

It is not always safe to gauge prosperity by the number of men one sees carrying fishpoles.

Austria is going to tax bachelors, childless couples and widows. We feel sorry for the widows.

They are all bad enough, but most people would prefer reading about the "distant earthquakes."

Behind nearly every sweet girl graduate is a tired woman who is pleased to respond to the name of mother.

Scientists have decided that the earth is at least 240,000,000 years old. Doesn't seem half that old, does it?

Some women have the happy faculty of getting pretty hats, no matter how homely the styles they have to select from.

The indications are that there will be an unusually large crabapple crop this year. Work up an appetite for crabapples. It may come in handy.

Announcement is made of the fact that George Meredith left no unpublished works. His publishers seem to have been guilty of a serious oversight.

E. H. Harriman thinks we are about to enter upon the most prosperous era in the history of the country. Even his bitterest foes will hope he is a good prophet.

It is announced that cigars may be made of alfalfa. They may be made of cabbage, too, but a majority of the people who use them prefer to have them made of tobacco.

Where once they took wood and vegetables on subscription, Kansas editors are now running their automobiles in to telephone poles and flying to kingdom come on the wings of the morning.

One of the coal operators informs us that fire damp is positively not a dangerous thing where the profits of the operator might be interfered with if men were prevented from working in it.

A. Booth of the failed fish firm knew the bottom, from cleaning a fish up. His son, William Vernon Booth, was a fine polo player, and bright and shining social light. This will explain much.

The annual report of gold in the Adirondacks is again made. This time a deputy sheriff has found a rich lead near Lake Placid. There certainly ought to be gold in the Adirondacks, for there is nothing else of value in the soil.

English is to be taught hereafter in all the public schools of Guatemala. If the spread of a knowledge of English continues, it will not be many years before Americans can travel all over the world and talk with the natives without having to learn any language but their own.

Many wise men have made lists of the "hundred best books," but few of the lists are wise. Dr. E. M. Crothers discourses, in the Atlantic Monthly, on the "hundred worst books." He argues that for the guidance of the reader "the reefs and shoals should be properly marked." Then, like a true humorist, he refrains from giving the list of the "hundred worst." Each reader can make a list for himself.

Between ten and fifteen million dollars a year are required to pay for work on new public buildings erected by the national government, which is one of the largest builders in the world, and is therefore deeply interested in the strength of the materials used in its structures. Plans have been completed for a machine to be used at the Geological Survey station in Pittsburgh for testing steel, concrete, brick and stone columns to discover which are best adapted to use under different circumstances. The machine, which will be the largest in America, will be capable of exercising a pressure of ten million pounds, or much more than any column is likely to be called upon to bear.

Science makes such quick work of theories nowadays that no wise parent dares dogmatize on anything but the rules of three. Therefore it is that when President Elliot is reported to have protested against the intermarriage of the races and given it as his opinion that Irish should not marry with Americans of English descent, Germans with Italians, the Jews with the French, we must swallow our ejaculation of dissent and wait until Johnny comes home from school with his latest text book. In our own unlearned day we had thought all great races were composites. Our simple uncentury notion was that the Norse mixed with the Gaul and the Norman with the Saxon-Dane of England to make the great English race. We had thought a blend of Teuton and Latin gave us the renaissance; while the mixture of races in the Saxon-Dutch-Breish-French-Irish-German-American of colonial ancestry has not seemed within our knowledge of individual cases to have made for weakness. Certainly if the distinguished ex-president of Harvard is right we shall have to pack overboard one of our most cherished illusions—if it is an illusion. We do not all believe he will be a blend of all the races under the happy condition of political freedom and social opportunity? Perhaps there are ethical differences not to be composed, as between negro, Caucasian, Indian, Mongol. But do not ask us to draw the racial line too narrowly. Inter-marriage is an important factor in America's scheme.

A speaker at a public meeting in an Eastern city recently made a statement which fell with a shock of dismay upon many ears. He declared that the time-honored occupation of sawing wood is fast becoming obsolete. The speaker himself, he said, had been brought up at the wood-pile; he had sawed wood all through his boyhood—had, literally, sawed a large part of his way through college; but to-day his own boy could not saw wood if he wished to do so. There is in that city, as in many others, no wood to saw. An experiment made not long ago by a certain other city is an interesting commentary upon the speaker's declaration. The matter of public playgrounds was under debate, and it was finally decided, with a strange misapprehension of the significance and value of play, that it would be better to give its boys an opportunity for exercise than for recreation. It was therefore determined to give them the privilege of sawing wood. Whether the boys appreciated their opportunity, the record does not state, but the expense of securing and distributing the wood and supplying the implements wherewith to saw made the experiment too costly to be repeated. Current fiction, that most accurate mirror of any age, has already taken cognizance—although perhaps unconsciously—of the vanishing wood pile. No longer do we find a hero of to-day sawing his way to fame. The comic papers, equally sensitive in many ways, but still dominated by the ghosts of ancient jokes, have not yet divorced the wood pile and the tramp, but doubtless they will in time. It is a trifle bewildering, of course. So long have we associated the wood pile with greatness that we wonder perplexedly what substitute the new days can offer for its salutary discipline; how, without its stern friendliness, our heroes can achieve distinction. Yet somehow, after all, we still seem to have men among us, and every emergency reveals its master, steady-handed, at the helm. What the future will substitute for the wood pile none can yet foretell. It is ours, however, speeding the old with courage, to greet the new with cheerful hearts. The wood pile has gone. Yet somehow "discipline must be maintained," and life will not fall to furnish the means.

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THE "CENT SCHOOL."

A "cent school" is not so common now as it once was. It was so called, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, because the children who came to it brought a cent each, tightly clutched in the hand or knotted in a handkerchief corner. This cent paid the tuition for the day. If it was forgotten the child was sent home for it. The school was kept by an old lady. The smallest children used to go to it. The cent school might be described as a great-aunt of the present kindergarten, although Eunice Swain, who kept this particular one, would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to be amused, but to work. They were put on benches in the kitchen, because it was warm there, and she herself sat in the dining-room door, and taught them, or punished them, as the spirit bade her. She taught the three R's, and manners, and truth-telling, and above all, humility, impressing on these infants daily that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings. "There will never be what thy grandfather was, Zenas Macy!" cried Miss Swain to a freckled lad with sea-blue eyes. "He owned his ship, and made seven voyages round the world. And what is thee?" The boy wriggled uneasily on his bench. "Mary, Liza Hussey, say nine times, Thee can't! Say seven times, Thee can't! Thy great-aunt, Liza Mary, was at the head of the arithmetic class when I went to school." The children of the cent school outgrew it in a year or two, and went somewhere else, and other little children took their places. They were always young children there, but Eunice Swain grew older and smaller and more bent than ever. She sat in the doorway with a handkerchief tied round her head because of drafts. On the table were her pennies and a string switch. It is not on record that any of her children loved her, but some of them, let us hope all, looked back on her kindly when they were grown up.

Doctoring by the Contract.

Suppose we pay the doctor by the week. To doctor us however great or slight is our ailment—health insurance, so to speak. We'd probably have less appendicitis. Likewise if things could just be thus fixed up. So we on the installment plan could buy a Good bunch of health 'tis likely that our cup Would not be bitter from neurasthenia. It certainly's a most attractive scheme. Thus to avoid the periodic shadings From bunch that break us, so we'd never dream Of suffering again from general breakdown.

The joy of living it would color so "Twould seem that we saw life's light through a prism, And yet we have some dire doubts, don't you know, About our darned old chronic rheumatism.

But let us pay the doctor by the week, And we pay for our furniture and fixtures, And maybe the druggist need not seek So often, for those queer prescription mixtures. —Indianapolis News.

Never Say Dye. "Yes," he chattered, "I will love you just as much when you are old and gray!" "Well," said she, decisively, "I may live to be old, but I'll never be gray!" —Detroit Free Press.

There is not much falling in love lately; and those that are in are falling out.

TURKISH WOMEN TO BENEFIT FROM THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

WOMEN in Turkey insist upon freedom as well as men, and under the changed conditions of government due to the triumph of the Young Turk party and the deposition of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. will rapidly rise to the status of their sisters in other European lands, according to Reouf Ahmad Bey, acting Consul General of Turkey in New York City and secretary of the Turkish legation in Washington. As quoted by the New York Sunday World, he said about the recent changes and their consequences: "As the years go by the Moslem women will not feel bound by the conventions that bind them now as part of the old order. They will adopt the ideas of conventional association of men and women; receptions and social gatherings that are, with you, everyday affairs, lending useful recreation to women and enlarging their knowledge, will soon be as common in Turkey as they are in Western countries. The men of Turkey are at heart as liberal in this regard as other men. "It may be a quarter of a century before Turkey achieves prominence as an industrial nation, but that is only a day in her long history. In the next few years you will witness such activity in the fields that Turkey will be supplying foreign markets with breadstuffs, and in five years from now, I venture to predict, she will be among the first of the cotton-growing countries. We can raise better cotton than Egypt, which now is supposed to raise the best, and we can raise infinitely more of it. The possibilities of cotton growing in Mesopotamia are boundless, and the new government will encourage it in every way. A large company has been formed in Constantinople to colonize Mesopotamia for the purpose and the government has issued \$45,000,000 of bonds and employed an English engineer to establish order. "The Turkish people are progressive. Government oppression has not diminished this spirit in them nor quieted their desire for liberty. That the masses have made no advancement is not because they are less capable of helping themselves than the masses of the people everywhere else, but because they have had neither incentive nor opportunity. The government gave them nothing, and look everything from them. All they could make at their best was taken from them in taxes to enrich the personal retainers of the Sultan. Until now Turkey has been a government for the betterment of palace officials only. "From top to bottom of the social scale all the people of Turkey, with the few exceptions that it is not necessary for me to note, are in favor of popular government, and understanding the principles of it as they do, are ready for it. The franchise will be as free in Turkey as it is in the United States, and you will see that an intelligent use will be made of it. "It is like an impression here and abroad that the Turkish people consider the Sultan a sacred being, something more than human. You possibly have heard it said that the Turkish soldier fights desperately in the conviction that he is fighting for a deity in doing battle in the name of the Sultan. The Turk has no such illusions. No lack of proof of this is to be found in the fact that seven Sultans before Abdul Hamid have been deposed."

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Favorite feminine Bromidion: "All men are perfect boobies when they're sick abed." The man who permits his wife to designate a certain little spot in the house as the one place in which he shall smoke deserves all that he gets, and he never fails to get it. Slathers of married women get in bad by heeding the queer advice of Lady Penamiths (mostly spinsters), whose dictum is that the proper way to hold a husband is to hold him at arm's length.

The highly exalted faithfulness of women often is a matter of plain policy. Plenty of careless men would strictly toe the faithful mark if their reward for so doing were to be agreeably taken care of for life.

The man who knows the difference at sight between a \$25 embroidered shirtwaist and one of those cute little ruffe-fronted \$1.48 shirtwaists usually is a male person whose opinion isn't worth valuing anyhow.

It is the woman who shrieks at "Central" through the phone and calls her a saucy hussy and such like who wonders why it is that telephone girls are so much more polite and prompt in responding to men's calls.

Familiar quotation: "Oh, I've got plenty of leftover summer clothes, dearie. All I'll need to eke out will be a few little linen suits and seven or eight more shirtwaists and three or four summery hats and some tan and champagne-colored shoes and a new supply of silk stockings—just a little odds and ends like those!"

Did you ever feel kind of onery and things with yourself when, after blowing \$7.50 on a bunch of cheerful workers, you went home and found her tacking some frizzled old sweet peas on a last year's hat frame?

Extract from "The Dairy of a Neglected Wife": "This now mid-summer, and my birthday is in December and my husband hasn't said one word about it yet, nor what he is going to get me. Gracious powers, give me the strength to go on enduring."

An Unofficial Visit. One should always distinguish between the private and the official capacity of a person. The way of the policeman may thus be made hard because he is forced to arrest his friends, sometimes his former comrades. Nevertheless, stern necessity demands that the distinction should be kept. A writer in the New York Times tells how the Russian novelist, Tolstoy, is wont to act when occasion demands. Tolstoy abominates sneaks and spies

of all kinds. Melikoff, a sneak and a spy, he especially abominates. One day Melikoff, suspecting that a good deal of revolutionary work was going on at Tolstoy's estate, dropped in unexpectedly. "Do you come," said Tolstoy to him, "officially, or as a private person? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search. Examine everything. You are quite free to do so." "But, count," said Melikoff, "believe me, I come to you as a private person." Tolstoy looked at him in silence. Then, calling two stalwart muzhiks, he said: "Here, pitch this man out of the house!"

FANS ARE NO LONGER IN IT.

People Are Interested Now Only in The Antique Specimens. It is said the fan trade is steadily declining, and this, too, in spite of the fact that at no time has that graceful weapon of coquetry and comfort been so universal. Some of the leading fan houses in Paris have closed their doors, and one of the best fanmakers, whose patronage includes the elite of Europe, declares the day is past when long prices will be paid for fans. One instantly seeks the reason for the change of sentiment which thus affects trade. The aforesaid fanmaker explains it by saying the German copies of the expensive styles have done a good deal to injure first-class trade. The richest customers buy only antiques. Instead of seeking the work of modern artists who make exquisite pictures they will fly into raptures over a dirty old fan that is by no means beautiful, merely because it is an "antique," and a possible Louis XVI. Not long since a lady went into ecstasies before a beautiful fan painted only the other day. She declared she had seen nothing lovelier in any art exposition in Europe, that nothing was done nowadays like it, it was genuine. She was not at all pleased when told the truth that it had been made in those very workrooms. The Japanese fan has proved a formidable rival to the artistic French fan. It is pretty and dainty, but its price dummies it with faint praise. What lady arrayed in a \$1,000 costume could fan herself with a bit of colored paper? But the majority of women eschew fans. They are only carried on state occasions for no one wants to be bothered with their care. A museum is the best place for this rare antique, particularly if it has any historic association guaranteed.

Careless. "Her hair is always so gracefully careless in appearance; why don't you wear your hair that way?" "It takes three hours to give it that careless look."—Houston Post.

IN SYMPATHY WITH HIS AUDIENCE.



Gushing Musician—D'you know, it makes me feel sad when I play. Hostess (seeing too late her unintentional double meaning)—That is, you feel in such sympathy with your audience!—London Opinion.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHO OWNS THE AIR?

HERE is a vexed question which must one of these days be decided by our lawmakers. Houses, barns and human beings require space. Therefore, we own some air. Yet a landholder would simply be ridiculous if he laid claim to the rainfall from a cloud directly above his property. Driven by the wind onto the grounds of his neighbor. Therefore there is evidently a limit to the distance above ground which may reasonably be fixed as owned by the land. Since law usually defines property as anything which one is able to defend, atmospheric tenure is somewhat hazy. But aerograms invade the air in every direction. In a few years airships will dash at tremendous speed over land and sea. How shall we regulate all this?

Every navigable river and lake and sea is strewn with discarded glassware, yet no mermaid has complained of a scalp wound, but what is going to happen when a care-free airship floats on an aerial spree begins to dot the landscape with bottles? How close to earth will airships be permitted to travel without trespass? What damages shall be fixed for destroying steeples and chimneys? Where may sky-sailors descend without trespassing? Will conflicting wireless systems render it necessary to restrict the use of air? May not the qualities of air be changed by surcharge of electricity? These are only a few points to be decided by legislation, but even they sufficiently indicate that a serious question is hidden in the problem of who owns the air.—Chicago Journal.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PRESS.

IN recent medical conferences the need of closer relations between the medical profession and the general public formed one of the leading topics for discussion. The consensus of opinion now is that the era of mystery is past and that the physician should be the public's guide, counselor and friend. Medicine to-day is largely preventive, and the war on contagious diseases is a campaign for education, cleanliness, registration and wide observance of reasonable rules of right living. This recognition of the need and value of publicity not unnaturally leads to a reconsideration of the "ticklish" question of what is indiscriminately called "advertising." The old-fashioned idea is that all forms of advertising are prohibited by medical ethics, and that the physician who directly appeals to the public writes himself down as a "commercial" practitioner of low ideals. A candid treatment of the subject, such as is found in the address of Dr. Pettit, president of the Illinois State Medical Society, at the Quincy meeting of that body, shows that the old so-called ethical principles are honored in the breach rather than in the ob-



NOT FOR HER

"Don't you ever get tired of standing behind that case all day?" asked the crockery drummer when the pretty girl at the cigar counter had dumped his change down on the little rubber mat. "Oh, yes, I get tired," said the girl, "but it isn't the standing behind the case that does it. It's the questions some people ask me." "I didn't think you'd take a shot at me like that!" protested the crockery drummer, setting his elbows on the cigar case and taking a sidelong glance toward the desk to see if the hotel clerk was observing his conquest. "Why, I've been figuring that you'd throw a fit when I told you I've got to go to Milwaukee this evening."

"Don't you ever make any bets about me throwing any fits over one of your drummers?" snuffed the pretty cigar girl. "Why, there's a waiting list of 'em as long as your arm over there at the desk."

"That shows how popular you are," said the traveling salesman. "Every time I head for Chicago I'm seated to death because you're likely to have been grabbed off by some wise traveling salesman with a cruel black moustache and heavenly eyes."

"Say, you ought to be writing novels instead of trying to sell crockery!" said the pretty cigar girl. "When I'm ready to get married I'm not going to fall for any traveling man. Believe me, I've seen too much of 'em around this hotel."

"I suppose not," sighed the crockery man. "There's no such luck in my line as to coax you out from behind that cigar case and stand you up in front of a preacher. I've been thinking of it, though."

"You hand out that line of talk to every cigar counter girl on your route," said the pretty cigar girl. "Do you suppose I'd want a husband that was home only once in two or three weeks and was flying around the country all the time, like you? I should say not! When I take the fatal step I'm going to get Hove-Loving Harry, the domestic delight."

"Where are you going to find him?" demanded the traveling salesman, opening another box of cork tips. "Not fluttering around this hotel lobby? You'll make the mistake of your life, Mabel, if you tie up to one of those mamma boys that's afraid when the electric lights are turned on."

"Mabel!" echoed the pretty cigar girl. "Who gave you a license to call me Mabel? You've got your nerve!" "I heard the clerk telling the manager that Mabel was or duty," said the drummer, "and I dropped all my business engagements and came right over here to talk to you. I don't care whether I sell a carload of china to the hotel or not—so long as I keep you away from that Harry fellow you were talking about. Take it from me, you don't want to make any break like that. You want a man of experience, like me."

"Leave it to you to have the experience!" retorted the pretty cigar girl. "Anyhow, where did you get the idea that I wanted to get married? Nothing like that for mine! I wouldn't give up my independence and my little job here for the best man living."

servance. There are many indirect forms of advertising which the profession tolerates and which are really objectionable on the score of good taste. There are forms of direct, honest, truthful advertising which are irritatingly abused. Common sense, in these days of publicity and the all-powerful popular newspaper, cannot but insist on a thorough study of the ethics of advertising and on proper distinction between the legitimate use of the press, the dissemination of beneficial information and the abuse of publicity through fraud, exaggeration and flamboyant sensationalism. There is evidence that the progressive men of the medical profession are clearing their minds of prejudice and cant, and that the relations between the public and the physicians are undergoing a significant change.—Chicago Record-Herald.

COST OF LIVING IN EUROPE.

GOVERNMENTS nowadays conduct sociological investigations. The British government has just published in three immense volumes its inquiry into the cost of living as it affects the workman in forty different English, French and German cities. An epitome of these volumes is presented in the following figures and facts: Wages in France are 25 per cent lower, and in Germany 17 per cent lower than in England. The hours of work in France are 17 per cent longer than in England and in Germany 10 per cent longer. The French workman pays in rent or for lodgings 2 per cent less than the English workman, while the German pays 23 per cent more than his English brother. But if the English workman were to live in France on the same footing, buying the same supplies in the same quantities, his expenses would increase 18 per cent, as they also would in Germany. From these generalizations each man may figure according to his inclination whether he would rather be a German, French or English workman.—Minneapolis Tribune.

WHAT FASHIONS DO FOR WOMEN.

MAN laughs at the utterly servile way in which all women at the same time put on large hats or small hats, loose gowns or tight gowns, at the decree of fashion. To that unseen god women have raised up altars of felt, velvet and feathers, of straw, flowers and fruit, higher than Adam's mementos' heartbeats. In his name they have endured pain greater than herodotee or howling Dervish ever inflicted on himself with knife and torch. But at least it should be recognized that this fashion is a god, the god of democracy. By imposing the same gown, of the same hue, cut in the same way, upon a thousand women, the unattractive woman is saved from the peril of being conspicuous.—New York Post.

"Well, you leave me out when you go as far as that," said the drummer, sadly, "but I can't see why a good looking girl like you wastes her sweetness on the lobby air. You ought to have a nice little home of your own somewhere, with roses climbing all over the front of it and a garden seat for you and me to lounge in when I'm in town. Or else a snug little flat," he went on, "where I could have a few of the boys up for a little poker game once in a while and you could fix up the lunch for us and take care of the rake-off. Doesn't that listen good to you, Mabel?"

"You ought to hire somebody to wake you up when you get one of these spells," said the cigar girl. "Besides, you've been here for ten minutes and I've rung up only a stinky little dime in all that time. The manager's got his eye on you. Now he's coming this way."—Chicago Daily News.

GREATEST ASSET OF JAPAN.

People Patriotic Enough to Give Up Thirty Per Cent of Income. But the basic answer to the question, "How does Japan manage to pay her bills?" can hardly be found in the statistical table of her financial annual. The greatest asset of our empire is sentimental, says Adachi Kinoshita in the American Review of Reviews. That our western friends may see this fact clearly, permit me to put it in the following manner: Let the government of the United States go to Mr. Smith in Chicago and Mr. Brown in New York street and say to them: "You are receiving \$100,000 a year in income and we want you to give to the support of the government in one form or another \$30,000 a year of your income." Let the German government or the British go to their people and say the same thing. What would happen? A first-class revolution on the spot. The people of Japan are performing the financial miracle of giving up about 30 per cent of their net income every day, without saying a word about it. In other words, the greatest asset of the Japanese empire of today is the patriotism of her people. Within twenty-five years, perhaps, at the rate of conquest, western materialism and the doctrine of individual rights are making among our people, we shall be as civilized as any other so-called Christian nation. As yet, however, the state to the imagination of the people of Japan is greater than all the gods. The glorification of the state is the Mecca of all our dreams. We take very seriously all matters connected with the state; so seriously, indeed, that we have no sense of humor about them. That is the reason why we caricature all of our eight million gods in the pleasantest of moods in the world; why we do not for a moment permit any one to caricature his majesty the emperor. This also is the reason why we have no graft in our government finance. And that saves a lot of money for our country.

Prepare by Plowing or Spading Deeply, Beginning Early. Asparagus is a perennial herb cultivated for its edible young shoots. It is a rugged plant and will thrive under adverse conditions, but to obtain the succulent stalks needed for culinary purposes well drained, rich soil is absolutely necessary. The soil should be well mixed with rotted manures containing much nitrogen and potash. Prepare the bed by plowing or spading deeply, beginning the work early and looking after the drainage problem carefully. Plants at least one year old should be obtained for this bed. They can be raised from seed, which is sown outdoors in April in drills one foot apart, the soil being covered about one-half inch. Plants suitable for transplanting the following spring may be easily grown this way or the roots may be obtained from one to three years old. Set the plants in the permanent bed in furrows eighteen inches apart, the plants being the same distance apart in the furrows. Be careful to spread the roots out naturally and set each plant on a little mound of earth in the furrow. Cover at first to a depth of a few inches, gradually filling in as the season advances. In the fall cut back all the stalks to a level with the ground for the winter. In the second year loosen the soil by shallow spading. When the first shoots appear the rows may be hilled up somewhat. Cut sparingly until the third year, as the plants will be more productive afterward.

GLOVES MUST FIT EASILY.

One Fashion That Will Be Found Never to Change. Fashion's fit gloves come and go, no matter what their length, if gloves do not fit easily, the hands appear short and clumsy. The fingers of the glove should be quite as long as the fingers of the hand. Besides, tight gloves do not last, which is an economical consideration. Refined and cultured women never

Her Busy Day.

Hizlety-pizlety, my black hen; She laid three eggs at half-past ten; She laid another at half-past eight, And then laid off to re-coop-her-eight. —Lippincott's Magazine. Every woman believes that her horse, her cow, her cat, her dog and her bird "know exactly what you say to them."