

The way England is building battle ships surely beats the Dutch.

The Kaiser is not satisfied with his salary, but he has not gone so far as to declare a strike.

E. H. Harriman weighs only 141 pounds, but there is little waste matter in his make-up.

A Baltimore man has erected a monument to Adam. Now let's start a fund to bring his bones back home.

Camille Flammarion's head-producing well is a mighty fine idea, but the chesty coal men still decline to be stamped.

Ask a small boy to do something and usually he will say: "Just wait a minute." A man would put you off till next week.

A local critic claims that Poe wrote "The Raven" backwards, beginning with the last stanza. It is a splendid way to read it, too.

The average American consumes 2 1/2 pounds of sugar a year. And yet one occasionally meets a man who acts as if he had never tasted sugar.

Caruso is said to have hurt his voice by singing into the phonographs. The voice usually comes back out of the phonograph with a sprain in it.

Now that a fertilizer trust is being organized, of course something ought to be said about such an organization probably being in bad odor—but let it pass.

Count Boni is coming to America to hunt grizzly bears. Perhaps he has in some way absorbed the idea that the grizzly bear and the Teddy bear are identical.

Army enlistments have been sufficient of late to bring that branch of the service up to its full capacity, but it is understood that Mr. Hobson is not quite satisfied with the navy.

"Twenty years from now," declares one of the scientists, "we'll all be flying." He may be right, but it will be prudent to go right on in our efforts to have cheaper shoe leather, just the same.

In the ages to come, when all the coal mines have been exhausted, the rich cargoes on the bottom of the Ohio river from Pittsburg down will have to be drawn upon to supply the needs of mankind.

Camille Flammarion declares that signaling to Mars is possible. Still, nobody can positively assure us that anybody on Mars is going to know what we mean when we get our signals to reach that planet.

Professor Arlo Bates says, says he, that a book which is not worth reading twice, is not worth reading once. Perhaps the professor will explain how one is to determine, without reading a book the first time, whether it will bear a second perusal.

The United States Circuit Court has handed down a decision in Philadelphia that the driver of an automobile is bound not only to follow the ordinary rule of "stop, look and listen" when he reaches a railroad crossing, but if necessary must get out and walk to the track, as does the conductor of a street car. This decision is based upon the eminently sensible ground that "when the passing vehicle is a ponderous steel structure, it threatens not only the safety of its own occupants, but also those on the colliding train."

Yellow journalism is now a thing of the past or has faded to a mild cerise shade beside the saffron hue of many books and magazines. The jaundiced magazine spatters his colors with a reckless abandon. You can almost feel the chrome tints spatter on your face as you scan his spurious effusion. You cannot get by him. Epithet, metaphor and analogy are mixed into one chromatic mass on his palette and then slammed against his canvas with the splurge of a barker at a circus sideshow. To say he indulges in exaggeration is to speak tamely. He piles Pelions of hyperbole on Ossas of tergiversance. If his colors do not scream loud enough to arrest your attention he bludgeons you with his figurative mahlstick into noticing their prismatic effects.

Seldom has the birth of a child been of so much national and international importance as the recent birth of a princess of the Netherlands. The present queen herself was the only child of King William III; was born when her father was sixty-three years old, and had reigned thirty-one years; and if King William had died without direct issue, the crown would have been worn by a German prince. The same result would have followed if Queen Wilhelmina had died childless, and that would have been to the Dutch people a great national calamity. Not only would their beloved House of Orange, with its long line of sovereigns, have become extinct, but the stranger who would come to rule over them would be a prince of an alien race, and of that very race from which the Dutch people believe they have the most to fear. A glance at the map of Europe will show those who are most unfamiliar with European politics why that is so. The little kingdom of the Netherlands sits off the German Empire from all but a short strip of the North Sea coast. Were the resistance which the kingdom can offer the only obstacle, no one doubts that Germany would soon find a pretext for absorbing it. But there are other powers, and particularly Great Britain, which would oppose such a move, and the German Emperor is not one to provoke a great war to obtain that which

no doubt every German covets. But if the throne of the Netherlands should be occupied by a German prince, the internal opposition to annexation would be weakened, and that might ultimately be accomplished without war which at present is impossible. So the little princess has been welcomed because the Dutch people love their royal house and their charming queen, and because they see in the helpless infant a security for their national independence.

To wreck a home is a serious offense. To lead a wife and mother astray is a black-hearted crime, and the criminal deserves severe punishment. But suspicion and gossip are not proof. Even the confession of one of the parties is not conclusive as against the other, for confessions are sometimes obtained by terrorism or promise of forgiveness, which confess to more than the truth. If one of the accused parties is shot down in his tracks without an opportunity of defense or explanation, the murderer is not entitled to the benefit which might accrue to him if the guilt of the victim were absolutely proved. The danger of admitting the so-called "unwritten law" as a defense in murder cases is not only that it substitutes private vengeance for the proper administration of the law, but that it opens the way for trumped-up cases of wrong-doing to excuse murder. It is conceivable that a husband and wife might conspire to put an enemy of either or both out of the way by bringing against him a false accusation. It may be said that a woman would not sacrifice her good name to please her husband or save another lover. Such cases are very rare, but they have been known. The whole principle of our criminal law is that an accused person has a right to be confronted with his accuser and with the evidence, and given an opportunity to make his defense. The private executioner affords him no such opportunity. The unwritten law as an excuse for personal vengeance is a relic of barbarism that should not be tolerated in a civilized country. The Sicilian brigands hold the principle that it is more honorable to revenge injuries by assassination than to resort to the courts. The American jurymen who permits the doctrine of the "unwritten law" to sway his verdict is putting himself on the moral plane of the Sicilian brigand.

Pure butter will not melt under a temperature of 35 degrees, when it will leave a sweet and wholesome liquid, but adulterated butter melts at 88 into a liquid with a repulsive odor. A pressed steel boat, into perforations of which is forced under hydraulic pressure granulated cork until the entire surface is covered, a recent invention, is claimed to be unsinkable. What promises to be one of the greatest competitions of light agricultural motors that ever has taken place in North America will be held at the Winnipeg Industrial exhibition in July. The Argentine government has begun the development of a new petroleum field on the east coast of Patagonia on its own account, and is securing a good grade of fuel oil from a depth of 1770 feet. By using two highly sensitive pendulums suspended in a well a German scientist has found that the surface of the earth rises and falls about 8 inches every twenty-four hours, having tidal similarity to the oceans. Experiments by the United States Forest Service have demonstrated that thoroughly air-dried timber has about double the strength of green timber. Moreover, in order effectively to apply preservative agents to timber it must first be seasoned, because it is very difficult to inject antiseptics in green wood. The loss of weight by seasoned timber is quite surprising. Western pine loses half its weight after three to five months' seasoning. The railway tunnel which is being constructed under the Detroit River possesses some novel features. It will consist of two steel tubes, running side by side 42 feet below the river surface. Each tube has a diameter of 15 1/2 feet. To receive the tubes, a trench 48 feet wide at the bottom, is dug in the clay of the river bottom, and bedded with a grillage of steel and concrete. On this the tubes are laid. The tubes are made in lengths of 25 feet, and are joined by sleeves 17 inches in length. When completed the tubes will be embedded in concrete all round. Trains are to be run through the tunnel by electricity. The traditional mountain of the ark always charms the imagination, as if it were the culminating point of the globe. And it is indeed a noble-looking mountain, as shown in a photograph recently made by E. A. Martel, the French geologist and explorer. Mount Ararat is becoming better known because of the growth of interest in the eastern shore of the Black Sea, which Monsieur Martel calls Russia's Riviera. Pleasure resorts, which may rival Biarritz and Monte Carlo, are springing up there along the foot of the Caucasus. Ararat is not visible from this coast, but one must go far up through rough, picturesque valleys in order to reach the lofty plain over which it dominates.

A Boy's Idea of Parsons. Not long ago a class of boys in an elementary school had an essay set, the subject being "Clergymen."

This is what one youngster wrote: "There are 3 kinds of clergymen, Bishops, rectors and curats. The bishop tells the rectors to work, and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man, but when he is a rector he gets fatter and can preach longer sermons and becomes a good man."

London Scraps.

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

He did so, and then coughed.

"I'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth-balls. Oh,

He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A groan brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.

"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"

"Now, Harold," said his wife, restrainingly, "what is the trouble? Of course that coat wrinkles when you twist yourself up like that?"

"Can't you see?" he stormed. "The coat's ruined! It's cut too low in the neck! The shoulder hunches! Look at the sag here! And the trousers are too tight! That man a tailor? He ought to be breaking stones!"

"Let me hold the mirror and you stand still and take a look," commanded his wife.

He did so, and then coughed.

"I'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth-balls. Oh,

He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A groan brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.

"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"

"Now, Harold," said his wife, restrainingly, "what is the trouble? Of course that coat wrinkles when you twist yourself up like that?"

"Can't you see?" he stormed. "The coat's ruined! It's cut too low in the neck! The shoulder hunches! Look at the sag here! And the trousers are too tight! That man a tailor? He ought to be breaking stones!"

"Let me hold the mirror and you stand still and take a look," commanded his wife.

He did so, and then coughed.

"I'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth-balls. Oh,

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

SCHOOL GARDEN WORK.

HE school garden work of the past few years has not only given the school buildings themselves more attractive surroundings, but it has been the means of developing in the children a sense of proprietorship in the growing things, and of inspiring an embryonic civic spirit that promises well for the Washington of a few years hence. It is impossible to estimate the benefits which the city has gained from this work, modestly started, and for a season or two conducted under discouraging difficulties, but loyally persisted in by the teachers until it has come to be recognized as one of the important branches of school work. The direction of the children's attention on a certain day to the importance of the vine as a means of improvement in the line of wholesome education, and every adult in the district should emulate the example which the youngsters will set day after tomorrow.—Washington Star.

THE ART OF JURY-MAKING.

THE American art of jury-making was a jest and a scandal even before "The Glided Age" depleted its technique, thirty-six years ago. Not for a day since have men out of court ceased laughing at or bewailing its imbecilities, or men in court been able to restrain their anger over the delays and injustice caused by the search for takersmen "without prejudice." Yet judges are still forced to permit attorneys to toll along in the same old rut, as though it were a sacred way. A week was spent hunting jurors for the Halus trial. Five were chosen, after 177 citizens had been tediously cross-examined, and to secure two more 150 additional takersmen had to be called. As soon as they expressed any knowledge about anything they were forthwith bundled off again. The dreary old procedure should be made to yield to a method that gets a jury together as expeditiously as in Europe—or New Jersey.—New York Evening Post.

THE FAR-SEEING SULTAN.

BDUL HAMID must surely live—after he shall have been hastened upon his final abode—in the minds of his countrymen as the apotheosis of cunning. He has been the John D. Rockefeller of Turkey, playing not only the bold game for power and wealth, but arranging for a safe and easy cushion upon which to light in case of mishap. The pillars of the imperial palace at Yildiz have made several interesting discoveries in the late Sultan's private affairs. One of them is that it was Abdul Hamid's custom to keep large sums of money in banks abroad, using a confidential agent to make the deposits. German banks hold no less than \$10,000,000. Great Britain and France have been his bankers, and a short time ago the old fox placed his confidence in certain institutions in New York. The Eastern despot has, in common with Presidents of Latin America, a purely selfish interest in ruling.

GOING OUT TO DINNER.

Mrs. Coburn had decided at the last minute to go to town in the morning with her husband. He fretted while she got ready, and together they rushed for the eight-fifteen, only to find themselves, much to Coburn's unacknowledged discomfiture, in plenty of time. His impatience is expressed in a trade against the slowness of women in dressing, and the unnecessary fuss they made about their clothes. A writer in the Chicago News tells the story.

"My dress suit comes home from the tailor to-day," he said to his wife as they parted. "I'll get there at five-thirty, so we can start for that dinner in plenty of time. And, Bess, do start to dress before the last minute!"

At twenty-five minutes to six Coburn rang the bell furiously and long. The maid and Mrs. Coburn arrived at the door simultaneously.

"Thought you'd never come," he said, as he flung himself out of his overcoat and dropped it on the stairs. "I must have lost my latch-key. Did the tailor send my suit?—oh, there's the box. Looks all right, but you never can tell. Where on earth are my dress shirts? I haven't one in sight—"

He paused as his wife took his hands out of the bureau drawer, which he was frankly pawing from top to bottom.

"Not in there," she said. "That's the drawer your socks and handkerchiefs are kept in. Here they are!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, slightly mollified. "Aren't you dressed yet, Bess? I wish you'd put in the links and buttons on me. And say, will you hunt up my ties?"

"Ask Mary to see if the patent-leather polish is down-stairs, will you, and telephone Bill not to come out this evening. I forgot to tell him we wouldn't be home!"

Mrs. Coburn, in her kimono, and with her hairpins in her hands, flew one way and Mary flew the other. The roar of running water and mighty splashing came from the bathroom.

"You've got those buttons in wrong!" he cried, presently. "Still in that kimono? You'll be late, sure as fate!"

He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A groan brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.

"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"

"Now, Harold," said his wife, restrainingly, "what is the trouble? Of course that coat wrinkles when you twist yourself up like that?"

"Can't you see?" he stormed. "The coat's ruined! It's cut too low in the neck! The shoulder hunches! Look at the sag here! And the trousers are too tight! That man a tailor? He ought to be breaking stones!"

"Let me hold the mirror and you stand still and take a look," commanded his wife.

He did so, and then coughed.

"I'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth-balls. Oh,

HE IS A PATRIOT ONLY WHEN IT IS ABSOLUTELY CONVENIENT FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES.

THE power, the luxury, the Oriental love for concentrated and unemployed wealth slope make the throne attractive. The Sultan did no little to improve the state of his country, but travelers insist that he did this reluctantly. He undertook railroad building because it kept the soldiers—who did the building—busy and placed in parts of the empire where they could plot to little advantage. Western ideas entered the country slowly—and it is proof of the Sultan's cunning that he long opposed them, for when European thought did become widespread in Turkey it brought about the fall of Abdul Hamid.—Toledo Blade.

THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING FAD.

ONE of the silliest things that Andrew Carnegie ever did with a portion of those surplus millions, upon the disbursement of which depends his happy and peaceful deathbed, was to permanently endow a simplified spelling board. Simplified spelling, like many another reform attempted in the United States, was a fad. Certain writers and teachers over the country became by a time greatly interested in the subject, and the matter reached the height of its popularity when President Roosevelt endorsed it, and it was at that time that Andrew Carnegie moved to invest some excess money in the progress of this much needed reform.

And now the fad has passed. Such newspapers and journals as adopted a portion of the changes advised by the Simplified Spelling Board have dropped the most of them, and were it not for the conscientious efforts of the board to organize salaries and the continual flooding of newspapers and teachers with the literature setting forth the changes which they allege are desirable in the spelling of English words, the whole matter of simplified spelling would be as forgotten as the interest once felt in the age of Ann.—Fort Worth Record.

PARENTAL DUTIES FORGOTTEN.

HE doctors say that most of the babies of the poor are quite as strong and healthy at birth as any, but that the summer mortality among them is due to improper feeding and inadequate care. The babies born in the spring, who thus become frail, succumb to the first weeks of very hot weather, the infant death rate jumps up, and there is a hue and cry to "save the babies." But the babies in greatest need of care have been lost before the summer work is under way. The new plan is to give them proper care from the week of their arrival, so that they may be fortified against the first descent of hot weather. It is a beautiful and thorough-going scheme and highly to be commended for its practical good sense. But it leaves an old-fashioned man rather gasping to know what has become of the duties of parenthood, and just why they should end with a birth certificate. It is, however, a clear economic waste to allow children to die because the homes into which they come are unable, from ignorance or poverty, to bring them to healthful maturity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WORTH TRYING.

The terrible question, "Where shall we spend the summer?" is again rampant. None the less terrible to the deciding member of the family, perhaps, are the numerous "best places in the world" which are freely and sincerely recommended. The man in the following story had a good answer, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Record.

"I see the railroads have been raising rates again," remarked a commuter to his companion as they came into the city on a Reading train.

"Yes," replied his city friend, "but luckily for me, it is not going to affect my holidays any more than last year, so I cannot complain."

"Oh, I heard you speaking about your vacation last year—great place, I believe?"

"Yes, it was." "Good table?" "Best in the world. Wasn't a thing I wanted I did not have."

"Pleasant people?" "Delightful, and the best of it was, it was so informal. We could do just as we pleased."

"I should say so. Never was in a place I could rest better."

"Nice food?" "Great! Private bath, too." "It had to be expensive, though?" "On the contrary, it was the cheapest holiday I ever had."

"Goodness me, man, tell me where it is!" "The fortunate man drew a card from his case, wrote the name on it and handed it to his friend, who read, "Home."

The English Three R's. We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do so something less than justice.

He had been on a visit to this country in order to study at first hand the social manners of the English people. On returning to his native land he was asked by a friend whether he had discovered the meaning of the mysterious "three R's."

"Oh, I found out what they were on the first day of my visit!" said he. "And what are they, then?" "Rippling, rotten and right-o!" replied the triumphant Frenchman.—London Mail.

A Short, Sad Story. My ones went to the family. There was some small discussion. So first I waited in suspense. Then waited in suspension. —Yale Record.

Hard to Choose. "Whom would you rather entertain?" asks the philosopher of to-day, "a perfectly stupid bore or a clever fellow who has just been abroad for the first time?"

One Difference. The difference is fair—The one in which men bluff and bang And spar and feint is sparse.—Kansas City Times.

Some marriages are eye-openers, and some others are eye-closers.

STRIKING FOR COMPANY.

A strike for higher wages or shorter hours or more and better food is comprehensible, but one has to go to Mexico, writes C. M. Flannery, in "Viva, Mexico!" for a strike that involves neither a question of material advantage nor of abstract principle. One afternoon, during the busiest season of the year on a coffee-ranch, all the coffee pickers, with the exception of one family, suddenly struck. When asked what the trouble was, the spokesman, in a bold and pompous address, declared that they were "all brothers, and must pick together, or not at all."

It came out during the interview that the father of the family who had not struck had received permission for himself, his wife and six small children to pick in a block of coffee by themselves, and to this the others had been induced to object.

Why they objected they could not say, because they did not know. It was explained to them that the man had wished his family to work apart for the sole and sensible reason that, first, he and his wife could take better care of the children when they were not scattered among the crowd; and secondly, that as the trees of the particular block he had asked to be allowed to pick in were younger and smaller than the others, the children had less difficulty in reaching the branches.

He had not only derived no financial advantage from the change, he was voluntarily making some sacrifice by going to pick where the coffee, owing to the youth of the trees, was less abundant.

"Don't you see that this is the truth and all there is to it?" the strikers were asked.

"Yes." "And now that it has been explained, won't you go back to work?" "No." "But why not?" "Because."

"Because what?" "Because we must all pick together."

ALMA-TADEMA'S COMMISSION. Some of His Best-Known Work is Included in a Dealer's Order.

"In 1864," says the well-known artist, Alma-Tadema, in the Strand, "I received a visit from the English picture dealer, Gambart—Principe Gambart, as they used to call him in Italy. He was the picture dealer par excellence of this day and was naturally held in great respect by artists. I remember him on that first visit to me, standing before my easel, on which I had posed my 'Coming Out of Church,' and instantly exclaiming:

"Did you paint that picture for the Vanderdonks?" "I assured him of the fact. He asked me if they had seen it and what was the price. I told him that they had not seen it as yet. 'Well, then,' said Gambart, 'I'll take it, and let me have a couple of dozen of that kind at progressive prices each half-dozen.' It was really as if he had been buying bales of cotton. Of course, I thought and not without reason, that my fortune was as good as made. Moreover, Principe Gambart agreed that I might deal with the antique period I loved, instead of the middle ages, and where I had latterly been seeking my subjects. And so it came about that some of the pictures by which I am perhaps best known as a painter were included in this first singular bargain.

"Four years did it take me to carry out Gambart's first commission and the day arrived when Gambart again paid me a visit. 'I want you,' he said, 'to paint me another four dozen pictures on the same condition of rising value. I consented and I did my best not to disappoint him. The 'Vintage' was painted as one of them and when the dealer saw it, perceiving that it was a far more important canvas than any of his predecessors—a work, too, that had cost me far more time and labor—he at once insisted upon paying for it the figure which was to have been given for the last half-dozen."

IT'S A COUNTRY OF SMELLS. A Traveler Recalls a Striking Characteristic of East Africa.

Discussing Col. Roosevelt's trip in Africa, Young H. Carling of Toronto, Canada, who is at the Arlington, said recently that when Mr. Roosevelt returns from Africa and recalls vividly to mind his experiences, or relates them to his friends, that which will be pre-eminent will be the atmosphere of smells in which he lived when there, the Washington Herald says.

"I traversed the country which Mr. Roosevelt intends visiting. While I heard of lions, black panthers, rhinoceroses, antelopes and gazelles, I was not hunting and did not see any of them. I held an impression which, while not as startling as an encounter with a wild beast, will be remembered as long as that would have been. I cannot express it better than to say that I smelled Africa."

"One meets the real smell just after landing. It may be at one port or another. Of all first impressions, none is more plain, and it comes upon you with a distinctiveness which is almost startling."

"The traveler hardly knows enough of native life to enter with any fullness into the multitude of causes which produce this familiar result, but some of them do not lie very far below the surface."

"Take as a typical example any African city, large town or sizable station," added Mr. Carling. "Let it be in the seaport or in the inland town, it makes little difference. Leave out the many scented plants and trees that add their aroma to the general fund of smells. First, there is the fuel used by the natives, which is scraped from the roads, and made into round, flat cakes and sundried on the walls of the houses for burning. Next, there is the unobtainable luxury. Then, at nightfall, the sweepings of the stables are carefully burned to be accompanied by an odor. Then there are the cooking oils and other things. Yes, sir, Col.

Alphabetical Time. One of the discouraging things about advertising is that the investor can rarely be certain when he gets a return and when he does not. A writer in T. P.'s Weekly tells a tale of an English firm, Higgins & Dodd, who, finding that there were twelve letters in their name, placed a great clock over their door with the letters on its face instead of numerals.

They waited anxiously for days, weeks, hoping for some return; but not a soul took notice of the clock. At last, amid excitement behind the office window, a man was seen to halt in the street and gaze at the clock, puzzled.

Slowly he came to the door, entered, and drawled, "Say, is it half past Higgins or a quarter to Dodd?"

He Followed Directions. Red tape leads one to curious lengths. A writer in the Columbus Dispatch tells of a street railway car that picked up a young heifer on its fender and carried it some distance through the street.

In making out the required report to the superintendent, the employe wrote, in answer to the query on the blank form, "What did the victim say?" "She was carried along on the fender and then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."

Out of Sight. Though the play was a farce, it left him quite blue. For a terrible hat. Obscured his view.—New York Telegram.

Many people are curious to know about peculiar things. For instance, the writer is curious to know if a barber gives his wife the fee he collects for shaving a dead man.

Suited to the Case. Author—What did you think of my mystic jewel story? Friend—It was a gem!—Baltimore American.

Every once in a while we meet some man on the streets who says he is "resting" that we knew never worked.

Muffled voices must be unaccommodated in warm weather.

ROOSEVELT'S STORY OF AFRICA WILL NOT BE COMPLETE WITHOUT ITS CHAPTER ON SMELLS.

These "Plants Out of Place" Have Fixed Market Value.

Money in weeds? To be sure. The national department of agriculture has been for many years telling the farmers of the large money value going to waste each year in this country in the shape of pernicious weeds, and has been issuing bulletins with directions for collecting, curing and selling weeds. A quarter of a century ago Dr. George B. Loring, the commissioner of agriculture, called attention to the fact that in Germany many of the commonest and most pernicious weeds that the American farmer has to contend with were successfully and profitably cultivated, says the Kansas City Star. Burdock, dandelion, witchgrass, foxglove, mullen, horshoe, jimson, mustard and water hemlock are among our commonest weeds and grow in great profusion almost everywhere in the United States. Ordinarily they are regarded merely as troublesome weeds. The trouble of attempting to grow weeds and cultivated crops on the same land at the same time. So it often happens that the witchgrass between the potato rows is more valuable than the tubers in the hills. When you raise weeds you must make a business of it. Land that will raise nothing else will raise weeds. The jimson grows in rank profusion about the feed lot, the front yard is yellow with dandelion flowers and the flowers of the mullen bedeck the pastures. The burdock grows in the roadside fence corners, and the waste lot produces an abundance of witchgrass and confrey, yet a majority of the drug weeds used in medicine in this country are still imported, and paid for at a high rate.

Without counting wormwood, tansy or rhubarb, all of which are weeds in favored places, and without including catnip or pennyroyal or any of the mints, the American people are paying out more than \$300,000 a year in hard-earned money for imported weeds, which are growing wild in nearly every part of the country. The imports for the year 1907-1908 were as follows:

Name	Pounds Imported	Price per lb.	Total Value
Burdock	60,000	7c	\$4,200
Dandelion	115,522	5c	5,776
Book	125,000	6c	7,500
Witchgrass	250,000	6c	15,000
Foxglove	55,000	7c	3,850
Mullein	5,000	60c	3,000
Horshoe	30,000	6c	1,800
Jimson weed	150,000	5c	7,500
Water hemlock	20,000	5c	1,000
Mustard	5,000,000	5c	250,000

The knowledge that there is money in the very common and much despised weeds is spreading every year and a very considerable industry in medicinal weeds has arisen, but it is far short of what it should be. The average farmer cannot bring himself to regard as other than a heresy the declaration that a weed is simply a useful plant out of place.

The prices paid by big jobbing drug houses for leaves, flowers or roots of the commoner weeds which afflict the farmer with their presence when he lets them get out of place are as follows: Dandelion roots, dried; jimson weed, leaves and seeds; poison hemlock, freshly plucked; dried flowers and leaves, dried and cleaned; seed of black and white mustard, 5 cents a pound; burdock root, sliced and dried, 7 cents a pound; dried leaves and blossoms of horshoe and wild foxglove, 6 to 7 cents a pound; dried blossoms of the tall pasture mullein, 60 cents a pound, if sealed in tight jars. In addition to the above standard drugs the dried leaves of pokeweed and trillium, gold-thread and jack-in-the-pulpit, are marketed, as well as the leaves and flowers of tansy, lobelia, bonsett, catnip and a dozen other very common plants, all of which are in demand at the market prices.

Alphabetical Time. One of the discouraging things about advertising is that the investor can rarely be certain when he gets a return and when he does not. A writer in T. P.'s Weekly tells a tale of an English firm, Higgins & Dodd, who, finding that there were twelve letters in their name, placed a great clock over their door with the letters on its face instead of numerals.

They waited anxiously for days