

GRANDMA'S SOLD BOOK

Leonore Found Romance in It, but Found Much More in Real Life.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY. Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. One of the ancient and interesting things to be found in Grandma Pearson's ancient and interesting red farmhouse was the big scrapbook she had been forty years making. She had begun it when a girl, and now at the age of sixty she was still occasionally pasting in an item. The first third of the book, as might be expected, was devoted to such items as would interest girls, and among them were recipes to make yourself beautiful, the significance of dreams, how to catch a beau and other nonsense. Each year when Miss Leonore Min-turn, grandchild, came down to pass a few weeks with grandma, she called a relay day with joy. She was eight-teen, but she would get that big scrap-book down on the floor and lie at full length as she read it. She had been brought up in the city, but she had the same superstitions and caprices as the girl of the country. "If you dream of a black fox three nights running you will live and die an old maid," read one of the items. The girl partly believed it, but when she asked grandma for corroboration the answer was disappointing. "It may be so, but I never knew a case of it."

"'Couldn't I ask—'" "No, sir; go away." "Yes, yes, I beg pardon." And with a look that certainly in-cluded that big foot he walked away. Did he have black eyes and curly hair? Did he wonder what ailed her foot? Did he suspect in the remotest degree that a great big girl like her had met with an accident while chas-ing a calf barefooted? In the girl's anxiety she found her-self across the room and peeking out of the window at the stranger's back as he walked away. She thought he had a good figure, but had got no further when a twinge caught that foot and she had to go hopping back to her chair. "I know we should have liked each other at first sight, and yet I must have a foot on as big as a barrel of soft soap. I told him to go, but I think it was the sight of the foot that scared him," she sobbed. When grandma returned and was told of the incident she said: "I don't know you on earth it could have been. He lifted his hat, did he?" "Most gracefully." "Then it wasn't any man living within twenty miles of this. He came to ask something, did he?" "He did, but I choked him off. I wish I'd let him say away. Drat this foot!" "I suppose," said grandma, looking very thoughtful, "that providence ordained that you should chase that calf?" "And get that thorn in my foot?" "Yes." "And be laid up when a stranger called?" "That's it, dear. That young man saw you was a nice girl. He saw you had met with an accident. You have aroused his curiosity and interest."

IN PALESTINE WITH A CAMERA

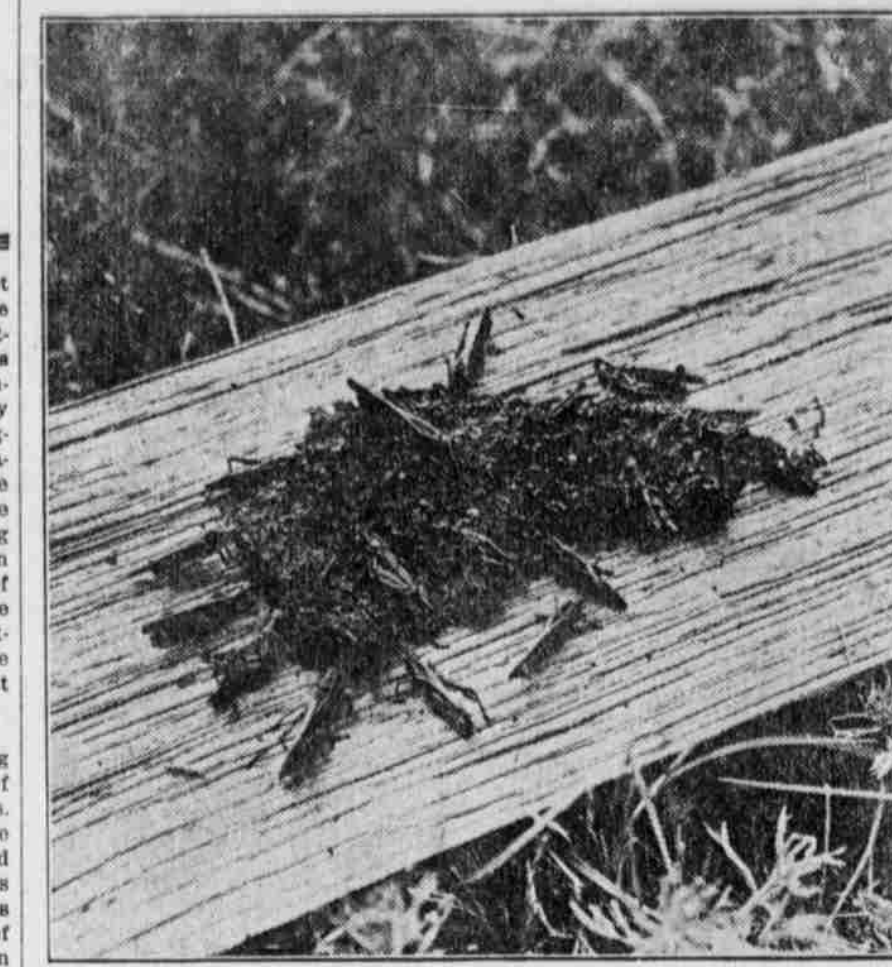
WHEN E. M. Newman, a travel lecturer, started through the Holy Land with his camera, he declared he must get "something different" in that much photographed country. He did, but he had his troubles, for the Mohammedan despises the camera as an instrument of the devil, and a great many of the inhabitants of Palestine are followers of the prophet. Writing in the New York Sun, Mr. Newman says of his trip: Our first experience with the Mohammedans was when we stopped on a roadside between Jaffa and Ramleh, the modern name for Arimathea, whence came Joseph, who offered his tomb at Jerusalem for the burial of Jesus Christ. We saw a man driving two camels that were dragging a sharp stick through the earth and turning the scrubby soil into furrows. It was a subject that answered several requirements of the desirable picture. It was unusual enough to offer a certain human interest. It was artistic. It was one of the best photographs that I was able to get illustrating the survival of ancient manners and cus-toms in Palestine. But we found, as we often found along the roads of Palestine, that the gentleman had been spoiled for our purpose by two agencies—his own people's superstition and the foreign-ers with their jingling purses. Too many tourists have passed along these roads taking it for granted that they would never pass that way again, and some of them have distributed money with a prodigal hand. The tourist with a little hand camera has too often tossed the peasant a quarter where a few cents would have done as well. But it was not the money that caused the first tangle with the fol-



SCENE IN BETHLEHEM

lower of the prophet. We found that the Christians of Syria and Palestine are usually meekly obliging when asked to pose, but we also found that with a few exceptions in Bethle-hem, Nazareth and Jerusalem they are not equally good subjects. We did not come upon them in occupations as interesting; they seemed never to be so picturesque as their Mohammedan brethren. Didn't Know It Was a "Movie." Now any Mohammedan knows that to click the camera before a camel destroys the animal's soul. Just ex-actly what a camel's soul is we en-deavored to learn, but none of the men who were certain that it had one could enlighten us. When an animal's soul is destroyed, however, anything is likely to happen to it. But after offers of much money—much more than man and camel would earn in a day—the driver seemed to forget that his camel might easily thereafter fall a victim to the evil eye if he failed to suspend a string of blue beads from its neck. Here we found, as we found afterward, that money was the best cure for the cloud of Mohammed hang-ing over men's eyes. The man swore at us immediately we began to bargain for his photo-graph, however, and we didn't know at that time about a camel's soul and the driver wouldn't accept our figure. He was wise. He knew that to be photographed one must pose, so he reasonable and all the world will an-swer, "We know as much as that." But enjoy things that are hard, im-practicable; paint the Deity as ever armed with thunder; make blood run before altars, and you will win the multitude's ear and everybody will say of you: "He must be right or he would not so boldly proclaim things so marvelous."—Exchange. Bible is 103 Years Old. E. H. Carter of this city has an old relic of bygone days in a Bible, pub-lished in Windsor, Vt., in 1812 by Mer-rield & Cochran, at "The Sign of the Bible." This book is one hundred and three years old. It was the property of a great uncle of Mr. Carter who evi-dently has made an exhaustive study of the Bible as was evidenced by the copious marginal notes and refer-ences in old-fashioned handwriting.—Wal-ke-ton (N. D.) Dispatch to Omaha Bee.

MEASURES TO CONTROL GRASSHOPPER PEST



Grasshoppers Feeding on Poison—Note That This is Not the Way to Spread the Bait.

(Prepared by the United States Depart-ment of Agriculture.) The more alfalfa fields there are, the greater will be the plague of grasshoppers unless measures are adopted to control the pest. The grasshopper, of course, was known in America long before alfalfa, but as the country be-came more settled and the waste lands and uncultivated fields in which the insect breeds grew fewer, the pest crowds in greater and greater num-bers into the places that are left. Since an alfalfa field affords almost ideal conditions for breeding, to plant alfalfa is to invite all the grasshoppers in the vicinity to come and be merry at your expense. In order to breed freely, grasshoppers require two conditions: first, an undisturbed soil to hatch their eggs, and second, a food supply for their young. The margins of roads and fences, ditch banks, in fact any waste land, will do to hatch the eggs, but with alfalfa or grain at hand for the eating, the young will not stay long in their birthplace. Grasshoppers, it is true, have many natural enemies which will be attracted by the abundance of their prey and thus ultimately afford the farmer some relief. By that time, however, the alfalfa crop is likely to have suffered irreparable damage. Perhaps the simplest way of fighting the pest, when this is practical, is to destroy the eggs. These are deposited in masses in the late summer and fall, inclosed in kidney-shaped pods, in soil which the grasshopper prefers moder-ately compact and rather damp, but not actually wet. The young hatch in spring, reach maturity in the summer and die when they in their turn have deposited their eggs. There is only one generation each year. Throughout the late fall and winter, therefore, the farmer has an opportunity to rid him-self of the pest by destroying the eggs. Plowing, harrowing, disking or cultivating to a depth of two inches will do this. Where the nature of the ground or other circumstances make this im-practicable, specialists in the depart-ment of agriculture recommend the use of poison bait. Resort must be had to the bait early, however, and all waste and uncultivated land gone over thoroughly before the young in-sects have developed sufficiently to move about freely and feast on the growing crops. For, as has already been said, though the grasshoppers

DID HE DECEIVE THEM?

SCHOOLMASTER'S ASSERTION WAS NEVER VERIFIED.

True or Not, However, It Had the Ef-fect of Making Culprits Own Up to Guilt and Take the Consequences. Describing the lighter side of school life, Jan Hay, the Scotch novel-ist, tells of a schoolmaster who called his boys together. "A very unpleasant and discredit-able thing has happened," he said. "The municipal authorities have re-cently erected a pair of extremely ornate and expensive lampposts out-side the residence of the mayor of the town. "Those lampposts appear to have attracted the unfavorable notice of the school. "Last Sunday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, they were at-tacked and wrecked, apparently by volleys of stones. "There was a faint but appreciative murmur from those members of the school to whom the news of this out-rage was now made public for the first time. But a baleful flash from the schoolmaster's spectacles re-stored instant silence. "Several parties of boys," he con-tinued, "must have passed these lampposts on that evening, on their way back to their respective houses after chapel. I wish to see all boys who in any way participated in the out-rage in my study directly after second school. I warn them that I shall make a severe example of them." His voice rose to a blare. "I will not have the prestige and fair fame of the school lowered in the eyes of the town by the vulgar bar-barities of a parcel of ill-conditioned little street boys. You may go!" The audience rose to their feet and began to steal silently away. But they were puzzled. The Old Man was no fool, as a rule. Did he really imagine that chaps would be such mugs as to own up? But before the first boy reached the door the head spoke again. "I may mention," he added very gently, "that the attack upon the—er lampposts was witnessed by a gentle-man resident in the neighborhood, a warm friend of the school. He was able to identify one of the culprits, whose name is in my possession. That is all." And quite enough, too. When the schoolmaster visited his study after second school he found 17 malefactors meekly awaiting chastisement. But he never divulged the name of the boy who had been recognized, or, for that matter, the identity of the warm friend of the school. I wonder!

Canada's 72-inch Reflector. Work is progressing rapidly on this instrument, which will be probably, for a short time only, the largest tele-scope in the world, pending the com-pletion of the 100-inch reflector for Mt. Wilson. The disk for the great mirror started from Antwerp about a week before the war broke out. After its arrival at New York the Pennsyl-vania railroad was about a week in finding a suitable car to transport it to Pittsburgh, and then there was further delay before an iron wagon could be obtained to transport it to Doctor Brashear's workshop, where it was finally placed on the grinding table. The hazardous work of boring and smoothing off the hole in the cen-ter of the mirror has been accom-plished with entire success. It is ex-pected that the mounting will be com-pleted by October next.—Scientific American.

Motorcycle Ambulances. The uses of the motorcycle are un-limited. They are used as pleasure vehicles, for delivering messages, packages, and lately are developing into useful conveyances for heavy loads, as they are built more pow-erfully and with more endurance each succeeding year. The last word in usefulness is their adoption by sev-eral European nations as conveyances for the wounded in battle. A side-car containing an ambulance stretcher is attached to the machine, the said stretcher being removable so that it can be taken to any part of the field of battle. Much time is saved by using this conveyance, as it can be driven to many places that an automobile cannot penetrate, and much more ground can be covered in less time than a wagon or a corps of men afoot could do.

Appearances Deceptive. Whist! making his usual daily in-spiration of the stables the colonel noticed Private Jones giving his horse a piece of lump sugar. "I am very pleased to see you mak-ing much of your horse, Private Jones," he said; "it shows that you regard him with the true spirit, and I will not forget you for it." Private Jones waited until his com-manding officer was out of earshot, and then turned to his neighbor. "I wasn't making much of him," he said. "The blighter threw me off this morning, and I'm trying to give him the blinikin' toothache."

Guinea Pigs Good to Eat. That guinea pigs furnish a cheap and appetizing meat is one of the discov-eries of German dietitians forced by the necessities of food economy dur-ing the war. Scientists are urging the breeding of these prolific animals for food purposes, and it has already be-come a large industry. Great Expectations. Millionaire—A fit husband for my daughter? Why, in the first place, she is half a head taller than you! Suitor—Well, sir, I don't expect to be so short after I am married.—Bul-letin (Sydney). That Kind. "You say Addledson is an indefat-igable listener?" "Yes. The sound of his own voice never tires him."

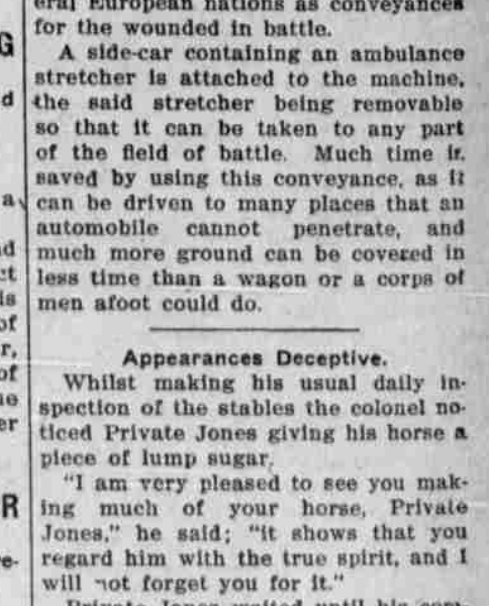
SOMETHING BESIDES FEEDING

Good Breeding Methods, Exercise and Proper Management Are Im-portant Essentials. Success with hogs depends upon a great many things besides feeding. Good breeding methods, exercise and proper management in every respect are necessary. However, if the hog is supplied with the proper amounts of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, water, etc., and is kept free from parasites of all kinds, much will have been done to make the handling of hogs in winter a profitable operation.

BE REGULAR WITH INCUBATOR

Machine Can Be Made to Pay by Care-ful Attention to Lamp, Airing and Turning Eggs. There must be method and regu-larity in running an incubator. If you insist upon regularity in the time of filling the lamp, airing and turning the eggs, and insist upon your mind tell-ing you just when the right time ar-rives for looking after these small de-tails, there is not the least bit of doubt but that you will succeed in making that incubator pay for you for the time spent with it. Marking Young Chicks. One poultryman has a unique way of marking his chickens. As soon as they are a day or two old, he cuts off a toe just far enough back to be sure to get all the nail off, with a good shears. It is done instantly, and bleeds very little. The chickens do not seem to mind it in the least. Care should be taken not to cut the toe back too far, as it will bleed too much. Replace Broken Latch. You'll save time by replacing the broken latch on the gate with a new one.

Corn Eaten by Grasshoppers.



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