

ANTITHESIS.

Creators from mind their character derive,
Mind-marks are there and mind-made;
If with a mind corrupt the speak or act,
Elin doth pain follow.

THE YOUNG REPORTER'S DILEMMA.

"Sheridan," remarked the city editor,
with his accustomed colorless brevity,
without glancing up from his desk,
"I want this story in by 3 o'clock."

"I can't take this assignment," he
faltered at length.
"Who not?" asked his chief in astonishment.
"Because I used to know Miss Winterton,"

"Oh, indeed," said the girl, smiling
happily, "you may tell them it's quite true."
"Who is she?" asked the young man,
glancing up at the handsome, refined face

"I know you tried to," she whispered
to his coat, "but, you foolish Tom,
didn't you notice that I didn't take it?"
The editorial rooms of the Daily Argus
were unenriched by the presence of young Sheridan

"But it doesn't prove to me that Tom
Sheridan is a clever detective just because
he thinks the finest diamond at Tiffany's
belongs to you," teased her father,

painfully evident?" said the heartless parent.

How familiar it all seemed. Outside
he caught a glimpse of steadily falling snow
between the heavy folds of the Venetian curtains,

How dear and familiar it all was. It
would be so easy, so very easy, to turn
back time for a little month to that
moment when he had stood there in that
same place, eager, happy, un-conscious,

"Oh, Tom, dearest," said the voice
which was so wonderful and so different
from all other voices in the world,
"I really began to think you never
were coming to see me again."

"I have been sent up by the Daily
Argus to interview you about your en-gagement,
Miss Winterton."
"Who is he?" asked the girl, smiling
happily, "you may tell them it's quite true."

"I know you tried to," she whispered
to his coat, "but, you foolish Tom,
didn't you notice that I didn't take it?"
The temperature was far below zero
on the following morning when the young reporter came in.

"Umph!" growled the city editor.
"Hurry up, mother! They close the
doors when it is 9 o'clock, you know."



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS
The Old-Fashioned Boy.
He has dapples, —laughter-wells,
And his ears are pretty shelly.

Lion.
Lion is a big black dog, whose master
sends him to the postoffice for his letters.
When the clerk sees the shaggy head at the window he puts the letters and paper in Lion's mouth,

"Diogenes the Wise."
With all his faults the old philoso-
pher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise." Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title

Which Are You?
Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Conundrums.
What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark? One was made ofopher wood and the other Maid of Orleans.

What is the difference between a chicken with one wing and one with two? A difference of (a) o-pinion.

First Impressions.
"Hurry up, mother! They close the
doors when it is 9 o'clock, you know."
It was his first day at school, and the little lad could scarcely await the moment for departure.

John Bayley's Tragedy.
In 1873 John Bayley of Detroit was re-
jected as a juror in a murder trial be-
cause he knew too much about the case.

standing near took him in charge.
Where was mother going? What was this
strange woman going to do with him?
His eyes, as he looked at his mother,

Then when 12 o'clock came and he
marched with the others like little sol-
diers to the street, this little lad looked
eagerly for a face that he was sure
would be waiting.

There is hardly an animal known
that cannot swim. Most animals are
perfectly ready to swim when necessary,
and will cross deep water by swimming
rather than to go around it.

As a matter of fact the domestic pig
is not a willing swimmer, and will
swim unless he is water fowl. Every
one knows how miserably chickens
perish in water. Song birds are equally
helpless. Even the waders drown in deep water.

The domestic cat is a very good and
swift swimmer, despite her objection
to water. In an experiment made by
the writer, a cat beat a water spaniel.
Both were thrown overboard a mea-
sured quarter of a mile from shore, and
the cat got in first.

When she was still a tiny kitten, she
needed to amuse us and our visitors by
lying close to the water and making
swift dashes with her claws at the lit-
tle minnows that flashed past.

Finally, one day, we were surprised
to find her standing in the water. She
had waded out so far that only her
shoulders and head were above the
surface and there she stood fishing.

When she was still a tiny kitten, she
needed to amuse us and our visitors by
lying close to the water and making
swift dashes with her claws at the lit-
tle minnows that flashed past.

So there was no grief among us
when a stranger seeing the cat swim
across the creek one day imagined that
she was some curious sea creature and
shot her dead.—San Francisco Chron-
icle.

PHILIPPINE FARMING.

A PROBLEM TO MAKE TROPICAL AGRICULTURE PROFITABLE.

The American Who Without Special
Training Attempts to Farm in Our
Island Archipelago is Taking Desper-
ate Chances—Where to Study.

The farming community in the older
eastern and southern portions of the
United States constitutes, if I may be
pardoned the use of a seeming para-
dox, a conservative-progressive ele-
ment of our people, whose conserva-
tism finds expression in clinging to the
old farm and its associations, and
whose progressiveness takes form in
adopting with alacrity every scientific
or practical device that facilitates
farm operations.

No; he is not here, nor will he be
here in our generation, and the simple
explanation may be found in that ear-
lier tribute to his average good sense
and that profound knowledge of his
own limitations; to the knowledge
that tells him that notwithstanding the
advantages that his training and expe-
rience would give him, the successful
practice of tropical agriculture would
impose upon him the acquisition of a
new and almost distinct profession.

These same people are shocked—
sometimes distinctly offended—if
asked why they do not "enter" the
ministry, or, equally untrained, do not
"enter" as special counsel in litigation
involving millions, or into a hospi-
tal to perform an operation in
tomy or obstetrics.

Inquiry develops the fact that a few,
a very few of these candidates for
graduation in and the practice of tropi-
cal agriculture have been born upon
a farm, and perhaps done farm chores
till 12 or 15 years of age. For these few
there is a fighting chance of success,
as they realize that they are coping
with a man's task and a child's equip-
ment for the undertaking.

But what can be said of the chances
of the large remainder? of the 99 per-
cent, made up of discharged soldiers,
disappointed miners, adventurers,
whatnots, or anybody except farmers
who could with equal hope of success
undertake the construction of a twin-
ing screw battleship as the equally com-
plex problems of tropical agriculture?

Where advice alone is asked, and the
adviser knows his business, and is
conscientious, he can have but one un-
satisfying reply to make:
"Go to Java, the Federated Malay
States, or Ceylon, and hire out as an
apprentice or farm hand for two or
three years on some of the very many
large and well-managed farm estates,
supplement your day labor with very
night study, and then you may return
fairly well equipped to undertake tropi-
cal farming in the Philippines without
incurring the almost certain disaster
that most otherwise overtake you."

He needs only to drop a coconut in
the sand or dabble in an abaca sucker
and Mother Nature will do the rest.
It must be conceded that at the present
moment, stimulated by enormous
demand and abnormal prices, Mother
Nature, so far as these two products

are concerned, is traveling well up.
But when the normal is restored, as it
undoubtedly will be (for markets are
like pendulums), then Mother Nature
will balk and can only be coaxed out
of her routine pace by the application
of such stratagem and artifice as may
only be commanded by him whose
training, experience, and profound
knowledge of the special cultivation
in hand assures his mastery of the
situation.

With the varied scientific knowledge
and comprehensive grasp of the applica-
tion of scientific principles with this
fact so generally known to laymen, it
seems little short of marvelous to find
there are still people upon the earth
who have not outlived the old-time re-
proach "When a man hasn't brains
enough to make a living, make a farmer
of him." That the reproach is not
all undeserved is demonstrated by the
many untrained recruits in the Philip-
pines standing ready to jump into the
realities of a calling, whose technical
demands are far more exacting than
those in the highest lines of industrial
art, and in some respect more than in
the so-called learned professions.

This man is self-generated, and for
purposes of identification must hereafter
be classed as the "American Farmer
in the Philippines."—W. S. Lyon, Phil-
ippine Bureau of Agriculture, in Ma-
nila Times.

WONDERFUL THING IS STARCH.

Read What the Learned Grocer Has
to Say About It.
"A package of starch!" asked the
intelligent and learned grocer, and as
he wrapped the package up he talked
starch originated, he said, "in
Flanders. It was introduced into Eng-
land, with the big ruff, in the time of
Queen Elizabeth. It was like our
starch of today, except that it was
made in colors—red, yellow, green,
blue. The effect of this was to tint deli-
cately the white lines to which the
starch might be applied.

"In 1554 a Flanders woman, Frans
Van der Plasse, came to London and
established there a school for the
teaching of starching. This school suc-
ceeded. The Flanders starch got into
this country. Starching was first done
in the dining room or through an open gate-
way.

"Starch is made from wheat, corn
and potatoes, and starving men have
often subsisted on it, finding it nour-
ishing, though not tasty."—Philadel-
phia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest wheat field in the world
is in the Argentine. It belongs to an
Italian named Guazone and covers just
over 100 square miles.

In Lynn, Mass., 24,000,000 pairs of
shoes were made last year; in Brock-
ton, 17,000,000 pairs and in Haverhill,
12,000,000 pairs. These three cities,
therefore, turned out enough shoes to
supply one pair for two-thirds of the
population of the country.

Joseph Powell, a 13-year-old boy
who lives in New Albany, Ind., has
literally outgrown his skin. During a
six months' illness his height increased
12 inches and his skin became as tight
as a drumhead, finally bursting in sev-
eral places. The breaks are now heal-
ing.