

PAINTING UNDER THE SEA

Artist Discovers a Way of Making Pictures Down in Depths of Old Ocean.

An artist has lately found a way of painting under the sea. He goes down in a diver's suit, to which air is supplied through a tube and other apparatus and there he makes quick sketches of what he sees. He has painted a picture of fishes that are like fins so large that they are like the wings of butterflies and make the queer creatures appear to be flying through the strange green gloom of the water. Sometimes it seems as if many of the fairy stories are actually coming true in every day life. When the Frenchman, Jules Verne, wrote his fanciful story called "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" no one supposed that anything like that could ever really come to pass, and yet the divers and submarine boats nowadays have made such a voyage almost as ordinary occurrence, though, perhaps, no boat has yet descended quite so deep as Verne fancied nor has traveled quite so far—Christian Science Monitor.

PUNCH MIXED IN FOUNTAIN

Modern Extravagance Was Outdone by Edward Russell, British Commander, in 1911.

Soapbox orators prate persistently of modern lavishness and splendor and tell listeners that "it is growing worse all the time." What could they say if they heard of a punch that required:

"Four hogheads of brandy, a pine of Malaga, eight hogheads of water, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biccuits and thirteen hundred-weight of fine white sugar?"

These ingredients are quoted from a publication called the Caterer. This punch, the Caterer tells us, was mixed in a fountain basin at Alicante for six thousand guests of the Rt. Hon. Edward Russell when that soldier in 1891 commanded the British forces in the Mediterranean. This punch should knock out of the world continually is growing more extravagant.

ST. KILDA'S INHABITANTS.

Islanders of St. Kilda, in the Atlantic, off the coast of Scotland, were saved from privation last spring by the arrival of the British cruiser with stores. They were more fortunate than the colony of fish-folk on the arctic island of Nova Zembla in 1911. For ten months it had been impossible to open up communication with the island, and when at last a steamer arrived with provisions every one of the inhabitants was dead of starvation. The last man to die had left a penciled message telling how the wool from the clothing had been eaten, and that two men who ate of the flesh of their dead companions died. All the children were dead and only two women and three men besides himself left alive. A tragic postscript added: "I, Chenoaf, am now the only person living. My hands shake, my eyes are growing dim, and I feel the end is near." And after that the impenetrable veil.

PLENTY OF FISH.

She—I shall never marry a man who can't play polo.  
He—Very well, I'll learn to ride. But suppose I break my neck?  
She—Oh, there always are survivors.—Judge.

THE HARD TIMES.

"Walking back from dreams of glory on the ties is a hard experience."  
"Yes, they are the times which try men's souls."

SUBJECT UNTO VANITY.

Kitty—So Edith is learning to play the harp. I didn't know she liked that instrument especially.  
Marie—Oh, she doesn't, but Jack told her she had pretty arms.

THE TIME.

"How long did your honeymoon last?"  
"Until the first day I asked George for money, I think."

THE BURGLAR'S TRICK.

Policeman—Hands up!  
Burglar—What's the matter?  
Can't you see the cinema man?—Feld Mile.

MORGAN SOFTENS WITH AGE

Incident of the Church Collector Shows Great Banker is Getting a Bit Milder.

John Pierpont Morgan—to give him all of his name—has softened and humanized of late years. He still has a roar that starts the ink in the office wheels spouting like geysers, and can glare a hole through a chilled steel safe. But beneath the rough outer husk he is a pretty warm-hearted old man.

"He hasn't softened enough to spread," said an acquaintance, "but he is a blander banker than he used to be." The time was when solicitors, even for worthy objects, were protected by no office game law. Nowadays, if they get past the elephantine Cret at the door and attract the eye of the old man as he sits at his big desk overlooking the common corridor, they are fairly certain of a hearing. The other day a church collector ran the gauntlet, but by the time he had reached the last assistant secretary he had been reduced to a state of twittering palsy.

"Bring him in," Morgan ordered. The solicitor knocked his way into the presence. "What do you want?"

"It was a study in stutters that the unfortunate offered. His cause was just, all right, but his vocal cords had jelled. Out of the mass of clicks and false starts Morgan learned that he wanted \$200.

"You should not have come to me," said Morgan.

The solicitor hopelessly agreed.

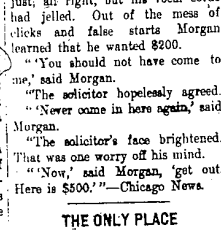
"Never come in here again," said Morgan.

The solicitor's face brightened.

"That was one worry off my mind."

"Now," said Morgan, "get out. Here is \$500."—Chicago News.

THE ONLY PLACE



Mrs. Wigger (during quarrel)—I'm tired of it all. I'm going where I'll never see man's face.  
Mrs. Wigger (coolly)—You're rather young to enter "the Old Woman's home."

GETTING IT DEFINED.

Old Newton, a well-known London magistrate, once had a cross street-prospector before him, charged with obstructing the thoroughfare. He saw that he was a harmless imbecile, and, being a kind-hearted man, did not feel like punishing him, so he said: "Of course we can't have thoroughfares obstructed in this way; but if you can give me the name of a friend who will be your surety that there will be no recurrence of this nuisance, I'll discharge you." "I have no friend," said the man, "save the Lord."

"Quite so," said old Newton; "but I mean a friend who is a householder in London." "The Lord," said the man, "is everywhere." "Certainly," said Newton, as he took a fresh pinch of snuff and twisted up his brow; "but I must trouble you for a surety of—well, of what I might call a more settled residence."

PROVIDING INSPIRATION.

"I want you to write me a play," said the great manager.  
"On any special line?"  
"Yes. I have a lot of good press notices about some shows of mine that failed last season. They're too good to waste and I want you to write me up a drama that will fit them."

CAN SHE DO IT.

Zoology Professor—Miss Fluff, what is natural selection?  
Fluff—Natural selection is where a young lady picks a fellow with lots of money and marries him.

THE CAUSE.

"In attempting to return thanks for the unexpected tribute of his companions, it was a pity that Bibbia went all to pieces."

MODERN STYLES.

Ethel—Odd about Maud, isn't it?  
Marie—What?  
Ethel—When she's dressed in her best she looks her worst.

SONG-BIRDS OF A SOLITUDE

Remote Coral Islet of the Pacific Has Several Species Peculiar to Itself.

One scarcely expects to find any but such sea-wanderers as albatrosses, gulls, and the like on a remote coral islet in the Pacific. Yet the island of Laysan, west of Hawaii, has several which have been there long enough to acquire specific distinction, for they are not known to occur except on these lone reefs.

Among these is a small red honey eater that lives chiefly on the nectar of flowers, as do its near relatives on the larger islands of the archipelago to the eastward; also a member of the warbler family of about the same size, originally probably from the Malay Archipelago. It is called the miller bird because of its partiality for millers or moths. Apparently this little warbler finds Laysan so much to its liking that it declines to extend its range to the Hawaiian islands proper, which it might reach with very little effort. The list of land birds is completed by the Laysan finch, which is the chief musician of the island solitude. During the long ages of its residence, unheard by human ears it has thrilled forth its beautiful song to the accompanying murmur of the trade winds and the rhythmic beat of the ocean surges on the desolate shore. Some years ago, when unprotected, these finches were trapped in numbers and sold in Honolulu for cage birds, but this traffic has now ceased.

MOTOR CARS AND LEATHER

What the Modern Luxury Will Cost the Poor People of All Countries.

The tremendous growth of the motor car industry is producing a scarcity of leather so great that in a little over four years, according to the leading authority in the New England shoe trade, the price as advanced 72 per cent, the Toronto Globe notes. This advance, he stated, must inevitably result in an increase of 20 per cent in the cost of shoes all over the world. The interdependence not only of nations in matters of trade and commerce, but of the rich and poor, is strikingly illustrated by the statement of the New England expert. Poor folk in the remotest corners of civilization, who rarely see a motor car, will be forced to spend a larger part of their scanty income upon shoes, a necessity of existence because rich people are pouring out money upon a new luxury.

ANTI-MOSQUITO PLANT.

The Essex County Mosquito Extermination commission, at East Orange, N. J., has obtained some of the seed of the plant called viride, and after it has made some experiments in growing it, seed will be distributed over the county by the inspectors. The plant is reported to be abhorrent to mosquitoes.

It is said that if the merest sprig of the plant be nurtured in a room, no mosquito will attempt to enter it, and one strong stalk on a porch will keep it clear of the pests.

The new plant is believed not to be harmful to human beings, although scientists have not yet fully studied its qualities.

HEARD AT THE BEACH.

As the couple entered the dining room at Revere Beach a raucous voiced young fellow was assailing the wit with alleged vocal music.

"Wonder who he is?" said the girl when the howler had stopped his racket.

"Don't you know who that is?" returned her escort. "He's the guy who put the din in dinner."

IGNORANCE.

Mrs. Keller—Cooks are such ignorant things nowadays.  
Mrs. Justwed—Aren't they? I asked mine to make some sweetbreads the other day and she said she couldn't.—McCall's Magazine.

TAKING PLACE OF ONE.

Eve—How did you come to marry me, Adam?  
Adam—It was leap year and you offered to be a rib to me.

ARE THE GREAT MEN DEAD?

Makers of Nation Lie Motionless, but Their Lively Spirits Cannot Expire, Says Everett.

To be cold and breathless, to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of your sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, his moving, resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men and men like these cannot die.

The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, make it life to live—these cannot expire.—Edward Everett.

SEWS HAIR ON BALD SCALPS

Dr. Ferencz Has Devised Method of Giving One a Luxuriant New Patch.

Dr. Szekely Ferencz has devised a method for implanting hair into the scalps of bald-headed persons. In carrying out the process the scalp is first carefully cleansed and anesthetized with a solution of novocaine. The operator uses a number of small hooks, made of gold wire, and in the eyelet of each hook a doubly folded hair is inserted. The hook is then pushed into the scalp with aid of a Pravatz needle, of which from 300 to 400 are in readiness, all prepared with hook and hair, and, of course, thoroughly sterilized before use.

When the needle has been pushed into the scalp it is turned at a right angle and then pulled out, leaving the hair under the skin fastened by the outstanding end of the hook. As at one sitting not more than from 300 to 400 hairs can be implanted, a full head of hair requires from five to forty sittings, assuming that from 10,000 to 20,000 hairs will cover the head. Dr. Ferencz is sometimes able to apply the treatment every alternate day. If there is inflammation around a hair this is pulled out and the inflammation promptly ceases.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW THEORY OF COLORS.

Experiments have been made which, it is held, demonstrate that the true complementary colors of the spectrum have not hitherto been recognized.

Red, for instance, has always been considered to be the complement of green, yellow of blue and blue of orange. But, according to Rosensfield, the complements of red and orange are neither green nor blue, but two greenish-blue tints, and the complement of violet, which is the complement of green. Accordingly, there has been formed a new "chromatic circle" for the use of artists, which Rosensfield believes to be more correct than its predecessors.—Harper's Weekly.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

"These interpretative dances are getting a bit too literal for me," observes the man with the tame whiskers.

"Too sensational?" asks the other.

"Not exactly that, but the latest one is to have the Nibelungen Ring danced by a bow-legged lady."—Life.

HEARD AT THE CLUB.

"Rogers is the cleverest chap at getting around difficulties you ever saw."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, if that fellow was confronted with the horns of a dilemma he'd blow one and drink the other."

FOR A NEW DEAL.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no wait in this sandwich.

Waitress—No?

Wary Traveler—Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Judge.

OLD HOMESTEAD UP TO DATE

Greek Once Only a Swimming Hole Now Used to Do the Farm Chores.

Recently I made a visit to the old homestead and the scene of my childhood, a writer in Farm and Fireside says. Oriskany Falls, N. Y., is now a thriving factory town, giving employment to many persons. The falls are utilized for various power purposes, including the lighting of the town. Oriskany creek, a little above the town, runs through the corner of one farm and is now made to do farm work. A small dam is thrown across a portion of the creek and a small power house is built at the side of the dam to cover the turbine wheel and the dynamo needed for creating electrical power for its various uses on the farm.

Wire connections are made to the barns, and the horse, a short distance below the power house, is heated by electricity. The cows eat by electric light and are milked by electric power. I saw two machines, each milking two cows in about ten minutes. This plan of milking by machinery has been going on here for three years and has proved a success. They have about twenty cows. Electricity cuts the feed, runs the cream separator, churns the butter, cleans the carpets of the house by vacuum process, heats bath-tubs and runs the egg beater and sewing machine. This little creek, that sixty years ago seemed to run just to get rid of itself, is now doing farm work successfully.

HOW IT STRUCK HIRAM



Hiram Wayback—What's that, waiter? Another sample of food, eh?

The Waiter—No; that's the finger bowl to cleanse your fingers in.

Hiram Wayback—Sakes alive! We'll wash our hands before eatin' no more in Wayback.

HAD THE LAST WORD.

A lecturer was annoyed by a man in the audience who insisted on rising and asking questions. "Sit down, you ass!" said a second man, jumping up. "Sit down, you too," cried a third man; "you are both asses!" "There seem to be plenty of asses about tonight," put in the lecturer calmly, "but for heaven's sake let us hear one at a time!"

"Well, you go on, then," said the first man, resuming his seat.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

Said Worshiper—What is that said, said air you're playing, professor?

The Professor—That is Beethoven's farewell to the piano. I see close installment people coming 'n' der van!—Puck.

AWFUL.

"Mrs. Jones said it was terrible the noise her husband made when he found the pup had torn his shoe."

"Doubtless! I suppose it sounded like the cry of a lost soul."

HER WAYS.

"Nature has a queer way of doing."

"How so?"

"If you notice, it is after night falls that day breaks."

THE LOCALITY.

"Did this ruffian hit you in the interim?"

"No, sir. He hit me in the jaw."

SUITABLE HOUSING.

"What makes your friend look so cheery?"

"He's just bought a house with a swell front."

INDEFINITE.

"I ran across a man I knew the other day and cut him dead."

"What with—your manner or your motor?"

GROWING OATS

October the Best Month for Planting Oats in the South—Compares Well in Profit with Corn.

[By G. H. Alford, of the C Service Bureau]

From October 1 to November 15, according to latitude, is the best time to sow oats in the cotton belt. The area in oats should be the full as large as that in corn. Great enthusiasm now prevails in regard to corn, but let us not forget that as a feed for stock and cash crop, oats is one of the best crops that can be grown in the south.

The chief crops grown all through the cotton belt are cotton and corn. As an average, for the period from 1906 to 1909, there was planted from ten to fifteen acres of corn for each acre of oats in the various cotton belt states. During the same time, the average value of the oat crop per acre was \$10.69, while the average value per acre of corn was \$12.25. Figuring the cost of growing an oat crop and a corn crop we find that the oat crop was the more profitable.

There are several important reasons why we should sow millions of acres of oats in the cotton belt. It would reduce weeding and leaching to the minimum, furnish grazing, add to the deplorably deficient supply of humus, and add to the always short supply of feed stuffs.

Of course, there are better winter cover crops than oats. Burr clover and crimson clover and the vetches, and in some cases some of the other winter cereals are better. We do not claim that oats alone or that oats and hairy vetch combined should be for the sole purpose of supply cover crop. However, in view of the fact that oats will grow on poor, poorly prepared, and that it costs little to seed an acre, it is a good winter cover crop.

Two and one-half acres were planted in oats at the experiment station at Baton Rouge, La., for grazing experiment on September 23. On October 29, seven Poland China pigs, weighing in total 276 pounds, were put on this plot and were given no feed but the green oats during the winter. By February 17 the pigs weighed a total of 585 pounds. There was an average gain of 37 pounds per pig per day for 116 days. From October 29 to January 17, forty-five head of sheep were pastured on this same field. Of this number eight ewes and nine lambs were pastured continuously thereafter until February 17, at which date the lambs averaged sixty-eight days old and weighed 5.5 pounds each. At lowing six cents per pound gained by the lambs, we have a return of \$1.65 per acre, plus the increase in sheep not considered in the estimate.

The loss of humus from the soil results in decreasing its power to store up and properly supply crops with water. Soil with a liberal amount of humus is capable of more effectively withstanding drought than similar soils with less humus. The oat crop fills the soil full of roots, and the stubble also adds much humus to the soil.

The oat grain is a very valuable feed, especially for young animals, because of the moderately high content of protein and the large amount of ash or mineral matter. Found in feed, oats are not as valuable for feeding mature animals as corn, four pounds of corn being equal to about five pounds of oats.

In attempting to build up worn out cotton lands we must depend very largely upon the leguminous crops. Now the oat crop is harvested early enough to permit the growing of a leguminous crop. The leguminous crop may be plowed under or it may be used as feed, and the manure returned to the land. If we are going to build up our soils and raise good stock we must grow oat crops and follow with leguminous crops.

Oats will produce the best paying small grain crop that can be grown over practically the entire cotton belt. The same soil that will produce one bale of cotton or thirty bushels of corn will produce sixty bushels of oats per acre. At an average price that has prevailed for oats during the past five years, the sixty bushels will sell for \$15 to \$16 and the straw when baled will fetch \$1 for growing the grain.

After using the oat crop, cut the corn stalks or cotton stalks, plow the land deep, then plow and scatter disk and harrow and cross narrow until every inch of the soil has been stirred and broken as fine as possible.

A mixture of 300 pounds of sixteen per cent acid phosphate, 100 pounds of cotton seed meal, and 200 pounds of potash, followed in March with a top dressing of 60 to seventy-five pounds of nitrate of soda per acre, is good fertilizer for oats on average soil. The best varieties for fall sowing in the south are of the red rustproof type. The original red rustproof, the Apple and the Bancroft, are so nearly alike that no one can tell them apart if sown side by side. The Bancroft is for spring sowing.

There are three methods commonly practiced in planting oats—sowing broadcast, open furrow, and drilling. Drilling of the seed is to be preferred, as corn sown in this way may be injured by the machine, the seeds are covered to a uniform depth, come up, grow, and ripen uniformly. The small ridges made by the drill afford a slight degree of protection from cold, and the yield from drilled oats is usually greater than from broadcast crops. The seed saved, and the larger crops that usually result from drilled oats will more than pay for a drill on the farm.