

The Maple Leaf

Tall, dark, tangled pines and spruces completely surrounded the beautiful Lac d'Amour; the blue sunny morning sky smiled at its reflection in the lake's clear mirror. Wild tuncful notes of hidden birds mingled with the perfumed whispered messages of the breezes and the musical dip, dip of oars.

Helen MacNole rested a few moments, allowing the light skiff to drift idly towards the lily beds, while she eagerly and with extreme pleasure drank in all the uncultivated, primitive Canadian beauty of forest, lake and sky. Two whole months at Aunt Sophia's cottage meant a great deal to this Boston girl, for she had never before been in the fair province, and every scene was new and attractive to her.

Helen had half lost herself in a delightful reverie when the sound of splashing paddles aroused her, which was accompanied by a mellow tenor voice that was singing with the most enthusiastic, passionate earnestness the sweet song of "The Maple Leaf." The chorus ran:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever.
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

The rare voice that sang those words quite charmed Helen, yet she laughed softly, and a mischievous light came into her irresistible blue eyes as she threw back her head and sang in her pure soprano voice "The Star Spangled Banner." After she had concluded she said to herself with a low laugh of sheer fun: "I'll show whoever it is that there is a Yankee on this little sea."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a pretty canoe glided around the bend of the Lac d'Amour. Its occupant, none other than the tenor singer, regarded his enemy with a half amused, half piqued look of surprise. He was handsome. His face was dark and vivacious; his smile, showing strong white teeth, was dazzling. There was a careless grace and motion about his movements. The wind had ruffled his soft black hair until it half tumbled into his sparkling brown eyes.

Helen looked at the tenor half confused, half afraid, for she had not expected to be discovered in her retreat—and by such a well-meaning young gentleman.

"Pardon, miss, if I have disturbed you and your song," the young man commenced.

"You have not disturbed me at all, sir—see, my boat has never moved an inch," Helen replied, with an attempt to look grave, but for some unknown reason she burst into a hearty and mirthful laugh.

"You are an excellent singer, miss. Excuse my frankness, it is my misfortune, not my fault," the tenor said, leisurely laying the paddle across the canoe.

"All Yankees are good singers," Helen responded concisely, trying to look utterly sincere.

"So you're a Yankee. Yes, I know so by your song which sounded a good deal like a challenge," the other said, as he calmly and with open admiration studied Helen's proud head, crowned with braided coils of gold-tinted brown hair, her pink cheeks and slender, straight form.

"Yes, I am a Yankee—Miss Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.," Helen replied.

"And I am Lester Lejarn, a French Canadian Frenchman," the young boatman retorted, with equal dignity. Then both the boaters laughed merrily, it was all so amusing.

It does not take long for two young, happy-spirited persons to get acquainted; when Helen's boat grated the shore beside of Lejarn the two had become quite intimate. Helen, for her part, felt in a childish mood of enjoying the adventure. As for Lejarn, he was very much in earnest; he decided that he would see more of this charming Yankee, this Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.

Helen found out from Aunt Sophia that Lester Lejarn was the son of an Englishman by birth and claimed his French descent on his mother's side. After the death of Lejarn's mother Mr. Lejarn had come to Canada, bringing Lester, the only child. When Lester was but fourteen his father became blind, and since that time the young Lejarn had worked in a Montreal business house and supported his father.

Helen firmly put aside the fact that she was the only daughter of the widowed, prosperous banker, Arthur MacNole, and allowed the French tenor to take her boating, driving and walking when he was home from work. Finally, a message came to the effect that Helen must come home, as a party of wealthy New Yorkers were coming to pass the winter season at the Star-Spanned.

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"Oh, no," Helen responded, trying to laugh. She leaned against the trunk of a huge maple tree. No particular thought came to her mind, but some strange, cold gloom settled over her heart. Lejarn looked at her very intently.

The sunset had faded away, leaving the sky a blue, shadowy expanse, where stars twinkled faintly. The moon was rising above the pines and shone upon the Lac d'Amour with a glorious light.

"Helen, it is because you love me," Lejarn said softly and convincingly. The tears coursed freely down Helen's cheeks.

"Helen, I love you. I've dared to, although you are a Yankee girl," he smiled, "but I cannot claim you—you would not marry a poor Frenchman, would you?"

Helen dashed the tears from her eyes and nodded, saying, in a pained voice: "But my father."

"Ah, I realize," Lejarn said abruptly, then, "Here, Helen, take this Maple Leaf Pin, and when I can stand on an equal footing with you I'll come to claim you. It will take time to build myself up in business, perhaps you may tire of waiting, but remember I will always love you," and Lejarn pinned the silver token onto Helen's dress; he clasped those strong arms about her for a moment, and only the lapping waves and her sobs were heard. She almost pushed Lejarn away and fled from the lake.

Hushed woodlands and tranquil bay met the tired eyes of the passengers on board of the boat which was slowly drifting into the Canadian harbor.

Helen, clad in black, her face rather pale and sad, looked back at the vast extent of ocean behind her and sighed. She would never return. Her father had died, and the heavily mortgaged estate had been confiscated, all within the year that she had spent since she left Canada the previous fall. Helen was returning to make her home with Aunt Sophia.

From the time she left the boat until she got out of the pony cart at her aunt's cottage, Helen mused doubtfully, hopefully. Lejarn was in that town yet, so she learned—but had he forgotten her after that brief summer acquaintance?

Although fatigued, that same evening Helen walked through the woods to the lake. She even donned the same muslin gown she had worn that night when she and Lejarn had stood on the shore, and fastened the little maple leaf pin to the collar. The little boat was still there and she got in. For a time she rowed aimlessly, gazing beyond the black pines, into the brilliant, glowing west.

Lejarn had forgotten her, probably, and she must forget him. Helen took off the pin and held it in her hand a moment. At that instant a rustling in the bushes disturbed her and looking up she saw—Lester Lejarn standing on the gleaming strand of the Lac d'Amour.

"Helen!" he uttered; his face grew pale with sudden surprise. With a hasty movement, he started to unloose the remaining craft that was tied to the stake, but Helen shook her head, and with a few strokes brought her boat to the shore.

"Pardon me, Miss MacNole, I have again intruded upon your solitude—and on a sadder occasion," Lejarn glanced at the black ribbon band on Helen's sleeve.

Helen nodded and stood silently before the tenor, who looked at her questioningly. "I have not become wealthy enough yet to claim you—but probably you had forgotten me—" he began in a choking voice. Then he told her how he had struggled to advance in business and how his father had died, too, and left him utterly alone. Helen told her own grief in a few words. Then there was silence a few moments; Lejarn searched for the pin, but did not see it. Helen, seeing the action, blushed faintly as she unclosed her hand and showed the little emblem.

The Lac d'Amour grew dark and pine fragrance filled the air. Again the moon shone brightly and the waters of the lake lapped a soft, tenor song, not marred by sobs of sorrow, but a happy silence told the simple three-worded story more eloquently than ever before. Far across, on the opposite side of the lake, children's voices were singing:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever.
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

And Helen walked through the silent aisles of the forest with Lejarn, never more to leave the region of the Lac d'Amour.—EVA GORMLEY.

State Socialism.
State socialism, as the name fairly implies, is the theory that land and capital should be taken possession of by the State; that all production for distribution and all distribution should draw from the State his compensation, whatever it may be, for services performed, and that money and interest should cease to exist. Socialists do not advocate violence or any form of force, the opinion of many to the contrary, notwithstanding. They believe, as a body, that the object they are after is to be reached not by force but by the ballot, as the peaceable expression of free opinion.

Writing on the Wall.
Our boys in blue will teach the old heathen to speak United States and show the young ones how to write old English names on front walls. On rocks and monuments of Asia there still are seen coarse old Greek names and naughty pictures, the work of Alexander's foot and horse.

Double Murder in Barnyard.
The community about Rifes Crossing, W. Va., is astounded over a murder surrounded by mystery.

The bodies of J. L. Nickel, aged fifty-two years, a carpenter and contractor, and his son-in-law, Stephen Evans, aged twenty-six years, were found, riddled with bullets, in the barnyard of W. K. Eades. The crime was committed in broad daylight and within a short distance of their own home.

Thirty-eight shot entered Evans' face and head. Both eyes were shot out and four shot entered the brain. Nickel was evidently running away from his assailant. His body was found about 200 yards from where he had been shucking corn. He had fallen face down, fourteen shot entering his back. There were also eleven shot wounds on his fingers and two on his elbow. Two shot entered his neck. As far as known no one witnessed the crime, but the shots were heard.

W. K. Eades is under arrest. The evidence against him is circumstantial. J. L. Nickel formerly lived on the land where the shooting occurred and rented from Eades. About three months ago the house was burned down and Nickel and his son-in-law moved away. Nickel had a corn crop on the Eades farm, and Nickel and his son-in-law were shucking corn when shot. It appears that bad blood had existed between Eades and the murdered men for some time.

Squaws Die to Save Babies.

In order to save the lives of their babies, two Yankton Indian women, caught in a storm on the prairie at night near Roseland, Tripp county, South Dakota, stripped off their blankets and wrapped the little ones in them, and then crooned them to sleep, while they themselves were frozen to death.

The women, with their husbands, were driving across the country when their wagon broke down. The men went to town for help. When they returned with a rescue party one of the women was dead from the cold and the other died in a short time. Both Indian babies were unharmed.

\$10,000,000 More From Carnegie.

Andrew Carnegie has announced in New York city an additional gift of \$10,000,000 to the Carnegie institution at Washington, making the total endowment now \$25,000,000 and bringing the amount of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropies close to \$200,000,000.

The Carnegie institution was founded in 1902 for the purpose of higher education and advanced research. The original endowment was \$10,000,000, to which further gifts were added, making it \$15,000,000, until this gift was announced.

Short \$74,000.

The retiring state treasurer of North Dakota, G. Luther Bickford, was arrested at Bismarck on a warrant charging him with the misappropriation of a sum said to be in the neighborhood of \$74,000. He was held in \$10,000 bail.

A second warrant was issued by Attorney General Miller and accuses Bickford with the misappropriation of \$60,400 of the state's funds. This warrant was also served on Bickford.

Boy of Five Kills Grandmother.

After his father had been arrested in connection with the shooting to death of his grandmother, a five-year-old boy at Danville, Ky., confessed that he had shot her accidentally while pointing an old shotgun at her in fun. He hid in an outbuilding all night.

Bill to Make Bribery a Felony.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has introduced a bill in congress making bribery in federal elections a felony punishable by a fine of \$1000 to \$5000 and imprisonment for from six months to five years.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA—FLOUR firm; winter clear, \$3.75@4; city mills, fancy, \$5.75@6.10.
RYE FLOUR firm, at \$4@4.15 per barrel.
WHEAT firm; No. 2 red, new, 95¢ @ 96½¢.
CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, 52¢ @ 52½¢.
OATS steady; No. 2 white, 38¢ @ 38½¢; lower grades, 37¢.
POULTRY: Live firm; hens, 15¢ @ 15½¢; old roosters, 10¢ @ 11¢. Dressed firm; turkeys, choice, 25¢ @ 26¢; choice fowls, 17¢; oldsters, 12¢.
BUTTER steady; extra creamery, 29¢ per lb.
EGGS steady; selected, 30¢ @ 32¢; nearby, 26¢; western, 25¢.
POTATOES steady; 65¢ @ 70¢ bush.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE active; choice, \$6.75@7; prime, \$6.50@6.75.
SHEEP—slow; prime wethers, \$4.20 @ 4.35; culls and common, \$2.50@3; lambs, \$5@6.25; veal calves, \$9.50@10.
HOGS lower; prime heavies, \$8; mediums, \$8.30; heavy Yorkers, \$8.35; light Yorkers, \$8.45@8.50; pigs, \$8.45 @ 8.50; roughs, \$7@7.40.

Mark Twain's Editorial.

The first paragraph Mark Twain wrote when he began his editorial duties with the Virginia City Enterprise was this: "A beautiful sunset made Beranger a poet, a mother's kiss made Benjamin West an artist, and \$15 a week makes us a journalist."

Clark Wyoming Senator.

The Wyoming legislature, voting separately in the two houses, elected United States Senator D. C. Clark to succeed himself. The Democrats voted for State Senator John B. Kendrick.

Nixon Wins in Nevada.

By a legislature Democratic on joint ballot by four votes, George S. Nixon, Republican, was elected to succeed himself as United States senator from Nevada.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN
BY **F.ETRIGG**
CENTRAL POINT
ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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A HELP IN THE HOUSE.

Many a hardworking housewife could ease her labors greatly, as well as save the cost of ice and the fuel used in melting it, did she understand a little more about the cleansing of hard water. It is true that the job can be done after a fashion with washing powders, but much more satisfactory results are had by using one of the several brands of pure concentrated lye. Well water varies in hardness—that is, in the amount of lime it contains—from nearly soft to very hard, and the only way to find out how hard it is and how much lye will be required to cleanse or soften a given amount of it is by doing a little experimenting. The way the water acts with soap gives a good general idea. A level spoonful of powdered lye dissolved in a little warm water and stirred in will cleanse six pails of quite hard water. Should the water be softer a half level tablespoonful of lye may be tried on the same amount of water. If after the lime precipitate has thoroughly settled an application of soap to a little of the cleansed water imparts a milky color, this is evidence that not quite enough lye has been added. When the amount of lye required for cleansing a given amount of water has been determined, future testing of the water will not be necessary, as the water will usually continue quite uniform in the amount of lime it contains. The water will cleanse the more rapidly if it is warmed slightly.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

Farm, Stock and Home makes a suggestion in a recent issue that has much to commend it to taxpayers and legislators in a number of states. The suggestion had in view taking money received from the sale of state lands and reinvesting it in the developing of these lands, particularly along the line of clearing and making ready for tillage a certain portion of every tract sold and also the building of roads to lands opened up so as to make them accessible to market and in the end when the work was done adding the cost of the improvements to the value of the land in distributed payments and in the case of the roads bonding the township for a period of years to meet the cost of the improvements. It was pointed out that one of the chief advantages in this plan would be due to the fact that the real settler, instead of having to borrow private capital at 8 or 10 per cent, could in the manner outlined have the use of state funds at not more than 4 per cent, while the fact that a good share of the tedious work of grubbing the land would be done in advance would tend to encourage settlement. Captious critics may say that such a plan smacks of paternalism or possibly socialism, but it is sound and sensible notwithstanding, as it has in view giving aid to a large number who need aid.

BENEFITS OF FALL PLOWING.

While spring plowing may be preferable to fall plowing in some sections where small grain follows a tilled crop, the benefits of fall plowing are such that it should be followed in far larger measure than at present. One of the chief of these is the disintegrating and mellowing action of the frost, rain and snow during the winter months—a benefit, by the way, that is too often overlooked. A second advantage of fall plowing not rightly valued by those unacquainted with the habits of many insect pests is that during the fall and winter months the worst foes of the farm crops—the cutworms, white grubs, wireworms, corn root worms, corn ear worms and corn root lice—are in the dormant or pupal stage, and plowing the ground after they are nicely housed against the cold weather not only covers many of them so deep that they never come to light, but exposes others so that they fall victims to their bird enemies or die from exposure to the cold. Moreover, if the land is fall plowed it is possible to work it with the disk much earlier the next spring, which will sprout and kill myriads of weeds.

MONEY IN POPCORN.

As a general thing popcorn yields a little more than half as many bushels as ordinary dent corn and does not bring quite twice as much per pound. A farmer who lives in the popcorn belt in the Mississippi valley, whose yield of popcorn for 1910 we saw reported the other day, harvested an average of 4,000 pounds per acre and received \$1.20 per hundredweight, an average return of \$48. If it cost him \$12 an acre to produce it, and the crop gave him a net return of \$36 per acre, which is a very satisfactory revenue. An advantage which growing popcorn has over raising the common varieties of field corn is that the former may be planted a trifle later if necessary and ripen a couple of weeks earlier in the fall, thus escaping damage from frost.

Some one has hit upon the simple plan of tacking pieces of an old rubber boot to the bottoms of the stepladder legs to keep from sliding in slippery places.

While it is better to have quietness prevail in the dairy barn, whistling or singing does not seem to disturb the cows, whereas a curse or rough word will arouse them greatly.

If corn forms a part of the winter poultry ration it is a good idea to feed it the last thing before the fowls go to roost, heated or parched a little so that it will be warm when eaten.

The writer has been having a grippy cold of late, which leads him to express the hope that dumb animals are not afflicted in the same way. We are mighty sorry for them if they are.

It is the experience of a good many that colds are more often contracted through the wearing of too thick underclothing and cooling suddenly while in a perspiration than from wearing undergarments that are too thin.

There is really no economy in feeding a ration that is spoiled, musty or filthy to any of the farm fowls or animals. It may seem the part of thrift at the time, but in the end the practice is pretty sure to result in more harm than good.

Many a sprained wrist, dislocated hip or broken limb might be averted were the precaution taken to scatter a few ashes on the slippery portions of the steps and walks at the back of the house. Now and then the front steps need an application too.

Some time ago the director of the poultry department at Cornell university found he could cure hens of the egg eating habit by feeding them three ounces of beef suet after the first offense and eight ounces after the second. The treatment is said to have been entirely effective.

A pretty good resolution to carry out in this new year is to walk on the sunny side of the road. If there is no sunshine on either side it will be a thoughtful thing to scatter a bit in the shape of a cheery word or friendly act. There is enough shadow at best without staying in it needlessly or doing anything that will tend to increase its volume.

If the strawberry bed has not yet been covered and shredded corn fodder can be had there is no better material which can be used. An advantage which it possesses over straw or most other litter is that it is free from weed seeds. The plants are usually injured, if at all, in the thawing and freezing weather of the late winter, so the covering should not be put on soon.

That a good deal of York state land comes a long way from being petered out and useless is plainly shown in a little item which we saw in the Danville (N. Y.) Breeze not long since. It told of a farmer near that place who the past season raised forty acres of red kidney beans, which grossed him a trifle more than \$100 per acre. Being a leguminous crop, these beans did not rob the soil, as would have been the case with grain, potatoes, cabbage or onions.

Where it is available and will not melt off before spring snow makes an excellent banking or covering material. This was proved to the writer's entire satisfaction some three years ago when a pile of snow drifted deep on a bed of tender tea roses. It remained until spring, when an inspection showed that the majority had survived the winter, and this notwithstanding the fact that the winter temperatures in which the writer then lived often reached 20 and 30 degrees below zero.

All too rarely does the hog raiser appreciate the full benefit of using brood sows up to the age of six or seven years provided they are producers of good sized litters of healthy pigs. It is little wonder that pigs lack in vitality when they are the offspring of generation after generation of sows that are less than a year old at the time of farrowing. The advantage of the mature sow over the immature is that she has a larger per cent of her sum total vitality and nourishment to give to her young both before and after farrowing.

While a horse will not long remember a blow on the rump, it takes a long time for him to forget a blow on the head. An intelligent, high lived animal which the writer bought last spring had been handled in the latter fashion evidently, and it was only after months of gentle handling that he would not lift his head with a start when we went into the stall. The fellow who hit this horse with a club or whip, or what not, did in a couple of seconds what it took more than twice as many months to undo. In fact, the harm he did will probably never be fully done away.

Proper cooking will not make a roast from a sixteen-year-old farrow cow as toothsome as a cut from a two-year-old Angus steer, but it is an important factor in the preparation of meats for the table, whether poor or good. To get the most out of a roast it should be put into a piping hot oven. This sears the outside and retains the juices, which would stew out with a slow fire. To have a roast properly done—pink in the middle—it should be cooked fifteen minutes for every pound it weighs. This will make the outside cuts thoroughly done and the others just right for those who like rarer cuts.

As a rule it is not a commendable policy to select breeding fowls or animals from among those which have been sold as culls at prevailing market prices. Occasionally an individual of some merit may be secured, but the risk is too great to make the experiment worth while.

As a general thing the farmers who are induced to go into the business of growing sugar beets fall short from six to ten tons per acre of getting the yield which the promoters of the sugar factory led them to expect. The land is either too thin, too dry, too wet or too low and never just right.

We ran across a fellow the other day who had become involved in several troubles with his neighbors and would have moved out of the neighborhood had not the fellow he hated the worst been the one who was most anxious to buy his place. This was too much for his Yankee makeup, and he still sticks it out.

A lady friend who has a crimson rambler of remarkable size and thrift has done nothing more along the line of covering it during the past few winters than to place over it an old cellar door. This kept it from thawing and freezing, which is the important thing to guard against in winter covering of outside plants and shrubs.

In buying land anywhere it is a sensible plan to get an opinion as to the worth of it from some person who is not financially interested in the sale of it or who does not own a piece of land in the same neighborhood that he is anxious to find a buyer for. So simple a precaution as this in the matter of land buying would save many a purchaser bitter disappointment and financial loss.

Timothy hay is pretty expensive bedding when it will sell at from \$14 to \$20 per ton, and yet there is a lot of being used in this way because of too generous feeding when oat straw would answer just as well and cost but one-fourth as much. The waste in this one item where eight or ten horses are kept would offset the wage of a hired man at \$24 per month. It's a leak that ought to be plugged up.

While the manure from an average dairy cow is worth from \$18 to \$22 a year, provided the manure is used so as to realize its maximum value, this fact should not encourage any dairyman in the keeping of animals which are little more than manure depositors. Better by all odds get cows which will make just as much fertilizer and at the same time give a return in milk and cream which will leave a good margin of profit on hand after their feed bill has been paid.

While the curfew law has much to commend it from the standpoint of practical results, it is a woefully inadequate community substitute for individual parental interest, solicitude and responsibility. Parents who care a continental for their children—boys or girls—will keep them from gadding the streets at night, and they will not need a town bell or gong to remind them of their duty. Parents who haven't cared a continental would better turn over a new leaf and try to give their homes sufficient interest so that their children will prefer to stay at home rather than spend their time elsewhere.

As the silo comes more and more into use in the corn belt primarily for the purpose of providing a succulent ration for the dairy cows an increased interest is being taken in the use of silage as a fattening ration for feeding animals, particularly beefves. If good clover or alfalfa hay is available it will serve to balance the silage and corn which are fed. If not to be had the protein element should be provided in the shape of oil or cottonseed meal, which should be gradually increased in amount until a mature animal is getting about two and a half pounds per day. Silage fed steers fetch just as much as dry fed animals notwithstanding the claim sometimes made that their flesh is not quite so firm.

The postal authorities have lately been rounding up a lot of swindlers who have been using the mails in the disposal of bogus oil, mining and other stocks from which outlandish returns have been promised. In their next roundup it will be well if they landed another numerous company—the tribe of real-estate fakers who through misrepresentation are raking in hundreds of thousands of dollars from unsuspecting people for land which never was worth anything and never will be as long as the sun shines. In one case of this kind which came under our notice recently land was palmed off on buyers as ideal for fruit culture when the meteorological records kept at the nearest station showed that the section has frosts most every night in the year. Besides, the glowing fruit yield records were stolen bodily from a booklet got out by a town in a beautiful valley on the other side of the mountains, where climatic conditions were entirely different. We are not up on the fine points of what constitutes fraudulent use of the mails, but we have an idea it consists in sending false claims and misrepresentations through the mails for the purpose of separating folks from their hard earned money. If this diagnosis is correct the fellows who are promoting these bogus land enterprises would seem to be treading on pretty thin ice.

F. E. Trigg