

Farm and Garden

GOOD LAWN BEAUTIFIER.

Its Foundation Is Only an Old Umbrella Frame, but It's Most Artistic.

One does not need the services of an expensive landscape gardener to make one's lawn a thing of beauty. Of course, thick, well rolled and well cropped turf is the prime necessity, but there is always needed some bit of color to accentuate the eye resting beauty of the long sweep of green.

Here is the way one ingenious woman secured a centerpiece for her sward, according to Popular Mechanics:

She dug up an old umbrella from the attic, cut away the faded silk cover-



SIMPLE ORNAMENT FOR LAWN.

ing, ran a piece of thin wire through the top of each rib, taking a turn around each eye, so as to keep the ribs apart at regular intervals, and then sunk the handle deep into the ground in a small circle cut out of the sod in the middle of the lawn.

Then she planted some sweet peas in a variety of colors, and now she has a Joseph's coat mound of color that is an absolute delight. And, obeying the old adage, "the more sweet peas you pick the more you'll have," she has her vases all through the house filled all the time.

THE VALUABLE TURNIP.

Worth Growing if Only For Its Effect on Dairy Cows.

While the real food value of turnips is considered somewhat low, they are wonderful appetizers, especially for dairy cows, not only toning up their systems, but increasing the flow of milk.

Then there are several tempting dishes for the table that can be formed from turnips, and by storing a goodly supply of them for winter their use will save considerable of the higher priced products, both around the feed stalls and table.

Turnips for winter storage should not be sown till in July, from the 10th to the 20th, or even a few days later will not be too late. Where they are sown earlier than this the hot weather causes them to become strong and pithy, but if sown as above stated they mature when the weather is cooler, which greatly enhances their flavor, gives them a firm, solid flesh and adds to their keeping qualities.

A rich, sandy loam or fresh sod soil is best adapted to turnip raising and they may be sown either broadcast or drilled. If sown broadcast it may be done just before a shower, and there will then be no necessity for covering the seed, as the raindrops will do the work better, a light covering being all that is required. If the seeds are drilled one can arrange so the plants may be cultivated by hand, the rows being placed about eighteen inches apart. Put in plenty of seed at the time of drilling and thin out the plants when they come up till they are from three to four inches apart, thus giving them ample room to grow.—Homestead.

Rape Seed For Hogs.

If a little rape seed is sprinkled in with the rye a variety of feed will be provided and the hogs will do even better than upon rye alone.

Brief Suggestions.

Go over the orchard and see that all the wounds are well painted.

The golden wax bean is a favorite with many garden makers. It is tender, of good quality and stringless.

If a small pig is chilled it can be revived by dipping it in water as hot as you can bear your hand in, then wrapping it in warm flannel.

Don't keep your horse in an overheated stable and then stand him for hours in a freezing atmosphere and wonder how he became paralyzed.

The durability of the mule is a strong point in his favor. He lives and works to a good old age. His "sense" of self protection is strong, and he avoids many injuries.

Never get the idea in your head that drugs and health are inseparable, for in most cases it will be found that what we keep out of the pig's stomach has more to do with its health than what we put in.

Blackberries are very prolific and ripen at the time they can be economically gathered and marketed. They are seldom injured by late frosts and for this reason are surer than some other berries that ripen earlier.

The wheel hoes are great labor savers. A plow attachment is very convenient for opening furrows and to cover the larger seeds, as peas, beans and sweet corn. Some of the combination wheel tools with drills, cultivating teeth, plows and rakes are very satisfactory.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

She Giggled.

I went out to walk with Miss Nellie one day, and as we two strolled through the park I noticed she seemed quite contented and gay—More happy by far than a turnip. And whenever I made a remark even plain.

She would always giggle outpoury. And then when I asked her to kindly explain.

She giggled—then giggled some more.

Then in the evening we went to the play. And though it was a tragedy deep.

She did not the slightest emotion display, but giggled while others would weep. She giggled a bit when the hero was killed.

And as the bride came through the door To marry the villain whose conduct had thrilled.

She giggled—then giggled some more.

So I asked the young lady to tell me just why Her system contained so much mirth.

And how she could giggle when others would cry. And when happiness seemed at a dearth.

So she said her new hat had the latest shaped frame. The only one like it in store.

And that no other lady could get the same. Then she giggled—and giggled some more.

Obliging.

There's a pretty cashier lady in a certain Boston restaurant. The other day a fresh stranger approached this cashier and asked, "Are the waiters here attentive to you?"

"Sir!" she squealed, and her liquid eyes flashed fire.

"I asked, are the waiters in this place attentive to you?" he calmly repeated. "Are you hard of hearing?"

Then the haughty beauty shouted for the manager, who came on the run. "This pup has insulted me!" she sobbed.

"Is it any of his darn business whether the waiters is attentive to a perfect lady or not? I'd like to know if just because I'm a poor working girl a fresh guy can—"

"Now, calm yourself," said the stranger, unabashed. "I am merely being polite and complying with a request printed on your bill of fare. Here it is; read it for yourself."

The line at the top of the menu card read as follows: "Guests will oblige the management by reporting any inattention on the part of the waiters to the cashier."—Boston Traveler.

Wherein Willie Was Favored.

Dorothy, Della and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year.

"My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that grandfather just sent him," said Dorothy. "It's a beauty, and he had a silver knife and fork from grandma too."

"My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan," said Della. "It's the prettiest rattle that ever was."

"My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers," said Daisy, with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!"—Lippincott's.

Perfectly Simple.

No apologies go with this. It is the invention of former Mayor Baxter of Baltimore, and he most take all responsibility for it.

"Why," asks Mr. Baxter, "is the Prince of Wales like a baldheaded man, a monkey and an orphan?"

Well, there isn't any answer to a question like that, of course. Whereupon Mr. Baxter answers it himself with every indication of enjoyment.

"The Prince of Wales," he elucidates, "is the heir apparent. A baldheaded man has no heir apparent, the monkey has a hairy parent, and the orphan has nowhere a parent."

Comment would be superfluous.—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Run Short.

Old Friend—How is your wife, Captain Plowjogger?

The Captain (who has recently buried his fourth)—Wa'al, to tell the truth, I'm kinder out of wives just now.—Boston Transcript.

An Up to Date Girl.

"I asked her to marry me, and she gave me a supreme court answer."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

"Said she would give me six months to readjust myself so as to be acceptable."—Puck.

Explained.

"How is it that you are back at the office? I thought you said you wanted a day off to enjoy yourself."

"So I did, but my wife wants some ribbons matched."—Baltimore American.

Look Before You Leap.

Agitated Old Gent—Quick; my daughter is overboard! Save her, and she shall be your wife!

Blase Person—Wait till a wave rolls her over and I can see her face.—Puck.

Figuratively Only.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what is the meaning of 'figure of speech'?"

"That, my son, is the very latest name for a man's better half."—Judge.

Heat and Cold.

He—I could love you until the sun grows cold. And you?

She—I could love you until my husband gets hot.—Puck.

Farm and Garden

GROW OWN TABLE DAINTIES.

Every Farm, No Matter What Its Size, Should Have a Kitchen Garden.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of our northern and eastern farms is the home vegetable garden, says W. R. Beattie, assistant horticulturist, bureau of plant industry. Even where no orchard has been planted, and where the ornamental surroundings of the home have been neglected, a fairly well kept garden in which are grown a number of the staple kinds of vegetables is generally to be found.

In many cases the principal interest in the garden is manifested by the women of the household and much of the necessary care is given by them. A small portion of the garden inclosure is generally devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and a number of medicinal plants are invariably present.

Throughout the newer parts of the country one finds that the conditions governing the maintenance and use of the vegetable garden are somewhat different, and, while a number of vegetable crops may be grown somewhere on the farm, there is wanting that distinction so characteristic of the typical New England kitchen garden.

It would be impossible to make an accurate estimate of the value of crops grown in the kitchen gardens of the United States, but from careful observation the statement can safely be made that a well kept garden will yield a return ten to fifteen times greater than would the same area and location if devoted to general farm crops.

A half acre devoted to the various kinds of garden crops will easily supply a family with \$100 worth of vegetables during the year, while the average return for farm crops is considerably less than one-tenth of this amount. A bountiful supply of vegetables close at hand where they may be secured at a few moments' notice is of even more importance than the mere money value.

Fresh vegetables from the home garden are not subjected to exposure on the markets or in transportation and are not liable to become infected in any way. Many of the products of the garden lose their characteristic flavor when not used within a few hours after gathering. By means of the home garden the production of the vegetable supply for the family is directly under control, and in many cases is the only way whereby clean, fresh produce may be secured.

The home vegetable garden is worthy of increased attention, and a greater number and variety of crops should be included in the garden.

The question of proximity to the house or other buildings is of great importance when locating a garden. In old homesteads the garden was generally located directly adjacent to the house, requiring but a few steps from the kitchen to reach the extreme parts of the garden. The work of caring for a garden is usually done at spare times, and for this reason alone the location should be near the dwelling.

In case the site chosen for the garden should become unsuitable for any cause, it is not a difficult matter to change the location. Many persons prefer to plan the garden in a different location every five or six years.

Guinea Pigs as Lawn Mowers. In America the humble guinea pig is used largely to advance the cause of science by succumbing to different germs, by refusing to weaken after generations of intense inbreeding, and by generally "tending to prove" whatever the scientists want to prove. But over in England the guinea pig is being used as a lawn mower with great effect. He is more than a mere machine at that, for we are assured that he not only clips the lawn evenly, but with rare discrimination removes all the weeds therefrom. Guinea pigs multiply very rapidly and almost any one can get enough to keep his lawn mowed if he starts early in the spring. We thought the American farmer who tied his lawn mower to an automobile and skidded around over his lawn had solved the problem, but the English mowing system has certain points of superiority which increase our respect for British ingenuity.—National Stockman and Farmer.

A Certain Cure. "Do you know anything that will kill potato bugs?" asked the young man with the yellow fingers.

"Yes," said the old lady with the gingham apron crustily: "get 'em to smoke cigarettes."

MANURE MEANS DOLLARS. Manure is worth dollars. Why not save those dollars? Manure adds humus as well as plant food to the soil, and one is as valuable as the other. The soil may contain all the elements of plant food, but if it has no humus these elements are not available and plants do not thrive. Humus aids in retaining moisture for the future use of the plant. Now is the time to save money by saving manure, and manure is best saved by being spread upon the field where it will do the most good. Immediate value in crops as well as ultimate value in the farm results from the use of the manure spreader.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Elegy Written In a Country Road.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea. The plowman homeward rides, and on the way He gayly toots his auto horn at me.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The boast of limousine and much horsepower. And all that engine and magnet spell Await alike the inevitable hour—The paths of speeding lead you to the cell.—New York Mail.

Here lies his head upon the lap of earth. A youth to fortune and to fame unknown. The auto hit him for all it was worth. And then sped on and left him there alone.—Houston Post.

Haply some hoary headed swain may say: "I seen him when he passed and noticed how He seemed to want to hurry on his way. I got his number, but fergit it now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Dobbin notes the autos whizzing by. But not one jealous pang they bring to him. For, though the smell of gasoline is nigh, He takes to munching grass again with vim.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

On the Defensive. A distinguished novelist recently found himself traveling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author.

Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When the light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence.

Addressing them with great suavity, he said, "Ah, ladies, the one regret of my life will be that I shall never know which of you it was that kissed me!"—Ideas.

Accurate. The baby was a week old when it was taken to the corner grocery to be weighed. Most of the women folk of two blocks were present to witness the momentous ceremony.

A warmed blanket was placed on the scale and the baby laid tenderly upon it. The grocer, benevolently important, carefully maneuvered the hanging weight upon the notched bar until the scales balanced.

"Eleven pounds," announced the grocer, beaming.

"That means nine," piped up his young assistant, who was a rapid calculator.—Buffalo Express.

Would Be Reported as It Was. "Officer," demanded the horrified lady on beholding a curious mob following up a pretty girl, "if you don't arrest that woman in that disgraceful harem skirt I'll report you at headquarters!"

"Begorry, O'll be reported as it is," replied the gaping officer, abruptly turning back. "By following with the crowd O've strayed five blocks away from me beat."—Widow.

A Good Reason. Mother (angrily)—Willie, you positively must get over this habit of wanting something to eat in the night-time. I never do.

Willie—Well, I don't think I'd care to eat anything in the night either if I kept my teeth in a glass of water.—Boston Transcript.

Youth's Wisdom. The Good Man—Do you know where little boys go who throw stones at birds?

The Bad Boy—Rather! They goes where there is birds. Didn't think they went down in a well, did yer?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Dialect. "I never use slang," said the precise young woman.

"Yes," replied the self satisfied girl, "I noticed as soon as I heard you honk that your conversational model was one of those highbrow dialects."—Washington Star.

Why Patrick Henry Said It. A schoolboy's composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"—Philadelphia Record.

An Illustration. "The sweet and sour are strangely mingled in life."

"Yes, indeed. Take a bad crowd, for example, where you're in a pickle because you're in a jam."—Baltimore American.

The Great Service. Dad Waller—He never did anything fer nobody.

Pop Weeks—You're mistaken. His folks wanted him to take lessons on the cornet and he refused.—Chicago News.

A Ready Instance. Cholly—On what do you base your argument that women are more clever than men?

Maud—Well, let's take ourselves, for example.—Cornell Widow.

A Day Off. Sunday School Teacher—is your pa a Christian, Bobby?

Little Bobby—No'm, not today. He's got the toothache.—Browning's Magazine.

A Joke That Failed. The clerk of a supply store in southern Colorado did not know Indian nature very well when he invited a Ute chief to a boxing bout. After explaining the use of the gloves, which the chief seemed to readily understand, they went into a vacant room in the rear of the store to spar. The gloves were adjusted, and the clerk invited the chief to hit him. This, of course, he failed to do, as Indians never strike with their hands in conflict. All at once the clerk struck out, and catching the chief under the ear, landed him on the floor. This was enough. The Indian sprang to his feet, pulled off the gloves, jerked out a knife, and the clerk had to run for his life. Fortunately he managed to keep out of reach until some friends caught the infuriated Indian and held him until he cooled off. Then the clerk explained the joke, but with very poor success. The chief consented to forego vengeance for the insult, but he was never friends with the clerk again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ornamented With Scars. The natives of some of the islands of the Pacific are always glad to see the doctor on his periodical visits. At Kaiser Wilhelm's harbor the German government has stationed Dr. Helsing as medical officer. He is a busy man. Natives by the dozen come to him, not to be treated for illness, but to get the benefit of his professional opinion on how to scar themselves artistically. The natives are very fond of scars, and nearly all of them are covered with specimens which have resulted from self inflicted wounds which were kept open by frequent scratching or by the introduction of foreign substances like sand, bamboo, shells and so forth. The excrescence which results from the average vaccination is scratched off at the proper time, and the resulting large scar is very dear to the native. A young islander whose face and body are a mass of cuts, bruises and scars is considered the catch of the season by the ducky belles.

Has Won. "Before you kiss me, Horace, let me tell you that Fred has given Kitty a diamond ring. You have never given me one."

"Dearest, it is only girls who are not precious in themselves who require the aid of precious stones."

"Oh, you may kiss me twice, Horace."

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