

There are some men who can stand neither prosperity nor adversity.

A theatrical angel is probably so-called because his money has wings and flies.

The name of an umbrella doesn't necessarily belong to the man who has the umbrella.

Distance of manner does not lend enchantment to a young man's views of a pretty girl.

"Upward, ever upward," is now Chicago's motto, the skyscraper limit having been taken off.

What a jolly world this would be if all the millionaires would shut up and let their money talk.

Germs of lockjaw have been discovered at the national capital. They have been very remiss in their business.

Almost any one can have the courage of his convictions when he is sure that he won't lose anything by it.

A Boston professor says people may live to be 150 years old. Of course they may, but very few of them do.

A man has been sent to jail for five months for stealing an umbrella. Justice must have been peeping that time.

Blessings could be used to better advantage by most people were it not for the difficulty in penetrating their disguises.

If these fellows who kill their wives and then commit suicide would only reverse the order it would be more fitting.

A bad kind of railroad merger is that in which two moving trains try to pass on the same track in the center of a dark tunnel.

A rich Chicago man put \$6,300 into a cow. Most people would prefer a safety deposit box, but there is no accounting for millionaires.

When Senator Hoar gets all the anarchists sent away to some remote island he might turn his attention to the people who prod with their elbows in a crowd.

The biggest beggars in this country are the big universities. The more they get the more they seem to need. A gift of millions only satisfies the craving momentarily.

Catching contagion from unclean bank notes is again exploited in the newspapers, but as usual the great majority do not bother about the contagion so that they are able to catch the notes.

The Philadelphia Enquirer wants to know "whether a man owns his own brains." That depends. If he is in politics for office and office only, some one else owns his brains, as well as his breeches.

A mathematician has calculated that the streets of heaven occupy 124,198,272,000,000,000 cubic feet. This may be comforting to persons who live in mortal fear that they may be jammed up against disagreeable neighbors in that better land.

The upbuilding of the West depends upon the occupancy by settlers of every acre of ground capable of intensive cultivation. No scheme of disposing of the public lands which shuts out the small settler can promote its development by making the West more populous.

Grand opera will never command the wide appreciation and it will never reach the general vogue in this country that it enjoys abroad until it can be heard for \$1. The big music halls are the first step toward the solution of the problem of how to make grand opera pay. It must appeal to the masses. It must be within the reach of persons of moderate means before it can be sure of unvarying success from a box-office point of view.

The trouble is that the majority of the citizens are not practical in their politics. The so-called practical politician is one that never forgets his selfish interests. If all citizens were similarly attentive to their own interests, which depends on the welfare of the city, they would be scrupulous in all the duties of citizenship and an election day would bear in mind that they are voting for men who will conduct the business of the voters.

There will always be party leadership, as there has always been. Men of exceptional capacity will go to the front by the force of brains, which is something very different from the boss ruling by the cohesive power of public plunder. The one appeals to the intelligence and patriotic impulses of the people. The other lives, moves and has his being by his control of party patronage in all its varied forms. The leader is a natural evolution of our political system. The boss comes from a selfish, office-getting and money-grabbing development as a way of absorbing political power.

A thin, very hard-working man of Wall street, one of those who make \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year and struggle

to keep what they have away from the others, was looking gloomy when a friend said to him: "I wish I was as much of a millionaire as you are." Said the other: "You are dreaming. I am no millionaire." But he soon admitted that he was a millionaire at least in this sense, that he possessed that for which he would not take a million. His friend said to him: "How much cash would you take for that new baby of yours? Would you take a million?" The reply was, of course: "Not a million, or a hundred millions, or all the money in the world." And then followed the usual sad result of asking a fond father about his child. "Say, have I told you about those two boys? I catch cold in the head all the time standing on the bridge watching the trains go through the tunnel. I am not exaggerating when I say that my older boy, little as he is, knows more about engines and railroads than I do—and the youngest keeps me in the Zoological Garden all day Sunday. He knows all the animals and can imitate them all. I am going to make a naturalist of him," etc., etc., etc. After about fifteen minutes of this, allowed to tell a few remarkable things about his children, a few extraordinary plans for their education and the chance he meant them to have, he was quite ready to admit that if he was not a millionaire, he was a good deal better off in some ways. The man who wants money and the power of self-indulgence is usually not very patient when you talk to him of his other blessings. But as a matter of fact, the actual money is the least important of all. We simply strive for it. It is a phase of modern life. Our existence would be barren, utterly worthless, but for the children, worth ten thousand millions apiece, the friendships that lend color to life and the true affections that make the years pass quickly.

That is a gratifying discovery which President Eliot has made with regard to the effect of success or failure in athletic sports on the number of students enrolled at Harvard. It appears that this effect, one way or the other, is so small as to be negligible. Harvard victories do not mean an increase in attendance. Harvard defeats do not mean a decrease. Young men seem to go to Harvard for reasons quite apart from the strength or the weakness of last year's crew or team. Here is a lesson that certain other colleges might lay to heart. It has been in many places a theory implicitly sanctioned, if not openly avowed, that athletics must be fostered in order to spread the fame of the university and attract students to its doors. A good football team has been held to be one of the necessary features of a successful institution of learning. Hence the efforts of the faculty as well as of the students to get a good team together. Hence the struggle between rival colleges to secure the services of the best players from the preparatory schools. Hence the bringing in of blacksmiths and brakemen to stay in college till the end of the football season. Hence the resort to every kind of questionable method in the frantic attempt to win. It has been winning, not playing, that has been uppermost in the minds of coaches, managers and students. A defeat for the team has been regarded as a blow to the college. This exaggerated notion of the value of athletics has done great harm. It is well that students should take exercise. It is not so well that their taking of exercise should develop into a vast system of athletic exhibitions meant to advertise the college and leading to ugly features of professionalism. The act of contest between man and man and between team and team is not without its educational effects. What needs to be eliminated is the glorification of athletics at the expense of other more important elements in college training. President Eliot has shown that perhaps colleges are mistaken in thinking that their prowess with the oar or at the bat has a great deal to do with their material prosperity. At any rate, he has shown that the two things have no connection at Harvard. The great work of the university goes on whether the team win or not. This is as it should be.

**A Task for the Cook.**  
A good story is told of a certain man who had suddenly become rich whose desire to "show himself off" was only exceeded by his ignorance. At dinner one day one of his guests, a well-known literary clergyman, said: "I dined at X's, and he gave us a capital epigram at dessert." The "new rich" was humiliated. He had no epigram. After his guests were gone he called his cook. "Didn't I give you a cardy blanchy for this dinner?" he demanded. "Yes, sir—you did, sir," replied the cook. "And didn't I tell you to have everything that anybody had?" "Yes, sir—you did, sir." "Yes. Well, now it seems that at X's they have epigrams at dessert, and good ones, too, and folk miss 'em when they come here. Now, you'll have to serve up epigrams, and, what's more, cook 'em better than any one else!"

**Charcoal for Turkeys.**  
It has been ascertained by experiment that turkeys that get charcoal mixed with their food get heavier than others, and their meat is more tender and better flavored.

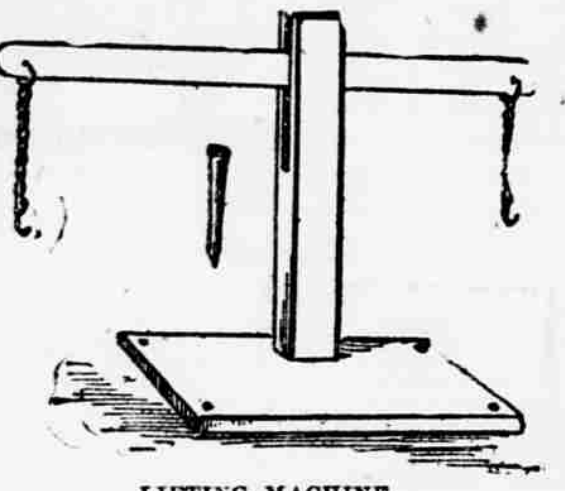
**Tea Plant in India.**  
In India the tea plant is naturally a tree, but by means of pruning it is kept so small that it seems to be only a bush.

Only the unexpected interests us. History records the race won by the easy-going tortoise, but says never a word about the many previous races won by the hare.



A Lifting Machine.

The device shown is just the thing for the farm that is operated by one man with occasional help, as many farms are run. A platform, of any dimensions desired, is built of heavy oak planks with a hole cut in the middle in which is inserted a post made of timber three or four inches square. A slot is cut in this post to extend nearly one-half its length, and is an inch and a half wide. The lever should be made of timber one and a half inches wide so as to fit snugly in the slot. This lever is bolted into position. A number of



LIFTING MACHINE.

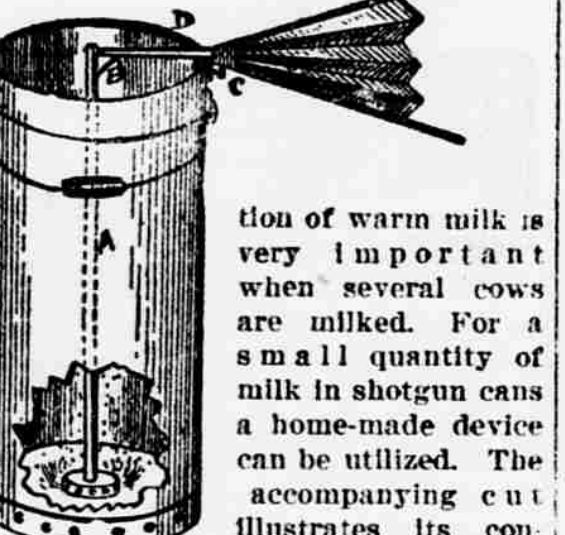
holes should be bored through this lever so that a longer arm may be had on one side of the post when wanted; as a rule the lever works best when it extends about double the distance on one side. If the object to be moved is heavy it may be best to spike the platform to the ground, which may be readily done by the use of long wooden pegs driven through holes bored in each corner of the platform. It will be noticed that two holes are bored in the post, below where the lever arm is fastened, permitting the operator to lower the arm to suit the work he has to do. This lifter will be found very handy in moving logs, grain in bags and other heavy things which must be handled on the farm.

**Growing Sorghum for Stock.**

The failure of the corn crop last year will induce farmers to plant more or less of other things the coming season. Alfalfa, millet, sorghum and speltz will all be tried, and in some localities one or more will be found a most desirable addition to crops for stock. The culture of sorghum is extending, and tests have proved that its culture is not confined to favored sections, but that it can probably be grown with success wherever corn can be grown. The plant is drought-resisting, it yields heavily and the stalks, if properly cured, are eaten and relished by all farm stock. The main trouble experienced with sorghum is in the curing—the crop seems to be as easily raised as corn, but it is best cured under cover by setting it in small shocks along the wall of a shed. It may be cured in the field, like corn, if put up in small shocks. Every farmer with cows or swine should give up an acre of ground this spring for sorghum. You may not be able to grow it with full success this year, but will learn its needs thoroughly, so that the next season it will be a success.

**Home-Made Milk Aerator.**

It pays to use some standard device for aerating and cooling the milk drawn fresh from the cows. The aerator



MILK AERATOR.

tion of warm milk is very important when several cows are milked. For a small quantity of milk in shotgun cans a home-made device can be utilized. The accompanying cut illustrates its construction and use. Procure a good hand bellows and have a tinsmith solder on a small tin tube, with a "rose" attachment at the bottom, somewhat like that shown at A in the cut. B represents a brace soldered on to make the attachment more rigid. A clamp can be attached at C to fasten to the edge of the can, though the bellows can be easily operated without it. It may be necessary to extend the tube of the bellows at D. This arrangement will work satisfactorily in quickly aerating a can of warm milk and can be done while the can is setting in water to cool down.—Hoard's Dairyman.

**Does Sheep-Raising Pay.**

To this question the sheep raiser on land at a low value will undoubtedly answer yes, and the man on high price land no. It would seem as if something was wrong with this state of affairs. Year by year the raising of sheep in large numbers changes from the high price farm to the one where land is cheap. It may be true that in the East where farms are held at prices more than double that asked for land in sections of the West, farmers can not afford to raise sheep, yet why not? In any section where sheep can be raised without the winter season of feeding being too long sheep should be raised with profit regardless of the land value of the farm, within reason, of course. It is largely a question of intelligent management, just as with

any other crop. Everything seems to point to a decided change in methods during the coming years, and the thoughtful farmer with some knowledge of sheep raising is beginning to feel that by keeping up the fertility of his farm he can raise sheep as profitably for his market as his distant competitor for his.

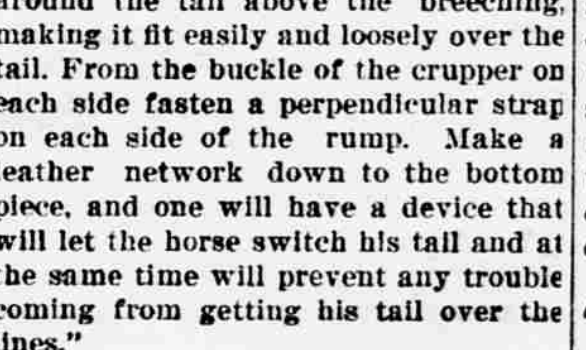
**The Ideal Farm Home.**

Forty years ago this subject would have meant something quite different from what it does at present, says Indiana Farmer. Then a plain frame building, with plastered walls and a brick chimney would have seemed a great advance on the double log cabin, with its stick and mud chimney at either end, the well sweep in the yard, chickens roosting in the trees or in the front yard was not deemed out of place in early days, and shade trees, shrubbery and flower beds were exceptional, if not unknown.

The ideal farm home as we now regard it, must have many ornamental features and numerous conveniences that in pioneer days were unthought of. As to externals our first thought is regarding walks and drives. They should be dry and clean. Mud should not be tracked into the house, and to prevent this gravel should be used freely, not only to make walks to barnyards and outhouses, but to build drives from the road in front to the wagon shed in the rear. A shed or covered way ought to extend from a side porch of the house to the drive so the ladies can enter or depart from the carriage dry shod. It must have a telephone connecting with all the neighborhood and the towns and villages near. It can have a dally mall, which it easily can have if the roads are what they ought to be. It must have shade trees, vines, shrubbery and flowers in the blue-grass lawn, and a small fruit as well as a vegetable garden, well stocked with the best varieties and well tended, and it should be convenient to the kitchen, so as to be most available and useful.

**Shield for the Cramp.**

J. F. Granger, of Waukesha County, Wisconsin, writes Iowa Homestead: "I enclose a sketch of a good plan to keep a horse that is an habitual cramp from getting his tail over the line and giving trouble. Buckle two



Shield for the Cramp.

**Wheat as Stock Feed.**

The Topeka State Journal says that a miller and grain dealer in McPherson, Kan., says there is less wheat in McPherson County than for many years at the same date. The scarcity of corn and its high price have led many to feed it to stock. He claimed to know of some who had fed out 5,000 bushels, and one man, who sold 7,000 bushels last July, had since bought 8,000 bushels to feed out, and another had bought 15,000 bushels for the same purpose. He estimated the amount fed on the farms in that county at not less than 500 bushels on each farm, and the total as not less than half the crop of 1901. While we think these figures may be a little exaggerated, or more than a little if applied to more than the one county, we do not find fault if they are true. Though in the Eastern States, we used to think wheat flour bread a luxury compared to that made from cornmeal, or "rye and Indian" meal. If the farmers there can grow wheat so that it costs less than corn, let them feed it, as it has about the same nutritive value. Not many years ago the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska were reported as burning their corn because a ton of it would not buy a ton of coal, and made a better fire. Now if a bushel of ground wheat will fatten as many steers or hogs as a bushel of cornmeal, and costs less, let them use it.—American Cultivator.

**Beet Pulp as Feed.**

Seven thousand sheep and 150 steers are on feed on the beet pulp at the Fort Collins (Colo.) sugar refinery. The company also sells the pulp at 30 cents per ton, and the sheep eat between ten and fifteen pounds of it each day, while each steer tucks away from 100 to 150 pounds daily and often bawls for more. The feeding is largely of the experimental order as yet. The officials say that they will import some grain in order to finish the animals properly before sending them to market.

**Cost of Keeping a Hen.**

There is considerable difference of opinion as to how much it costs to keep a hen. The cost depends upon the hen's ability to forage. It is a saving and clear gain to convert refuse into eggs and meat. The cost of keeping a hen has been variously estimated at from 50 cents to \$1.50 a year. It costs more in the Northern States than in the Southern States. It costs more if the hens are confined than if they are allowed to run.

**A Barn for the Cows.**

Don't keep cows in same barn with other stock. Time is money, therefore the barn should be convenient for cleaning out, for feeding and for getting cows in and out. It should allow an abundance of sunshine.

The tea dollar note, known as the "Buffalo Bill," has on it the face of a suicide, Meriwether Lewis.

HOW THEY DO ABROAD.

In London They Fine Those Who Overcrowd Street Cars.

Henry Cuthbert, a journalist of Old Broad street, city, was summoned at North London court for assaulting Thomas John Whiting, managing director of T. J. Whiting & Sons, Limited, of Finsbury. H. W. Henniker Rance, L.L. D., appeared for the complainant and G. V. Young defended.

The complainant said that on the morning of the 16th of November he was a passenger from Ba.net to Broad street. The train pulled up at Dalston Junction and as there were already two passengers in the carriage over the recognized number he (Mr. Whiting) resented the attempt of the defendant to enter. A porter assisted the defendant, and when the carriage door was opened the defendant pulled him (Mr. Whiting) out and himself got in, and in the struggle his hand was hurt.

Mr. Fordham—You protested to the porter putting more people into an overcrowded carriage and still he did so?

The Complainant—Yes. Mr. Fordham—I may be unreasonable, but I know I should have protested. It is abominable that passengers should be so inconvenienced and quite time that people knew that they have no right in an already full carriage. But the company does not appear to care so long as it can sell its tickets. Mr. Whiting (continuing) said the defendant and he traveled in the same carriage to Broad street and when he got there he wanted to give the latter into the custody of a railway policeman.

Mr. Fordham—But he did not take him? Mr. Whiting—No. Mr. Fordham—The railway constable is in a different position from the ordinary one. They dress him up to intimidate the others, but he has no powers. He is really only a sort of scarecrow. (Laughter.)

The defendant said Mr. Whiting stepped out of a carriage. He (defendant) thus saw an opportunity for a seat and stepped in. A railway porter was called for the defense. He admitted trying to put another passenger in to an already overcrowded carriage. His duty was to find seats for the people.

Mr. Fordham said he frequently experienced the inconvenience of this overcrowding and the matter was made much worse when the railway servants willfully contributed to it. He could not help thinking that the railway company was in a measure responsible for this assault. He believed Mr. Whiting's story of the affair, says the London Daily Mail, and fined the defendant 20 shillings and 2 guineas costs.

A PRETTY FAIR LIAR HIMSELF.

Story that Won the Doctor a Record as a Prevaricator.

They were seated around the stove in the village store one cold evening, discussing remarkable incidents. The schoolmaster had propounded this question: "If a man tells a lie so often that he finally comes to believe it himself, can he be said to lie, if he continues to tell it?"

All were silent for a few minutes, but finally the doctor said: "I think not. In fact, I can furnish a case where a man told a falsehood so often that it finally developed into a truth." "How was that?" asked the teacher. "Well," said the doctor, "in the town where I began practice there was a man named John Higgins, who was known to be the greatest liar for miles around. One of his stories was about his war experience. Now he had never been in the army, as every one knew, but he used to tell stories of privations, hair-breadth escapes, and hard-fought battles. He had one particular story which caused much amusement. It was about being wounded in the shoulder with a minie bullet, and when he had an attack of rheumatism he called it the pain from the old wound, saying always that the bullet had never been extracted. He told the story so often that he came to believe it firmly, and went so far as to consult me as to the advisability of extracting the ball.

"To humor him I made an examination of his shoulder. I found the scar, and on feeling the flesh discovered the presence of some hard substance. To carry on the joke I made an incision, used a probe, and brought out a bullet such as he had described." "Did you say," said the storekeeper, "that he was the biggest liar in that locality?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "He would lose his reputation if you lived there now," remarked the merchant, as he, in response to a signal from the schoolmaster, passed around the cigars.

Probably Correct.

Inquiring Philosopher—To what do you attribute the increasing number of old maids in this section?

Astute Native—I couldn't quite say, but seems to me as if it might be due to the increasing number of old bachelors about here.

In Time.

"How do you come to be celebrating your golden wedding, Binks? You've only been married three years."

"I know," said Binks, "but my wife and I thought we'd better have it now when we really need the gold."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Her Affair.

Mrs. Pnette—Why, Belinda, the piano has six weeks' dust on it! Belinda—Well, mum, I ain't to blame. I've been here only three weeks.

Woman grows old about as gracefully as she climbs out of a hammock.

Peculiar to Itself.

This applies to St. Jacobs Oil used for fifty years. It contains ingredients that are unknown to any one but the manufacturers and their trusted employees. Its pain killing properties are marvellous, as testified to by the thousands of once crippled human beings now made well and free from pain by its use. St. Jacobs Oil has a record of cures greater than all other medicines. Its sales are larger than those of any other proprietary medicine and ten times greater than all other embrocations, oils and liniments combined, simply because it has been proved to be the best.

Weak and Sickly Children

Who, perhaps, have inherited a weak digestion, continually subject to stomach troubles, loss of flesh and general weakness, can be made healthy and strong by the use of Vogeler's Curative Compound. Every doctor who is at all up to date will say that Vogeler's Curative Compound will make the blood pure and rich, bring color to the cheeks, and put on flesh where health demands it. Children who have been weak and sickly since birth should be treated with small doses of Vogeler's Curative Compound, from two to five drops, twice daily, most satisfactory results will follow. It is the best of all medicines, because it is made from the formula of a great living physician.

Sample bottle free on application to the proprietors, St. Jacobs Oil, 170 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Healthy Indeed.

"So this is a healthy town?" interrogated the new arrival.

"Healthy ain't no name for it, stranger," boasted the native. "Why, we have only three patients in the hospital."

"Who are they?"

"Why, the doctor, the undertaker and the tombstone man. They are there for lack of nourishment."—Chicago Daily News.

Threw His Cane Away.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., March 24.—Mr. C. L. Smith of 309 Anne street, the secretary of the Trades Council, has written this startling statement for publication:

"I feel it my duty to make public the facts of my recent illness and recovery. I was very sick and sore, and I had to walk with the aid of two canes. It was a very painful attack, but I don't know what it was. Some said it was Lumbago, and others that it was Sciatica or Rheumatism. "I was told to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and began a treatment. After I had used one box I could walk with one cane, and after two boxes were used I could walk without any help. I kept on and three boxes cured me completely. "I am now well and happy without a pain or an ache, and I can very truly say that Dodd's Kidney Pills are worthy of my greatest praise."

Johnny's Idea of Parents.

Here is a little gem clipped from a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's the mas that make you mind."

More Factories Needed

What the Western towns need is more manufacturing industries.

Take Unionville, Mo., for example. Ten years ago it was an ordinary country town; to-day it is the best town in North Missouri, because in this town is located the Putnam Featureless Dye Company's factory, which annually manufactures three million packages of Putnam Featureless Dyes.

This not only gives employment to a large number of men, women and children, but it makes the postoffice the best paying office in North Missouri. The mail from this firm alone runs from 300 to 7,000 letters per day.

It also largely increases the express, telegraph, and railroad business, besides indirectly benefiting every business in town.

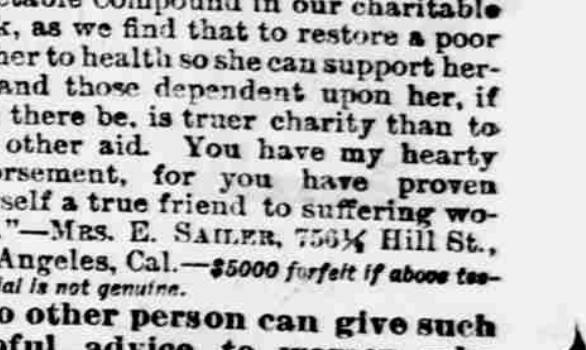
Couldn't See Any Clothes.

Ethel's mother told the grocer to send her a dressed turkey, and when it arrived the little miss said: "Mamma, the turkey isn't dressed at all; it's perfectly nude."

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Sensible Advice to Women by Mrs. E. Sailer.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I passed through what is known as 'change of life,' I had two years' suffering,—sudden heat, and as quick chills would pass over me; my appetite was variable and I never could tell for



MRS. E. SAILER, President German Relief Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

a day at a time how I would feel the next day. Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound changed all that, my days became days of health, and I have enjoyed every day since—now six years. "We have used considerable of your Vegetable Compound in our charitable work, as we find that to restore a poor mother to health so she can support herself and those dependent upon her, if such there be, is truer charity than to give other aid. You have my hearty endorsement, for you have proven yourself a true friend to suffering women."—Mrs. E. Sailer, 753 1/2 Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, for no other has had such great experience—her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.