

Farming 1,000 Acres of Salt.

On a Marvelous Crystal Plain, Where 140 is a Common Temperature—Where the Overflowing Colorado River Once Formed Salton Sea the Subsiding Waters Have Left an Apparently Inexhaustible Supply of Salt—The Commodity is Plowed Up, Hoed and Gathered Into Glistening Pyramids to be Dried, Cleaned and Shipped—Only Indians and Japanese Can Work There.

ONE of the most curious pieces of real estate in existence is now the subject of a suit by the government to recover the property. It is a salt farm—one thousand acres of solid salt, which is plowed and hoed and hilled up like so much earth. It lies in a depression, 264 feet below the level of the sea, in the midst of the great Colorado desert, just north of the Mexican line in the State of California, and the town which has grown up on its border takes its name, Salton, from the crystal deposit.

For many years salt has been taken from this district, but on a small scale. In 1892 a temporary stoppage was put to the local industry by the overflow of the Colorado river, forming what was known as the Salton sea. In time the water receded, evaporation followed, and there was left a residuum of almost pure crystal salt, a vista of unimaginable and almost unbearable brilliance and beauty.

as a safeguard against sunstroke, as it keeps them perspiring freely. The deposit of salt varies in thickness from one to eight inches. It forms in a crust, and the plow breaks this salt covering by throwing a broad but shallow furrow of salt lumps up in parallel ridges on either side of the machine. Here and there underlying the crystal plain are springs of water. When the crust is broken the springs seep forth their dirty, brackish water; and the Indian lads follow the plow with hoe in hand, knocking to and fro the clumps of salt and mud in this water, until the earth is dissolved, and then the crystal salt is stacked in conical pyramids to await transportation to the mill.

The salt crystals do not dissolve during the washing, doubtless on account of the quantity of saline already in the water. No sooner has the plow gone over the field than the crust begins to form again; therefore it would seem that the salt fields of Salton are inexhaustible. The

care of in order to get good and clean milk. Clean the cow's udder before milking, because there is always some dust and fifth sticking to her when she has been lying down, says P. C. Flasegard in the Iowa Year Book of Agriculture for 1900. When cows are kept in stables in winter time always keep your barn clean and dry by bedding with clean straw. Have your barn ventilated so you have fresh air around you when you milk, and let the milk be drawn by clean milkers. Don't forget to strain the milk after it is drawn from the cow, because this is the first thing to be done after milking. During the time I have run a creamery I have found a good many patrons who never strained the milk. If they have a strainer in the house they always say there is a hole in it, and they will have to take it to town and get it fixed, and some patrons never had one. Then some patrons are a little careless about the milk and think like this: "Neighbor doesn't strain his milk and what is the use of my doing so. I have work enough to do without that. If the creamery man takes my milk and I get a good price for my butter when pay day comes that is all I care for." But if the price of butter goes down the farmer gets all stirred up. He thinks the creameries are beating him, but they are not; he is beating himself and sometimes trying to beat his neighbors who strain their milk and bring good, clean milk to the factory. Remember that filthy milk will sour quicker than if it was clean. Always have clean pails for milking. Don't try to use a pail you are using for feeding calves and hogs out of; that is not the pail to use for milking purposes. Now the milking is done we will try to look after the milk cans a little. That is one

At the Rebound.

EARLY spring, a day with clear, thin sunshine and a sprinkling of green on the trees in the park. The windows looked on that young green promise, the room was gay with flowers, and the girl who moved about it with swift movements and thoughtful pauses was all in a white gown with a few primroses in her belt. She had a small, pale face overhung with a cloud of brown hair, dark eyes of which the fire, there must have been fire) appeared dormant, as the natural curve not always patient, as the natural curve of her body, but at present in a patient mood. She made one of her pauses at the window and looked vacantly across the park. Was that the yellow of daffodils in the brown distance? The door opened; a name was announced; she crossed the room quickly. "Tom! You!" "Yes, Pippa, me!" "She held out both her hands. "Oh, I am glad, I am glad!" "The man smiled with a rare kindling of calm gray eyes. He was tall and large. There was something in his face not to be exactly described as either strong or sweet, but was both, and even more, impossible to define. His right arm was in a sling, with his left hand he held the two smaller ones which had gathered themselves into it.

She was too joyfully excited to notice the slight tremble of the lips and the eager gaze with which he was searching in vain for the roses he had left blooming on her face only two years before. "Your wound—," she said, with a glance at the bandaged arm. "Nearly all right. And you? Have you been very happy, happy ever since, Pippa?" "Not very, not very, 'Tom." "Why? When I went away I thought you were—engaged—"

"No, not quite. And things happened." "I met Capt. Arkwright abroad and they said he was engaged—"

"Not to me," said Pippa.

"I must not ask you more, perhaps," he said, reading the rapid changes in her countenance.

"Oh, do ask me. If you know how I have wanted to tell somebody. And there was nobody I could dare to ask. I hushed it all up."

"What did you hush up, Pippa? You used to make me your confidant."

"I have never had one since you went away. Will you sit down here and be my father confessor? There, that is like the old times when I was young. It was to Amelia Dennis that Capt. Arkwright was engaged to be married."

"Are they married?"

"No."

A little touch of humor altered the curves of her mouth.

"I don't understand. How did it all happen? I thought—"

"That it was me. So did I. That is just the point."

"You—"

"Cared for him a little. Yes. It was all such a wretched blunder. But I redeemed my pride. Nobody except yourself has the faintest idea—"

The fire was in her eyes now, a fire of indignation.

"I am listening, Pippa."

"I'll tell you. Before you went away you saw—I know you saw—"

He nodded.

"Then Amelia and he and I all met at a house party. Amelia is beautiful—"

Tom saw before his mental vision a fair, oval face, long, sleepy eyes which were, however, vigilant at the corners, a perfect nose and a mouth he did not like. He said nothing, but his face expressed dissent.

Pippa contradicted the dissent.

"Yes, she is; or very attractive, at least to men—"

Tom smiled.

"Or to a great many men. She made it her business—that sounds vulgar—"

"I am as it stands."

"I saw what was happening and stood aside to let her work her will. I thought he would be the test. I said to myself that if he did not I should not care. Could you have believed me such a vain fool? They left the house where we were visiting, engaged."

"Well?"

"I never showed either of them that I felt concerned. I thought it all out with myself one night between the stroke of midnight and the sound of the breakfast gong. I was horribly miserable, Tom, but fear of being detected carried me through. Amelia came to my room that night to tell me of her latest success. She knew what she was doing, or what she thought she was doing. It would have been part of her enjoyment to see my pain, but she did not see it. I gave her my lively congratulations, and a diamond ring which she had admired on my finger. At breakfast next morning I looked, I do believe, as happy a girl as could be found. Fortunately, they both left the house where we were staying immediately afterward, and I did not see them for a month. There had to be a little waiting on account of marriage settlements before the wedding could take place. And now I come to the wicked part of my proceedings."

"Oh, it was simply this. I knew they would never pull together, and I gave them an opportunity for finding it out. I invited them both to pay a long visit at Weatherlands, and never had an engaged pair more liberty for making a thorough acquaintance with each other. Weatherlands is a retired spot, and they were thrown a great deal on each other's society. They really made a very charming group as they sat under the blossoming pear trees. They are both so good looking and she is always so exquisitely dressed. It was quite suggestive of one of Maud Goodman's pictures."

"Well, first the lines and movements of the living pictures were all expressive of poetry, but by and by a little too much fixed repose appeared in the scene. Amelia's beauty is rather of the indolent order. Long silences and airs of ennui became noticeable; later sulks and frowns. The view of life with that was entirely different, as I knew beforehand. Amelia is devoted to brilliant social life. Capt. Arkwright thinks that his ideal is romance with domesticity. The future, as envisioned by each, was distasteful to the other. It was curious to see growing gloom gradually blotting out the charms of two faces. At last Amelia announced a sudden summons home, and on the day after her departure Capt. Arkwright left of Weatherlands. A paragraph in

the next week's papers declared the breaking off of the engagement."

"Were you glad of it?"

"I laughed. I was amused at my own discernment. I felt sufficiently interested in Capt. Arkwright to prefer to see him happy, and I knew he would be miserable with Amelia. As for her, she has not yet reached the period when she may be content to tarry long at one person's side. She has a taste for getting engaged. It is her idea of sport, just as hunting the stag or the fox is with another sort of woman. She does not ride, nor play hockey or golf or tennis. The scalp of men are hung to her girdle; women are poor creatures to her. If Capt. Arkwright finds her out to-day, perhaps Maj. Tom will be at her feet to-morrow. Don't smile at me, sir. Why should you be more safe than another?"

"I am Amelia-proof," said Tom. "But this poor Arkwright—he must be very miserable. Will he return?"

"Where?"

"To you."

"To me?"

"You no longer care for him?"

Pippa's eyes flashed. "What do you take me for? If I really, really cared it would be for one who would never change. Was I not fortunate to find it out in time?"

"But you have suffered, Pippa."

"A sting of which the poison is drawn. I am shocked at what happened to me more than I am hurt. If I had found out too late that Amelia could charm him from me what would have become of me? You think I should have been furiously jealous. No, I should only have perished with cold. I am an incorrigibly faithful nature, and until this happened I did not know that there are no men of that kind, and very few women. A man like Capt. Arkwright would not know what to do with a woman like me. My fidelity and devotion would bore him to death. I hear people say that is always so with men. I listen now to words around my ears which I never took notice of before. I am an odd creature in the world, and the end of it all is I shall never marry. It is a pity, isn't it? For love, as I believe love to be, is such an exquisite dream."

"So it is, Pippa, and you are not such an odd creature as you think. Suppose another than Capt. Arkwright were to love you with a love more than equal to that of which you are capable? Suppose he had loved you for several years, and whether you loved him or not, could never give his heart to any one else?"

"I couldn't suppose it, unless I were to suppose also that he was a good-for-nothing in every other capacity. Nobody worth anything would care for me like that. You see how I am humbled—"

"I don't. You are one of the proudest women alive. It is pride, not humility, that is the matter with you. Suppose that the man were brave, honest, of good name, not displeasing to you as a friend, do you mean that you would utterly despise him merely for loving you?"

"I don't know. I am past loving. It is all that is of any consequence. I shall live my life alone. But I have no feeling of ill-will toward either Capt. Arkwright or Amelia. If they could make each other happy I'd rather they were married. But they couldn't, which is the worst of the blunder. Now, I am ever so much the better for making my confession. I don't feel so alone in the world, and I'm not ashamed as I should be if I had spoken to any other than you. You'll forgive my want of reticence and forget my mistakes, won't you, Tom?"

"I won't do all that, Pippa, and more. I won't tell you, now, anything of that more. It doesn't mean breach of promise. Meanwhile, you will promise me to believe something, even if you should elect to live your life alone?"

"What is it?"

"That a man who is not utterly worthless loves you. I won't tell you who he is, but in your present mood you should despise him; but he has distinguished himself in the service of the country. His character is such as I have suggested a few minutes ago. Physically he would be able, if he thought fit, to horse-whip Capt. Arkwright."

Pippa was silent.

"I know the man. I am not going to plead for him at present. By and by he will speak for himself."

"You know him?"

"Known him as long as I remember myself. Now I must go, Pippa. I came to your flat, but I have to report myself to the war office. May I come to you again to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, come."

"I will promise not to worry about that friend of mine until you give me leave. But any day you just hold up your little finger at me—like this—I will begin."

"Good-by, Tom." She held out her hand.

"Good-by. I see all the fingers are down."

Her hands fell by her sides.

"Time is not up. Do you remember the last line of Browning's little song—"

"Who's death? You'll love me yet."

"That's what my friend would sing if he were a singer. To-morrow then."

He was gone. Pippa stood as he had left her, her arms hanging by her sides, fingers down, her chin dropped.

"Tom loves me," she whispered to herself. "Oh, what an idiot I have been! But I am glad I told him. What shall I say to him to-morrow? God send to-morrow!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not to Be Outwitted.

It was late, and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor. Meantime, the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic resources.

"Phyllis," he called, from the top of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No, sir," replied the funny man on the Dally Bugle, "we are holding the forms for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed, wondering if they would keep house or live on him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Kentucky Suspicion.

"Do you agree with the people who assert that milk is not a wholesome article of diet?"

"Well," answered Col. Stillwell, "I wouldn't like to make positive assertions. But I have heard it rumored that they put a great deal of water into it."—Washington Star.

IMPORTANT FARM PROBLEMS.

With Some Suggested Solutions From Prof. W. M. Hays.

A BETTER WAY TO MANAGE THE FIELDS—The yeoman, renter or paid farm manager who is supplied with domestic animals or will work into stock can introduce a system of field management which will produce better crops than can be produced in all-grain farming. He will be able so to combine his products and increase the value of his crops that he can make his land earn more income, and his labor and the labor of his family be so utilized throughout the year that his profits will not be consumed by heavy labor bills. Grain may not soon reach high prices, but the time of permanently depressed meat prices probably passed away when consumption of meats overtook the sudden increase of production on the Western ranges. The farmer who turns a large part of his crops into live stock products is henceforth pretty sure to win out. And it is very fortunate that we can produce stable manure and otherwise use domestic animals to fertilize the soil instead of purchasing commercial fertilizers.

PRACTICAL ROTATIONS—A practical rotation for these western counties is something as follows: First year, wheat; second year, grass (or the grass family—wheat); third year, grass; fourth year, grass (or if the grass is not needed—grain); fifth year, grain; sixth year, corn. The wheat gives the grass a year in which to start, the grass prepares the land for grain; the grain stubble furnishes a good place upon which to spread the manure in winter for corn, thus preparing the land for that crop. The corn in turn prepares the land for wheat, giving the manure a year to decompose so that the wheat will not fall down, and also gives a solid seed bed on which to sow clover and grass among the crop of wheat. The clover is thus completed, and the soil is so well prepared for each crop by the previous crop that there is a good yield every year. This rotation does not fit all conditions, as it requires six fields to carry it along properly, that there may be produced the same number of acres of each crop each year.

As regards their sequence and use in rotation there are three classes of crops—grasses, grasses and cultivated crops, including corn. Grasses prepare the land for grasses. Cultivated crops prepare the land for grains and grasses. The grasses, including the clovers, prepare the soil for either grain or cultivated crops. None of the small grains prepare the soil for other small grains, and none of the grasses prepare the land for grasses, though cultivated crops prepare the land for cultivated crops.

PERFECT SYSTEM OF FARM MANAGEMENT—The absent owner of lands used for wheat is really in competition with that great institution, the farm family, which builds up a home, and can thrive with only a part of its remuneration in the form of cash. The home, the food raised on the farm, the free ownership, are valuable, and while measured by a different standard than the investor's interest money, give the real farmer the advantage. He can afford to own the land at a price beyond where rented lands, or lands managed by a foreman, can pay profits. Heretofore there was a profit to the investor in the rise in value of the lands. Soon a minimum value will have been reached, and the investor can afford to own lands only when he can find renters or farm managers who will manage them under a system of diversified farming, and in a better manner than the average yeoman.

A EDUCATED YEOMANRY NEEDED—All believe that it is well for the nation that our farms be owned by many small holders who live on and farm the land. This is our most stable and virile class, from which come most of those strong characters which lead in our civilization. As a class, farm homesteaders should be encouraged, built up, their business made more systematic and their homes more pleasurable. Minnesota has proven that farmers may successfully be educated in an agricultural high school, and having proven this the states and nation should extend agricultural high school education as city high school education has been extended. Country life in Minnesota would be as rapidly enriched by agricultural high schools containing 15,000 students as are our cities by the city high schools with their 15,000 students.

NEW CONDITIONS REQUIRE NEW METHODS—As our Western lands grow older, weeder, contain less of humus, and get in poorer mechanical condition, there is need of more attention to keeping them fertile, clean and in proper form. That means that we must keep a proper proportion of our acres in crops which are to be used for live stock. In the rotation mentioned above about two-thirds of the lands are devoted to live stock products, one-third to grains which may be sold off the farm. Upon starting into a new farm the aim should be to soon reduce the marketable crops to a point below 50 per cent. As a whole, Western Minnesota, the writer believes, should soon devote no more than one-third of its area to wheat, flax, oats and barley for sale. Meats, dairy products, and even horses are going to pay. Wheat and flax will pay far better on farms where live stock farming keeps the fields enriched. Now, when drouth has caused stockers to be cheap to the southward, is the time when the Northwest should secure a large number of those grade beef, dairy and general-purpose heifers which are sure to be sacrificed from the farms of drouth-stricken Kansas and surrounding states. When animals are low is the profitable time to stock up with females, and that never was truer in Minnesota than now. We have a fair amount of hay, fodder corn and stover, and the straw is not only over-abundant, but it is unusually free from injury from rust or from rains while in the shock.

Quite a Relief.

"Miss Susan B. Anthony has been writing about 'My Ideal Husband.'" "This ought to relieve a good many men."

"Why so?"

"It won't take 'em long to discover that they can't live up to her ideal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Either Case.

"A missing Michigan girl is thought to be the victim of love or somnambulism."

"Well, in either case she'll wake up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fish—Are you a suitor for Miss Brown's hand?

Sprat—Yes; but I didn't."

Fish—Didn't what?"

Sprat—Sult her."—Tid-Bits.



THE HARVESTED CROP.

From a distance the effect was that of a sheet of the purest snow, glittering in the sunlight; but when the first explorers ventured upon the newly formed crust they were unable to endure for long the fierce refraction of the light, and fled blindly with aching eyeballs from that insufferable radiance. Equipped with colored glasses, they returned, and soon a company was working the richest salt crystal field in existence.

All that was necessary was to plow out the salt and grind it up. A salt plow was devised and built. It has four wheels and a heavy and powerful steel beam, or breaker, and the motive power is steam. Then a grinding mill and drying plant was put up, a dummy line run up to connect with the Southern Pacific railroad, and the work of taking out five and one-half tons daily at from \$8 to \$15 a ton began. The great difficulty, however, was to get labor. Probably nowhere else on the earth's surface do men work under such terrible conditions of tempera-

ture as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado desert, which is such that few white men can live in that region, is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun. For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 140 degrees every day. Under these conditions, of course, no white man can work. The salt plowing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigors of the climate without evil effects. To watch the steady, stolid performance of the red-skinned toiler as he hoes, shovels and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plow, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying conditions. Some of the Indian laborers even work without glasses; but all the Japs protect their eyes from the baneful glare with the darkest of spectacles, and even so they are often laid off with optic inflammation. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields the flying particles generate a peculiarly irritating and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves

important factor, to keep the cans clean so that you can send your milk to the creamery without having the milk rejected. The can must be sweet and clean in order to keep the milk sweet. That same milk can must be emptied out as it comes from the factory at noon, so you have it ready for the evening milk. Don't let it stand out by the road until you are ready to milk. I have seen a good many places where the patron will empty the can and clean same out with cold water if they have no warm water handy. It is no wonder that some patrons get the milk back the next day because the can had no chance to air out and was not fit to use for milk. Empty your cans out as soon as you get them back; rinse them with cold water, then boiling hot water. Use a brush to wash them; never take a rag and think that will do the work. It will not; a brush will find every hollow place in the can and do the work better than anything else you can get. Then after the can is washed lay it down in a

salt is allowed to remain in the pyramids until complete evaporation of all water takes place, when it is transferred to the flat cars and carried to the mills at Salton. The factory is a structure about 800 feet in length and consists of a milling and drying plant. When the salt arrives at the mill it is thrown into a bulkhead breaker and reduced to uniform particles, which are run through a burr mill and thoroughly ground. There is an almost imperceptible portion of carbonate of soda mixed with the native salt, and this simply aids in the cleansing process. When thoroughly ground the salt is sifted like flour through bolting cloth, put through an aspirator, which removes all foreign substances, and is then ready to sack. Aside from the refined or domestic salt there are tons and tons of hide-salt shipped annually from Salton. This grade is only sold for commercial and industrial purposes.

The most delightful time to visit the crystal lake is upon a moonlight night.

place where the fresh air can blow into it and let it lie there for about three hours. Then you will have a can that is ready and fit to receive the milk.

Reckless.

First Bullfrog (swimming) I see your husband enjoying a stroll on the beach.

Second Bullfrog (swimming, worried) —Yes; and it's right after dinner; whereas, he knows perfectly well he should never go out of the water until two hours after eating.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pass.

Mrs. Von Blumer—My dear, how could you bring those people to dinner without first letting me know?

Von Blumer—Why, if I had let you know the cook would have got up and left.—New York Herald.

The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she is perfectly willing to have me.

The Mother—Yes; she is very dutiful.

SALT BEING PLOWED UP.

The spectacle is magnificent, but weird. The rows of glistening pyramids, the glitter of the moonlight from the facets of millions of crystals, the distant background of low, black hills, the expanse and stillness of the shadowless plain, strike one with awe and wonder that can never be forgotten.

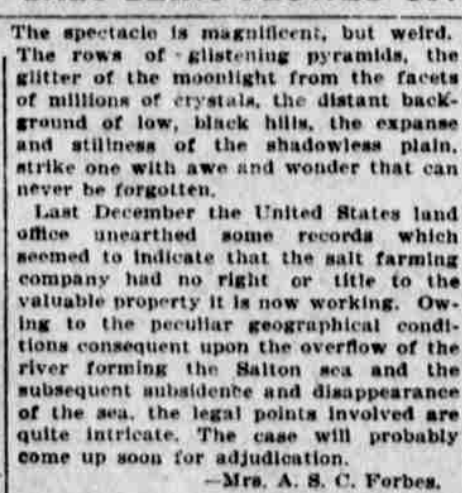
Last December the United States land office unearthed some records which seemed to indicate that the salt farming company had no right or title to the valuable property it is now working. Owing to the peculiar geographical conditions consequent upon the overflow of the river forming the Salton sea and the subsequent subsidence and disappearance of the sea, the legal points involved are quite intricate. The case will probably come up soon for adjudication.

—Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

CARE OF THE MILK ON THE FARM.

Some Points "With Money in Them" From Dairymen.

The cow is the first thing to start with. She must be kept clean and taken good



care as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado desert, which is such that few white men can live in that region, is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun. For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 140 degrees every day. Under these conditions, of course, no white man can work. The salt plowing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigors of the climate without evil effects. To watch the steady, stolid performance of the red-skinned toiler as he hoes, shovels and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plow, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying conditions. Some of the Indian laborers even work without glasses; but all the Japs protect their eyes from the baneful glare with the darkest of spectacles, and even so they are often laid off with optic inflammation. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields the flying particles generate a peculiarly irritating and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves