Columbus Journal

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The New Football.

During the past two months advocates and opponents of football and those who regard it dispassionately as a human activity, to be reckoned with and understood, have had opportunity to see it played under the new rules. For some years educators and parents objected that the game was morally and physically injurious. Some good players, frank enough to brave the charge of disloyalty, confessed that the game was all work and little sport. Spectators protested that the play was a formless struggle of massed power, not intelligible, nor pleasant to watch, except for thrills of partizan loyalty. After long conference the rules were changed. It is evident that the changes were real and in the right direction. The play is now more open. There is more chance for agility and speed, less scrimmage and shock of mere weight and muscle. The players cover more ground in a given series of plays. Offenses against good conduct are easier for the officials to see and punish than in the old dense formations. From all parts of the country come expressions of satisfaction with the improvement. Spectators find it more interesting to watch. Players seem to enjoy it better. Besides observing the formal rules of the game, players have felt that football was on trial, and have evidently tried to show a good spirit. Several prominent educators who opposed the old game think that the new game has earned its right to an extended probation. There is room for further improvements, remarks the Youth's Companion. Undesirable roughness is still possible. Those whose duty it is to frame the rules can proceed on the basis of this year's experience toward a yet better game. The real faults lie in loss of temper under excitement and the presence of a spirit which drives contestants to try to win at all costs. Football cannot be made a satisfactory game by mere changes in its outward form; real improvement must be in the spirit of the contest.

To Work Together.

An address before a woman's club is not the place, nor is the president of the National Federation of Women's clubs the source, from which men look for understanding of their work and methods. Nevertheless, a vote of cordial appreciation and commendation has lately come from that place and that source. "The man makes the best club-woman," said the speaker. "Men get things done, and they are so fine and loyal." Did the president wish to imply that women are not loyal? No, but she argued for a more catholic spirit and a broader tolerance among women—a greater willingness to take one another for granted. Here, indeed, is one respect in which men have opportunities to excel, remarks Youth's Companion. Their business life brings them into contact with men of all sorts of religious beliefs, of various nationalities and all shades of cultivation and attractiveness; and the club life and political life of men is marked by the same characteristics. The effect is a growth of tolerance which makes for practical achievement as well as for comfort and the amenities of life. Many men find they can agree to work with others for one thing in which they are interested, although they may differ radically on other things. "That other woman, that woman who is so different from you, who is a little less cultivated, a trifle 'impossible,'" said the president of the federation, "she, too, belongs to this movement, and we must let her in."

Novelists, some of whom may never have owned a dress coat, used to be fond of drawing, in their tales, a sharp social distinction between persons who "dressed for dinner" and those who did not. Now the editor of a British medical journal has been discussing and commending from a hygienic point of view the habit of dressing for dinner. Everyone knows that a change of clothing is often refreshing. The English editor believes that the effect is physical as well as mental, or physical through the mental stimulus, and advises that even the hard-working clerk, the shopkeeper and the laboring man cast off their workaday clothes and put on clean clothing for the evening meal, when the toil of the day is over.

The American method of sowing wheat has been introduced in Asiatic Turkey. If the sultan has any regard for some of the ancient institutions of his kingdom he will see to it that the American method of sowing wild oats is kept out.

A Georgia justice of the peace dropped dead the other day as he was about to kiss the bride after having performed a wedding ceremony. There have always been many who regarded this practice as harmful.

The United States government is said to be after the Wright brothers' aeroplane, and has made an offer, provided the brothers show that they can fly the coop.

Things are jumbled in this world. No sooner had the shah of Persia granted his country a constitution than his own went on the blink.

A fisherman claims to have caught a skate weighing 144 pounds at Ballycotton, Ireland. He certainly did have a skate on.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

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XIV.

SOME STRANGE LAPSES OF A LOVER.

But before there was time for me to get a distinct impression, that ugly shape of cynicism had disappeared.

"It was a shadow I myself cast upon her," I assured myself, and once more she seemed to me like a clear, calm lake of melted snow from the mountains. "I can see to the pure white sand of the very bottom," thought I. Mystery there was, but only the mystery of wonder at the apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place in those unsullied waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

"If you'd only give up your cigarettes," I remember saying to her when we were a little better acquainted, "you'd be perfect."

She made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she commanded almost angrily. "You make me feel like a hypocrite. You tempt me to be a hypocrite. Why not be content with woman as she is—a human being? And—how could I—any woman not an idiot—be alive for twenty-five years without learning—a thing or two? Why should any man want it?"

"Because to know is to be spattered and stained," said I. "I get enough of people who know, down town. Up town—I want a change of air. Of course, you think you know the world, but you haven't the remotest conception of what it's really like. Sometimes when I'm with you, I begin to feel mean and—and unclean. And the feeling grows on me until it's all I can do to restrain myself from rushing away."

She looked at me critically.

"You've never had much to do with women, have you?" she finally said slowly in a musing tone.

"I wish that were true—almost," replied I, on my mettle as a man, and resisting not without effort the impulse to make some vague "confessions"—boastings disguised as penitential admissions—after the customary masculine fashion.

She smiled—and one of those disquieting shapes seemed to me to be floating lazily and repellently downward, out of sight. "A man and a woman can be a great deal to each other, I believe," said she; "can be—married, and all that—and remain as strange to each other as if they had never met—more hopelessly strangers."

"There's always a sort of mystery," I conceded. "I suppose that's one of the things that keep married people interested."

She shrugged her shoulders—she was in evening dress, I recall, and there was on her white skin that intense, transparent, bluish tinge one sees on the new snow when the sun comes out.

"Mystery!" she said impatiently. "There's no mystery except what we ourselves make. It's useless—perfectly useless," she went on absently. "You're the sort of a man who, if a woman cared for him, or even showed friendship for him by being frank and human and natural with him, he'd punish her for it by—by despising her."

I smiled, much as one smiles at the efforts of a precocious child to prove that it is a Methuselah in experience.

"If you weren't like an angel in comparison with the others I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

I saw my remark irritated her, and I fancied it was her vanity that was offended by my disbelief in her knowledge of life. I hadn't a suspicion that I had hurt and alienated her by slamming in her face the door of friendship and frankness her honesty was forcing her to try to open for me.

In my stupidity of imagining her not human like the other women and the men I had known, but a creature apart and in a class apart, I stood day after day gaping at that very door, and wondering how I could open it, how penetrate even to the courtyard of that vestal citadel. So long as my old-fashioned belief that good women were more than human and bad women less than human had influenced me only to a sharper lookout in dealing with the one species of woman I then came in contact with, no harm to me resulted, but on the contrary good—whoever got into trouble through walking the world with sword and sword arm free? But when, under the spell of Anita Ellersly, I dragged the "superhuman goodness" part of my theory down out of the clouds and made it my guardian and guide—really, it's a miracle that I escaped from the pit into which that lunacy pitched me headlong. I was not content with idealizing only her; I went on to seeing good, and only good, in everybody! the millennium was at hand; all Wall street was my friend; whatever I wanted would happen. And when Roebuck, with an air like a benediction from a bishop backed by a cathedral organ and full choir, gave me the tip to buy coal stocks, I cannonized him on the spot. Never did a Jersey "jay" in Sunday clothes and tallowed boots respond to a bunco steerer's greeting with a gladder smile than mine to that pious old past-master of craft.

I will say in justice to myself, though it is also in excuse, that if I had known him intimately a few years earlier, I should have found it all but impossible to fool myself. For he had not long been in a position where he could keep wholly detached from the crimes he committed for his benefit and by his order, and where he could disclaim responsibility and even knowledge. The great lawyers of the country have been most ingenious in developing corporate law in the direction of making the corporation a complete and secure shield between the beneficiary of a crime and its consequences; but before a great financier can use this shield perfectly, he must build up a system—he must find lieutenants with the necessary coolness, courage and cunning; he must teach them to understand his hints; he must educate them, not to point out to him the disasagreeable things involved in his orders, but to execute unquestionably, to efface completely the trail between him and them, whether or not they succeed in covering the roundabout and faint trail between themselves and the tools that nominally commit the crimes.

Wilmot was the instrument he employed to put the coal industry into condition for "reorganization." He bought control of one of the coal railroads and made Wilmot president of it. Wilmot, taught by twenty years of his service, knew what was expected of him, and proceeded to do it. He put in a "loyal" general freight agent who also needed no instructions, but busied himself at destroying his own and all the other coal roads by a system of secret rebates and rate cuttings. As the other roads, one by one, descended toward bankruptcy, Roebuck bought the comparatively small blocks of stock necessary to give him control of them. When he had power over enough of them to establish a partial monopoly of transportation in and out of the coal districts, he was ready for his lieutenant to attack the mining properties. Probably his orders to Wilmot were nothing more definite or less innocent than: "Wilmot, my boy, don't you think you and I and some others of our friends ought to buy some of those mines, if they come on the market at a fair price? Let me know when you hear of any attractive investments of that sort."

That would have been quite enough to "tip it off" to Wilmot that the time had come for reaching out from control of railway to control of mine. He lost no time; he easily forced one mining property after another into a position where its owners were glad—were eager—to sell all or part of the wreck of it "at a fair price" to him and Roebuck and "our friends." It was as the result of one of these moves that the great Manasquale mines were so hemmed in by ruinous freight rates, by strike troubles, by floods from broken machinery and mysteriously leaky dams, that I was able to buy them "at a fair price"—that is, at less than one-fifth their value. But at the time—and for a long time afterward—I did not know, on my honor did not suspect, what was the cause, the sole cause, of the change of the coal region from a place of peaceful industry, content with fair profits, to an industrial chaos with ruin impending.

Once the railways and mining companies were all on the verge of bankruptcy, Roebuck and his "friends" were ready to buy, here control for purposes of speculation, there ownership for purposes of permanent investment. This is what is known as the reorganizing stage. The processes of high finance are very simple—first, buy the comparatively small holdings necessary to create confusion and disaster; second, create confusion and disaster, buying up more and more wreckage; third, reorganize; fourth, offer the new stocks and bonds to the public with a mighty blare of trumpets which produces a boom market; fifth, unload on the public, pass dividends, issue unfavorable statements, depress prices, buy back cheap what you have sold dear. Repeat ad infinitum, for the law is for the laughter of the strong, and the public is an eager ass. To keep up the fiction of "respectability," the inside ring divides into two parties for its campaigns—one party to break down, the other to build up. One takes the profits from destruction and departs, perhaps to construct elsewhere; the other takes the profits from construction and departs, perhaps to destroy elsewhere. As their collusion is merely tacit, no conscience need twitch. I must add that, at the time of which I am writing, I did not realize the existence of this conspiracy. I knew, of course, that many lawless and savage things were done, that there were rascals among the high financiers, and that almost all financiers now and then did things that were more or less rascally; but I did not know, did not suspect, that high finance was through and through brigandage, and that the high financier, by long and unmolested practice of brigandage, had come to look on it as legitimate, lawful business, and on laws forbidding or hampering it as outrageous, socialistic, anarchistic, "attacks upon the social order!"

Roebuck had given me the impression that it would be six months, at least, before what I was in those fatuous days thinking of as "our" plan for "putting the coal industry on a sound business basis" would be ready for the public. So, when he sent for me shortly after I became engaged to Miss Ellersly, and said: Melville will publish the plan on the first of next month and will open the subscription books on the third—a Thursday," I was taken by surprise and was anything but pleased. His words meant that, if I wished to make a great fortune, now was the time to buy coal stocks, and buy heavily—for on the very day of the publication of the plan every coal stock would surely soar. Buy I must; not to buy was to throw away a fortune. Yet how could I buy when I was gambling in textile up to my limit of safety, if not beyond?

"I HADN'T A SUSPICION THAT I HAD HURT HER."

I did not dare confess to Roebuck what I was doing in textile. He was bitterly opposed to stock gambling, denouncing it as both immoral and unbusinesslike. No gambling for him! When his business sagacity and foresight (?) informed him a certain stock was going to be worth a great deal more than it was then quoted at, he would buy outright in large quantities; when that same sagacity and foresight of the fellow who has himself marked the cards warned him that a stock was about to fall, he sold outright. But gamble—never! And I felt that, if he should learn that I had staked a large part of my entire fortune on a single gambling operation, he would straightway cut me off from his confidence, would look on me as too deeply tainted by my long career as a "bucket-shop" man to be worthy of full rank and power as a financier. Financiers do not gamble. Their only vice is grand larceny.

All this was flashing through my mind while I was thanking him.

"I am glad to have such a long forewarning," I was saying. "Can I be of use to you? You know my machinery is perfect—I can buy anything and in any quantity without starting rumors and drawing the crowd."

"No, thank you, Matthew," was his answer. "I have all of those stocks I wish—at present."

Whether it is peculiar to me, I don't know—probably not—but my memory is so constituted that it takes an indelible and complete impression of whatever is sent it by my eyes and ears; and just as by looking closely you can find in a photographic plate a hundred details that escape your glance, so on those memory plates of mine I often find long afterward many and many a detail that escaped me when my eyes and ears were taking the impression. On my memory plate of that moment in my interview with Roebuck, I find details so significant that my failing to note them at the time shows how unfit I then was to guard my interests. For instance, I find that just before he spoke those words declining my assistance and implying that he had already increased his holdings, he opened and closed his hands several times, finally closed and clinched them—a sure sign of energetic nervous action, and in that particular instance a sign of deception, because there was no energy in his remark and no reason for energy. I am not superstitious, but I believe in palmistry to a certain extent. Even more than the face are the hands a sensitive recorder of what is passing in the mind.

But I was then too intent upon my dilemma carefully to study a man who had already lulled me into absolute confidence in him. I left him as soon as he would let me go. His last words were, "No gambling, Matthew! No abuse of the opportunity God is giving us. Be content with the just profits from investment. I have seen gamblers come and go, many of them able men—very able men. But they have melted away, and where are they? And I have remained and have increased. I feel that I can trust you. You began as a speculator, but success has steadied you, and you have put yourself on the firm ground where we see the solid men into whose hands God has given the development of the abounding resources of this beloved country of ours."

Do you wonder that I went away with a heart full of shame for the gambling projects my head was planning upon the information that good man had given me?

"You've gone back to gambling lately, Matt," said I to myself. "You've been on a bender, with your head afire. You must get out of this textile business as soon as possible. But it's good sound sense to plunge on the coal stocks. In fact, your profits there would save you if by some mischance textile should rise instead of fall. Acting on Roebuck's tip isn't gambling, it's insurance."

I emerged to issue orders that soon threw into the National coal venture all I had not staked on a falling market for textiles. I was not content—as the pious gambling-hater, Roebuck, had begged me to be—with buying only what stock I could pay for, I went plunging on, contracting for many times the amount I could have bought outright.

The next time I saw Langdon I was full of enthusiasm for Roebuck. I can see his smile as he listened.

"I had no idea you were an expert on the trumpets of praise, Blacklock," said he finally. "A very showy accomplishment," he added, "but rather dangerous, don't you think? The player may become enchanted by his own music."

"I try to look on the bright side of things," said I, "even of human nature."

"Since when?" drawled he.

I laughed—a good, hearty laugh, for this shy reference to my affair of the heart tickled me. I enjoyed to the full only in long retrospect the look he gave me.

"As soon as a man falls in love," said he, "trustees should be appointed to take charge of his estate."

"You're wrong there, old man," I replied. "I've never worked harder or with a clearer head than since I learned that there are"—I hesitated, and ended lamely—"other things in life."

Langdon's handsome face suddenly darkened, and I thought I saw in his eyes a look of savage pain. "I envy you," said he with an effort at his wonted lightness and cynicism. But that look touched my heart; I talked no more of my own happiness. To do so, I felt would be like bringing laughter into the house of grief.

(To be Continued.)

Guimard the Idol of Paris

The Great Dancer of the Great Days of the Ballet.

The elder Vestris, who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century, called himself the "god of dancing," and declared in all sincerity and without rebuke that his country had produced but three supreme men—himself, Frederick the Great and Voltaire. On one occasion, when reproving his son Augustus for refusing to dance before the king of Sweden at the request of the king of France, he said that he would not tolerate any misunderstanding between the houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which had lived hitherto upon the most friendly terms.

Madeleine Guimard made her debut when she was 13 years of age, and for nearly 30 years kept all Paris worshiping at her feet. This was a success of art, and not of beauty, for Guimard was so aggressively thin that she was known as "the Spider." She discovered the great painter David, who helped Fragonard to adorn her house with frescoes. Indeed, Fragonard, for whose paintings to-day fabulous sums have been paid, lost his commission because he dared to fall in love with his patron. Guimard had a theater in her own house, and her entertainments there were deemed extravagant in an age of luxury. Paris could not spare her to London until she was past her fortieth year. She was a sort of boudoir adviser to Marie Antoinette, and so great was the esteem in which she was held that one of the most distinguished sculptors of the day modeled her foot, and when her arm was broken in a state accident, a mass for her speedy recovery was celebrated at Notre Dame.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Circulation.

"I notice your esteemed contemporary claims your edition never exceeds 500 copies," remarked the neutral observer.

"Yes," replied the editor of the Weekly Bazoo, "and his remarks have stirred up a good deal of bad blood in our office—"

"Bad blood? Ah! then your circulation really is poor, eh?"

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

It's the blind farmer that puts blinders on his colt.

It's the cow, not the breed, that counts when figuring the profit.

Sheep prices keep up. Good profit in them. Get a few.

Feed the sheep in good troughs. The ground is a poor feeding place.

It pays to cook the food for the swine.

The man who doesn't know his hens is on the easy road to failure and loss.

Poultry shows are good schools for those who are not hide-bound by prejudice and pet notions.

Good feeding as well as good breeding is essential in producing the superior animal.

Your farm is entirely what you make it. By your methods you can run it up or down.

Experiments with sulphate of iron show that it has value as a weed destroyer.

Pumpkins make good hog feed if cooked and mixed with corn meal and shorts, or any other meal.

An occasional drink of milk is relished by the hens, and it is a help in egg production.

The chemical value of peas for fertilizer is in the nitrogen they bring to the soil.

The well conducted poultry show will cater to the farmer and try to make him an interested visitor.

Mark the pullets with a belt punch in the web between two toes. Mark all alike, and you can tell their age at a glance.

The farmer who has never learned the lesson of sticktoitiveness in overcoming obstacles will never cut very much of a furrow in farming.

Warm food is enjoyed by the hogs in winter, and don't forget that the more food is enjoyed by the animals the more digestible it is.

Don't talk about that waste piece of land. Find out how to treat it, what to do with it, and make it work for you.

The oldest agricultural college in the country is said to be the Michigan Agricultural college, which is 48 years old.

A new apple picking record has been established by William Vine, of Greece, N. Y., who picked 63 barrels in one day.

A half hour spent in quiet observation in the poultry house will tell you more about your hens than you can learn in any other way.

Shivers are expensive blankets for the farmer to use for his stock. Especially is this true of the growing animals.

Cow peas and crimson clover are sure improvers of the soil. Try them on that piece of poor land, and with the addition of a little fertilizer you will be able to raise corn.

The frost strikes deep in a well-drained soil, and the farmer knows what that means in pulverizing the soil and perparing it for next season's crops.

Treasure the hickory trees you have on your farm. If prices continue to go up for this variety of wood, a hickory forest will be as good as a gold mine.

A successful strawberry grower says he has quit using fertilizer on strawberries grown for plants, but he gets his plants out as early as possible and gives them a top dressing of stable manure.

The farm house bath room! Why not? Part of the store room off the kitchen can easily be partitioned off and fitted up. And the heat of a small oil stove will make it comfotrable for bathing.

Good brisk work for the cold day is the sharpening up of the saws, the grinding of the axes, and the filling of the wood box. You keep warm outside getting the wood, and you keep warm inside with the wood after it is laid in.

Many of the apple trees growing in this country are on stocks from the seeds of apples grown in France, for the reason that they come from the pulp from the cider mills which use a hardier apple for that purpose than is used in this country.

There is a story going the rounds of a farmer who used an automobile horn to call his chickens. When he got them well trained, an automobile tooted its horn in passing, and his chickens started after the machine, and 14 hens and two roosters ran themselves to death. Another score against the auto.

Don't take it for granted that everything is all right. Keep a sharp lookout for anything wrong among the sheep, or other farm stock. It is easier to conquer disease in its early stages than after it has gained a strong foothold.

Did you ever stop to figure how large a percentage of sunshine that dust and cobwebs could shut out of the barn? Sunshine is the best of tonics to pour into the live stock quarters.

The careless housewife floats off many a pound of butter during the season in the buttermilk which she draws off from the churn, if she has not a strainer to catch the butter particles. These little flakes of butter seem so insignificant, but in the aggregate they prove an expensive waste.

The first steel frame barn has been constructed by F. E. Dawley at Fayetteville, N. Y. It is a gigantic affair, capable of storing 500 tons of alfalfa hay, 150 tons of alfalfa ensilage, and 150 tons of corn ensilage, grain for 50 cows and stable room for 50 milch cows for the production of sanitary milk.

W. H. Jordan, New York experiment station, in speaking of pig feeding, says: "I doubt the wisdom of feeding pigs with oil meal at least in anything more than very small quantity. The oil meals are not considered as desirable hog feeds, and I would not in any case put in more than ten pounds of oil meal to 100 pounds of ground oats."

The 6,000-acre government swamp land in Kalamazoo county, Michigan, is to be drained next summer at a cost estimated at $15,000, when it is expected that it will be the finest of land for celery culture. Such is the progress of agricultural science. The waste places of the earth are being conquered and made to yield their fruits in their season.

One of the important questions which is up to the interstate commerce commission to answer is whether the potato is a fruit. It seems that the new railroad rate law permits the giving of transportation to caretakers who travel with perishable fruit, and the potato carrying roads have been in the habit of giving such transportation with potato shipments.

What are you going to do with those culls from your flock? They are not fat enough to kill, and under the ordinary conditions they will not fatten for market. Try this plan: Put by themselves in quarters that are reasonably warm, and feed corn meal mash, in which oyster shell is mixed. Crowd the feed, and in a week or two you will be surprised to see what a marketable lot of birds you have.

An orchardist who has tried it for several seasons, says that if green boughs are scattered between the rows of fruit trees it will prevent the mice from gnawing the bark of the trees, as they will prefer the tender bark of the twigs to the tougher bark of the trees. Worth trying, anyway, although it may encourage the breeding and protection of the mice. Along with the green boughs use a little poison to kill off the mice, or, better still, soak the boughs in arsenic solution.

Two lots of steers fed at the Kansas experiment station, one lot fed with silage and the other without it, were marketed with 25 cents per 100 pounds in favor of the silage fed steers. In this test silage was estimated to be worth $3.29 per ton and three tons of corn silage was equal to one ton alfalfa hay. The silage lot were pronounced excellent cattle, fat enough for the ordinary trade. The carcasses showed good quality with very little waste, and would be salable in any market.

The American Cultivator complains of a condition that has long existed, namely, the neglect of the local market by farmers. We have known the markets in towns in the peach belt to be absolutely bare of peaches in the height of the season, though eight or ten car loads of choice fruit might be shipped from the station daily. It is often impossible to get good butter, milk, apples, potatoes and many other articles in the neighborhood in which they are abundantly produced, owing to the fact that everything is shipped to the cities, and often at lower prices than might be obtained at home.

The influence and power of organization is shown in the statement of President Miles of the National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers made at the thirteenth annual meeting of that organization recently held. He said that while in 1893 when the association was formed, the exportation of farm tools and machinery amounted to only $5,000,000, in 1900 it had reached $16,000,000, in 1905 it was $20,00,00, and this year it was $24,000,000. With our billions in crops and our millions in farm machinery, we are going a long ways towards farming and feeding the world.

It is interesting to note the different ideas which farmers hold as to the meaning of rotation of crops. There are those who think that variation in the succession of the crops grown means rotation. In the literal sense, of course, it is rotation, but not in the sense in which the term is used by the experiment stations. Wheat may be succeeded by barley, and barley by oats, and the bare fallow by wheat again, but this does not in the true sense mean rotation. All these crops and also the bare fallow detract from the fertility of the soil, and put virtually nothing into it in return. A true rotation has in it a soil builder such as grass, clover or green crops plowed under. The rotation described above will stimulate production for the time being, but it does so by depleting the soil more quickly of its fertility than by growing but one crop.