

BLIND TAUGHT FARM

Two New York Boys Learn Art in Clinton Park.

One of Them Becomes So Expert Can Separate Lettuce and Carrot Seeds and Tell Color of Different Flowers.

New York.—The Children's Farm School in De Witt Clinton Park has taught two blind boys to raise "crops" equal in every respect to those of the children who can see. In fact, Mrs. Henry Parsons, in charge of the school, and Mr. Brady, the boys' teacher, insist that in the matter of beets and carrots the blind children's work was superior.

The subjects of the experiment are Carl and Peter, each 13 years old and strong boys for their years. Peter is totally blind and has to be led everywhere. Carl, who can't distinguish anything more than four inches away from his eyes, has just enough vision so that he can go and fill Peter's watering pot.

Carl's sister used to bring him to the park playground. Leaving him on a bench she would run off to the swings, and the boy would sit there listening to the other children playing. A gymnasium instructor saw Carl sitting there day after day and tried to think of some occupation for him. Finally the instructor suggested that a plot in the school garden be given to the boy. Then one day Carl came bringing Peter, and Mrs. Parsons decided to try the experiment of teaching the blind gardening for pleasure if not for profit.

On June 19 they began teaching Peter and Carl to raise beets, carrots, onions, radishes, lettuce and corn, just as the other children do. A wooden fence was built around Peter's plot, along which cords were strung to serve as guides to the five rows of "crops" which were to be planted. Fred, one of the boys, and arm Peter drew his miniature furrows and dropped or sprinkled his seeds. In his first attempt to cover the seeds he knocked the rows askew, but then by placing his hand on that of his teacher while he did a row in the right way Peter mastered that art.

No grown-up farmer would like to weed with his eyes shut, but that is what both Peter and Carl had learned to do. They were taken to other children's plots, allowed to feel the different seedlings as they appeared, and so taught to distinguish the tiny plants from weeds. Hand hoes were used for more than a foot long were made for them. By keeping their left hand fingers a few inches ahead of the blade they did their hoeing without cutting down the vegetables.

Several weeks ago came the time for the first harvesting on the Children's Farm, which raises two rounds of crops in a summer. As radishes, beets and beans approached maturity the excitement among the small farmers waxed so tense that the distinction between meum and tuum was frequently lost to view and the boy whose beans matured early was likely to find himself minus the beans. Even the observation plots in charge of the instructors were robbed of their prize products. But to the credit of the farm be it said that while the destruction walked around them the blind boys' crops were left undisturbed.

Peter's latest accomplishment is to distinguish bright colored flower petals one from the other apparently by some subtle difference in the texture of the blossom. That doesn't mean that he could tell whether it's a pale pink or a light blue aster or recognize any fine gradation of tint, but he knows a red petal from a yellow one.

Altogether the instructors are much pleased with the summer's experiment and are as eager as the boys to continue it next year.

AMERICAN COUNTESS HONORED



COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD

LONDON.—The countess of Strafford, who is one of the most popular of the American women that have married titled Englishmen, was honored the other day by an unexpected visit from the dowager Queen Alexandra, the first she has paid since the death of King Edward. Lady Strafford and her husband, Mr. Kennard, have taken Houghton Hall, Norfolk, from Marquis Cholmondeley and Lady Strafford was engaged in gardening and dressed in old clothes when the queen mother's motor came up the drive. The countess attempted to run in doors and change her attire, but Alexandra insisted that she continue her work in the garden.

London's bad season, with dull gray skies and chill winds, is partly compensated for by the promise of good grouse shooting. Parliament has risen in time for the sport, and that part of society which is not already "on the continent" is bound northward for the moors. Summer's England is exchanged for Scotland, which, when the grouse are plentiful and in good condition, is a good place to be, even if the weather is wet. Bright skies over the moors transform the sportsman's part of Scotland into a semblance of paradise. To be sure, the serpent is there. The guns crack and the birds are slaughtered by the thousands. But they have fulfilled their destiny. Who can do more? And mighty good eating is a well cooked grouse from the Grampian hills.

In East Haddam, about sixteen miles north from the mouth of the Connecticut river, hanging in the bell of St. Stephen's church and in use today, is a bell that was cast in Spain over 1,600 years ago. The Spanish inscription stating that the bell was cast in Spain in 515 and the name of the priest who blessed it are all very distinct. Those who have interested themselves in this valuable old relic claim the church in Spain where it originally hung was destroyed by Napoleon, this bell and many others being sent to America, where there was a good market. It is 28 inches high and 24 inches in diameter at the base.

Nearly one million new farms have been created in the United States during the last ten years. In the last ten years the total number of farms has increased 18 per cent., says American Agriculturalist. In the older states, from Ohio eastward, there has been going on for twenty years a tendency toward the amalgamation of farms distant from market into larger holdings. On the other hand, this section has witnessed the cutting up into smaller sizes of many farms nearer to market. There are now almost three times as many farms as in 1870, and an unprecedented increase in the value of farm lands and live stock.

There is one boat on the Hudson river that refuses to be Osterized. Although the word fast is not usually rebuffed when applied to the feminine gender, the Mary Powell glories in the epithet and has made friends by it. This boat will complete this season fifty years of service, and the semi-centennial anniversary will be appropriately celebrated. Captain Anderson has served on the boat forty years in various capacities. The Mary Powell is still in daily use by the Hudson River Line, and cuts the water between New York and Kingston not only like a thing of life but like a thing of very lively life.

A passenger has been carried on a monoplane across the English channel. A majority of the people who have to cross the channel will continue for a while, however, to risk the danger of being shaken up in the old-fashioned way.

Esperanto is attracting as much attention now as the puzzle pictures did a short time ago and has as many disciples as simplified spelling ever achieved.

An Indiana mule kicked a motor cyclist and his machine across the road the other day. A kicking mule never stops to count a hundred before making up his mind what ought to be done.

A New York man has won a championship and a \$100 watch by eating sixty-four bananas in a given time. He declines to look on this contest as one that in any way involved the honor of the white race.

No Mistake After All

By GERALD PRIME

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Three months after she had promised to marry Dick Hathaway, Molly Abernathy was convinced that she had made a mistake. In a little less than that time it was made clear to Dick Hathaway that it would be criminal on his part to marry Molly Abernathy.

And that was not at all because Molly had become less attractive or Dick less than the perfect upright fellow he always had been. After an almost uninterrupted companionship of considerably longer than the period of their engagement, each was as willing as ever to bear testimony to the superlatively good qualities of the other and would have been highly indignant over any suggestion to the contrary. Molly still regarded Dick as "the dearest fellow in the world," and Dick had no desire to recall his estimate of Molly as "the sweetest girl on the footstool." Nothing whatever had occurred to convict either of these thoroughly conscientious young persons of inconstancy, but—

The "but" in the case of Molly Abernathy was a young man of singularly unattractive personal equipment and a name that offered no recompense for his lack of good looks. As a life burden H. Earlington Hopper was serious enough, but it would have been crushed with the initial H expanded to its full, Hooker. Clearly there was no fault to be found with the victim of such a baptismal combination because he had contracted into decent euphoniousness.

In point of fact, there was no fault to be found with H. Earlington Hopper on any account. He was as right-minded a young man as ever hung out his shingle as a lawyer, and he had scarcely captured his first client before practically all of the very nice girls in town were interested in him. The sport with which he became a social favorite in Eureka was phenomenal. He was so genial, so alive to the expectations of others, so un-failing in his efforts to establish a frank understanding with everybody, that he won recognition immediately as an A. No. 1 fellow among the men and—the women.

Ignoring his pliancy of face and awkwardness of figure and movement, the Eureka young women of all ages had become greatly interested in the sayings and doings of H. Earlington Hopper. And that, of course, included Molly Abernathy, who for some reason unexplained to her was led by this interest to doubt the co-operation of heaven in her choice of Dick as a life companion.

By a most amazing coincidence there was also a "but" in the case of Dick Hathaway. A certain young woman named Helen Ware had come to town to visit her uncle, the rector of St. Jarlath's. Before she had been at the rectory a fortnight all the young men in the parish, and a host of those who were outside of it, woke up to the fact that she was an unusually attractive young person, and Dick was one of the young men of the parish. He did not precisely understand how it was, but whenever he stood in the presence of Helen Ware he found himself wishing—well—he found himself wishing—

Both Dick and Molly were members of the mixed choir at St. Jarlath's. Dick sang tenor when he did not forget and relapse into baritone, and Molly was possessed of an excellent contralto voice, but she was an indifferent reader. That was why

it was necessary for H. Earlington Hopper, who had been made choir-master on account of his musical ability, to coach Molly privately whenever an alto solo was to be sung. Hopper believed that he had discovered great possibilities in Molly's voice, and after awhile alto solos were frequent at St. Jarlath's.

About that time the organist succumbed to the infirmities of old age, and Miss Ware consented to substitute temporarily. She did not profess to be mistress of the noble instrument, but she agreed that if some one would come to her assistance—sit beside her on the bench at rehearsals, pull stops and turn music—she would do her very best. Every man in the choir volunteered in the same breath, it actually frightened Molly Abernathy to discover how little it disturbed her to have Dick named as the preferred one.

For more than two years Dick had walked home with Molly after choir practice, but the time came when neither of them felt aggrieved over the willingness of the other to abandon the habit. The interruption came about so naturally. Miss Ware was responsible for the deed. One evening after an unusual tug at a refractory anthem, which persisted in going wrong after every effort had been made to induce it to do otherwise, the organist requested the tenor to remain for a few minutes after rehearsal in order to perfect himself in his part.

Instead of waiting until Dick should prove himself either the victor or vanquished, Molly was possessed of a sudden whim to start off alone, only to be intercepted at the door of the parish house by the choir-master who had returned in search of a paper he had mislaid.

"If you will give me one minute, Miss Abernathy," he said, "I will walk home with you—provided, of course, you will permit me."

Without pausing to receive her consent, he disappeared into the building, reappearing in rather less than the specified time with the recovered paper.

"I notified Hathaway of my intention," he laughed as they moved off. "It wasn't at all necessary," she declared emphatically.

"He didn't hear me. I couldn't attract his attention." "Was he singing?" She knew he wasn't, but she wanted to hear the answer.

"He hadn't begun. He was seated on the bench, his back toward me, and Miss Ware was talking earnestly—giving instruction, probably."

"Probably," she said, with an air of indifference that seemed genuine to him, lawyer though he was.

After Dick had swung over the baffling two measures or so at least a dozen times and had at last attained perfection Miss Ware dismissed him with a parting injunction not to forget that he was a tenor.

"And I hope I haven't offended Miss Abernathy by depriving her of your company—or you, either," she added, without looking at him.

"No need to worry on my account," Dick assured her. "As for Miss Abernathy—"

"I suppose Mr. Hopper availed himself of the opportunity to see her home safely. He seems to be greatly taken with—with her voice," she said. Dick began and then hesitated.

"No—it wouldn't!" she returned so promptly and so decidedly that he wondered at it. Before he could ask her why not she had hidden him a hasty good-night and passed within his customary appearance at the Abernathy house he was told by the maid who admitted him that Molly had gone over to the rectory. He was both ashamed and relieved—humiliated by his treachery toward the girl who had promised him what he asked and relieved to find that the dreaded confession might still be postponed.

It so happened that Dick was spared the pain of that confession. An affair that came to a culmination on the very next night—an episode that stirred the social fabric of Eureka to its foundation—brought Dick and Molly together again, this time secure in the belief that their only mistake had been to doubt, even for a single moment, the gentleness of their attachment.

This final state of affairs was made possible by the elopement and marriage of H. Earlington Hopper and Helen Ware. They had been lovers long before coming to Eureka, but the young woman's friends had not taken kindly to the man of her choice. She, however, knew her own mind and was convinced that she was making no mistake.

How do you communicate with her? I cannot. I may try five or six times to make her understand what I say to her and she only guesses at what I mean.

Then you don't get much pleasure out of her society? No, I don't. (A laugh.)

"Well, I shall have to discharge her," Mr. Plowden said. "But you must do something to influence and control her. Warn the publicans in the neighborhood not to serve her. (To the assistant jailer.) It's no use my speaking to her; you make a sign to her that the door of the court is open for her to go out."

The officer, as directed, pointed to the open door and the accused woman departed.—London Daily Mail.

Welcome Line.

Gunner—"I have a rich uncle who owns half a dozen railroad lines."

Guyver—"Hi! Why don't you get him to drop you a line occasionally?"

BOYS SCHOOL LIFE

That in Boarding Institution Not Natural, Says Bishop.

Not Only Do Children Suffer, but Parents Also, Who Lose Most Sacred of Parental Duties—One Who Disagrees.

LONDON.—A striking appeal to the upper and middle classes not to send their boys to the "barrack life" of the boarding school, and so remove them from the home influence, is made by the bishop of Hereford.

The bishop was a speaker at the public morals conference, which was held at the Carlton hall, Westminster.

The object of the conference has been described as "a very earnest attempt to convert Mrs. Grundy"—to effect reforms in the moral education of boys and girls.

Speaking on "Education for Parenthood," the bishop said the English people of the upper and middle classes had drifted far too much into an almost exclusive preference for boarding school education.

"Boarding-school life is not a natural life for the young," he declared. "It is not only the children who suffer from being sent into barrack life, but the parents also suffer because they lose the most sacred responsibilities of parental duties."

"My experience as head master of Clifton college—which is both a day school and a boarding school—leads me to the conclusion that the best form of school education for boys of the upper and middle classes is that in which the boy is able to live under the influence of a good home life."

"At the same time a boy can enjoy all that is best in a well organized boarding school."

A schoolmaster of several years' experience gave several reasons why he

did not agree with the bishop of Hereford's opinion.

"Take the case of, say, little Tommy Jones, who is a day boy at a secondary school," he said. "He is hit by another boy and goes home crying to his mother, who consoles him and dries his tears."

"Tommy is comforted and weakened at the same time. If Tommy was a boarder, and had no mother to fly to, he would soon learn he must stand up for himself and become self-reliant and brave."

"Either by hitting back at his aggressor or showing him that he was a good fellow and didn't mind chaff, Tommy becomes happy and self-confident."

Speaking at the conference on the merits of the elementary school, Dr. Macnamara said he could confidently say that it had worked nothing short of a social revolution.

It was not only in the improvement of the children themselves but he was not sure that the school had not reacted even more upon the parents than upon the children.

Even the poorest and most hard-worked woman in the back street had made a struggle day in, day out to see that her Eliza should have as clean a pinafore as the rest of them.

Amid laughter, Dr. Macnamara added that he could guarantee to say that many a man had held on to a staid course because of Tommy's little framed certificate upon the mantel piece.

Dr. James Cantie, honorable secretary of the Royal Institute of Public Health, gave some useful hints on children's clothing.

He deprecated the use of babies "comforters" and unsuitable clothing for children, especially "Eton jackets" for growing boys.

We particularly like an aeroplane because it never picks up a puncture.

I engaged I would undertake to run a mile a day. I can hardly believe that I am seventy-seven, and for this happy state of affairs I thank my electrical treatment."

Sir James does not believe either in alcohol or tobacco.

TRIES HARD TO JOIN LOVER

Grand Rapids Girl Attempts to Enlist but Balks on Request to Remove Clothes.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Held back for a day, a story of a young girl in male attire and evidently wishing to join her sweetheart in the east has just come out of the local United States marine corps recruiting station.

The "young man" in question entered the station stating "he" wished to enlist in the service to be sent to New York as soon as possible. Not understanding why the applicant should be sent so hurriedly to the training station, the officer asked the applicant to explain. Paint, but very determined, the answer was given that a close friend by the name of Brown was sent by the local recruiting officer and is now in New York very ill, and it was "his" wish to be near "his" friend as soon as possible.

The preliminary examination was hurried through and the prospective recruit shown to the next room where "he" was asked to remove "his" clothing that the remainder of the examination might be finished. After waiting for an unusual length of time for the "lad" to appear, the officer called "him." No reply being received the door was opened. The room was not occupied. The window leading to the hall was open and on the floor near by was found a lady's handkerchief, wet with tears, which had an initial "B" in the corner.

Diet of Dried Fruits.

San Francisco.—Twenty students of Stanford university have agreed to submit themselves to a diet of dried fruits for an indefinite time to assist in a government experiment. They will eat dried fruit at all their meals and the effects of the various prepared fruits on their health will be noted by Dr. Swain of the department of chemistry at the university.

MAN MAKES HIMSELF YOUNG

Extraordinary Success Claimed for Sir James Grant's Method—Vitality Amazes.

London.—Sir James Grant, the well-known Canadian physician, a recipient of many foreign honors, believes that he has discovered, not exactly the elixir of life, but at any rate a means of greatly prolonging youth back to some extent.

Sir James is himself the best advertisement of his method, for he possesses amazing vitality for his age, now nearly seventy-seven years. He is visiting London, and he looks like a man in his fifties. His secretary, a young man, says it is difficult to keep up with the work his employer does.

Two years ago Sir James created a sensation at a meeting of the British association by a paper on the extraordinary rejuvenating powers of electricity. He has since then treated himself by his own method, with results that he describes as wonder-

ful, and he has also had much success with a number of eminent patients on the other side of the Atlantic. His treatment consists of electrical applications by means of a special battery and systematized massage.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette says he walked with Sir James a distance of half a mile, and could not help commenting on his vigor and energy. He asked Sir James if he wore spectacles, and Sir James replied:

"Yes, I do wear spectacles. I have worn them for forty years—until such time as I began to treat myself with electricity and massage; today I do almost the whole of my reading and writing without using any spectacles at all. My hearing is as good as ever, and I feel that I have the energy of a man of forty."

"I notice that your city is full of taxicabs, but so far as I am concerned I never ride where I can walk, and, indeed, if I were chal-



"I Will Walk Home With You—"

Love's Crime.

George was a manly fellow, yet, surprising as it may seem, he was guilty of a grave charge, a criminal offense—theft, for had he not many times, stolen kisses from his fair sweet-heart?

Maudie, one of the most lovable of girls, was equally guilty as an accessory; she received the stolen property. Each seemed to have perfect confidence in the other, however, and when sentence was pronounced by a properly qualified official, they decided to serve their time together.

They remained loyal to the end, neither making any effort to have their sentence abrogated or shortened, but during the course of their long term together several small offenses were directly chargeable to them.—J. W. B. in Puck.

Anticipated.

Margaret—Did you tell the girls at the tea that secret I confided to you and Josephine?

Katherine—No, truly I didn't. Josephine got there first.—Harpers' Bazar.

Bookkeeping.

"Is Billings a good bookkeeper?"

"He used to be. I never lend him any more."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach. They are laxative, sugar-coated, tiny, granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

A friend in need is a friend we usually try to do.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Reader cigar better quality than most. See the sign.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be if it is insensible to the pleasures of home.—Lex.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

It must be a lot of trouble to hunt for trouble all the time.

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