



CAPE BUFFALOES.

"It is true," said Mr. Cape Buffalo, "that here in the zoo we won't do anything. But still it is glorious to think of the wild days, of the days that our friends and our families have had and will have."

"Yes," said Master Cape Buffalo, "and it is joyous to hear again and again of how we were dreading and feared in the free state—that is, when we were free and wild."

"In Africa, from where the cape buffaloes come," said Mr. Cape Buffalo, "the natives dread us a great deal more than they dread lions. That is an honor, to be dreaded and feared more than the so-called king of the beasts."

"That is a great, great honor," said Master Cape Buffalo. "Ah, yes, to be feared more than a lion is as great an honor as a creature can have."

"And that is the honor that we all have," said Mr. Cape Buffalo. "We have two curled horns, and some say that in front where I have a funny-looking growth which I admire I resemble a stuffed bag. Mrs. Buffalo here, your mother, is a fine creature. Listen to her snarling now. She will never have more than one baby buffalo come to her at a time. She says she can't pay proper attention to more than one."

"Sometimes our family is known as the Water Buffalo family. We travel in droves, or in great numbers. If we were birds we would say we aren't birds in flocks, but as we aren't birds we can't say that. The zoo is



Travel in Droves.

interesting and the opinions of people are amusing. They think all creatures who don't look like they do with two silly legs and faces and arms and hats and coats and skirts or trousers are quite odd.

"They come here and they stare at us. There is one creature here, though, who will never look at them and will never even pay any attention to the keeper. He is the cross-stamped animal in the zoo, I believe. He is an angora goat, a brown angora goat, and his name is Tazengibing. He won't let anyone be friendly with him. The keeper once tried to be friendly with him and said, 'Tazengibing, may I pull your whiskers?' And Tazengibing started to go at the keeper with a bang and a bluff, as though to say:

"You come near me, or you talk to me in any friendly fashion, and I'll give it to you!"

"Still, it is true he likes to have the keeper give him his food."

"There is the jaguar, who tried to strangle his mate, and there is Mrs. Polar, who has scolded Mr. Polar so and snapped at him so many times that the other day he got angry and did his best to get even with her."

"There is Mrs. Lioness, a wild creature. She sometimes gets so bad she could kill her own lion cubs! She eats so much meat, that is the trouble. Creatures who live on vegetables wouldn't do such things, although that doesn't always follow!"

"Most of the goats around here are friendly; all of the plain goats and the zebras in the next few yards go into each other's yards and have a good time, and there is one angora goat who is friendly with all of them."

"The zebu, sacred cattle of India, you know, get on pretty well here. The wolves only get on with each other, and the auoudads are all right together because Mrs. Auoudad lets Mr. Auoudad have his own way. And the foxes who like to travel in pairs (as the elephants do), get on with each other."

"But, dear me, I wasn't meaning to give the history of the other animals in the zoo. For the thing that interests me most and should interest others more than anything else is the glorious fact that when we're wild and free we're feared more than the lion, the king of the beasts."

"Ah, that is most glorious, most glorious," said Master Cape Buffalo. "It is something of which Cape Buffaloes will never fail to be proud."

Here to Study Logging.

For the purpose of studying the most modern methods of logging Mr. Charles Gilbert Rogers, director of forests in India for the British government, is in the United States with a corps of 17 engineers. These engineers are at present at work in logging camps in the Appalachian mountains, and will gradually work toward the Northwest, then down the Pacific coast, and will conclude their studies in the southern territory in February, 1921.

BEES HOUSED IN "COTTAGES"

Lithuanian Raisers of Honey Furnish Really Attractive Homes for the Insects.

Beehives in Lithuania are not the comfortable round igloo-like huts that are commonly used in America. They are built very much like the Lithuanian home, with slanting gable and quaint doorway.

The cottages which they build are considerably larger than the round American hives. Double walls are built so that a protective warmth may be kept in the hives and prevent the bees from freezing during the extreme cold of the long winters. Pine wood is always used because it is supposed to be a greater protection against cold and because it is the most common tree in the forest lands of the country.

It is in the coloring of the hives that the Lithuanian asserts his individuality. The life of the Lithuanian has been starved of liberty and self-assertion during centuries. He has been oppressed by Germans and he has been oppressed by Russians—not only his art and his literature but even his language has been suppressed.

During the years of oppression one of the chief amusements and art mediums was the painting of hives. The highest degree of artistic beauty was often realized. Color combinations of originality and richness were striven for. And it is notable that a bee farmer tried as many different schemes as possible, so as to differentiate the hives from one another.

EGGS WITH QUEER MARKINGS

Many Interesting Designs Noticed in Those Laid by Wild and Domestic Birds.

Woodpeckers' eggs are of the purest white and so highly polished as to resemble finest porcelain.

The egg of the California partridge is covered with a delicate pinkish bloom which the slightest moisture will destroy. The mere touch of a finger will mar it.

Eggs of certain flycatchers have their surface marked with fine lines running lengthwise from end to end and looking exactly as if made with pen and ink.

A South American cuckoo lays an egg that has a chalky coat spread over it in such wise as to form a uniform network, the blue color of the shell showing in the spaces between the lines. Thus it looks as if covered with a fine white net.

Hens often lay malformed eggs, some of which are shaped like crook-necked squashes, while others resemble jugs with handles. Now and then an egg of farmyard origin contains a smaller egg, the latter complete, shell and all.

Insult to Royalty.

The ideas of the world change; what is unwelcome today becomes welcome tomorrow. There is an interesting bit of evidence of that in an amusing incident, long forgotten and now brought to light.

When postage stamps first came into use in England, some persons declared that the edicts of majesty were too sacred to serve as a label for letters.

"Have you seen the stamps yet?" wrote one ardent loyalist in 1840. "This is the greatest insult the present ministry could have offered the queen."

King Ferdinand of Sicily took the matter so seriously that he had a special postmark made in the shape of a frame, so that the officials could cancel the stamps without striking his portrait.

Discards the Modern Age.

Although the British have occupied that part of Burma from which some of the best teak is extracted for nearly a century, Burma tree-fellers still prefer their own axes to any of the various kinds which have been imported from time to time from Europe or America. This implement, called a poksin in Burmese, is about an inch broad, and ten or twelve inches in length. Fitted with a wooden handle cut from the neighboring jungle, the Burman erects a scaffold of bamboo around the trunk of the tree to be felled, which may be 12 or 15 feet in circumference, about five feet from the ground, manage to bring it down by his vigorous and repeated strokes within a few hours.

Wonderful Passion Flower.

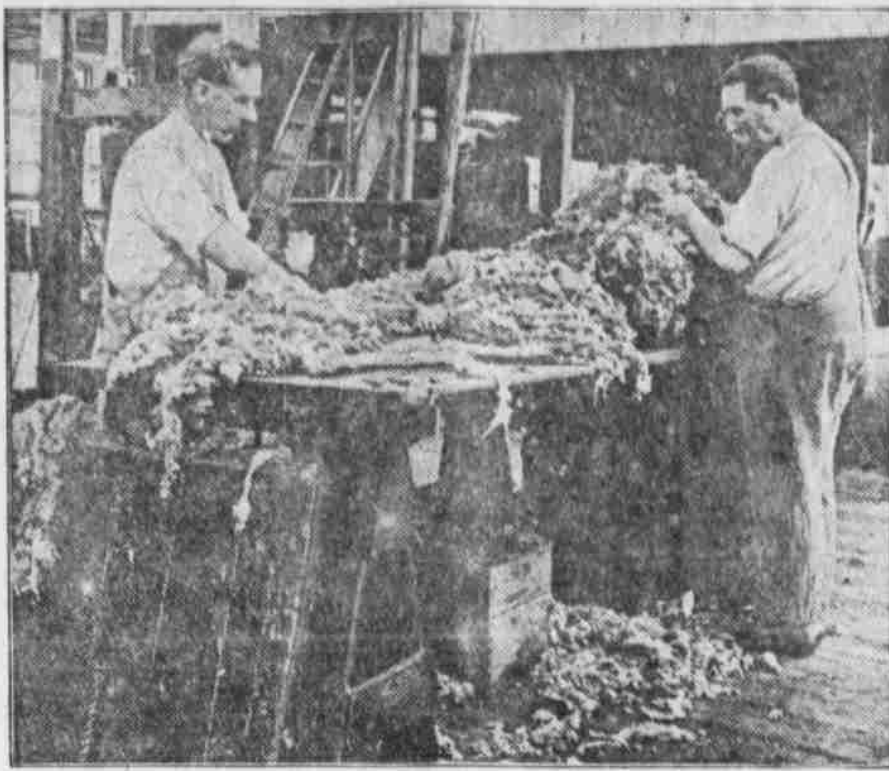
There is one flower that contains within itself so complete a compendium of the story of the cross that it is fittingly called by the name of passion flower. It blossomed about Holy Rood day. The thread-like colored stamens, which surround the flower-like rays, and some other portions of its delicately constructed blossom, attracted the notice of the Spaniards in their conquest of America. The different parts of the blossoms figured to their enthusiastic imaginations the numbers of the apostles, the rays of glory, the nails, the hammer, the sponge, the cup, and all the sad signs of the Savior's passion, hence they called it the passion flower.

Quite Natural.

"This clock you sold me last week is extremely variable and erratic," complained the customer with the package under his arm. "It looks pretty, but it cuts up scandalously, and—"

"Ah, but, sir," suavely interrupted the jeweler, "you forget that it is a French clock."—Kansas City Star.

WOOL GROWERS ENABLED TO HOLD THEIR GOODS FOR HIGHER PRICE



Wool Sorting, Inspection and Blending.

(Copyright, by American Woolen Co., Boston.)

Since the passage of the United States warehouse act in 1916, the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, which is charged with the administration of this legislation, has received approximately 300 applications for licenses. Half of these applications were received within the past year.

The advantages that accrue from the federal licensing and bonding of warehouses storing agricultural products such as cotton, grain, wool, tobacco and flaxseed are just beginning to be fully appreciated, say specialists of the bureau of markets. A continuous educational campaign has been conducted to accomplish this result, and the bureau confidently feels that a steadily increasing number of applications will be received.

Aids in Financing Crops.

The chief purpose of the act, which is not mandatory, is to establish a form of warehouse receipt that will be easily and widely negotiable as delivery orders or as collateral for loans, and therefore of definite assistance in financing crops. By licensing and bonding warehouses the integrity of the receipt is assured as evidence of the condition, quality, quantity and ownership of the products stored. These receipts are approved as collateral for loans made by the federal farm loan board; and because of the high value of the paper, bankers generally are enabled to rediscount their loans to greater advantage, thereby securing cheaper money, which in turn should mean reduced interest charges for the growers. It is also a fact that in insuring cotton stored in federally licensed warehouses reductions of from 10 to 25 per cent have been granted by rate-making agencies. Thus the insurance underwriters give tangible recognition to the creation of a better moral class of risk and to the value of government supervision and inspection.

TUBERCULOSIS TESTS ARE MOST RELIABLE

Disease Is Introduced Into Herds in Various Ways

Animals Should Be Purchased Only From Doves Known to Be Free From Ailment — Community Pastures Are Dangerous

Here are a few ways in which tuberculosis may be introduced into a healthy herd, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture:

By the addition of an animal that is affected with the disease; therefore animals should be purchased only from herds known to be free from tuberculosis, or from herds under supervision for the eradication of the disease.

By feeding calves with milk or other dairy products from tubercular cows; this frequently occurs where the owner purchases mixed skim milk from the creamery and feeds it to his calves without first making it safe by boiling or pasteurization.

By showing cattle at fairs and exhibitions. Reports have indicated that numerous herds have become infected through mingling with infected cattle at shows or by occupying infected premises.

The shipment of animals in cars which have recently carried diseased cattle and which have not been disinfected properly.

Community pastures; pastures in which tubercular cattle are allowed to graze are a source of danger.

In most cases the outward appearance of the animal bears no relation to the degree of infection. The disease frequently develops so slowly that in some cases it may be months, or even longer, before any symptoms are shown; therefore, be on the safe side and have your herd tested.

Much valuable information on the subject is contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1009, Tuberculosis in Live Stock. Copies may be had by addressing a request to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

FARM WOODLAND IN THE NORTH.

Farm woodlands amount to two-fifths of all forested lands. There are about 53,000,000 acres of woodland.

In New England more than 65 per cent of all forested land is on farms, and in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa from 80 to 100 per cent.

The income to farms from timber products is estimated at about \$162,000,000 yearly.

AGENTS HELP IN MARKETING

Various County Representatives Have Done Much to Assist Organization of Associations.

Work of exceptional value to farmers has been done by various county agents in connection with the organization of live-stock shipping associations and live-stock auction sales. The shipping associations have been especially successful in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin and Oregon, as well as in several states in the South. The live-stock auction sales have been developed in California on an Australian model which was introduced by a county agent who had been engaged in agricultural extension work in New South Wales. The value of the stock marketed through these auction sales in California amounted to \$1,790,330 and increased returns to the farmers by \$166,946 over prices which the stock would have brought had the auction sales not been held.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Keep the pigs growing every minute.

There should be purebred live stock on every farm.

Give pigs shade, water and pasture if you want them to thrive.

Worms in swine have no commercial value. Discontinue raising them.

JANE'S TEMPTATION

By MADGE WEST.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

As Jane looked back over the past it seemed that the eclipse of the Stewarts began with the coming of the Westovers. Jane's father, years ago, had followed his old father as village doctor. When young Ned Westover had come breezing into town, winning—with his city ways and shining new office equipment—an easy professional victory, James Stewart stubbornly endeavored to hold his footing, managing only the humblest living. So James lived his conscientious and really capable life, overshadowed by the aggressive personality of the more confident physician. And when he at last died his young daughter, left motherless in her childhood, had but the labor of her hands to count upon for livelihood. And Jane's small hands knew no other labor save that entailed in the duties of her father's household. Jane was dismayed at the possibility of her future, and it was with gratitude akin to devotion that she accepted the offer Myra Westover made that for the time being she should make Myra's home her own. The daughter of her old father's rival had, it seemed, inherited his prosperity and good fortune, and while Jane swept the rooms of her father's home Myra had traveled, perfecting her art studies and finding pleasures bestowed all along her way. When Doctor Westover's successful career was forever ended—and he had not lived long to enjoy the fruits of it—Myra returned from abroad, selling the great house and building a beautiful bungalow. It was to this daintily appointed home that she invited Jane, to be, as Myra smilingly suggested, her "companion and housekeeper." Myra did not exactly say general housekeeper, but that was exactly Jane's position. But the heart of the lonely woman was more than content. Myra, she felt, was her benefactor indeed. And Myra, adjusting costly furs over a costly suit preparatory to starting upon a trip whose duration would depend upon her own interest in it, congratulated herself upon the acquisition of a faithful and tireless housekeeper. With Jane installed in the bungalow, Myra could be completely at rest regarding her own affairs, sure of a satisfying welcome when she returned. Jane was firm in her refusal of a stated salary.

"Are you not giving me a home?" she had asked, with her father's unselfish inconsistency.

And Myra, shrugging her shoulders, smiled shrewdly at this gratifying loyalty.

The gifted illustrator laughed her way easily through life, unmoved by various suitors to whom her charm and beauty appealed. Jane had known but one romance, hidden carefully through the years in the most secret place of her heart. This romance carried the same pathos as her unselfish life. Bob Moore had stopped at the little house of the humble doctor to laugh and chat with the doctor's sweet daughter. Then Bob Moore had gone to the great house—and Myra Westover had smiled upon him. That was the end. That was always the end—where Jane was concerned. When Bob went away, Jane expected to hear of his return to claim Myra as his bride. But Bob had not returned; and Jane still cherished—her memories.

It was when Myra was away upon one of her trips, that Jane learned of Bob Moore's presence in town. She was in the kitchen when a neighbor brought the news and Jane looked down with sudden rebellion at her print dress. Bob Moore would call, of course—and he would find her thus—Myra's servant. "Why?" Jane asked with new resentment, "should all gifts of life be bestowed upon one woman?" Then he came her one temptation. For that evening at least she would live as Myra—be Myra. Bob Moore should find her, Jane Stewart, hostess of the stone bungalow. She hesitated only a moment, before the mirror in Myra's deserted room, then sorted, hurriedly, the dresses left in Myra's wardrobe. Jane chose deliberately a white frock of finest lace, and around her waist she knotted a blue ribbon. The white satin slippers were Myra's, too. In Myra's charming fashion, Jane loosened and coiled her hair. Then with new graceful assurance, she went out upon the veranda—to wait. Bob Moore—Robert C. Moore, man of affairs—came presently, smiling his pleasure. Bob, too, was having his memories—his first love stood before him tonight, the girl he had never been able to forget.

"I am glad," he said as they sat and talked, "that Myra and you have made your home together. Though from what Myra told me, when I went away, I supposed that you would long since have married. If I had not believed what Myra told me concerning your engagement to another man, Jane—"

His eager eyes finished the sentence. Then, rapidly, incoherently Jane Stewart made confession.

"Wait," she ended her story, and abruptly left him.

When she returned, Jane wore her plain print dress, white apron strings where the blue sash had been.

"You see," she said breathlessly, "it was a vision of Myra, that you remembered. But I am only Jane—the one who serves."

"You have served, long enough, dear," Bob Moore said quietly. And Jane's memory romance became reality.



MYSTERIES OF UNREST.

"I wonder why the people in this establishment take so little pains to be agreeable to me," said the old customer. "I have been trading here for years."

"Maybe that's the reason," replied the untrusting one. "Our horses aren't so very popular around here and you are evidently regarded as a friend of theirs."

A Sentiment Disapproved.

"I noted," said Senator Sorghum, "that when my political rival stepped on the platform you struck up 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.'"

"Certainly," replied the leader of the band.

"Well, my friend, what I want to say is that while you may be a fine musician, you're a poor prophet."

A Positive Essential.

"Henrietta has decided to give up our flat immediately," said Mr. Meek-ton.

"Aren't you comfortable?"

"Not any more. Henrietta thinks we ought to make a showing in politics and our apartment hasn't even a fire-escape landing, much less a front porch."

Scientific Suggestion.

"There was only one way the astronomer's wife could get him down from his observatory to look at the bruise on their boy's face."

"How was that?"

"She told him to come quick and take an observation of a spot on the son."



QUALIFIED.

Parent—Can you support my daughter in the way to which she has been accustomed?

Suitor—Yes, indeed, I live in the biggest and muddest pond around here.

A Tip to Market Tips.

Advice, though it is given free, may to its taker cost a lot.

Her Style.

"What sort of a car is that flying Miss Flirty going to get?"

"I don't know, but the most fitting kind for her would be a runaway."

Realistic.

"Why did you lay the action in your first act in a dental parlor?"

"Because I wanted the scene to have some drawing power."

Not a Healthy Place.

"Better not try any business in this town," said the first highwayman.

"Why not? The pickin' is good," said the second.

"I know; but they've got a judge here who's actually passin' out 15-year stretches."

The Leader.

Willie—Mamma, who is that man with long hair who is waving a stick in front of all those fiddlers?

Mamma—He is the conductor, Willie.

Willie—Oh, is he? Well, where do they keep the motorman?

The One Obstacle.

"There is only one good reason that I can see why a woman should not have a say in everything."

"What is that?"

"If she's dumb."

His Fate.

"There is no harmony in that man's life."

"Is his family quarrelsome?"

"No; he gives singing lessons."

His Mind Still at the Office.

Mrs. De LaSalle (on a pleasure trip with her broker husband) points to the glowing sun slowly settling behind the mountain range—See how it's sinking lower and lower—

He—Yes, soon it will be below par.

Her Secret.

Patience—Peggy can't keep a secret.

Patrice—Indeed, she can.

"Why do you say she can?"

"Because I asked her how old she was and she wouldn't tell me."