; in the navy, 4,562; in the medical service, 1,053; chaplains, 84; and members of army service units, 472. All these were of the first class.

The number of iron crosses of the second class reaches many hundreds of thousands.

Airplane Safety Device.

Mansfield, O.—Glenn H. Bolus, electrical engineer of this city, has submitted a plan to the government engineers at Washington for a safety device on airplanes. The device consists of a pair of steel springs attached to the gasoline tank, which, upon being pierced by machine-gun bullets, is automatically released and shot clear of the airplane, thereby preventing the plane from burning and allowing the airman to glide safely to the earth.

THE RECOGNIZED GARMENT

Small Boy's Apparel Must Have Been of Nondescript Variety, According to This Story.

At Evian-les-Bains, on Lake Geneva, the persons who "take the baths" now are not well-to-do tourists but youngsters just back from captivity behind the German lines. The American Red Cross helps to take care of them and make them fit to re-enter France. There is a great bathhouse there for the boys, with three former Poilus to help the littlest ones undress and dress again. A Red Cross observer says that he saw all three of them routed by a woolly something that belonged to an urchin of four.

One of the Poilus began the job alone, and when he had increased the youngster in what he thought the customary number of garments and was looking about for the outer layer he discovered the woolly thing. He studied it for a moment, particularly the buttons on it; then with a look of intelligence he removed the child's cotton waist and pulled the thing on over his head. With great care, for the boy was very small and thin, he drew it down until the little head appeared through the opening. Then with equal care he guided one slender arm through another aperture and pulled the garment snugly into place to make sure of the buttons. But the boy's face was blurred with dismay; he looked first down at himself and then up at the Poilu and began to cry softly. The soldier, at his wit's end, sang out for Duchesne, the master of the bath.

With one look, Duchesne broke into a laugh. "You've forgotten to put his other arm through, that's all," he said, and slipped the woolly thing off the child. This is the way it goes." Then to the still tearful youngster, "Just a minute, my old comrade, and it will be all right."

This time the bony little arms were thrust through the sleeves of the thing before it was drawn over his head; but when that had been done, lo, there was no opening at all for the head itself! So off it came again, and all three men first examined it and then the distinctive figure to whom it belonged. Before another trial fitting could be begun an older boy, farther down the bench, who had been watching the performance, came up and ended the comedy by saying:

"That's not a shirt, it's a pair of drawers. I know because he's my brother and I used to wear them."—Youth's Companion.

American Clergyman's Valor.

The Rev. Mandeville J. Barker, an Episcopal clergyman from Minnesota, has been commended for valor by the commander of the brigade to which he is attached as a Y. M. C. A. worker, the Living Church states. Going out ahead of the machine guns during an attack in the Aisne sector, he dressed the wounds of American and German alike, at one time being only 20 yards from a German outpost from which he was hidden by a slight rise of ground. The machine gun detachment went in advance of the infantry in an attack on positions at Grimade and opened an enfilading fire that carried the day. Out in front of them toiled the Rev. Mr. Barker working along on hands and knees and finding plenty of call for his bandages and dressings. He came upon one German wounded in the leg who was limping toward his own lines. Though unarmed, he bandaged the wounded man, who was grateful enough to let the Good Samaritan get away!

Suspicious.

"Have the young couple in the flat next to us had a quarrel, Marie?"

"I don't know; why do you ask?"

"Our cook went in there to borrow some baking powder, and she saw the wife making angel cake."

Getting a Light.

"The Indians used to smoke a pipe of peace."

"They never could have remained peaceful if they had been completed to depend on these modern matches to light the pipe."

Water Regulated by Pedal.

Pressing one end of a pedal with the foot admits cold water to a new washstand, pressing the other end allows hot water to flow and pressing the entire pedal mixes the two so that moderately warm water is obtained.

Monasteries.

The monasteries once thickly strewn throughout England and much of Europe were called abbeys, from being ruled by abbots—or abbots from abba, Syrian for "father"—as those governed by a prior were called priories.

Limit Output of Thread.

The war industries board has directed manufacturers of cotton thread to limit their output of white thread to 14 sizes, of black to seven sizes and colored to one, with spools regulated to certain diameter, made to hold about 200 yards.

Broken Contract.

"Before we were married you promised me everything money could buy."

"I know it, my dear, but I hadn't any idea how high war prices were going."

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Hay and Grain.

Corn—No. 2 white $1.60@1.65, No. 3 white $1.55@1.60, No. 2 yellow $1.50@1.55, No. 3 yellow $1.45@1.50, No. 2 mixed $1.40@1.45, No. 3 mixed $1.35@1.40, white ear $1.35@1.40, yellow ear $1.30@1.35, mixed ear $1.25@1.30.

Sound Hay—Timothy, per ton, ranged from $28 to $32. Sound clover mixed $26.50@29.75, and sound clover $25@27.

Oats—No. 2 white 77c, standard white 76c, No. 3 white 75c, No. 2 mixed 74@74½c, No. 3 mixed 73@74c.

Butter Eggs and Poultry.

Butter—Whole milk creamery extras 65c, centralized creamery extras 63½, firsts 60½c.

Eggs—Prime firsts 60c, firsts 58½c, ordinary firsts 55c.

Live Poultry—Springers, over 2 lbs, 24c; under 2 lbs, 26c; fowls, 5 lbs and over 23c; do, under 3½ lbs and over, 23c; roosters, 18c.

Live Stock.

Cattle—Shippers $12@15.50, butcher steers extra, $13.75@14.25, good to choice $12@14, common to fair $6.50@11, heifers, extra $10.50@11.50, good to choice $9@10, common to fair $6@8.50, cows, extra $9@11.

Calves—Extra $17.50@18, fair to good $13@17.25, common and large $5@12.

Hogs—Selected heavy shippers $17.50, good to choice packers and butcher $17.50, stags $11@15, common to choice heavy fat sows $11@15, light shippers $15.50, pigs (110 lbs and less) $10@14.

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

By DR. L. W. BOWERS.

Avoid crowds, coughs and cowards, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anuric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Anuric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Irontic (iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

Safest Plan.

"We have been married ten years without an argument."

"That's right. Let her have her own way. Don't argue."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This preparation so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Some Seasoning.

"They call our American army unseasoned troops."

"Well, they were fairly well mustered in, have plenty of pep and now everybody admits they are the salt of the earth."

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

Not Valid.

"Gadspur is a disappointed man."

"Why so?"

"He wanted to get into the army, but made a mistake in his questionnaire."

"How was that?"

"He waived exemption on the ground of domestic infelicity and the exemption board couldn't see it that way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of [signature] In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Curious Thing.

Spencer Ludlow, the California ... expert, said at a dinner in Los Angeles:

"I visited a large reformatory one day. The superintendent pointed out a certain ward, and he told me that a very queer thing had happened to one of the occupants of that ward back in 1910. 'What happened to him?' I said, anxiously.

"The superintendent of the reformatory gave me a solemn look.

"'He reformed,' said he."

One on Papa.

"Father," said the sharp small boy, "I saw a deaf and dumb beggar in the street this morning, and he had an impediment in his speech."

"A deaf and dumb man with an impediment in his speech!" exclaimed father. "Don't talk nonsense, Lancelot."

"But he had, father," insisted the boy.

"One of his middle fingers was missing."

Correlation.

"I hear your daughter raised every thing before her."

"So she did, but I raised the dust."

Two Views.

Bix—"I hate golf; it's too much like work." Dix—"I hate work; it's so much like golf."

ASTHMADOR GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE ASTHMA OR MONEY REFUNDED—ASK ANY DRUGGIST

SELDOM SEE a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat. ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. ... W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DILLON'S UTILITY STOCK ... UTILITY SALT COMPANY ... E. S. Dillon, Lessee ...

Preserve Waterproofs Anything ...

How Turkey Redeems Himself as Food

None Should Blame Thanksgiving Bird for Mental Incapacity for All of His Efforts Go Toward the Development of Flavor

SENOR DON TURKEY played a brilliant part in history even before the Spaniards discovered him, along with Mexico, in 1518. Long before that he had been worshiped by Aztec ... when his religious vogue was past, he was given honorable mention as a bird of honor at the marriage banquet of a ... superior a viand was he considered when first introduced into Europe that in a "constitution" set forth by Cranmer in 1541 turkey is named as one of the greater fowls, of which an ecclesiastic was to "have but one in a dishe." But he speedily multiplied to such an extent that no later than 1555 two turkeys and four turkey chicks were served at a feast of the sergeants at arms in London.

Turkeys at that period were mentioned in connection with cranes and swans as important and rich items of a banquet. A little later, in 1573, turkeys were used on the tables of English husbandmen for the Christmas feast. In the meantime they were more than plentiful in their home land, where turkeys continued to sell for about six cents apiece as late as the nineteenth century. For six cents in those good old days a turkey weighing about twelve pounds could be bought by a good shopper. If the family needed a turkey weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds it was necessary to pay as much as a quarter. But it must be remembered that six cents in those days counted a good deal more than it does in this.

The turkey that the Aztecs worshiped was probably either the Mexican wild turkey, which is known by the white touches on its tail covers and quills, or, more appropriately, the ocellated turkey of Honduras and other parts of South America, whose brilliant plumage, spotted almost as gloriously with vivid colors as a peacock, somehow allies it particularly with that vivid early people. The turkey which strolled out of the forests of New England and furnished so marvelous a banquet for our Puritan forefathers was a handsomer bird than that of Mexico, in the opinion of some lovers of beauty, but not so brilliant a one as the Honduras turkey.

The American wild turkey, which really belongs to Thanksgiving, was the North American wild turkey found throughout the eastern United States and Canada. Scientifically it is known as Meleagris Americana. Its plumage is black, shaded with bronze. In the rays of the sun the bird gleams in a beautiful harmony of black, copper, gold and bronze. And the turkey likes the rays of the sun. He hates damp weather, not alone because it is bad for his health, but because it obscures his beauty.

It is generally believed at present that all the turkeys of the world have descended from the three forms known as the North American bird, which has just been described; the Mexican bird and the ocellated bird.

The turkey which was first introduced into Europe may have been carried there by the Spaniards from Mexico or the Jesuits may have taken it back across the waters from one of their ... stations in the great woods of Canada. In any event, one of its representatives figured at the marriage banquet of Charles IX and was regarded as of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the reports of that festivity.

The Mexican turkey is the wild bird of Mexico, which also came over the line into the southern part of the United States. Meleagris Gallopava is the name that is generally employed to describe this turkey. It is somewhat smaller in ... than the northern species. Its body color is a metallic ... bronze. This is thought to be the species that the early ... first bore back to Spain and England. The white tips of its ... have suggested that it is to this bird rather than to the wild ... of North America that most of the domestic fowls owe their origin. ... ocellated turkey, Meleagris Ocellata, which is smaller than the others, ... bare head and neck. Its body plumage is bronze and green, banded ... bronze and varied with spots or eyes of brilliant colors—blue, red ... brilliant black.

Why the turkey is called the turkey when its origin is admittedly purely ... dental is a subject that has puzzled many persons. There are several ... given by those who have delved deeply into this problem, and one ... privileged to take his choice. In the first place, it is stated that the turkey was originally supposed to have come from Asia. Thus at a time when a great stretch of territory on the Asiatic continent was called "Turkey" the bird derived its name from its supposed origin. Another speculative chronicler records that the Indians called the bird "firkee" and that from this its common name was created. Then, again, it is somewhat generally believed that the bird named itself by its peculiar utterances, which are translated as "turk-turk-turkee." Again, still more subtle philosophers have traced the naming of the bird to its kinship in the matter of polygamous habits with the Turks over the water. Certainly no turbaned subject of the sultan, even in the days when harems were considered an article of the true religion, was ever more tenacious of his privileges in this regard than the turkey cock of barnyard or forest. Turkeys were also at one time supposed to have come from Africa and they were confused with guineas. The errors in their scientific naming are due to this confusion.

When, in 1621, after making their first harvest, the pilgrims decreed that there should be a three days' festival, which was really the first Thanksgiving, wild turkeys already had become known as a delicious food, and they furnished the mainstay of the feast. The old pioneers weren't so badly off, it seems, in some ways as we have been led to imagine, for although they were deprived of the joys of tinned meats and vegetables and cold storage and similar blessings, turkeys were so plentiful that it is recorded it was customary to refer to them as bread. Another chronicler sets forth the fact that the breast of the wild turkey when cooked in butter was esteemed by even the epicures among the explorers. But in spite of their abundance turkeys were regarded with favor even by the red men, if one is to judge by the following prayer which they uttered:

"O Great Being, I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again so that I am able to walk about and kill turkeys."

It was not alone in early New England that the bird was regarded with such favor as an edible. Isaac De Rasieries in 1627 writes a description of the turkey and details the method of hunting them in the New Netherlands:

"There are also very large turkeys running wild. They have very long legs and run so extraordinarily fast that generally we take savages when we go to hunt them, for when one has deprived them of the power of flying they yet run so fast that we cannot catch them unless their legs are hurt also."

Turkeys have been called the greatest game bird of this country, and the methods of taking them have been many. John Hunter, who was captured by the Indians and spent some time in captivity, in his memoirs, written in 1824, tells how the Indians made a decoy bird from the skin of a turkey, followed the turkey tracks until they came upon a flock and then partially displaying their decoy and imitating the gobbling noise made by the cock, drew off first one and then another of the flock, who being socially inclined, came along to investigate the newcomers.

Among the Indians the children were expected to kill turkeys with their blow guns. These were hollow reeds, in which arrows were placed and blown out with such force that, being directed at the eye of the creature, they often brought him down. Children as young as eight years were successful at this sort of shooting. Adrian Van der Donck says that turkeys were sometimes caught by dogs in the snow during the seventeenth century, but generally they were shot at night from trees. They slept in the trees in large flocks and often selected the same spot many nights in succession. At other times the Indians would lay roots of which the turkeys were fond in small streams and take the birds as they were in the act of getting these roots.

In Virginia the trap or pen was much used. This trap was built in the forest and leading to it was a long train of corn. The trap was a simple affair built of logs laid one upon another and having rough rails laid across the top. There was a trench dug under the lowest logs which fenced in the pen. In this trench corn was scattered and the turkey following the trail of this delicacy for some distance off would finally come to the trench, which seemed to be quite providentially strewn with an unusually rich supply. He followed the great bright path of rich food to his destruction. The turkey's lack of intelligence, when it comes to penning him up, is one of the reasons why a great many Americans have not been in accord with Benjamin Franklin's idea that the turkey and not the eagle should be the bird of our country.

A writer, describing the shooting of turkeys in the latter half of the nineteenth century in Michigan, speaks of the use of the hollow bone of the turkey's wing, which in the mouth of an expert can be made to reproduce perfectly the piping sound of the turkey hen. Sometimes also turkeys were hunted on horseback. In Virginia, according to an old writer, this was not uncommon. He says:

"Though we galloped our horses we could not overtake them [the turkeys], although they run nearly two hundred and twenty yards before they took flight." The constant practice of our forefathers in shooting game developed a great many fine turkey shots, and it is recorded that in the latter half of the seventeenth century "a man was thought a bad shot if he missed the very head of a wild turkey on top of the highest tree with a single ball."

To "pot hunting" and to the practice of luring the turkeys by imitating the call of the hen in the spring, Sylvester D. Judd of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture largely attributes the extermination of the wild turkey in many parts of the United States where formerly it was especially abundant. Trapping the turkeys in pens also helped along the extermination.

Although the turkey is, generally speaking, not a particularly hardy bird, being subject to various forms of indigestion, etc., he is varied in his diet and usually has a good appetite. Some of the things which the wild turkey likes best and which the domesticated bird will by no means scorn are grasshoppers, crickets, locusts, tadpoles, small lizards, garden seeds and snails. One turkey which was examined by a scientist was found to have partaken of a meal including the following viands:

One harvest spider, one centipede, one thousand-legs, one ichneumon fly, two yellow jackets, one grasshopper, three katydids, wild cherries, grapes, berries of dogwood and the sorghum, two chestnuts, twenty-five whole acorns, a few alder catkins and five hundred seeds of tick trefoil. The domestic turkey's habit of hunting grasshoppers and worming tobacco shows that his delight in the primitive pleasures of the table has not altered in his more carefully provided for existence.

The chicks both of the wild and the domestic turkey are delicate and especially must they be protected during the damp weather. Audubon says that the mother bird among the wild turkeys thoroughly understands the delicacy of her offspring and that when it is wet she feeds the chicks buds from the spice bush with medicinal intent exactly as the mother of a brood of youngsters prescribes doses of quinine when influenza has taken the family in its clutches. As soon as the young birds can fly well enough to take their place on the roost with their mothers the most delicate period of chil'dhood, what might be called the teething stage, is thought to be over.

But, according to a successful turkey farmer, the poults are three months old before they can be taught anything. They are then taught that they should roost high so as to keep out of the way of night prowlers. Turkeys retain so much of their wild nature that they do not like roosting inside a house, and, indeed, they do not care even for artificial perches. When possible they greatly prefer tall trees as a roosting place to any roost that has been especially constructed for them. This characteristic renders them especially easy victims for night raiders. In addition to the human desperadoes of this description there are the coyotes and hawks always to be guarded against in some parts of the country.

In addition to illnesses which come from digestive disorders, colds, the terrible scourge of blackheads, etc., and the depredations of the night raider, the turkey farmer always has to consider also the feuds among the members of his flock, which frequently rage high. Nevertheless, the careful turkey rancher has found it possible to conserve his birds and make a large profit from them. A woman turkey rancher, who has had good experience in the business, lost in one season only twelve birds out of a flock of 1,500.

At first the young turkeys are fed on bread and milk, hard-boiled yolk of egg and perhaps some chopped alfalfa. Later they are fed cracked grain, but as soon as they are able to take to the range it is no longer necessary to feed them. The range supplies all that they need, both green and dry, and happy is the householder who is able to purchase for his table turkeys whose habitat has been an oak forest. Nothing is more delicious than a turkey which has fed freely on acorns.

Although there are many great turkey ranches and whole communities which live principally upon the raising of turkeys for market, such as Cuero, Tex., whose annual turkey trade preceding Thanksgiving includes thousands of turkeys bound for the New York markets, as a rule turkeys are raised in small groups on farms which are interested in other commodities. This proves often the sole dependence of the farmer's wife for pocket money throughout the year, and many a farmer's daughter also has been able to make a shining appearance in her world of fashion principally through the successful marketing of the turkey brood.

On the 5,000,000 farms of the United States there were, according to careful statistics taken some years ago, only 6,500,000 turkeys. Texas led among the states, producing 650,000. The other states which were large producers were Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Indiana. The state of Rhode Island, noted as it is for its turkeys, produced only 3,000. But the quality of the Rhode Island turkeys always has been excellent and they usually bring prices vastly in excess of those from other parts of the country.

And that ought to be enough about turkeys to get up a pretty good appetite for Thursday's dinner!

Attire.

"Why do women insist on wearing ..." "Stop, John," interrupted the woman who is kind but firm. "I won't have any criticism of my sex's apparel till you explain why so many men wear collars and suspenders in hot weather."

The Fruit of It.

"She's got a regular peach."

"Why, she's got a lemon in the matrimonial market."

"What a pair!"

The Difference.

"Where's the pretty young actress we met last year?"

"She's starring."

"And what became of the young fellow who was so much in love with her?"

"He's mooning."

Looks Like It.

"Was that a marriage of convenience?"

"It seems to be. He couldn't afford an automobile, and she couldn't pay a chauffeur."

Losing Matter.

"I won't let my wife go to bridge parties."

"Because you think it is wrong for women to gamble?"

"No; because she is such a bad player."

Ad Infinitum.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" asked the domestic man of his cynical friend.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply of the confirmed believer in single blessedness. "The longer the better."

Photographically Speaking.

The Prude—Just look at that girl with the low-necked waist and her skirt up to her knees. Isn't she a picture now? Isn't she?

The Other—Yep, sort of a double exposure.

Impossible.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Hurry up and get it out of your system."

"A fellow can't get the cream of the jokes by skimming over a funny paper."

JUST A BATTLE INCIDENT

... is the story of three men, representing the navy dental corps, the ... corps and the United States ... corps. All are dead now—a ... of the toll of the battle of ... woods, won by the marines early ...

The marine, Capt. Donald F. ..., had charged, leading his men ... a shower of machine gun bullets ... the aid of a platoon that was almost cut to pieces. And as he went forward he carried a pipe in his mouth and dallied with the stick he carried. The marines behind him, steadied by his coolness, pressed forward. Then the machine gun stream caught Captain Duncan, drilling him through and through again. His men went on.

The captain fell, gasping with pain. Dental Surgeon Osborne of the United States navy, and a hospital corpsman, unidentified, ran forward to his assistance. They carried him to shelter. Then—the roaring boom of a big shell. A great, gaping hole where the shelter had been. The three men were gone, literally blown out of existence.

Woman's Way.

Ma Grump says: "A woman with a man is a good deal like a cat with a mouse; she don't care much about him till he shows signs of gettin' away."

BRIEF INFORMATION

One agricultural college and three experiment stations are maintained by the government of Norway.

A patent has been issued for a silk gauze face shield to keep dust from the eyes and noses of automobilists.

Platinum is so ductile that a wire 1,000 miles long could be drawn from a single Troy ounce of the metal.

Pennsylvania's mining laws require a mule shall have 200 cubic feet of air a minute and a miner 200 cubic feet.

PLAUSIBLE PLAN TO PLANT TREES

Selection of Cheap Stock Is Poor Economy for It Often Results in Failure.

PLANTS SHOULD BE WATERED

Cuttings May Be Successfully Used for Willows and Cottonwoods—Bury in Cool, Moist, Well-Drained Sand Until Spring.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A tree plantation established with poor stock always is handicapped. The purchase of cheap stock, simply because it is cheap, is poor economy, for often it results in failure.

Fortunately, most of the hardwoods may be grown easily from seed, and the possibility of buying stock which is not true to name or of having it injured in transit avoided. If the farm maintains a garden plot, the hardwood seedlings may be grown there and planted out in the field when one year old. The seed of the desired species may be purchased or collected locally, sown in rows, and handled much the same as vegetable seed. The plants should be watered and cultivated, so that they will become as large as possible during the season. After the first of September water should be applied only to keep the ground from drying out completely. This is necessary in order to harden the tender wood to withstand frost.

Cuttings may be used successfully for growing the planting stock for such trees as willows and cottonwoods. These cuttings, which are best made in the fall or early winter after the leaves have fallen, should be about ten inches in length and taken from one-year-old or two-year-old twigs of vigorous, healthy trees. Cuttings should be made always with slanting strokes of a very sharp knife, so as to avoid bruising the bark. If trees free from seed, or "bloom," as it is sometimes called, are desired, cuttings should be taken from trees which ob-

Well-Planted and Cared for Windbreak.

servation has shown do not produce seed. As soon as the cuttings are made they should be tied in bundles of about 50 and buried in cool, moist, well-drained sand until spring. As soon as possible in the spring, and always before the soil dries out, the cuttings should be set out, with the buds pointing upward, leaving two or three inches above ground. The soil should be pressed firmly about the stems, and if it is not soft it is better to make holes for the cuttings with a round bar or dibble.

Growing From Nuts.

Trees grown from large nuts, such as walnut and oak, are best propagated by planting the nut where the mature tree is desired. Unless this is done, the long, heavy taproot, even at the end of the first year, makes transplanting difficult and the loss heavy. Black walnut is best planted in the fall.

Conifers are much more difficult to raise than hardwoods, and unless a large project is undertaken it is inadvisable to attempt to raise them. Thrifty stock may be purchased from reliable nurserymen and in some cases at cost from nurseries maintained by the state. Stock grown as near as possible to the region of planting is always preferable.

If hardwoods are used, one-year seedlings give best results under normal conditions. Large stock should be avoided. It is more expensive and requires more time and attention to plant. If conifers are used, nothing smaller than three-year-old transplants should be tried. Transplants are preferable to seedlings because of the larger mass of fibrous roots.

Methods of Planting.

Planting methods are dependent largely upon the size of the stock and the condition of the site. When stock is received, for planting, the first precaution is to see that it has not dried out. The roots never should be exposed to the sun or drying air. The roots of stock that is packed in crates should be moistened thoroughly before the trees are removed. If the trees are extra-large conifers and the roots of each tree are protected with earth bound with a cloth covering, the whole should be planted without removing the wrapper. In any case, all small stock, if it cannot be planted at once, should be heeled in in a cool, moist situation. The tops should not be covered.

All grassy, weedy, or heavy land should, if it is practicable, be plowed and harrowed at least 12 months before the trees are planted. Fall plowing is preferable. If manure is to be used, it should be applied at the time of plowing to enable it to decay. If it is placed fresh next to the roots at the time of planting, there is danger of "burning" them. Although plowing is not absolutely necessary, it is productive of good results, and the benefits are several times as great as those secured by caring for the ground after the stock is set out. It is still better to use ground which has been under cultivation for two or three years. Young plants need just as much care as a garden, and their growth will be proportionate to the amount of care they receive.

Planting may be done in either of two ways; by the slit method or by the individual hole method.

Either of these methods may be worked out in a shallow furrow. It is very desirable on sod ground to plow a furrow if complete cultivation of the planting area cannot be carried out. This will remove the grass cover and will make the work much cheaper. All sod or grass cover should be removed from a space at least 15 inches square before a tree is planted, provided it is not set in a furrow.

Slit Method.

The slit method is the cheapest and in light, sandy soils the best. A spade is used to open a wedge-shaped hole in the ground by moving it forward and backward. Into this opening the tree roots are suspended full length, and the earth is pressed firmly around them by a thrust of the foot which closes the hole.

Deep-Hole Method.

A hole is dug wide enough and deep enough to accommodate the tree roots without crowding. Care should be exercised in putting the soil back on the roots to see that no large rocks or sods are allowed to fall in, because of the possibility of leaving air spaces, which will cause the plant roots to dry out. Holes never should be dug a long time in advance of planting, unless it be in the fall, on account of the danger of drying out. If there is a hardpan or stratum of soil impervious to water at the bottom, this should be broken up thoroughly with tools or a light charge of dynamite. Unless this is done the tree will not thrive.

ATTENTION TO STRAWBERRIES

December Is Proper Month to Provide Protection for Winter, Says Colorado Expert.

(By J. J. GARDNER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.)

December is the month in which strawberries are usually given winter protection. There are several reasons why this protection is necessary: First, to protect the plants from the severe cold and drying winds in this climate, and, second, to prevent injury to the roots caused by freezing and thawing throughout the winter, and especially in early spring. The heaving of the ground in early spring, due to frost action, is very frequently the cause of there being no crop that year.

Any time after the ground is frozen, a mulch of leaves, straw, strawy manure, chaff or any other such available material should be distributed evenly three or four inches deep over the bed. In cases where fine straw, chaff, or strawy manure is used, the work may be most economically done by using a manure-spreader straddling the rows. With coarser manure, hand labor will be necessary to distribute it.

The mulch is partially removed from the plant rows in the spring about blooming time, a sufficient amount being worked under the plants to keep the berries clean during the fruiting season. It also assists in conserving moisture.

Care should be taken not to cover the beds too deeply nor allow the mulch to remain on the plant rows too long, else the plants may be smothered.

FACTORS IN STORAGE OF ICE

Houses Should Be Well Insulated and Drained—Cost of Construction Is Important.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Insulation and drainage are two of the most important factors in the preservation of ice. It is true that the temperature of the earth varies less than that of the air, but the fact that the temperature of the earth at six or eight feet below the surface remains at about 55 degrees Fahrenheit the year around makes it quite as important to protect the stored ice against the earth heat as against the heated air. It is more difficult to remove ice as needed during the season from pits than from structures above the ground. Slight advantages are apparent at harvest time in favor of the cellar or the half-sunken type of house, and under some circumstances they will be preferred to the other type.

The length of time ice may be kept depends upon the character of insulation provided. This will naturally vary with the location of the icehouse and the method of construction. Another important factor will be the cost of construction.

The simplest type of ice preservation consists in stacking the cakes in a compact mass on a well-drained site, as well protected as possible from sun and wind, and covering the mass with sawdust, shavings, fodder, marsh hay or any other good insulating material. Such a crude method is not to be recommended except as a temporary makeshift for ice which is to be used early in the season.

BURN DISEASED FRUIT TREES

When Dug Up It Should Not Be Dragged Through Orchard—Dig Up All Roots Possible.

When a fruit tree with crown gall is found, dig up and burn and set out another, but not in the same place, or the new tree will likely be attacked by the same disease. Set a few feet at least from where the old tree stood. When a diseased tree is dug up it should not be dragged through the orchard, as this may result in scattering the disease. Cut the tree in a sufficient number of pieces to enable one to put in a wagon and haul out. If it is a large tree. Dig up as nearly as possible all the roots, so as to come as nearly as practicable to removing the whole thing.

Vetch as Cover Crop.

Winter vetch does best as a cover crop if a little rye is seeded with it. One bushel of vetch to one-half bushel of rye per acre is about right. In mild climates crimson clover can be used instead of vetch.

Old Oil Over.

Oil drained from the engine and gear compartments should not be thrown away. One of the many uses for it is for oiling spring leaves. It also should be used for exposed parts, such as the brake connections. The careful owner will filter the oil before using it again.—Motor.

In the Windy City First.

The first automobile club was started in Chicago in 1895.—Chevrolet Review.

Lacquering Brass.

It is possible to protect polished metal surfaces by applying several coats of cold lacquer or celluloid varnish. The lacquer should be applied with a brass camel's hair brush, after the metal has been polished highly. There must be no grease on the brass or other metal when it is lacquered.

Hot Inlet Valves.

Inlet valves do not get nearly as hot as exhaust valves and consequently do not expand as much.

WEAK KIDNEYS MEAN A WEAK BODY

When you're fifty, your body begins to creak a little at the hinges. Motion is more slow and deliberate. "Not so young as I used to be" is a frequent and unwelcome thought. Certain bodily functions upon which good health and good spirits so much depend, are impaired. The weak spot is generally the bladder. Unpleasant symptoms show themselves. Painful and annoying complications in other organs arise. This is particularly true with elderly people. If you only knew how, this trouble can be obviated.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the inconvenience and pain due to advancing years. It is a standard, old-time home remedy, and needs no introduction. It is now put up in odorless, tasteless capsules. These are easier and more pleasant to take than the oil in bottles.

Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill, with a small swallow of water. They soak into the system and throw off the poisons which are making you old before your time. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules cleanse the kidneys and purify the blood. They frequently ward off attacks of the dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys. They have a beneficial effect, and often completely cure the diseases of the bodily organs, allied with the bladder and kidneys.

If you are troubled with soreness across the loins or with "simple" aches and pains in the back take warning. It may be the preliminary indications of some dreadful malady which can be warded off or cured if taken in time.

Go to your druggist today and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. Accept No Substitutes.—Adv.

When Children are Sickly are Constipated, Feverish, Cry out in their sleep, Take cold easily, Have Headaches, Stomach or Bowel trouble, Try MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

TRADE MARK

They are pleasant to take and a certain relief. They act on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and tend to correct intestinal disorders. 10,000 testimonials from mothers and friends of little ones telling of relief. No mother should be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for use when needed. Ask to-day. The need of them often comes at inconvenient hours.

Used by Mothers for over thirty years. Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Sample sent FREE. Address MOTHER GRAY CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price But Great in its Good Work

Genuine bears signature [signature]

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills

Acid-Stomach Victims Sickly, Weak, Unfit, Depressed

[illegible]

THE QUICK WAY TO STOP A COUGH

When you have a severe, stubborn cough or cold, you need the best possible medicine you can get. Why not, therefore, get one which is guaranteed the most soothing and satisfactory remedy ever used, or get your money back? Druggists everywhere are authorized to refund money if SCHIFFMANN'S EXPECTORANT is not found the very best ever used for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough or Hoarseness. When mixed at home with honey or sugar syrup, 50 cents worth makes 64 teaspoonsful. Positively contains no chloroform, opium, morphine or any other narcotic, and is unlike any other cough medicine. It is so pleasant to take that children are fond of it. In case druggists should not have it order direct of R. J. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

Scenes of Prosperity Are Common in Western Canada

The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at $15 to $30 per acre—get $2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE and other land at very low prices.

During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley, and Flax. Mixed Farming is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

W. S. Nethery, Room 82, Interurban Sta. Bldg., Columbus, O. Canadian Government Agent

After the Offense.

"It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station.

"Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones.

"I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—Judge.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets put an end to sick and bilious headache, constipation, dizziness and indigestion. "Clean house." Adv.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste MORGAN'S SAPOLIO SCOURING SOAP Economy in Every Cake

Moral Discipline.

"So your boy is studying German?"

"Yes. And it is benefiting him. Of course, he hasn't acquired any of the language, but he is learning to keep his temper admirably under circumstances of considerable irritation."

BRAND NEW SELLER ...

Love is supposed to be a tender passion, but sometimes the girl's father makes it a tough proposition.

Persistent Coughs ... PISO'S

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy ... MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO