

TRUE WISDOM.

If ever I am wise,
May it not be from books,
But from the brilliant skies...

DINNER ADVENTURES

Young Mrs. Wilton hurried guiltily through the dusk. This was the third time within a week that she had attended a reception...

"I'll stay at home tomorrow and get up a regular dinner, frills and all," she promised herself, penitently.

The dining room clock chimed half-past five as she opened her door. There was no time to change her dress, so, slipping a big apron over her finery, she flew into the kitchen.

She flew in and out of the kitchen and the dining room with the beautiful quickness and sureness that sometimes comes as a result of a happy, restful, worry free day.

It was. The steak was broiled to perfection, the biscuits were so flaky that even Mrs. Wilton was astounded. The coffee had percolated itself into some sort of nectar.

"Say, young lady," Wilton remarked as he buttered his fifth biscuit, "this is a dinner that must have been inspired. Why—" helping himself to more steak and mushrooms, "it's a regular poem!"

"Oh, this isn't what I call a regular dinner," declared Mrs. Wilton, dimpling. "I got in rather late from Mrs. Bentley's this afternoon and so I didn't fuss. But tomorrow we are going to have a dinner that will take your breath away."

"Well, if you can beat this dinner you're a wonder. Of course, I'll bring Ridgely. I've been advising him to get married when he's kicked about boarding house meals, and a meal like this one will certainly clinch my arguments."

Directly after Wilton's departure the next morning Mrs. Wilton sat down and put the outline of the dinner on paper. Everything worked out so smoothly and looked so well when written down that she felt as if the dinner was already half prepared.

Her mind was easy when she picked up one of the new magazines. The stories were interesting. When finally she turned from them she discovered that it was too late to get several of the dinner essentials in time for them to be prepared properly.

With a good deal of reluctance she rearranged the dinner. As she was on her way to the telephone to order the new dinner materials, the door opened and Mrs. Powers ran in, dazing in her bridal finery and fresh from a European honeymoon.

The sunny afternoon melted away and when Mary Powers had vanished young Mrs. Wilton stood in the middle of the floor and an awful foreboding flooded her soul. She had forgotten for the second time to order the makings of that dinner!

One wild look at the clock told her that the last delivery had gone on his last round. There wasn't even time for her to dress and run out after the necessary things.

A sick fear came upon her and she whispered hoarsely: "There's not a thing in the house!" Her feet were dead weights, her head was incapable of thought and her hands moved incessantly in maddening purposelessness.

Away up on the emergency shelf, where in a spirit of joking security her husband had put them, was the proverbial can of salmon and the pound of prunes. In the icebox were four sad little chops. And she baked biscuits, sad little biscuits, and a cake, a pitiful-looking cake. It was then past dinner time.

She arranged this harrowing feast, turned the lights low and waited. When an hour that seemed eternally had slipped away and her head was throbbing like a dynamo the door opened gently and a conscience-stricken Wilton appeared—alone.

"Where's Mr. Ridgely?" asked Mrs. Wilton in a far-away voice. "Why, you see, Bess, I—well, I'm frightfully sorry that I forgot about your magnificent spread tonight, but I had an out-of-town caller—Chesney, you know, my best customer—and I forgot about time. We missed my regular train, and Chesney couldn't stay over, so I didn't try to get home. We had supper in a restaurant. I'm awfully sorry, girl, but—"

Mrs. Wilton began to clear the table with cheerful rapidity. "Never mind," she said, "I worked pretty hard over this dinner, but it can't exactly be called an inspired repast."

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF STUBBORN MIL LICENT

By HARMONY WELLER.

Millicent stepped lightly from her limousine and into the foyer of the theater. She was conscious of presenting an unusual picture in her big drooping hat and frock of palest mauve; there was just a suggestion of melancholy about Millicent that only exaggerated her charm.

Millicent looked up and caught his eyes fixed admiringly upon her and the color flamed into her cheeks. Her fingers trembled slightly as she fumbled for her ticket.

A frown sped swiftly across her face. The ticket that she had taken a month or so ago was not in her bag!

"We have been booked back for the last six weeks," the man told her.

"I did so want to see the play," she informed the man behind the window. As she turned to leave the foyer her appealing eyes swept across space to the good-looking man whose gaze had brought the color into her cheeks.

"If you care to take this seat—I will be only too happy," he said in a perfectly impersonal tone.

Millicent hesitated a second only then in a hurried voice thanked him. "And you are not robbing yourself?" she questioned.

"The seat will go begging if you do not use it," the man said and gave her the ticket.

Millicent reached down into the depths of her opera bag and brought forth a two-dollar bill.

"Is that right?" she asked and did not raise her eyes.

A dull red mounted even to the man's temples. He drew back swiftly then as suddenly took the money.

"Thank you, yes," he raised his hat and Millicent went into the well-filled theater.

A moment before the curtain arose she knew that he had come in and that he was sitting beside her. Millicent felt peculiarly aggrieved that he had not so much as looked at her.

She found herself losing interest in the actors and watching every movement of the long, shapely hands of the man. Occasionally she stole a surreptitious glance at his profile.

The success of the play had come, not through any hectic love affairs with another man's wife or any great financial crisis. It was merely a pretty, domestic drama told by well balanced, healthy-minded people. There were no scheming politicians and no wan eyed heroines.

The hero was big and broad-minded and the girl he loved was sweet and she was not jealous nor catty when her handsome lover danced with the dark-eyed Suzette.

Millicent felt suddenly very small and insignificant and unloved.

"It is only play girls who are so simple minded," she argued with herself. She glanced at the man beside her. His eyes were following the girl on the stage and Millicent fancied there was more than the theater-goer's admiration in his face. She bit her lips to still her trembling and turned again toward the stage.

"Girls are not like that in real life," she told herself vehemently. The curtain went down on the second act. The man beside Millicent again went out and in her vivid imagination she pictured him as buying great clusters of American beauties and sending them to the stage heroine.

She wished now that she had not seen the play nor the man. Way down in the depths of her nature something had stirred. Was it the play or was it the man beside her whose personality seemed to have overpowered her?

Whatever it was Millicent waited with rapidly beating heart for his return. The light went down and she began to think he was not coming.

"How perfectly ridiculous and silly of me to feel this way," she laughed scornfully at herself and ended with wistful eyes.

Against her will she turned toward the back of the theater. Yes he was standing there. A moment later he came down and took his seat beside her.

The last act was drawing to a close when resolution suddenly became apparent in Millicent. The color crept slowly up to the shadows beneath her eyes and her lips smiled.

With a very gentle almost unfeeling movement she leaned nearer the big man and slipped her hand through his arm. A sudden hungry little jerk was all the reward her efforts brought forth. He did not turn his head but Millicent watched his jaw set. A moment later her fingers closed over the ring that dangled from his watch chain.

Still the man remained as if carved in stone. Millicent struggled softly with the clasp that held tight to the chain and finally the ring was in her own hands. The big diamond flashed in the semi-darkness of the theater and Millicent drew a long breath of contentment.

She looked lovingly at the ring for a moment then up into the big man's face. Her voice was only a whisper. "Billy dear—I want my ring back—if you still—love me." In that little eager whisper was all the love that a hungry man longed for and his hand closed swiftly over her own. It was as if he had folded her within his arms.

"I have never ceased to love you, sweetheart of mine," he told her and slipped the ring back on her finger. "See how completely I surrendered," she said happily. "I had my ticket all the time."

EUROPEAN TRIP A RELIEF FROM CARE

For years the Browns had planned a European trip, but every year something happened to prevent their getting away. First the children were ill and then Mrs. Brown invited guests for a short time, who stayed several months, preventing the Browns, by the dwindling of the bank account, from going abroad that year.

Finally Brown declared as an absolute certainty that Europe would see them the following year. All their friends were notified and everything was done to make it impossible for their trip to be prevented.

When all was ready, however, Brown was ordered by his firm to secure a particularly desirable contract at any cost. It meant a lot to the firm and to Brown, but it also meant months of untiring effort—effort that could not be put forth in Europe.

Brown, however, had made his vow and he refused to let his business interfere with his family's plans. The family could go to Europe even if he couldn't. They had relatives abroad, and besides, he could send them with a party. So he packed them on the train and looked as cheerful as possible when it pulled out.

When he returned home, however, he began to realize how lonesome it was there. It got on his nerves finally and he resolved to board during his bachelorhood. So he moved to a hotel.

Then the thought came to him to rent his house for the months that it would be vacant unless he rented it. There was no earthly use in letting it stand and gather dust, which was the same as throwing away a goodly sum of money each month.

Some one would be only too glad of the opportunity to live in a well furnished house in a fashionable suburb, with all the benefits of the Browns' home comforts. Some one, no doubt, was searching eagerly for such an opportunity. So Brown hastened to advertise the treat in store for some one.

The number of replies he received was highly gratifying to him. After picking out the letter written on the best appearing stationery he clinched the bargain over the telephone. Of course, the tenants refused to pay nearly what he thought his house was worth, but on reflection he concluded that they were really caretakers for him who would look after his property generally. He even began to feel ungrateful obligations to them for their willingness to take his house and he urged them to make themselves perfectly at home, assuring them that everything in the house was theirs to use as they desired.

When he hung up the receiver he heaved a sigh of relief and content. He needn't even think of the house again until his family were about to return. It was really a great idea of his to have some one take care of the property for him; now he could devote his entire time to the task of getting that important contract.

It was about a week later that over the telephone he listened to a very indignant feminine voice commanding his immediate presence at his home. Fearing no less calamity than a fire, Brown hastened to catch the first train to the familiar suburb.

"What's the matter?" he asked of the woman who opened the door after he had established his identity. "Why," she replied, without inviting him in. "I wanted to ask you whether I can find the potato knife and the carving set. And when you rented us this place you gave us to understand that it was completely furnished! Well, ever since we moved in we've been unable to find things we ought to have! There are no oyster forks nor individual butter knives! And the table linen is a disgrace—we could never invite guests to dine with us with such linen!"

"And the water froze the first night we were here, so we had to have a plumber, and that was \$7. He says your drains are in a terribly insanitary condition, and if we get typhoid we shall certainly charge our doctor bills to you! You've no business advertising a perfect home—it's getting money under false pretenses!"

"We've had to buy lots of little things. Your brooms are dreadful, and some of your kitchen utensils were absolutely worn out. We'll just take the cost out of the rent—for, of course, the things will belong to the house."

Brown had ceased to listen. He was contemplating the gown worn by his tenant—a dainty house dress of Mrs. Brown's. His wife had left much of her wardrobe at home, he knew. In the doorway, to receive the first footprints of the incomers, was the Browns' most valuable rug, treasured as very gold! He wondered what might lie beyond his vision!

He stuttered helplessly, trying to express his dissatisfaction, but the glare of righteous indignation in his tenant's eyes rendered him inarticulate.

"All the rent for the first month is already paid out," said the woman. "When the plumber's bill comes in, shall we send it to you, or shall we pay it out of next month's rent?"

"There—there won't be another month!" exploded Brown, turning on his heel to prevent himself from making further unseemly remarks. But as he stamped along the street he recalled that the objectionable occupants of his home had a lease to fortify them against his wrath.—Chicago Daily News.

A French scientist says that electricity can prevent hunger. But do you eat or drink the "juice"?

THE REMODELING OF MISS BETTIE BROWN

By HARVEY PEAKE.

Bettie Brown was sitting in the porch swing doing nothing when the postman brought the letter. These were Bettie's two greatest occupations; sitting and doing nothing. She usually combined the two.

Her pretty face resolved itself into a veritable interrogation mark, when she saw that the handwriting was Bob Taylor's.

"Why, I haven't heard from him for five years," she exclaimed, "not since he went to the Philippines after our quarrel; What can he have to say?" Tearing open the envelope she read:

"My Dear Bettie: "I am writing to say that I am going back to the United States on purpose to see you. I shall arrive in Brewster about the first of July. I hope that you will be glad to see me, for I can scarcely wait until I can see you.

"The silly misunderstanding we had has been wiped entirely out of my mind, and my greatest desire is to return and plead in person for your forgiveness, and also to ask you something more."

"I can see in my mind's eye your slim, willow form in its sailor dress of blue. And I trust, dear Bettie, that you still have this identical dress, and will wear it to welcome me back. I think it was the prettiest dress I ever saw. If you will wear it for this occasion it will make our meeting so much easier, for I shall know at a glance that I am forgiven if you have it on.

"There has been any change in my plans I shall communicate with you at once. Do not make an effort to answer this letter for I shall be en route.

"Yours sincerely, "Robert Taylor."

After Bettie had read the letter twice she fell into a reminiscent mood. "Dear old Bob," she soliloquized. "how good it is to hear from you! And so you have something to say to me! I was ready to forgive and forget the next day, if you had only asked, for I loved you and still do. What girl could help it?"

"Of course I shall wear the blue dress. I'll—no, I can't either—I haven't had it on since he left! I began to take on flesh that same year he saw me last and now—well, I know those last scales must have been wrong, for they made it a hundred and forty-eight!"

"Goodness gracious, what shall I do? I can't begin to get it on and—my slim, willow figure! That's what I get for sitting around so much and taking no exercise. And I remember that he hated fat girls! I will wear that dress!"

Immediately she constituted herself a committee of ways and means. "Just five weeks in which to take off thirty-eight pounds!" she said.

The next morning at breakfast Bettie's father was full of trouble. "I thought when I built this house, that I was putting up one of the most substantial residences in the town," he complained; "but last night, whenever a car passed, I distinctly felt it tremble, sometimes for as long as two minutes. And once it was shaken to its very foundations! I'm going to get the builder to come over, as soon as he can, to make an examination."

Even Bobby was disturbed. He came running down stairs one morning a few days later, exclaiming: "Mom, this house is haunted! I know it is, 'cause last night I heard the awfulest groans and moans after I went to bed, and the house just shook like it was tremblin' with terror! I was afraid to get up an' I've been awake all night!"

One evening at tea, Mrs. Brown laid down her knife and fork and looking at her daughter, remarked: "Now Bettie, I want to know what the matter is with you. You refuse preserves and cake, you won't take sugar in your tea, and you don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. You're actually getting thin and peaked! Why, girl, you don't look like yourself; you've fallen away so much that your clothes are ever so much too big for you. Now what is it?"

"Oh nothing," answered Bettie. "Yes there is. There's something wrong with you," replied her mother. "You needn't try to conceal it any longer. Either you are sick or in love."

"Well, if you are determined to pry into your daughter's private affairs, mother dear, I'll have to confess to you I am reducing my flesh by the rolling process. You select a long floor space, you see, and roll back and forth twenty-five times without stopping. Then you kick up your heels—"

"Bettie Brown, are you crazy?" "No, but I believe being in love is pretty nearly as bad as being crazy."

"Well, now I begin to see daylight," declared Mrs. Brown. "So you are in love, are you? I thought as much."

"It's Bob Taylor!" And then the whole story came out.

After Bob had arrived, duly engaged himself to the willing Bettie, and taken his departure, the young woman in the case was in her room taking down her hair for the night, and recounting to herself the experiences of the past five weeks.

"I shouldn't have done it, for anybody in the world but Bob," she declared; "but I don't intend that he shall ever know that I was so much in love with him that I bruised myself black and blue, from my shoulders to my heels, beside entirely upsetting the family calm, that he might be pleased with me. And as for the dress. I don't think he noticed the difference between the old and the new one even if there were two sizes difference!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

When the Baby has Fever. By MARIANNA WHEELER.

Babies and young children are more apt to have fever from a comparatively slight cause than are adults. The nervous system of a baby is very easily upset, and quite a high temperature may result from too hard a romp near bedtime, or any unusual excitement.

Fever, in a baby does not come down after a few hours, should always be a sign to call in the physician. A mother should never attempt to treat the child by herself, but while waiting for the doctor to arrive, or when carrying out his orders, there are numerous little things, in connection with nursing of the sick child, that the mother may do herself, and which will greatly add to the baby's comfort.

The normal temperature of a baby or child under three years of age may be considered 99 degrees F., when taken with a clinical thermometer in the rectum. After this age 98.6 degrees F. is the normal temperature of the average child, although some children, and even grown persons, always run a higher temperature, even when in the best of health.

One must remember that fever is a symptom. It means that there is something wrong with the child, and in treating fever the cause of the fever must be found as soon as possible. Never should a mother give fever-reducing drugs, nor be the doctor to give them, simply as a means of reducing the temperature regardless of the cause or consequences. Babies usually stand fever well, if it is not of too long duration and when it is being well treated.

If the mother has no thermometer, she may sometimes tell whether the baby has a fever by placing her warm hand on the child's abdomen; if this part feels hot and dry, fever is usually present. Do not judge by feeling of the hands and feet, or even the head; a baby with a temperature of 105 degrees often has very cold hands and feet. The only accurate way to tell whether a baby has a fever or not is by means of the clinical thermometer.

When the mother is sure the baby has fever, and while she is waiting for the doctor to arrive, she may begin the treatment herself by giving a simple laxative, such as milk of magnesia, or citrate of magnesia, if the baby is inclined to be constipated, or a dose of castor oil may be given if there are signs of indigestion or diarrhea. A high enema of one quart of water that has been boiled and cooled to 98 degrees F., with one teaspoonful of salt dissolved in it, is a quick way of clearing out the intestines until the laxative can act, and will often make the child much more comfortable.

The baby should be undressed and put to bed as soon as it is discovered that there is fever, and a sponge bath of tepid water, with one tablespoonful of alcohol to half a basin of water, should be given. The entire body should be gently sponged with a soft washcloth for ten or even fifteen minutes, if the baby seems relieved by this; another cloth wrung out of this solution should be kept on his head.

The sponging may be repeated every three hours if the fever is still high and any relief is given by it. It is much less effective than a cold bath, as it may be given without taking the baby from his crib, and there is no sudden shock. Absolute quiet should be insisted on, and a cool, well-ventilated room, free from other children and older persons, except the nurse or mother.

Teeth and the teeth of a little patient with fever should be most carefully treated. A mouth wash of boric acid saturated solution, or any good mouth wash diluted with one half cool water, should be frequently employed. If the baby is too young to rinse the mouth himself, the mother should wrap some cotton on her little finger, and after dipping it in one of these solutions, the gums, teeth, tongue, and inside of the mouth should be gently washed out. This should be repeated several times daily. A little cold cream may be kept on the lips if they are cracked and dry from the fever.

A baby with fever will often be very thirsty, therefore do not forget to offer him water at least every hour or two. This must be previously boiled and then cooled. Often a little orange juice added to the water will be very grateful to the child's mouth. Either a spoon, cup, bottle, or medicine dropper may be used to give the water.

The dropper is often employed when the baby does not care to take as much water as is advisable, because when the point is placed far back and the bulb pressed the baby will involuntarily swallow; but if the baby is old enough to have teeth this is not always a safe thing to do, as the glass dropper may be bitten.

The food must always be reduced in strength when a baby has fever, and no solids should be given to an older child without express orders from the doctor. It is often a wise plan to give a baby only boiled water, or barley water, for twelve or twenty-four hours at the onset of a high fever. Do not urge a feverish child to eat.

There are a great many causes of fever in babies and young children, and it must be admitted that teething is capable of causing quite a high temperature. But it is not a good plan to lay everything to "teething," because then we do not look further and discover any other cause that may be present. When absolutely nothing else can be found, however, and the doctor pronounces the cause of the fever as due to the coming teeth, it may be advisable to have the swollen and congested gums lanced.

Sometimes a tooth may be rubbed through by placing a piece of sterilized gauze on the end of your finger and then rubbing hard over the swollen gum.

Frequent washing of the hot, inflamed gums with one of the mouth washes mentioned above is often very soothing to the baby.

An abscess in the middle ear is a frequent cause of high fever, and should be thought of when other causes cannot be found.

Another quite frequent cause of fever is enlarged or swollen glands in the neck. This so-called "glandular" is very prevalent at times. When this is the cause of the baby's high temperature, cold compresses should be given to which hazel or some other cool, evaporating lotion may be kept on the swollen glands.

A small piece of oiled skin or rubber tissue should be placed outside this wet compress, to protect the bed linen and nightdress. These compresses must be changed often enough to keep them really moist and cold, if they are to do any good. An older child may have an ice bag kept on the enlarged glands.—In Harpers Bazar.

FARM NOTES.

The late blight of potatoes was quite prevalent over a wide range of territory this past season, and there is plenty of it in New York State. The anxious inquiry comes also from far Washington: "Are blighted potatoes all right for seed?" The late blight, if allowed to reach the tuber in the ground, will cause it to rot, and this rot will spread even after the potatoes have been stored in the cellar or in pits. I do not like to use potatoes from a rot-infected bin.

In my own case, I shall for this year probably plant only early potatoes, as these were not injured in any way by blight and are now perfectly sound in storage. I may plant a few late ones if I can secure a supply of seed potatoes that I am sure were kept free from blight. But if I could not do any better, or rather than not plant any potatoes, I would use potatoes for planting from a blighted patch. Whether our potatoes will be struck with blight next season depends very largely on weather conditions.

If late summer and early fall is dry, we can probably not see much of the late blight. To a great extent, also, we can control this disease by timely and persistent spraying with Bordeaux mixture.

There is nothing difficult about pruning and training grape vines. Books on grape-growing describe various methods which are declared to be important in order to get fruit, but almost all of these books are written from the commercial standpoint. They look more to convenience in handling considerable numbers of vines and large quantities of grapes rather than to supplying the needs of the amateur and the private gardener.

The grape vine is very plastic. It will readily respond to a wide range of treatment, provided that fundamental principles are not disregarded.

The Thomy system, popular in Europe, was introduced in America about 50 years ago by Fuller, whose name is applied to it in this country. It consists in training one or two horizontal arms from the main stem close to the ground and annually allowing vertical shoots to spring from these horizontals, the verticals being cut away each winter to be replaced by new ones. The principal objection to this system is that far too much pruning is required in order to keep the vines within reasonable bounds. The fan system is open to the same sort of objection. In this method the canes are annually produced from a very small area close to the main stem of the vine. In some cases there being scarcely more than a short stump. Unless the vines are pruned rigorously and frequently during the summer, the "fan" will be unsightly, besides often refusing to produce enough fruit to warrant the trouble involved.

The American varieties do much better when trained according to such loose systems as the Kniffin and the parallel horizontal. In the former the vines are allowed to develop two arms which are trained in opposite directions on a wire 18 inches or two feet from the ground, and a second pair of horizontals is trained on another wire two feet or more higher. The shoots developed on these horizontal arms are allowed to drop from the wires. In the parallel horizontal system, the two wires are equally distant from the ground—about three or four feet—but are separated about an inch by wooden cross arms placed on the tops of posts. In this case as in the Kniffin system, the shoots are allowed to drop. Both of these systems are useful for the home place where a considerable number of vines are grown.

Frequently the grapes on the home place are trained over arbors or upon walls. These systems not only serve a useful purpose in producing fruit, but they often add to the beauty of the grounds. The principal objection to them is that too little pruning is given and as a consequence, too much wood is produced. Where wood is developed in excess, there is always a reduction in the quantity and the quality of the fruit.

As in the case of other fruits, the practice of pruning rests fundamentally upon the method of fruit production. The grape differs from most other woody plants in its method of producing fruit buds. Every bud carried over winter by a vine is the ordinarily capable, when it expands, of a shoot or cane, of producing from one to five or even more clusters of grapes. But in practice no vine actually does develop much less mature, as many clusters. The amount of food is insufficient. Therefore the quantity of food which the vine can secure from the soil and from the air should be conserved by the grower. Nothing will do this better than pruning.

The first thing to do in approaching a vine that has already reached bearing age is to cut out all deadwood. The next move is to clip off all the pony and otherwise inferior shoots. They are more consumers of food. Often there are several large overgrown shoots on vines that have been neglected. These should be severely cut back, because they are also food consumers, but not fruit producers. After these have been cut out there remain the responsible and responsive members of society, the producers. Pruning now consists in two or three buds each.

Much as it may seem that this wholesale reduction is very drastic, the pruner needs to assure himself of its advantage by remembering that every one of the buds left will produce two, three, four or perhaps more clusters of fruit.

The time to prune the grape is during the cold months of the year while the vines are thoroughly dormant. Commercial growers in the northern half of the United States and in the Canadian vineyards usually prune during open weather in December, January and February. It is not advisable to wait until March in these sections, because the vines are likely to exude sap when growth starts in the spring.

Some growers like to do more or less pruning during the growing season. There is no special objection to this, nor is there any special advantage except that the vines may be kept from sprawling over too much area and that inferior shoots can be cut as soon as they are observed. But when the vines have been trained from year to year, in the way that has been outlined, there will be few of these inferior shoots to remove. During the summer "laterals" are frequently produced from the buds in the axils of the leaves. If too much summer pruning is given these laterals will grow amazingly both in number and size. They do not produce fruit; therefore, it is not specially advisable to do much summer pruning because this practice tends to the productions of laterals.

Vines that have been educated into fruit production and have been trained to produce about as much fruit as they can carry, will not be found prone to produce much unnecessary wood.