

BUSINESS AND RELIGION RIVALS

By REV. DR. R. W. SOCKMAN, New York (Methodist).

THE three institutions which were improved by Christianity so mankind could profit from them, property, business and the home, are the same ones which in modern times have lessened the church's influence.

Before the time of Jesus Christ property, business and the home were such hard, exacting institutions, taking so much from the individual, that little part remained for him to give to religion.

In the First century the home was a disagreeable, tyrannical institution. Women were slaves. Christ lifted women up and started the movement which has resulted in the fact that now they are our spiritual comrades.

The luxuries, conveniences and advantages given by modern business, wealth and the home have deprived the native-born American of vigor and initiative.

CO-OPERATION WILL HELP FARMER

By ARTHUR M. HYDE, Secretary of Agriculture.

Co-operative organizations can win ground for agriculture which can be consolidated and held. Legislation alone cannot answer the farmers' problems.

In business, in civic affairs and in religion, co-operation has achieved respectability as in nearly every field of human endeavor, yet when the question is raised to its application to agriculture it is a subject of criticism.

Why co-operation, when applied to agriculture, should be frowned upon, why staid and conservative business men who have co-operated and are co-operating in many business, religious and civic enterprises should hold up their hands in horror, and allow a righteous dread to drown their souls, when farmers begin to work together, is past my limit of understanding.

The object of corporate production and selling of industrial commodities is the same as the aim of co-operative marketing of agricultural commodities—profit for the producers.

The object of co-operatively promoting a civic ideal, or seeking justice for a class, is not distinguishable from seeking a fair price for agricultural products and promoting justice to the farmers of America as a class.

PRESS BULWARK OF DEMOCRACY

By BRUCE BLIVEN, Editor The New Republic.

Good citizenship depends on a good press, and true democracy cannot exist in the absence of an efficient press. Two recent developments in the press I regard as dangerous—the rise of the tabloid and of the chain newspapers in which a tremendous amount of power is centered in one man.

If the experiment of political democracy, which is still on trial, does succeed, the press will have played a tremendous part. The press is and must be the eyes of the citizens in viewing the activities of the government.

The American press is not subsidized. If by subsidization is meant that it yields to sinister influences and is bought off, I say emphatically "no." The American government would never dream of such subordination, nor would the opposition dream of such a thing.

Press conditions in Europe are deplorable in that many newspapers are subsidized there. It is taken for granted in many places that newspapers exist for some sinister purpose—either to be subsidized by the government or by individuals.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS OVERDONE

By DR. WILLIAM KILPATRICK, Teachers' College, Brooklyn.

Religion, the Bible and custom are losing their grip on the new generation as accepted authorities of conduct. Voting, bobbed hair and short skirts are a few of the symbols of the new freedom.

Our youth are honest and alert. The demand is upon us to help them see the why of what is due, and, when they see, to help them to learn to do it.

Education must be thought of as life. The school is the place where life is to be found at its best. But the present school is too often quite content to sacrifice the present in a doubtful hope of helping the future.

The school does not intelligently educate. It over-emphasizes examinations. In this respect the regents system is a great evil. The wrong emphasis has so beclouded thinking that most parents, most teachers and most colleges fail to see what high-school education really should be.

SHOOTS YOUTH DAUGHTER SAID BETRAYED HER

Italian Pleads Guilty of Murder of Star Football Player.

Freehold, N. J.—Primitive justice compromised with the code of modern society in the court of Freehold, N. J., and Joseph Farruggio halted his trial for murder to plead guilty of the unpremeditated killing in Neptune of Harold Johnson, the high school football star, who, he believed, had betrayed his sixteen-year-old daughter, Marianne.

The Italian laborer, father of twelve children, made the plea only after he was persuaded the people of New Jersey would not consider the shooting of the popular nineteen-year-old youth justifiable.

His plea was accepted by Supreme Court Justice Bodine after the prosecutor consulted with the mother and father of the youth. Now Joseph Farruggio, who believed in the worth of his daughter above that of all others and whose reputation in his Italian community was so good that acquaintances helped furnish the cost of his defense, faces sentence for second degree murder, which carries a maximum penalty of thirty years.

The stocky little laborer who, his friends have said, lived only for his



The Fatal Shooting.

family, was told that the "extenuating circumstances" of his own code of justice and indications in the state's testimony that he was antagonized by Harold Johnson when the boy laughed at his idea of marrying Marianne, might make his sentence less than thirty years.

Farruggio, however, only said "this is the end" as he was led back to jail. His wife sat in a corner of the courtroom after the crowd of men and women and high school girls had left. She wept with her children around her. She had brought two loaves of bread, butterless, for her family to eat during the lunch hour.

The laborer reached through the bars of the jail and patted the shoulder of Marianne when she followed him to the jail. Marianne, whose word to her father that Harold Johnson, a senior in the high school where she was a freshman, had seduced her, led to the fatal shooting on October 14, wept bitterly.

"It was my fault," she said, and buried her childish-looking, sorrowful face in her thin arms. "I'm going to work," she added, when she was asked who would support her mother and the eleven children. "I want to do it."

The decision of the defense to halt the trial came when the state's witnesses repeatedly said that Farruggio had confessed not only that he shot Harold Johnson but that he returned to shoot again and make sure he was dead.

Melun, France.—It was his birthday and he wanted a little celebration. Being a volunteer fireman in the village, but never having been called out with the fire department, he decided to start a fire of his own.

This was the excuse which Amadee Deaugrand, aged twenty-seven, gave before the Assizes of the Seine and Marne when charged with arson. He had set fire to a haystack of a neighbor in the village of Mons-en-Moulines, but he proved to be so poor a fire-fighter that the stack was destroyed, causing damages of \$2,000.

His further excuse that he had taken a few cheering drinks did not move the hard hearts of the farming jury. Since arson is a grave crime in France, they decided that Deaugrand spend the next ten years in solitary confinement to reflect on his birthday foolishness.

Convington, Ind.—When Sheriff Charles A. Robinson heard what appeared to be shots as he was taking Mrs. Nellie Beer, arrested during a liquor raid, to jail, he prepared to resist attempts of bootleggers to rescue her. It developed, however, that the "shots" were merely the explosion of several bottles of beer seized as evidence, which had been shaken up by the jolting of the sheriff's automobile.

THE BLACK WALL

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ELLEN BOGART sat on the tiny, rickety balcony that formed an entrance to the apartment which she occupied with her Aunt Viny. Underneath the balcony flowed a brook, somewhat low at that season. There was nothing much to see except the brook, and that vanished suddenly behind the walls of a garage.

Aunt Viny was within, sleeping. The heat of the torrid afternoon was grateful to her, for she was old and chilly. But Ellen could not endure to breathe the air of the small living room, therefore she had sought the balcony with her work-basket.

But she was not sewing. Instead, she sat staring down into the brook trying to master some of the many difficulties that beset her. The great difficulty of all was Aunt Viny. For Aunt Viny could no longer be trusted to live alone as she had formerly done while Ellen was away teaching, and Ellen could not take Aunt Viny with her because the old woman could not be persuaded to leave the house where she had lived all her life long.

She had come to the black wall at last. There had been other walls, gray walls, white walls, low walls—walls that she had somehow succeeded in scrambling over, but always she had known that some day she would come to that most dreaded obstacle of all, the black wall which admitted of no foothold. And now here it was staring her in the face.

She had a momentary impulse to pitch herself off the balcony into the brook and so end her troubles forever. But that was cowardly and mean. Besides what would become of poor Aunt Viny? Trembling and ashamed of her own weakness she buried her face in her hands.

The sound of a distant shout made her take her hands from her face. Up the brook came sailing a flotilla of young ducks with a mischievous air of running away. And behind them stumbling through the shallows came a little boy of three and one-half. The water was up to the top of his blue-and-white socks, his hands were clenched, his little face knotted with perplexity, yet he was struggling determinedly over the slippery stones, quite oblivious of what he was doing to his clothes.

"Why, it's Bobby Gregory!" Ellen exclaimed. She leaned over the rickety railing. "Bobby! Bobby!" she cried. "Look out! Don't go any farther. There's a deep hole just ahead of you."

The child looked up and waved his hand toward the flotilla. "My ducks!" he cried.

Ellen sprang up and ran down the stairs with all the speed of light feet and slight, supple body. But before she could reach the wall that guarded the brook the disaster had occurred. Bobby slipping upon a stone, had fallen head down into the deep pool and was out of sight.

Ellen sprang from the wall, fell, fell, she groped and found the child. Sudden with water and struggling it was all she could do to lift him. He had swallowed water and was choking.

She was bearing him to the wall when she heard a shout and saw a man running along the wall. He was vigorous of frame, with a dark, grave face, fine in every lineament. Leaping off the wall he caught the child from Ellen, shook him upside down and with a slap or two restored him more quickly than Ellen could have done with any of the first aids she knew. Seeing that the boy was all right he laid him upon the grass and turned to Ellen.

"So you've been in the brook, too!" he said, with a faint gleam of smile. "I went after my ducks, daddy," wailed Bobby.

"Yes, and Miss Bogart went after you—just in the nick of time I should judge. Come, Miss Bogart. Let me help you out."

He lifted her out, all ashamed as she was at her deplorable condition. "I know what you did. I saw, but I couldn't get to you quick enough," he said, looking into her eyes. "I'm sorry if you've spoiled your dress."

"Thank you, Miss Bogart, for saving my naughty son. Now, I will take him home." He hoisted Bobby on his shoulder.

"I want my ducks," cried the child. "The ducks will follow," Curtis Gregory said. He smiled back at Ellen as he went away.

Ellen climbed the stairs to her room and removed her wet clothing. Her knee was already getting blue and lame; she had hurt herself cruelly.

"Why, I can hardly walk," she thought.

An hour later as she sat again on the little back balcony she heard her name spoken and looking down saw Curtis Gregory with Bobby, shining and sound, on his shoulder.

"Bobby," said the man, "has come to thank you and tell you that he is sorry he put you to so much trouble.

And he has brought you something." He whispered to Bobby and Bobby came up the stairs with something in his hand.

"Daddy gives you the candy, and I give you this," he said, lifting arms to put them about Ellen's neck.

Ellen knelt and took the child in her arms. She didn't know that far below the father was watching her carefully and comparing her sunny head with Bobby's dark one.

It was a wonderful box of candy. Aunt Viny praised it as she ate it of it.

"It cost a pretty penny," she said, "but I guess Curt Gregory won't mind. He's got lots of money. He ain't done anything but make money since his wife died, that's three years back. I should think he'd pick him out to a wife. That boy needs somebody to look after him. Mrs. Bixby, Curt's housekeeper, says she's no match for him. He's terrible headstrong—just like his ma. You knew her, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went to school with her," Ellen answered quietly.

"Two weeks passed. The time came for Ellen to return to her school. But she did not go."

"Does Curt Gregory's hanging around here mean anything?" Aunt Viny demanded.

"Yes, he wants me to marry him. He says he thinks I can manage Bobby. I think I can, too, for I love him. And anyway Mrs. Bixby is going away, so you see—"

"I ain't going to leave here," Aunt Viny interrupted excitedly. "I won't be driven out of my home for nobody."

"No, no, Aunt Viny. You shall stay here. I'll run in the first thing every morning and the last thing at night to see how you do. And there's going to be plenty for you to live on—" Ellen's voice shook with tears.

But Aunt Viny was fairly capering. "Well, there, I always heard Curt Gregory was a kind, generous man," she said. "I'm willing you should have him, my dear."

And Ellen was over her highest and last wall.

Had Ideas in Advance of Scientific Progress

Lansdowne house, one of the very few of London's old "Great Houses" was originally planned to anticipate the modern hotel with music "laid on" to every room. In those days no one had dreamed of wireless and radio, and the music was to be provided by an organ in an underground room.

The strains were to be carried through pipes to any room desired. The organ was never installed, but it is believed that some of the pipes still remain.

There is another curious relic of a plan that went wrong in a manse in the north of Fifeshire, Scotland. Over 100 years ago Doctor Chalmers was the minister of Kilmany, and determined to install gas—then the latest novelty—in his home. He had the pipes put in, and then found that there was no supply of gas available. When the writer was in Kilmany some time ago, the pipes, well over a century old, were still in the manse, but the place was lighted by oil.—Montreal Family Herald.

Says Stones Live and Die

Stones "breathe," live, age and die, announces a German mineralogist after an extensive investigation by X-ray and other methods. He found that gems possess characteristics closely resembling those of the human body.

They absorb and emit carbonic gas, a function similar to our breathing. Crystals, as well as granite and other hard rocks, will show signs of age in time, and finally will break up into sand, which he describes as their way of dying.

Bridge Problem

"Q. I called 'One Club' as my initial bid, and, on the strength of my 'One Club' call, my partner, the Colonel, called 'Two No Trumps' over our opponents' 'Two Hearts'."

On glancing at my hand when the bidding came round to me again, I discovered that what I had taken to be the Ace of Clubs was in reality the Two of that suit, and that I had not another trick in my hand. What should I have then called?

A. An ambulance.—Dublin Opinion.

Making Things New

To make things new is not the same as to make new things. To make new things is the work of the hand; to make things new is the work of the heart, all things are made new. They are made so without changing a line, without altering a feature. Enthrone in your heart an object of love, and you have renewed the universe. You have given an added note to every bird, a fresh joy to every brook, a fairer tint to every flower.—George Matheson.

First Successful Planes

For hundreds of years, probably thousands, men dreamed of machines for flying and according to legend, some of them may have actually flown. In modern times Dr. Samuel P. Langley in 1903 built a airplane which seemed at first a failure but proved in later years to be successful. Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, are considered the inventors of the first really successful airplane; their flight was made at Kitty Hawk, N. C., on December 17, 1903.

It's the Movies

Nowadays you can act as silly as you please on the street and the people will be merely wonder where the cameras are.—Arkansas Gazette.

FARM POULTRY

CLEAN GROUND IS BEST FOR RANGES

One of Most Important Points in Growing Pullets.

Clean ground for ranging is one of the most important points in the growing of healthy pullets which will become vigorous and profitable layers, it is pointed out by the poultry husbandry department of the Ohio State university.

"A large percentage of the mortality in the growing flock, as well as in the matured laying flock, is caused either directly or indirectly by intestinal parasites," P. E. Zumbro, poultry specialist, says in a recent extension service publication. "These parasites, as well as many disease germs, are carried over from year to year in the soil."

Zumbro urges that chick ranges be on land on which no other chicks have been raised or old hens ranged, for at least two years. Alfalfa, he says, makes one of the best chick ranges. Clover is almost as good, and blue grass comes next.

"Many poultry men think an alfalfa or clover field is too valuable for rearing chicks. This is a mistake. Poultry grown on good range will give a return equal to that from any live stock, or better. Good results can be obtained by having two or more ranges, and a crop can be grown in the meantime. This method will provide clean range and will enable the owner to have the brooder house near the farmhouse, saving time in going to and from the house. When this method is used, one acre of land should be provided for each 500 chicks."

Wonderful Feats With Turkeys Reported

Really wonderful results with turkeys are reported from the Ontario government turkey farm in Norfolk county. Years ago this province used to raise turkeys by the thousands but disease got in and flocks have been diminishing to such an extent that each year thousands of birds are brought in from the West. The disease puzzled people and except where there was unlimited range the raising of turkeys languished. Even in the places where there was plenty of range, such as in the rocky districts on the edge of forest lands, difficulties in the shape of foxes and wolves were encountered. It looked for a while as if there would be practically no turkeys raised in Ontario. But Prof. W. R. Graham took hold of the thing and he soon found out that the disease came from the ground and the germs were so hardy that they could live over in the coldest weather. He adopted the plan of feeding everything in troughs and moving these troughs each day and his results have been unusually successful. Losses have been light on the experimental turkey farm and some excellent birds raised.

Poultry Notes

It pays to worm the poultry. It requires 21 days to hatch hen eggs.

Care must be taken that chicks do not crowd in corners and smother.

Shut the sheep in at night, allowing them to bed in the corral or shed.

Coccidiosis usually occurs in young chicks from two to six weeks of age.

When the pullets are about eight weeks old, they can be removed to the rearing ground.

Tapeworms have been named as the cause of death of 50 per cent of the chickens in some flocks.

Changing breeds every year has never yet been found a safe foundation for a profitable poultry business.

A month lost in growing out pullets means the loss of a month's production next fall when eggs are a good price.

Any variety of wheat is good for poultry. In fact, small undeveloped shriveled wheat if dry is even better than the fully developed kernel.

The farmer who produces eggs of uniform color, weighing an average of 23 ounces per dozen, and which are held in a cool cellar, can ship to eastern markets by express to advantage.

The profit from the farm flock depends to a large extent on the number of eggs the hens lay.

Hens cannot lay eggs without protein. Skim milk is one of the best forms of protein for use with all classes of poultry.

Mongrel geese plucked regularly yield one pound of feathers a year. Pure-bred geese yield twice as many and, besides the good prices of feathers obtained, the geese is worth as



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your drugist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Severe Winter Hard on European Wild Beasts

Poland's severe winter, colder than any for over 100 years, was felt even more by the wild beasts and birds in the woods than by human beings. The government took energetic steps in its huge forest properties to feed and protect the game, and in particular the rare animals which are in danger of extinction—elk, bears, beavers and a number of birds. The authorities are anxious lest these share the fate of the European bison, which survived in Polish forests until in the confusion of war and revolution local peasants exterminated them. It was found, however, that where the forests contained wild bears, the game needed very little help. These animals, by constantly rooting with their snouts in the snow, laid bare the ground to such an extent that other animals were able to find food enough to sustain them.

Drains Enrich the Soil

The vast sandy plain on which Berlin is situated provides a soil adapted to the working of the famous Berlin drainage system, established in 1876. Pumps send sewage from the city by radiating mains to surrounding farms, 43,000 acres of which are under municipal control. All are under sanitary supervision.

In the Spring

"What game are you playing with your lady friend?" "Put and take. And I can't lose."

"How so?" "We're playing for kisses."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Seasonal

"I suppose you've made your garden bed?" "Yes, and now I've got to lie about it."—Boston Transcript.

Cold Kills Fruit Trees

Nurserymen estimate that 60 per cent perished because of the unusually cold winter.

RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Cleveland, Ohio.—"I sure recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue told me about this medicine and after taking ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone. I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. ELIZABETH TOSO, 14913 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Kill All Flies!

THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Place anywhere. DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Kills house flies, stable flies, and all other annoying flies. No odor, no stain, no damage to anything. Guaranteed. Instant upon receipt. DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer.

Young Tame Parrots Starting to Talk \$15; care of, simple, complete, by case \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Est. 30 years. Imperial Pet Shop, 186 Greenwich St., New York.

RHEUMATISM BANISHED! A positive remedy for Rheumatism perfected by J. P. West, Druggist, Clayton, Ala. Does not injure the stomach. Price \$2.75.

MEN AND WOMEN learn to make "Servettes Magiques." Sell by mail 150¢ profit. Instructions 10 cents (silver). ALL-STAR, 1225 Park Row Bldg., New York City.

W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, NO. 27-1929.