## AMUSING MEMORY CARD GAME

Played With Two Packs of Pasteboards, With Cards to Each Player -- Must Remember Prophecies.

This is a memory game and very amusing. It is played with two packs of cards of any sort, but they must be exactly alike. One pack is laid in a heap, face down, in the middle of the table. The other pack is distributed to the players, who lay them, face upward, in rows. Each player should have not more than 12 cards, as it is hard to remember more than that.

Any one can begin by giving either a prophecy or a characteristic-thus "Who will inherit a fortune inside of SOME SLIPS OF SCHOOLBOYS a year?" or, "Who will be the first in same time turning up a card from the center pile.

Whoever has the card matching this takes it, lays it face down on top of the card drawn from the pile, saying: "I will be the first to wear false have been.

The next in turn gives a characteristic, "Who has the worst temper?" takes which pupils perpetrate: or "Who is the most unselfish?" turning up another card from the pile. This is matched in the same way, and the process continues around the circle until all the cards are matched. Then the memory test comes. Every player in turn tries to remember and repeat all the prophecies and characteristics that have fallen to his or her share, giving them aloud as rapidly as possible. He is allowed for deliberation on any one only the time while ten is being slowly counted, or ten seconds by the watch. The one remembering the most is the winner.

### BLACKSMITH WAS HONEST ONE

Would Not Take Advantage of Farmer Wha had Figured Inaccurately -How He Did It.

A farmer took five pieces of chain of three links each to a blacksmith

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Pieces to be Welded.

and inquired the cost of welding them into ore chain.

The blacksmith remarked: "I charge five cents to cut a link and five cents to weld a link."

Then, as you will have to make in the water. four cuts and four welds the charge will be 40 cent?" said the farmer.



Honest Way of Figuring.

"No, no," replied the man of the sinewy arms, "I only make it 30 cents.

How did the blacksmith work this out? See the illustration for the solution.

# AIRSHIPS BOOM KITE TRADE

In France Makers of Toys Are Prospering-Clever With Bamboo Frames of Tight Silk.

"We are not taking the interest in flight that we should," said an aviator. "France, where the Wrights are established, to our shame, leads the world in aearonautics, and in consequence the French kite business has grown like an ill weed.

"Kitemakers have sprung up every where in France. Their little shops are full of blue bamboo poles, bolts of scarlet silk and blue muslin, and in show cases lie folded kites that are as big, outspread, as an aeroplane.

'In studying the air, one must begin with the kite, as in studying mathematics one must begin with arithme-

"The French kitemaker is prospering nowadays, and clever he is, too. with his bamboo frames and curving planes of tight stretched silk,

# HIS GAME.

There's a wonderful, funny game I play And you may if you wish; I'm the One and Only Original Great Monster Bathtub Fish! Nurse says it really seems As if that bath held oceans and floods And waterfalls, seas and streams.

I splash and roar and snort and kick And howl and spout and buck Till nurse thinks if she's left alive She has the greatest luck, Just try a bit of the game yourself. The things you need are few: A waterproof nurse, a great big bath, Strong lungs and a muscle or two.

### He Was Willing. A very small boy, to whom cake

was an unknown quantity, was permitted to have as a special favor a crumb of his greataunt's famous oldfashioned fruit cake.

He swallowed the crumb with relish and asked for more.

His mother gave him a very small piece. "There, dear," she said, kind-"I won't give you very much of

"Oh, I don't mind how much you give me, mother dear," he answered promptly. "I like it."

# NICE LITTLE GIRL.



"I hate a nice new frock; I'd rather not be clean: I want to play some more;

"To have to be dressed up; I'll cry out both my eyes; I want to go outdoors
And make some more mud pies!"

the room to wear false teeth?" at the "Howlers" Which Invariably Raise a Hearty Laugh and Contain Some Unconscious Humor.

The schoolboy "howler" is always popular. The following selections from a large number which were sent teeth," or whatever the prophecy may in for a prize competition arranged by the "University Correspondent" are excellent examples of the mis-

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born. The earth is an obsolete spheroid.

see the Invisible Armada. Shakespeare founded "As You Like

It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge. Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum. King Edward IV, had no claim by geological right to the English throne.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genti. The capital of Russia is St. Petersburg on the Duma.

The test act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses.

Henry I. died of eating palfreys. Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French revolution.

The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountains. Gender shows whether a man

masculine, feminine or neuter. James I. died from argue. An angle is a triangle with only two

Geometry teaches us how to bisex

angels. Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless

you bend them. The whale is an amphibious animal because it lives on land and dies

A parallelogram is a figure made r parallel stra

Horsepower is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

The magnesium salt in the sea creates the effervescence when the tide comes in.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent, of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

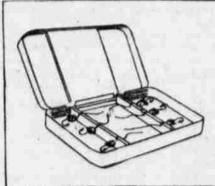
Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away. Martin Harvey invented the circu-

lation of the blood. A deacon is the lowest kind Christian.

The isles of Greece were always quarreling as to which was the birthplace of Homer; Chaos has the most right to claim him.

So Simple in Construction That Any One Can Put One Together-Keep Lines in Condition.

Every fisherman knows how annoying it is to find the gut lines of his fishhooks dried into all sorts of angles, as happens when they are wrapped wet around a piece of card or board. To prevent this a New Jersey man has invented a case for the hooks which not only keeps the guts moist, but keeps each hook separate, and the desired one may quickly be selected without having to untangle it from the

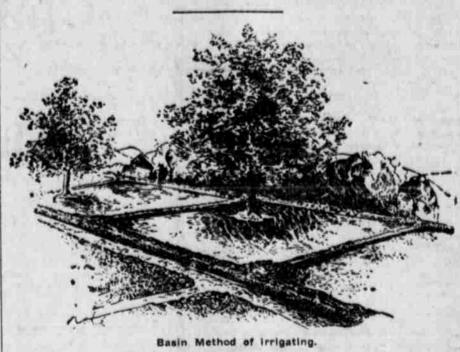


# Each Hook Kept Separate.

rest. This book box is so simple it construction that any angler may make one for himself. Take an ordinary tin tobacco box, preferably a flat one, and divide it into three compartments by inserting two wooden strips with slots along the top. In the center compartment, which should be as wide as the other two combined, place some material which will hold moisture for a long time and have a strip of the same material fastened to the lid. The hooks should then be laid away with the guts stretched out on the moistening pad and the metal extending into the side compartments.

# ECONOMICAL FORMS OF IRRIGATING DRY ORCHARDS

Agricultural Wealth of Western Arid Regions Discovered by Poor Men Who Were Compelled to Make Lands Productive.



(By SAMUEL FORTIER.) latest improvements it is evident that compartments. many of them are mere makeshifts and that much remains to be done before the water of western streams is efficiently and economically applied will find it more profitable to begin to arid lands.

ling orchard trees in the arid regions about the care and management of is called the basin method, which is fowls.

tin all essential features very much The agricultural wealth of that like the check method of irrigating vast region lying west of the Missouri a field of alfalfa. Orchards are preriver was first made known by men pared for irrigation by the basin who were poor in worldly goods, but method by forming ridges of the loose rich in those physical and mental en- earth midway between the rows of dowments which go to make up the trees in both directions. These ridges best type of citizenship. Their poverty, are made with ordinary walking unfortunately compelled them to make plows by throwing up two furrows use of the cheapest methods in render- or else by a ridger. When the top Lord Raleigh was the first man to ing the arid lands productive. Water soil is light and free from weeds only was led from the nearest stream in a the ridger is required, but in more plow furrow and the irrigator in wet compact soils and on soils covered feet tried to spread it over the field with weeds the surface should first by use of a shovel. The small and be disked. This method is well adcheap equipment, consisting of a apted to the warmer portions of Calwalking plow and shovel, has given Ifornia, Texas, Arizona, and New place to a large number of imple- Mexico, where the winter irrigation ments, and the simple, laborious man- of orchards is becoming fixed pracner of applying water has been broad- tise. Water is then abundant and ened out into more than a half dozen large quantities can be applied when standard methods, yet in studying the the land is thus formed into small

> Begin With Few Birds. A beginner in the poultry business with a few good birds. He can then One of the popular forms of irriga- increase his fowls as he learns more

# Beneath the Parasol

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

neuvering, she managed always to felt that she did not fulfil his ideal, place the sun-shade between herself and any curious passer-by who sought til long after the voice had ceased to glance at her face.

times, and her parasol never failed to about him. He had seen the moon If she walked forth on the board walk | shimmering beams across the restless in the morning in a tailored linen suit, her parasol would be of linen to correspond; if she drove in the afternoon toned his coat more closely about in a fluffy frock of dainty material, him, for the air had grown chilly. her parasol would be as fluffy and And in all that time he thought only

Young Tom Martinson, who was taking advantage of the Easter festivities to get a needed change at the sea-The grace of her carriage and the her face with a parasol. spotless white linen in which she was he was disappointed. As he neared her, she had, with apparent unconsciousness, drawn the parasol around her shoulder until it entirely shaded

The following morning as he galloped along the bridle path that ran hind him, her hat almost touching his parallel with the boulevard by the sea her coachman beside her, in her trap. As inconspicuously as possible-for Tom Martinson was nothing if not well-bred-he managed to spur his pony to unwonted antics in order to meet the young woman face to face. But, by another unfortunate coincidence, the girl at that moment found that the sun was in her eyes and that her parasol was a necessary shade.

The next move on the part of Mr. Martinson was to learn the girl's name. It was sure to be on the register and he had discovered that her apartments were on the same floor as his own. But there was little to be gained by knowing that Dorothy Conant was the name she had placed on the hotel book and that she lived in a large western city, the name of which was so badly scribbled that he was certain the maid had done it.

There seemed to be no way in which he could find out who the girl was and learn her reasons for keeping herself so mysteriously alone. And this very mystery was one of the things that atracted him most strongly to her. He had made up his mind down the lane toward the water. that she was pretty of face-if not, indeed, beautiful. And he thought he had made one more discovery; he believed she sang,

This last deduction had been made by reason of his having heard a glorious voice emanating from the end of the corridor in which were her apartments. To make sure of this last piece of evidence against the illusive girl, Tom Martinson determined to spend the evening on the veranda that firmed. belonged equally to him and to herthe upper porch that ran around the second floor of the hotel and from which French windows opened to the suites on that floor. Perhaps, since, so far as he could learn, the girl never left her rooms in the evening, she

would spend her time singing. After dinner he betook himself to the veranda and drew a chair as near the windows he believed to be hers as his conscience would permit. It was the night before Easter and the air in the southern town was as balmy as a night in June in the north-

to be slivered by the rising moon. ing in Germany for three years-" Presently he heard notes from a piano. At first, the player ran lightly over the keys as if she were wondering what to play. Then she broke from Stainer's "Crucifixion." The man, without, turned toward the windows from which the sound came.

son, was the music to the season. But then, had he stopped to realize it, how exquisitely in harmony was you?" everything the girl did. He listened and she ran from one part to another of the wonderful "Crucifixion," until Martinson longed, more than ever, to know her.

After awhile the singer within began, softly, to sing a little sentiment- tirely healed-" al song, and as the simple words met his ear there was wonder in the man's eyes fixed on the dainty, indented mind. Was it only that his mind had cheek upturned to him. dwelt so constantly on the mysterious girl that she seemed familiarly close to him at this moment, orlistened intently! No, she did linger it?" over the vowels and slur her r's as could no girl from the part of the world from which she was registered in the hotel book. And yet-the girl of whom this voice-this very song- holidays here, I thought it would be reminded Martinson, could not sing a my opportunity to make you fall in

He put this idea from him as ab that a dreadful confession to make?" surd. The girl inside could not be

To the group of pleasure seekers | had been an entertaining companion, spending the Easter holidays at the but—she would have paled into insigsunny, southern beach, the girl with nificance by comparison with this girl the parasol was a mystery. She and of the parasol. And yet Martinson her parasol were as inseparable as had believed then that he leved her, the Slamese twins, and, by clever ma- although, deep in his heart, he had

Martinson sat on the balcony unsinging. He heard the blinds being She was beautifully gowned, at all drawn in the various apartments be a harmonious part of her toilette. rise to her glorious height and cast water beyond. He had consumed the cigars in his case and he had butof the girl with the voice-the girl with the parasol.

Since she sang Easter music, Martinson thought, next morning, that side, was not the least interested of she might go to church, and though those who observed the girl with the he had dropped from the habit in the parasol. He had been attracted to her last few years, he sought out a liton the morning of his arrival as she tle church and entered therein. In walked before him on the board walk. church, he realized the could not hide

He was ushered well up toward the gowned from head to foot had caught front of the quiet little worshiping his attention, and he had hastened to place and the choir had not yet overtake her. But if he had hoped to taken its place. He watched the get a glimpse of her face in passing, beautiful women, in their Easter frocks and bonnets, come in, in littlegroups or singly, and take their places. His early teaching forbade him to turn when he heard a feminine rustle of skirts behind him, but, instinctively, he felt that she knelt beshoulder. As she arose, quietly, the he caught sight of her sitting erect, most subtle fragrance of roses was wafted to him. Roses! It was another reminder of the girl who was now a memory.

When she joined in the hymns he knew it was she, for there was the same voice that had held him on the balcony for so long, the night before, She was so close behind him, and yet he could not see her-had never seen her face. He had an almost uncontollable impulse to turn and face her.

He heard little of the sermon the old minister had prepared with such care, and he wondered, irreverently, why it was necessary to preach such long sermons.

When the choir had sung the reessional hymn and the good old minister had given his final blessing to the congregation, Tom Martinson turned to leave the church amidst the hand-shakings of the little groups about him, but—the girl had already turned her back and was threading her way toward the door whence the sun streamed in. Martinson fellowed. The girl with the parasol strolled

least expected happened. The girl with the parasol turned about and waited for him, her face wreathed in smiles, a restless dimple in her cheek.

"Hurry, Tom," she said, "If you want to walk beneath my parasol." The man was beside her in an instant, staring wonder-eyed at her. "Rosemary Lawton," he cried. "You?" She nodded saucily. "I," she con-

"After four years?" he gasped "And with all this mystery! at a loss for words with which to chide and question you," he said, lamely.

"Then don't," she advised him "I'll tell you—perhaps." "But how did you do it-any why?"

"A woman can do anything she likes-with a man." "Obviously," he agreed, pointedly. "This is the second time you've had

me at your feet, Rosemary."

She pointed an accusing finger at "The second time was neceshim. ern climate. Martinson lighted his sary," she explained. "I did not fulcigar, elevated his feet and looked fil your ideal—then, the first time. L out across the water just beginning could not sing-then. I've been study-

> "With marvelous results," he interrupted.

"I knew you wanted me to singwished you had loved a girl who could definitely into a prelude of a solo sing. Also," she ran on, as he walked beside her, "I knew I was a little too conventional—every-day, as it were-for you. You told me once How appropriate, thought Martin- that you liked an element of mystery -that it was attractive in a girl. I-well, you've been mystified, haven't

> The young man admitted that he had been.

"Then, I had a second reason for my-parasol," she laughed, as she looked up into the pink glow of the sun-shade. "My-dimple wasn't en-

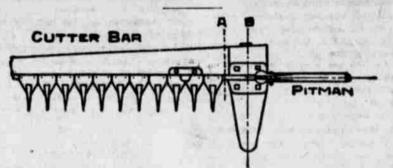
"What?" cried Tom Martinson, his

"You always admired Helen Miller's dimple so-well, I had one He made in Paris, for you. Do you like

"I adore it!" "And-that's all," she admitted, except that when Clarice wrote me that you were to spend the Easter love with me all over again. Isn't

But whether or not Tom Martinson gapes. They lay more eggs which she; she was too mysterious. That considered it dreadful, he told the anhatch better than ben's eggs. And other girl-she was almost a memory swer only to her; and the guests at now-had been surrounded by a very the hotel were amazed, as at a seven conventional family; she had been days' wonder, when they saw the mys pretty, but her clothes, though fash- terious parasol girl and Tom Martin ionable, had contained no distinctive son strolling leisurely toward them note. She had played the plano and entirely engrossed in each other,

# POINTS ABOUT CUTTER BAR



The cutter-bar sometimes gets out | Examine the bar to see that it is not of line with the pitman, causing the bent. Often a slight bend in the bar machine to run hard. This may also is responsible for broken stekles and result in breaking the sickle near the heavy draft without them being sickle-head at A as shown in the thought of. The blacksmith can drawing By the proper adjustment straighten it for you, but the writer's upon the line B, where the cutter bar experience with such work has not hinges, this bar may be brought into been wholly satisfactory. Unless the line with the pitman, and it should work has been carefully done the temnever be worked when out of true, per will be drawn from portions of the writes A. P. Johnson in Farm, Stock and Home. The proper lineup is alignment. On the whole the cheaper shown in the drawing.

If the guards become bent up or down the sickle cannot work smoothly upon the wearing surface of the USEFUL BOX FOR FISHHOOKS guards, and the sections do not lie down upon the ledger plates. The guards, which are made of soft fron. should be hammered back into position. To do this best, use an ordi- make it jump when running. nary hammer and raise the bar to road position, tapping lightly upon the point of the guard.

Sometimes the ledger plates become ing.

TYPE BREEDING

Animals in Few Generations Become So Much Alike That Carloads Would Average About Same.

(By J. F. PAYNE Colorado Agricul-tural College.) During my 14 years' residence in eastern Colorado I have seen many horse ranches, and have usually found several types of stallions running on

the same range or in the same pas-

One ranchman of my acquaintance has Black Percheron, Coach and Clydesdale stallions. These stallions were all good of their kind, but they were used indiscriminately. The resuit was that after eight years such breeding it was impossible find a team of perfectly matched horses among a herd of 250 horses Had matched stallions of either the breeds been used, many matched teams could have been found, and the profits could have been materially in-

creased. steers with greater case and profit if they have been bred to a type. Thus the XII. cattle were once so kept.

bar, and it will soon again get out of way is to order a new bar. The divider should be so adjusted that it will not catch on the ground when turning the corners or when backing to clear the bar of some obstruction; and the main-spring stiff enough so that it will help the foot to lift the bar, but not stiff enough to

System in Strawberries.

Set a good solid stake, at the end of every row of strawberries, giving in worn, and need replacinfi and often plain letters the name of the kind in the clips above the sickle bind it the row. But do not have the stakes more or less. This pressure may be so high that they will be knocked over removed by a leather washer or bush by the whiffle-tree when you are cultivating.

### uniform that one could cut 50 out of a trail herd and they would be OF HORSES practically like any other 50 in the herd. Those cattle were bred to fn. a type so long that buyers could know what they were getting.

It should be the same with horses bred at old established horse ranches. If bred to a type for a gfew generations the horses would be so much allke that carloads would average about the same and matched teams would be common.

Scours in Calves.

Scours is a disease caused by indigestion and generally comes from feeding too much dry feed without change. Put the calf on a grain ration and feed a bran mash every day for a week. Turnips and other roots are also good in cases of this kind. For cattle a small dose of castor off about two ounces, combined with an ounce of laudanum given in a little linseed gruel is a good remedy.

Ducks Free From Disease.

Ducks never have cholera, roup or Breeders of range cattle have they can be made to attain a weight found that they can sell their young of five pounds in ten weeks. But to secure the most profitable results one of the better breeds should be