



THE PLANK USED TO PLATTEN THE FIELD AND COVER THE SEED

AGRICULTURE IN SOUTHERN PERSIA

By A. HEINICKE



THRESHING



WINNOWING THE LAST OF A STACK

CIVILIZATION has as yet made little progress in Persia. Western modern inventions in agricultural machinery and scientific methods of cultivating have passed over this country without leaving an impression on the farmers. The land is tilled in much the same way as in the days of Noah! The simplest and most primitive tools and implements are still employed to break up and prepare the soil. The plow, drawn by a pair of zebus, is a very crude affair. The share, made of soft iron imported from Sweden, is attached to rough wooden bars made by the village carpenter, and the plow is fastened to the heavy yoke by a chain. The soil is merely scratched on the surface, for the depth to which the share penetrates depends entirely on the physical exertion of the driver, who is often merely a youth. As soon as the rainy season sets in, generally somewhere about November, field work begins. Only two kinds of grain are grown in Persia, wheat for bread and barley for the food of the horses, donkeys and mules, though now it is also often used for baking purposes by the poorer classes. When the seed has been sown, a plank, five feet long by one and a half feet broad, pressed down by the weight of the driver, who stands on it, is driven over the ground to level it and to cover the seed so that it shall not be washed out when the fields are flooded by artificial irrigation. If the rains are good and plentiful, the young green blades soon show above ground, but if the nourishing element falls, artificial irrigation must be resorted to, and the few springs which exist in the Shiraz valley become worth a good deal of money.



BRINGING IN THE CHAFF

pestles, to get rid of the remaining husks. The Persian wheat bread is sold in big, flat, pancake-like pieces called sangak (from sang, the stone), from the fact that it is baked in an oven with a floor of heated pebbles. As it is so thin, it is baked through into crust, and tastes best while still hot. As the poorer classes all over the south of Persia live on nothing else but bread, the harvest means everything to them, and the price of wheat is a very serious matter. Bread riots break out if prices reach the famine point, and are a source of much trouble to the authorities. Many a governor has had to face them, and therefore it is the aim of every ruler in Persia



A WELL FOR ARTIFICIAL IRRIGATION

soon as he enters the gates of his capital to fix a low price for the bread, which means that all the poorer classes praise him and stand by his side while the big landowners grumble and intrigue against him to get him removed to some other district.

Old-Fashioned Agricultural Implements

Times have changed in agriculture, as in many other things, and at the present day we can hardly realize the difficulties that beset the farmer upwards of a century ago. Early spring was often a trying time for him, when his supplies of cattle food were apt to become exhausted before the new grass appeared. There were then no turnips, mangolds, oil-cake, soy beans or similar foods to be procured and he had sometimes great difficulty in keeping his cattle from starvation, especially in the late districts. It is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that in parts of Scotland the cattle were at times so weak in spring from want of food that they were unable to rise from their stalls when the new grass did come. The custom therefore arose for farmers in a neighborhood to meet together and go from farm to farm for the purpose of carrying the helpless cattle out to the fields. This was termed the cattle lifting, a much more humane method of "cattle lifting" than that which used to prevail on the borders.

These methods, however, entailed too much manual labor where gorse was used in considerable quantity. In such case a gorse, furze or whin mill, as it was variously called in different districts, was utilized. The whin mill was built after one of two types; the most common consisted of a circular stone, shaped somewhat like a millstone, standing on edge, with approximately a diameter of four feet and a thickness of a foot. In the center of the stone a hole was cut, through which a shaft about 14 feet long was fixed. On end of the shaft was attached to an iron pin firmly fixed into an earth-fast stone, and the other end was fitted with tacking to which a horse could be yoked. The gorse shoots were then thrown into a circular trough or course, where they were crushed as the mill-stone slowly revolved. The farmer occasionally stirred them up with a hay-fork and sprinkled them with water to facilitate the crushing process. Crushing went on for about a couple of hours, by which time the gorse was sufficiently pulped to be eaten by the cattle.

In the wilder parts of Scotland, where gorse or furze was plentiful, the young shoots were often used in spring as a supplementary food for both cattle and horses. The shoots were cut down and then removed to the farm to be there crushed into a rough pulp which could be eaten by the cattle. It was eagerly devoured by them, and they thrived upon it. Cows gave richer milk when they were supplied with crushed gorse, and the milk was free from unpleasant flavor, such as other green winter foods sometimes induce. Horses, too, relished the food.

In the second type of mill another form of stone, shaped somewhat like a field-roller, was utilized. This pattern was not so common as the wheel-shaped. The roller revolved on a flat circular course paved with stones, and had one end rather thicker than the other to enable it more readily to turn round the circle.

Great faith was placed in the nutritive value of whin shoots. Indeed, so popular did whin diet become, that fields, especially where the soil was dry and light, were set aside for the whin crop, the seeds being sown in drills in March, so that the shoots became ready for use in the autumn of the following year. For several years in succession forage was obtained from the original crop.

There were several methods employed for pulping the gorse. In small farms, where only a limited quantity was needed, the method usually adopted was to lay the young shoots on a flat stone or block of wood and hammer them with a mallet similar to that now used for driving in palling posts. Sometimes one end of the mallet was fitted with iron blades for chopping the gorse, while the other end was flat for pounding it. Otherwise a "rammer" or "bruiser" might be employed, an instrument consisting of a "shank of wood, three feet eight inches in length, a bulged out part to give the instrument weight on being used, and a base which is contracted into a square, and shod with an iron shoe embracing parallel iron cutters one inch saunder and three inches deep, and sharpened at their lower edge."

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PERFECT HUMAN FORM

What constitutes a perfect form is largely a matter of personal opinion. Certainly however, the old bourgeois shape is entirely out of date, and what a blessing it is. Recently the following figures were given out by a group of artists as being those of a perfect figure: Height, five feet eight inches; weight, 140 pounds; neck, 18 inches; chest, 33 inches; bust, 36 inches; waist, 26 inches; hips, 36 inches; thighs, 34 inches; calf, 15 inches; upper arm, 11 inches; forearm, nine inches. However, as I have stated before, there are many who would not deem this their ideal in many respects. Of course, if you are shorter or taller, the proportions of your body will vary from these somewhat, and your present state will reflect the habits and training of past years. The proportions should be observed,

as nearly as possible, if mildy would appear up to date in the newest dresses. The same hip as bust measurement, with a ten-inch decrease in the waist line, are the lines recommended by the high-grade corsetiers of today for the woman who would be strictly modish.—Woman's World.

"See You Home Company." Commercial enterprise goes far and displays boundless ingenuity in these days of competition. But it is doubtful whether it has ever found a more unexpected outlet for its energies than that of the "See You Home Company" which has been started in Belgium. Agents of the company visit the hotels and restaurants at an advanced hour of the evening and convey safely to their domiciles those in whom the desire to go home is greater than the ability to accomplish the journey. The charges vary. "Summary conveyance" costs but 15 cents, conveyance in a wheelbarrow covered with a sack 36 cents, but conveyance in a cart drawn by dogs, 50 cents.

Side Show Sidelights

Diverting Chronicles of Circus Life

By FRANCIS METCALFE

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THE AMOROUS BABOON AND THE ANIMATED ART GALLERY.

The fame of Jocko the Jealous, the amorous baboon, had preceded him to America, and when the animals from the Paris Hippodrome had been safely transferred to their dens in the arena he was the center of attraction as he limbered up his muscles in the large monkey cage, after the cramped accommodations of the small traveling box. He had gained a reputation as a masher in Paris; but never had the menagerie attendants seen him so madly in love and so insanely jealous as upon his first introduction to American beauty as exemplified by the fair woman who stood before his cage.

Jocko was not the first male being who had been fascinated by the charms of the prima donna during her career; for she had been through the marriage ceremony so often that she could say it backwards, never forgetting to cross her fingers before saying, "Until death do we part." The proprietor drew the Stranger's attention to the group before the cage, a mischievous smile on his face as he looked over the half dozen of callow youths who are always in the train of the prima donna.

"Watch out for squalls over there," he said. "Jocko is affectionate now, but there will be something doing in a few minutes." The monkey was using all of the blandishments known to an amorous baboon and although the words of his soft chattering were unintelligible, their import could not be mistaken by a past mistress of the gentle art of love making; but the prima donna could not be beguiled into placing herself within reach of the hairy paw. Suddenly his mood changed, for one of her male companions placed his hand on her arm to attract her attention and Jocko, giving a howl of rage, danced madly up and down on all fours, showing a

cured him we found that he had taken most of her scalp off."

"It's funny how some people are always looking for a chance to get damages," said the Press Agent, settling himself comfortably in his chair. "We had a case of it when Merritt and I were running a dime museum out west. The freaks all lived together at a large boarding house and one morning, when they reported for duty, the 'Tattooed Lady' was missing. It was before the days when they were so common and we had spent a lot of money to have her decorated and made her our star attraction. Of course, none of the tattooing was visible when she was in street costume, but when she sat on the platform dressed in low neck and short skirts the lecturer had something to talk about, for the menagerie pictured on her was a thing of beauty, and the few choice texts like, 'Be good and you will be happy,' which were scattered in between the animals, were highly moral and elevating, and that was one of the strong points of our show. Merritt used to spread himself when he was telling how she was shipwrecked on a desert island and held captive by the cruel cannibals, whose high priests spared her from the menu to tattoo her with the symbols of their heathenish worship. It gave him a great chance to come in strong on the moral part, when he explained about the texts and told how they were added after the cannibals had been converted to red flannel shirts, silk hats and a vegetable diet, by the missionaries, and I have seen ancient maiden ladies moved to tears by this recital. So when he had to give his lecture without her, he got mixed up and called attention to the marvelous growth of hair on the face of the 'Circassian Beauty,' thinking she was the 'Bearded Lady,' and nearly pulled the ears off of the 'Dog Faced Boy,' trying to explain that he was 'The Man With the Rubber Skin.' Of course, that made trouble among the freaks, who are a mighty touchy lot anyway, and I have noticed that trouble always comes in bunches in the show business, so I wasn't surprised when a husky guy that looked like a farmer came in with blood in his eye and asked for the manager. I looked around for Merritt, but he had gone around the corner to get something to drown his sorrow, so I slipped a piece of lead pipe under my coat and acknowledged the soft impeachment.

"Look 'ee here, wot kind of a skin game be youse fellers runnin' here?" says the guy and I took a good grip on the lead pipe and tried to turn away wrath by a soft answer, and quoting from our advertisement that it was a highly moral and intellectual entertainment.

"Not by a dern sight, it ain't," says he. "It's a blasted man-trap to catch the unwary, an' I'll have the law on ye an' make yer pay for trifling with my young affections." I have had some pretty tough things said to me in my day, but that was about the worst ever, and pretty near the best I heard away, but he went right on.

"I deliver milk to that boardin' house down the street an' I see a likely lookin' gal there lately an' I wanted some one to help milk an' look after the house, so I asks her to marry me. She says she will, so we hitched up an' I never knew she was one o' yer dern freaks until it was too late. She says she's a 'Tattooed Lady,' an' she's all covered with pictures."

"Well, what's the matter with 'em?" says I. "Aren't they good pictures?"

"Good enough," says he, "for them as likes 'em; but I don't banker after no decorations o' that kind an', b'gosh, I'll make yer pay for painin' off a damaged article on me. She's all over snakes an' other beasts an' it makes me sick ter my stomach every time I thinka o' 'em."

"How did you settle it—did he get damages?" asked the Stranger.

"Damages!" exclaimed the Press Agent as he wiped the foam from his mustache. "Why, Merritt came in, and when he heard the guy kick he lit right into him.

"Blame your skin!" he yelled. "I've a good mind to have you arrested for stealing the pictures from my art gallery. I have a claim on 'em, for I paid for the liquor to keep a sailor happy for six weeks while he was doing that job." The guy got onto the fact that she was valuable, so they adjourned to a cafe to talk it over.

"With what result?" asked the Proprietor, as he rose from the table.

"Well, Merritt got back to the platform, the farmer sold his farm, and within six weeks he was wearing more yellow diamonds and throwing a bigger chest than the husband of a grand opera prima donna."

Apropos of the Turkey.

Senator Atlee Pomerene was carrying a turkey at his home the other evening when he recalled a terrible experience of the early days of his practice as a lawyer.

He had just been married and had to go to a small town in southern Ohio to try a lawsuit. The case ran up to the day before Thanksgiving without ending.

The lawyers were all anxious to get home for Thanksgiving, especially Pomerene. Towards the close of the afternoon session he suggested to the judge that as he had some new witnesses he wanted to look up, he would like to have the case continued.

"Young man," said the judge, shaking his finger sternly at Pomerene, "you've got more turkey in your eye now than you'll have in your mouth tomorrow. We're going to stick right here."

And he did.

This Bird Left No Descendants.

This is according to James Bruce, the eighteenth century traveler: "In 1521 there was brought into Abyssinia a bird which was about the bigness of a hen, and spoke Indian, Portuguese and Arabic. It named the king's name; although its voice was that of a man. It could likewise neigh like a horse and mew like a cat. It was produced before the assembly of the judges and the priests, and there it spoke with great gravity. The assembly was unanimously of opinion that the evil spirit had no part in endowing it with these talents, but to be certain it was thought prudent to take the advice of Ras Sela Christian and the superior of Mahebar. To them it was sent, but it died on the road."



HE SMOKED HIS CIGAR IN THE LOBBY LIKE ANY OTHER GUEST.

vicious set of fangs as his lips curled in a hideous snarl. The bars of his cage were strong and so close together that he could not get out to attack his rival; but he gathered up a mass of litter from the floor and showered prima donna and callow youth alike.

"Jocko gave quite a performance tonight," said the Proprietor as he joined the press agent and the stranger at the table after the show. "That baboon is crazy about women; but he hasn't the discrimination of Consul, the most intelligent monkey that ever lived. You may remember that he was never quiet in his cage, but if a specially well-dressed woman stopped in front of it he played entirely to her and when she moved away his eyes followed her as long as she was in sight."

"There will never be another like Consul," said the Press Agent, shaking his head sadly.

"Never until the missing link is discovered," replied the proprietor. "I don't believe a more human monkey will ever be found, and I attribute his wonderful intelligence to the fact that he associated entirely with human beings, almost from the day of his birth. I got him from the captain of a tramp steamer which traded to the West coast, and I paid a goodish bit of money for him, too. I have never dared to tell his early history as it was told to me, for fear I should be laughed at for a liar; but stranger things happen in the animal business than ever get into print, and if I dared tell my reputation by telling the things which actually occur in a menagerie, I should never need a press agent."

The Press Agent looked at him reproachfully, but agreed with the proposition.

The Proprietor, smiling at him approvingly, consented to tell the history of Consul, the famous chimpanzee, when the Stranger expressed his entire credulity and the Press Agent assumed an encouraging and sympathetic attitude.

"Of course, I have to take the ship captain's word for what happened before I bought him, but from the way the chimp developed and the intelligence he displayed after he came into my possession, I am prepared to believe it. He told me that he got him from the natives at the mouth of a small river on the West coast, where he anchored his steamer to trade. They came off about the ship in their canoes, but he did not care for the rubber and ivory they had to offer and he was about to hoist anchor when one of them, who was in a small canoe with a woman, motioned to him to stop. The woman was crouched up in the stern, nursing what the captain thought was a baby, but when the man dragged it away from her, in spite of her violent protest, he saw that it was a small chimpanzee. The man seemed desperately anxious to trade—and I imagine the captain's trade goods were

him, appreciating that it was for his benefit. Only once did we have to use force, when it was necessary to pull a tooth, and I am glad it wasn't often, for it took seven men to control him and they thought they had done a day's work when we finished. The last time he went abroad he was the life of the ship, but he pretty nearly killed himself. The doctor prescribed a cough medicine for him and Consul liked it so well that he got up in the night, after his trainer had gone to sleep, opened the valise in which it was kept and emptied the bottle. I guess there must have been laudanum in it, for they had to work over him the rest of the night to save him.

"He would walk the deck with the lady passengers, who made a great deal of him, and when the customary concert was given, nothing would do but that he must perform and then pass the plate for the collection. He was in evening dress and behaved like a perfect gentleman, and the collection was a large one. It was heaped on the plate, and he was just about to present it to the captain when a native West Indian stepped forward to make a contribution. The money for the Seaman's home went flying to the four corners of the salon and the trainer had a difficult time in persuading Consul to retire without tearing the clothes off of the man whose only offense was his color. This was Consul's last voyage, for he contracted pleurisy and died in Berlin."

"Have you found that early association with human beings makes the other animals easier to train?" asked the Stranger, and the Proprietor shook his head.

"No; I would rather train one taken in the jungle than an animal born in captivity. They do raise the pumas in South America and have them about the houses as we do cats; but I wouldn't trust one of 'em. And as for the bigger cats, the lions and tigers, there is no such thing as taming them. They may be trained to do certain things, but they are never trustworthy. We had a queer illustration of that when I was traveling with a caravan circus in France. One of the lionesses had a litter of three cubs, and in the excitement of the moving and strange surroundings, she killed two of them. We took the other one away and the woman who cooked for us volunteered to raise it. She became very much attached to it and developed the theory that she could overcome its savage instincts by diet, and for a time it looked as if she were right. The beast was with her for about two years and grew to a fine animal, but she never let him taste raw food. One day, when he was comfortably lying before the stove, she pushed him with her foot to get him out of the way and he resented it. Whether it was that alone, or whether the odor of meat which she was about to cook appealed to him, I don't know; but all of his savage instincts were aroused and when we se-