MARCH WINDS

The bold March winds, The cold March winds. What a chorus of elfin sounds They make as they scamper down the street Just to jostle the passengers off their feet As they go their daily rounds.

The bold March winds. The cold March winds, What a comical part they play, They fluster and bluster, they rage and roar, They knock at the window and bang at the door In a most ungallant way.

The bold March winds, The cold March winds, How they strike to our very bones. Yet the sweet little violet lifted its head, And the daisies peep out from their grassy bed, At the sound of the trumpet tones. -Author unknown. Sent by Emily B. Busey, Baltimore, Md.

MISS CELIA'S BOW.

By Maria Crawford

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"That's lovely, Miss 'Celia. Play some more," demanded Betty, getting up to spread out her white skirts with precision before sitting down again. "I have to keep this dress nice, you know, because mother has gone down the mountain to the station to meet my uncle, and he is most particular about the way I look."

'So your uncle is coming! What is he like. Betty?"

"Mother said she hoped he would fall in fove with you, for she thought you were the finest girl she ever knew. I can't tell you what he's like, 'cause it's been a long time since I saw him. He's been traveling for a has come to change you so?" long while. Daddy said he's been in love with some girl who wouldn't marry him, but mother laughed and said he was silly to say such a thing, of the elect." for all the girls adore Uncle Bob and he could just take his choice if he wanted any of them."

"You never told me that his name was Bob. Betty."

"Didn't 1? Well, that doesn't make any difference, does it? Don't you like the name of Bob, Miss 'Celia?" "Yes, of course, dear. I-I just didn't remember having heard his name. You haven't told me what he is

like. Betty.' "Big as a barn. Daddy says that's the most 'spressive thing you can say about Uncle Bob.'

"Robert Mayfield is a very pretty name, isn't it?" "That's not his name. He is moth-

er's brother. Now please play." Afraid to arouse the child's suspicion by too many questions, Miss 'Celia tucked the violin lovingly under her chin and softly drew the fragile bow across the str ute she had forgotten the rapt little face of the child before her and was living again in her romantic past, which had been of so short duration that it often seemed as mysterious

and unreal as a dream. "That's grand, Miss 'Celia." The child's voice brought her back to the present. "It's mighty sad sounding, though. It makes cold shivers run up and down my back and I hurt way inside. Mother says that sounds like I had the heartache, but, of course,

she said, I am too little for that." "I hope you will stay too little to know the agony," said Miss 'Celia, suddenly wrapping her violin to put it

"Play one jolly piece and make me feel good, Miss 'Celia. Try that one where leaves are dancing. It sounds just like the leaves do out there on the mountain when the wind blows." "What a flatterer you are. Betty!

One more, then I must stop, else the people over in the hotel will be asking me to move."

.

"No, they won't. Everybody says they love to hear you play. Old Mr. Wilson says that you can make a fortune by playing on the stage. This is the loveliest cottage I ever saw. How long are you going to stay on the mountain, Miss 'Celia?"

"I don't know, dear. I feel as if I would like to stay here always." "I know all the girls are charming." said Bob Thorne to his sister, as they went slowly up the mountain road, "but please keep them at a distance. I came down here to visit you and Betty for a week. Of course I will meet your friends-I don't want to be a boor-but don't expect any Chesterfield stuff of me or you will be disappointed."

Betty's mother looked at the six feet of splendid manhood.

"All right," she said quietly and began to believe her husband's story of Bob's love affair. "I haven't seen Miss 'Celia all day.

I wonder why she hasn't played any. There, listen, Uncle Bob, that's my Miss 'Celia playing now."

Betty moved closer to her big uncle where he sat on the hotel steps and laid her hand on his knee. "'Celia!" said the man softly.

"'Celia!"

It was almost twilight and there was a quiet hush on the mountain. The notes of the violin came to his ears and their music was no louder than the sound of the south wind as it sighed through the pine trees and stirred the maple leaves touched with the crimson of the fall. There was the pain of an aching heart in the music of the strings and Betty nestled closer to the man and turned her pink palm to meet the big hand that had closed protectingly over her small

Soon the music changed. The notes

grew light and happy and then launched into a triumphant love song. It was as if the player himself were calling to her mate and it seemed, so insistent was the call, that if such were the case, he must answer, even though he had to come across a world to her.

"Come, Betty," said Bob Thorne hoarsely, "take me over to see your. Miss 'Celia."

"I wanted to take you this morn ing but you said you hoped you would be delivered from any girls here. I'm awful glad we're going. I just can't get along without seeing Miss 'Celia every day.

Betty pushed open the door and peered in the shadows of the living room in the cottage. "Wait," she whispered to the man

beside her, and went in alone. "Hello, Miss 'Celia. Let's light the candles so we can see!"

That task accomplished. Betty dejust as Miss 'Celia lifted the little rosewood instrument to her shoulder Bob Thorne, finding that he could of the candles.

Miss 'Celia, Uncle Bob.'

"Entirely yours?" gravely questioncold little hands in his own. The introduction properly effected,

Betty went off in search of Miss 'Celia's mother and the cookies that were always ready for her. "Well," asked the man, "is it al-

ways to be just the violin, 'Celia?" His tone held the bitterness of long suffering

"Not if you-if you still want me." answered the girl breathlessly. Then when she was clasped close to him a voice from somewhere under his chin said, "Oh, I was so afraid it wouldn't be you after all, and you wouldn't hear tonight.' "'Celia, how did it happen? What

"Time," said 'Celia, "and sorrowful loneliness. Art may be enough for some women, Bob, but I am not one

"Elect?" scornfully. "I thought I owed it to mother to make something out of my music when I had been so carefully educated. I tried harder than ever after you went away-

"After you sent me away," he interrupted.

"But my genius came down to merely talent and I grew discouraged. broke down then, gave up my college work and came to the mountains to get strong and try to forget-you. But when I met Betty I gave up all hope of forgetting, for she has your way of demanding things and getting what she wants."

"Not always." There was a shadow in the man's eyes at thought of his lonely journey over the world to forget one face and the sound of one violin.

"Don't look like that, Bob." the girl. "I am so much better fitter for you if-if you still want me." There was a pause while he proved to her entire satisfaction again how much he wanted her.

"You know I tried to believe that I was a modern woman. I wanted a career and fame. Betty made me realize that a happy life for a woman is bounded by love and a home." "God bless Betty," said her uncle

fervently. "When I heard that a man was coming, and all they told me was that his name was Bob, and that he was big, I hoped, oh, you don't know how I hoped and prayed that he would prove by some miracle to be

"So you are willing to give up a career for me?"

"I'll never play again, Bob, unless you want to hear me.' "That will be often, dear. I am not

selfish and I'll never be jealous of your violin again. To tell you the truth, I have run from the sound of a violin for a year, for the music of one always made me want you." "You ran to it tonight."

"Only because I knew the sound of your bow on the strings, and I knew that I would find you here. So you are really going to give up walking the boards in the glare of the foot-

"Yes," said the girl, happily, "for a space no larger than the circle of your arms."

"Of one man's eyes." Quite Another Matter.

"And the light?"

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild looking man, who had rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist. "Does it put a fellow to sleep?" "It does."

"Sound sleep, so you can't wake him answered.

out his eye and he wouldn't feel it?" "He would know nothing about it." "How long does he sleep?" 'The physical insensibility produced by inhaling gas lasts a minute, or

"You could break his jaw or gouge

probably a little less." "I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take."" "Yes, take a seat in this chair and

show me your tooth." "Tooth! Nonsense!" cried the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porus plaster off my back!" -Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Poor Horse.

The family horse was shedding his coat. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed small Sadie, "do come and look at old Dobbin. I believe he's all moth-eaten!"

FOR THE HEROINE.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Edson frowned as the girl took the vacant seat opposite him. He dined at Harney's oftener than he could well afford because the place was so much man-size. Women came there to be sure, but either in family parties, or properly escorted; that is to say, for the most part. He had once or twice before seen the lone female in search of a meal, but only once or twice. This afternoon the lone woman was

particularly upsetting. He had come rather early-the day had been blistering-intent upon getting his pet table, just beside the fountain. There. if anywhere, one caught a breath of breeze; moreover the water-play made the air fresh, and the big skylight manded more music. So it was that overhead was sure to be open. The tiny table was hardly big enough for two. Why had he not seized upon Cram or hardy and made them come wait no longer, stepped into the glow in with him? Then he might have smoked his cigar, sipping his coffee "This," said Betty proudly, "is my the while, at peace with all the world. All this flashed upon him between lines of the sporting extra, in which ed the man as he took Miss 'Celia's he affected to be buried. But even a double-header at the local park could not last longer than through the interval of waiting. He had refused the regular dinner, ordering what he chose. The woman would be sure to go right through all the courses, else affront masculine appetite with iced tea and chocolate eclairs.

A covert glance told him his table mate had not the chocolate eclair complexion. Her skin was fine and firm. Her hair looked alive-fine tendrils drooped on her brow and about the nape of her neck. She was quietly gowned, in a soft sheer gray something almost entirely lacking trimmings. The lack recommended her to Edson. He was an illustrator, with aspirations toward real art. "Good lines-and she knows enough not to spoil them," he commented inly, noting the while that the sleeves, neither too tight nor too loose, revealed something rare-a pair of perfect dimpled wrists. Neither gloves nor bangles marred them. Indeed the lack of superfluities throughout was refreshing. Edson began to feel that after all Fate had been kind-kinder than he deserved. Here was just the type he had been vainly seeking for a weekthe girl in Graham's novel, about whom the author himself was so particular.

He wondered if he could recall her. If he had dared he would have sketched her outline upon his cuff. She did not seem to be watching him. Yet he was aware she knew pretty much what he did. She had answered graciously enough the few commonplaces he had ventured without in any way inviting their continuance. Evidently she had come for a dinner of herbs. Her meal began with cantaloupe and ended with sliced peace a double portion. In between there were green corn and a crisp salad. And by way of finale coffee, for which

Harney's was rather famous. The two came to coffee at the same time, though she had eaten delicately with a refined deliberation. Edson fingered his cigar a thought irresolutely. She smiled and said-the first time she had spoken unprovoked: "Light it, please-if you can say honestly it is good. Otherwise, please wait until I get away."

"I wonder if you really know a good cigar!" Edson answered, smiling the

She nodded confidently. "My father taught me discrimination—in men and tobacco," she said. "So I have an inconvenient belief that neither is worth while, if mediocre."

"Doesn't the belief make rather solitary?" Edson hazarded. She shook her head-Edson went on: "Possibly, then, you are a woman's woman-

Another head shake interrupted him. "I am-mostly-a human being," she said, "I have a shell, of course-for self-protection-but most times I leave it at home."

"Dare I hope you left it this time?" Edson asked.

"She looked at him doubtfully, half a second, then said with a faint shrug: "Isn't it too hot for shells of any sort?

By way of answer Edson laid his card in from of her. She did not glance at it until she had paid her check. Even then it was no more than a glance.

"I knew you anyway-your picture is so often in the advertising pages," she said with another little shrug. "I have to pay attention to them," she explained, "since advertising means

my bread and butter." "I see! A hopeless plutocrat-in spite of your dinner of herbs," Edson

She laughed softly, "I like only the herbs which cost real money," she said. "That reminds me-your cigar wants lighting. Make haste, please! I must be going in a minute, and am really curious as to the sort of weed you fancy."

"I would rather show you the sort of girl I fancy," Edson said boldly looking straight at her. "I won't ask your name, much as I should like to know it-but since you are reasonably secure that I'm neither a pirate nor a kidnapper, I am asking you to go with me to an open-air "As You Like It"-luckily I have cards."

"That will be very much as I like it," the girl said dimplingly. "I was just wondering what to do with myself."

But she gave neither her name nor any clew to her identity-Edson was piqued into a deeper, keener interest by her evident reserve. It would be awkward, if he met people he knew-

it was likely he might run across a lot. Netwithstanding, he was gamethe girl could not elude him always -and she was truly the type of which

he stood so sorely in need. The play, given upon a big lawn full of immemorial oaks, was half over when there came a scud of rain. Yet it was not the big pelting drops which made his companion shudder-of that Edson was certain, although she had given no sign of recognizing anybody in the crowd.

He had seen Grabam across at the far side-Graham with his eyes dreamy, yet his mouth set. Graham was not one of fortune's spoiled darlings-inheritor of a fortune, no less a genius and a gentleman. Apparently he had not seen Edson-yet as the saying behind him:

"Take this umbrella, Dan, while I call a taxi. No use in waiting-we are in for a real rain."

Then the astonishing young woman rose up, faced Graham, and said softly: "No need of a taxi, John-you know neither I nor my frocks ever minded a wetting."

"Elizabeth!" Graham gasped, catching her hands, and going all colors. She, too, changed color-a clear red swept her pallor, and made her vividly beautiful. "I have changed one way," she half whispered, moving nearer Graham under pretext of shelter. "I have found out it takes a really sensible girl to be the worst possible fool."

"How?" Graham asked chokingly, while Edson stared.

"By reading advance sheets of Two Women,' the girl said. "You don't know it-but I am doing press work for it. Of course I recognized myself in it-and-your point of view." "Odd, but I recognized you as the

heroine—the model for her, I mean the minute I looked at you across the table," Edson broke in. She laughed softly. "I went to your

said. "I will tell you now my name-Elizabeth Bradley." "It is hardly worth while telling itsince it will be Elizabeth Graham to-

morrow," Graham interrupted. She looked at him a little reproachfully. "You had better explain," she said, nodding toward Edson. "He doesn't know that we were engaged until daddy lost so much money your lady mother sighed at thought of the match."

"Never mind! Never mind anything but that you are going to marry me," Graham said stoutly.

Elizabeth began to giggle. "I have to mind a lost opportunity," she said. "Since it is happening to me, myself I want it kept dark-but only think what a chance for a press agent, if the story of how the illustrator unwittingly reconciled the famous author and his heroine-sweetheart, could

be featured as it deserves." "I shall tell it to-your successor, and see that justice is done it," Edson said, bowing. "Unless you agree

that I may be best man.' "That goes without saying," Graham said over his shoulder, as he strode with the drenched but radiant ribbon and loops. Elizabeth toward a waiting car.

Boys of Malta Gather in the Streets by the Hundreds for the Sport.

This is the top-spinning season in Malta, and hundreds of boys are spinning them in the streets. The tops used are like the common American few whipping tops.

The favorite game of the top spinners is as follows: The boys draw lots to see whose top is to be placed on the ground. Then the others try lar one-piece frock of sheer materia to hit the top on the ground with the spikes of their own tops when burling them at the beginning of the spin. If they miss they pick up the spinning top in the palm of the hand and throw it at the top on the ground. If the top is missed the spinner loses and must

place his top on the ground. The game ends when the top on the ground is knocked behind a line prevoiusly agreed upon. Then all the rest of the players have the right to strike the top of the loser by taking their tops firmly in their hands and stabbing the loser's top with the spikes of their own. Their number of stabs, usually about six, is agreed upon previously.

Very Likely.

Cousin Silas (reading)-"It says in this here paper that a flea kin jump 2,000 times its own length." Uncle Heck-"That's probably why we never hear of a flea getting run over by a motor car.-Puck.

Why Not?

Mr. Brown preached fearlessly and with power, and many in the audience were visibly affected. Rev. Mr. Ross did fine work with the chorus, and he sang as a solo: "Why Not Say yrfipmfwgkjgkjbkg."-Chicago Tribune.

What the Reikin Is. A new stringed musical instrument

is reported to have been devised by a Japanese violinmaker in the city of Nagoya. The invention is named the reikin, and seems likely to supersede the samisen. It has the shape of a guitar, save in the neck, that is the only part resembling a samisen. There are four strings to it, and by manipulation of the keys the instrument can be made to do the work of several samisen. The inventor has played his reikin in an orchestra of Japanese instruments and showed that it is a success in every way. He says that the idea came to him when he was touring through Europe last year.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Oh, the littleness of the lives that we are living, denying to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God. -Phillips Brooks.

Many sailor hats of white and black straw with white velvet bands are seen.

Sailors of white straw with brim rolled at side and one small plume are

White satin, trimmed with wide black satin cord and braid, is being exploited for day gowns.

A new linen material called Ottoman rain came thicker, Edson heard him cloth promises to be one of the favorite fabrics for tailored gowns during the spring and summer season. The cloth is a heavily corded material, differing from the wide wale pique in that the cord is rounder.

It comes in alternating cords of white and color, and is exceedingly effective in ually as the pigs' power of assimilation white and gray, white and rose and old blue and white.

Its wearing qualities are admirable, for

it cleans without trouble. Piques in white and colors will also hold a prominent place in lightweight materials. The Turkish towelings which made their appearance during the winter are shown in fascinating array of colors and color combinations. They are used as trimmings for lighter materials of the same tone rather than for entire gowns. There is a new material called sponge which suggests the toweling, but is much lighter in weight, finer and less rough.

This will be used for complete costumes. Cotton crepon promises to have re-newed favor after having been laid aside for several seasons. Remarkably lovely frocks are seen in this material, both in white and light colors.

Some of the weaves are very crinkly, but the fine, sheer qualities are the best selections.

Linens, of course, will hold their usual place in the wave of popularity.

They are shown in every possible shade and color. Those in mixed shades of table to see if you would do it," she ecru and white and the clear blue mixed with white and shot with black are decidedly smart for suits and one-piece gowns.

> What has become of the tailored girl who looked so smart in her mannish collar and firm, steady four-in-hand? and all her ilk seem to have passed out with the advent of the frenzy of fluffiness that has seized the feminine world. The few who have survived the billows of laces and miles of ruffles are marked rarities, and, possibly do their own laun-

However, the generousness of neckwear is gradually decreasing and fan frills and Parisian jabots are taking on proportions not only more refined, but undoubtedly more becoming.

The small girl with a great white wing cost to the consumer if buyers would buy securely pinned to her shoulder would be laughable were she not so modest and unassuming in manner. But the new neckwear will soon rightfully represent her, as well as the too

generously built woman who shies at so much ostentation. Stocks with jabots to match are the fashionable thing in neckwear, and instead of the lavishly fluted varieties, the simple graduated please is shown Hand factory. Of course, and it should go simple, graduated pleat is shown. Hand without saying, the plot of ground should embroidery and simple thread laces are be fairly well drained. the favored trimmings, and a bit of color is occasionally introduced by means of

One-piece frocks for spring of white SEASON FOR SPINNING TOPS corduroy, serge, blue serge and striped summer ratine have a short fitted petticoat of twilled silk, which is cut off just above the knees.

> Satin, which came in with such a rush this winter, has gone over into the spring fabrics. If a costume is not of satin it is trimmed with satin or largely

made of it. Satin comes in plain and striped colors; toy spun with a string. There are a black and white, gray and black and blue and white are among the best choices

> The tailored costume does not demonstrate this fact as markedly as the popu-The most authoritative French designers are gradually widening the skirt, fear-ing to make a radical change likely to

> meet with disfavor.
>
> Some of the skirts fall full from the waist line, and unless treated in an artistic manner are sad failures. If, however, they have the proper arrangement of full-ness, there is nothing prettier. More interesting than any of these full

skirt treatments was a model fashioned of striped taffeta in tones of white, green The shoulder line was extremely long, the sleeves were close fitting and fell well

over the hands. Double frills of finely pleated tulle fin-ished the neck, at the base of the throat. This pleating was continued down the left side of the bodice, disappearing beneath a high, snugly fitted girdle of black

Considerable material was used for the The lines were straight. The fullness from the flatly stitched horizontal pleats

ward and back to disappear under the straight-falling, full back breadth. The fuller skirts are graceful and most artistic. They are bound to be received

woman who has the leisure can tint a wall at very little expense. The brush —an ordinary whitewash brush of good quality—costs about \$1. A tin pail is needed for mixing the tint, and the mixing itself is not at all difficult. Preparations of various kinds come in a large range of colors: the powder needs only to be mixed with water to the right con-

The preparation can often be put satisfactorily over a wallpaper if it is not torn or badly defaced. Of course a little practice enables one to do the tinting more evenly, but even a novice who is careful has no cause to be ashamed of her efforts.

There is a decided note of simplicity now prefers her own hair simply arranged to the more elaborate coiffures lately in vogue, Fashion's newest fancy may not be good for the hairdresser, but it is decidedly beneficial to the head.

It least four or five months, to be thoroughly sweetened as well as broken up. But an intelligent person will readily see that full trenching must pay in the long run, if the soil is not to be sick or barren.

FARM NOTES.

-Breeding from immature animals too often reduces the size and uniformity of the litters.

-The practice of using young sows is sure to end in a degeneracy of stock sooner or later.

-When it can be done, the sow and litter should be kept alone until her pigs are a week old

-As a rule, young sows that do well with their first litters may be considered good brood sows.

-Generally a well-matured sow does not cost as much for keeping as a young and growing one.

A ration in which corn is a portion of the food will give better results than to depend entirely upon it. -Pigs should not be weaned until they

have learned to eat well which will b when they are from eight to ten weeks old. -When the pigs get fairly to eating,

increases. -The breeding sows should be lengthy and strong, the more so the better provided it is, not to such an extent to de-

note weakness. —As a general rule a good appetite is a good indication of health and a hog that will eat heartily at each meal can generally be looked upon as in good

health.

-In feeding for growth, what is necessary to keep in a good thrifty condition should be supplied, but in fattening all that they will eat up clean should be given, let the quantity be what it may. -So says Professor A. G. Phillips, of the

Purdue University Agricultural Experi-ment Station, and what he says of Indiana eggs will equally apply to almost every State in the Union: The farms of Indiana produced over 72,000,000 dozen eggs, valued at over \$12,000,000, in 1910. A large proportion of these eggs were not first class in quality, many of them being small, dirty, washed, cracked, stale or rotten. The figures, taken from Circular No. 140, of the United States Department of Agricul-

ture, are given to show the percentage of undesirable eggs that are sold upon the market in the Middle Western States: Dirties 2 per cent. Broken 2 per cent. Chick development 5 per cent. Shrunken or held 5 per cent. Rotten 2½ per cent. Mouldy 1 per cent. Total 17 per cent. Observation of conditions in Indiana has not shown that the eggs of that State are any better than any other State; in fact, some reports seem to indicate that the reverse is true. Assuming that the above figures are applicable to Indiana, it is fair to state that the annual loss to farmers selling good eggs amounts to over \$2,210,000. This amount might therefore be saved to the producer without extra

eggs on their merits. -One of the most important operations in the garden is tillage. It must be properly performed, neglect resulting in fail ure. No matter if the soil is naturally very fertile, or that sufficient manure has been applied, and the seeds the best that could be purchased, if proper tillage is

The plow should be used at once, if it has not been used in late autumn or during the winter. The furrow plow should turn over the surface soil to the depth of nine inches, a foot would be better, so as to bury the stubble, weeds, or remains of clover crop, and allowed to remain for a time. A cultivator would clean the surface and later on a harrow would break

up the clods. But in a more limited plot of ground, where the garden would be more for home use, a spade would be more effective. With this the soil can be broken into smaller portions, more of the hidden soil will be exposed to the air and trouble some and deeply-penetrating weeds will be more effectually gotten rid of. For a stiff soil it is best to begin work early in the autumn, but for light land, later in the winter is time enough.

The object in tilling is to expose fresh portions of the soil, which, during the growth of the previous crop, have somewhat deprived of air, and have in consequence become sour: to regain some sweetness, and to allow the elements of the air, which are more powerful in winter than in any other season, to do their part to soften any particluarly hard substance which, after digging, would lie on the surface. The plants should continually receive nourishment from the substances in the soil, and these, though present, are useless unle they can be dissolved in water and ab-

sorbed by the root hairs.
Ground left to the care of itself would be inclined to become so solid that water the soil below would naturally become cold, so that growth would be impeded. Again, the substances in the soil necessary for plant life require not only water to make them soluble, but oxygen to form compounds to enable them to be-come useful, and as the air is to a certain

extent, roughly about one-fifth, composed across the front was drawn softly downof oxygen gas, the free admission of air to the soil is absolutely necessary. It is better, on a heavy soil, to put the ground into ridges for the winter than to leave it on the flat after digging. The rougher the soil is left the better will be

the exposure to the air. The spring rains will readily flow through a ridged-up soil, and, without much further labor, it will be ready for planting. The use of a rake will be sufficient to prove that the weathering agents of the air have materially assisted in making a capital tilth.

When, in fall, the lumps are hard they can now be crumbled quite easily by the touch of a fork. But on light land ridging is unnecessary—a light trenching or simple digging out is resorted to. Light trenching, however, would not be suffi-cient year after year for good returns. When a piece of ground is broken up for gardening purposes for the first time the process must be gradual. The soil properly so called may not extend in

depth more than two feet, and then something of a totally different nature seen in the new coiffures. Puffs, coils and braids seem to be relegated to the bureau drawer, for the fashionable woman for at least four or five months, to be