HORTICULTURE

SMALL PEST INJURES ASTER

If Extreme Watchfulness Is Not Exercised Maggot Will Destroy Plants in Quick Order.

(By B. L. ELLIOTT.)

Keep watch of your asters, for "in such an hour as ye know not" the maggot may attack them. It is better, however, to act on the belief that this enemy is sure to come, and take measures to head him off. Work wood ashes into the soil about the plants, and remove a little soil immediately about the base of each plant and scatter tobacco dust there liberally. This will not injure the plant, but it may discourage the pest in his effort to get at the stalk of it. Of late, many collections of asters in the west have been ruined by this grub. The plant will look perfectly healthy today; tomorrow it will have a withered appearance and the next day it will be yellow and if you take hold of its top and give a slight pull off it will come close to the ground. Examination will show that it has been eaten into at that point. Wood ashes are the best preventive of its attacks of anything I have used, and I would change the location of the bed yearly.

MAKES GRUBBING EASY TASK

Implement Recently Invented by Virginia Man Guaranteed to Uproot Anything.

It is, of course, generally known that the lever principle gives the greatest power for the smallest physical exertion. It is not so generally known that the work of grubbing is a veritable labor of Hercules and that

Grubbing Implement.

the uprooting of a few sturdy bushes and young trees is all the exercise some men want. A Virginia man, however, was cognizant of both these truths and he set about inventing an implement on the lever principle to be used in grubbing. The result was the article shown in the cut, which is guaranteed to uproot anything but the village chestnut tree and the constitution. First there is a base with an arm rigidly attached. There is a jaw at the end of the arm and a brace to which a lever is pivoted. On the end of the lever is another jaw, cooperating with the first-mentioned. The implement is thrust close to the roots of a bush, the stem of which is seized between the two jaws and a pull on the lever tears the bush up.

GATHER GOOD FLOWER SEEDS

As Soon As Collected Put Label on Them and When Thoroughly Dried Store Away.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)

It is desirable to save one's seeds not only as a matter of economy, but as a means of improving the variety. In a collection of annual plants all from the same stock of seed there will be considerable variety presented. Some may vary from the general stock in the size or color of the flower and others in the habit of the plant.

These peculiarities are not certain to be reproduced, but the probabilities are that some of the seeds from such plants will show them and by following a course of selection one can in a few years so establish a variety that it will come constantly true from seed.

It has been found in practise that though a peculiarity may not show itself very strongly the first year, yet it will manifest itself the next year if the grower perseveres. It is well to mark those plants, the seeds of which are to be saved, while the plants are in full bloom and not trust to memory.

In a bed of plants from which seeds are to be saved promiscuously and when it is desirable to have all of one color, those of a different shade from the required must be pulled out as soon as they show themselves.

Some seed pods open with a jerk as soon as ripe and scatter the contents for a distance. Some open by a hole or crack and as the plant is swayed by the wind the seeds are gradually sifted out. In other cases there is no provision for the scattering of the seeds, but the fruit of seed vessel must decay before they can be liberated.

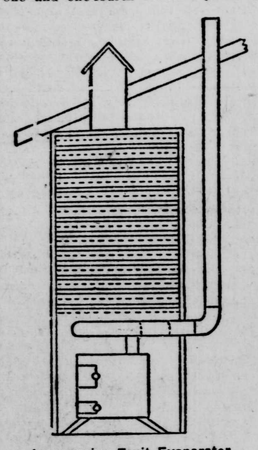
It is not necessary to wait until seeds are dead ripe before collecting them. A little experience teaches one to know the point at which it is safe to gather. Those seed vessels, which in breaking scatter the seed, should be gathered just before they open and be allowed to pop under some convenient cover. As soon as seeds are gathered put a label with them and when they are thoroughly dry, clean and store them away.

The manner of cleaning seed is varied according to circumstances, sifting, gently winnowing, rubbing between the hands being resorted to according to the kind of seed. A series of small sieves of mesh will accomplish most of the work.

TO MAKE FRUIT EVAPORATOR

Quite Serviceable Drier Can Be Made of Matched Boards, Having Ventilator at Top.

A very serviceable fruit evaporator is shown in the cut. It is four feet square and extends from the floor to the roof of the building. The trays are made of eight pieces of lumber one and one-fourth inches square by



Inexpensive Fruit Evaporator.

four feet long and covered on the bottom with one-fourth-inch mesh galvanized wire netting.

Make the drier out of matched boards, having a ventilator at the top which opens through the roof. There must be holes at the bottom to allow a free circulation of air. Have a small door near the floor so you can get at the stove, and another door three feet from the floor the full height of the evaporator with hinges at the side or bottom. Jacket the lower part of the closet with sheet iron on the inside to protect it from the stove.

Set an elbow on the stove opening and then turn the next one horizontally so as to make a circuit of the compartment within a foot of the stove. Carry the pipe outside through a convenient opening and run it up high enough to insure a good draft.

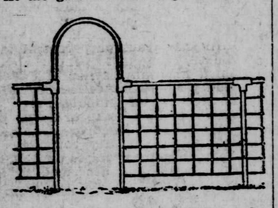
The trays are held in place by cleats nailed to the sides. These should extend from just above the coil of pipe to the ceiling. Spread the fruit evenly on the trays and not too thick.

The lower trays will be ready to take out first and when one is removed those above it should be moved down one space. This evaporator will dry its full capacity in five to six hours.

COMBINE FENCE AND TRELLIS

Makes Very Pleasing Dividing Line Between Farmhouse and the Barnyard.

We have our grape vines set between the house and the barnyard, writes Florence Upton of New York in an exchange. We took some gaspipe and fitted it together to form a fance, on which we trained the grape vines. At the gate we have a piece of



Entrance to the Barnyard.

bent so as to form an arch. This makes a very neat dividing line between the house and the barnyard.

To Get Good Fruit.

Go over the blackberry and raspberry vines for signs of rust and insect disease. Cut out and burn every doubtful vine.

It is an easy matter to make a valuable tree out of a poor one by top-grafting.

Always plant small fruits on deep, rich aluvial soil, one which carries plenty of humus.

You must not forget that all berries are forest fruits and generally grow in the shade and are great lovers of moisture.

Young trees will grow later in the fall than older ones and the sap-run should be checked as early as possible.

The Silver Maple.

Silver maple seems to be valuable chiefly because of its rapid growth. The wood is rather soft, light in weight and not strong or durable. It succeeds in rather low, moist land where many other trees do not thrive. It is rather subject to insects and fungous diseases and the brittle limbs are quite easily broken off in storms. Although the fuel value of the wood is not high, plantings are worth more for fuel than for anything else. When planted either alone or with other varieties, the trees should be spaced about six feet apart each way.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

The best land for strawberries is a sandy loam.

To rid flower pots of earth worms water with lime water.

The climbing or trailing nasturtiums can be planted either with or without support.

In gathering grapes take along a pair of scissors. Clip, not pull, off the bunches.

When a dealer buys apples he is pretty sure to cut into both ends of the barrel.

Late cultivation in the orchard means late growth which may be bad if next winter is a hard one.

When watering plants do not force the water against the plant; let it fall in the form of a shower.

ACCIDENTS IN THE AIR

Holes in the Atmosphere Often Cause Disaster.

Aviator Flies Into Empty Space and Without Warning Falls Like a Stone—Dangers of Aerial Whirlpools and Collisions.

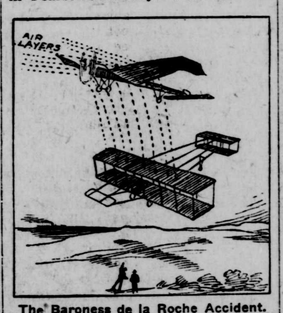
Paris.—In regard to flying accidents in general, they may be roughly divided into those due to (a) faults in the machine; (b) atmospheric difficulties and dangers; (c) the "human equation."

As to (a), the aeroplane may be faulty in principle and construction, or the materials may be to blame. As a rule, where the aeroplane is at fault the engine is the root of the evil, and one great danger to aviators is overheating of the engine or some part of it. You see, an aeroplane engine has practically to work at full pressure the whole time the aviator is in the air. A railway engine driver who gets a hot bearing can slacken or send his fireman to put things right.

The aviator's greatest safety lies in maintaining a high speed—to slacken may mean disaster; he cannot attend to the affected part himself and he has no one to help him. The practically unavoidable overheating of the engine, with the result of a sudden stoppage or loss of power, followed by a headlong dash to earth, is a frequent cause of disaster.

Turning to (b), the sea, with all its known and charted currents, tides, rocks, and so on, still wrecks ships, but the air is a thousand times more baffling than the sea. Its density and its pressure are constantly changing; the aviator may at any moment fly into an aerial whirlpool, a gust of wind, the configuration of the land over which he is flying may introduce sudden dangers not previously encountered, upset all his calculations and experience and send him smashing to the earth.

Personally I have a theory which may explain one or two hitherto inexplicable flying acicdents, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. I believe that



The Baroness de la Roche Accident.

there are, so to speak, "holes" in the air, that through causes I have not yet made sure of a vacuum is created in the atmosphere. The aviator flies into this empty space, and without any warning drops like a gigantic cannon ball. A aeroplane may weigh half a ton or more—imagine that, if you can, dropping through a "hole" in the air.

Now we come to the "human equation," in other words, mistakes on the part of the aviator as a cause of disaster.

A frequent cause of accident, more especially in the earlier days of aviation, was the airman's taking the air at too steep an angle.

It is a little difficult to explain on paper, but please imagine a man trying to climb up a perfectly smooth inclined plank or surface which affords him neither hand-hold nor foot-hold. So long as the plank is at a moderate angle there will be sufficient friction between it and his body to enable him to stay on it, even to wiggle his way along. But tilt the plank upward, and at a certain angle nothing can save him, he must fall backward.

Now, in aviation the air is the plank, the aeroplane being on it. If the aviator rises too sharply it is like trying to climb up the smooth plank tilted upright. He cannot do it— the machine must drop to earth. Similarly in descending, if the aviator comes down at too sharp an angle the machine must fall to the ground as inevitably as a man lying on a smooth plank head downward must drop when it is tilted upright.

So far I have only dealt with the risks of flying due to the machine, the air, the man, but in conclusion there is the danger that aviators cause to each other by flying too close to another machine. The recent terrible accident to the Barones de la Roche is said to have been caused by another aeroplane flying near her. I do not know what truth there is in this charge, but an aeroplane is not constructed to stand sudden pressure from above, and a real point of danger arises when one machine is below another.

There is still one cause of flying accidents that I have not yet mentioned. That is the growing tendency of the public at aviation meetings to expect the air men to fly, whatever the conditions. That brutal spirit should be sternly suppressed.

Denmark's Ancient Flag.

Copenhagen.—The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence. For 300 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag.

In the year 1219 King Waldemar, of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw or thought he saw a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog, that is, the strength of Denmark.

Japanese Thank British.

London.—Capt. Y. Shoji, commanding the Japanese armored cruiser Ikoma, which recently visited the Thames, has written to express the gratitude of all on board the vessel to the British public for their cordial reception.

FRANCIS JOSEPH AT EIGHTY

Aged Emperor of Austria, Nestor of the World's Rulers, Has Wonderful Virility and Endurance.

Vienna.—His majesty Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria and apostolic king of Hungary, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary. He was born in Vienna August 18, 1830, and became emperor December 2, 1848, when, at Vienna, he centralized the government of the heterogeneous nationalities composing his empire. On June 8, 1867, he was crowned at Budapest as king of Hungary and in December of the same year the emperor approved a new constitution, one of the most liberal of continental Europe, which was promulgated as the fundamental law of the empire. The

Emperor Francis Joseph.

policy of conciliation toward the nationalities of his dominions adopted by Emperor Francis Joseph cemented the various parts of his empire, and the love and veneration shown for their ruler by his people are not equaled in any other nation in the world. The relation of the octogenarian emperor to his people seems to partake of that of a father toward his children. The wonderful virility and physical strength of his majesty, at his advanced age, mark the beloved sovereign of Austria-Hungary as one of the most remarkable rulers Europe has ever known, and, happily, bid fair to a continuance of his reign for years to come.

When this nestor of the world's rulers was born, August 18, 1830, none of the present heads of great states had yet seen the light, although Diaz of Mexico came into being when Francis Joseph was an infant of six weeks.

The emperor is a true sportsman, and it is said of his majesty that he still possesses all of the enthusiasm of youth for hunting chamois—that most difficult of all high mountain game to kill—and in stalking his quarry he exhibits an endurance and zest rarely equaled in men thirty years younger.

How strenuous this royal patriarch still is he proved when he planned a day's program for Theodore Roosevelt which included getting up in the middle of the previous night and being on the hunting grounds at sunrise to surprise the wily capercailzie or wood grouse. And this was the only proposition made to him during his triumphal return from Africa that seems to have sounded a little too lively for the ex-president. At any rate, he declined, much to the disappointment of "Father Franz," who for two generations has been known as the mightiest nimrod among European royalty.

SNAKE BITES SLEEPING BOY.

Huge Copperhead Enters House and Attacks Child, Inflicting Serious Wounds.

Borden, Ind.—Asleep in bed in a house on J. W. Lovell's farm, two miles from Borden, 7-year-old Harrison Money was attacked by a huge Copperhead snake. The reptile thrust its fangs several times into the foot of the child, inflicting wounds which, it is feared, will result in death.

The screams of the child brought his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Money, who were occupying the adjoining room, to the bedside of the boy. As the parents entered the room they saw the snake wriggle away through an opening in the wall.

Having nothing in the house to administer as an antidote to the poison, which at once began to blacken the foot, the father hastened to Borden for a physician, leaving the mother with the child. In a few moments the foot had swollen to twice its natural size.

When the physician had arrived the poison had gone above the knee. Throughout a day and night the physician remained at the bedside administering antidotes every few moments.

The Moneys live at Bennettsville, Ind., and were picking berries on the farm of Mr. Lovell. The house in which they were sleeping consists of upright boards and a rudely constructed roof. It was ventilated by large cracks and holes in the walls.

Lightning Belies Proverb.

Rehoboth, Del.—Struck by lightning last month, the house of Dr. William Messick was again struck the other day.

John M. Richardson, a Georgetown lawyer, was eating lunch in Messick's dining-room when the lightning struck a large chandelier over the dining table, tearing it down, but doing no harm to the man. The other day lightning again singled the house out for its pranks.

Find Germ of Leprosy.

Honolulu.—Drs. Brinkerhoff and Curry and M. T. Hallman of Honolulu have succeeded in isolating germs of leprosy.

This means the ultimate discovery of a cure for the disease.

The doctors are now attempting to make a toxin from the bacilli. Experiments at the leper settlement will soon be made.

IN PIONEER COURTS

HOW JUSTICE WAS ADMINISTERED IN RUDE SURROUNDINGS.

Jurists in Early Days Frequently Were Illiterate, But Made Up in Honesty What They Lacked in Legal Lore.

In the days of which I write the judicial system, like the country, was in its infancy. The circuit court was composed of a president judge, elected by the legislature, and who presided at all the courts in the circuit, and two associate judges, elected in each county by the people. The president judge was always a lawyer of some experience. The associate judges were not lawyers and they made no claims to legal knowledge. As a rule they were typical representatives of the backwoodsmen and very illiterate, yet they had the power to override the presiding judge and give the opinion of the court, and they often did so. In such instances their reasoning was likely to be of a most ludicrous character However, they made up in honesty what they lacked in other directions, and the results were not as bad as might be imagined. They were usually elected because of their popularity and their well known integrity, and though they occasionally went wrong their constituents did not strongly censure them because of their mistakes.

The clerks of the pioneer courts were seldom qualified for their duties, and many old time records are the living proofs of this statement. They were uneducated, and some of them barely had the ability to scrawl their own names, yet they did not lack native shrewdness. There was a clerk in one of the pioneer settlements of central Indiana who boasted of his superior qualifications by declaring that he had been sued on every section of the statute, and therefore knew the law, while his opponent had never been sued and therefore could not know the law. He was elected on this platform.

The sheriffs were chosen by the people, and the man who could send his voice farthest in the woods from the courthouse door was often the successful candidate. A stentorian voice, physical strength and tried courage were the principal qualifications for this important office. When the court desired the presence of John Smith as a petit juror or as a witness, it was the sheriff's duty to stand outside the courthouse or poke his head out of a window and cry three times and with all the power of his lungs, "John Smith, come to court!" and John generally heard the call and obeyed. If he happened to be so remote that he did not hear, there were always plenty of loiterers who esteemed it an honor to go after him. A written summons was seldom resorted to. It was regarded as a waste of material and time, to say nothing of the stupendous task which the preparation of such a document would place upon a clerk who could hold a plow handle or rifle much more effectively than a pen.

By far the most important men who attended the sessions of the courts were the lawyers, especially the younger ones. But nobody called them lawyers. They were squires. To see a young squire with a queu three feet long dangling down his back and tied with an eel skin, strutting backward and forward over the rough-hewn slabs that formed the floor of the ordinary log courthouse, brought the woodsmen from near and far; and to hear him "plead" was worth a wearisome foot journey over ice and snow and across swollen rivers and creeks, through an interminable forest.—Case and Comment.

Automobile Nerve.

One of the nerviest spectacles ever seen on an auto raceway occurred in the Long Island stock car derby at Riverhead last September. Herbert Bailey, mechanician for Louis Disbrow and his No. 1, literally shook hands with death. When the car had passed the stand on its fourth lap and was two miles from the repair pits the pin fell out of the reach rod, disabling the steering gear. The machine threatened to become unamanageable.

What did Bailey do but climb out over the hod, lower himself down on the little cranking rod, and sit facing the radiator with his feet propped against the front axle! With one hand he prevented himself from being dashed under the wheels by holding on to the little water cap on the top of the hood. The other hand held the disabled steering gear together. Bailey rode 20 miles in that manner, with the car going full speed, until the circuit was completed and the repair pits were made.—Hampton's Magazine.

What She Could Cook.

"But you said you had done the cooking for a whole family," exclaimed the exasperated housewife when the new arrival told her that she was quite ignorant of the mysteries of broiling a steak and could not have roasted a chicken if her life depended on it. "How in the world could you ever have done that when you seem to know nothing about it?"

The new incumbent smiled blandly. "I did cook for a family of four," she protested. "But they called themselves vegetables, and all we had to eat used to be nuts and boiled potatoes, and I always boiled the potatoes."

His Point of View.

"John, dear," queries the young wife, glancing up from the physical culture magazine she was perusing, "what is your idea of a perfect figure."

"Well," replied her husband, "100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man of my simple tastes."

Careful Calculation.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's a farmer up de road dat says he'll give you two dollars for a day's work."

"What's de use of temptin' me when you know I ain't go. de time. You orter understand dat out o' practise like I am, it 'ud take me at least six weeks to do a day's work."—Washington Star.

MODE OF GARDEN OF EDEN

Art Instructor Advises Women to Study Leaves in Designing of Dresses.

As all know, Eve, the first lady of the land, made herself a dress of fig leaves. The gown was an immense success, extremely fashionable; every woman alive wore it.

Now, after all these years, comes Henry Turner Bailey, who would revive the fall mode of the garden of Eden, says the Baltimore Star. At least, Mr. Bailey, head of the art instruction department of the board of education, implores women to study the leaves of plants and trees and model their gowns after them.

"Women need not go to Paris for their gowns," said Mr. Bailey. "They can find the most exquisite styles by simply studying the weeds that grow in our back yards or the leaves of trees or ferns. If every part of a dress were as consistently harmonized in its relative lines as a leaf, that dress would be well worth wearing."

If Mr. Bailey were not an art instructor he would be a baseball pitcher, for he knows all about curves. He proceeds to advise separately women slender as the lily, women built like a cauliflower and women who are just peaches. Says he:

"It will not take any woman of taste very long to decide which leaf represents the style that becomes her figure. If she is stout or inclined to stoutness she will select as her inspiration and model those leaves or flowers that have the sharper angles and thinner curves. Take the white oak leaf, with every one of its curves a reversed curve, and the woman to whom that kind of general design applies will have at once an inspiration.

"For the woman of less pronounced type there may be found another inspiration in the bud of the lilac, which has gentle reversed curves all through it. Then again we find that the St. John's wort has a series of little ellipses all through its foliation. The delicate curves of the wild bean are extremely suggestive to any person who will study them, and it seems to me that the average type of American beauty could find in it an inspiration for a dress, just as the type inclined to stoutness would find an inspiration also in the common rosacea, or member of the rose family."

Wedding gowns will follow the curves of the orange leaf, but widows who marry the second time will build their bridal dresses on the model of the chestnut leaf. Small babies' long dresses will be curved as is the leaf of the milkweed.

And so on.

Man's Sense of Ambition.

Although imitation is one of the great instruments used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection, yet if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and so on in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement amongst them. Men must remain as brutes do, the same at the end as they are at this day, and that they were in the beginning of the world. To prevent this, God has implanted in man a sense of ambition, and a satisfaction arising from the contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them. It is this passion that drives men to all the ways we see in use of signalizing themselves, and that tends to make whatever excites in a man the idea of this distinction so very pleasant. It has been so very strong as to make very miserable men take comfort that they were supreme in misery and certain it is that, where we cannot distinguish ourselves by something excellent, we begin to take a complacency in some singular infirmities, follies, or defects of one kind or other.—Burke.

London Literary Academy.

One respects the nine-and-twenty gentlemen who are to start the British Academy, and select the words we should use, and one wonders who shall be in the other eleven who make up the forty who shall finally try to stop the English language from taking its own course. But our language has had its vagaries. It has gone through America and Judaism and Spain and—well it is a compound of all the nations on earth. It's a greedy language and digests all words. It invented Hindustani and the pigeon English of Shanghai. From the Babu to the naturalized American negro, from the Maori to the Highlander, they talk English, and so many kinds of English. Each man brings his word from the various countries and continents and lays it on the counter at Charing-cross. "That's English," he says. And on that counter are placed words from China or West Africa, from America or Australia, English words that have been annexed and imposed. There isn't room here for a dictionary. But it would not take long to prove that you cannot stop the English language from growing—even by an academy.—London Chronicle.

Domesticated Lions.

There is considerable reason for believing that the ancients far exceeded us in ability to train the large carnivorous animals. We now regularly pay admission to see men risk their lives in cages with trained lions and tigers. According to a writer in La Revue des Idees, the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans and Assyrians used the larger carnivores almost like domestic animals. The lion, for instance, was sufficiently tamed so that it could be led without a halter, and helped in the capture of deer, wild boars, etc. It likewise appears that the Chinese, in prehistoric days, used cormorants to catch their fish and had domesticated the house cat.

Desperate Campaigning.

"Why do you insist on staying at a hotel where they have no electric lights?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "I've got to convince some of those backwoods constituents of mine that I am still a plain, unsophisticated fellow citizen, unused to habits of luxury. If necessary I'm going to leave a call with the clerk for a quarter to twelve and blow out the gas at eleven-thirty."

DIDN'T "GET" THE QUOTATION

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most Newspaper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?"

"'Who Art Thou?'" replied the other.

"Boston reporter," replied the other.

The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—at the cub's expense.—Youth's Companion.

INDEED, THEY DO.

"I always try to be a gentleman."

"Some people have pretty hard trials, don't they?"

Unfair.

Senator John H. Bankhead, discussing a political move, said, with a smile:

"Oh, it's too coldly calculated. It's almost unfair. In fact, it's like Mrs. Blank.

"Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor society. Her husband said to her, one afternoon, as she made a very elaborate toilet for a garden party that she was giving to some members of the British legation:

"'Why did you write to all our guests that this party was to be absolutely informal?'

Mrs. Blank laughed.

"'So as to be the best-dressed woman present, of course,' she said."

The Enemies.

Apropos of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city:

"I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis.

"'Why,' said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every 48 hours.'

"A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted:

"'Well, it ain't enough,' it said."

Does Engineering Work.

Mlle. Bandurin is superintendent of an engineering firm in Russia. She was graduated from the Women's Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, and has had practical experience in engineering. She built a steel warehouse for an army co-operative society, has been assistant engineer in building a bridge across the Neva and has done other important work.

A Fallen Idol.

"What makes you so sure the American public is fickle?"

"The reception a player who used to be on the home team gets when he comes visiting."

Misdirected Energy.

"How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull?"

"He did; but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Christian Advocate.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exact our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillips Brooks.

There is genius and power in persistence.—Orison Swett Marden.

Brings Cheer to the breakfast table—

Post Toasties with cream.

Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made from white corn.

A most appetizing, convenient, pleasurable breakfast.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3538-0268.jpg