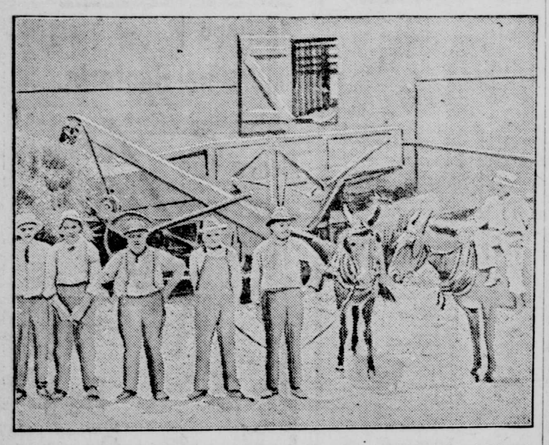
CITY PEOPLE AND FARMERS NOW WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD OF ALL CONCERNED



Group of Business Men From Lexington, Ky., Who Helped Thrash Wheat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the greatest achievements of the farm-labor activities conducted by the United States department of agriculture during the past year in farming sections all over the country where labor was needed was the establishment of cordial co-operation and sympathetic understanding between farmers and local business men, department specialists state.

City Folks Help Harvest.

As a result of this co-operation crops have been harvested by aid of the business men from cities and towns in hundreds of localities where large losses would undoubtedly have resulted from lack of labor. About 35,000 town and city dwellers helped harvest in Kansas, 15,000 in Nebraska, 20,000 in Oregon, 10,000 in Missouri, 12,000 in Indiana, 25,000 in Illinois, and proportionate numbers in practically all other states. The farmer has thus learned that local town and city folks can assist greatly in this emergency work, and has come to look with favor upon their co-operation. The effect has been to bring farmer and town resident into more cordial relations.

Provide Harvest Labor.

The results achieved along this line are especially helpful toward providing the harvest labor needed in a constantly enlarging agricultural program. Too much emphasis, it is believed, cannot be placed upon the phase of the labor that has to do with bringing into close co-operation and alignment all the forces which have more or less to do with the labor problem and framing a program that will eliminate as far as possible the loss due to having an oversupply of labor at certain places and shortage at others, and that will make possible the use of all the local labor to the fullest extent and thus save transportation of workers from distant areas and necessary loss of time occasioned in such travel.

The success in dealing with the farm labor situation during the past year is thought to justify confidence in meeting any situation that may develop in 1919.

CHEESE MAKING IS PROGRESSING

Car Loads Now Being Shipped From Mountain Districts Which Formerly Made None.

PRODUCT OF GOOD QUALITY

Recent Advanced Steps Have Been Perfecting of Marketing System Creating Much Interest and Enthusiasm in Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Previous to 1914 the South shipped no cheese. In 1915, $3,000 worth was manufactured and shipped from southern mountain districts, and during 1917 cheese to the value of $246,000 was manufactured. There are now 43 cheese factories in operation in the mountain sections of the South which ship carloads of good quality cheese to market periodically.

The rapid strides in the development of cheese factories in the mountain regions of the South, as the result of the efforts of the United States department of agriculture, co-operating with state agricultural colleges, is shown forcefully in reports of the progress of the work coming to the department. No cheese was shipped from the South previous to 1914. Although smaller lots were shipped earlier, the first carload of southern-produced cheese was shipped from North Carolina and Tennessee on July 24, 1918. This was a co-operative shipment from eight local factories and comprised about 16,000 pounds, the value of which was approximately 25 cents a pound.

Factories in Mountains.

Forty-three cheese factories now are in operation in the mountain regions of the South where cold springs of water on each farm provide excellent facilities for keeping the milk in such a condition that it produces a high quality of cheese. Abundant rainfall, luxuriant grass, high altitude, and a moderate temperature all combine to make this region especially adapted for the production of cheese which can compete on the market successfully with that produced in any other section of the country, say dairy specialists of the United States department of agriculture.

The most recent advanced steps in the progress of the cheese-making industry in the South have been the perfecting of the marketing system whereby one of the large packing companies sends a refrigerator car to a central shipping point periodically. Since the initial carload shipment from North Carolina and Tennessee, carloads have been going forward nearly every ten days. A representative of the packing company receives from the various factories the cheese which is brought in by wagon, and immediately issues a check on the local bank for all cheese received. The bank in turn promptly pays the patrons of the factories for the cheese.

Typical Mountain Cheese Factory, Wears Valley, Tennessee.

Creating Interest.

The plan of marketing milk through cheese factories has increased the interest in cheese manufacturing throughout the southern mountain districts. The improved market service is not only creating much interest and enthusiasm for cheese production, but incidentally it is creating interest in other farm products. Recently one of the field men of the department of agriculture was at one of the factories and observed many farmers bringing in wagon loads of potatoes which were hauled to the cheese-shipping point for shipment in a refrigerator car.

In a number of counties arrangements have been made to obtain cheese boxes from local lumber concerns in order to relieve the extra cost of shipping these boxes long distances. On account of the war, men cheese makers are hard to get, so women are being trained for the work. Already five women have been engaged as cheese makers.

FARMERS AND BUSINESS MEN

Young Man of Present Day Learns by Study and Practice of Modern Business Methods.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farming is being adapted more and more to a business basis, and farmers are being recognized by the business men of the cities as having real business standing. The expression, "Farmers and business men," has be-become "Farmers and other business men." Once the young man learned the farming trade by working mostly with his father and brothers; now he learns farming in that way and also in school and college, and by the study and practice of modern business methods, so that he becomes a different type of farmer from the countryman of one or two generations ago.

The demand of the present farmer has brought about a new method of dealing with him and supplying him with any available information he may desire. It is recognized that it is not good practice to load farmers with advice—to tell them what to do and when to do it—and this changed attitude brings more satisfactory relations to all concerned. It has resulted in freer consultation and the arrival at safer conclusions and more correct practices than could possibly come from working separately.

TURN ATTENTION TO RABBITS

Cheap Substitute for Ordinary Meats and Can Be Kept in Inexpensive Buildings.

The fact that rabbits are a cheap substitute for the ordinary meats is likely to turn the attention of many more persons to rearing them now, specialists of the United States department of agriculture believe. They can be kept in small and inexpensive pens and buildings and, like poultry, can be killed and prepared for the table on short notice.

FACTORS OF SOIL FERTILITY

Plant Feeding Is Not Simple Problem of Supplying Manure and Commercial Fertilizers.

The expression, "soil fertility" is used to include the factors which make a soil productive. Plant feeding is not a simple problem of supplying manure and commercial fertilizers. An abundance of available plantfood is an essential factor of soil fertility, but there are other important factors.

SALAD OF MONSIEUR

Brussels Sprout as Bullet in Bloodless Duel Over Stolen Recipe.

By RANDOLPH DITTON.

I had served Monsieur le Marquis faithfully for fifteen years. That is not so short a time, as things go nowadays, for it seems that one changes his butler as often as his overcoat. But Monsieur would never let any of his servants depart. Besides, my father had served his father a lifetime.

We had had great trouble during the five years preceding Monsieur's death, for his daughter became attached to a worthy young man whom Monsieur resolutely refused to allow within the chateau. He was a son of the Comte de Minquette, but he was a Dreyfusard! Enough! France has been rent in twain by the affair, and in our home it was not otherwise. Mademoiselle Henriette wept bitterly but at last she acquiesced to the inevitable, and Monsieur Paul went to America, heart-broken.

But after my master died I conceived an idea. I had long wished to visit America, for I had heard rumors from returning visitors that a chef at the Hotel Planksteak, New York, had invented a salad which was identical with the famous salad of my master. Enough! I must needs go, find the thief, and ram his salad down his throat. We Gascons are hot-blooded, and never shall it be said that Jean Birrabou cannot protect his master's honor.

"Mademoiselle Henriette," I said respectfully, the night before I sailed, "can I be of service to you in savage America?"

She looked up and I knew of what she was thinking.

"My dear friend," she answered, "I understand. But I cannot stoop to ask Monsieur Paul to return to me. It must be of his own accord."

"At least he should know that Monsieur le Marquis is dead," I answered.

"Then heaven bless and guard you in your dangerous venture, Jean Birrabou," she said.

Enough! Twelve days later behold me, Jean Birrabou, seated at a table in the luxurious Hotel Planksteak. Six salads did I order and consume that day, but never a salad like that of

"Dog of a Thief!"

my master. Enough! I return the following day. The waiters know me. I fix them with my eyes and sternly order salads. The salad Lillian I consume; the salad St. Louis; the salad Passamaquoddy; the salad May Irwin; the salad Capitaine Cook. And then, just as I decide that the rumor is false, the waiter brings me the Salad Imaginaire.

I gasped, for there before me is the identical salad of my master the Marquis, invented by him and known only among the high aristocracy of France. I fixed him with my eye.

"Who has invented this salad?" I demanded haughtily.

"It is I, Monsieur," answered the waiter, eyeing me bravely. "It is my salad, which, because of its surpassing excellence, the chef permits me to add to the menu."

I rose from my seat and took the salad bowl, inverted it, and clapped it on his head, so that the oil ran down over his shirt front.

"Dog of a thief!" I hissed, "you stole that salad."

The next moment we are engaged in a hand to hand battle. It was sanguinary—frightful. Three times I seized him by the hair and sought to pull his nose, and thrice he beat me off. We closed in a life and death battle. With my nails set I made for his eyes. He gritted his teeth and caught me by the ear. The waiters separated us.

I drew my card from my pocket and presented it to the scoundrel.

"Your salad," I said, "is my master's salad. Never did any man but my master put Brussels sprouts and lemon peel in a salad. None but he knew of the divine flavor which that blend creates. Enough! You know where to find me!"

That evening his seconds called at my boarding house.

"All is prepared, Monsieur," they said. "You meet at dawn in a cellar of a horse stable near this house. It is to be a fight to the death with pistols. The loser will be buried under the straw and none will be the wiser."

I sighed, thinking of my poor Henriette and my unaccomplished mission. But honor is honor and there was no alternative. I bowed my head.

"At dawn," I answered proudly, "I shall be there."

True to my word, behold me in the cellar of the horse stable at 5 o'clock the following morning, my will made, my last message to Mademoiselle in an envelope awaiting postage, my soul ready to face the future. The cellar was lit by electricity. At the far end I saw my enemy. I bowed; our seconds bowed. I drew off my rubbers, buttoned my coat, and placed my half-burned cigarette carefully upon the window ledge. My bravado was not without effect. I saw my enemy tremble. They handed us our pistols.

"Ready!" exclaimed the arbiter. "At one raise your weapons! At two take aim! At three, fire. One!"

I raised my pistol and covered my enemy's heart.

"Two!"

My hand trembled; the memory of my master overcame me. I felt my eyes filling with tears. I could not longer see the scoundrel whom I was so soon to kill.

"Three!"

Our weapons went off together. I saw my foe standing unmoved, a smile of malice playing upon his lips. I felt a violent blow upon my breast-bone. I sank down in the straw.

"I forgive you, Monsieur!" I said, as he came toward me. "Wait till I die; then heap the straw over me."

"Perhaps, Monsieur, your wound is not fatal," suggested my second.

"I feel that it is mortal," I answered. "My life is ebbing away. No, do not examine me. It is useless."

Still he persisted. Gently he unbuttoned my coat and felt for the gaping wound. I closed my eyes in agony. Lo! A moment later and he was holding up a small, crushed pellet.

"Your wound is but superficial, Monsieur," he announced. "See, I have found the bullet."

His voice broke. From emotion? No. All at once everyone went into a shriek of diabolical laughter.

The pellet was wrapped in silver foil. Slowly he peeled it off, disclosing to my anguished eyes—a Brussels sprout! It had fallen harmlessly upon my waistcoat.

I rose to my feet, stupefied. Yet so quickly my anger rose that in another moment I should have thrust it into the teeth of the imbecile. But my enemy came forward and held out his hand to me.

"My dear friend Birrabou," he said. "Do you not know me?"

I looked at him, and suddenly I gasped from amazement. I had seen his photograph upon Mademoiselle's desk.

"Monsieur Paul!" I exclaimed, and he bowed suavely.

Enough! Think how nearly I came to killing him whom I had set out to find! But we have returned to France now, and whenever Monsieur and Madame Henriette have guests it is I, Jean Barribou, who makes the salad of Monsieur le Marquis.

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CZAR TO LIVE IN LEGEND

World May Look for All Sorts of Tales Concerning Autocrat of All the Russias.

The czar of Russia is lost in legend. Unless he shall again appear definitely in the flesh, so that his identity may be positively established before all the world, the question of his fate will be always disputed. He will take his place in the list with the lost dauphin of France, who is supposed to have lived a quiet life in America after being spirited away, and with "John Ord," a brother of Franz Josef, who renounced his title and sailed away in a vessel reported lost with all hands, but who is supposed to be living incognito on an obscure, palm-shaded island, far from the reach of the turmoil that marked the last days of the Hapsburg court.

As a result of the conflicting stories now being circulated regarding the czar, the public mind is already divided as to whether a bolshevik bullet really ended his life or whether the Count Tatichev, the emperor's personal military attache, with a supreme devotion to duty, died in his master's stead. Only the clearing up of the mystery can prevent the reports years hence that in the death of some obscure old man of foreign appearance the end has finally come to him who was once Autocrat of All the Russias.

Roosevelt and Jiu Jitsu.

At Professor Kano's jiu jitsu academy in Tokyo many years later I met Professor Yamashita, who had taught the Japanese art to President Roosevelt in Washington three times a week for three years.

The president, he said, was his best pupil, but also his most dangerous. "Very heavy, very strong, very impetuous, he always attacked as if he was going to kill me. Oh, many bruises, much worry, great trouble, I assure you.

"I could not tell him. It is not jiu jitsu to complain, but when he would get me almost killed my trouble was to save my life without hurting him. No matter how madly he attacked I could not hurt. I could not kill the president of the United States. That was my point of honor."—J. I. C. Clark, in New York Evening Post.

Airplane Freight Carrier.

The airplane has proved its success as a carrier of mails; and in the Southwest, where most of the army's flying fields were laid out, airplanes are used daily for all-round utility business. A recent report from a Texas field tells of a pilot flying 125 miles from a practice field to the wing headquarters and carrying as a prisoner a watchman who had fallen asleep on duty. Upon his return trip to the camp he carried $2,500 in pay vouchers, 100 pounds of bread, four airplane wheels, landing gear and struts. In addition he tucked in a large bundle of papers and magazines and a pouch full of mail!—Earl N. Findley in Red Cross Magazine.

Bagpipes in Brussels.

The Daily Telegraph in its account of the entry into Brussels of King Albert says: The Yanks came first in the military cortege which followed the royal party. Then came the French. An interval of 200 yards, and a silence, and then a sound strange to the Bruxellois, the skirl of bagpipes blown by thirty Highlanders leading the way for a company of their kilted comrades. The Scotsmen, let it be recorded, had the success d'estime of the parade. How the ladies waved their handkerchiefs as the Highlanders swung past, and how everybody voiced his and her admiration for these stalwart men.

COULD USE HIS HEAD, BUT—

Sam Would Have Had More Confidence Had He Been in Possession of Another Weapon.

There was once a very successful business man, whose two pet hobbies were system and everlasting trying to impress on his employees the importance of doing their own thinking. His motto was "Use Your Head," and he had the office and the factory placarded with the sentiment.

One day he hired a likely looking colored man as his office porter. Sam—that of course being his name—forthwith received the startling information that man is a thinking animal and he, Sam, must keep that in mind as much as possible.

About twenty minutes after Sam began work the boss, glancing out the office door toward the factory, noticed that a row had started among some of the factory hands and the whole bunch was trying to settle the argument in that peaceful and quiet way possible with plenty of good stiff stones.

"Now, Sam," said the boss, "I shall depend on you to break up that fight at once. The method to take must come from your own brain, but whatever you do, Sam, remember, 'Use your head.'"

"Yessah, yessah, it suhtingly does look like Ah'd have to use my haid, sah, but Ah—ah—shuah would feel a heap safah, boss, ef Ah had my razah, too."

NOW BACON HAS A RIVAL

French Professor Asserts That William Stanley, Earl of Derby, Really Was "Shakespeare."

To those who take argumentative pleasure in the conviction that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, the introduction of yet another candidate for that distinction must be rather annoying. William Stanley, sixth earl of Derby, is the latest "real Shakespeare," discovered and produced by Prof. Abel Le Frank, a French scholar, who claims that only an Englishman who had lived in France could have written "Love's Labor Lost," and that William Stanley was the only contemporary Englishman who fits the bill; also that there was an instinct for the theater in the Stanley family, and that William is known to have written poetry. The argument seems to be about as complete as that of the person who found a passage in a letter from Sir Philip Sidney which mentions "Will, my Lord of Leicester's jester," and, not being able to find out just where Shakespeare was, and what he was doing at the time, decided that he was probably "my Lord of Leicester's jester" himself.—Christian Science Monitor.

Largest Tunnel in the World.

Notwithstanding the war, the largest tunnel in the world is well under course of construction in France, its object being to give Marseilles connection with Paris and the interior of the country in general by rail and water. The canal will provide ample waterway for barges. The new harbor and the cutting of a ship canal, actually tunneled through solid rock for five long miles, joining the old harbor and the Mediterranean to the River Rhone. The Rhone's upper stretches are placid and already are used extensively for barge navigation, but near Marseilles the stream is far too turbulent for commerce. A range of hills had prevented the construction of a canal in days gone by. Now, with France energized by the war and with the necessity for the canal emphasized thereby, the tunnel is being cut and the canal will soon be opened. The work was begun in 1911-12, and has been continued through the war. By this canal and links already available, barges can be sent from the Mediterranean to the English channel.

Cause of Oil Rashes.

Oil rashes in users of cutting lubricants and cooling liquids are found by the British department of scientific and industrial research to be generally due either to plugging of the small glands at the roots of the hairs of arms and legs, or to mechanical abrasion of the skin by suspended metal particles in the cutting oil. Suppuration or abscesses may result. Preventives are dusting the skin with starch and zinc oxide powder before touching the oil, abundant after-use of soap and hot water, sterilizing of oil by heating to 300 degrees Fahrenheit and frequent change to clean cutting oil.

Elephant to Have Shoes.

An interesting experiment was recently tried out in New York city on De Wolf Hopper's hippodrome elephant, Lena, says the Christian Science Monitor. A huge shoe, presumably made of coarse leather or cowhide, with stout laces of the same material, was tried on the elephant's foot. To put it more correctly, four shoes were tried on the elephant's four feet, in the hope that they will keep Lena's feet warm during the cold weather. Certainly Lena will look very funny, walking about with these huge shoes on.

Parade of White Caps.

Quite unique to Cardiff, Wales, is the daily breakfast parade of the "white caps." The United States sailors and marines stationed in Cardiff are paraded every morning in batches at the Castle street corner of Westgate street, and thence march to different restaurants and hotels for breakfast. The operation is repeated for the mid-day meal and for tea. But the earlier parade is the more noticeable, because the otherwise deserted streets are given an unwonted appearance of liveliness.—London Mail.

Got the Hook.

Uncle Si—What became of that vodeville actor chap you had workin' on your place?

Farmer Hi—Fired him. He seemed to have the idear that farm work was a twenty-two minute sketch an' then a two-hours' rest-up.—Boston Transcript.

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW

IF you have goods or service to sell and carefully conceal the fact, the chances are that your sales will be few. If you want customers, you must let the people know where you are and what you have to sell or what you can do.

How are you going to let them know? One of the best of ways is to place the facts where they can be readily seen and often consulted by a large number of people.

WHERE is that? In the Telephone Directory. That's where you look to find others and others look to find you. Ask the Local Manager about it.

THE CHEASPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

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CAPTAIN WAS "GOOD FELLOW"

Otherwise Privates Might Have Found Their Playfulness to Be a Serious Matter.

While serving at Fort Sill, Okla., I was quartered with a Texas cowboy, and he would often amuse himself hours at a time with his lasso. One favorite stunt was to stand in the door of his tent after taps, when all was dark and quiet, and throw his rope around the foot of some unsuspecting comrade returning from town, drawing him into the tent, where he would flash a light into his face, frightening the poor fellow unmercifully.

One night at his game an unusually large fellow was caught and he whispered to me to help drag him in, which I cheerfully did. The big fellow came into the tent on his back, swearing with all his might. We threw the light into his face with a laugh and were greeted with the two shining bars of our captain! I lost no time in getting outside of the tent, and suppose my brave cow-puncher disappeared in some such way. For days we could picture ourselves behind bars at Fort Leavenworth, and upon being called to the captain's tent a week later all hope faded. Right here I wish to declare our captain a good fellow, as we were dismissed with a reprimand and a request that the performance never be repeated.—Detroit Free Press.

DOCTOR GOT HIS.

A North Carolina doctor, inclined to be mindful of other people's business, was riding along a country road. He drew up where a native was husking corn in a field.

"You are gathering yellow corn?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir; planted that kind," came the reply.

"Won't get more than half a crop?" volunteered the physician.

"Don't expect to, sir; planted it on half shares."

The doctor was somewhat nettled at this, and replied:

"You must be mighty near a fool."

"Yes, sir; only a fence between us."—Human Life.

Power of Will.

"Will power has kept many a man in the straight and narrow path," remarked the bothersome bromidist.

"Indeed it has," answered the chap with the sliding scalp as he swatted a flu germ on the back of his hand, "particularly if it is the will of a rich and pious old uncle who hasn't checked in."

Not Unnatural Conclusion.

A distinguished lady from London who is visting in New York was taken by her hostess to a turkey-trotting sanctuary night before last. They arrived rather early and only one couple was on the floor. The dancers, however, were turkey-trotting in the most approved fashion and the New York hostess called the attention of her guest to them.

"That's the real turkey-trot," she informed her. "Do you see anything objectionable about it?"

"No," answered her English guest. "I can't say that I see anything objectionable about it, but of course he is going to marry the lady."

STILL TOO MUCH LABOR.

Say, pard, wouldn't it be great ef youse could git all de eat an' drink youse wanted by jist pressin' a 'lectric button?"

"It shore would—ef I had somebody ter press de button fer me."

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

There are 330 deer parks in England.

Mobile is soon to have a new popular theater.

The blood of an average man weighs 20 pounds.

The production of copper has trebled in the last 20 years.

Steam freight trucks are forbidden on the streets of Montreal.

Pinchot predicts a timber famine in 25 years at the most.

A camel with an average load will travel 25 miles a day, and when unencumbered it will reach 90 miles a day sometimes.

German East Africa's population is roughly estimate at 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 natives, 5,000 Indians, 2,000 Arabs and 3,500 whites.

Already more than 1,000 camels are used in Queensland as a means of transportation across the arid districts and the number is rapidly increasing.

A group of merchants at Swakopmund, German Southwest Africa, impressed by the possibilities of a local frozen meat industry, are combining to erect refrigerating works and abattoirs.

A Wisconsin college professor has formed a company to dig for $10,000,000, believed to have been buried more than 200 years ago on Oak Island, a short distance from the port of Chester, Nova Scotia. Capt. John Welling, for 15 years first officer on a government steam dredge, has charge of the work. An unsuccessful attempt was made by three men to recover this treasure in 1795. They abandoned the work after reaching a depth of 30 feet.

Perpetual pensioners are to be found in France as well as in Great Britain. On August 21, 1755, the Dauphin, son of Louis XV, when out rabbiting, accidentally, shot Yves de la Boissiere, one of his suite. As a compensation a pension of $1,200 was conferred on Boissiere, with remainder to his heirs in perpetuity. Despite the many changes in the form of government this pension has been paid ever since, and no member of the budget committee has ever suggested stopping it.

Bound to Succeed.

"He started life with a bootlace and now he's worth a million dollars. Seems incredible, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no. Any man who could get anybody to buy one bootlace was sure to be a millionaire some day."

It Certainly Ages Them.

His Wife—What a well-preserved man your friend Mr. Young is. No one would ever take him to be anywhere near as old as you are.

Mr. Longwed—True; but then he's been married only a short time.

A Stander.

"Somebody should stand up for the street railways," exclaimed the man who believes in fair play.

"Sir," exclaimed the protesting citizen, "as a passenger I have stood up for them twice a day for years."

MICKIE SAYS

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