POETRY WORTH READING

Ould Matt'ew Moran.

"Och! 'tis he that looks natural, lay-
in' there dead,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"Wid the palms at his feet an' the
lights at his head
An' the cross in his han',
Heart an' soul are at rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

When he'd laid by his coat an' had
hung up his hat
An' had shuffled away to a corner, an'
sat
Wid his stick twixt his knees an' his
han's on the crook,
'Twas himsel', an' no less, had the
"natural look."
For the folk o' the parish were wont
to declare
Ne'er a wake a success unless Matt'ew
was there.
"'Tis a sorrowful world," he leaned
over an' said
To the man by his side, wid a shake
of his head;
"There's so much in it now that's de-
ceitful an' wrong,
'Tis a blessin' our fri'nd here was took
while he's young."
"He was siventy-five lasht July," said
the man,
"An' I doubt if ye're more than that,
Misther Moran."
Wid a tap o' the end of his stick on
the floor,
"Shure a man is as ould as he feels—
an' no more!"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

"Och! the breed o' men found in these
days 'Tis a crime!
Shure, they're not the strong stuff
that was raised in my time.
Who's the nixt wan to go? If ye'll
jisht look around,
Ye'll find manny a sickly wan here,
I'll be bound.
There's no life in thim now like the
lads in my day."
So he sat in his chair an' jisht mut-
tered away,
While the neighbors came in an'
passed out o' the door
In a stiddy procession. Ten minyits
or more
Since the ould man had spoken, the
man by his side
Found him sittin', asleep, wid his
mouth open wide.
Undisturbed in his corner they let
him dream on
Till the lasht o' the neighborly mourn-
ers was gone.
"I've noddin,'" sez he, as he rose to
his feet;
"Och! the houses these days are jisht
murthered wid heat,"
Growled ould Matt'ew Moran.

"There's so much in the world that's
deceitful an' wrong,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"'Tis a blessin' indeed to be took
whin ye're young,
Like that dacint young man.
Well, there's wan gone to rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

The Sailor's Homing Call.

My soul is steeped in the clear star-
shine
Of the mystic night,
And thrills at the wind's low, whim-
pering whine,
Through the dull ghost-white
Of the beating sail.

The crystal gleam of the pale north
star
Is my only guide;
The boom of the waves on the shores
afar,
Where the land men bide,
Sounds the swelling chant.

'Tis the thrill of the magic homing
call
Of my own roof-tree;
I am speeding back, 'neath the night's
black pall,
Where the heart of me
Shall ever bide.

Love's Patriot.

Red are the flagrant lips
Within the garden-close:
Love, thy dear ones eclipse
The beauty of the rose.

White are the flowers that fill
The meadows of the sky:
Love, thou art whiter still
Than any star on high.

Blue is the sea agleam,
And blue the dome of night:
Love, thou hast eyes of dream
Bluer and all delight.

So, ever shall thou be,
Since thou dost well combine
These chosen colors three,
American—and mine!
—Julian Durand.

The Coming Day.

Grieve not, sad heart, there is an end
of tears!
Think not that sorrow shadows all the
years;
The darkest hour comes before the
day,
The saddest moments pass like
night away.

For in the world is love and song and
light;
Work to be done and battles still to
fight.
Mourn not the past, whate'er is
right will be.
And each day dawn conceals a vic-
tory.

FARM AND GARDEN

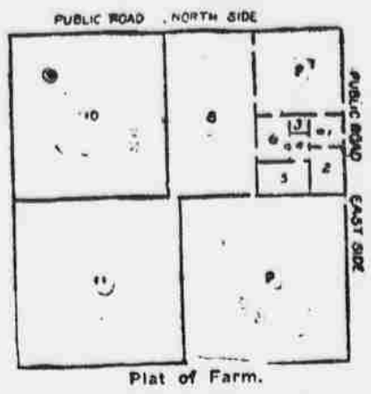
Well Planned Farm.

One Farmer's Idea of Dividing One Hundred and Sixty Acres.

I submit the following diagram of a farm of 160 acres in 11 divisions, two or ten, one of 20 and three of 40 acres each, writes a correspondent of the Indiana Farmer.

The farm has a road on two sides and fronts the east. The ten acres on which the buildings are located consist of six divisions.

No. 1 dwelling and door yard, 2 orchard, 3 family garden, 4 front barn lot, 5 truck garden, 6 barn lot, with ample room for feed troughs and straw stacks, allowing no stock



Plat of Farm.

loose in front lot, 7 open wood, pasture, used for night pasture during the summer for the work horses, also handy for the milch cow, 8 permanent pastures, with some timber affording shade in summer and a wind break in winter. Nos. 9, 10 and 11 are 40 acre fields for cultivation, and will admit of the three years' rotation plan. Some of the good features of this plan are these. The larger fields avoid the great expense of much fence building, and this is quite an item at this time. Again from No. 8 stock can be turned into any field on the farm, doing away with the need of a lane, or driving stock over the cultivated fields, getting from one to another.

Best Fertilizer For Gardens.

We always save all the poultry manure which we scatter over the surface as evenly as possible and it is well raked in before planting the seed. We also save the ashes from our wood fires, and give the surface a generous sprinkling which is also mixed with the soil. This application of potash makes our onions firm and fine flavored and makes our peas and beans bear an enormous quantity, and benefits other vegetables also. Did we not have the ashes we should use the commercial fertilizer rich in potash for our onions, peas, beans and tomatoes at least, besides sweet and Irish potatoes.

Our spinach, lettuce, mustard, cabbage and peppers did the best when a good application of poultry manure was given. One year we grew nearly six dollars worth of mango peppers on a trifle over a square rod of land. These peppers were a marvel to all who saw them and would have continued bearing longer but frost cut them short.

Protecting Insect Destroyers.

In France, painted notices are posted on every farm and along the public highways, bearing the following: "This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public. Hedgehogs live upon mice, snails and wire worms—animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog. Toads help agriculture; each one destroys 20 to 30 insects hourly. Don't kill toads. Moles destroy wire worms, larvae and insects injurious to farmers. No trace of vegetables is ever found in his stomach; does more good than harm. Don't kill moles. Each department of France loses yearly millions of francs by the injury done by insects. Birds are the only enemies capable of battling with them vigorously, they are a great help to the farmer. Children, don't take the bird's nests."

Repairing Run Down Soil.

Clover and the legumes will not restore an old and run down soil unless they are supplemented by manure or fertilizers. A well managed system of dairy farming where everything grown on the farm is fed out is the best and will produce more good manure than any other system of farming adapted to a large portion of the country.

Keeping Boys on Farm.

Do you talk with your boys about the business of the farm? Is your daughter satisfied? Is your home such a one as she can invite her young company to without being ashamed? Fathers and mothers, are you companionable with your sons and daughters, or must they sneak away from home in order to have an enjoyable time?

Life of Peach Trees.

It is claimed that the most profitable period in the life of a peach tree is from four to eight years. From a peach census taken last year in orange county, New York, it seems that thorough cultivation is more essential to the peach tree than either pruning or spraying.

THE MODERN BANK.

What Happens When It Is About to Be Examined.

The modern bank was about to be examined.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said the assistant janitor to the examiner, "but the President has to have a few days to call in some collateral that he had to use to negotiate a loan in order that his wife could give a string of pearls this year and beat some one else."

"Don't mention it," said the bank examiner. "I am in no immediate hurry. Still, perhaps I could see the cashier?"

"You must give him a little time," said the assistant janitor, in a gently reproachful tone. "You must remember that you sent no notice that you were coming, and of course he will have to hustle around and get from some other bank the money he had to borrow recently to buy his boy a racing car. It was only a paltry twenty thousand, but——"

"Well, I might go in and sit with the paying tellers a little."

"Wouldn't have you associate with them for the world! You know we are only paying them about ten or twelve dollars a week now, and as they have large families to support, they are really shabby, and not fit company for a gentleman."

"How about the office runner?"

"He would be all right if he were here, but he's down at the race track. Come around early next week and we'll have things fixed up so that you can send in a report to Washington that will be something really worth while. You'll have to excuse me now, as I must dust out the safe deposit boxes where we keep the securities left here by our customers for safe keeping."

HIS MISTAKE.

"Did you see the discouraged looking young fellow who was in awhile ago trying to get a job?"

"Yes."

"That was J. Walter Clarke, who read an essay at his college commencement on 'The World Needs Us.'"

A Child of Nature.

It was a primitive home in the Tennessee mountains where the kitchen range is still a thing of a vague and distant future. Cindy, the capable, buxum and barefoot, performed her duties on the hearth of the yawning fireplace, and deftly raked the coals around the baker where the corndodgers were browning. A glowing ember, unseen by all save old Rudd, rolled out on the hearth as Cindy stepped forward with the pothooks, and he sounded the warning.

"Sa-ay, Cindy—"

"Whut, pa?"

"You done sot yer fut on a coal o' fire."

"Say I did, pa? Which fut?"

Ambulance Field Examination.

Scene—Hamilton South Haugh; soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers.

Bearer (reporting)—Severe scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibility.

Surgeon—Well, what have you done?

Bearer—Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whiskey and water.

Surgeon—Whiskey and water! How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that?

Bearer—He axed for 't, sir.

Useful Place.

Freddy—Say, wouldn't you like to have three eyes?

George—Yes.

Freddy—Where'd you have the other eye?

George—I'd have it in the back of my head.

Freddy—You would? I wouldn't.

George—Where would you have your other eye?

Freddy—Why, I'd have it in the end of my thumb, so I could poke it through a knothole in the fence and see the ball game for nothin'."

His Weigh.

Fat Fellow—When I weigh three hundred I'll stop.

Lean Lad—Stop what—eating?

Fat Fellow—No; getting weighed.

Heredity.

Knicker—Whom does the baby resemble?

Bocker—Its yell takes after its father's college.

A Life Sentence.

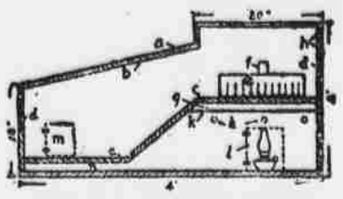
Teacher asked her scholars for some very long sentences. One boy wrote: "Imprisonment for life."

POULTRY

Home-Made Brooder.

Not Hard to Make and It Will Do Good Service.

I have made and used a brooder that gives good results. The material costs about two dollars and a handy person can build one in a day. The gas from the lamp does not go into the chick apartment at all, but filters around under the floor, making it dry and warm, explains a writer in Farm and Home. The lamp flame is about three inches from the sheet iron. The heat flows



DETAILS OF HOME-MADE BROODER.

up gently through the drum, F, which is perforated with holes in the side, thus letting part of the heat out into the hover and the balance in the brooder above. The heat reservoir, G, between the sheet iron, K, and the floor, C, is about one inch deep. The tube, F, should not touch the sheet iron, merely extending through the floor, C. It takes the least oil of any brooder I ever operated.

In the cut, A, is the paper roofing over inch-matched boards, B; C is board floor of same material; D are small windows, E is the hover, H are holes in each side of the brooder for the escape of gas and fumes, L shows door to reach the lamp, N air space below the floor.

Poultry Notes.

While oats are a good egg producing food, better results can be secured by alternating with bran.

Rolled oats soaked in sweet milk is a good ration to commence feeding young chickens.

Scald out the drinking vessels once a week. Filth is easily carried to the system through drinking water.

Clean dry earth is one of the best absorbents for the poultry house. Scatter it liberally over the floor.

Sprinkle the nests with a solution of diluted carbolic acid. It will aid materially in keeping down lice.

Boiling milk that is fed to the fowls will increase its value and lessen the risks of its producing disease.

Stick to One Breed.

The man who sticks to one breed from year to year through all its ups and downs, is sure in the long run to enjoy the just rewards for his constancy. The breeder who keeps changing from one breed to another, or who makes endless "crosses" hoping to find one "easy to breed" is the one who is always complaining about his poor luck in the poultry business. A good poultryman can make a success with almost any breed in the field.

The Flock Degenerates.

Some think that by crossing pure-bred fowls better results can be obtained, and they proceed to cross this, that and the other varieties to suit their fancies, and thus the flock is degenerated. Careful breeding has been caried on for many years to bring out varieties useful for every known requirement. No cross is so good as the pure breed in all its purity.

A Requisite For Shells.

As hens require carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shells, it must be supplied in unstinted quantities and in the most convenient manner for them to pick up and swallow. One of the best ways of supplying is to keep old plastering, broken oyster shells or fresh bones pounded fine where they can help themselves.

Cheapest Remedy.

Kerosene is the cheapest remedy for the red mites, or lice, that infest the roosts and nest boxes. The patent lice killing preparations may be more effective in penetrating cracks and crevices, but coal oil is cheaper and more convenient. One of the simplest ways to exterminate the body louse is by means of a dust bath made of three-fourths soil and one-fourth wood ashes.

Causes of Diseases.

Nearly all poultry diseases are caused by cold, drafts, dampness, improper feeding or lack of cleanliness. Neglect or carelessness is at the bottom of it all. Remember, that it is easier to guard against disease than to cure it, and it is almost always unsatisfactory to treat sick fowls.

Overfat Hens.

Beware of overfat, inactive hens; they are almost certain to be a source of trouble and at the best are unprofitable stock to keep either for layers or breeding stock. Now is the time to weed out the drones.

Keep Only Old Geese.

Keep the old geese for breeding purposes. Market the young ones. Geese may as well be kept in service many years and thus differ from chickens.

WOMEN OVERDO IT

WE ARE BECOMING A PEOPLE OF HARD-RIDDEN FADS.

One of the Chief Dangers of the Age—Too Many Theories of Life—The Food Faddist at Fault.

By Roxanna Queen.

"That poor child was washed into heaven," said a witty woman when hearing of the death of a friend's young daughter. "The mother was a believer in cleanliness and little Susanne was the victim.

"The youngster was always put in the tub morning, noon, and night, and many is the day I've known her to have four or five baths. She was a peaky little thing, sick half the time, but the doctors could not make her mother realize that keeping the pores open did not mean an orgy of bathing."

The chief danger of the age is overdoing. We have so many theories of life that often we are worse off than without any. An overdose benefit is like an overcooked steak; the best is lost.

Few of us realize the distinction between a good thing and a too good thing, which is one cause that we are becoming a people of hard-ridden fads.

The woman who is too fat is told to reduce. Now, reducing is all right, but rapid flesh shedding is a disease breeder. To reduce in moderation is wall; to live for reducing is a virtue overdone.

Perhaps our fat friend is told to exercise. Does she go in for a brisk walk twice a day and gentle calisthenics morning and evening? Not she. She walks until she is ready to drop with fatigue, and bends, turns and twists like an aspiring contortionist until she loses her good looks and good health along with her flesh.

If dieting is the order she draws no line between starving and prudent eating; wrinkles and dyspepsia follow.

A lengthened waistline usually means a belt dropped almost to her knees in front and a figure that is a caricature in its shortness of legs.

The food faddist is in special need of learning that well done is not overdone. Who has not been pestered with friends who, being told that the hot water cure is the last thing in cure-alls, treat themselves like the tank of a locomotive, or who sneer at beef-eaters when they become nipped with vegetarianism.

It is well to bring up children carefully, it is overdoing to bring them up so carefully that their young lives are made miserable by rules and regulations, and they are robbed of childhood's heritage of romping.

The successes in life are not always the boys and girls whose parents have advanced ideas in child-training. Perfection forced into too close range has a way of getting distorted.

A mother with ultra views of decorum was horrified to see her 15-year-old daughter smoke a cigarette and dance a skirt dance for the amusement of her friends the first time she went unchaperoned. The girl explained that was like a dervish running amuck from an overdose of goodness.

The sanitariums are full because women do not seem able to learn that to work is well; to overwork is nervous prostration.

Tell an indiscriminating woman that the polite hostess is never inattentive to her guests, and that is the house where the guest feels like shrieking "For heaven's sake give me a minute alone!" There's nothing more tiresome than overdone hospitality.

The crank is usually the person who overrides a good idea.

To make pleasant remarks means popularity; to always make pleasant remarks is sychophancy or insincerity.

Solid reading is good; never to read anything in lighter vein is to have a brain with as few high lights as a silhouette.

To learn that well done is not overdone is the surest safeguard against life's excesses. Moderation may not be exciting, but it wears well.

Queens Who Smoke.

Somehow it seems unimaginable that Queen Alexandra or the German Empress or the Queen of Rumania should have taken to the "cigarette habit," to which most of the younger consorts of European rulers confess. Yet Carmen Sylva is on a list of "Queens who smoke" which has just been published, and explains that she has never yet put a poetic thought into writing without that best of nerve soothers, the cigarette, between her lips. The Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Amelia of Portugal and the Dowager Queen of Spain are also among the smokers, and, of the younger generation, the Empress of Russia, who had never smoked a cigarette before her marriage, is now probably the one whose daily allowance of cigarettes is the largest. But, then, "ladies' cigarettes" in Russia are of the mildest kind—almost as mild as chocolate imitations.

A La Mode.

"What's that curious looking charm you are wearing on your watch chain?"

"That is our new coat-of-arms—chauffeur rampant, policeman, couchant, justice of the peace expectant."

Her Great Secret

Tommy Daly waited until the pretty girl wearing the gingham apron passed very close to his table before he asked the question that had been on his lips all day.

"Goin' to the Jolly Three's masquerade Saturday night?" he inquired.

"Sure I am," she laughed over her shoulder, as she passed on. "All the girls is goin'. What would I stay home for?"

While this admission brought a certain quantity of balm to Tommy's troubled soul, it was not all he sought to know. In fact, his inquiry was but preliminary to the main question, which he proceeded to put when the pretty girl returned from the stockroom and smiled in the most tantalizing way as she drew near his table.

"What are you goin' as, Kit?" he asked, innocently, pretending to be vastly interested in the mechanism of a nail puller. "I'm goin' to be a cowboy," he added, in a burst of confidence.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know, though?" said Kitty, lingering a moment to enjoy his discomfiture. "You got a nerve! What would I tell you for, an' have you tip me off to everybody? I should say not!"

"Honest, I wouldn't, Kit," protested Tommy earnestly. "I just sort o' wanted to know for myself. It's more fun when you know somebody before they unmask. I wouldn't give you away, Kit."

"Sure, you wouldn't," she retorted, "because you won't have no chance. I ain't goin' to tell even my mother what I'm goin' as. You wait an' see."

The next day Tommy kept his eyes and ears open for chance information about the masquerade, with especial reference to the disguises to be assumed by the girls of the factory. However, news was scarce and difficult to obtain. Otto, the apprentice boy, was his chief investigator, but Otto's reports were lacking in the personal element most interesting to Tommy.

"They's a bunch of 'em goin' as jockeys," whispered Otto after Tommy had bribed him with a cigarette to tell all he had overheard at the various tables in the big room. "An' two is goin' to be newspapers—their dresses will be all made out o' newspapers. Them is the two big ones at the last counter near the fire escape," added Otto.

Tommy's interest in this information was but languid.

"What's Kitty goin' to wear?" he demanded. "Didn't you get wise to that?"

"Which one is Kitty?" asked Otto.

Tommy looked his disgust.

"That's Kitty—the one with the big bunch of hair over there near Ransom's desk," he explained in guarded tones. "The pretty one," he added, with a smile glance at the boy.

"Oh, her!" said Otto. "That's the one I heard Ransom askin' what she was goin' as an' she said she wouldn't tell nobody."

Saturday came and found Tommy no wiser as to the great problem of the hour. The shop was teeming with gossip of the masquerade. There was even a wild rumor, which could be traced to no authentic source, that Ransom intended to lay aside his impressive dignity as foreman for one evening and attend the reception of the Jolly Three.

Along in the afternoon Kitty contrived to get near his table and escape Ransom's altogether too watchful eye long enough to whisper a brief message to Tommy.

"Say, I got a good joke on Ransom," she said.

"Have you?" asked Tommy, brightening visibly. "What is it? You can't make me sore stringin' him."

Kitty tossed her head a bit at this.

"I don't know what license you've got to get sore or get glad over his troubles," she retorted. "Anyway, lemme tell you. He's been just crazy to find out what I'm goin' as to-night."

"He ain't the only one," said Tommy.

"Well, I wouldn't tell him," pursued the pretty girl, "just because I wasn't goin' to tell nobody—it's more fun that way. But I found out that Miss Hasenbeck, you know, that one that's scrappin' with him about chewin' tobacco around where there's ladies—I found out she was goin' to-night as a trained nurse. So I told Ransom on the dead quiet that I was goin' as a nurse. He'll think she's me!" concluded Kitty joyously.

"I don't see what he's trailin' around to find out what you're goin' to wear for," he snapped. "He makes me sick."

Kitty smiled archly. "Oh, go on!" she said. "Didn't you want to know yourself? What are you kicking about?"

She glanced over her shoulder to be sure they were unheard and then, stepping delicously close to Tommy, said:

"Some o' these girls is goin' as jockeys. I don't think that's very nice—do you?"

"No, I don't," said Tommy. "They ought to know better."

"I think," murmured Kitty, "that a nice quiet costume is better—something like a flower girl."

Tommy's eyes glistened.

"Do you like a flower girl costume?" he asked, eagerly.

Once more Kitty took a quick look around and then she smiled sweetly at him.

"Sure I do," she said, and then floated away, leaving [illegible] of happiness