

RURAL TOPICS

PROTECT THE MILK.

Experiments conclusively prove that, milking in a stable where the circulation of air carries the dust out, wiping the udder with a damp cloth and scalding the utensils with live steam from boiling water will not only reduce the bacterial content of the milk, but largely increase its keeping qualities as well as that of the finished product.—Farmers Home Journal.

CARE OF CATALPAS.

The Forest Service says that the practice of allowing catalpa trees to grow two or three years before pruning is not to be recommended, since although a long stem is usually secured it is apt to become top heavy and easily damaged by the wind when the foliage is wet. The better plan is to keep the trees straight from the start. In cases of crooked trees, or where severe injury has been caused by mice or rabbits, the trees should be cut to the ground regardless of their age.

HIGH VALUES IN SHEEP.

It may be well to recall the fact that at no distant day there were raised in New England breeding lambs that were sold for several thousand dollars each, and that became the foundation stock of many of the finest flocks of sheep in the world. What has become of this industry and this enterprise in New England—this rich reward for brains and effort? Had the children of these people kept pace with the development and value of the stock raised upon the farms of their parents and ancestors, would we now find them so generally members of the army of grumblers and fault finders?—American Cultivator.

A BIG INFLUENCE.

The bull is one-half of the herd. The cows are the other half. The bull exerts his influence, his breeding, over every cow in the herd, whether it be for good or bad. If his breeding or pedigree is of the wrong sort, that is, for example, of a poor dairy sort, his influence is for bad, and the young stock will not be of the kind that develop into useful animals. This influence is not on one cow, but on all the herd. With cows it is different. If, in the herd, there be a poor cow, her effects are felt only on her calves while the calves of her sisters in the herd will be good or poor, according to the individual cow. The good bull will make his good qualities felt in all the cows.—American Cultivator.

WHEN TO PRUNE.

The question arises every year, with some of us, how late in the spring can we safely prune? Of course the way to avoid this problem is to be beforehand and prune just as soon as the severe weather is over and before leaf growth starts. Foliage pruning is always more or less detrimental to the tree. This is shown by recent pruning test in a 2-year old Kieffer pear orchard of F. M. Soper, Magnolia, Delaware, described by the Department of Agriculture. Some trees were pruned early and severely; others early and moderately; others in full foliage and moderately and others in full foliage and severely. Those showing up best were the early and severely pruned, and those early and moderately next best. The late pruning was a disadvantage. Whether it is better to prune late rather than not at all until the following spring is an open question, depending somewhat on the age of the tree and the need for thinning out the branches.—Farmers Home Journal.

SUGGESTS RULES FOR THE COW.

The Broome County (New York) Medical Society having promulgated a lot of rules for dairymen to follow, a "Farmer's Son" becomes sarcastic and suggests the following additional rules. These he declares are about as sensible as some of the society's:

- Every cow must be provided with a phonograph. It has been found that a phonograph is a perfect substitute when her bawling calf is taken away, and prevents a mourning cow from giving sour milk.
- Every cow must be provided with a Merry Widow hat. All cows are merry widows, and a becoming hat which appeals to their vanity will sweeten the milk.
- Apply the hat same as sun-bonnets are placed on horses.
- If the cow's Merry Widow hat is trimmed with yellow, there will be more yellow cream on the milk.
- Every cow must be provided with pepsin gum. The Medical Certified Milk Society has observed that all cows devote quite a large portion of the time to chewing gum. The B. C. M. Society therefore orders that only pepsin gum be provided; this will cause the cow to furnish predigested milk, suitable for infants, and for physicians' prescriptions at two dollars a prescription.—American Cultivator.

CAUSES OF DELAYED CHURNING.

In home buttermaking one will occasionally encounter conditions which make it necessary to churn an unusual length of time. Even the butter sometimes refuses to gather and the

entire churning is thrown away. We have found that there is no need of throwing the butter away in such cases. Instead of doing so, try the following plan: If the churned cream looks like ice cream add from three-fourths to one part of cold water to it and set aside for a few hours without stirring it, letting the butter rise to the top. Then skim off all the thick cream on top and put it into a sack made of clean, firm, white cloth, which should be wet. Now squeeze all the water and milk you possibly can out of the creamy butter in the cloth. By the time the water is nearly all squeezed out the butter will have gathered enough so that you can put it into the butter bowl and work it the same as any butter.

We accidentally discovered this way of gathering butter after we had churned for some time. We had occasion to try it again later and found it an excellent way when the butter will not gather by being churned. Although it is more bother to gather it this way than by churning it, still it is much better than having to throw the churning away.—Wm. H. Underwood in the Indiana Farmer.

WHY CULTIVATE AN ORCHARD?

For the same reason that we cultivate a hill of corn. We plant apple trees 30 feet apart, while we plant corn three and a half feet apart, for the reason that the foliage of an apple tree bears the same relation to 30 feet that the foliage of a hill of corn bears to three and a half feet. Also, that the roots of the tree occupy the entire thirty feet of space as well as the roots of corn occupy the three and a half feet of space. Cultivation is as absolutely necessary for the one as for the other. Cultivation will give thrift to either and unthrift without it. To produce a good crop of corn, break the ground eight inches deep and pulverize a fine seed bed. In cultivating the orchard we break three inches deep only, on account of roots, and make the same finely pulverized surface.

This bed contains moisture to the very surface in a dry season. By this kind of preparation and a fine, level cultivation, we retain moisture to the tree-tops during a drought, and consequently thrive of trees and large, smooth apples, fit indeed, for any market. A hill of corn half cultivated produces small ears of corn. An apple tree cultivated, set in pasture, for the same reason, produces fruit hardly fit for worms. The downfall of thousands of orchards commences when their foolish owners sow them to grass and turn their stock in, and if possible tramp them still harder than they were before. A belt of grass around a tree is about as fatal as a rope around a criminal's neck, especially if it be timothy, the great robber of moisture.—Green's Fruit Grower.

FARM HINTS.

Every farmer should have a pair of scales. It is the only way for the farmer to know exactly where he stands in his buying and selling.

An ounce of reconciliation over a line fence is better than a lawsuit.

A well kept lawn reflects the good taste and nature of the owner.

The horse is man's best friend, therefore he is deserving of a friend's treatment.

Don't forget that the barnyard manure is the best all-around fertilizer you can obtain.

Pasture makes the cheapest hog feed on the farm, and clover makes the best hog pasture.

Don't let money act as a padlock on your heart, and shut in all the kindness and happiness.

The animal that has a full, bright eye is apt to be healthy. And a moist nose is another indication of health.

Talk over with the good housewife all the undertakings of the farm. She will have some good advice to offer.

Don't borrow too much. It is more satisfactory both to yourself and your neighbors to have tools of your own.

The burning of straw and stalks, except in special cases, is a wasteful practice and has no place in judicious farming.

Bees help to make the crop and pay the farmer for the privilege. They are little trouble and may be the source of a good income.

If the harvest and haying tools were not put in repair last fall it will be a pretty good plan to look them over and order new parts now.

"Whoever a man sowed, that shall he also reap." Take heed to this old proverb.

Pup Keeps Cool.

A cute little Boston terrier pup showed some of his higher brotherly in the Darwinian scale on Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge, how to keep cool yesterday. He was trotting along behind an ice wagon, and each time it stopped to make deliveries the cunning chap sprawled out underneath, where the chilly trickles from the melting ice would strike his fevered body. The way he squirmed in delight when the drops splashed on his pink stomach made all the bystanders long to follow suit.—Boston Post.

AT LAST THE WORM TURNS!



There has been introduced into the Georgia Assembly a timely bill relating to the "wiles and blandishments of women. The measure provides that if any woman, whether maid or widow, shall bring into matrimony any unsuspecting male subject of the State by scents, paints, powder or perfume, cosmetics, wafers, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, corsets, pads or padding, hoops or high-heeled shoes, V-cut waists, lace, variegated, drop-stitched, or rainbow hosiery, or by any other deceitful means or artful practices, the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void. Assemblyman Glenn, who introduced the bill, represents a summer resort district.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HONORS GROVER CLEVELAND.

Names San Jacinto Forest for Former President, Who Created the Reservation.—Informs Mrs. Cleveland of His Proclamation.

Oyster Bay.—President Roosevelt has written to Mrs. Grover Cleveland, informing her of a proclamation he has signed changing the name of the San Jacinto National Forest to the Cleveland National Forest, in honor of the late former President. The letter is:

"Oyster Bay, 1908.

"My Dear Mrs. Cleveland—It has recently been my privilege to sign a proclamation changing the name of the San Jacinto National Forest to the Cleveland National Forest. May I express to you the very great pleasure it gave me to take that action—a pleasure mingled with a keen sense of the loss to our country and to our citizens in the death of President Cleveland. On February 22, 1897, President Cleveland signed the proclamation creating the San Jacinto Forest Reserve in Southern California. The date—February 22—was no mere accident, since the signature of the proclamation was timed to coincide with the birthday of our first President.

"President Cleveland was one of the first to recognize the need of forest preservation, and the creation of the San Jacinto and other forest reserves, with a total area of 25,686,320 acres, was one of the results of his foresight in this direction. Throughout his life he took great interest in conserving the natural resources of the Nation; and I particularly regretted his inability to attend the meeting of the Governors in May, because that meeting was in part the fruit of seed he had sown years before. The name of Grover Cleveland will always be prominently identified with the movement to protect the forests of the United States, and it seemed to me eminently fitting that one of the forests which he created should bear his name throughout all time.

"Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

BROTHERS TRAPPED, KILLED THEMSELVES.

Posse Stormed Home of Man Who Had Slaughtered an Inoffensive Meat Pedler.

Benton Harbor, Mich.—Both August Gross, who without known cause shot and fatally wounded an inoffensive meat pedler named James Kirk, and his younger brother, Fred Gross, lost their lives in a pitched fight with Sheriff Tennant and a posse of seven men who went to the Gross home to arrest August Gross. One of the officers was injured. The Gross brothers are both supposed to have been insane.

After shooting Kirk, Gross barricaded himself in his farmhouse, twelve miles from here, in Pipestone township, and through the night exchanged occasional shots with the crowd of farmers and officers who were guarding the premises to prevent his escape. His younger brother, Fred, joined him in the defense of the house, and the aged mother of the two men was also in the building. The officers found her almost prostrated with terror when they finally broke into the house.

The posse drove to the Gross farm in two automobiles from Benton Harbor. Shortly before their arrival the Gross brothers had rushed from the house and taken position with their guns near the front fence. After about fifteen shots had been fired at the officers, who replied with rifles and shotguns, August left his cover and ran for the house. Fred was wounded through the leg, and when he found that he was unable to follow, fired a bullet through his own head, dying instantly. Expecting August to open fire momentarily, the posse closed in on the house, entered and found the crazed man dead on his own bed. A single shot from a shotgun had pierced his heart.

August Gross was a well educated man. Worry over his failure to get financial returns from a sight which he had invented for military rifles is said to have unsettled his mind, although it is declared that insanity is hereditary in the family.

EDICT THAT WILL WRING THE HEARTS OF COLLEGE BOYS AND NEGRO GAMBLERS

Tailors in Convention Decide to Make No More Flashy Clothes After This Summer.

Chicago.—Wee for the college youth, the negro gambler and the flashy bartender. The tailors' convention, figuratively speaking, tore freak clothes to tatters. What was left of the drop-front, the four-inch trousers cuff, the frilly pocket flaps and other innovations of the season wasn't enough to interest a ragpicker. Indignation of the tailors over bizarre garments rose to a high pitch and they vowed even college boys would have to submit to conservative clothes in the fall, even if the football gatherings came to look like a campmeeting.

In the campaign against the cherished fads John E. Spann sounded a "keynote" in his speech:

"Your salvation lies in stemming the torrent of freakish garments," he said to the assembled cutters. "The tailors originated the so-called gingerbread styles for their college patronage, but they have got beyond us. They were seized upon greedily by the manufacturers. They were just what the makers were waiting for, but the curves and frills conceal defects of fit. Long coats cover up the misfit of the barrel trousers. Conservative styles with a draping effect that require careful tailoring will prevail in the fall."

The cutters were urged to pad the shoulders only when "absolutely necessary to give the figure proper shape and to balance the garment sufficiently to give the wearer distinction and individuality." Unusual fabrics were also selected by the tailors for the discard. Conservatism in shades will replace the "zebra" styles and other summer novelties.

Colors will be toned down to conform to the greater conservatism of design. Browns, it was said, would be the prevailing hue for fall suits, with a strong representation of greenish tints.

"Overcoat styles," said one speaker, "will be 'boxy,' three-quarter lengths, with a tendency to shortness. For morning wear black-bradded, single-breasted frocks of vicuna or cheviot will be in great demand, to be worn with a fancy waistcoat and striped trousers."

House of Seven Gables

Now Girls' Settlement.

Salem, Mass.—Miss Caroline O. Emmerton, one of Salem's richest women, has just purchased the celebrated House of Seven Gables, about which Hawthorne wrote.

She will use the estate in settlement work. Speaking of her plans she said:

"For years a settlement house, where young girls of the city can enjoy some advantages, has been needed. By this purchase will one of the landmarks be preserved."

Dog Seizes Wire and Dies to Save Young Master.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Apparently scenting danger for George Bradbury, aged seventeen, should he secure a firmer grip on a live electric wire, a bulldog made a leap at the wire and tore it from the hands of the senseless boy. The dog was killed instantly, but his master escaped with a severe shock.

Bradbury started to push the wire from his hand when the dog made the leap to save his life. The boy was unconscious for five minutes.

How Russia Ruies The Caucasus

By H. W. Nevinson.

FOUND the villagers piteously encamped among the black and sodden ruins of their homes. For some months after the invasion they had lived in the rocks and caves of mountain forests, hiding from the soldiers and creeping down at night to carry away any grain or other food which might have escaped the burning. At the first approach of the troops they had hidden their girls and women there. For the Cossacks and other soldiers had received orders from their colonel to capture them. Some of the women were found. A boy, was hanged for killing the soldier who was violating his mother. Many women and children died in the forests of cold and hunger. Many mothers went mad. Some I found still torpid and unconscious with misery. Some wandered frantic far into the higher mountains and perished in the snowdrifts and crevasses.

The fate of the men and few women who attempted to remain in their homes and brave the consequences was no less wretched. Among the ruins of a large village upon the banks of the Soupsa they crept out of their doghutch shelters of wood and straw and told me what befell them. It was morning when the Russian battalion marched in, and the commanding officer ordered the whole village into the church. While they were there a bugle sounded, and soldiers, stationed at each house, at the signal set fire to the wooden buildings, having first plundered them of everything they could carry away. When the people were let out of church they saw their homes going up in columns of smoke and flame that nothing could now extinguish.—Harper's Magazine.

Pluperfect Propriety In Language

By Professor T. R. Lounsbury.

Every community where the subject of usage comes up for discussion, a body of men can be found who are not content with perfect propriety. They are determined to have what may be called pluperfect propriety. One particular illustration of this there is which comes up pretty constantly for discussion. A person wishes on some given day, say, for instance, Saturday, to designate the day following. He ordinarily says, "Tomorrow is Sunday,"—that is, he says so if he uses the language as if it belonged to him and not as if he belonged to it. If he chance to be in the company of one who is in the latter unhappy situation, he is not unlikely to be interrupted by some such remark as this: "Pardon me, you should say, 'Tomorrow will be Sunday.'"

This foregoing is a specimen of the sort of examples usually adduced by scholars as an illustration of pedantic usage occasioned by imperfect linguistic training. Yet in spite of its commonness it does not strictly belong to the class of cases here under consideration. It is merely one of many instances where the idea of future time is conveyed not by the verb but by some other word or phrase in the sentence. In the example just given it is found in the subject tomorrow. If any person take exception to the expression, it is perfectly legitimate to ask him if the day specified be not Sunday, what day is it? Important engagements will usually compel him to betake himself elsewhere before he finds time to answer. In all cases of the sort it is of course proper enough to use the future tense. Occasionally it may be necessary to do so, either for the sake of contrast, or of emphasis, or even of securing variety. But ordinarily its employment adds nothing to the clearness or force of what is sought to be said. It therefore approaches the nature of an expletive. On the other hand, the use of the present tense not only makes the idea just as distinct, it sometimes renders it far more effective. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," wrote Paul, arguing against those who denied immortality. Undoubtedly, "we shall die" would have expressed exactly what the apostle had in mind; but it would not have given his words the vividness and energy they now have.—Harper's Magazine.

Concerning Social Leaders

By Winifred Black.

VERY rich woman is coming back to America and is going to start a fight to be social leader at Newport, so the people who know tell us.

Dear me! What an exciting world this is! It must be lots of fun to have such important things to live for, mustn't it? That's a great ambition, the ambition to be social leader, isn't it?

It's worth being born in travail and dying in agony for, I suppose. I wonder what the ants think about it.

I was watching a company of ants this morning; they were summer resort ants; very smart, and awfully knowing.

They had a beautiful ant hill right on the edge of a smiling lake—I suppose they called it a cottage in the ant language.

There was no question as to who was the social leader in that particular colony. A baby a year old could have told that by watching the perform antics there for half an hour.

She was so important, this social leader. She hurried back and forth and waved her funny little arms around, and seemed to be bossing everybody, and all at once, just as she had marshalled all the other ants into a fine procession of burden bearers for her, a little boy in bare legs and sandals came along and set his wanton heel carelessly upon her—and she was dead. I didn't notice any great mourning in the ant hill of the social leader. Half an hour later I came back and some one else had taken her place.

I wonder if she wouldn't have had a better time if she had just lived her short life in comfort and ease.

I wonder if it hurt any less when the heel of the sandal crushed her to death because she was the social leader.

Social leader, dear, dear! I'd rather be a fish that swims the sea, or a bird that flies the air, or a plant, every-day, real human being, with real loves, and real hates, and real habits, and real friends, and real sorrows, and real joys than to be a pastboard thing in the silly little pastboard world we call society, wouldn't you?—New York American.

Cleopatra Still Mistress of the Nile

By Marie Van Vorst.

NE famous figure stands out in the history of Egypt and the Nile giving river, country, and seaport a lasting charm. All along the river, from Philae, above all at Dendera, the shores are personal with the recollections of the woman than whom no queen was ever more brilliant, whose charm, seduction, wit, and human fascination have been made immortal by the masterpieces of the world. Antony, as did her subjects, called her Egypt.

And the country, whose shape is a lotus, whose emblems are the serpent and the papyrus, is instinct with the grace of this empress. Alexandria, her capital and playground, was a garden, a pleasure park for her, a banquet hall where beside her on her couch Mark Antony delivered up Caesar, Italy, fame, and honor into her beautiful hands, giving all the treasures of his life that she might dissolve them in the winecup from which he drank to her. In Alexandria, Cleopatra's temples filled the squares; through the streets at night, touching elbows with Roman, Greek, and Egyptian, with slave and noble, the Queen and the mad Antony made sport of the etiquette that hedges royalty. Here, where she had originally bewitched Caesar, she held Antony, until kingdoms and his old glories were nothing to him; and here in Alexandria she lifted him, defeated, broken, into his tomb; and here beside him, she herself died. So intense is the cartouche that Cleopatra has left on Egyptian history, and on this marine city that the ugly bustle of commerce, where Jews, Greeks, and modern cosmopolis, is lost and forgotten as the old capital rises like a mirage on the edge of the desert and, as one thinks of Cleopatra, shines again with something of its old glory. The Queen's pink obelisks (one of which is now in the New York Central Park) are seen again in their old place, and the shouts and cries tremble upon the air as the people call her. Cleopatra is going to Cydnus in the golden barge hung with purple! The people kiss the ground her feet have trod; she is a goddess; she is Isis—Hathor; she is Empress of Upper and Lower Egypt; Mistress of the Nile. But she is, above all else, a woman whom Antony has named his "Serpent of Old Nile." Her ship puts out for sea, and the seaside crowded with citizens is black like a pall. As she sails away, the heart of Egypt goes with her, and the great river and the land have in all their history no more sumptuous memory than the memory of her.—Harper's Magazine.

The mean height of all the land now as being 1,000 feet. The mean depth above the sea is referred to by Lyell of the ocean is at least 12,000 feet.