



I'd hate to be a city park.  
For I should shrink with doubt  
When people came to fence me in,  
For fear they'd lay me out.

I'd hate to be a house and lot—  
To grieve I should be moved  
When people came and said: "It's not  
So very well improved."

I'd hate to be a harvest field—  
Such fate would make me bawl;  
Unless my presence were concealed  
They'd thrash me every fall.

I'd hate to be a mountain high—  
Indeed, I'd be appalled  
If people climbed to find out why  
I was so very bald.

I'd hate to be a little brook—  
This feeling is not shamless,  
For mill prospectors might but look  
And then I might be dammed.

**That Man Once More.**  
The man with the iridescent whiskers  
slides into the office and immediately  
finds his way to the desk of the  
shackled hireling with the frayed cuffs  
and the unafraid bald spot.

"I haven't been in for a long time,"  
he says.

"It hasn't seemed long," is the response.

"I thought of a clever little thing  
you might work up in your own way,"  
begins the man with the iridescent  
whiskers. "These ideas come to me  
every now and then, and I believe in  
passing them along. Whenever I can  
lighten the task of a friend, I am al-  
ways glad to do so."

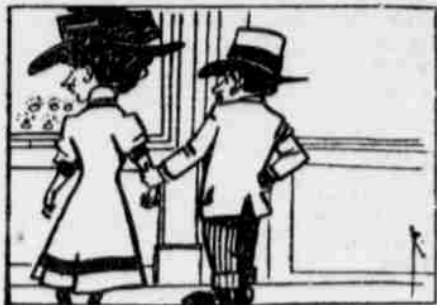
"Yes? You said you had an idea?"  
"Yes. It's a conundrum. You can  
fix it up to suit yourself, but the general  
style of it is like this: What is the  
difference between a man with  
pictures all over him who draws a  
large salary as a freak in a side show,  
and a huge billboard covered with  
posters about auto horns?"

"It's pretty deep. What's the answer?"  
"One is tattooed, the other is toot ad."

"What?"  
"One is tattooed—the man, you see;  
and the other is toot—"

But far over the distant hills the  
breezes were racing in the pale glow  
of the twilight, and on the mountain-  
sides the great trees were murmuring  
one to another in the mysterious lan-  
guage of nature, while high in the sky  
a single cloud drifted slowly into the  
hush.

**Tempora Mutantur.**



"John," said the bride of a year, as  
she stopped her husband before the  
window of a jeweler, "before we were  
married you used always to bring me  
around to this store, and we would  
look at the pretty things and would  
talk about which piece of jewelry  
would suit me best. Do you remember?"

"I do," acknowledged the fond hus-  
band. "But let us hurry on to the  
grocery store and see what is in that  
window."

**Mildred's Memory.**

"Mildred, here is your grandpapa to  
come to visit us. Now, do you remem-  
ber what I said about how nice you  
must be to him?"

"O, yes, mamma, dear. I remember  
that you said I must be as nice as  
I know how to him, because we have  
as much right to a part of his money  
as any of the rest of the kin when  
he dies."

**A Refined Torture.**

"And do you never have any cold  
waves here?" asks the visitor of his  
saturnic majesty.

"Not any," explains Mephisto, who  
has been showing the newcomer  
about the realm; "but we have a  
weather bureau that is always pre-  
dicting one."

*Wilbur D. Nestbit*

**ERADICATION OF WEEDS BY  
FREQUENT SURFACE STIRRING**

**Roots of Corn Occupy Entire Space Between Rows When It  
Has Reached Height of Eighteen Inches  
—Avoid Deep Cultivation.**

If anyone will study the root system  
of corn he will see that by the time it  
is 18 inches high the roots fill the en-  
tire space between the rows at the  
point where they can secure moisture,  
not above that point and not to any  
great extent below it.

If in the preparation of the seed bed  
close capillary connection has not  
been made with the subsoil, or rather  
the undersoil and soil on top, then we  
would say that deep cultivation one  
way before the corn is up would be  
very desirable, says Wallace's Farmer.  
If the plow goes down deep, even if  
the corn row is covered up, cross har-  
rowing will prevent it from interfer-  
ing with the upward movement of the  
corn; and after that cultivation should  
be made with the one definite idea not  
of killing weeds but of conserving  
moisture by the development of a  
mulch of loose dirt.

Under ideal conditions this is all  
that is needed; but that dirt mulch  
must be maintained. The thing that  
interferes with it most is the rains  
that come so frequently during the  
corn cultivating season. The rain  
runs the loose surface soil together,  
particularly if it is deficient in vege-  
table matter. A crust is formed, which  
promotes evaporation of the water  
that may be needed for the corn crop,  
and this must be broken up. Deep  
cultivation is not necessary to accom-  
plish this. Frequently the weeder will  
do the business, or the harrow, and  
shallow cultivation will always do it.  
Sometimes the seed bed has not  
been properly prepared, however.

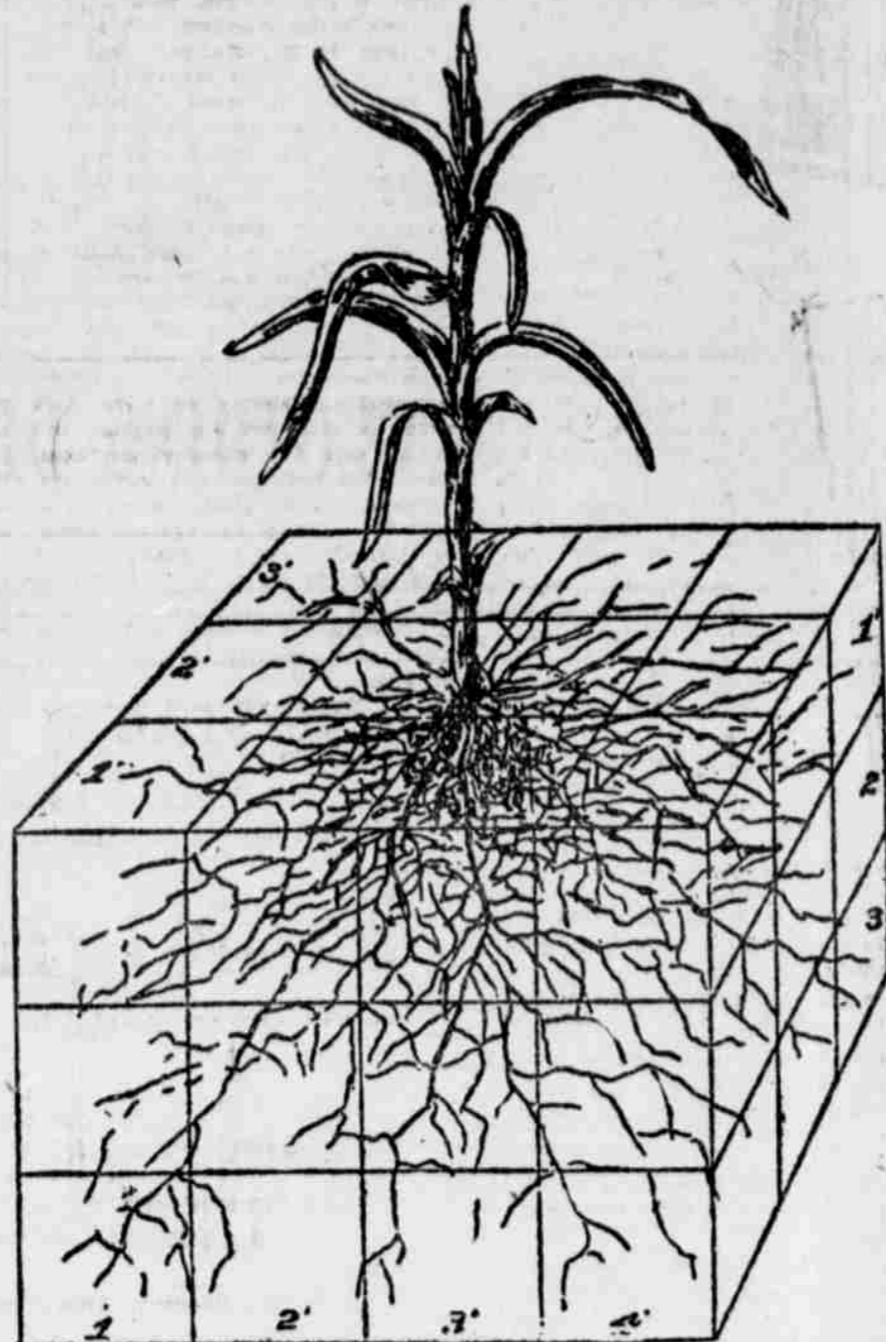
inches high and the root system cov-  
ers the entire space between the rows.  
This is about all that can be said upon  
the subject.

Farmers do not always have ideal  
conditions. The land may need drain-  
age and they may not be able to get  
on to it for some days. Then the  
weeds get a start. Even when the  
natural drainage is perfect, there are  
times when the ground is so wet that  
the farmer cannot get on to it, and if  
he did he would do very little good,  
possibly harm. Plowing wet ground  
puts it in bad physical condition. It  
is not worth while to harrow corn or  
even to cultivate it when the ground is  
in this condition; for it does not kill  
the weeds.

Our instruction about harrowing  
corn when a boy, which was done  
with the old V-shaped harrow, with  
the front tooth knocked out, was to  
get out as early as possible in the  
morning, provided the day was clear,  
and whether the day was clear or not  
to quit half an hour before sundown,  
the reason being that we would do no  
good in killing weeds unless the sun  
was shining.

The important thing is to keep up  
the cultivation from the time the corn  
is planted until it is laid by; and if,  
after it is laid by, a heavy rain comes  
and runs the soil together, then lay it  
by once more. It is the crust that  
is formed by a heavy rain upon newly  
cultivated ground that wastes the  
moisture and decreases the yield of  
corn.

Corn does not need much moisture



Distribution of Corn Roots in Soil.

Weeds have not been killed in the  
dew of their youth by the weeder or  
harrow or shallow cultivation. These  
weeds become deep rooted. After the  
weeds have become deep rooted the  
weeder will do them no harm, and the  
cultivation must be deep enough to  
kill the weeds, no matter what hap-  
pens to the corn roots.

In short, the whole idea in cultivat-  
ing corn is, first, to prepare a seed  
bed, firm at the bottom, loose at the  
top, and then to maintain that con-  
dition, incidentally killing the weeds. It  
is perfect folly for a man to allow his  
cornfield to become weedy or cloddy,  
if it can possibly be avoided. These  
weeds must be kept down and the cul-  
tivation must go deep enough to kill  
them; but more than that is unneces-  
sary, especially after the corn is 18

inches high and the root system cov-  
ers the entire space between the rows.  
This is about all that can be said upon  
the subject.

until it tassels. It will need a great  
deal of it then. Up to the time of  
tasseling it has formed only one-fifth  
of its dry matter. The other four-  
fifths is formed betwixt tasseling time  
and maturity; and the reason why it  
should keep this mulch of dirt as  
far as possible on your cornfields is  
simply to save up moisture for use in  
time of need, on the same principle  
that you put potatoes and apples in  
the cellar for winter use.

**Flesh of Muskrats.**

It is said that muskrats are eaten  
to a considerable extent in this coun-  
try, and particularly relished by cer-  
tain colored residents of Maryland,  
Delaware and other southern states.  
The flesh is perfectly wholesome, but  
has rather a strong taste.

**RAISE DAISIES  
EVERY MONTH**

**In Cold Climates by Planting Dif-  
ferent Varieties Some of Them  
May Be Kept Blooming  
All Summer.**

In the mild climate of California  
and some of the southern states daisies  
bloom all the year round. In Califor-  
nia these flowers grow very much  
larger than those of the east, as do all  
the Pacific coast flowers.

Luther Burbank has developed the  
Shasta daisy to a very large and beau-  
tiful flower and this is largely taking  
the place of the Marguerite or Paris  
daisy, which has long been a favorite  
with Californians.

In the colder climates of course it  
is impossible to keep daisies blooming

every month, but by planting different  
varieties some of them may be kept  
blooming nearly the entire summer.  
The daisy is really not a domesticated  
flower as a great many low growing  
large flower plants are called.

In fact, the Ox-Eyed daisy, which is  
plentiful all through New England and  
some of the northern states, is called  
white weed.

The Chrysanthemum and wild asters  
are called daisies and really belong to  
the same family.

While it would not be possible per-  
haps to have a daisy hedge in bloom  
all the year, still by planting the vari-  
ous species of daisies, chrysanthemums  
and asters some bloom could be had  
from April to November in all except  
the extreme northern states.

**Work of the Crow.**

It is claimed that the average crow  
destroyed 700,000 insects a year.

**This Courting Business**

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX

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It was a minute or two past the  
noon hour, but Caroline made a last  
entry in the daybook. Maude and  
Laura were already patting their  
hair into shape, surreptitiously pow-  
dering their faces and nervously  
making ready to go to lunch. They  
were both under twenty, of the fluffy,  
big-eyed, quick-fading type. Car-  
oline was older—perhaps twenty-five—  
calm, steady-eyed, with smooth  
hair and a tailored business look,  
though her salary was little more  
than theirs. She closed her book,  
and as the door shut on the boss she  
looked steadily at their rather fagged  
faces—the heat and the work were  
telling on them. She herself was  
bright-eyed and cheery, ready for  
anything.

"The heat is fierce," complained  
Maude crossly. "It makes every-  
body mean. I feel like a scratchy  
cat, and the boss is like a bear. I'm  
sure only respect for himself—not  
for me—kept him from swearing  
when I couldn't read my notes this  
morning."

Laura nodded and pinned on her  
extravagant headgear.

"Did you get to sleep last night at  
all? I didn't until morning—it is  
really too warm to dance—and Harry  
made me mad taking me home—I  
wouldn't waste time on him, only he  
gives a girl such a good time—and I  
got to go somewhere."

Caroline broke in impatiently.

"What allis you two girls is not  
heat—it's this courting business. The  
kind that never lands you anywhere,  
and tires you all out for your work.  
You've no business to dance all night  
and be practically asleep the next  
day. The boss is supposedly paying  
for your waking hours—not your  
sleeping ones. Honestly, you can't  
afford not to be studying a bit on  
your work. I'm not one to howl, but  
in this dull season, and so many good  
stenographers wanting summer work,  
it wouldn't take much for you to get  
yourselves discharged. I don't sup-  
pose you'll adore me for telling you  
this, but it's so."

The girls tried to look scornful, but  
the older girl had been a friend in  
time of need—she had gotten them  
both into her office, and had even paid  
for their lunches their first week.  
They were a trifle sulky. But they  
could not deny that she was prettier  
than they, if a little older, and much  
their superior in the office—and  
everywhere.

"We've got to have some fun," con-  
tended Laura.

The three started together for the  
door, and the older girl replied:

"I know that, and I want you to  
have it, but you've got the wrong idea  
of fun. Dancing's all right once in  
a while, and in the right place. But  
these dance halls, and with such a  
sport as Harry Hall. That's only  
foolhardiness, kids. You'll be sorry.  
You may be all right, but people are  
going to judge you by the company  
you keep. To be fat," she finished  
as they got out of the elevator and  
went along the street, "would you  
want to marry any of the men you  
danced with last night?"

The two did not answer.

"You're pretty and young, and they  
are having a good time with you.  
You're giving them your freshness,  
and just being seen with them queers  
you with better men. How about  
Bob, Maude?"

Maude's dark eyes filled with sud-  
den tears. She had not seen him  
for a month. He was a boy from  
home, good, clean, with a promising  
business start. She knew that he  
had almost declared his love for her.  
Then, without warning, he had  
ceased to come near her. Caroline  
steered them past their usual place  
of eating to a quiet dairy lunchroom.

"I'm going to boss you for a few  
weeks," she laughed brightly. "The  
lunch is on me today—if you let me  
order. Dancing all night and sodas  
and cake for lunch, and dinner little  
better, won't do." She got a little  
side table and skillfully ordered some  
cold meat, a salad, a good sweet and  
milk. It was good. She guided the  
talk to impersonal matters, glad to  
see the sulkiness pass from Laura's  
face and the sadness from Maude's.

While they were eating Bob Hardy  
came in. He would have passed them  
with a wistful but firm little nod,  
but Caroline's eye held him. She  
beckoned to him. He came gladly  
enough, for he had always liked her  
and had been sorry when Maude es-  
caped from her care. He stood be-  
side them.

"Are you busy all the time?" she  
asked. "Because if you are not I  
want you to come for a little picnic  
with us and some others Thursday  
after office hours. You can bring  
some fruit and come to my office  
at five."

The slim, fair young fellow, after  
a moment's silent hunt for an ex-  
cuse, decided to accept. He would  
have preferred keeping away from  
Maude. He could not forget how  
sweet she used to be, and hated to  
remember that her pretty hair was  
padded into grotesqueness, her hat  
a monstrosity and that she would  
let a Harry Hall take her to a cheap  
dance. But he promised to come.

It was queer, but neither of the  
girls had opened her mouth to tell  
Caroline that Thursday was the night  
of another dance, and they had ex-

pected to go—in their own phrase.  
If she knew it Caroline did not be-  
tray the fact. She went on planning.  
In the afternoon the girls braced up  
to their work and went home prom-  
ising to go to bed at eight, and be on  
time at the office next morning.

The next evening Caroline invited  
herself to go home with them and  
help them fix some things to wear to  
the picnic next day. Quite casually  
she had asked Mr. Roberts, head  
clerk in their office, to be of the  
party. He had seemed glad to go,  
and took a quick glance at Laura.  
He had always wanted to know if  
there was a real girl beneath the  
little person who came to the office  
in party finery. There was some-  
thing sweet and genuine about her  
despite it.

In the little stuffy room the kindly  
Caroline coaxed and praised and ca-  
joled the girls until they had let her  
open their trunks. She found a little  
light summer dress for each, simple,  
and laid away as not stylish enough.  
With her quick wits and quick  
needle, a bit of lace or ribbon, she  
began altering a little to the admi-  
ration of the others. She tried on one  
dress, and then the other. The two  
could not deny the good effect.

"You're a darling, Caro," said  
Laura. "We would not have thought  
this old junk could be fixed up, and  
we wouldn't have worn it for any-  
body but you! We're your slaves for  
this occasion. What else do you  
want?"

The next afternoon at half-past  
four, three cool, clean, dainty girls  
with baskets waited at the office for  
three tired, hot men whose eyes  
rested gladly upon them. They took  
a car to some picnic grounds little  
frequented, and found a grassy space  
beneath some great trees. It was after  
six when they reached there, and the  
hungry little company began to  
get supper. Caroline had told each  
what to bring, and did the planning  
herself.

She had one man get water, an-  
other make a fire. Then she pro-  
duced coffee in a tin pail, a steak  
and a frying pan and potatoes boiled  
and ready to fry. Maude, in her ele-  
ment, remembered her early training  
in her mother's kitchen, and fell to  
work. Her sleeves were turned back  
to the shoulder showing her pretty  
arms. Her soft, thick hair, untored,  
unrattled, was drawn softly to the  
back of her round little head.  
The fire brought the red to her cheek.  
She cooked the steak to a turn, and  
with far greater zest than she made  
pookooks in the office. And Laura  
set the table. She could not cook,  
but in her simple white dress, with  
her curling hair piled on the top of  
her graceful head, her dress turned  
up about her slender figure, the arti-  
ficiality fell from her. She forgot to  
simpler and pose. She felt herself  
genuine and charming—and was so.

The little supper was a joy—both  
as food and as to comradeship. The  
third man, an old friend of Car-  
oline's, John Foster, a sort of quiet  
mainstay, a big, manly chap, seemed  
quietly to dominate the group. The  
younger girls had not known him.  
After supper the men had permission  
to smoke, and as they sat and the  
girls sang, Foster moved over to  
Caroline's side.

As twilight began to fall a little  
silence came upon the group. The  
girls rose, and the men followed.  
Then without warning John Foster  
took Caroline by the hand, and she  
looked up at him with a smile and  
noded.

"We—Caroline and I—are going to  
be married next week, people," he  
said. "Won't that be great? We're  
going to have a home out on Sixth,  
and we want you to come and see us.  
Will you—all of you? And Caroline  
has it planned to ask you girls to  
room in our house. Will you?"

Maude and Laura rushed over to  
kiss the bride to be, declaring that  
they would, of course. But the other  
men said nothing—then.

On the way home Bob had Maude  
off to himself, and got off the car  
with her before the right destination.  
He wanted to talk with her. She was  
very quiet and meek and sweet. Go-  
ing around the corner of the crowded  
street the music from the dance hall  
came to her ears. She shivered and  
drew closer to her boyhood friend.  
She was thinking of Harry Hall.

Bob put his hand to hers.

"Maude," he said, "before I tell  
you I love you—and ask you to  
marry me—I must ask you to forgive  
me. I thought the city had spoiled  
you and that you liked—" She  
would not let him finish.

"You shan't ask me to forgive what  
I deserved, Bobbie. I love you, too."  
Laura was walking demurely home  
beside the head clerk. She some-  
how felt very protected, very sweet  
and unsoiled. Something in his  
manner to her told her that some  
day he would—even in her thought  
she did not quite finish.

They passed a weary-faced middle-  
aged woman, who looked at them  
with a little smile. And she mur-  
mured in passing, "Ah, this courting  
business!" But it was a wistful  
murmur.

Woman's present hobby seems to be  
a hobble.

**ITS GLORIES ARE NOW DEAD**

Samarkand, in Russian Turkistan, Once  
the World's Most Splendid City,  
Now a Ruin.

Bokhara, Asia.—At one time Samar-  
kand in Russian Turkistan was as  
much the source of power and influ-  
ence in the affairs of the world as  
London is today; its architecture was  
as much admired as that of Paris or  
Vienna; its scholarship was as famous  
as that of Athens and its ecclesiastical  
prominence as great as that of Rome.  
Its universities were sought by stu-  
dents from every corner of the earth,  
like those of Germany are today, and  
pilgrims came from every part of the  
Mohammedan world to worship at its  
shrine.

The empire of Tamerlane, of which  
Samarkand was the capital, at the end  
of the fourteenth century extended



The Rigiistan of Samarkand.

from the Volga and the Danube rivers  
to the Ganges and from the Indian  
ocean to the polar sea. The tribute of  
a thousand tribes and the homage of  
seven-and-twenty conquered nations  
were laid at his feet here. But all this  
glory has departed and for five cen-  
turies Samarkand has been dying.

All the imposing structures that  
once gave Samarkand its reputation as  
the finest city in Asia have either dis-  
appeared or are in an advanced stage  
of decay and dilapidation. They have  
been almost entirely stripped of the  
adornments that made them famous,  
and the earthquakes that occur every  
few years diminish the number of tur-  
quoise and azure domes and the dimen-  
sions of the enameled walls, and in-  
crease the heaps of debris which now  
cover the ground. No effort has been  
made by the government or the priests  
or the people to restore or even to pro-  
tect the ravages of time or to protect  
or preserve the architectural monu-  
ments that have stood here for ages  
against the vandals, the earthquakes  
and other destructive agencies that  
have made Samarkand a wreck of its  
former magnificence.

You would think there would be suf-  
ficient pride, piety and patriotism in  
the Mohammedan world to perpetuate  
monuments and institutions chiefly ec-  
clesiastic in their origin and purpose,  
but the same conditions appear in  
every country where Islam prevails,  
except in Constantinople, Cairo and  
one or two other cities.

Islam is a dying religion. It has  
reached a hopeless stage of decay, if  
the appearance of its mosques and me-  
dresses, its shrines, the mausoleums  
of its saints, its cemeteries and other  
public institutions may be accepted as evi-  
dence. I have never seen a new  
mosque in any Mohammedan country;  
I do not know of one that has been  
built within the last century, and few  
have been repaired. Everywhere the  
indifference is the same; everywhere  
the same degree of dilapidation may  
be found, even in the most fanatical  
cities like Bokhara and Damascus.

The Persians used to call Samar-  
kand the center of the universe, the  
hub, like Boston. It was the Athens  
of Asia for learning and culture, but a  
Babylon for extravagance and vice.  
The luxury and immorality of its  
rulers and its citizens was the cause  
of its decay. Its population at the  
zenith of its glory was a million; now  
it has scarcely 175,000 inhabitants.

**What Alaskan Indians Smoke.**

Seattle, Wash.—How would you en-  
joy a pipeful of wood shavings satur-  
ated with a strong solution of pepper  
as an after dinner smoke? This is  
the strange substitute used for tobacco  
by Indians along the Alaska coast.  
Their mouths are often made raw by  
the practise, and the eyesight of many  
is affected by the strong fumes.

It is no uncommon practise among  
farmers to smoke the leaves of the to-  
mato and potato plants. While both  
these plants contain a narcotic poison,  
the smoking of leaves in moderation  
is harmless. Excessive use, though,  
produces a heavy stupor, from which  
the smoker awakes with a terrific  
headache and a feeling of utter ex-  
haustion. Insanity and suicide have  
often been caused by the immoderate  
use of these two weed—Rhubarb,  
beet and even garden sage leaves are  
all smoked by farmers, but are per-  
haps the least harmful of substitutes  
for tobacco.

**Do They Own Cincinnati?**

Cincinnati.—Not long ago the lineal  
descendants of George Washington  
caused the probate of his will to be  
opened, 107 years after his death.  
Their object in doing so was to prove,  
if they could, that they were entitled  
to the greater part of the land on  
which the city of Cincinnati is built.  
Their claim rests upon an alleged  
grant of this land by congress to  
Washington as a partial reward for  
his services in the Revolutionary war.  
They profess to have the original  
documents in which the land was  
ceded and which were overlooked at  
the time of the general's death, partly  
because of the fact that at that time  
the land had no particular value.