

WALLS OF CORN.
Smiling and beautiful heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.
But the wide, wide lands that stretched
Before my eyes in the days of May;
The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell;
Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.
All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn now sere and brown.
What do they hold—these walls of corn?
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?
He who questions may soon be told—
A great State's wealth these walls enfold.
No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warden's horn;
Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming
gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are hold.
Clothes and food for the tilling poor;
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;
Meat for the healthy and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chamber dim;
Shoes for the barefooted; pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;
Things for use for the lowly cot
Where (Bless the corn!) want cometh not;
Luxuries rare for the mansions grand,
Booty for thieves that rob the land—
All these things, and so many more
Will fill a hook but to name them o'er,
Are hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn!
Open the silos, coned by rule,
In the olden days of the district school.
Point to this rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the tiller's hand.
"Treeless desert" they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.
Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairie rolled.
Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?
And how would the wise ones have laughed
In scorn
Had prophetic foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn!
—Ellen P. Allerton, in Topeka (Kan.)
State Capital.

TIEMANN TRIES TABASCO.
A Water Front Joke That Missed Fire.
—From the New York Evening Post.

Jim O'Connor, the Battery boatman, looked in at several towboat offices in Coenties Slip, and on his way back to the Battery Basin passed the time of day with Old Pete Murphy, who keeps a curb-line oyster stand profusely decorated with American flags and gastro-patriotic legends, all in colors on glaring white canvas, not far from Whitehall street.
It was obvious that Murphy had something on his mind, as he opened the bivalves for Ikey Sabbath, the marine clothing runner, absently discussing South street affairs with the boatman. And finally, following the oysterman's eyes, those of O'Connor rested upon an innocent little bottle containing a red fluid.
"Hump," he said, "it's a small dose of ketchup yer handin' out in these times of financial distress."
"Ketchup," snorted Murphy; "that ain't ketchup, it's tabasco."
"Yes? I've heard of it. Is it good to eat?" O'Connor shook out a dash on his thumb, and placed it to his tongue. "Holee mack'r! What is it, vitriol?"
"Naw, tabasco I told ye," replied Murphy angrily.
"Well, the next time I eat oysters here ye can provide me with seven or eight red hot coals to wash 'em down with." And O'Connor went on his way, caressing the tip of his tongue with horny fingers. By the time he had passed the Barge Office, however, the pain had subsided sufficiently to allow the turning of his mind from himself and his woes to objective things. The first thought that presented itself was the possibilities that lay within the presence of the first bottle of tabasco that had appeared on South street since that old thoroughfare was laid out.
From thoughts conditional his mind, through logical sequence, turned to consideration of "Big Joe" Tiemann, the dean of the Battery landing shanty, whose fondness for oysters, or, rather, for tomato catsup flavored with oysters, was a popular topic among his many friends. A happy smile pervaded O'Connor's weather beaten countenance, and he hastened to the landing, maturing plans of campaign as he went. He found his quarry deeply immersed in a game of poker—for matches with Bill Quigley, the boatman, "Sallor Dan" McGinnity and "Bollivar Rose" Darragh.
"I just bore down to Murphy's stand," said O'Connor, as Quigley hailed in a match safe full of winnings, and Tiemann began to shuffle the cards. "They's a new lot of oysters in—th' finest—sa'y, Pete Murphy's got the best line in the city right now." O'Connor concluded his eulogy with a comprehensive wink, including everyone but Tiemann, whose back was turned. "I ate two dozen."
"Ummm," Tiemann sighed. "How much carts do you said you will haf, Sallor Tan?"
Thus the game proceeded.
"And," resumed O'Connor, "Murphy's got a new sauce that comes in a big bottle. It's tomato ketchup boiled right down—nothing but the real tomatoes sticks' right out—and, sa'y, you put it on an oyster—and—O, Lor! Cluck, cluck, cluck," the boatman snapped his tongue in gustatory reminiscence.

"No," and Tiemann settled back with a vacant expression in his eyes. "No; I will stand pad."
The game went on.
"Good sauce, eh?" said Quigley tentatively.
O'Connor abandoned himself to an expression of despair, as though having tasted that sauce, life held nothing more for him.
Tiemann, after five minutes of silence, broken only by the rattle of Darragh's pipe, suddenly laid his cards on the table.
"I will play no more. I haf an engagement at Corlear's Hook, for vich I am now late." Thus saying he put on his hat and overcoat and went outdoors.
O'Connor, hugging himself with glee, imparted the cause of his joy to those in the room, with the result that there was a hasty adjournment to the seawall, whence they followed safely in the rear of the unsuspecting Tiemann. On their way they picked up a dozen friends, a number which was augmented by others in the course of the journey until fully a score occupied positions of vantage behind ship chandler's merchandise, in doorways, or behind trucks, when Tiemann stopped in front of Murphy's stand.
"Goot mornin', Bete, you may open me halluf a tozen oyster. Ah, a new getchup! Sure enough. Maig dot a tozen."
Murphy, overjoyed at what promised to develop into a Battery run on his stand, pried apart a large gray fellow, and handed it over to the expectant customer, who, as usual, flooded it with scarlet condiment, and swallowed it voraciously. There was a quiver of excitement among those who were watching. That he would either fall to the sidewalk or kick over the stand was unquestioned. But he did neither. A beatific smile slowly overspread his face. He turned to the oysterman.
"Maig dot three tozen, Bete," he said.
Ten minutes later O'Connor, Quigley and the rest were seated in grim silence in the Battery shanty.
"Any news to-day," said the cub ship news man, peering into the sombre room.
"Shet yer head," said O'Connor.

HUNTER'S TIN CAN LURE A SUCCESS.

Space Says He Learns of it in India. Where it is Used to Catch Fierce Tigers.

If a fine old buck hadn't been so anxious to read the labels on several tin cans he would still be propelling his antlers through the forests of Sullivan County, in New York, instead of lying in state at the home of Farmer John Quick. Daniel Space, of New York City, arrived at the Quick homestead a few days ago with a trunkful of bullets and a brand new scheme for putting venison on the table.
Quick and Space started out to ascertain if the latter's plan for trapping deer was practicable. The plan consisted of stringing about twenty tomato cans on a rope and stretching the rope across the runway. While one of the hunters stood near the cans the other was to go back into the woods and drive the deer toward the opening. The scheme worked satisfactorily the first time it was tried.
Quick succeeded in locating a deer and driving it toward the runway, where Space lay in wait. When the deer was within 200 yards Space gave the rope a yank, and the cans set up an awful jangling. The deer was suspicious at first. He hesitated for a moment, and then his curiosity got the better of him. Pulling his antlers down and trying them beneath his chin he sneaked up to the cans and began to inspect them. While thus engaged Space took careful aim and brought the animal to the ground with his seventh shot.
"That's a trick I learned in India," said Space. "They use the tin can trap out there to catch tigers. I could have killed him with the first shot, but I gave him an opportunity to finish his inspection of the cans."
The buck was a fine specimen and weighed 265 pounds.

The Riot Act.
What is commonly known as "reading the riot act" is better known than the origin of the phrase. The historical Riot Act was passed by the British Parliament in the reign of George I. in 1714. It enacts that felony is committed when twelve or more persons unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assemble together, to the disturbance of the public peace, so to continue together for an hour after being commanded to disperse by the Sheriff or Under Sheriff or a Justice or the Mayor of the borough. In the "reading" of the British Riot Act, which is a necessary preliminary to its being put into operation, it is not customary to recite the whole of the statute, which is rather a long one, but only the following proclamation which it contains:
"Our sovereign lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the King!"—Chicago Journal.

Between January 1 and November 1, 1907, the fire loss of the United States was \$180,765,300, compared with \$424,460,200 in the same ten months of 1906.

WOMEN BALK AT ELIOT'S IDEA OF THEIR EDUCATION

its Main Object, Says Harvard Head, Should Be Henceforth to Prepare Them For Their "Normal Occupation"

President Eliot's declaration to the Collegiate Alumnae Association at Cambridge that woman's education should no longer "be a mere imitation of that of the man," but should have for its purpose to prepare her for motherhood, has provoked already a discussion of which Harvard's president will not hear the last for many a day. A diversity of opinion was expressed by representative New York women, and some of them did not hesitate to take flat issue with the noted educator whose ideas clash with probably a majority of the 500,000 women in America who are engaged in some profession besides raising babies. Speaking on "The Future of the Educational Movement for Women," Dr. Eliot said:
Woman's Normal Occupation.
"Higher education in the future should recognize the fact that the majority of women take up the occupation of training children, the married ones as mothers and many of the unmarried ones in the interest of the mothers.
"Training of children is the normal occupation of woman, and its importance in education has probably not been recognized because it has hitherto been regarded as an intellectual pursuit. Yet it is the most intellectual occupation in the world, in no matter what walk of life. It calls always for great moral and carefully trained mental powers.
"What a great power a reading mother has to train the minds of her children? This normal occupation of woman should be the main object henceforth in the education of woman, and no longer should her education be a mere imitation of that of man. On such a basis I believe higher education will truly perfect the home life and household joy.
"It is certainly not the chief end of woman's life to enter man's occupations, as was intended when higher education was advocated for her. It is high time that that idea of an education for her was abandoned, and that the aim should be to develop in woman the capacity and the powers that fit her to make life fuller of intellectual enjoyment and happiness, more productive physically, mentally and spiritually."
"I question whether the education of man is yet sufficiently far advanced," said Mrs. John Sherwin Crosby, President of the Women's Democratic Club, "to qualify him to decide upon the education that woman should have. There is, of course, a broad fundamental education that is just as necessary to develop the powers of a woman as of a man. There is also little in regard to the training of children that the man as well as the woman ought not to learn.
"If womankind were restricted to rearing and teaching children she would be deprived of many of the best opportunities for learning how to do that very work. The greatest idea in education, as in other things, is freedom, and restriction placed upon the education of woman would tend to render her less efficient in any special service to which she may be by nature adapted better than man."
Man's Duty, Too.
Mrs. Harriette M. Johnston Wood, law partner of her husband, William H. Wood, didn't have much patience to spare for Dr. Eliot's views.
"True, the training of children always has been woman's occupation," said Mrs. Wood, "and to the exclusion of other things until her horizon has narrowed and her mind has been warped. Let the training of children be her duty, but let it also be the man's to do his share. Each should assist if the proper balance is to be given to the development of the child. Any occupation exclusively for men or for women is imperfect. Masculine and feminine must co-operate eternally; each supplies the complement to the other.
"I should like to know," interjected the woman counsellor with the fire of a lawyer diving home a clinching argument, "by what divine authority certain occupations were set aside for men and certain ones for women? Every occupation in the world is for woman if she can do it well. Her physical and mental limitations, not the mandate of man, are to determine these things.
"A woman's sphere is not her doorway, but the wide world. It is not her duty alone to care for the children she has borne, but to have at heart the interests of the children of the world. If she had taken her place in government and in public affairs, there wouldn't be the problem of race suicide which some men presume to command her to solve by bringing more children into the world instead of doing a woman's work in improving the condition of those already born.
"And if women shirk this part of the work which legitimately belongs to them, let the men insist that they shoulder their share of the responsibility. Good government is only good housekeeping; you might as well expect to find a house perfectly managed without women as to look for school boards and city governments perfectly administered without their aid."
Resents Dictation of Men.
"If the education of women were

to be restricted we would simply go back to primitive conditions. Whatever tends to develop woman intellectually or spiritually or morally prepares her to become a better mother. Preparation for the duties of parentage should be an aim in the education of both sexes, but that is not all. And it will not be all," concluded Mrs. Wood with a determined setting of her jaw. "Women have been forced into occupations which men used to think were theirs exclusively, and men have encroached upon domains formerly labelled 'woman's work' until the world recognizes that necessity is more potent than tradition. I object to any man telling me what I shall learn or what I shall do or not do, and those who set themselves up to dictate to us should remember that the blood of our Revolutionary ancestors runs in women's veins as well as in men's. We will not tolerate a step backward."

Cannot All Be Mothers.

Mrs. Frederick Nathan said she could agree with Dr. Eliot in the main, that women should be trained to be good mothers, but no more than that men should be educated to become good husbands and fathers. "What is a boy to be trained for—for himself?" she asked. "Should he not hand down to succeeding generations the benefits of his education?"
Mrs. Nathan did not agree that woman's education had been an imitation of man's, rather, woman had come at last into the rights of education formerly claimed exclusively by the other sex. In cases where women must support themselves she could see no reason for limiting their field of activities and compelling them to marry the first man who comes along.
Attempts to circumscribe a woman's possibilities by limiting her education would smother ambition and stunt her mental growth. "Woman as well as man," said Mrs. Nathan, "is entitled to the chance to develop, each in her or his own way. Women cannot all be mothers, nor teachers, but each has possibilities to develop which redounds to the benefit of the whole race. I think every girl and every boy should receive some industrial training, but where the lines should be drawn in education of women I do not think it is for the men to say."—From the New York World.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

A man traveling into a far country called his servants and delivered unto them the goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two and to another one; to every man according to his several ability, and straightway took his journey.
Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same in the Street, and made them other five talents—on paper. And likewise he that had received two talents; he also gained other two—on paper.
But he that had received one talent went and hid it in a safety deposit vault.
After a time the lord of these servants cometh and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came and brought his ten paper talents, saying, "Master, I put my five talents into United Copper and Inter-Met, which straightway became all to the pazzaz, and I am wiped out." His lord said unto him, "Thou hast been well done, thou simple, foolish servant."
He also that had received two talents came and said, "Master, here are four talents on paper, the which are like unto last year's bird's nest. Behold, I invested in Amalgamated and American Ice." And his lord said unto him, "Thou, too, hast been well done, thou foolish servant."
Then he which had received the one talent came and said, "Master, I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in a safety deposit vault; lo, here thou hast that is thine."
His lord answered and said unto him, "Thou art a wise little guy, and I will take thee into the firm."
For in these days unto every one that hath shall be given, and a talent in the bank is worth ten on the curb.—From Puck.

Elder Duck Cultivated.

In Iceland, on certain islands, near Reykavik, the elder duck is raised in a systematic manner. It is really more of a small goose than a duck, being so independent of fish and animal food as to be able to support itself by grazing on the seaweed at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth. It is a splendid diver, being as much at home under the water as on the surface. The great value of the elder duck's down is well known, and, owing to the bird's tendency to pull out such large quantities for lining its nest that it leaves its lower breast almost bare when it is setting, there is no difficulty in getting a good supply of these feathers without destroying the birds. In Iceland it is strictly guarded against intrusion. The inhabitants consider it a worse crime than stealing deer in Scotland for any person to shoot an elder duck.

Back to the Banks!

At West Point the cadets begin at the bottom of the ladder by learning the manual of arms and drilling like private soldiers. Under the new military law cadets admitted to the French military school must serve one year as simple privates.

MONEY CHANGERS KNOW A LOT.

Indeed They Have to, to Keep Track of European Coins and Counterfeits.

"I never realized until to-day," said a man who had just returned from Europe, "what an undertaking it is to be a money changer."
"I came back with about \$20 in foreign money, principally French and Italian. This I took to a money changer's to cash in."
"He looked over the coins rapidly, throwing them into little piles and putting down notes on a slip of paper. When he had cleared up the lot he said I had \$19.25 coming to me."
"At first I thought he was doing me. But he was not. He showed me a dozen or so Italian coins that had been demonetized and were worth about forty cents on the dollar. There was a nice little pile of counterfeits that were not worth a cent, and altogether only about a third of the coins that I brought home were worth their full value."
"The only consolation I had was that I thanked my stars I am in the insurance business and not in the exchange business, for my poor little brain could not carry half the things that those fellows have to remember."
The man with the coins did not exaggerate. There are thousands of different coins floating about that a money changer has to know. He has to keep in mind every demonetized coin made within the last hundred years.
In addition to that there are counterfeits. The immigrants bring over heaps of bad coins. Many of them buy up counterfeits cheap with the hope of exchanging them at Ellis Island.

Then there are the coins of the South American countries. They are worse than those of the European countries. Brazil, for instance, has a good scheme all its own. Certain notes are good for ten years, after that time for every year they lose ten per cent. of their face value until the whole value is used up and they are worth only the paper they are printed on.

As one man expressed it you have to know the history of the world to be a money changer. A peculiar part of the business is the reshipment of coins back to the countries whence they came. Often during the rush season one firm sends back a million coins, while it is estimated that in the course of a year \$10,000,000 in foreign money is reshipped to Europe and a million to the rest of the world.
Money changing is a business just like any other. They do not exchange money. They buy it. When you go there with foreign coins they buy them from you at a stated price. When you go there to get foreign coins you buy them from them at a certain price just as you buy eggs and cigars.—New York Sun.

He Talked Too Much.

In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin's gift in this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings therein.
Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"
"Husks," was the laconic reply of Boss.
Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop and again asked, what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.
"Straw," said Boss.
"Straw? You told me husks were the best!"
Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.—Harper's Weekly.

Croquet.

Eben M. Byers, Pittsburg's famous golfer, was talking at a dinner about dawdling players.
"Nothing is more vexatious," Mr. Byers said, "than to follow one of these dawdlers over a course. They should all be served as a bow-legged chap was the other day.
"He was playing at Englewood. His play was as slow as it was poor. Setting his warped legs wide apart, he would miss the easiest ball three or four times handrunning. He was retarding half a dozen good, brisk players, but this he didn't seem to mind at all.
"Finally one man, having drawn very near, lost patience, and with a neat shot sent his ball flying directly between the slow player's bow legs.
"The slow player jumped back in great fright. Then he yelled angrily: "Say, do you call that golf?"
"No," said the other, "but I call it pretty good croquet."—Washington Star.

Gum and Thought.

One thing is certain—you cannot chew gum and think at the same time with any degree of success. You may chew gum and work mechanically, you may read with gum in your mouth and perhaps not miss anything in the author, but when it comes right down to good hard mental effort you cannot concentrate and achieve the best results of which you are capable while your jaws work unceasingly. That champing is just so much wasted energy and as such dissipates your force and keeps your thinking powers reduced to the lowest point.
Just put it down in your note book as a fact that no man can think deep, logical or well balanced thoughts while his jaws are working overtime.—Chicago Tribune.



Tar on Roads.

As a direct result of successful experiments with oil for roads in California—and in Oran, Africa, and several towns of Algiers where also and masnot oil were used—road builders took up the question of employing tar, either alone or in connection with oil for road surfacing. In France a mixture of tar and oil was tried in 1900, and by 1901 such good effects were obtained with various tar mixtures, that many miles of roads were surfaced with them. The French engineers pursued the subject with intelligent perseverance, and they secured some ideal roads for traveling. The tar is applied hot at about 210 degrees, and only in dry weather. After the tar is applied, a sprinkling of sand is made over the surface to harden the mixture and to prevent slipping of horses and vehicles. By the addition of heavy oils, the tar is hardened more quickly, and the road thrown open to general traffic. All dust and mud are eliminated by the tarring process, and the roadbed itself is kept from injury by heavy traffic. The waterproof character of the tar surface keeps the water from entering the roadbed, and thus eliminates one of the most destructive agencies of highways.
In England tar is also used quite extensively for the maintenance of the surface of the roads, and in this country it is also a well-recognized practice. One of the first applications of tar to the surface was made at Jackson, Tenn. The surface lasted about seven or eight months. In Montclair, N. J., a mixture of tar and screenings was tried in 1904 on a steep grade, and for a year practically no wear or tear was noticeable on the road. Since then a number of other roads in that town have been similarly treated at a cost of about seventeen cents per square foot including the cracked stone and screenings. The tarring itself cost only about five to six cents per square foot. In several other New Jersey towns and on Long Island, roads are now being treated with tarred surface for eliminating dust and mud and for the protection of the road itself.
The difference between the method of tarring the surface of roads in France and this country is in the use of sand or screenings. In France they merely sprinkle sand on the tar after it has cooled a day or two, but in this country cracked stones or screenings are either mixed with the tar or sprinkled upon the surface, with the purpose of incorporating them as much as possible with the tar. The French roads are excellent and form a dry, dustless surface, but they do not last as long as the American roads of equal excellence. The tar and screenings, when properly mixed together, form a sort of cushion, which greatly reduces abrasion.
The use of tar in territories where there are ample rainfalls is far superior to oil, for the latter then forms an emulsion with the water, which does great damage to vehicles and clothes. It makes the surface mushy, and resprinkling is necessary at intervals. But in dry, hot, arid regions the oil is superior to tar, and accomplishes the object of laying the dust and forming a smooth compact surface better. It is consequently a question of climate and topographical conditions which must determine the use of materials and methods in any part of the country.—Scientific American.

France's Roads Best in World.
Among the reasons which make the highways of France the best in the world is the requirement that all preliminary road-making operations shall be thoroughly performed, says Leslie's Weekly. When embankments are made, the earthwork is built up only a few inches at a time and, in the neighborhood of masonry, rammed. Every ditch is carefully cut at a proper angle, rammed, and, if necessary, paved with stones. Dangerous turns are protected by stone parapets; at each cross road there are sign posts, always in order, and the Touring Club of France has established indicators to remind the tourist of dangerous curves, rapid descents, etc. Every railroad crossing is protected by a gate, which has a watchman in charge day and night.

Protection of Roads.
The subject before the Massachusetts Highway Association at its last quarterly meeting was the protection of macadam roads from the excessive wear of automobile travel and the suppression of dust. Experts of large experience gave their views, the consensus of opinion being that some very bad smelling preparation in which coal oil is a main ingredient is the best found so far. It is lamentable that the bad smell should be an essential element of surface-preserving material for use on our roads. The park commissioners preserved our parkways and boulevards in this section last summer at the cost of all enjoyment for those who rode over them.—Boston Post.

Progress in Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania has now under construction 268 miles of highways, under rules prescribed by State Highway Commissioner Hunter. Fifteen counties of that State are doing no road making under State-aid laws.—Good Roads Magazine.

Seven hundred British subjects are born at sea every year.