PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone,
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living;
Today's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears tomorrow,
Then patient e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—Boston Watchman.

An Impetuous Greeting.

Along a deserted country road one dark night in May, a solitary wayfarer was leading a disabled bicycle. He came to a place where two roads crossed, and paused undecided. He glanced about in the gloom and found that he was near a house. "I'll ask there," he said, and walking up to the door, knocked boldly.

Hardly had his knuckles left the panel, when the door burst open and a young person in a dark skirt and light waist hurled herself upon him. The force of the blow caused him to stagger backward. Involuntarily he clasped her close in his arms while he regained his equilibrium, then he released her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped. "I thought it was a May-basket." Then, as suddenly as she had come, she darted into the house and the door went to with a bang behind her.

The man picked up his bicycle from the ground where he had laid it and went back to the corners. Here he stood meditating. He looked in all four directions, then glanced at the house and shook his head. 'I guess I'll take my chances on the road," he said, and started down the southern one.

As he went along, the clinking of the chain as it passed over the sprocket teeth sounding plainly in the stillness, he cogitated thus:

"I have just made a most interesting discovery. How by accident we sometimes stumble on these scientific facts. Now, if I had not punctured my tire just as dark was coming on, and then lost my way, I never should have known that during the month of May the houses in country places are so many catapults. You have merely to knock on the door and a beautiful young lady will be shot into your arms, instead of into a net, as they do it at the circus."

Mrs. Jameson's was considered a very pleasant place to board, and vacancies were waited for eagerly by those who knew of the quiet and homelikeness of her peaceful dwelling. She never would have more than four boarders at a time, so it did not seem like a regular boarding house.

"I can't take care of more than that number," she often said. "If I had more I'd be obliged to keep a girl and that won't do. I get along very well with what help Jamie can give me about dishes and on wash days."

This habit of calling her husband "Jamie" led to the boarders calling her "Mrs. Jamie."

It was a day in September, and the newest boarder sat looking across Mrs. Jamie's table at the oldest boarder. She was the new school teacher—her predecessor in both school and boarding place had been married the previous summer—and he was a young bachelor whose work was in a down town law office. She thought that he had a good face, and he thought there was something strangely familiar about her voice, though at the same time he was sure that he never had heard those tones before.

As the weeks and months went by, a friendly liking grew between these two. Each felt free to call on the other for any little help that was needed, and many and long were the discussions indulged in by them.

During the short Christmas and spring vacations the oldest boarder missed the newest one, and when school days began again there was a noticeable rise in his spirits.

One evening in May these two and Mrs. Jamie were in the sitting- room, Mrs. Jamie sewing patchwork, Mr. Sayward looking at the evening paper and Miss Stewart resting in a big chair, her hands lying idly on its arms.

There came a ring at the door-bell and Mrs. Jamie went to answer it. In an instant she appeared again carrying something in her hand. "It's a May basket for you, Miss Stewart," she cried excitedly. Sayward sprang to his feet and rushed from the room, Miss Stewart following after.

It was a very dark night and the children who had hung the basket really did not wish to be caught, so after a vain search and a fruitless chase the two came back unsuccessful.

"What a beautiful basket!" cried Miss Stewart, and Mrs. Jamie brought a vase of water for the flowers and a glass dish for the fruit and candies.

Quiet was at length restored, and Mr. Sayward returned to his paper, Mrs. Jamie to her patchwork and Miss Stewart to her restful attitude. Suddenly she laughed softly.

"I was thinking of something that happened several years ago," she explained, as Mrs. Jamie looked at her inquiringly. "It was when I was in my teens and before I went to Normal school. I used to have ever so many May baskets and I took great pride in never letting any one who hung them escape without getting caught. Well, one night there came an unmistakable May basket knock. I rushed to the door, opened it and dashed out right into a strange man's arms. I almost knocked him over and I was so confused that I ran back into the house without asking him what he wanted. It was probably some one who had lost his way, or else perhaps a tramp. At any rate he did not knock again, and I can't wonder at it."

Mr. Sayward's paper did not move, but behind its shelter he was smiling and there was a sparkle in his eyes.

The warm spring days grew into warm summer ones and the last day of school had come. Sayward was helping Miss Stewart decorate the schoolroom.

"Doesn't it make you feel bad," he asked, "this last day, or are you glad to get away from the noisy little wretches?"

"This is my first year," she answered, "and I am not used to it yet, so I am afraid I shall cry a little this afternoon."

"I shall not feel so bad till tomorrow," he said with meaning, but she went on without noticing.

"I shall be glad to get home again, of course. My home is in a lovely place in the country. Perhaps you have been by it on your wheel. It is out in South Wytham on the turnpike. I would like to have you call out and see me sometime. It would be a pleasant ride, and any one can tell you where Jared Stewart lives."

"I'd like to come first rate," he said, "and I will on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, looking up at him where he stood on the top of the step ladder.

He came down hastily and his face grew suddenly serious.

"Alice," he said earnestly, "I love you. Do you suppose you could marry me?"

Of course it was very sudden, but Alice was one who knew her own mind, so after a moment's reflection she told him that she supposed she could.

The next day he went with her to the station, and as they waited for her train she said to him shyly, "And you think you will come out on your wheel and see me?"

"I rather think so," he said.

"By the way, I forgot to ask—what was that condition you spoke of?"

"Condition? Oh, yes, I know. That you would let me greet you as I did the last time I was there."

"The last time?"

"Yes, don't you remember?—one night in May, and you said, 'Oh, oh, oh, I thought it was a May-basket!'"

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Was that you?" she cried joyously. "I'm so glad it wasn't any one else!"

—Susan Brown Robbins in Portland Transcript.

Railways and Telegraphs in China.

Telegraphs and railways appear to be among the causes of the anti-foreign riots now in progress in China. The development of this feature of modern enterprise in China is described in considerable detail in a recent publication of the treasury bureau of statistics, entitled "Commercial China in 1899." It shows that the telegraph system of China included in 1899 about 3,000 miles of line in operation, and that the railroad system included 350 miles of road in active operation and over 3,000 miles projected. The telegraph system connected all of the capitals of the province with the national capital, Pekin, and in turn connected with the Russian trans-Siberian telegraph line and the ocean cables; but it appears from the recent reports that these lines have in many cases been destroyed by the anti-foreign mobs and armies.

The railways thus far constructed belong to the Chinese government and were constructed under its control and direction and at its expense. They connect Pekin, the capital, with Tientsin, which lies at the head of the gulf of Pechili and is the seaport of Pekin, while other lines run northwardly from Tientsin to Shanhaikwan and still others extend southwardly from Pekin as far as Paoting, the capital of the province of Chili, in which Pekin is located. From that point southward a railway was being constructed in 1899 by Belgian capital, though it was suspected that Russian influence and perhaps Russian capital were associated in this work. This line was expected to extend to Hankow, which may be described as the Chicago of China, being its best and largest and most prosperous inland commercial city, located 500 miles up the Yangtse-Kiang from Shanghai, which lies at the mouth of that river. Hankow is a city of nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants and it was expected that the Belgian line would connect Pekin, which lies well at the north, with Hankow, located near the center.

The present German tariff on canned fruits, preserves and sauces is so inordinately high as to almost shut out this line of American goods.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being slammed when closed. Shut the door as gently as possible.

Cotton Cultivation in Egypt.

This subject is treated at length in Bulletin No. 42 of the office of experiment stations. All of the cotton produced in Egypt is grown under irrigation. Very little rain falls in the Nile delta from the time cotton seed is planted in March until the last picking in November. The temperature rises from an average maximum of 73 degrees Fahrenheit in March to an average maximum of nearly 95 degrees in August, declining to about 74 degrees in November. The average minimum temperatures are about 25 degrees lower. The air is exceedingly dry during the entire year, and especially during the early growth of cotton. The relative humidity increases from May to November, but never becomes as great as that in the cotton belt of the United States. The earliest and best pickings become successively poorer as the moisture increases and the heat declines. The irrigating water is under a control limited only by the supply. Flooding the lands while the cotton is maturing increases the moisture in the atmosphere from the abundant evaporation. The soil temperature at this time is from 80 degrees to 86 degrees, and the conditions are such as to induce rapid development in vegetable growth.

The soils where all of the best cotton is produced are clay loams produced by alluvial deposit from the overflow of the Nile. They are rich in fertility from the Nile deposits, and their quality is further improved by the extensive growth of Egyptian clover, adding nitrogen and humus. Phosphoric acid and potash are usually present in sufficient quantities and are not applied in the form of commercial fertilizers. Lime and magnesia are also present in the soils. Nitrogenous manures are generally found most beneficial, especially where cotton and sugar cane are grown to the exclusion of clover and other leguminous crops.

Cotton usually follows clover in a rotation of crops. The land is plowed and stirred to a depth of about thirteen inches, giving a deep, mellow seed bed. The surface is made compact and firm by a plank drawn over it like a harrow, the driver standing on the plank giving sufficient weight to crush lumps and level uneven places. A level, even surface is essential for good results in irrigated land. Ridges about thirty-five inches apart are made with a plow, and the seeds, after soaking twenty-four hours in water to hasten germination, are planted in hills fourteen to twenty inches apart on the sides of these ridges. The cotton is thinned to two plants in a hill and hoed usually three times, being watered after each hoeing. After the third hoeing it is watered at intervals of twelve to fifteen days, until the time of the first picking, about the last of August, and it is watered again after the first and second pickings. If the production of Egyptian cotton is to succeed on a commercial scale in the United States it must be in the gulf coast region, where the crop will have to withstand the conditions of uncertain rains, perhaps supplemented with irrigation, or in the irrigated lands of the Southwest. In the former region cotton cultivation is well established and labor is comparatively cheap. In the regions where irrigation is practiced, farmers and laborers alike are generally unused to the cultivation of cotton on a large scale, wages are generally higher than in the cotton belt, require less hand labor than is involved in the "chopping," hoeing and picking of cotton. The most promising means for the successful production of Egyptian cotton in this country appears to be either in developing improved hardy and productive varieties that will withstand the conditions in the gulf coast region, particularly its western part, or in devising methods of culture in the irrigated lands that will require less hand labor. It will be necessary in either case to keep up a continual selection of seeds in order that the quality of the fiber may be kept up to the highest possible standard.

Preparing a Rose Bed.

According to Henry A. Siebrecht, in a bulletin on roses, there should be at least eighteen inches depth of good, rich soil in the bed or border, which should be well trenched to the full depth and roughly but well ridged up. No attempt should be made at leveling or making it fine. If possible this trenching may be done in the autumn, just before the frost. If, however, the garden is not prepared until spring, the trenching and ridging up should be done as early as is possible to work the ground. The soil should lie at least two weeks in that condition, when it should be leveled and receive a heavy dressing of well-rotted stable manure.

If the land be of an open and sandy nature, barnyard manure will answer. If the land be extremely light and sandy, then sheep or cow manure is much better; and if, on the other hand, it should be very cold and heavy land, then well-rotted horse manure is the best. This should be spread over the ground in quantity of about a ton or large load to every 200 square feet, and thoroughly spaded or forked in. After this the ground should be well raked and the soil made very level and fine.

The great essential for making rose beds or borders is proper and ample drainage. Should the ground be of a stubborn, stiff clay nature, with perhaps a strata of hardpan beneath the top soil, then the whole area should be artificially and thoroughly drained and the beds or borders properly formed; and might be done in the following manner: Remove all the top soil to one side, taking out enough of the hard-pan to a depth of at least two feet below the normal surface or level of the land in the garden, and have the bottom surface sloping to the side where the main path or walk is to be. Then put in, carefully laid together, a layer of refuse or old brick, or some such material, to the depth of about eight inches, then filling in the crevices with small stone or clinkers. Put on top of this a two-inch depth of coarse gravel, clinks or cinders, then roll this with a garden roller, as you would for making a path, or, if such drainage material cannot be easily had, then lay two-inch ordinary drain tile in lines two feet apart and fill in between the tile with the same material as mentioned above—coarse gravel, sand, or ashes, to a depth of eight or ten inches. After this put on a layer of turfy sod grassy side downward. Put on top of this good garden loam to the depth of about fifteen inches, using partly the soil that has been removed from the top before draining. Then fork or spade into this the before mentioned quantity and quality of manure and your border is ready for planting.

Desire and Fulfilment.

A biographical sketch of Mr. Hermann H. Kohlsaat, proprietor of the Times-Herald of Chicago, pictures him as a poor boy on an Illinois farm, and later, when twelve years old, as a "carrier" for the Chicago Tribune, working from daybreak until school-time.

One wintry morning the slight little fellow reached home very much exhausted after his struggle with a big bundle of papers amid snowdrifts and contrary winds.

"Never mind, Hermann," said his mother encouragingly, "you will not have to carry newspapers all your life."

"No, mother," replied the slip of a boy, "I intend to own a big newspaper of my own some day."

A few years after young Kohlsaat became a cash boy, earning $2 a week. "Then," he said, "I sat down and thought it all out. I perceived that it did not matter how much one earned, it was necessary to save something all the time or one could never be anything but an employee. Even when I earned only $2 a week a certain part of it was put aside for future use."

From cash boy to traveling salesman, from salesman to proprietor, were the next steps in the career of this typical American. At the age of forty he attained his ambition, the ownership of a great newspaper. Years had intervened between desire and fulfilment; but it is worth remembering that the Times-Herald was potentially his on the day when he decided on the purpose of his life and began to save his money.

The Irony of Fate.

When Louis Philippe was King of the French, he sent to St. Helena for the ashes of the great Napoleon that they might rest in the exquisite shrine which is now one of the wonders of Paris. The tomb at St. Helena was left empty.

Under the second empire the government, fearing that it was falling into decay, bought the ground round the tomb for $3,000, and the British Government presented to her sister Empire the adjoining lands of Longwood, which had been rented by a farmer.

The French repaired the house and placed an old officer, who had fought under Napoleon at Waterloo, with two subalterns in charge, so that the "Souvenir du grand Empereur de la patrie" might be fittingly preserved. The officer and one subaltern died. The third Frenchman, left alone, married an Englishwoman. He now lives there with seven daughters, not one of them can speak a word of their father's tongue, and still more horrible to relate, he has thought fit to adorn the favorite sitting-room of the vanquished hero of Waterloo with French and British flags intertwined. O, shade of Napoleon, hatred of the English race made bitter thy dying hours; it was well that thou couldst not foresee how Fate should mock thy memory.—Ex.

Recipes.

A Peach Mousse—This velvety cream can be made a very perfect dish for either luncheon or dinner. Prepare a dozen large ripe peaches, remove the stones, reduce them to a pulp and then strain. Soak one teaspoonful of gelatin in cold water, dissolve it in a tablespoonful of hot water and add to the peach pulp. Then set the whole on ice to become cold. Sweeten one pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth, then fold in the peach pulp and pour into a mold. Cover tightly and pack in ice for three hours.

Peach Souffle—When peaches are in season don't forget a souffle. To make this to perfection pare ripe peaches of good quality, chop them in a wooden bowl, with a silver knife and strain. To every pint of the juice allow one pint of water, six eggs and one pound of sugar. Beat the eggs until light, then add them to the other ingredients and cook the whole in a double boiler until it becomes as thick as soft custard. Strain, set the dish in a pan of cold water and beat the mixture continuously until it becomes cold. Freeze and serve with cream slightly sweetened and flavored with peach.

"Home-Made" Animals.

A little country girl went to the city for a visit and while there was taken to the park to see the animals. As they passed around she was told that "this one came from South America, that one from Africa, another from Asia," and so on until she looked wonderingly up in her companion's face and innocently inquired: "Don't you have any home-made animals here?"

"And you would spend it, too."

Birds That Died of Grief.

The following, which appears in Mr. Angell's Address to the Boston Public Schools, shows very clearly how sensitive even birds are:

"To show how this power of the voice extends through the whole animal creation, I will say that I know one of the best ladies in Massachusetts, who lives within five miles of this school-house. She had, a few years ago, a beautiful canary bird which she dearly loved, and to which she had never spoken an unkind word in her life.

"One Sunday the church organist was away, and she stopped after church to play the organ for the Sunday-school.

"In consequence of this the dinner had to be put off an hour, and when she got home her good husband was very hungry, and as the girls may find out some time, when husbands get very hungry they sometimes get cross, and he spoke to her unkindly.

"The things were put on and they sat down in silence at the table, and presently the bird began to chirp at her as it always had to attract her attention. To shame her husband for having spoken so, she turned to the bird, and for the first time in her life spoke to it in a most violent and angry tone. In less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage—the bird was dead.

"When I was at New Orleans, winter before last, Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the late Vice-President of the United States, came there. And she said that she once killed a mocking bird in the same way. It annoyed her by loud singing. To stop it she spoke in a violent tone, and pretended to throw something at it, and within five minutes it was dead."

Cotton Seed Not Good for Swine.

The Texas station for two years carried on experiments to ascertain to what extent, if any, cottonseed and its meal could be profitably used as a food for swine. The following is the substance of conclusions arrived at by Professor George W. Curtis, the station director:

After two years' successive tests in feeding cottonseed to hogs with definite aim in view, and after practical attempts to use these products in a similar manner for the past ten years, we do not hesitate to express our candid opinion that there is no profit whatever in feeding cottonseed in any form, or cottonseed oil, to hogs of any age. To those who have tried it carefully, and have taken pains to note exactly what their hogs were doing, this statement will not be at all surprising. It is a fact which no amount of theory can overcome, that it is practically impossible to prepare cottonseed or cottonseed meal in any manner so that hogs will eat it greedily. As a rule they eat fairly well for two or three, sometimes six or eight days, but they soon tire of it and refuse to eat more than just sufficient to satisfy hunger. It is not disputed that cottonseed, or cottonseed meal, is rich in food elements—that fact is well known; but it is also known to practical feeders that no animal can give best return for food consumed unless his appetite be whetted, and himself be urged thereby to heaviest eating consistent with a healthy state of animal digestion and assimilation. This, we claim cannot be done with cottonseed, or meal, and our conclusions in the matter, based on work at this station for a number of years, are supported by the views of other feeders who know whereof they speak. . . Not all the animals die, but the mortality is large. The dying uniformly become sick and die within six to eight weeks from the first feeding.

The first sign of sickness, appearing in from six to eight weeks after cottonseed meal is added to the ration, is a moping dullness of the animal, with loss of appetite and tendency to lie apart. Within the course of twelve to thirty-six hours, often within shorter time, the animal becomes restless; staggering in his gait; breathing labored and spasmodic; bare skin showing reddish inflammation; sight defective, and both the nervous and muscular systems feeble and abnormal in action. The fatal cases all show "thumps"—spasmodic breathing; and in many instances the animal will turn in one direction only, following a fence or building wall so closely as to strike his nose against projections in a vain endeavor to push outward in that one direction which he tries to take. If no fence or building intercept him he may travel in a circle—large or small, according to the mildness or acuteness of the malady in his particular case. When exhausted by his efforts the animal drops down suddenly—sometimes flat upon the belly, sometimes dropping on his haunches with his forelegs well apart to keep from falling over—almost always with the evidence of more or less acute internal pain. At death a quantity of bloody foam exudes from mouth and nostrils.

Sorghum for Forage.

Mary Best of Medicine Lodge, Barber county, Kansas, who has probably been as closely in touch with and as intelligently observant of the saccharine sorghums for both sugar and forage as any person living, writes, under date of March 12, 1900, to Secretary F. D. Coburn of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, saying:

"The prevailing opinion throughout this region seems to be that sorghum will grow anywhere; well, that's a fact, but the best results are obtained from better work and a good deal less trust in providence. Too much care cannot be given the preparation of the ground. The year 1899 was a very poor season for all forage crops in our district, but where good work was done the yield was almost treble that obtained by slipshod farming—the seasons are not all to blame for our poor crops.

"This crop is often brought into disrepute by the way the seed is put into the ground, but more often by the manner of harvesting. There are a number of ways to plant; each has some advantages. If one wishes to list he should be sure and double-list, or plow and then list, using ten to fifteen pounds of seed per acre, and keep thoroughly cultivated. For hay, plow; then follow closely with harrow and drill, using one bushel of seed per acre. If preferred, seed can be planted with a corn planter; it is not so easily washed out as the listed seed, and can be sooner cultivated. The seed can be taken off with a header, and stock turned into dispose of cane left standing. This is a profitable and economical way of harvesting.

To cut up the main crop we have found that corn harvesters do good work; the bound forage is vastly easier to handle, and saves a great deal of waste. Harvested in this way, it should not be ricked like other bound feed, but ricked butts outward. When ready to use load on a low wagon, butts inward, and with a hay-knife or cross-cut saw cut the heads off, and thereby save both seed and fodder.

For hay, cut the drilled cane as soon as the seed is in the dough, and rake into windrows within twenty-four hours. Before another sun sets have it in cocks of 1,000 to 2,000 pounds well topped out.

As to varieties, nothing has been found to equal those chosen as superior several years ago. In 1898-'99 much work was done at Medicine Lodge by the government and private persons, and all experiments confirmed the fact that Folger's, Colman and Collier still held position as the very best for early, medium and late canes. Amber is the best as an extra early or catch crop, and for northern latitudes is desirable. Seeds of these can be had from the department of agriculture at Washington, which sends out enough to give a good start for seed. Nothing in the line of sorghum can equal these; they represent years of labor and a vast amount of money. Whether the cause of the evident improvement is acclimation of the varieties or selection of seed or both, the fact remains that we can grow increased tonnage and superior quality year by year.

Collier is a general favorite; horses show a strong preference for it, and sheep men say that Collier is the best for their purpose, the stalks being soft as well as sweet. It is, however, a poor seeder, and where grain is wanted, and for hogs in winter, we always use Colman, the thick, sweet stalks and large seed heads being greedily eaten by hogs, big and little.

After many trials, we have found that planting from a peck to one-half bushel of seed per acre, and cutting up when seed was in dough, gave the most palatable food. Such seeding makes fine-stalked, heavy-foliaged and yet very sweet cane, and in a dry season it stands the dry weather much better than that sown broadcast. The past winter I saw a plain instance of what the animals liked. We have in a home corral two milch cows and several heifers and calves; for some weeks we fed them Kafir-corn, sorghum-hay and corn-fodder; then brought in some of this thickly listed sorghum, and at once noticed how they relished the change; but the fun began when we went back to the cane-hay and Kafir. Old "Boss" led the rebellion, and every heifer followed suit, and for a genuine group of sulky cattle I'll back that bunch; then we got more of what they wanted, and they at once showed what a greedy crowd they could be.

To raise seed, get the best; then do not plant more than three pounds per acre, and two pounds is better.

We like a good crop of Kafir-corn, and grow some each year, yet in dry seasons we find the sweet sorghums far and away the better crop. They stand dry weather longer, and quality of the forage is not only not injured thereby but the sugar content is higher in dry seasons than in wet; also, the fodder is better relished by stock; while Kafir-corn grows very hard and woody, and is relatively an expensive feed when so large a proportion is wasted. As a grain-producer Kafir-corn far excels the sweet sorghums.

After ten years' experience I have not found a superior or more economical feed for stock than these. As dry-weather-resisting plants, and for the quality and quantity of feed produced, the sweet sorghums stand without a rival—always excepting alfalfa.

A Japanese Views of Our Pioneer Women.

Local conditions often make two-thirds of the interest of a plot or story. The chief feature of The Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen, is the heroic nature of the American woman pioneer. She tilled the field and often built the blockhouse. She fought the wolf and the Indian. To Americans, no explanation is necessary in respect to these wonderful historical characters. Such, however, is not the case with foreigners. Recently The Choir Invisible was translated into Japanese. Among the first to read the book was a distinguished historian of Osaka, who said in conversation with an American diplomat:

"It is a rather good picture of farm life."

The diplomate replied: "I think it is more than that. It takes great courage for a woman to be a pioneer and lead that kind of a life."

The Japanese scholar nodded, benignly, as he answered: "That may be so with some of your women, but it is not so with ours. They always work in the fields and do it as a matter of instinct."