

White Violets
By
ADA MARIE PECK

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THERE are people who can give a cozy, home-like look to the most barren apartment. Ann Kent was one of them. She could take a piece of turkey-red calico, and a length of olive cheese cloth, give it a twist and a flit, and evolve a drapery or a picture background, which had more grace, and was more effective than a bit of choice fabric in another person's hands.

Miss Kent sat at a little table spread with an artist's outfit; and was painting an Easter card from a bunch of flowers.

"Why don't you say something?" ran on her sister, in a tone of slight vexation. "If you think 'silence is golden,' why, then, continue to keep still, for it is gold I want; heaps and heaps of it."

Miss Kent still kept her head bent over her work, but repeated in a low voice:

"Whereunto is money good? Who has it not wants hardihood, Who has it has much trouble and care, Who once has had it has despair."

"That is just it!" cried Ann, "who once has had it has despair. I have inherited expensive tastes from generations of moneyed ancestors, and then to be left penniless! I believe in heredity. My great-grandmother entailed upon me a liking for stiff brocades and soft laces and here my wardrobe is reduced pretty nearly to that of a Sioux squaw—a blanket and a feather. Then, another thing, when money goes, how much goes with it—social position, friendship, love—"

"That was not love which went," Miss Kent softly returned.

"Salome!" exclaimed her sister, with mock sternness. "Why don't you converse, as our landlady says; not sit there and hurl quotations at me. Talk about the opal palling or glowing as affection waxes or waxes. It is affection, instead, that grows warm or cold when the heap of almighty dollars grows larger or smaller."

There was a sad, perplexed look on Miss Kent's face, but it did not prevent Ann from saying:

"Do you suppose Hoyt Gurnsey would have left you without a word of explanation if he had not lost our money? Would he have dared do it if father had lived?"

"The only thing to do," returned Miss Kent, with a note of entreaty, "is to put yesterday out of our lives. Not worry about to-morrow, but remember we have only to-day."

"Will you get these cards done by four o'clock?" asked Ann, accepting the intimation that the past was a painful subject.

"Even before then. When you take your constitutional, perhaps you will carry them to Morgan's for me. I hope they will sell well," she sighed.

"Sure to," returned Ann, looking them over. "I like this better than any. There is so much real feeling about it—the dead leaves and withered violets are so perfect. I do not see, though, what it has to do with Easter, except the motto on the back."

Then she bustled about the little kitchen, which adjoined, and shortly came back with flushed cheeks, and a black mark on her dimpled chin.

"Mademoiselle is served," she announced, with a low bow. "In other words, come out to luncheon."

"We are like the two old maid sisters I read about the other day," laughed Salome, cleaning her brushes. "A crack in the floor constitutes the partition between our dining room and kitchen."

Miss Kent smiled at Ann's nonsense, giving her a grateful look. "You are all sunshine and unselfishness."

"Now, I really am all sunshine," she declared, rushing into the little studio a few hours later, breathless with excitement and fast walking. "And you must go to making hay at once, for who do you suppose has bought ever so many of your cards? Why, Mrs. Carson, Hoyt Gurnsey's cousin, you used to know her. Of course, she had no idea who painted them, but just raved over them, said they were so artistic. So you can go to work again, for she sets the fashion."

As Miss Kent worked, she fell into a brown study, and there was a hot rush of blood to her cheeks. She had not thought that there was a possibility of Gurnsey's—who was either abroad or in a distant city—seeing the cards. Now, perhaps his cousin would send him one; and perhaps she would ask at Morgan's who painted them and tell him, and he would grieve in her humiliation, especially if perverse fate should lead Mrs. Carson to select the very one of all others she would not wish him to see. For, had he not said to her once, when she was in a proud, wayward mood: "Salome one should never trifle with love—you might uproot it and repent. Remember: 'Violets plucked, the sweetest showers Will ne'er make grow again.'"

She had the couplet so persistently in her mind one morning that she almost unconsciously sketched in a bunch of white violets—the flowers he always brought her—with delicate purple veinings and pale green leaves, and in one of the lower corners a shadowy group of a half-dozen withered leaves and blossoms. Then she carefully lettered the little sentiment, and as it had no especial connection with Easter, unbraided herself for waste of time, finally adding a churchy motto, and putting the card with the others.

Hoyt Gurnsey, lounging in Mrs. Carson's luxurious morning room, had picked up that very card and was looking at it with surprise and emotion.

FARMER AND PLANTER.
THEIRISH POTATO.

An Important Crop for the South, As It Can Be Grown at Almost Any Time.

This important crop can be grown almost any time in the south. The season for planting the spring crop begins in January and lasts until the first of June. The fall crop may be planted from July to September.

This wide range of planting is possible because the Irish potato grows in almost all climates. It seems equally at home in Florida and in Maine, in Virginia and in California, in Texas and in Wisconsin. This crop knows no north, no east, no south, no west. Wherever a hungry man is found, this best of food plants is found. It is a great crop for the farmer, the market gardener and for the field.

But its value is best understood when we remember that it is, or should be, found in every household or kitchen garden in the land. Every man that owns or uses a spot of earth should plant Irish potatoes. A square rod may be made very profitable if made into a lazy bed. A large farm may be cultivated in them almost as easily as in any other crop. When we consider the length of time needed to grow and gather them, we find that it costs less to cultivate a crop of Irish potatoes than it does a crop of cotton.

For field culture, prepare the soil very deep, and make it very fine. These are important points. If this is done well, the rest is easy. Then spread about a thousand pounds of fertilizer broadcast and harrow it in. This fertilizer should be properly balanced, with the potash preferably in the form of sulphate. Seven to eight per cent. phosphoric acid, ten to twelve per cent. of potash and three per cent. of nitrogen makes a good formula. Then lay off rows three feet apart and drop potatoes 12 to 16 inches, and put on about 200 pounds of the fertilizer in this furrow, and cover with one furrow, throwing on about four inches of soil. This will do for the south; in the north they should be covered deeper. When they are beginning to come up, plow out the middles and run a weeder over; repeat this about every ten days. Remember to be careful not to disturb the young tubers when they begin to form.

But we wish to emphasize the importance to every family of having a small patch of Irish potatoes. The soil should be made good, not very highly manured. Make it fine and then open a deep furrow and drop in the potatoes. Put on four to six hundred pounds of fertilizer as mentioned above. Put some rotting straw or leaves, or yard scraping or lot rakings, two or three inches deep, in this furrow on the potatoes, and then cover.

Do not let any crust remain upon this patch. Run over with weeder or light harrow or hand rake often enough to keep the surface fine and destroy the weeds and grass. As soon as they are well up, spray or sprinkle with Paris green. If the leaves are eaten the potatoes will not grow. It is too late to wait to kill the bugs after they have eaten the leaves. They should find the poison on the vine when they hatch and die before they grow. In this case "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We have seen the bugs sitting on the cloths waiting for the potatoes to come up. Kill them before they eat the young leaves.

A "lazy bed" is made by planting the potatoes one foot apart in the furrow and covering with another furrow, planting potatoes in that furrow, and so on, so as to have them one foot apart each way. Then cover one foot deep with straw. Repeat this covering every six months. To get the potatoes, simply run the hand under the straw. This will furnish potatoes all the time and last for many years.—Jas. Huntcutt, in Farmers' Home Journal.

GARDEN NOTES.

The "All Cotton Craze" Should Not Relegate the Farm Garden to the Rear.

We are kept so busy now, writing in the soil, that we may soon see our production, growing, written in "living green," we can scarcely stop to use pen and ink. A man who makes his living by the "sweat of his brow" does not generally become a very great expert with the "sweat of his pen."

We hear no talk of anything except cotton, but we are not going to be led astray by the "all cotton craze;" and are glad to see so much advice of warning given to the farmers in the Cultivator and other southern papers. We have the best prospect for grain we have ever had; and expect to make more vegetables than we have ever grown. Our start is a little later than usual, but so far everything seems promising.

We have 2,000 cabbage plants growing nicely. We had them shipped down on the South Carolina coast, and we have yet to find a dead one. If you can get plants sent you that have the proper age on them, there is little risk in getting them from a distance, and we find it cheaper than having glass pits for our early planting.

We have worked out our onions nicely, and our strawberries; and planted many thousand seed in the last two weeks. Second crop of English peas and radishes, spinach and beets, a few rows of early beans, and our beds for tomato plants and celery.

We find our main comfort in the fact that now we are beginning to reap the reward of former preparation of our garden lands. The removing of stumps and rocks, clearing of Bermuda grass, etc., now enables us to prepare and plant our truck in less than half the time, and with half the expense of former years.

SOUTHERN FORAGE PLANTS.

Important Bulletin Issued by the Canebrake Experiment Station in Alabama.

It is hard to teach the average southern farmer that he can not spend better time and money than in judicious improvement of his land. They will work among rocks all their lives, and stumps until they naturally rot out of the way. But the worst feature to us is to see land washing and leaching so badly for want of proper care. We feel a regretful sorrow every time we see a place going to waste, and a genuine pride and pleasure wherever there are signs of improvement and upbuilding. We know to our cost what it means to reclaim worn-out lands.—G. F. Huntcutt, in Dixie Farmer.

The Canebrake experiment station, located at Uniontown, Ala., has just issued an important bulletin on forage plants for the south. It would be well for farmers who are interested in questions relating to forage plants to write to Prof. J. M. Richeson, at Uniontown, Ala., director of the experiment station, for a copy of this bulletin.

The experiment station at Uniontown is located on upland prairie soil, known as the Canebrake. On this land alfalfa sown March 20 gave three cuttings of hay the same season, and would have made a fourth cutting had it not been for an untimely drought in the fall of the year. Both Amber and Orange sorghum made enormous yields of fodder, and furnished two cuttings each. The Orange sorghum grew larger and made more fodder, but the smaller stems of the Amber sorghum made it more desirable than the other for forage. Sorghum led all the forage crops in yield. Kaffir corn was not successful as a fodder crop. The same is true of Pearl millet and teosinte. German millet did well, and is recommended for sowing with late-sown cowpeas, thereby making the hay easier to cure.

One very important result of these experiments at Uniontown is the high yield of soy beans as compared with cowpeas. The writer has often suggested the advisability of giving the soy bean a trial in the southern states, for the reason that when varieties of it are secured that are adapted to local conditions it is a very large yielder, making at the Uniontown station 34 bushels of seed per acre, and it stands up so as to be easily harvested. The seed can also be saved at much less expense than is the case with cowpeas, and they are said to make good feed for cattle and hogs, though on account of their richness in nitrogen they should be mixed with such carbonaceous feeds as corn, Kaffir seed, etc. Upland rice would also be a good thing to mix with the seed of soy bean.

The hairy vetch proved a valuable plant for winter pasture. The Dwarf Essex rape was another plant which succeeded very well, and is recommended for hog pasture.—W. J. Spillman, U. S. Department of Agriculture Agrostologist.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1827 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$5.00 per bottle. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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FOOD WARMED WITH LIME.
New Invention for Preparing Soldiers' Rations with the Application of Water.

The United States government, while exercising great care in equipping her army, has been equally as considerate in supplying the most modern foodstuffs for its consumption. The serious problem to be contended with is the furnishing of materials that have large nutritive constituents and at the same time can be conveniently carried. Commissary General Weston, according to a Washington report, a few days ago said that one of the best concentrated rations yet found is a mixture of fresh beef and fresh vegetables; a food that is healthful and palatable, and which can be supplied to the troops wherever they go. This preparation is put up in hermetically sealed cans, which preserves its freshness for an indefinite period. Only the best parts of the animal are used, and the vegetables compounded are onions and potatoes. Experiments are now being made with this new food, and so far it has been found very satisfactory.

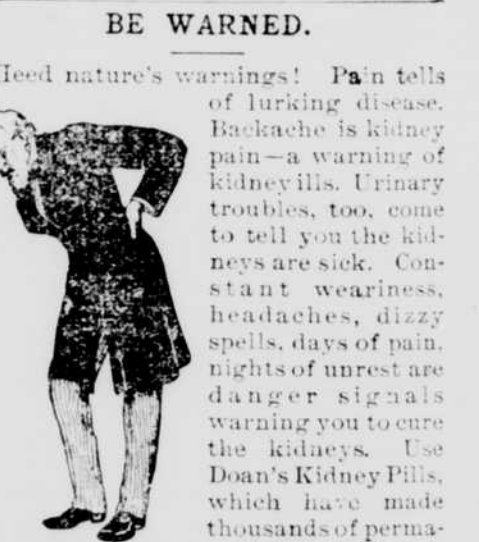
The war department has recently been making some experiments with self-heated canned goods which are a new invention. They come in double-jacket cans, the space between the two jackets being occupied by unslacked lime. All that has to be done to heat these is to punch a hole in the bottom at the proper place and pour in a little water. An intense heat is generated immediately, and within a few moments the contents are ready to serve. This process is especially adaptable for heating coffee. Candy is another material not supplied as a regular ration, but is furnished to the soldiers at cost. Certain things are found not to be absolutely requisite as necessities, but nevertheless are deemed essential for the comfort of the men.

Another difficulty encountered by this department has been the supplying of ration satisfactory for emergency purposes, for the use of soldiers who have been detached from their commands. Under such circumstances they are obliged to carry with them in their haversacks their supply of food. A ration which has been finally decided upon for this purpose has the form of a sort of cartridge packed in boxes and weighing a trifle over a pound. Each one of these boxes contains enough food for a day, which is divided up in oiled paper. These packets contain a yellowish meal-like stuff which can be converted into soup. This preparation is composed of two parts parched wheat and one third evaporated beef. Eggs concentrated by evaporation are also now being used in enormous quantities.

BE WARNED.
Heed nature's warnings! Pain tells of lurking disease. Backache is kidney pain—a warning of kidney illness. Urinary troubles, too, come to tell you the kidneys are sick. Constant weariness, headaches, dizzy spells, days of pain, nights of unrest are danger signals warning you to cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have made thousands of permanent cures.

Frank D. Overbaugh, cattle-buyer and farmer, Catskill, N. Y., says: "Doctors told me ten years ago that I had Bright's Disease, and said they could do nothing to save me. My back ached so I could not stand it to even drive about, and passages of the kidney secretions were so frequent as to annoy me greatly. I was growing worse all the time but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have been well ever since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Overbaugh will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.



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