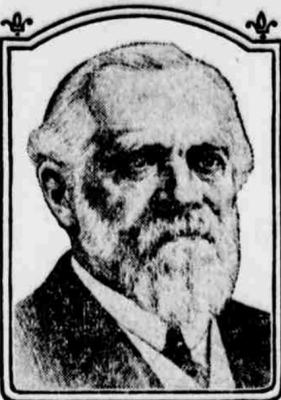


IN THE LIMELIGHT

RIDS HIMSELF OF MILLIONS



Henry Phipps, Sr., has divested himself of his Pittsburg realty holdings, estimated at \$10,000,000, by giving it to his three sons, John S. Henry, Jr. and Howard Phipps, all of Nassau county, New York. The gift includes the Fulton, Bessemer and Manufacturers skyscrapers, the McElveen Furniture company's building, the Phipps Model tenements on the North side, and other valuable parcels of property not so well known. There was also included in the gift two farms, one in Ross township and another in Jefferson township, and the only material consideration named is one dollar.

The deed is an ordinary typewritten document in which no space is wasted with recitals other than describing the properties. Nothing is said about how the three sons are to share in the ownership of the property; the \$10,000,000 more or less of skyscrapers and other real estate is just given them in fee. Henry Phipps and his wife, Mrs. Annie C. Phipps, signed and acknowledged the document in New York city, the date in the transfer being March 12, 1912.

Less than a month ago Mr. Phipps gave his boys \$2,000,000 worth of Chicago real estate, and neither the father nor the sons would comment upon that gift, which, according to a friend, was simply to relieve the parent of much work and worry. It was not because John S. Henry, C. J., and Howard need the real estate. The elder ones, John and Henry, have mansions of their own in Long Island that are as imposing as their father's in New York.

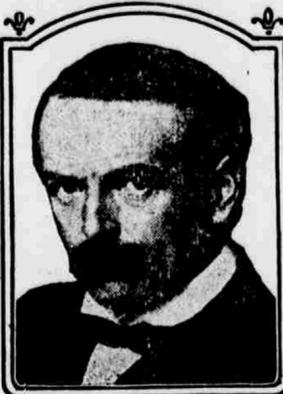
A CONSPICUOUS ENGLISHMAN

In the political arena, Ireland and Scotland long ago achieved foremost places. It has been reserved for our time to see a Welshman win his way to the front rank. Mr. David Lloyd-George is the man. He is not yet prime minister. He may never become prime minister; but he is chancellor of the exchequer, and if anything happened to Mr. Asquith, he would run Sir Edward Grey a hard race for the premiership.

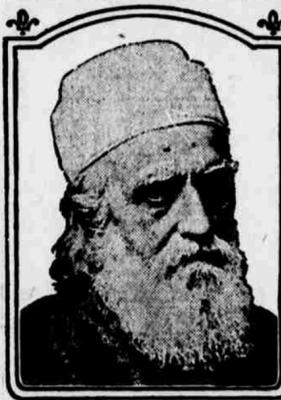
No two men are more unlike. Sir Edward Grey is an aristocrat from Northumberland, cool, dispassionate, in temperament a whig, by conviction a radical, and much more of a country gentleman than either. He is above all things a man apart, reserved; free both from the defects and from the qualities of ordinary humanity. Lloyd-George is just the opposite. He is a democrat, of the democracy born and bred, intensely human, full of kindly humor and glowing enthusiasm, half-fellow-well-met with every one. He lives, breathes, and has his being in politics.

As a platform speaker he is unsurpassed. In him, to a degree not common among men, the magnetic quality of enthusiasm is coupled with irresistible humor. Nor is it on the platform only that he is supreme. As a debater in the house of commons his only equal in a finished speech is Mr. Asquith; and in the quick give and take of discussion in committee, he leaves even Mr. Asquith far behind.

He and Mr. Winston Churchill are regarded as the Castor and Pollux of British democracy. What Cobden and Bright were at one time, and Chamberlain and Dilke in later years, Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill are today.—Youth's Companion.



LEADER OF BAHAIISM IS HERE



Abbas Effendi, known to his millions of followers as Abdul Baha, the leader of "Bahaiism," is now on a visit to America.

Never before in recorded history has one of the founders of an Oriental religious movement—since become world-wide—visited America. The personality and life history of one who has spent sixty years of his life in banishment, imprisonment and exile from his native land makes a story of fascinating interest, vividly impressing upon the mind of the investigator the fact that the days of religious persecution are not ended, and that even in this modern age a drama has been enacted which for human interest equals or surpasses Biblical history.

Abbas Effendi, who is known to his millions of followers as Abdul Baha—the servant of God—was born in Teheran, Persia, May 23, 1844, and is now about sixty-eight. To write the history of Abdul Baha's life one must first give a brief statement of what is known as the "Babist" cause. Abbas Effendi's father was born in 1817, and was called by the Bab "Baha'ollah," a title meaning "The Glory of God." He gave up his wealth and position to become an associate of this lowly band, and after the death of Bab was looked upon as their leader. In the massacre in 1852 he, with others, was imprisoned, chained in a dungeon as a suspect, and narrowly escaped a death sentence, was banished from Persia with his family and a few of his faithful disciples.

FROM COWPUNCHER TO SENATE

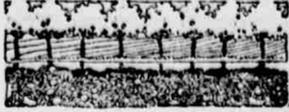
There has been a tradition that intermeddling from Washington never did a presidential candidate any good. The people, it was thought, wanted to be let alone while making their choice. As Woodrow Wilson would say, in writing a confidential letter to a trusted friend, that tradition has been knocked into a cocked hat.

Anyway, Washington this year has become the main show, and energetic managers at the door urge the crowds to walk right in, study the literature, gaze at the photographs and decide the matter for themselves, as patriots and intelligent men. It is a strenuous business. William Brown McKinley, manager for President Taft, tells me that his physical trainer calls him every morning at 6:30 o'clock, puts him through his gymnastics, and then strikes coffee from his breakfast and tobacco from his daily comforts. "I had to hire him," Mr. McKinley said with an apologetic tone in his voice, "to train me for the strain." Also there are managers for Roosevelt, La Follette, Cummins, Wilson, Harmon and Underwood. Foss, Gaynor, and Marshall are unrepresented at the national capital so far. They may be, however, later on. The ancient prejudice against and the fear of Washington, then, have passed away and the rhetorical and hurrying presidential propagandists are here, perhaps, to stay.

An old baseball catcher, Fred T. Dubois, of a team once, celebrated at Yale, is directing the campaign of Champ Clark. Dubois, likewise, formerly punched cows from Blackfoot to Cheyenne and chased polygamous Mormons while a marshal of the United States.



HORTICULTURE



THINNING OF FOREST TREES

They Must Have Abundance of Sunlight and Air to Produce Best Results—How to Cut.

If we want strong, healthy trees in the woodlot it is just as important that we thin out the trees as it is to thin out the young fruit. The pictures show what may be accomplished by



Strong and Straight.

(Thinning. They are from photographs taken by A. F. Hawes, state forester of Connecticut.)

In Fig. 1 the trees in the center of the group are strong and straight, but the smaller ones form a mass of foliage, the removal of which helped the others. This is shown by the trees in Fig. 2. The trees left standing are now exposed to the light and free from the sapping by the mass of foliage and small trees which have been removed and will grow into strong, tall trees.

In cutting mature timber the chief concern is to secure satisfactory reproduction as soon as possible. The "group method" is generally the best adopted for farm woodlots. Select a spot, or several spots, if one will not supply what is wanted, where the forest crop is ripe—possibly overripe—and clear, with due care for young growth, a hole in the forest, taking care that the diameter of this hole is not more than two or three times the height of the surrounding trees.

Gradually widen these holes by cutting in concentric rings about them until the whole area has been cut over.

It should be borne in mind, however, that if in any one year more wood is



A Mass of Foliage.

cut than grows on the whole woodlot in that year the necessary wood capital is diminished.

Where the whole area is cut over before the part cut first had time to grow to maturity a period will have to follow during which the woodlot will stop paying dividends.

MULCHING FOR FRUIT VINES

Practice Prevents Growth of Weeds, Retains Moisture and Adds Needed Humus to Soil.

A successful West Virginia raspberry grower gives the following reasons for mulching:

It prevents the growth of weeds. It retains moisture in the soil. It adds humus, one of the necessary elements.

It keeps the fruit clean and prevents mud at picking time. It saves labor, the cost of mulching an acre with forest leaves or straw not exceeding \$15.

It prevents deep freezing. It makes the fruit more solid for cultivation and better for shipping purposes.

It prevents the baking of the soil caused by tramping at picking time. It has the disadvantage of encouraging mice and establishing a surface root system. However, we have not noticed any serious damage from either of these effects.

The cost of growing raspberries by nature's method, as I like to call it, is not very great. Picking is a nice job where there is no mud, no weeds and where the canes have been properly pruned.

Don't leave any old canes standing in the field.

TIPS FOR LOVER OF FLOWERS

Plant Sweet Peas in Trenches Six Inches Deep—Chrysanthemums Grow From Seed or Cuttings.

Plant the sweet peas early in trenches fully six inches deep, covering but lightly at first, drawing the soil around the plants as they reach up.

This will give better roots by which to withstand the dry heat by and by. Plant as soon as possible.

Root room in fair soil is all the beautiful white Day Lily asks. It is perfectly hardy, likes moist situations, but will do with little water. A plant for the busy housewife.

Chrysanthemums may be raised from seeds or from cuttings and sprouts from old roots. If the seeds are sown early in boxes and transplanted the plants will bloom the first year. There may be many poor ones from seed.

Do not forget the hardy everblooming roses when ordering. Include some hardy flowering vines for screens for the porches, back fences and summer arbors. Prairie roses, evergreen honeysuckles, woodbine, clematis in variety, wistarias, bitter-sweet, trumpet vine and the harmless wood ivies are all fine.

ATTENTION FOR YOUNG TREES

Ground Should Be Forked Up and Well Mellowed and Then Covered Two Inches with Manure.

Spring-planted fruit and ornamental trees and bushes should have the ground forked up and well mellowed and then covered two inches deep with long manure, straw, corn stalks, rotted leaves, weeds or freshly cut grass. This mulch will keep the soil cool and moist. If the summer is hot and dry give to each tree one or two buckets of water. Apply the water late in the evening, spread it slowly around the trunk of tree so it can reach the roots. If the water is dashed against the stem most of it will run off the hard ground and it will be of little benefit to the tree.



Garden Cart and Wheelbarrow.

On an average fully one-half of the trees that die the first summer could have been saved had they been properly mulched and given a little water when needed.

Young trees planted in exposed positions, where they are liable to heavy wind and rainstorms, should be staked and the trees tied to the stakes with a rye straw or canvas band. An old sail cut into strips makes excellent bands. To keep the roots from being loosened, where ground is soft, place four or five large stones on top of the mulch close up to the stem of tree.

Two of the most handy implements on the farm for general, all-around work, are the old-fashioned wheelbarrow and three-wheeled cart.

Ready for Young Trees.

While the stock is coming, prepare the ground. It will not be necessary to add new soil as the trees have been selected with reference to the kind found where they are to be planted. Dig very large holes and fill them in. The trees always do better in filled ground than they do in that which has not been broken up. If the land is sod, it would be well to plow the entire strip, as grass is a great enemy to newly planted things. When the trees arrive, take them at once to some friable land near where they are to be planted and heel them in. Nursery stock is often injured by being kept too long in boxes. After the plants are heeled in it will be safe to transplant them to permanent places any time within a week or ten days from the time of their arrival.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

Evergreens ought to be planted as early as possible.

When buds begin to swell the time is right to top-graft.

Prune sparingly and a little every year, is the best plan.

Just as soon now as frost is out, the ground will be ready for tree planting. In that order for fruit trees, you can't go wrong by putting in a few Jonathan apples.

The era of the haphazard and careless horticulturist and agriculturist has passed away.

For orchard spraying a three-eighths or half-inch hose is best, and in lengths of 50 feet.

Soil for strawberries should be a deep, rich loam, capable of holding a good deal of moisture.

It is not a good plan to plant trees while the ground is wet and soggy. Let it dry out a little.

Don't get the idea that you cannot obtain satisfactory results from spraying just because your neighbor failed.

Be sure that all of your hose couplings are of the same size so that any two lengths may be coupled together.

Any tendency to fancy-shaped flower beds and fancy flower stands and such grimcracks should be firmly suppressed.

Do not expect satisfaction from bordeaux mixture that has stood for as much as 24 hours. It deteriorates quickly.

When done spraying each day, run some clean water through the pump, to wash out the spray mixture and avoid corrosion of the working parts.

Anticipation



Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early siles;
In a wretched doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

—Tennyson.

Hiving the Bees

By Clara Inez Deacon

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

When the widow Skinner sold her farm on the High Hill road and bought another in the Red Bridge neighborhood she became the nearest neighbor of farmer Roberts, widower. Why they took an aversion to each other at first sight neither of them could explain, but an aversion there was where there should have been neighborly friendliness.

Farmer Roberts made up his mind in a day, almost, that he should neither borrow nor lend any tools or implements of any sort. The widow made up her mind just as quickly that she wouldn't be friends with a man who threw stones at her geese the very first day she moved in.

There was the widower who needed a wife, and there was the widow who would have been much better off with a husband to manage things, and instead of taking the sensible way they avoided it.

"What I want her to understand," said the farmer to a friend, "is that if any of her hogs get into my 'tater field I shan't spare her 'cause she is a woman."

Of course the widow heard of the threat, and she wouldn't have been a free-born American woman if she hadn't answered back.

"The old skeesicks, but he hadn't better pick no fuss with me! The first time I find that jumping old cow of his in my corn he'll see that I'm not a helpless woman."

There are even more chances to pick a fuss with a neighbor in the country than in the city. It was not long before one of the widow's hogs came squealing home with a bleeding ear. He had rooted under the line fence and feasted on the widower's potatoes. A week later the jumping cow came home minus a horn. The widow could throw a rock or handle a club as well as a man.

There was a creek flowing through both farms. One day the widow's ducks took a voyage of discovery upstream. Farmer Roberts waited until they reached his line and he wrung the neck of the old drake who was acting as pilot. The body was tossed back on the widow's land with a grin of satisfaction. She discovered it, and a day or two later the widower's biggest and favorite rooster lost his life while exploring a strange barnyard.

Things like these do not pass in the country without being commented on. A minister in the village three miles away heard of them and drove out to talk of peace on earth and good will to men, but he rather muddled instead of helping things.

"Am I going to take his sass just because I'm a woman!" demanded the widow. "No, sir! He begun this 'ere fuss, and he's got to come to me and say he's sorry before I'll stop!"

"You see," said the widower when it came his turn to talk, "she never asked me a question when she came to buy that farm. Just went right ahead as if she'd bought a farm every week in the year. If she'd been the right kind of a woman she'd have come to me for advice. I never knuckled down to any woman yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

Of course, things could not go on long without legal trouble.

The widower picked some gooseberries over the widow's line, and she scatered out that way and called him a thief. This epithet, being overheard by a third party, constituted defamation of character, and suit was brought. While the law was delaying the case to let it get ice-cold, the widow helped herself to pears from a tree clearly the property of the widower. He was on the watch for overt acts and called her a robber. The epithet was not overheard by a third party, but she insisted on bringing suit just the same, asserting that the pears made many gestures with his hands as he talked.

The minister drove out from the village again. This time he took another tack. He began on the widow with:

"Mrs. Skinner, you are a lone woman."

"But nobody can scare me!" was her prompt reply.

"No, of course not, but how much better not to have cares and worries and troubles. You being a widow, and Mr. Roberts being a widower, it would seem to me that—"

"Hold right on, Mr. Taylor!" she interrupted. "I know how it would seem to you, but you can save your breath. A widow don't have to marry some old poke of a man to keep her rights."

"The farms adjoin, and you could be so happy."

"Yes, the farms adjoin, but the widow and widower don't speak and never will!"

"If you and Mr. Roberts would sit down together and—"

"But we won't! He's the sort of a man who thinks he can boss the earth, and I'm the sort of a woman who can be coaxed but not be driven."

"Maybe Providence will come to the rescue," sighed the good man as he turned away.

"Maybe she will, parson. If she don't there'll be about sixteen more lawsuits before things are over with."

Mr. Roberts proved just as stubborn.

"Parson, it ain't that I'm mean or sot in my ways," he explained, "but it's that folks have tried to walk over me roughshod."

"Meaning the widow?"

"Just so. It won't do no good to get on and talk. She's got to be brought to time, and I'm going to do it if it takes my farm."

One day farmer Roberts was legally deputized to call on the widow Skinner and notify her to cut down a tree which was a menace to his barn. It was a warm June day. The widow had two hives of bees, one of which had already swarmed that day and been hived, and the other was getting ready to. The widow sat on her back steps, empty hive waiting, and a tin pan to drum on by her side. The widower advanced, paper in hand and something like a grin on his face. He was about to be told to skate right off that farm when the bees began pouring out of the hive that had been waiting. Before the paper could be presented or the widow beat her pan, the insects began alighting on the farmer's shoulders. He had kept bees in his day, and he knew that to rush at them or run away would bring about a painful calamity. The woman retreated a few feet, and in ten minutes the hive was empty and every bee clinging to the man. He stood not daring to more than wink an eye. Then the woman sat down on the doorsteps and began:

"Wring my drake's neck, will you! Steal my gooseberries, will you! Try to rob me of two feet of land the whole length of my farm, would you! Sue me because you ain't man enough to fight fair! You are in a nice fix, you are!"

"Widow, isn't there any way I can get these bees off me?" carefully asked the man.

"You can scrape 'em off!"

"I wish you would run for help."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"But I can't stand the strain for long."

"Then sit down to it! I didn't ask you to come over here. What's that paper about?"

"It's a notice that you must cut down that tree by my barn."

"Oh, it is! Making me more trouble, are you? Well, I'll cut it down after the bees get through with you. I'm going into the house now to read the newspaper for a spell."

She had been gone twenty minutes when she heard the widower calling. As she appeared in the door he said:

"I shall drop dead in five minutes more!"

"I don't think so," she replied. "Mr. Roberts, I ain't mad at you—real mad."

"Nor I at you."

"It's jest that we kinder misunderstood."

"I think so."

"I'm a hard and willing worker, and you are the same."

"Yes."

"I'm all alone in the world, and so are you."

"Jest so."

"And—and—?"

The widower waited a long minute and then said:

"Scrape 'em off and hive 'em up and we'll be married next week!"

Men Should Live Ninety-Three Years. Dr. W. J. Howells, 21424 Tenth avenue, medical expert and former superintendent of the insane hospital at Medical Lake, believes in the theory of the eminent Chinese statesman, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, that men can live to a greatly increased life. Doctor Wu places his limit at ninety-three years, while Doctor Howells believes that eighty-five years would be no unreasonable age for men to expect to attain under proper conditions.

"Take most business or professional men today and they are old at sixty," said Doctor Howells. "I talked with a farmer seventy-nine years old, who during the last few months whittled 25,000 shingles by hand with a drawknife. He was hale and hearty and really looked younger than many men of fifty."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Keeping People Guessing. "I am not a candidate."

"But, sir," I protested, "I don't give a rap whether you are a candidate or not; I want to know whether you will be one."

"Great Scott!" he retorted, with evident displeasure. "Haven't I told you plainly that I am not a candidate."—Judge.

A Fitting One. Nero was musing sadly on Agrippina's tough grip on life.

"Some people," he muttered, "can keep their woes hidden, but my worst misfortune is a parrot."