## ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

It was a most curious coincidence that I should have seen all four of whom I have met or seen previously. In this instance they proved more in-teresting than usual, that was all.

The first evening in the saloon re-

vealed the four familiar faces, the following morning on deck placed them in my recollection. Recourse to the passenger-list gave them names instead of their being merely, as heretofore, "The Tall Woman and The Lit-tle Man," "The Big Man and The Lit-

tle Woman.' Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Watts.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert Sydney. What's in a name? Which was which, I could not tell. I only knew that The Big Man was the husband of The Little Woman and The Tall Woman was the wife of The Little Man. This annoyed me. I must not, however, get ahead of my tale.

Two years before I had been drifting home from the opera alone. Just ahead of me The Tall Woman and The Little Man were walking. It was bitterly cold. At the corner of an apartment hotel where the wind blew round the pavement like a demon possessed of demons, a small boy was crying. He had the usual bundle of newspapers. proving him to be one of those business men who sell you battle, murder, and sudden death for pennies. Approaching this forlorn figure, The Tall Woman paused, The Little Man took her by the elbow and "warped" her by successfully; but I knew by the backward look in her eye that his victory was to be purely temporary. Accordingly I approached the weeping urchin and proceeded to engage him in a business transaction, for I knew very well that I had only to remain with him a moment to be privileged to look upon The Tall Woman's face. Being a congenital bachelor I have spent, nevertheless, considerable time studying the various diversities of type in those persons who have, for countless ages, erroneously been termed "the fair sex." For my part, I have always found them as unfair as the deuce; but that, of course, is entirely beside the point of this narrative. Enough to say that I was almost immediately rewarded for my pains by looking upon a most lovely countenance, so that in this instance,

woman as well. Our small, half-frozen, street-corner friend was holding his hand against his ear in a most piteous fashion, presenting a picture of woe so pathetic that The Little Man at once became cautious. The Tall Woman held out a silver coin, and when the change was to be made she waved it away

a few pennies bought me not only news

of battle, murder, and sudden death,

but an impression of a very beautiful

and bent down. "Nothing the matter with him!" said The Little Man irritably. "Just the usual dodge-mother dying, grandma, too, I shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't give him a cent-encourages dishonesty. Come along.'

The Tall Woman looked up a moment as though returning with difficulty from some far bourne where he was not.

"Just a moment, please," she said gently, and then, looking into my face, she began speaking to me, quietly, as if to say: "You, of course, have seen the conditions as they really are." "Don't you think he cries like a child with earache?" she asked me.
"Is that it?" I inquired of the

small figure before us. "Yus," he averred, and wiped his ture more than even my galvanized

was the biggest Swindle in town, I The Tall Woman removed her gloves covered a portion of a thoroughly grimy little ear.

not care if the owner of those mittens

shall all freeze to death fussing over this wretched little impostor!" This from The Little Man edging out of the wind.

"Does it hurt when I put my fingers here?" she asked the grimy one, pressing gently below the lobe. He nodded, breaking out afresh. To

me she said then: "May I ask you to do something for him? The child undoubtedly has many hours walking the deck for exa bad earache, and it is swelling in ercise, I never knew them to stop and such a way that I know very well it might easily become mastoiditis.

me shiver. As she disappeared with a backward glance and a grave inclination of the head to me, I felt that she had Andromeda, or for whom I had a more "There are long hour thanked me in the only way she dared, and I muttered to myself (a habit which grows upon all congenital bachcy upon all prisoners and captives."

"Now for you!" I said cheerfully to the red mittens. "Come along and tell me the whole thing."

"It's just my ear," he said between stifling his sobs, "and of course I ain't sold 'em. And I has to sell 'em before

I kin go home. Same old tale. "Never mind your papers. Bought

ten-in' apparatus-very bad?" He gulped out a very good imita-

tion of a groan.
"Oooh! I'll say it is!"

"Pretty cold, are you?"
"Oh, not so bad—only around the We had now walked about a block

"If I take you to a hospital will you life's mate. He remembered very

let them take a crack at your ear?" He recoiled. and, considering my inexcusable misuse of the English language, on the whole I did not blame

need of something to-to stop the

pain." His face brightened. But he said cautiously: "My folks ain't much on hospitals. I'm skeered of 'em." I

"Ye ain't kidnappin' me?" he asked as we rolled along, with such a was kind accordingly.

"I'll wait, if you don't mind," I said. And while the examination was ed fashion.

chapter ended I knew a great deal more about the chap with the red

that she was right; and The Little Man that HE was wrong! And then to run into them on the

old S. S. Kobe on the way from Yokohama to Vancouver over the northern route!

It was too delightfully strange. The Big Man and The Little Woman were a more recent recollection. It was one of those times when things happen so swiftly that afterward one recalls the whole episode with a sense of unreality. An old man had been crossing the street at Washington Square, myself and two other men were just behind him. A motor came round the corner, skidded, we shouted at him; it made him turn and look around, stand still, instead of rushing to safety. In an instant the thing was crashing into him; we saw his old face with the eyes wide, not an inch from the pavement. The eyes

remained open. The Big Man wrenched the car door open; the woman in the limousine screamed and lay back crouching in the corner. There followed the usual crowding and staring, an officer took names and numbers; The Big Man lifted the crumpled form in his

arms and stared down at it.
"Don't flag out, old fellow," he said his face stiff with pity, "we'll have you right in an hour or two!" He kicked open the door of the car.

There was another scream.
"O my God! Not in here! I can't bear it. Can't you get an ambulance? You know how these things affect me! You shan't bring him in here!"

The Big Man looked up at her and a curious look came over his faceit was as if he said: "You there? I

tions to the chauffeur through the tube.

As they drove off I saw his profile clear against the pane of glass be-yond. It was just like the engraving of Perseus that hung in my nursery when I was a child—the eyes with that deep hunger and haunted look, the lips set, yet with a vague tenderness upon them. I knew him the moment he walked

across the deck of the Kobe. The look was still there.

Now the curious thing about an ocean voyage is that by the time you to discuss the subject further. But I have been a day or two at sea you know more about your fellow passengers' ancestors than they do themselves, and by the time you have been out thirteen days of chill, gray weather and as many nights of icy dark, you know more about their personal character and individual habits than you really care to know. During the course of the voyage it seeming the facts, therefore. I can crew, "God! what courage that operation and the course of the voyage it seeming the course of the voyage it eyes with the back of his mittens. ing the course of the voyage it seem-My sainted mother! what is there ed to me that every single cabin pasabout mittens that makes such a ges- senger must have sat for hours with every other cabin passenger; most of heart can bear? By this time I did them had found their own level, and ing the lack of that, many other emoinseparable groups had formed, card groups, cocktail groups, coffee and cigar groups; one became accustomed to seeing the same faces together. and pushed back a stray lock that The only two exceptions to this rule were Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts; Mr. Watts and Mrs. Sydney were insa-'Do for heaven's sake come! We tiable bridge-fiends, the moving powers of the card group. I attached myself to Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts, whom I privately refused to call by lesser names than "Andromeda" and "Perseus." They never, to my knowledge, spoke one word to each other during the whole voyage, until the last day of it, and I might talk to the one or to the other, but never to both at the same time, for while they spent speak, or, indeed, to take any notice of one another beyond the grave inwould do it myself, but you see I clination of the head which was her must—must be going," she said at last, and the sound of her voice made courtly, rather formal bow of acclination of the head which was her knowledgement.

I do not suppose I ever met a woprofound admiration. She was course immensely interested in the second chapter of our newsboy friend. elors, I am told): "And show thy mer- | She remembered the incident at once, and bathed me in a gracious nimbus forthwith for having been her missionary in that affair of the street Whenever we talked for any corner. length of time, Mr. Watts would pop his head out with regularity and aver that he did not see how she could help being cold on deck. Mrs. Sydney would drag him, not unwillingly, back to cards, and we would resume the thread, I, for one, wondering how in and paid for on the spot. Chuck em the world this woman, who in every over the fence. What about this 'lis-exchange of thought proved herself exchange of thought proved herself to be built on wide and deeply human lines, could ever have attached herto the absolutely limited and self singularly commonplace Mr. Ellsworth Watts. By the same relativity of thought I was never able to solve the riddle of how Perseus, with whom I talked for many hours, had acquired the light-minded Mrs. Sydney for his

perfectly the old man he had lifted into his motor after his chauffeur had run into him in Washington Square, for he had operated upon him within the hour of the accident, doing one of "I mean," I said hastily, "will you those infinitely delicate things that let them look at it to see if it is in are the daily wonder of brain-surgery; the old man was alive and in better circumstances than before this surgeon had been flung into his ken. relevance. Doctor Sydney's deep regard for the miracle of human life, combined with them before, and yet it is a coincidence which occurs with frequence and regularity, for upon each occasion when I have found myself upon a sea voyage I have discovered, by a sea voyage I have discovered, by "Coming?"

In skeeped of the search of the sea given him as a trust, placed him, in fog which parted slowly and revealed It was, at very least, a face which, centuries ago, might have led dreary smile that I began to see that men on to victory out of what had he rather hoped I was. We arrived shortly at the hospital, which, as I happened to have contributed recently to its support, knew me by name and talk was always of others, never of your support. himself, save in relation to the more important human history of others. A kind of steady power radiated from going on I thought of that lovely face him in such a way that he swept vast which I had seen in such an unexpect- mental horizons into my consciousness, until I became aware of latent And it was a mastoid, and they did courage in myself, disused emotions operate successfully, and before the and capabilities of the nobler sort, which sometimes made me smile at myself a little satirically. This Perseus might be equal to delivering I often wished that I might tell her many Andromedas from their rocks

—not I. alas! Coming upon him suddenly one morning somewhere near the Aleutians, I heard him muttering to himself, and as I joined him he strode on around the deck with a deprecating

"Poetry!" he said. "Never suspect me of it, would you?"

"Composing it?" I asked, awe-

struck. used to know. Queer how things survive. Do you know this:

" 'When you and I have played the little hour, Have watched the tall subaltern, Life, to

Death Yield up his sword; and, turning, draw the breath.

The first deep breath, of freedom; When the flower Of Recompense has fluttered to our feet

As to an actor's, and, the curtain down, We turn to face each other all alone, Alone, we two, who never yet did meet, How shall be told the tale? Clasped hands, pressed lips, and so

clasped hands again: No words, but as the proud wind fills

My soul to yours shall reach: Then one quick moan; And then our infinite Alone."

I nodded. "Yes. Sir Gilbert Parker, I think."
"The only poem of his that I know "The only poem of his that I know well enough even to attempt to say. I'm afraid I haven't it exactly, at age which I have already described in simple and ornate styles, and in coljoined Andromeda, who laid down her quietly:

book as I approached.

swell that was turning the old Kobe in a nasty roll and pitch.

can find about him is his choice of a mate."

"You mean that, having chosen Mrs. Sydney, Doctor Sydney loses something in your estimation?" "I can't help feeling that such a

choice must represent something wanting in him." She looked straight into my eyes, then for a moment she seemed unable which was to come it would drift withsaw her make the effort, and she said "Your reaction is very masgently: culine, and-hasty, if I may say so. I have never spoken one word to your the lift of a wave and swept beyond Perseus beyond 'good morning' and my gaze forever. I looked back at Perseus beyond 'good morning and the Kobe.

'good night,' as you have seen me the Kobe.

"Don't get too far off," I told my "Don't get too far off," I told my tune to stumble at the right time upon one who would be the perfect to us. We'll stand by in case we're complement of that nature—and dur- needed further." tions arrive which may easily be confused with love. The greater the nature, the more apt it is to feel tenderly toward some one weaker than itself; I do not mean pity, I mean a far more subtle thing. That impulse to protect, to serve; that deep urge to supply another's lack out of one's own "Better get off, out of one's own" wealth of spirit; that response to dependence—I know so well how it can lead one to spend what will never be

repaid—perhaps not even seen!
"Now with me, Perseus's choice of a mate moves me unspeakably—so much that I avoid him. I feel that I know too much of what he sometimes I looked quickly over my shoulder.

Her voice, which was always so low, was lower still, and I felt that to could do for the remark applied, of course, only too well to her, as well as attend. They turned and looked at to Doctor Sydney.

"What have we here?" I asked indicating the volume. She took it up, and, opening it ob-

Of so much purchase and debate with Life.

Laying the little coins down, one by one that buy me breath And weariness and sleep at set of sun. Oh, for one hour of elemental strife

Towards one who dared be crucified for me; One crimson-flowered Gethseman For faith disdained by an unthinking world;

One moment at some brink, at which to pause and choose Which of the silver-pieces, Life or Death, to use.

With all stakes bartered for the instant's vision Of one white Christ saved from a world's

"That poem was never written by Alfred Lord Tennyson," I remarked.
"No. I fear it lacks his beautiful phraseology. But it was written in some one's very heart's blood."
"Yes, I think it was."

derision!" "

And I felt a sort of unseen presence pass, bringing with it a chill silence. It seemed to touch us and withdraw as a thief might mark the doorway of a house which he intends to rob. Andromeda was looking straight be-

fore her into the mist.
"Did you feel that?" I asked, in what I feared she might think an ir-

"I not only felt it, but I see it," she

She nodded toward a fragment of an immense pallid phantom, noiseless

"The most beautiful one I have ever seen, and the nearest," she added. I picked up her volume of Tenny-

"That poem-which I shall not find

in this volume-was it written for you?"
"For me? A poem written for me? I'm afraid not." "It would not be as strange as all

And immediately upon her smile of pleasure at my words, came that crash, which now, in the obscure and lengthy annals of maritime catastro-

phes is a matter of history.

The phantom which we had seen passing to leeward of us had not been without its mate, and the latter travelling unhurriedly to windward of our course, had borne down upon the poor old Kobe and dealt her the death-blow for which its predecessor had marked

In the unspeakable confusion of the next few moments everything was photographed upon my mind in flashlight exposures. In the various kinds of death-groans emitted from the ship herself as her ribs were torn from her "Lord no. Just groping for what I vertebrae and her breast was broken open to the seas, we could hear the commands of the captain and first officer ringing out like bugles in all that bedlam of human and other wreckage. A child had got pinned under one of the stanchions, which had twisted like wire as it fell, and before I could gather my wits togethed those two, Perseus and Andromeda, were beside it. I joined them and we released the child, and ran to a sailor who had been pierced by a hugh flying splinter of wood. We put them into a lifeboat which was being manned and guarded them from the attacks of those who became frantic in their desire to be saved. Into this boat we put others who had become incapacitated. It was Perseus's hospital ship that tiny craft reeling forty feet above an abysmal sea; I was its orderly, Andromeda its patron saint. It was the first boat lowered successfully into the water, and when it lay alongside, rising and falling to the

"Slide down the falls. They will sudden plunge.

Other boats were filling and shovwomen, and the moans of the injured, floated out across the chill heavin the scud was greatly over-laden, and I wondered how far in that night out capsizing. In it were Mr. Ellsworth Watts and Mrs. Albert Sydney. Their faces were rather ghastly with fear. They swam before me on

"There may be some one on the way

"No more in this boat, sir," said one of the crew firmly.
"Still we'll stand by!" I answered. Keep off!"

A great wave spilling its crest at the urge of a sudden squall sent us That impulse to surging toward the doomed Kobe. We "Better get off, out of danger; 'most everybody's left her by now and

there's one more boat for the others." My coxswain put his helm hard ov-

"Damn you!" I cried. "Not yet!

I looked quickly over my shoulder. They were standing by the rail, those two; there were no others in sight from the angle at which I saw the dress. change the subject was the least I them. There could have been no more one another smiling. They stood there smiling and talking in the most extraordinary way, as they might have stood together in a summer garviously at random, she began reading den, jesting tenderly about matters of the most trivial, the most delight-"There are long hours when I am sick ful, the most personal nature. In a death word, she was like a woman who has been wooed and won, he like a man who is flattered and softened by the winning. In their superb liberation, their mutual independence of any of the horrors around them, they seemed to me splendid beyond all telling.

They came, a moment later, and leaned upon the rail, shoulder to shoulder, as if they were going on an afternoon's excursion! I waved to them, but they were engrossed in themselves. They did not see me. And I have never seen either of them again. I only know that where they live they are together.—By Amory Hare.

-A Kansas City minister has discovered that girls of his congregation wish to marry men with big salaries. Next thing we'll find out that water runs down hill.

The Watchman publishes news when it is news. Read it.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

Cloud and shadow are the clay That the sky must put away, As we put the body by

If we want to feel the sky Cloud and shadow-flesh and world-Sunshine bursts when these are furled!

-Emphasizing the importance of jewelry in the season's modes, one New York establishment is showing straps for silk underthings made of fine chains with small stone settings. More important are the single strands of small indestructible pearls that are also being used for this purpose. At each end is a strong but small and flat pin that may be passed through several folds of material. These pins will hold several garments and eliminate the necessity of having different straps on the various underthings and are particularly useful for wear with evening clothes. The chains come in both single and double

-An attractive little powder box is made of tortoise shell in somewhat square shape with sides so curved that a little more bulging and they would turn the shape into a circular box. The cover has a bit of fine work in the inlay design which may be had in either gold or silver. These designs are modernistic in theme and show snatches of plant and animal Inside, the cover is equipped with a mirror, while opposite is a flat little pat of composition powder.

-Bracelets to wear with sports clothes. or, as matter of fact, with any of the gay little printed chiffons or crepes, are made of genuine amber, cut in miniature spool shapes. And to render them more charming and a bit more unusual, they are separated from one another by tiny little rounded beads of none other but the precious and important onyx. Between the cracks on close inspection one glimpses the fine silver chain that serves instead of a silk cord.

Another bracelet is made of wood in the gueerest of shapes, carved to represent a mound or low hill and with finely cut ridges like ravines. The woods used are in colors rich brown or wine red. The two little eyelets bored through at each side are fitted with bright, shiny brass rings to hold the wooden motifs together, a concealed clasp being used for fastening.

-For those who prefer to wear a simple but becoming opera pump, and yet feel the need of a strap, there are smart-looking adjustable straps made of various metals. These straps are he said. Soon afterward I the man, he turned to me and said ors to harmonize with all the new leathers. Aside from the general styling they meet the shoe require-"Come and talk to me!" she called need some one of integrity to hold ments for all occasions. The daydon't remember ever having seen you before. How do you happen to be sitting in my car?"

He stepped inside with his burden and closed the door, giving the direction of the sitting in specific to der my ribs, and I said. As soon as small buckle is introduced to simutimes its original weight. A ten-I was in the boat I immediately shov- late the strap idea, while in the box I told her of my name for him, and ed clear of the ship and had the crew links pierced and engraved tops elim-I added: "The only belittling thing I pull away out of danger in case of a linate the need of a fancy centre ornament.

Since afternoon shoes are necessaring off; the first panic was over, and ily more given to detail in trimming only the whimpering of some of the and color, the straps offered for them naturally follow the same designs. Color is used discreetly in a brooch ing swell. One boat going past us arrangement slightly curved to fit over the instep. Different shapes are followed-squares, narrow oblongs and ovals or bow-knot effects. Strans are fashioned of braided mesh with embellishment at the side fastenings. Straps for evening wear are decidedly more ornate and are shown in the silver, gold and platinum finishes.

Elaborate centre motifs in odd shapes are set with large imitation precious stones in different colorings and in some the surrounding frame work is set with small rhinestones or other stones to match or supply contrast. The bracelet idea is carried out here, too, with links set vith stones or showing fine cut-work in the open designs. These straps fasten at either side of the shoe by tiny clamps, finished on the inside with a flat surface to prevent injury to stockings.

-The problem of procuring just the right kind of slip to wear with sheer frocks in navy, black or tan, or, in fact, any shade, need no longer be wearisome. Gay plaids and stripes in soft lustrous silk are used to fashion the new models made with deep shadow hems, snugly fitting bodies and shoulder straps that do not slide off. The colors chosen are varied, with emphasis on the back-ground, the stripes or plaid effects standing out and in this way giving a new appearance to

-Attractive little triangular scarfs are now on display in many of the smart shops. They are especially adaptable for wear with the new sport dresses made without sleeves. Scarfs with the knot tied at one shoulder, serve to protect the neck from sunburn. Then, too, they serve to brighten up a sombre costume or lend contrast where it may be needed. The colors are soft and becoming, and harmonize well with the new Spring and Summer shades. In many of them several tints are combined, with stripe forming the border. For wear and yellow are suggested.

-Black satin handbags, despite their somewhat limited acceptance during the Palm Beach season, are coming forth for Summer in many new shapes. The melon shape is much affected, with self-covered frame and with fancy zigzag insets through the centre. To brighten them a touch of the ornate is found in the clasps, which are usually of rhinestones of imitation jade. Other models of the pouch shape are sometimes mounted on heavily gilded and jeweled frames. The bodies of the bags are deep enough to carry many small articles and yet not appear awkward.

FARM NOTES.

-As soon as the breeding season is over take the old rooster away from the flock.

-The color of apples depends upon their nitrogen content, the highest-colored fruit having the least.

-Hay for dairy cows should be cut early as it contains more milk-producing power and is more palatable than when cut later.

-Provide roosts for chicks at three weeks of age. Remove cockerels when eight weeks old or sooner. Clean brooder house twice a week and move it to a clean area. Keep liquid milk before the chicks or feed a mash containing 40 per cent. dried milk.

Cholera is a very contagious disease confined to hogs, and has a mortality of nearly 100 per cent. The only means of control is through strict quarantine measure and the judicious use of anti-hog cholera serum and virus. One should keep men, birds, and dogs away from his hogs, and be careful about importing feed from cholera-infested areas. If cholera is near, vaccinate. Also keep in touch with the State veterinarian and watch the sanitation.

-Steer feeding is a business that fits in conveniently with the work of the ordinary farm, starting after crops are harvested and ending before spring planting begins. Steer feeding provides a market for the hays and other roughages produced on the farm during the summer. By providing work during the winter months, the farmer can employ a more satisfactory class of farm labor-Extension Bulletin 195-A, "Steer Feeding in Colorado."

-One male in a flock of fourteen Plymouth Rock fowls of any variety should be sufficient to insure fertility of the eggs during the natural hatching season. It would make no difference that the male and the females were of different varieties. Unless these eggs were set very early in the season, this head of the flock should be replaced by another bird, when eggs might be saved for hatching after a week or ten days. Close confinement is detrimental to fertility.

As a rule three main factors should be taken under consideration in culling the ewe flock, viz: age, wool, and lambs. And, without question, age is the most important factor, and affects very strongly the other two. Ewes are in their prime generally from their third to fifth and sixth years. During this time they should produce their best fleeces and raise their best lambs. The older sheen are more susceptible to disease and the wool becomes of poorer quality.

-Ideal growth in a chick is an exceedingly rapid process, which is revealed in a comparison with an infant baby. A well hatched chick will weigh approximately one and a quarter ounces at time of hatching, and in twelve week pound baby at the same rate of growth would weigh 250 pounds at twelve weeks, which would be a real bouncer. Discard the runts and deformed birds.

Foremost of the superhighwys in the United States is the one running out of Detroit. It has a width of 204 feet, with two separated roadways 44 feet wide, each carrying one-way traffic. On each of the four-track roadways horse-drawn traffic keeps to the right-hand curb, slow-moving heavy trucks outside them, and passenger cars in the two other lanes. Space is also provided between the roadways for trolley lines, and provision is made for motor-car parking.

With reasonably good care and feeding, little ducklings are easier to raise than chickens and will seldom be lost. Two important things to remember, however, are these-ducklings must always have plenty of air to breathe and a dry place in which to

exercise. A brooder cannot be tightly closed at night or dead ducks will be found in the morning. Many duck raisers remove the skirts of the hovers entirely after the first of May in order that the air may circulate freely over and around the brood when they are resting or during the night.

While ducks enjoy water after they get a good start, there is nothing harder on little ducklings than damp, rainy conditions. Keep them warm and dry until feathered out.

-Fully 50 per cent. of the value of farm manure may be lost through careless handling. One way of handling farm manure

is to apply it to the land as it is produced. This may be accomplished to advantage by pasturing off crops, provided animals are not allowed to run on the fields when the soil is wet. When the manure is handled this way the losses are perhaps not as great as through improper storage. There of this shape and size, when worn is, however, a serious disadvantage to the method in that one cannot always apply the manure where it should go, and, in some cases, it may be necessary to store it at least a part

of the year. The liquid portion of manure contains a large percentage of the total nitrogen and potassium. When this is not saved much of the value of the manure is lost. Therefore, when catwith wnite focks the navy, red, green the are fed in the feed lot and the manure is stored in the open, the manure pile should be on level ground to prevent the liquid from easily draining away. If the manure is stored in a loose pile rapid fermentation dries it out and much of the organic matter is lost. Such losses, however, may be reduced by keeping the manure firm

and moist. Piling the manure in the field, expecting to scatter it quite a while later, is bad practice and should not be followed. The loose open nature of the pile encourages fermentation, which increases the loss of organic matter and nitrogen.—F. B. Smith, Agronomy Department, Colorado Agricultural College.