

Subjects of Interest to the Farmer

ANGORA IS USEFUL

Valuable as Clearer of Ground and Grower of Hair.

GOAT BUSINESS THRIVING.

Average Animal Produces Three Pounds of Hair Yearly, Worth Sometimes as High as \$15 a Pound—Woven Wire Fences Recommended.

The Angora goat business seems to be thriving pretty well all over the country. For Angora goats are becoming recognized as great scavengers in places where brush and weeds give a good deal of trouble.

Besides the good they do in browsing, goats are also worth having around the ranch on account of their hair. The average Angora will grow a fleece weighing at least three pounds every year. This can be sheared easily and sold at from 30 to 50 cents a pound. The price varies with the length and fineness of the fleece and the amount of kemp, an undesirable coarse fiber which is present in the fleece of many goats. Kemp will not take mohair dyes.

The Missouri Ruralist declares that long fleeces of twelve inches or more pay higher prices, sometimes as high as \$2 to \$15 a pound. These are difficult to obtain except from well bred goats. The fleece from young kids also pays a higher price than the average on account of its fineness.

The picture shows a scene on a goat ranch. A good way to keep the goats



HERD OF ANGORA GOATS.

is in fields inclosed with woven wire fence having stays twelve inches apart. If the stays are nearer together the goats are likely to catch their heads in the fence.—Denver Field and Farm.

Dry Poultry Houses.
Commercial poultrymen who believe thoroughly in the roosting closet often use a double wall around that part of the house where the roosts are located. If the rest of the house is built with matched boards and covered on walls and roof with a good roofing paper it will be satisfactory. Some people have tried putting the building paper on the inside, so that the outside walls could be painted, but the plan is not a good one, as the interior of the house should be as light as possible. Besides, it often is very desirable to apply a coat of whitewash. Of course there is no reason why the building should not be clapboarded or shingled if the matter of appearance is an important consideration.—Country Gentleman.

LUDICROUS ANSWERS.

Some That Were Given in a Chicago Civil Service Examination.

Applicants for police service convulsed the civil service commission in Chicago by their answers to simple questions. One answer was, "Larceny is speeding of an automobile or other rig of wheels."

Another answered, "Larceny is where a man and a woman, related, get married."

A third sidestepped rather gracefully this: "Larceny is a very serious offense. A policeman should look out for it."

"What are the duties of a policeman?" To this one applicant answered, "To take care of fire and murdering and—the United States."

To the question "What is the punishment for misdemeanors?" one man answered, "Should be taken to court and sued by the gang."

"Robbery, that is an act of murder, and that is the time to hit or shoot."

"What would you do in case you found the body of a dead person?"

"Report to the commanding officer."

"What are the three successive penalties for keeping a gambling house?"

"Playing cards, pool tables and gambling for money. You can't deal any of these games."

Getting the Gait.

"Has that lawyer taken any steps in the patent business?"

"Yes; he has bought a pair of patent leather shoes."—Baltimore American.

COURTSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

Women Will Take the Initiative, Says This Lecturer.

George Willis Cooke, lecturer, believes that in the very near future women, not men, will do the proposing. He was not referring to leap year. "With the coming of suffrage they will act for themselves not only politically, but socially," he declared in Boston recently.

"The present diffidence and shyness of girls in lovmaking are subtleties, a part of the present social teachings," he added. "They go back to the headship of the man. Among the Zuni Indians these qualities are exactly changed. It is the boy who is called modest, diffident and shy, for there he leaves his own home when married, just as the girl does here."

"Another reason why women should do the proposing is that they are getting better educated than the men and therefore will select more intelligently. In time it will be the women who will do the courting."

Cheer Up.

Why so pensive? Why so sad? Why the look of anguish o'er you? Is your business to the bad?

Do the bill collectors bore you? Do you fret at price of meat, Fret because of a tomorrow? Are you fearful of defeat, Short of cash and cannot borrow?

There's a morgue just down the pike. When you're passing pray step in it. Any corpse that's there would like To be in your place a minute.

—New York Times.

Aviation's Lucky Side.

"Did that aviator friend of yours have a successful season?"

"Very. He more than made enough to pay all his hospital expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

URGING OF A NEW IDEA.

Money in Raising Fish, Farmers Are Told—State Lends Help.

When Professor L. L. Dyche of the Kansas State university was made fish and game warden he was told that his chief job was to make the fish industry worth while in the state.

The state has let the contract for eighty-three new ponds, covering eighty acres of ground as an addition to its fish hatchery at Pratt, and will have the largest fish hatchery in the country. One million minnows a year is the capacity of the new hatchery, and all of these will be furnished free of charge for breeding purposes to the Kansas farmers and sportsmen.

"If every farmer in Kansas will grow one mess of fish a week for his own family it will mean \$1,250,000 added to the revenues of Kansas each year," said Professor Dyche. "If they are careful and sell a few fish each year the revenues of the state will be increased from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year. Fish are the easiest grown and most productive crop that can be raised on a farm. A half acre pond will return more to the farmer each year than any five acres he owns and with the least work."

The state refunds one-half the taxes on all farm property made into ponds of certain size and certain materials. The ponds are filled either by pumping or by storing the winter rains and snow.

Every farmer who builds a pond is supplied with fish and taught how to take care of them. Correspondence courses in building ponds and caring for fish have been installed at the Kansas State university and the State Agricultural college.

DIRTY EGGS ON THE FARM.

Cause of Large Loss to Producer Because They Sell as "Seconds."

While there are a few egg producers who take the best of care of their product, the average farmer considers the eggs produced on the farm a byproduct and makes very little provision for their care, aside from gathering them. A large loss is caused by dirty eggs, the number being enormous, and, according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, this money loss to the farmers in the United States amounts to about \$5,000,000 annually.

An insufficient number of nests is often the cause of many of the dirty eggs. Eggs are laid on the ground and around the hay and straw stacks and, becoming stained, are classed as "dirty." Again, when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest some are broken and many of the others become smeared with broken yolks. This is brought about by allowing the broody hens to use the same nests with the layers.

After gathering the eggs care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated or near oil, onions or other vegetables, as they readily absorb odors.

Grist From the Jokesmiths' Mills

The Thankful Heroine.

"Thank heaven!" cried the poor girl who was earning a precarious livelihood as heroine of a popular novel.

And yet she had apparently little to be thankful for as she crawled into her pallet of straw in the corner of the dingy room. She was very, very poor, and yet she was thankful.

"The advantages of a bed on the floor," she murmured as she lapsed into sweet slumber, "lie in the feeling of security it brings. When a girl lies in such a lowly bed as this she knows that a man cannot possibly get under it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Stickler For Peace.

"George," she asked, "if we were both young and single again would you want me to be your wife?"

"Now, my dear," he absentmindedly replied, "what's the use trying to start a quarrel just as we have settled down to enjoy a quiet evening?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fickle.



Marion—Did you say Harold doesn't know his own mind?

Marion's Papa—He doesn't unless some one introduced him to it lately.—Chicago News.

Aviation's Lucky Side.

"What's the meaning of this elaborate collection of charlotte russe, fudge and sweet pickles?"

"Oh, I am advertising a business woman's lunch."—Kansas City Journal.

Fare For the Fair.

"What's the meaning of this elaborate collection of charlotte russe, fudge and sweet pickles?"

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The Portrait That Was Too Good a Likeness

By EMMA ANDERSON-HODGSON

When Mr. Barnickel got rich the first thing he wanted was a crest, which he found, though his title to it was rather thin, and the next was his portrait to hang in his drawing room and to hand down to his descendants as the lineaments of the reinstitutor of the family. Arnold Elliott was at that time the principal portrait painter in the city where Mr. Barnickel lived, and to him Mr. Barnickel gave the order, agreeing to pay for the portrait \$300.

Now, although Mr. Barnickel had dealt in hides, an article not calculated to stimulate the imaginative faculty, his imagination was strong. The moment he set himself up as a reinstitutor of his family he saw himself a fine looking, dignified gentleman of aristocratic mien and benevolent countenance. In truth, he was a crafty looking man with a money making nose. He saw the picture of himself growing up in the hands of the artist as he was and not as he thought himself. He made several protests, but when he attempted to point out the errors he signally failed. He could not give the artist his conception of himself, and the artist had no choice but to paint him as Mr. Barnickel. When the portrait was finished there sat the merchant looking for all the world as if he were buying a cargo of hides.

When Mr. Barnickel saw the portrait he refused to accept it on the ground that his best friend wouldn't take it for him.

As soon as Mr. Elliott got a little spare time he hooked Mr. Barnickel's portrait up against the wall of his studio, covered it with a sheet of drawing paper and on the paper sketched prison bars. This done, he cut out the paper between the bars, leaving Mr. Barnickel in limbo. Underneath he placed the title of the picture, "A Prisoner For Debt."

It was not long before one who knew Mr. Barnickel well saw him behind bars. Had he loved Mr. Barnickel he would have gone to him at once with the information. But he didn't love Mr. Barnickel—few people did—so he went about telling those who knew the hide dealer of the rare sight to be seen, and Mr. Elliott's studio at once became very popular. Indeed, from among those who visited it to see "A Prisoner For Debt" he secured a number of orders.

The episode at last reached a member of the Barnickel family, and the family head was informed. The same morning he drove up to Mr. Elliott's studio, alighted in a hurry, climbed the stairs in anger and burst into the studio in a passion. There hung the picture, and there sat the artist quiescent at his easel.

"What do you mean by perpetrating that outrage?" shouted Mr. Barnickel, pointing to the picture.

"What outrage?" asked the artist without discontinuing his work.

"Putting my portrait behind bars."

"Your portrait? That isn't your portrait. You said yourself that no one would recognize it."

The merchant saw that he could not demand the removal of the objectionable features without eating his words. He went out, slamming the door behind him. He had been triumphant in too many deals to be beaten by a picture maker; he would find a way to get round the "imposition."

But before he found this way he heard that a new feature had been attached to the portrait. The artist had removed the bars and the title, replacing the latter with the words "You Want Too Much."

The title fitted the expression on the face so well, and Mr. Barnickel's idiosyncrasies were so keenly appreciated that a new lot of people came pouring into the studio to see Old Scrooge, as they called him, buying hides, though some declared that he was disputing the price of his portrait. Mr. Barnickel was made aware of the change by receiving an anonymous letter inquiring which of these two interpretations of the title was correct.

By this time the merchant had consulted his lawyer, who advised him that the most satisfactory way out of the difficulty was to pay for the picture and take it away. Therefore on receipt of the anonymous note he drew his check for \$500, jumped into his carriage and drove to Mr. Elliott's studio. On entering his eyes naturally sought the picture. The expression had been changed. Instead of Mr. Barnickel beating down a seller, it was Mr. Barnickel just having bought at his own price. There was no title attached to the picture. Instead a bit of cardboard rested upon it on which in big letters was inscribed "Sold."

Mr. Barnickel saw the word and was seized with a new anxiety. He, and only he, could not see its double meaning.

"There's your check. Send that damn home," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barnickel. Don't you see the card on the picture?"

"That's bosh. No one would want my"— He stopped. He was about to yield to his beating down propensities and add "ugly mug," but remembered himself.

"I don't think the purchaser cares much for it," said Mr. Elliott coolly. "You might get it at an advance on the original price."

"How much is it?"— Mr. Barnickel was about to say swindle, but feared to make matters worse.

Mr. Elliott arose, went to the picture and cut it in ribbons.

"The episode is ended, Mr. Barnickel. I have to thank you for many orders secured through your portrait."

ROPING WILD HORSES.

Difficulty Experienced in Clearing Arizona Forest Range.

An attempt to clear the ranges of the Prescott national forest of wild horses is being made by the stockmen of Williamson and Skull valleys, says the Arizona Republican, and the first rodeo resulted in the capture of about thirty animals on the Tonto divide.

Forest Ranger Mercer had a conference with George A. Carter, Clarence Stewart, J. V. Dickson, J. M. Cook, H. N. Cook and E. Contreras, representatives of the Burnt ranch company, and others, and a rodeo was arranged, with J. V. Dickson as captain. During that week a stockade corral was built at the old chimney in Toohey canyon, and wire fences were strung along the canyon to inclose the water holes, leaving a narrow entrance at the south end.

"Mormon wings" of cheesecloth were stretched upon the brush for more than a mile from the entrance of the fenced lot along the hillsides to the open country at Tonto divide. A rodeo camp was established at Carter's corral, on the old Toohey place, and at the beginning of the following week a dozen men began the work of gathering broomtails and outlaws.

Lookouts were posted upon high points near the south end of the canyon, while the larger number of riders went in search of wild horses in the open country west of Granite mountain. When a band was found the riders gave chase and tried to drive the horses into the canyon. Sometimes they got a band headed toward the canyon, and sometimes the mustangs had notions of their own and went elsewhere.

When the broomtails took to the hills there was wild riding through scrub oak and over rock strewn slopes and ridges, and the lookouts plunged down from their stations and tried to head off the bands or picked out single horses and roped them among the rocks. Before the "Mormon wings" were stretched it was difficult to keep a band going down the canyon. The wild horses seemed to suspect a trap and broke for the hills regardless of the riders who tried to turn them.

The cheesecloth, however, proved an effective barrier in most instances, although one small band went through it when alarmed by the presence of men near the corral. A band of thirteen mares and colts was kept in the straight and narrow way by the streaks of white rag fluttering in the brush and ran directly into the corral.

SAFE FLYING ALTITUDE.

An Argument That Aviators Should Soar Reasonably High.

There is a distinct advantage in flying at a reasonably high elevation, says the Engineering Magazine. In case of accidental stoppage of the motor or other incident necessitating descent without power the production of sustaining force ceases. The inertia of the machine, notwithstanding this, keeps up its velocity for a time, so that descent will begin gradually. It may even be checked or altogether offset for a time by increasing the inclination of the planes, but this introduces a supernatural direct resistance and accelerates the exhaustion of that very inertia of velocity which is necessary to suspension. Yet by purposely manipulating the planes it is quite possible to retain a margin of velocity which shall be available at the last instant to decrease the rate of downward movement suddenly, while at the same time bringing the machine as a whole to rest within a very short distance of the point where it strikes the ground. The whole manipulation which produces this result is merely that of adjusting the inclination of the planes so that they make a very slight angle only with the trajectory, until the latter has brought the machine close to the ground and then abruptly increasing the inclination until descent is entirely checked.

Many accidents have occurred during descent, and the character of the ground on which landing is to be effected is a matter of moment. The higher the altitude of flight the more choice is there as to the point of landing, and the more control (if the altitude be not too great) will the operator possess over his machine with regard to such landing position. The safest altitude, should the motor fail, is not necessarily, therefore, a low altitude. A fall of thirty feet is just about as serious as one of a thousand feet.

"Papa" Came From France.

The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costume, pretty clearly. All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventeenth century. At first they were courtly expressions and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth century the middle class took them up, originally regarding them as genteel. In our own time one of the faults of the hero of "E dunno where 'e are" after coming into "a little bit o' splash," was that he "ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'ma." The usual result followed. Everybody's words, adopted as genteel, became vulgar, and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out even among children.—London Chronicle.

Improving.

"Bliggins likes to hear himself talk."

"Is that all you have against him?"

"Could anything be worse?"

"Certainly. Bliggins used to like to hear himself sing."—Washington Star.

And Some Voices Are Not!

Nexdore—Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I haven't heard her lately.

Naylor—Since the children came she has had no time.

Nexdore—Ah, children are such a blessing!—Boston Transcript.

A Professional Secret.

Magistrate—How did you manage to extract the man's watch from his pocket when it was provided with a safety catch?

Prisoner—Excuse me, sir; that is a professional secret. I am willing to teach you, however, for \$10.—New York Evening Mail.

A Farsighted Economist.

Husband—You're not a bit economical.

Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is!—Satire.

Not Sure.



Her Husband—Do you remember what I said when I proposed?

His Wife—Why, you were so frightened you just chattered unintelligibly.

Her Husband—What! Then maybe I didn't propose at all.

A Jolt For V.

"I have the faith that moves mountains," he declared.

"I wish," his wife complained, "you had the faith that would move the ashes out of the cellar."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rule of Three.

Live with your wife, your mother and your mother-in-law.—Lippincott's.