IS THIS THE YOUNG MAN'S DAY?

THIS is the day of the young man For years past this statement has been dinned in our ears, until most of us have accepted it as a fact. Venture a feeble protest, a score of examples are hurled at your devoted head. Kipling, Marconi, the Kaiser, even Winston Churchill, are quoted. Authors, artists, actors, inventors, soldiers, statesmen of under forty are pointed out as brilliant examples of the great truth that the world to-day is run by young men. You are told that so great is the rush and pressure of modern life that a man who has entered the arena in early youth must be old at fifty.

"Whose brain is it that has humbled the might of Russia and won an empire for the island kingdom of the east?" asks T. C. Bridges. The whole scheme of this amazing war was hatched in the brain of Marshal Oyama, and it would be rash to say that there is a man alive of under sixty who could carry in his head the threads of so many and so complicated schemes as does this white-haired, silent Japanese.

Who is the greatest scientist alive? I suppose that there is no one who would suggest any other answer to this question than the one name, Edison. He is fifty-eight and patents on an average thirty new inventions a year. Does any one imagine that his activity will cease in two years' time? On the other side of the Atlantic by far the greatest star in the scientific horizon is Lord Kelvin, eighty-one this year. The best and greatest work of his life has been done within the last twenty years. Three at least of his greatest inventions in the way of electrical measuring machines have been achieved since he passed the sixty post. Only a couple of years ago he was conducting a series of most delicate and interesting experiments in connection with the rotation of the earth, illustrating them before his pupils with a boy's spinning top. Not long ago he was lecturing on the tensile strength of various metals. To illustrate his figures he slung a fifty-six pound cannon ball from the roof by a thin steel wire.

"Now," said he, "to prove that my calculations are accurate I will stand beneath that ball for the rest of the hour." And he did.

Turn to the world of business and see who holds premier place. Undoubtedly the greatest financier alive is Pierpont Morgan. He has practical control over properties capitalized at more than $6,000,000,000, an amount far greater than the combined annual revenue of the forty-three principal nations in the world. Six feet high, weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, he is straight, strong and powerful, and looks ten years younger than his sixty-eight years. To see him jump out of a cab, run into his office, devour the contents of a lengthy document in fifteen seconds, by no stretch of imagination you could consider the amazing man as beyond work.

Andrew Carnegie again. The same age as Morgan and every bit as vigorous even though he has retired from active business. Just begun to enjoy life, so he says. He golfs, motors, rides and attends to more business in his private house than most men do in their offices. Only the other day he was delivering a lecture on the "Mysteries of Steel" at a meeting of the Iron and Steel Institution.

I could multiply such instances by the score. Russell Sage at eighty-nine is active as ever in the pursuit of millions. John D. Rockefeller, in spite of bad health, manages the largest private fortune and public company at sixty-six. H. M. Flagler, of Standard Oil and Florida hotel fame, is seventy-five. Charles T. Yerkes again was the same age as Morgan and Carnegie. He was fully sixty when he went over to England and began to confer upon benighted London the inestimable benefit of electric traction on the sulphurous underground, and incidentally to make a brand new and enormous fortune for himself.

Lord Roberts was sixty-eight years old when he took command of the British forces in South Africa and began those operations which brought the war to a successful conclusion. How about the English Jacky Fisher? Does any one feel inclined to call that apostle of efficiency too old and to recommend him to retire to private life and to make way for younger men?

Pass to the stage. Sir Wyndham had recently to undergo a slight operation. "Go ahead," he said. "I know all about it. I was a doctor myself once." So he was. More than forty years ago he acted as army surgeon during the great civil war. Yet, in spite of his more than sixty years, could anyone seeing him either on or off the stage call him old? It would be impossible. The stage is the most trying of all the professions, and is said to age its votaries the most rapidly, yet not only Wyndham but many other veterans are proof of players over sixty who can hold their own with any of the younger generation.

Turn to the knights of the pen. Here, above all other professions, the genius of youth is supposed to shine pre-eminent. The common idea is that an author is written out at thirty. May I suggest to such as share this belief a perusal of the recent works of Count Tolstoy, who has passed not only three score but four score years. Not only is he the greatest writer and leader of thought in his own country, but his influence is so great that the omnipotent bureaucracy is actually afraid of him.

Clark Russell, again, has passed his sixtieth birthday, yet, despite physical ill-health, is mentally as active as ever. Lying on his sofa in his house at Bath, he dictates his glowing word pictures of sea and sky and storm. The great sea writer was at school in France with three of Charles Dickens' sons.

When young, Marcus Stone illustrated books for Thackeray, Trollope and other giants of the middle of the nineteenth century. He is still to the fore, in spite of sixty-five years and as great a "dramatist in color" as ever. Half of the great artists of to-day are men well on in years, and it is a generally accepted fact that few painters achieve the height of their fame before middle age.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people.

The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunder storms, as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunder storms make milk sour.

A testing apparatus for varnish, supplying a needed standard, has been brought out in Scotland by Professor Baily and Dr. Laurie. It includes a blunt steel point pressed down by a spiral spring, and this point is drawn over a dry coat of the varnish on glass, the pressure being increased until the varnish is scratched. The pressure being known, a definite measure of the toughness and hardness of the varnish is made available.

Liquid air blasting cartridges, as described by M. Jacquier, are made by packing powdered charcoal in a case of stout paper, and covering this with an asbestos wad through which a paper tube passes to the bottom of the cartridge. When ready to use, liquid air is poured into the tube, the cartridge being fired by a fulminate cap in the usual way. The firing should follow the filling within ten minutes, as the liquid air gradually evaporates.

Mr. W. E. Scarritt, formerly president of the Automobile Club of America, says, in Cassier's Magazine, that he expects in the near future to see very fair runabouts sold for $300, and touring cars of a similar grade for $500. He also predicts that in time prices will be still lower, so low, indeed, that the average city workman will be able to own his own automobile, as he now owns his bicycle, so that he can keep his family in the country, and ride to and from his work.

Why the teeth of some people decay early while those of others continue sound throughout a long life is a problem that appears to have been only imperfectly solved. A European investigator, Dr. C. Risa, has lately analyzed the saliva of 219 children, averaging thirteen years of age, and has confirmed the idea that there is a relation between the alkalinity of the saliva and dental caries. A highly alkaline saliva insures good teeth. He has made many experiments to determine how an acid or slightly alkaline saliva may be made decidedly alkaline, and has proven that a diet containing much lime has a marked influence, and does much to keep the teeth in perfect condition.

Cheap oxygen is the one important product thus far obtained from liquid air, for which such extravagant prophecies have been made. As the nitrogen and oxygen of the liquid air return to the gaseous state at different temperatures, it has proven to be possible to separate them by fractional distillation, and as the evaporation of the gases cools the air entering to be compressed in the apparatus, the process is very economical. An idea of this efficiency has lately been given by M. Georges Claude. His plant produces one thousand cubic metres of oxygen, with a purity of ninety-six to ninety-eight per cent. in twenty-four hours, and the cost in France is only one-twentieth of that of oxygen from the electrolytic decomposition of water.

THE COLD UPPER AIR.

Surprising Streaks of Warmth Encountered Sometimes.

Generally speaking, the temperature of the air falls with ascent—about one degree for every three hundred feet. The change is pretty regular, too. There are exceptions to the rule, though. A report has just appeared in print about some experiments made in Italy with "unmanned" balloons. They were sent up near Venice. One important inversion of temperature amounting to ten degrees Fahrenheit, was experienced between 10,000 and 10,385 metres, on August 4, last year, notwithstanding the fact that a few hours previously a very violent thunder storm occurred in the station. The second ascent was made on August 30, at the time of the solar eclipse; the inversion of temperature was not so marked as in the previous case, but amounted to five degrees between the heights of 18,000 metres and 20,000 metres. The exact altitude of the inversion during this ascent is somewhat uncertain, as the barometric trace was partially obliterated up by the peasants who picked up the records. Thunderstorms were also prevalent about twelve hours prior to the time of this ascent. The discovery of such inversions of temperature is known to be one of the most interesting results connected with the recent explorations of the upper air.

The Hen and Schoolma'ams.

Continuing his talks in "Nature Study," at the Teachers' Institute of Pottstown, Pa., Dr. Bigelow said that the barnyard hen is the first bird of the year to lay an egg, and that for this and this that makes her the most lovable American bird. "The greatest need of the public school teachers," he said, "is a fatter pocket-book," and he would recommend to them as a pleasant out-of-door diversion and wealth-promoter the honey bee business. He instanced cases of the great profit and pleasure derived from it, he having harvested twenty-nine tons of happiness from his thirty colonies of bees last year.

Will of Three Words.

"All to mother.—C. T."

The above words constituted the deathbed will by which Frederick Charles William Thorne, a London, got $40,000 to his wife, whom he always addressed and spoke of as "mother."

In pronouncing the will valid, the Probate Judge said that it was the shortest ever seen.

With the Funny Fellows

The Girl and the Curl.

She clipped a curl where the tendrils cling
And she wrote, the merry elf:
"Oh, the dearest gifts are those that bring
Just a little of yourself."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Important.

Stella—"They are always trying to invent a bottle that cannot be refilled."

Bella—"They ought to invent a ring that cannot be regiven."—New York Sun.

Satisfactory All Around.

"The Bilkins marriage has turned out well."

"Sure! Neither one is more disappointed than the other."—American Spectator.

Discovered at Last.

Senior Partner—"There's one thing to be said in favor of classical music."

Junior Partner—"What is that?"

Senior Partner—"The office boy can't whistle it."—Chicago News.

Let Him Wait.

"No," said the optimist, "I never take my troubles to bed with me."

"It's all right to say that now," replied the pessimist, "but wait till you have a few ingrowing nails."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Favorite Play.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quotes Shakespeare.

"Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."—Washington Star.

The One Thing.

How differently things may be viewed! From a monetary standpoint it takes ten mills to make one cent, while from a pugilistic view it takes hundreds of pounds to make one mill.—Baltimore American.

Economy.

"Why did Titewodd choose to be married by a justice instead of a preacher?"

"He said that church weddings took too long, and he had hired the carriage by the hour."—Cleveland Leader.

Professional Advice.

"He said I did not have sense enough to come in out of the rain."

"Well?"

"Well, you're my lawyer, aren't you? What do you advise me to do?"

"Buy an umbrella."—Houston Post.

The Friendly Tonneau.

Redd—"What is the tonneau on an automobile?"

Greene—"Oh, that is the part of the car a pedestrian lands in when you throw him up in the air instead of going over him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Only One Song.

Yeast—"Were you up to the oyster supper up at the church last night?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes; it was a very enjoyable affair."

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not. Every one that found an oyster had to sing a song."

"Must have got tiresome."

"Not at all. We only had one song the whole evening."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Drawback.

The Hippo—"Yes, I ought to wear glasses, too, but somehow I can't get them to stay on my nose."

When Society Plays Ball.

"Read about the society ball game in Washington the other day?"

"Nop. What about it?"

"Aw'fly exciting. Man batted a ball into the grand stand where the Marine Band was playing."

"Yes."

"Ball hit the bass drum and bounded off, and the catcher caught it. The umpire called the batter out."

"Eh! How could he?"

"Said he was caught off the bass."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tragic.

After a long, patient search the comedian boarder had discovered a strawberry in the shortcake.

"There's sand on it," he growled. "I wish the landlady would wash the berries when she buys them."

"Do you think it would be fatal to eat such a berry?" asked the sweet singer with a broad smile.

"Sure; I'd bite the dust."

And the landlady looked colder than the little brick of ice cream in the centre of the table.—Columbus Dispatch.

Wonderful.

The modern Sherlock had been hastily summoned to discover why so little work was done in the big office while the boss was out.

"I observe," said Sherlock, looking around the room, "that Mr. Bones, your tall bookkeeper, has been kissing your pretty stenographer during your absence."

"How in the world did you find that out?" gasped the boss.

"Why, she has a blot of ink on her nose. He forgot to remove the pen from behind his ear."—Chicago News.

His Love Growing Cold.

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked, seeing the trouble in the young wife's face.

She had just received a telegram and sat with the yellow paper crumpled in her lap.

"It's from Douglas," she replied.

"Has anything happened to him? I hope he hasn't been in a railroad accident."

"No. He says he's well and will be home to-morrow, but he only uses seven words when he might have put in three more."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOOD ROADS

A Pressing Question.

THERE is prevalent in the minds of thoughtful men such unanimity of sentiment and conclusion as to the necessity for good roads, and the fact is so well settled that there can be no systematic construction of roads without government co-operation, that it is hard to see how it can be much longer delayed. While agitation for good wagon ways is as old as the first settlement in our system of civilization, it has been until within the past few years subordinated to the wonderful extension of railroad lines. In the earlier days of the republic the duty and obligation of the government to aid in the construction of wagon roads in the States was not seriously denied. The necessity for government aid is admitted almost everywhere, only four or five of the wealthiest States pointing the exception, and these without exception advocate government co-operation. President Roosevelt not long ago, speaking on the subject, declared good roads the main hope of retaining the energies of our young people in the country, and thus stop the flow from country to city, where every avenue of business is already over-crowded. Other eminent men contend for good roads on the ground that the farmer, the first and most important producer of wealth, ought to be placed in position to hold his crop and market it at the most favorable opportunity, whereas under bad roads he is virtually under compulsion to sell it as soon as it is matured, because the roads may become impassable at any time during the fall, winter or spring. The intelligent people of town and city plead for good roads because the food they consume must come from the farm and be paid for according as it is able to reach the market. The farmer, the mainstay and dependence of the government in every emergency, feels that his substance is annually swallowed up in the unhappy conditions that deny him reasonable market communication at his best time to sell. He is discontented at his lot when remembering that he pays sixty per cent. of all the taxes, and yet receives no direct consideration at the hands of government, while unnumbered millions have been given from the National treasury to better conditions everywhere except upon the farm. The man who digs out of the soil that which sustains all progress and prosperity knows that while government aid has been lavished upon ocean-going commerce, not one dollar, since the construction of the old Cumberland road, has been expended by the United States to facilitate commerce between the farm and the market. It is no wonder, in view of all this, that the agricultural classes look upon the National Aid to Good Roads movement as promising their long-deferred material salvation. The question of National aid to good roads is absolutely above and beyond the realm of party politics. It is advocated by strong men of every political faith, and no man desiring the best in the material development and continuing greatness of the country will seek to inject into it any element of party prejudice. To do so would be to detract from a proposition at once seriously important to the commercial, industrial and social advancement of all the people in every part of the land, and would be a sacrilege to be despised. The Good Roads question is a pressing question which, soon or late, will have to be recognized by National aid in co-operation with the States.

Dust-Laying Material.

A new dust-preventing and dust-laying material for use on roads and streets was tried in Scotland last year, with results said to be promising. It consists of "an aqueous emulsion of wool-washing suds or wool-fat or wool-wax, with or without the addition thereto of a disinfecting oil," and may be applied to country roads, streets and railway beds by spraying. It is described as a by-product, that is, after recovering the major part of the grease from wool washing wastes the remaining wool grease, together with potash and soap fats, are saved for subsequent dilution with water and used for street or road sprinkling. It is said that the emulsion does not clog the spraying apparatus and that its hygroscopic qualities keep down dust for a long time.—Engineering News.

Mail Route Discontinued.

One rural delivery route within a few miles of Kansas City, Mo., has been discontinued and others may be because of the miserable condition of the Missouri roads. Although the county spends about $150,000 a year on macadam roads—this money being derived from dramshop licenses, and most of it collected in Kansas City—comparatively little attention is given to the dirt roads, and it is because of this that the rural service has been discontinued.

Difficult Case For Bavarian Judges.

The Bavarian courts have had a complicated question of law to decide. A cat, chased by a dog, ran into a stable where a cow was being milked. The cat jumped on the back of the cow, which kicked the milkmaid off her stool.

Whom should the maid sue for damages—the owner of the dog, the owner of the cat, or the owner of the cow? The courts have decided that they are all three equally responsible, and each will have to pay one-third of the damages.

His Mood.

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His effort resulted as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"—Harper's Weekly.

Household Matters.

Keep Oilcloth Bright.

Never use soap in the water when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and breaks up the paint. Ammonia also is to be avoided, because it gives the cloth a dull, dead look. If a brush is used, it should be a soft one, but it is better not to use any, except in cases where the oilcloth has been long neglected or poorly washed for some time previously.

Take a clean flannel cloth and apply clean, warm water, which is finally to be removed by soaking it up into the washing cloth again after it has been wrung out. The oilcloth is then wiped dry with another piece of clean flannel or coarse crash.

Of course, an oilcloth, with frequent washings, will look old, and the housekeeper should be cautious about washing when dusting will answer just as well.

Artistic Scrap Basket.

The pretty brass and copper basins which our students bring home from abroad and which are frequently to be picked up in the foreign quarters of large cities, make excellent receptacles for scraps.

The scrap box or basket as sold in shops and fancy goods departments is seldom in accord with the other furnishings of a modern library or living hall. Yet as something of the kind is really necessary in a room much used, it is well to visit a Japanese dealer and see what can be found.

Indian baskets or any sturdy weave of grass and twigs good in shape and color make another hint, and jars of green pottery with wide open mouths decorated or undecorated are worth thinking about.

Domestic Leaks.

Rice and sugar left in paper bags, that burst and scatter their contents.

Left over vegetables, fish and cooked eggs thrown into the garbage.

Bread pan left with dough sticking to it.

Fat put into earthen dishes to grow rancid.

The mustard cruet left open to lose its strength.

Lemons left to dry.

Egg shells thrown away, instead of being washed and used to settle the coffee.

Cheese allowed to mold.

Kerosene can left open to evaporate.

Clothespins dropped and never picked up.

Boiler put away to rust.

Table linen put into the wash without first removing stains and darning if necessary, and so on ad infinitum.

How to Clean Straw Hats.

Almost any old hat, unless it is too disreputable in appearance, can be refurbished and made to do extra duty between seasons or on rainy days, thus saving the new one, besides occasionally affording a change in headgear.

Black straw hats, it is well known, can be blackened and much improved in appearance either with shoe blacking or with the blacking that is now made especially for hats, and that may be obtained at most of the department stores.

A solution of oxalic acid applied with a stiff brush and a fresh ribbon or a bunch of flowers will do wonders for the old white straw hat.

For a black hat of fancy braid, into which the dust seems to be hopelessly ground, try the following method of cleaning: First pin it out flat on a board, using pins enough to hold it steady. Brush it thoroughly, then with a nail brush rub on a solution of alcohol, water and a little ammonia, and allow it to dry before taking it off the board. If, after this treatment it is not a good color, put on a coat of hat blacking.

Steamed Chicken—Clean, stuff and truss a plump chicken as for roasting. Steam until perfectly tender at the leg and hip joints; this will take nearly thirty minutes to the pound. Serve with a bread or an egg sauce.

Cheese Fritters—Mix together four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, three tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika, and lastly four eggs which have been lightly beaten without separating. Fry in hot fat to a delicate brown.

Strawberry Farina—Cream together the yolks of four eggs and one-half cupful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites and add to the mixture, alternating with one-half cupful of farina. Cover with whipped cream and sweetened strawberries.

Peanut Canapes—Cut stale bread into thin slices and spread thickly with butter, then place into the oven to brown. Make a paste of finely chopped peanuts mixed with mayonnaise and spread over the slices. Rub the yolk of a hard boiled egg through a sieve over each, and serve on crisp, curly lettuce leaves.

Steamed Pudding—One cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of molasses, one cupful and a half of fine bread crumbs, two scant cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of any kind of chopped dried fruit, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one scant teaspoonful of soda mixed with one cupful of sour milk. Mix, turn into a greased mold and steam for four hours.

Steamed Oatmeal—Mix a half pint of coarse oatmeal with one tablespoonful of salt and one quart of boiling water. Place the dish directly over the fire and boil rapidly for five to eight minutes, stirring occasionally with a fork. Place the dish in a steamer and steam for one hour; if the meal is very coarse a little longer time may be required. Other cereals are cooked in the same way.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

THE WOOLY APHIS.

One of the pests that is ever common in the apple orchards of the South is the wooly aphis. This is an insect that does its real injury to the roots, but is not seen there, because everything is under the ground; but it has one part of its existence above ground—on the bodies of the trees, and usually in the crevices of the bark, where they look like little clusters of cotton. This appearance is caused by an excretion from the body that clings to it, and from this it gets the name, "wooly" aphis.

The insect passes the winter in the egg state, and also as adult females. In the spring time, as soon as the weather gets warm, the eggs hatch and the females that lived through begin their work. All of the latter give birth to live young; these, with those just hatched from the eggs suck the sap of the roots, and in turn propagate very fast! They form numerous colonies on the roots that cause swellings that look like beads and that seriously interfere with the growth of the tree. In the warm weather of the summer there is a form produced that has wings and flies to other trees, where they form new colonies. Thus the pest is spread over an orchard in a short time.

Not only are the orchards affected, but the nurseries; and their trees carry the insect to new places never before infected. It is, therefore, quite important to carefully examine every tree before planting, and destroy the very appearance of the trouble. In fact, it is well, as a matter of precaution, to dip the roots of every tree in tobacco water just before planting, which is perfectly harmless to the roots and severe on the insects, and is the best use for tobacco that I know of, unless it be to kill chicken lice.

There is no need to give up in discouragement because an orchard is infected with wooly aphis, but dig away the earth over the roots for about three inches deep and spread on tobacco dust with a liberal hand, and then put the soil back over it. This is cheap and fully worth all it costs for its manurial value. It can be bought of the tobacco factories and others who deal in it, at not over about $20 per ton.—E. H. Van Deman, in Southern Fruit Grower.

SOME VALUABLE FEEDING FIGURES.

The Virginia Experiment Station give some very valuable ideas in its recent report of tests made in cow-feeding. We summarize a few of the leading ideas:

The advantage of alfalfa or pea-hay over bran is easily seen when the farmer finds he can produce alfalfa or pea-hay for around $3 per ton. From two to three tons an acre of may be produced from an acre of land and from three to five tons of alfalfa, including all the season's cuttings. Bran costs $20 and up per ton. The advantage of feeding pea-hay and alfalfa, both rich in protein, for roughness, can hardly be over-estimated. In feeding alfalfa instead of wheat bran it is best to allow one and a half pounds of alfalfa for every pound of bran, and if the hay is chopped the results will be better than when fed uncut. When alfalfa was fed under the most favorable conditions, a gallon of milk was produced for five and one-half cents, and a pound of butter for ten and one-half. When pea-hay was fed the cost was but little smaller on the milk and a cent lower on the cost of butter. In localities where pea-hay is easily grown it can be given as a good substitute for wheat bran, and where alfalfa grows well it may be substituted for pea-hay. In tests covering two years' time, and with various cows, these results furnish proof of the advantages of roughness rich in protein over the concentrates, such as bran. At a time when reliable data from tests so ably back up the experiences of the farmers, this will encourage dairymen wonderfully. I have known some dairymen who used alfalfa exclusively when the price of bran got too high. These tests prove that alfalfa hay at even half the price of bran makes a great showing in favor of alfalfa.

PEACE AND PROGRESS.

And now they say that the big sawmill is going to be established in the hollow, just down the slope from our cottage. So, after all, it seems that we who grew up among rural quiets are to "dwell in the midst of alarms." And our dreams of meditations are to be molested by the surging, pulsing, blowing, puffing machinery—restless energy that beats forever in the interests of the men who have sinned by loving money.

Well, this is progress—the watchword of the times—and we must fall into line, paying no attention to the repose of the world. The spirit of the day is to follow the noise and the smoke; to make piles of money for the purpose of "blowing it in."

Once, agriculture was the universal occupation of Dixie's people, and contentment and patience prevailed. Now, a fascination attaches to a "job" that draws our boys away from home, and many a tired eye looks for a letter from the ends of the world.

In nearly every instance, old mill men and railroaders advise the boys to stick to the farm, claiming that though they make lots of money, they save nothing. Recently I heard a man of the road say that a man of his craft was little better than a slave, driven about from pallar to post at the bidding of the boss. The big mill will have stray lambs from the farm, no doubt; and we must be kind to them and treat them as we would like ours to be treated were they away off. To the bosses they may be but tools to turn out so much lumber; to us they will be souls who ought to be enjoying the freedom of the farm.

And between times we may get quiet enough to wander in the land of other days, and to hear the stage horn blow and the cow bells jingle.—Stanley Vann, in Home and Farm.

PECANS FOR PROFITS.

This is a nut-eating nation, and we import 28,000,000 worth of nuts annually. Still we do not consume edible nuts to the per capita extent that some countries do. There is no reason why we should not, for nuts are a wholesome article of the daily diet. If we grew more nuts we would consume more.

We can readily grow that king of nuts, the thin, or paper-shelled, pecan, a nut that comparatively few have eaten. It is the best of table nuts, outranking even the almond or the English walnut. It is the cultivated pecan of the gulf coast. Pecans are but a variation of hickory nuts, but the cultivated pecan far excels in flavor and deliciousness all its cousins.

The paper-shelled pecan is a matter of evolution and damp soils. Pecan orchards along the gulf between New Orleans and Mobile are, says a recent writer, planted forty feet apart to allow for the mature trees, and this setting requires seventeen trees to the acre. In the normal course of events a paying crop is confidently anticipated in from eight to ten years, at which latter period there should be a profitable crop of eighty pounds to each tree. At present prices this would mean a fortune, but at twenty-five cents per pound it means $20 per tree, or $340 per acre.

Land along the gulf coast set in young pecan trees brings $100 per acre, whereas it was before the planting regarded as of little or no value. The result is that thousands of trees are being set annually. It is a mistake to say that trees of the best variety can be grown along the coast only, for they can be grown in any bottom lands in any part of Alabama, and the nuts will be fully up to standard.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

OLLD ORCHARDS.

When an apple tree has grown old it should not necessarily be destroyed. In a neighbor's orchard last year, I noticed some old trees were loaded with most excellent fruit. The result did not come through pruning or any design of the owner. By storms or otherwise the main branches of the trees had been broken off and a full head of young and tender shoots had sprung up. These were perhaps six years old, and they were loaded with fruit. It is evident to any intelligent observer that the same result may be brought about by topping and pruning. In the orchard referred to is quite a lot of old trees which need to be treated in the same way. As they now stand the limbs are moss-grown, and the terminal shoots are on the verge of decay. Scarcely a single young thrifty twig is to be seen. By cutting off one or two main branches at a time, the head of the trees could, in a few years, be changed into a vigorous growth of limbs that would hang full of good fruit every bearing season. It is better to change the tops gradually, for to cut off the limbs at once would probably kill the tree.—T. C. Karns, Powell Station, Tenn.

Items of Interest.

New buildings, the construction of which was authorized in Norfolk the first six months of 1906, are valued at more than $1,000,000. Few of the permits granted are for buildings of more than moderate size.

The shortage of Irwin Tucker, president of the Newport News Savings Bank, who committed suicide, was about $30,000.

Asbury Spicer caused a sensation at the trial of former Judge Hargis and former Sheriff Callihan, who are charged with killing Marcum, by making a confession in which he implicated both defendants.

Attorney General Anderson, of Virginia, has taken steps to have enforced the Churchman law, providing for a passenger rate of 2 cents a mile.

Bungling in the Government Printing Office continues. Senator Whyte, of Maryland, will be one of those who will investigate it this week.

News Items.

Virginia druggists are said to be violating the law regulating the sale of poison.

William Jarvis, a farmer near Charleston, W. Va., was shot and killed by his wife.

The Administration has decided to pursue a firm policy in Santo Domingo to protect the fiscal policy which the Senate failed to ratify.

Julian Pavlinick, who killed his wife in fulfilment of a promise to her, was convicted at Newport News of second degree murder and sentenced to 18 years in the penitentiary.

Initial steps were taken toward preparing the Government's exhibits at the Jamestown Exposition.

Secretary Root went to New York, where he will sail today on his South American visiting trip.

It is expected that all the persons injured in the railroad wreck near Salisbury, England, will recover.