

Pictorial Humor

SOMETHING WRONG.



Policy Agent—Ise sorry, Ben, but yo's lost ag'in. Seven wasn't in it.
Ben Easy—Well, dat's funny. I dun dreamed dem on de seventh flo ob a sky-scraphah—de sebeth day at seben o'clock.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.



Miss Teacher—Now, boys, never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day; to-morrow never comes.
Little Bobby—How did Fourth of July get here, then?

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.



Mrs. Newlywed—Charles, dear, before you married me you never smoked in my presence.
Mr. Newlywed—I know it, darling, but you never wore curl papers in mine.



Tough Tim (soliloquizing)—Is he a farmer with a matchel full o' dough, or a preacher from Umpville wid a matchel full o' tracts?

Waiting on Exchange.
The customer who had found the colmare he had bought the day before two sizes too small, and had returned them and asked for an exchange, had given his name and address and observed all the formalities, including a walk from one end of the big store to the other, but he was still waiting.

"Well," he said, looking at his watch, "I once left the United Brothers and joined the Presbyterian Church in less time than it takes to do this."—Chicago Tribune.

Scorned So.
Uppardson (after the visitor had gone)—"You call me down for being uncivil to a stranger, do you? Why, confound your hide, you jackanapes, I've forgotten more good manners than you ever knew!"
Atom—"I believe you have, old chap."—Chicago Tribune.

A Midsummer Noon.
For luncheon I'll take—wait a bit—let me see—
Cucumber frappe and a glass of tea tea.

Midair Apprehension.

Pinching bug—Say, it is silly for you to wear your headlight on behind.
Lightning bug—Not at all. I'm awfully nervous about rear-end collisions.

CONFESSION.



Mrs. Newlywed—You told me we would have to give up luxuries and only allow ourselves necessities.
Mr. Newlywed—That's right.
Mrs. Newlywed—But you came home in a hack last night, that was a luxury.
Mr. Newlywed—Er—er—that was a necessity, my love.

SHE REMEMBERED.



Mr. Pushway—We seem to be old friends already. I've seen you before, I think.
Miss Cutting—Yes, you saw me hanging on a strap in a street car last Thursday while you were sitting down.



Mr. Skin—I thought you were sick and wanted to go home?
Tim (noting the rain and the postno ned ball game)—I'll stay home to-morrow, instead.

Artisticnoey.
Two horses met. The one was a scrub and the other a thoroughbred. And the horse that wore the panama hat
Cut the horse with the chip hat dead.

The Liberal Dodge.
"Boston ought to keep her beggars at home, I think."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, that tramp asked for 16 cents to help get his spectacles mended."

Front Picture in July.
In this hot office, at high noon, I close my eyes and see again upon the window pane deft winter's tracery.

Mrs. Jasper—"Mrs. Subbubs is too mean for anything."
Jasper—"Why do you say so?"
"I hinted and hinted for a month that she let us have her baby chair which her boy has outgrown and she didn't notice, but as soon as I went and bought one, she said: 'Why, you might have had mine.'"—Life.

Map of the Soils

To Teach Farmer What He Ought to Plant.

Washington correspondence of the Boston Herald: Uncle Sam is going to have a soil map that will be a wonder. It will be something of a kind entirely new, and will enable the farmer, wherever he is located, to determine just what crops will bring him the largest returns in money. Printed in colors, it will convey information in the clearest and most easily comprehended manner imaginable. The map is to cover the whole of the United States, and will be on such a scale that every ten-acre patch will be represented by one-eighth of an inch square. But each farmer will be able to procure a chart of his own neighborhood on a larger scale, so that he can arrange his planting in accordance with the suggestions which it conveys. The work is done by townships to start with, and these are put together to make counties, which are finally assembled to form complete maps of states. Hitherto the business of farming has been to some extent guess work; the agriculturist formed a surmise as to what crops were best for him to try, and did this planting accordingly. Henceforth he will study the government map, and from it will obtain advice, based on the highest scientific knowledge, as to what will be best for him to try to grow. Then he will go ahead with a reasonable certainty of satisfactory results.

In the first place, the soil map will show what kind of agricultural industry any given locality is best adapted for—whether fruit raising, vegetable growing, dairying or general farming. It will make clear to the farmer in North Carolina, for instance, that he has the same soil that is used advantageously for certain purposes in Georgia, and that, if climatic conditions are not unfavorable, the same crops may be expected. A wonderful strip of light sandy soil, not over four or five miles wide, extends along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Florida, with occasional interruptions, bordering the ocean and its embayments—i. e., the rivers and bays. It is a natural truck patch, adapted for the production of early vegetables, which ripen much sooner in that ribbon of land than anywhere else in corresponding latitudes, owing to the nearness of the sea. The nearer the water, the earlier the planting may be done. Along that strip in spring the climate

moves north at an average rate of 13 miles a day. The crops of vegetables which it produces come to market at a corresponding rate. But backward weather in the South and forward weather in the North will disarrange things sometimes, causing a ripening of the same kinds of produce at the same period in different latitudes of the strip, and thus bringing about a glut disastrous to growers. Under ordinary conditions, however, the potatoes, tomatoes, peas and other garden stuff, arrive first from Florida, then from Georgia, next from the Carolinas and so on. This interesting strip is conspicuously shown on the soil map, owing to its great commercial importance. It has so lengthened the season for fresh vegetables that now it may be said that there is no longer any season; such products are obtainable all the year round. In southern Florida there is a limited area below reach of frost where vegetables can be grown all winter, and the yield of this region tides over the cold months, until the spring season begins its march up the coast. It is the strip next to the beach, a mile wide, that is best for trucking purposes, and these sandy lands, when near to cities and with good transportation available, are worth from \$50 to \$500 an acre, though only a few years ago they were valued at \$1 an acre. As shown by the map, even along the strip the soils vary, so as to be adapted to different kinds of truck, the lightest and sandiest being best for early peas, the medium suitable for tomatoes and the heaviest just right for growing cabbage. The map will call attention to certain troubles of soils, which have been investigated through chemical analyses. One of these is acidity, which has an important influence upon farming over large areas; another is excess or deficiency of certain elements of plant growth, which can be supplied by fertilizers, and yet another is alkali. As for alkali, science has ascertained both the source and the remedy. It comes usually from wash from the mountains from salts carried onto the land by irrigation, or from deposits laid down at a period when the land was sea bottom. The remedy is to underdrain the land and wash out the alkali, and to prevent accumulation of seepage water in the subsoil.

Giant Mexican Spiders.

A New York professor has just returned home after spending the winter in exploring the mountains near Buena Vista and investigating the habits of a species of monster spiders found in the middle Cottonwood pass. Little definite is known of these spiders, but around them has been gathered a mass of Indian legend and prospectors' yarns that rival those of Munchausen.

Many years ago these spiders lived in a cave easily reached by tourists. It was in a valley two miles northeast from Harvard City, then a thriving mining camp eight miles west of Buena Vista. In 1880 a man named Shultz cut his way into the spiders' den. He did not return, and a week later a searching party found his body partly buried in the spiders' cave under a mass of fallen rock. As it would have required timbering at an expense of several hundred dollars to recover the body, and as the man had no known relatives it was left undisturbed. The spiders have found another home farther back in the mountains. Some of the tales told about these spiders are given in an old letter which has just been found in Buena Vista. It says:

"A short distance out of Buena Vista there is a cave swarming with spiders of immense size, some of them having legs four inches in length and bodies as large as that of a canary bird. The cave was discovered in 1868, and was often visited by pioneers on their way to California, who obtained their webs for use in the place of thread. Early and late the cave resounds with a buzzing sound emitted by the spiders as they weave their webs. The webs were tested in '71

and found to be composed of silk of the finest quality. The skins of the spiders make good gloves, as they are pliable and require no tanning. "A number were captured and tamed, and manifested great affection for all members of the family. They were far superior to a cat for exterminating rats and mice, following their prey into the holes in the walls and ceilings. One spider, kept as a pet by a Buena Vista lady, used to stay all night at the head of her bed, acting as sentinel."

Baking Powder Biscuit.
Measure a quart of sifted flour into a mixing bowl, add to this four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Sift again; add to flour two tablespoonfuls of butter, and rub in thoroughly with a spoon or flexible knife; do not use the hands. Moisten the flour with enough milk to make a soft dough. Do not handle much, but roll the dough out about an inch thick; cut into small round biscuits, placed in greased biscuit tins and bake in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

English Champion Tea Drinkers.
The British people consume nearly six pounds of tea per head of the population, or an increase of one pound per capita in sixteen years. There is no other country which, in any way, approaches this. Holland is the only country in Europe where the consumption of tea exceeds one pound per head. In Russia and in the United States, which are the other two large tea consumers, the consumption amounts to under one pound per head.

GETTYSBURG'S HEROINE.

A monument to the memory of Jennie Wade, the brave Pennsylvania girl who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, will soon be dedicated, the fund for the same having been raised by the Woman's Relief Corps of Iowa. Jennie Wade was one of the heroines of the civil war, as well known in her humble way and as loved as Barbara Fritchie. She it was who was killed by a stray minie ball of the Confederates while making bread for the Union soldiers, right in the stormiest and most dangerous part of the three days' battleground.

Jennie Wade was then only a young girl, but her sacrifice will always be remembered and perpetuated in the history of that sublime struggle. The first day of the battle she drew and carried water from the windless well, and filled the canteens of the Union soldiers, amid the shrieking of shells and the awful din of the battle. She never swerved from her willing task by giving the cup of cold water to these brave men.

Early, even before it was light, on the third day, she was at it, getting

in wood to heat the brick oven to bake bread for the soldiers, wearied with the two days of Titanic struggles. Very soon there was a call at the door for something to eat, and she turned to her mother, saying:

"I will make biscuits if you prepare fire in the stove," and turned to go about her new work with a will, but before she had done this a ball from an enemy's gun crashed through the door and killed the brave girl in her sister's home, on the morning of July 3. She was buried the evening of July 4 by soldier hands, in a coffin prepared for a Confederate colonel who had fallen in that battle.

Long Lightning Rod.
The largest lightning conductor in the world is in Bavaria. The top of it is some yards above the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point of land in the German empire. It runs down the side of the mountain to a body of running water. The length of the rod is three and a half miles.