

LET US BE KIND.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way today, tomorrow—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
That of heaven and earth the highest treasures are—
Let us be kind.
A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those retreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.
—[W. Lomax Childress, in Religious Telescope.

SPRING OF THE YEAR.

When Don Pedro Ruiz, owner of five hundred fat wethers and two hundred ewes, was a little bowed in the back and a little frosty about the temples, a sickness got abroad among his sheep and took a good half of them. The next year a bear stampeded the flock toward a forty-foot barranca over which two hundred pitched to destruction. After that Don Pedro went down to La Liebre and hired out as a herder. The superintendent thereupon gave him a lamb hand, flock-wise, seasoned ewes, mostly with twin lambs; and because there was old kindness between him and the superintendent of La Liebre, and because he had by long usage established a right to meadow good pasture in the neighborhood of Wild Rose, Don Pedro was allowed to take the flock out in his own charge, with a couple of dogs, and no companion herder except to see him on his way.

Being master of his movements, he was able to spend much more time with his family than falls to the lot of the hired herder. This was important, for Don Pedro had at that time, besides the Senora Ruiz, who was fat and comfortable, a daughter grown up as tall and slim as a moonbeam, with saint's eyes and a mouth as soft and scarlet as a crumpled pomegranate flower. She was of marriageable age and needed a father's care.

It was ten flock journeys from La Liebre to the meadow of Wild Rose, between Tres Pinos, where Don Pedro had his house, the ramada of vines, a long, low two-walled hut, the fig-tree, the pome-granates, and the roseter strings of chilies drying in the sun. This is, it was ten journeys, taken leisurely, with the flock rank and the chile-cotaje in bloom. It was barely seven in the fall of the year, with the feed scant and only one water hole between the ranch-house and Wild Rose. Don Pedro would bring up the flock from the shearing, by which time the grazing would be in its prime; here he cannot afford to feed for six weeks within sight of his own hearth smoke and candle.

Then he swung out deerward to little green oases and canon floors that caught the run-off of the quick winter rains for other six weeks, by which time the meadow of Wild Rose would be grown again. Thus the old man had the more leisure for adoring his daughter of the saint's eyes.

He was not so good at that business, however, as Roy Garcia, who had, besides a perfect rosary of adoring names for her, a most remarkably fine voice for singing them, and a very good guitar, which he brought out from Tres Pinos twice in the week to strum in the ramada. He might have come oftener but that the old Don looked so sourly upon him, and the eyes of Felicitia, misty and tender with music, had so Roy Garcia, who had expressive eyes himself and knew how to use them, assured himself, no spark in them for Roy Garcia.

When matters were at this pass there came a winter of extraordinary rains, and Don Pedro contracted rheumatism. Then, since it would have been a blasphemy, as Heaven had been so good, to wish for a son, he thanked God that, being a daughter, Felicitia was such as he was. She had been brought up with the sheep, of course; she had brought up the dogs herself by hand. If they served Don Pedro and the flock willingly, judge how they ran their feet off at the rounding-up as if it were a new and merry play invented expressly to give her dogs an occasion for being proud of themselves. She would be out in the blue-ringed dawn before the flock had begun to feed, having covered the two or three miles between them and the house light-footed and laughing. She set the flock in motion where the feed was tallest, and by the time old Pedro crawled sobbing from his blankets, she would be blowing the coals under his coffee-pot. Don Pedro called her Santissima, Daughter of Saints, Prop of his Home, the other names not less fervent and glowing than those of Roy Garcia, who had got beyond name-calling and adored her dumbly, away and absurdly happy to sit with her in the idle noons when the flock panted, each with its head under its neighbor's belly, while old Ruiz slept under the bitter-brush and the sun marched solemnly like the Host in the clean, high heaven. And for his forbearance in the matter of perverted declaration, Felicitia rewarded him by sending him out with the dogs to the evening round-up. Days of wind and lowering cloud she had the flock all under her hand while the old Don's wife nursed his pains with hot drinks and fannels.

It was reported that Roy Garcia, when he was told that the Ruiz girl had turned her back to her father's sheep, spending whole days in the open a flock journey from home, set spurs to his horse, and never

left of galloping until he had found her. But he could never win her consent to so much as being seen in her neighborhood unless Don Pedro was about. He succeeded so far in seeing her that when the rain came drumming on the broad leaves of the mallow, he sent the girl and the old man to the house, and he, Roy Garcia, who despised sheep and thought a whole day out of the saddle mispent, kept the flock alone. Which proves that he was a very astute young man or that he really loved her. Don Pedro softened much toward young Garcia in those days, and the Senora Ruiz made him toothsome cochilados and chile refritos.

But there were times, and you may be sure the young man never heard of them, for Felicitia was a modest girl and the pride of Pedro Ruiz was great, when she slept with the flock and watched them through the night. She would lie on there on the shaggy, turtle-backed hills sweeping girl-wise about Wild Rose, and bed the flock so as always to point the star of her mother's candle in the window of her home. Three times when the twilight-fire was lighted she made it to wink with the flare of burning grasswood, and in the morning sat up smoke, tall and thin, of green sage. Then Pedro and his wife would understand that it was well with the flock, and bless the saints accordingly. The girl would put on her father's clothes for the work,—she was full as tall as he, though as slender and swayed as a stalk of wheat,—and when she had strapped on an old horse-pistol, had a very pretty swaggar that made her parents laugh with a choke in the throat and a "Santa Maria, was there ever such a child as ours?" No, never, Roy Garcia could have told them. The girl came to no harm; indeed, there was none she could come to in the open wilderness. But she got a most glowing color, and her hair blew every way, like tendrils of the megarrhiza.

Don Pedro's ailment did not mend with the winter, and what with medicines, and the herder's wage being no more than a dollar a day, with food and tobacco, it seemed less than ever expedient to hire another man in his place. Besides, if the flock went down to the shearing at La Liebre without Ruiz, it was doubtful if ever he got another to tend. It was kindness only that won him this kindness, and a reputation for skill with lambs; for the band number less than a thousand, and it was cheaper to run three thousand in a bunch, with two men to handle them. So when the haze of spring began to brood over the land, and Pedro Ruiz had taken to his bed, it began to be also an anxious matter how the flock could be brought to the shearing. It would be two weeks going, for Ruiz was permitted to keep the flock at Wild Rose for lambing, and the lambs were tender, and ten days returning. All the way lay through open desert until the last, when it turned into the ramada between the broad headed oaks that kept the contours of the hills.

Pedro Ruiz and his wife lay awake in their bed far into the night discussing what was to be done about it; but Felicitia, on the hill slope with the flock, had never but one opinion. She would go with the flock herself.

"Felicitia mia," said her father, "you are the best of daughters, but the thing is impossible. Even if you were a boy, impossible; it is too hard for you."

"I will go as a boy," said Felicitia.

"Who is there to guess?" There was that in her father's eyes when he looked at her that said it would not be hard guessing.

"I am as tall as a boy," she said merrily, "and I think I have a beard coming," presenting the minute velvet down of her cheek for inspection. Then she got down on her knees by his bed and had her arms around him. After that old Pedro blessed God for the gift of a child and surrendered.

When it became necessary to take Roy Garcia into confidence, he was scandalized.

"It is too hard for you. It is man's work," he said.

Felicitia tossed her head. "But where is the man?"

The girl relented, seeing tears in his eyes.

"I know you would do it, Ray, but we cannot afford to hire you, and cannot take it as a gift."

"But let me go with you, to make sure no harm comes to you," he pleaded.

"What harm could come? Would you rob me of my good name?"

"Garcia is a good name," said the boy stoutly, though he blushed hotly all over to say it. "I would give it to you if I might go with you."

"No, no, Ray. You are kind, but the best you can do is to get me some clothes. I cannot go into La Liebre with my father's things. Get me some clothes that will look as if they belonged to me. I am only a little smaller than you."

A very pretty boy she looked when he was properly dressed for it, but Roy Garcia had another shock when he found all her lovely hair must be cut off. And with Felicitia laughing, Senora Ruiz snuffing, and old Pedro wiping his eyes in the bed, he dared not so much as bid at a wish for one of those thick, wavy locks.

"Why have you your blankets tied on your saddle, Ray?" asked the girl. The boy kept his eyes on the ground.

"I go on a journey—to Pecos. I have some work there. I shall be gone a month or six weeks."

"By which time," said Felicitia, "I shall be back from La Liebre. Come and hear my adventures."

The boy looked at her very earnestly and tender-eyed, but with never a word.

A great many unpleasant things might have happened to Felicitia going south with the flock along the foot of the Sierra wall; no rain fell to distress her, no wind arose to scatter the flock. Coyote rined her sheep with demoniac noises, but got none of the lambs, and the deadly milkweed did not spring about her trail. She saw no wild beasts of other flocks; they had all gone south for the lambing two months before. Here and there about the waste were pleasant splashes of spring. One would say they had spilled over the mountain rim from the fulgent San Joaquin.

Rising at dawn, when the flock began to feed, Felicitia made her breakfast of coffee and great lumps of bread. By mid-morning, when the sheep lay down or dozed upon their feet, huddled in an open space, she cooked a meal and took her noon siesta under the sage. Then the flock fed, traveling south until moonrise, when the dogs bedded them, and the girl crept into her blankets with a lump of bread which she was often too tired to eat; and slept till the dogs waked her.

It was remarkable that the first night out Felicitia had been nervous and watchful and the dogs had barked; but by the second night she felt the friendly presence of the wilderness: it pervaded all her sleep. Felicitia had never heard of any supernatural being but the saints and the blessed Personages; therefore she acknowledged

their protection in her prayers, like the good girl she was.

At the eighteen mile house she had dinner with teamsters who called her "bob," to her great satisfaction. The next day a prospector, passing, asked her for the makings of a cigarette. Roy Garcia had provided for that contingency. So by no greater hardship than the responsibility of the lambs involved, and with growing assurance of her boy's disguise, she came to the ranch-house of La Liebre, among the oaks. What she should do there had been agreed upon at home.

The superintendent of La Liebre looked up from his tally-books to see a wondrously slim lad, Raphael-eyed, with a face burned as dusky red as a pomegranate in the sun, wearing a shepherd's dress, with two herd dogs at his knees.

"I am Pedro Ruiz, son of Pedro Ruiz, whom you know. I have brought my father's flock, also a letter." He took it forthwith out of his hat, showing a lovely head of rough-cropped, wavy hair. The letter was a most wordy and moving appeal to the Superintendent to have regard for his past faithfulness and the excellent condition of the flock, and to return them in the charge of this, his most dutiful son; and in the meantime to keep the lad as much as possible under his eye, as he was somewhat ill furnished for the riot of shearings.

"I should think so," thought the superintendent, eying the lad all over. Young Pedro blushed the darker, and hung his head. A modest lad.

"And you brought the flock from Wild Rose yourself? You are young for the work."

"If you will but look," said the boy. "They are in good condition. One new lamb for every ewe, and over two hundred of those that had twins." All this being exactly as the letter had said, the superintendent approved the lad, had his blankets spread in the patio, kept him to run between the ranch-house and the shearing-pens. By this means young Pedro was able to avoid much that would have been difficult for a girl to bear: for the shearing is holiday-time, and wine goes freely about.

Pedro Ruiz had not been long a hired herder, and only one of those who drew in La Liebre knew much of his affairs. That is, Jules Girard, an quizzing and gossiping old rascal as ever wagged an unshaven chin. He came in late from the Sierra pastures, and was put to help at the shearing-frame. Here he had a glimpse of the slender lad who ran as the superintendent's word.

"He looks like a boy," said Jules, "born to be a breaker of hearts; Pedro Ruiz, is he," he said, when he had asked, and been answered, "son of Don Pedro? Well, I have known the old man these ten years back, but I have heard of no son. A daughter he had who should have been about to look long and keenly after the boy. In the course of a day or two he made an opportunity to ask after Don Pedro's health, and the rest of your brothers and sisters," said Jules.

"I am my father's only child," said the boy, carelessly, and then suddenly blushed a deep, painful red.

"He, ho!" said old Jules, under his breath. He kept what he thought to himself, for next day the parting of the flocks began, and Jules had already purposed going up along the desert at the foot of the Sierra wall.

Felicitia was beyond everything glad to be upon the trail again. The bazardous week of the shearing past, the feed abundant, spring in the air, under foot, in the heart, every day shining as a jewel, she sang as she walked in the dust of the flock.

The first day's travel lay through the shadowy oaks, and the night, Ah, the night at the edge of the chaparral. Other fires winked at night in the tender twilight haze; bells of the flocks carried far in the night. Felicitia had no means of knowing that the nearest of the fires was of Jules Girard, and slept, a sense of friendly presence about her, as mindlessly as her own sheep.

The next day at the noon halt old Jules came up with her. The girl seemed daunted at once, became nervous and anxious-eyed. The horse-pistol was in the saddle-bag on the pack-burro that fed forward with the flock. She had forgotten to take it, and Jules was as dangerous in the world. Jules was complimentary and insinuating and sentimental. He drew close, growing more assured, and enjoying her torment. He said of shepherding that it was a lonely life. One needed a companion now—for the lonely days, and the nights. Ah, the nights with the stars like fires! The knuckles of the girl's hand grasping the herder's staff were stretched white.

"For the trail one needs a companion, assuredly," said Jules, coming nearer; "for choice, a lovely maid, about your size. Curse me, but you have glorious eyes, boy; they go quite through me. Almost they might be a girl's. Do you know, if you were a girl, now, what I would do to you?" This "I" was about to snatch a kiss. Felicitia struck at him fiercely with her staff, and burst into tears,—and by the act stood confessed a girl. Jules Girard was grabbing his bruised head, the girl's hands were at her eyes, therefore neither of them saw quite what happened. There was a hurry and scramble of feet, a jet of soft, hissing, hot Spanish curses, and something whirling through the air that knocked old Jules flat, and stood over him, flashing and threatening.

"Dog of a herder," it said, "shall I send you to the devil at once or save you to be hanged?" Jules, though he was half-stunned with astonishment, thought himself no fool. A personable and infuriated young man springing out upon you at the mere snatching of a kiss from a pretty girl in boy's clothes meant but one thing to Jules. He winked feebly as he lay supinely between Roy Garcia's feet.

"My good fellow, I had no idea the girl was yours." "I was no more than a kiss I wanted."

Roy Garcia left him, and went over to where the girl stood sobbing.

"Are you hurt, Felicitia?" he faltered, not so much as daring to touch her. Jules sat up and regarded them.

"She is ahead, young man," he leered. "She'll croak you with her staff, I'll warrant."

"If you say another word, I shall croak your head open," said Ray, stoutly. "I am going to marry her."

He looked at Felicitia anxiously, to see how she would take this. Felicitia dried her eyes; whereupon Ray Garcia put his arm around her. He turned to the herder.

"She did not know I had come," he said. "She came because her father was ill, and I followed to see that she met with no harm. It is the business of men to protect women, not to molest them."

Girard was a Frenchman, therefore a sentimentalist. He gave them a very pretty blessing as he got upon his feet, and took himself to his own flock, but the young people did not hear him. There had occurred a miracle. Felicitia trembled; the shock of her trembling passed to Roy Gar-

cia; his head swam. What shining of the saint's eyes, what glow along the burnt splendor of her cheek assured him, what stinging of the soft young palms that clung together, I know not. Quivering lip strayed to lip. Ah, a miracle!

"Felicitia spoke first, withdrawing with gentle dignity."

"Roy, you have done wrongly."

"What, to knock over old Jules?" said the boy, aghast. Felicitia's eyes swam with tears.

"For that I thank you, and my father will thank you better when I am home; but in following me you did wrong. It might have got me much mistaken."

"Did you think I would have let you go alone? Besides, what does it matter, if we are going to be married?" It was impossible for Felicitia to be more rosy and dew-eyed than she was, but she held him off gravely.

"For that there is the more reason nobody should breathe upon my name." It is the surpassing miracle of love that it rises superior to loving. Roy Garcia was made to see that so long as the girl wandered about in his guise he must drop back into the silent, the unwarded guardian of the trail; and adoring her as being no lower than the saints save perhaps in the matter of being kissable, content to have it so.

They went up, then, a week's journey toward Wild Rose. By day they sighted each other moving dimly in the mist of spring. By twilight their fires signaled in the dusk. By night, lying miles apart on the steaming earth, they thrilled to each other under the starry spaces. Gillies and lapis ran purple under foot; miles of burnt gold of poppies spread about the knees of the mountain. The new-born flock went whitely in the midst of rank pasture; bloom of the sky-blue larkspurs milled the bells. They passed the eighteen mile house, passed Red Butte, swung out to avoid the gulches about Coyote Holes, scrambled up the gorge of Black Rock, sighted the last, low-backed hills about Wild Rose. Day by day the horse of Roy Garcia, obeying the heart of his master rather than the rein, edged toward the flock of Pedro Ruiz. The last day but one the two solemn young things went voiceless within hail. The last day saw them draw together at the meadow of Wild Rose.

There was an excellent excuse of a bunch of surpassing lilies which Roy Garcia would give to Felicitia. Such flowers bloom on the desert in wet years only. Felicitia took them bravely, with drooped eyes. Roy Garcia walked with his hand on his arm. They broke through the thicket of wild almonds, drowsing with bees and heavy with perfume. There was a foot-deep gully here that Felicitia must be helped over. She had been ten flock journeys to La Liebre and back, but Roy Garcia must needs give her his hand over the gully.

"They were on their hand in hand, until they sighted the roof under the fig-tree."

"Confess," said Roy Garcia, "that you are glad I came."

"For the sake of what happened to Jules Girard, yes," said Felicitia.

"For nothing else?"

"What else?"

"This," Roy Garcia's horse started as if it had heard an order to move on.

"Tell me," said Roy, with his arm around her—"in all that two weeks going, did you not feel me near you, not once?"

"Better than that—I knew it."

"Knew it? Best how?"

"I guessed it in the beginning, when I saw your blanket tied behind the saddle, and the woman at the eighteen mile house told me you had passed that day. Besides, I knew—you would not love me—"

"Oh, adorable one! Felicitia mia!" said Roy Garcia.

The flock, scenting the home pastures, jaugled on hurriedly, the dogs upon their heels. The light fell low and struck side-long through the hills. Little white gillies, musky and sweet, came out underfoot, and white stars overhead. The flock blithedly followed the herder, and old Pedro Ruiz, hobbling out to let them in, stood a long time at the bars wondering what had become of Felicitia.—By Mary Austin, in the Century Magazine.

Forty Years in Iowa.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.]

CHAPTER I.

Official records made by regular representative bodies, are recognized the world over as authentic and as such, can be depended upon to a greater extent than information obtained from any other source. Statistical and all other data collected, arranged and so published by authority of the taxpayer, belongs to whomsoever may desire to be so informed. The purpose of the writer has been to treat with matters pertaining to Iowa, but more particularly with the five or six counties considered as belonging to the locality of the capital city. While not much of a traveler, business and pleasure made it possible to enable us to visit and at least look upon each of our ninety-nine counties, but the time since leaving Pennsylvania has been spent largely in the former above proscribed locality, and definitely this we write taking the privilege of referring to and mixing in, such incidents pertaining to the old State that gave us birth, as is desirable.

The percentage of illiteracy in the State of Iowa is given at one and five tenths per cent, and there are but few other States that stand in the way of our being top-notchers. This exceedingly low rating or percentage owes its existence to an excellent public school system, and the credit of it belongs and should be given to Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and all other eastern States, that produced and sent the best of their youth of fifty years ago to unite and formulate into one great whole, from the best laws their respective States had in force, such statutes as by which we are now governed, and though the ranks of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association are being rapidly depleted, there are yet a goodly number of these grand old men left, who meet here during the sessions of the Legislature, both for their own social diversion and to recommend for enactment such laws as they think would ensure to the benefit of our citizens. They are an organized band of grand old men, commanding the respect of everybody, being welcomed here in their biennial gathering in a manner due them; and there are Pennsylvania among them.

The much greater percentage of our tax is for the maintenance and support of the public schools. It matters not whether it is a matter of tax levy or a bond issue, the people vote largely in the majority for the measures. The system in all its detail is closely guarded by wise legislation as it seems possible for men to make; even down to a truancy provision which places an officer in each school district to prevent such disobedience. We have also a reasonable compulsory act, that requires all children to be in attendance at some place of learning for a stated period of time each year. The percentage accredited to us is not of much apperance in our native born, but largely with the foreign citizenship which they would have otherwise availed themselves.

As a natural and reasonable result, morality is not at a low ebb, or very far below in its pace, and we point to a verification of this statement, to the existence of ninety-eight church buildings in this city alone, and for many missions that are maintained in that portion where such are usually established while every five miles all over the country districts school buildings are in evidence. We do not presume to say that a city of ninety or one hundred thousand is clear of vice and immorality, but we do say that it is kept within good check, and persistent violations prevail only where such characters are shielded and protected by those opposed to the enforcement of righteous and wholesome law. Police court records show that arrests for drunkenness are made daily and if often repeated, and at the request of relatives, these unfortunates are sent to a State penal institution provided for that purpose.

Our authorities are on the alert, and especially for violations of the liquor laws. Some ten days ago a westbound overland train was held for two hours, employees arrested, a large quantity of liquor confiscated, and of course the action to enforce this law was denounced by a class.

On April 26th, fifteen saloon men of this city were arrested and warrants are out for others; four were taken at Marshalltown, four at Boone and eight or ten at Oskaloosa, for selling to Indians. The reservation at Tama became so demoralized by the smuggling going on that the U. S. officers were called to work and by using the educated young men, dressed in blankets, evidence was obtained with the above result. The saloon men in Des Moines generally, are law abiding and conduct their business strictly in accordance therewith, and are not in sympathy with those who do not.

Many of these men in the business here we know well, and they are gentlemen and honest, but their business is somewhat against them.

The educational facilities in this city and over the entire State are good. At Indianola, thirty miles distant, the county seat of Warren, Simpson Centenary College is located. It is well established and is doing effective work, having among its Alumni strong men and women scattered all over the great west. Morally, this town of four or five thousand inhabitants is clean—no saloons, or their milder accessions.

As stated in a former article, there are colleges in this city that are models of excellent institutions. The public schools are second to none, so that the boy or girl, no difference how short of funds, if industrious and so desires, can alone fully equip themselves for any of the professions.

There are young men forging to the front in this city, in the legal profession, that

made themselves entirely what they are today.

In the rural districts, here as in all other States, through no fault or desire of the authorities they do not afford facilities for a thorough work in the public schools, as is possible in our cities and towns, and for one reason: namely lack of material in sufficient numbers to obtain results for money that would be provided and expended, were the pupils in evidence. With country school houses two to four miles apart, the older scholars, sent away to the nearest city institutions, the formation of grades is out of the question.

Up against this proposition, and with four reasonably energetic as well as mischievous youngsters, to be given of what is best for life's battle, we concluded to give up farm life and locate where the children could attend the best of public schools for nine months of the twelve, and if desirable, the college privileges would be available later.

Financially, the change did not appeal to us, but the object sought did, and at this writing, with five boys and girls and fairly well equipped intellectually, doing for themselves, and another in his eighteenth year, about ready for High school graduation, have no regrets for having made the sacrifice. Whether pronounced as queer sentimentalism or not, the parting at a public sale with dumb brutes, bred and fostered under interested care, left a pang of regret, and from the faithful old Ned horse and Dolly mare, down to the frisky young colts, the patient cows with their offspring fast growing into money, are some of the things of the past that are not pleasant to contemplate.

Two year's office work at Curtin's Iowa, supplemented with a course in the Iowa Business college, had not been lost or forgotten during the years of farm life, so that remunerative employment in lines of business has always been at hand, though some farming by telephone has since been carried on.

Incidentally, it can be said that the possession of some business knowledge by the man who tills the soil, does not detract from his ability to operate a farm. To designate him as a "Hayseed," a "Rube" or "Grainger" only acts as a rebound; it also designates the chap making such expressions, as a "shallowpate."

A city bred young man spent his summer vacation from school with his uncle on a stock farm and really wanted to make himself useful. He was given a bucket of salt one morning and sent to the shed to "salt" a bunch of twenty calves and then soon after, to turn them into the pasture. At noon it was found necessary to return them to the shed, to prevent the larger outlet from licking the hair and hide from off their backs.

S. W. BAKER.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 1st, 1909.

Do Not Spray Blossoms.

The owners of fruit trees who intend spraying their trees to prevent diseases and kill the codling moth larva are advised by Prof. Surface, of the Division of Economic Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, not to spray the blossoms, but to wait until after the petals have dropped, or more than three-fourths are down. Injury will be caused to the blossoms if they are sprayed when open, but the spraying should not be delayed after the blossoms have fallen. To secure the best results the spray must be applied within six days after the blossoms fall, and a second spraying should be done ten days or two weeks after the first application to prove effective.

The following are the objections to spraying trees when in bloom:

1. There is no definite pest for which the spray is applicable at that time, and each spraying should be for something definite.
2. The very young fruit is liable to be injured by the spray liquid falling upon it at this time. Spraying when in bloom is a very sure way of thinning the fruit crop, but it is very unscientific and unsatisfactory.
3. Spraying blossoms with poison results in the destruction of bees. Bees are necessary for fertilization and setting of the fruit.
4. The delay of only a short time, or until just after the blossoms fall, gives the proper time for spraying for the codling moth and for plant diseases and does not result in the destruction of fruit or bees. The proper spraying material is the Bordeaux Mixture to which an arsenical poison, such as Paris green or arsenate of lead is added. There are two spraying strengths for this liquid, according to the hardness of the tree or plant to be sprayed. Spray the apple, pear, quince and potato with the strong formula which calls for 3 lbs. of quick lime in 50 gallons of water, with one or two lbs. of arsenate of lead added to this. If Paris green is used, instead of the arsenate of lead, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. should be used to each 50 gallons.
5. The weak formula calls for one-half of the above quantities of bluestone, lime and arsenate of lead in 50 gallons of water. This is used on peach and plum trees on account of their tender bark, and on similar delicate plants. Peach and plum trees do not need to be sprayed immediately after blossoming, but these and the grapes should be sprayed for wormy fruit, making the application after the fruit reaches the size of basketball.—By H. A. Surface, State Zoologist.

Two Arctic Enemies.

From Frank Stick's "Monarchs of the Ice Flies" in the December St. Nicholas.

Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, brain's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offering against the polar bear's attack—the huge and cumbersome walrus; but his movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.