THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me-say it, darling." "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips Of my daughter, kneeling, bending, O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep," "to s'eep," she murmured;

And the curly head bent low. "I pray the Lord," I gently added-"You can say it all, I know."

"Pay de Lord." the words came faintly-Fainter still, "my soul to teep." Then the tired head fairly nodded, And my child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened When I clasped her to my breast, And the dear voice gently whispered-'Mamma, Dod knows all de yest."

Oh! the trusting, sweet confiding Of the child-heart! Would that I Thus might trust my Heavenly Father, He who hears my feeblest cry!

THE ROSE.

Of course some strain of insanity was in her veins but it had not appeared till her sixteenth year. Yes, mother died, if not mad, yet certainly possessed of an insane idea-she, a child of the South, passionately devoted to her husband; and one day her great black eyes saw his languid smile kindle at sight of a fair-faced, blue-eyed stranger from the North, and her heart burned within her.

Presently Jacques was speaking with the stranger. And presently again they walked together, and on parting he offered her a rose, and she pinned it on her bosom. How offended, how insulted, how hurt was the wife! It was not the chance giving of a flower, she felt; it was the evidence of a new love. She saw hreself neg-lected, forgotten, cast off; and the rose became the symbol of all the old love and joy, and as she longed for that love and joy again she longed

for that rose. It was all in a momemt. Her eyes flashed she took a step forward and would have torn it off had not her husband put out an intervening arm.
"What would you?" he said. "A

mere courtesy." But it did not avail. The rosethat rose-she must have it. 'Give me that rose!" she said to the frightened girl. "It is mine!" Her husband took her by the hand and led her away. "Are you mad?" he said, as she hung back with avert-

ed head. "The rose! The rose!" she said. And it was all she ever said till some little time later, her child was born. Just before she died she looked up at her husband bending over her and murmured: "The rose I grew. Its great leaves blotted out heaven and you. Yes, I have been mad. But now I know. The rose is dust, but love is immortal."

The father became a conscript. he fell on the field of battle. The child was left to unkind fate. She grew up by one hand and another of indifferent and grudging relatives, who worked hard for their daily bread, a lovely creature, riolet-eyed and sunny-haired, without eduaction, but with the sweet manners of gentle instinct, and with facile fingers for al! delicate intricacy of work, loving her needle, and on everything she wrought embroidering roses. She was named Aimee, but she was usually called the girl, or that bird there, the papillon. Various youths would have paid court to her, but she seemed to look through them as if they did not exist. Yet she loved to deck herself out in her rose-embroidered gown. coarse cotton though it was, and hang long garlands of rose-boughs over her shoulders to her knees. She was most gentle in her ways and words; every one loved her; but the older people began to say that she was

There was one of the youths who loved her better than the others did. He was called Francois, having no other name—a dark young fellow with a beaming eye. He had a little shop where he sold ribbons. They often walked together in the twilight, work being over. Sometimes he brought her roses, since she loved them so; she took them with a rapture that could have been mistaken for delight in himself if he had not understood her. Soon she was never without roses, in her hair, on her breast, wreathing her arms. She never had a sou in her life-how did she come by these flowers?

She was not quite seventeen when they heard her telling strange tales of her roses. "They are mine," she said. "All the roses on the earth." They accused her of rifling gardens. "The roses love me," she said. "They wish to be about me, and they break their stems to come to me. You may see them, the single blossoms, gliding through the air to me. I have but to think of a rose and it is here. They have a spirit—oh, undoubtedly. 'You are a rose yourself,' they say. They tell me to look at the sunrise when l go to the silk-mill, at the sunset on the river—all the world is a rose. The floor of heaven is paved with roses. I keep the leaves, that I may make from them an attar for the priest in the last sacrament. There is one climbing over the wall of the queen's garden to see the world go by; it begs me to come for it, in a whisper as soft—oh, as soft as its breath. It is a rose of perfection. Some day I shall go for it." She went; and the gardeners found her in the queen's garden, with her lifted skirt full of the great heavy-headed

damask blooms. It was in vain that grandam and Suzanne and Justine pursued the officers with outcry and vociferation concerning the irresponsibility of the poor papillon; that Francois followed with comforting words for her till the prison gates were closed upon him. She was tried, and found guilty of her offense. It was plain theft; was seen; the flowers were found in her possession; it was fortunate that

queen's garden, indeed! She was sentenced to the prison for them felt themselves trembling a moroses she had lost. "I shall come

the prison, sent there for dreadful What was there about this young girl coming among them that suddenly made their hearts quiver? Possibly it was thought of their own girlhood before sin evertook them; she was so slim, so fair, so like a flower, so innocent! Perhaps, in spite of everything, it was the mother in them

"Mads"

"It is for stealing a rose—a rose! ne is here," exclaimed Adriane. "While I have fingers, she shall have her rose!" And where she got a bit of pink tissue-paper only Heaver knew, and how she pinched it into retals and found some yellow threads for stamens only a French-woman could tell you. It was a rude and ragged thing, but it bore the semblance of a rose; and when it was thoust through the grate of her cell and fell upon the stone floor, the girl, waking from her day-dream, caught it up, if not with so much joy as when Francois had brought her roses fresh with dew, yet as one embraces a long-lost

There was hardly a woman in the prison who by the next nightfall had not heard of Adriane's success, had not, through the subtle channels they knew how to command, obtained scraps of pink silk, of crimson silk, of yellow and cream and white, and was not busy with them.

friend.

"Madame sees the little one, the poor child, la tete legere," said Adriane to the directress, who had come to her cell at Adriane's demand, trembling herself now-she, the defiant Adriane, who had made nothing but trouble in the place with her outbreaks and rebellions since coming there for her interminable period. "Doubtless hers is a sin—but so trifling! The child pines. She will fade away. She will die!"

"It is not to be helped, Twentythree. She is here for her punishment, Ciel! not for her amusement." "Pardon," said Adriane. "Madame knows there are new views of incerceration. It is for the protection of society, not the punishment of the offender That, the punishment, is in her sweet-peas to copy, and yet again the hands of the good God."

Madame was at once enraged and amused. But much in Adriane was everlooked.

"Peste!" said Adriane. "I myselfshould this little one here die in her er. a mocking obeisance with outstretched hands, while madame received her insolence for what it was worth.

So it came about that the wor en woman in her way, and with idea to prison reform, having lately been almost at her wits' end, and moved herself by the young girl's circumstances saw in a flash certain great possibilities. But she could do nothing rashly. Those who were allowed neither scissors nor needles, nor any sharp instrument, were not to be trusted all at once. There had been a wild revolt in the prison but recently. Francois. The women had broken everything about them that was breakable, they had torn their clothes to tatters, and the air had rung with their ribald cries and oaths. It was usually a long while before the waters of the mighty trouble subsided. But to-day a sweet calm pervaded the place, broken only by now and then a glad cry over some approach to floral beauty in the work. They pinched and pulled and Puffed their poor material into shape; sometimes they tore the stuff with their teeth, sometimes they used a surreptitious pin. And, all done, each waited for the cry of delight from the cell of Aimee, and the fleur-de-lis.

"Which," said Francois, "does not she bound the flowers about her, with a rapture of their own such as perhaps they had never felt before in

their poor lives. Thus it happened that when Francois, having timidly begged admittance, was allowed a moment at the cell's grille with the one fresh rose he had brought her, he saw her cell as if the walls had bloomed in roses of all colors, a wilderness of roses, and herself radiant. He kissed the little fingers she slid through the bars, and

left in them the rose just plucked. Francios went at once, with Aimee's glad cry ringing in his ears, to a man who worked for a milliner, and he came back next day rich with tiny remnants of silk and satin and velvet of all deep or delicate tints in which a rose and her green leaves are ever born, with long strips of his own ribbons, with wax and wire and gum, with crystal beads, and even with scissors. It was against the rules. But what are rules for except to

break? Francois sought the directress, and told her the simple story. "There is no wrong in the child," he said. "She is innocent as the cherubs who have only heads and wings in the great altar-piece. She is but light in the head, the poor parillon. She has cov-eted roses—all her life, roses. Now if she has of them-madame can see -it may be-a surfeit of the things Is it possible madame never heard of

a cure?" Madame never had heard of a cure after this fashion. But what import: One does not know all things. She would consider. By and by she herself took the gift of Francois to Aimee, and summoned Adriane there. If she had not been a woman of courage she would not have been in her postion. She was not afraid of Adriane with the scissors. "Make a rose," she com-manded. And Adriane with great insouciance began to form the flower, leaf by leaf, finishing in a frenzy of

they of the roundness, the clear cut? women of all sorts. Yet the worst of Fi donc! Make another, Twenty-three, ture with the great tears dropping from her lashes as she thought of the roses she had lost "I chall the precision." And thou, Ninety-nine, try thine own hand now." And all at once Air ee, struck with the new idea lost. the pink atom of silk, and the deeper back, Francois," she said, "and we pink, and cut and snipped, and helu to shall have our roses together." And the light, and measured with the eve, and clustered together, and dropped the soft wind a mockery. the gum on the green and the brown
They were hard and bad women in stissue, and secured her wire, and rollthe gum on the green and the brown ed the stems-and, behold, a rose! crimes, for all manner of infamies. She shrieked with joy, and she turned and pinned the rose on the bosom of

the directress. Even Adriane, the bold, trembled at the liberty the girl "Adriane," said the directress, "I

"Madame," said Adriane, with erect dignity, as if she had not been ringleader in countless riots, "can hold me

responsible." Madame did. And Adriane cut and shapped and delivered, and those other arranged and twisted and gummed-and all for Aimee. In two months' time that cell was lined with roses till one could not see the wall.

At his next call François brought a tiny vial of attar of roses. "It is all they waited for!" Aimee cried; and she forgot he was there while putting a tiniest drop on a bunch of the flowers. "It is able to be too much," sne said. And after that she merely left the vial open among her materials, so they might say that if they were not the rose, they had been with the rose. And surely never along prison ccrridors before was wafted such gales of sweetness, as if whole gardens had bloomed close at hand.

It was not too often that the requlations allowed his visits. When he came again and saw through the grating the blooming bower of her cell, Francois felt that Aimee must be in possession of all she longed for. But she was sitting on her bench, her hands hanging before her, in a pos-ture of deep dejection. She wore no flowers; but the window, through which one had sight of a strip of blue sky or a snowy cloud, was garlanded with them. The window was so high up that it caught a solitary sunbeam that touched the girl's fair hair to a shining aureole for the instant of its stay, and made Francois think of some saint. He twisted a gardenia in his fingers. She smiled then, looking at it. "The lovely thing," she said. "It has a soul." And straightway she began to make a gar-denia. At another time he brought forget-me-nots, and in their season apple-blows and buttercups. Those others copied them, too; Adriane moving among them, the dark-browed Adriane, like an angel of mercy as -one calls me meurtriece. But she brought the women the new flow-

cell, she will have been murdure!!— But one time Francois came and It is to madame!" and Adriane made found Aimee in a cell on another corridor. She had begged to be transferred, as the fragrance of the attar had become oppressive to her. But she was making a fleur-de-lis, most deliwere allowed to send their floral fail- cately and exquisitely, and singing 000. ures and successes into the cell of the new-comer. The directress, a wise twinkled in among the petals. She looked up at him brightly.

"I have been in a far country, Francois," she said. "But I have returned. It was a world of roses. Now a rose is to me no more than a mallow. I am cured, my Francois. And when am I Valley, Col. to go away? Certainly I am not here one," said Doctor Kabakjian. "For go?"

"Thou wilt come with me," said

She shook her head gently. As the opening bud, brushed by the bee, becomes the full-blown flower, as the fruit ripens swiftly when the wasp has stung it, so the catastrophe of surfeit had made the child a woman. 'Not possible," she said. "The things that might have been are always the sweetest. There is that which may come again to me. We will make an end here."

"How, make an end?" demanded Francois, his eyes full of shadow. "We will not marry. We will not off. The byproducts of these proces-give such inheritance to any," she said, her eyes searching the heart of

hinder that we shall be together." The prison corridors were very still that day. Possibly it was the stillness that precedes the storm. Except for now and then a burst of derisive song, there was all but dead silence there. The directress, who at last had seen the end in view for which she had wrought, had informed the women that they would make no more flowers to hang round Aimee. Their flowers should be put on sale in the market, and the prison would thenceforth be self-supporting. A matter

for pride and joy. "No more roses for Aimee—for the little one? No more, then, for any one! The State had put them here; the State would have to support them!" And they sat back and folded their arms, and Adriane's arms were the most resolute of all, and her shower of nods the most emphatic, as she tossed her scissors through the

grille. Francois was there that day to take Aimee away, the day of liberty having come. She was allowed to pause at every grating and say good-by to the sad souls. They begged to kiss her pretty fingers.

"I am going to sell my flowers," she said to them. "Francois gives me a window in his shop. Francois is my brother.' "We will make flowers for your win-

dow," they called, almost in chorus. And peace reigned again in the poor prison and in the heart of the direct-"Oh, how good is the air, the wind

the sky, the sun, the freedom, the rus-tling of the leaf!" cried Aimee, as she sat at work on her flowers in Fran-cois's window. "How sad for my poor sisters of the prison! But I shall go often to bring them the breath of the

"But, yes," said Francois. "Thou art always thinking for others." "See! I have made great sales to-

she was not held for lese majeste. The as that 'twould cease to be a rese. point Suzanne to sell for us, the flow-queen's garden, indeed!

And behold the petals there! Have ers for me, the ribbons for thee." "That cannot be, petite, unless word, Aimee?' brother the last And his voice trembled like a string

that is stretched to breaking. "The last," she said, gazing into space with eyes like violets washed with dew. "Entirely the last." And then she added in a lighter tone: They go to pardon Adriane. She can live with us and keep the house. And since you have no other name, shall we be Francois Freres? Always my brother."

And today would you have silken flowers, with a suspicion of fragrance to them, a dash perhaps of dew, and so like the real that you expect them to wither and be tossed away, flowers of an almost ethereal beauty, you will, know I can trust thee. But the as the duchesses and princesses do, buy them at the window of Aimee .-Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

One-Sixth of the World's Radium Made in Philadelphia.

One-sixth of the world's output of radium is made within seven miles of Philadelphia in a factory at Lansdowne, which is one of six plants of its kind in the world. It has a capacity of producing three grams of radium a year. The process by which the metal is made was discovered by Dr. D. H. Kabakjian, assistant professor of physics in the University of Pennsylvania and a resident of Landsdowne.

There are only two other radium factories in the United States. One is operated by a private corporation in Pittsburgh and the other, a Government enterprise, is under the super-vision of the Bureau of Mires in Denver, Col. In all three plants the process by which radium, the most valuable of all substances, is made, broadly speaking, is the same. In all the plants "radium salt" is male from carnotite, a yellowish, claylike miner-al, found in Colorado. Doctor Kabakjinan's secret method of treating the carnotite ore, however, is bringing better results than any of the other processes used in this country or elsewhere. According to the inventor, it is extracting ninety per cent of ra-

dium from the ore. Doctor Kabakjian has been connected with the University of Pennsylvania since 1905, when he entered one of the departments there as a student. He has been on the teaching staff since 1910, and he discovered his carnotite radium process after three years of experimentation in the laboratories at the University of Penn-

sylvania. Some idea of the delicacy of the secret chemical processes which the carnotite ore undergoes can be gleaned from the output of the factory. Hundreds of tons of carnotite are used during the course of a year. Twenty-five men working nine hours a day for a year will produce three tion of the art of paper making to grams of pure radium salt. The market price of radium is \$100,000 a gram at this time, and the Lansdowne fac-tory's yearly output is worth \$300,- material made from fibrous pulp, and

Chemical Company, now operating the plant at Lansdowne, but has been retained by the company as its radium expert. The carnotite is brought from the company's mines in Paradox

several years, however, I have been experimenting to discover a method which would be more efficient than those in use in other radium factories throughout the world. I believe I have found one at last. We have no way of telling exactly what our competitors are doing, but we do know we are getting mighty fine results here.

"The cost of the ore varies from \$100 to \$500 per ton, depending on the percentage of pure carnotite it contains. We use on an average of two tons a day. The ore is put through seven distinct chemical processes before the pure radium finally is given for making various steel alloys. We send them abroad, where they are used for making a highspeed steel that will withstand terrific temperature. These two by-products of radium are used for making gun and projectile steel, I understand.

"Before the war," said he, "the great surgeons of Europe were able to give their attention to the cure of cancer and other diseases which require radium treatment. Since the war started, however, these surgeons are busy taking care of the sick and wounded on the battle fronts. The unfortunates who are suffering from cancer and similar diseases are getting along as best they can without treatment, so the demand for radium has fallen off. Before the war started the price was \$120,000 a gram. Now it has fallen to \$100,000."

Radium is sent to all parts of the world from the factory in Lansdowne. A short time ago Doctor Kabakjian sent out a \$5000 order to an institu-tion in the West. "We have to be mighty careful how we ship this ma-terial," he said. "The radium salt is placed in a sealed glass tube like this one," and he rolled a little glass tube not much larger than a five-penny

nail between his fingers. The radium salt is carefully locked up each night in a vault at the Lansdowne factory. "Of cousre, we have no fear of theft," said W. L. Cum-mings, president of the corporation, "but we are taking no chances. A gust of wind might blow away ten years' output of radium before you could wink an eyelid. And even if a clever thief stole a quantity of radi-um he would find it virtually impossible to dispose of it. The Bureau of Standards at Washington keeps a record of every milligram of radium, and no hospital would buy radium from present day. an individual without insisting on knowing where he got it."

A wealthy philanthropist has just placed an order for \$50,000 worth of radium with the Cummings company. When the order is completed the metleaf by leaf, finishing in a frenzy of delight.

"It is not perfect," said the directress. "Had a rose ever such a heart of real flowers in the country, and apal will be sent to a large eastern hospital as a permanent memorial to its donor. It is to be used for establish-

Canada Sent 70 Per Cent. of Pulp Used in U.S.

More than two-thirds of the more than a billion pounds of wood pulp imported into the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, and used in the manufacture of paper came from Canada, according to a communication to the National Geographic Society from John Oliver

La Gorce. The pulp importations for 1915-1916 have been 180,000,000 pounds less than for the previous twelve months, yet the amount shipped to us from Canada during the last year was 130,000,000 pounds in excess of her 1914-1915 shipments.

During the year just closed nearly 70 per cent. of our 1,135,000,000 pounds of pulp came from our neighbor to the north, while most of the remaining thirty per cent. came from Nor-

way and Sweden.
The enormous volume and importance of the paper manufacturing in-dustry in the United States are seldom realized by the chief beneficiary, the average reader. According to the most recent figures the United States Department of Commerce (1914,) the value of the annual production of the paper mills of this country exceeds \$330,000,000. More than fifty million dollars of this sum is represented in newspaper—1,313,284 tons, or enough to print 10,500,000,000 fourteen page, eight-column papers. The book paper (plain, coated and cover) output was valued at \$73,000,000 in 1914, an increase of thirty-four per cent. over 1909. The weight of this class of paper was 1,869,958,000 pounds—enough to print thirty-three stand-

ard-size magazines of 120 pages each for every man, woman and child in

the United States. For the manufacture of coated or calendered paper two essential ingredients-casein and koalin-are extensively imported. For the nine months ending March 31, 1916, our receipts of casein from abroad reached the enormous total of 7,185,794 pounds, valued at \$598,979, much of which, of course, was used in other arts as well as in paper manufacture. Casein is the principal ingredient in cheese, and its pure form is a white crumbling acid substance. Most of our imported kaolin or china clay, which is used in the manufacture of porcelain as well as in paper-making, comes from England, the shipments from that country for 1915 amounting to more than five hundred million pounds, valued at \$1,478,905. Our total imports of kaolin from all countries for the year ending June 30, 1916, were valued at \$100,000 less than the snipments from England alone the year before.

However much we deplore the stringency in raw material for the paper market brought about by the European war, it should not be forgotten that to the beneficent results of a battle fought nearly twelve centuries ago can be traced the introducthe western world. China is credited with having nurtured the genius who some investigators profess to have Doctor Kabakjian recently sold his found evidences that paper existed process to the W. L. Cummings in the Celestial kingdom at least two centuries before the Christian era.

Whether these claims of centuries of priority will endure the light of further research, or whether they will be discredited just as have been same nation's claim to the invention of the mariner's compass and gunpowder, the fact is fairly well established that when the Arabs defeated a raiding army of Celestials before the gates of Mamarkand, in the middle of the eighth century, they captured a party of Chinamen who were skilled paper makers. It was from this city of Russian Turkistan, once the capital of that most ruthless of Mongol princes, Tamerlane, that the art of these captives spread throughout Asia Minor and northern Africa into Moorish Spain and finally into Italy, where the first extensive factories were established in 1276 at Fabriano, still a center of the paper industry in

southern Europe. The Arabs and their Persian assistants are supposed to have used flax and cotton in the manufacture of their first paper, and subsequently rags were extensively utilized. Cotton and linen rags are still the basis hundred thousand dollars' worth of of the best grades of paper, but the article used by the newspapers is made exclusively of wood pulp. In the United States black spruce, hemlock, aspen and poplar are the most widely woods, while in Europe the Scotch fir supplants the hemlock.

England manufactures much of her paper from esparto or Spanish grass, which has been quite extensively imported by that country from North owner get as much cane to the mill as Africa during the last fifty years. Germany and France use quantities of rye, wheat, oat and barley straw in the paper-making industry. The widely used "India paper" comes chiefly from England, Germany, France, Belgium and Italy. Its name is a misno-mer and was given to a soft quality of Chinese paper introduced into England in the eighteenth century but, like many other commodities brought from the Far East during that period, it was creaited to India. It is manufactured from rags and its opacity is due largely to the admixture of mineral matter with the fibre. Its thinness is due to special process-

es of "beating."
Up to the closing years of the eighteenth century all paper was made by hand, sheet by sheet, but in the same year that Napoleon fought the battle of the pyramids, Louis Robert, a humble workman in the paper mill of Didot, at Essones, south of Paris, invented a machine for making paper in an endless web. This invention was developed in England by the two Fourdriniers, who lost a fortune in their pioneer work. Their names, however, are perpetuated in the paper-making machines of the

The first American paper mill was established by William Rittenhouse in Roxborough, near Philadelphia, just eighty-three years after the first permanent English settlement in the United States at Jamestown.

-For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

Sugar Cane in Cuba.

Nothing about the sugar industry, which was full of surprises, astonished me more than to discover that seven crops of cane are raised on Cuban land without sticking a plow in the soil. This is one of the several reasons why Cuba can produce sugar cheaper than any other country in the world and does the job so well.

The clearing is simple. With ox and machete the Cuban fells the trees and hacks down the underbrush. These he lets lie until dry and then sets them on fire The stumps and the loose logs that do not burn are left undisturbed.

The land is ready to plant-no plow or harrow or disk ever comes near it, A joint of sugar cane eight or ten inches long is buried in the loose soil every five feet.

And for seven of eight years, without any cultivation whatever, that one planting produces cane. The sprouts from the stumps are cut down the first and second year. After that even a hoe is never needed in the field.

The cane grows so rank that all weeds and grass are smothered out. At cutting time the leaves, which are stripped from the stalk, cover the ground thickly and prevent any growth except the cane, which quickly sprouts from the same roots as be-

Another surprise was that cane does not ripen nor need it be cut within a few days, or even weeks. It is very accommodating. One good crop grows in twelve months. But if the farmer's relatives are visiting him, and he wants to take a few months off to show them the country, and try to induce them to go bathing where there are lots of sharks, it is perfectly all right with the cane.

It just keeps on growing, and he can cut it next year. And instead of spoiling by a morth's a six month's, or a year's delay, the two years' growth makes almost as much sugar

as two crops.

However, it is much better, aside from needed ready money, to cut the cane every year. The cutting begins about the first of November and lasts until May or June. These months are driest in Cuba, and dry weather is essential for hauling. As to Cuban roads when it rains—well, they are at least as bad as ours.

The cane is usually cut and hauled by contract. The cutters this year got 90 cents a ton for cutting, which includes stripping. It is hauled to the mill in two-wheeled carts pulled by three or four yoke of oxen. Four to six tons are hauled at a load.

The cartmen are the aristocrats of the cane field. They get 60 cents a ton for hauling any distance under a mile and a half; more if it is farther. A cartman often makes, at the present scale, \$10 a day.

But oxen are high. A wagon and four yoke cost nearly a thousand dollars; so a thrifty Cuban who saves up enough to have a carting outfit is sure of not having too much competition. The whole load of cane is lifted by

one hoist of a pulley and dumped on a long feeder (like an exaggerated straw carrier on an old threshing machine) to the mill. The carts wait their turns to be unloaded.

At the end of the cutting season there is a great fiesta. The cartmen in bringing in their last loads decorate their oxen and carts, and that night there is a dance and food and drink. One of the favorite drinks is made of pineapple.

The yield is very heavy, some cane fields cutting as high as 60 tons to the arce. A ton makes approximately 300 pounds of sugar. At the present prices of sugar the cane grower gets about \$5 a ton for his cane at the mill. A man could get immensely rich raising cane in Cuba if there were no drawbacks. But there are. One is that you must be within three miles of a mill or the hauling ruins the profits. But the worst, the constant

terror of the cane man, is fire. And he can't get away from it. The leaves are like tinder at cutting time; a spark from a careless cigarette—there are millions of cigarettes-a match from a discharged workman, a puff from a careless laborers' camp, or a blaze from somebody's clearing, and fire sweeps the cane field like a whirlwind. I saw two

cane go up in smoke in four hours. The growers are organized to fight fire, and watch constantly. But even then the loss is heavy. However. after a fire all the care that can be got to the mill in three days is saved. The stalks do not burn, but the heat cooks the syrup and it sours after three days. When there is a fire all the neighbors turn out to help the

possible. But in spite of all drawbacks, at present prices, Cuba is growing immensely rich on sugar. Last year the sugar crop yields for every man, woman, and child in the island, averaged \$125 in cash. And, of course, this is only one of many crops the island grows.-By William H. Hamby.

Arbor Day October 27.

Harrisburg.—Dr. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, issued a proclamation fixing Friday, October 27, as Autumn Arbor Day. In the proclamation he says:

"Trees grow while we sleep and add to our wealth by day and by night. They lend beauty to the landscape and cover the mountains of Pennsylvania to the very summits with green verdure. For ages they have been catching the sunshine and converting the sunlight into fuel for man's use. They are useful for shade, for fruit and for timber. The planting and the care of trees is one of the most useful lessons which the

school can impart." Teachers and pupils in our public schools are earnestly urged to observe the day by the planting of trees and by other appropriate exercises.

Needs Most Rescuing.

"De man dat rocks de boat," said Uncle Eben, "generally can't swim an' needs de most rescuin."—Washington Star.