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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

THE HOMEY GIRL.

The homey girl is a fine girl.

She is a girl of contrast with the pretty girl.

The handsome girl is apt to be capricious and exacting, demanding more than she is willing to give—"un-certain, coy and hard to please." The homey girl is apt to be sympathetic and kindly.

The homey girl knows she cannot win by the arts of coquetry and therefore cultivates simplicity and graciousness. She is genuine, congenial, thoughtful of others, qualities that are likely to win over mere prettiness.

"Beauty is only skin deep." Graciousness is soul deep.

Men may admire the handsome girl; they do so on the handsome ways of the homey girl.

More than mere beauty, which makes its impression for the moment, is the homey girl's desire to please or help or forgive, her sense of sympathy, her hearty manner of comradery.

The homey girl makes an ideal sweetheart.

She uses no special arts to beguile. She offers herself for what she is. She does not flirt. She is stanch and dependable. She is not difficult to please. She is a safe counselor and will keep your secrets.

The homey girl makes a good wife. When she is called upon to meet the test of wifehood and motherhood she will take up her task cheerfully. Unlike the handsome wife, who may indulge in sighs for romance situations or who may complain that she is not "understood," the homey woman looks her duties fairly in the face without fuss and without nonsense.

The homey wife looks out for no conquests abroad, but glories in her home. She wraps her soul like a mantle about her husband and her children.

The handsome wife may have the weakness of vanity and because of her desire to be admired may sometimes stumble, even fall. Danger goes with beauty.

All hail the homey girl and woman! She may not be beautiful in face and figure, but she grows more beautiful in mind and heart as the days go by.

The heart of her lover and her husband may safely confide in her.

The homey girl is a fine girl.

ABUSE OF THE HORSE.

Do not shout in the ear of your horse.

A scientist tells us the ear of the horse is extremely sensitive. If you yell at him you spoil the animal.

Which is good sense.

If you shout in a harsh, loud tone at the horse he will come to look for such an outburst from you, and he will make an extra effort of strength only when you make an extra effort with your voice.

The low tone, spoken positively but kindly, is sufficient.

You may make of your horse an intelligent, faithful ally or a sullen, sensitive brute. You can make him your partner or your slave.

I saw a fine thing last winter.

A teamster stopped his horses for a rest at the bottom of a long hill. The load of coal was a heavy one. When he got ready to start up the hill the driver spoke in a low, encouraging tone:

"Come, Billy! Now, Tom!"

You should have seen those horses pull! Twice the driver stopped on the hillside, "chucking" the hind wheel of the wagon with a piece of wood. Once he gave each animal a friendly pat, and they looked at him out of their kind, gentle eyes as at a friend.

That driver understood his horses and they him. He had only to suggest and they responded with every ounce of force they could command.

A Kentucky owner of a "big string" of thoroughbreds permits no unkind word to be spoken to any of them. A harsh utterance by any employee is followed by instant discharge.

The driver who yells at his horse as if the latter were deaf confesses thereby his lack of horsemanship. The man who curses his horses is a tyrant, and the man who beats them is a brute.

Do you know what I sometimes wish?

When I see a violent and cruel owner or driver of one of God's noblest gifts I wish the theory of transmigration of souls were true—that the inhuman driver might be changed into a horse, compelled to wear an iron bit in his mouth, his delicate ears assailed by a vile torrent of abuse, feel the strain of the load behind him, upon his back know the sting of the cruel lash.

Treat your horse as you, were you a horse, would want to be treated.

DISILLUSIONED.

Some time ago I made a visit to a town where forty years ago I lived as a lad for three years—three happy years.

Almost I could wish I had not made the trip.

I wanted to see the river where I had gone swimming in summer and where I had fished in winter, a wonderfully big river, so wide that only Tom Smith of all the gang was able to swim across it.

A dwindled stream, a thing of pools and shallows and stretches of sand—that was once the Wabash!

Driving upstream to see the "big grove" that was "just around the bend," I found only a cornfield. Below the town only a few stumps remained of what was "the old mill."

I could have cried.

Even the big schoolhouse on the hill, which, with its ambitious cupola, was the pride of the town, had been razed and a modern structure was going up. And on the lot where was played "town ball" and "pull pin" and "cat ball" stood the new intermediate depot.

I began to inquire about some of the boys and girls I had known.

Some people seem to think it is useless to do right unless a crowd happens to be present—Chicago Record-Herald.

LAUGHTER IN PERIA.

In Persia the man who laughs is called effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

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THE MONEY MAKING MULE.

The mule is a slave animal. At two years he is ready to do considerable work and will from that age on make a profit over and above his feed and expenses. A bill in the value of his labor and at the same time he is growing more valuable until four or five years old at which age he will command the top of the market in his age class.

THE COMPROMISE.

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

It may be the Widow Sharon imagined a good deal of it when she moved over to the village of Valley Stream. It seemed to her that the people thereof greeted her in an oddish manner.

All villages have their customs. The custom in Valley Stream, and one that had prevailed for a quarter of a century, was for a newcomer to at once state certain facts to Deacon Horner. If it was a widow she was expected to state her age, her income, her intentions regarding a second marriage, whether or not her late husband died happy, to what church she belonged, her attitude in regard to church affairs and pieties, if she attended the church and whether she was going to live extravagantly or economically.

The deacon had always taken it upon himself to act as inquirer and then go from house to house and spread the news. He gave the Widow Sharon three days to get settled and then called.

"Then and there the good man received the surprise of his life. He had scarcely pronounced question No. 1 when the widow replied:

"Six, it is none of your business!"

Deacon Horner had never been balked before, and it vexed him.

The widow had brought four hogs with her, having been a farmer's wife, and two days after the deacon's call one of those hogs came and rubbed against his front gate.

Deacon Horner lifted up a rock and batted that hog. The hog was hurt and ran away squealing. A boy told the Widow Sharon of it, and she put on her hat and went straight to a justice of the peace and got out a summons for malicious cruelty to animals.

There was a state law covering the case, and the deacon was fined \$10 and costs.

It may be remarked again that Deacon Horner was a good man, but there is a limit to goodness. Not that same hog, but another of the widow's stock, got into the deacon's cow lot. There was nothing for him to damage, but the widow was used for trespass and had to pay \$3 damages. She paid it and waited. If you will wait long enough a cow will get into your garden and devour your cabbages. In this instance it was the deacon's cow, and there was another suit for trespass, and the deacon was mulctured. Did he forgive the widow and promise that his cow should be good in future? He didn't. He said to himself that he would bring that defiant widow low.

All of a sudden the village of Valley Stream began asking about the last hours of the deacon Farmer Sharon. It was said that he died of heart disease after a quarrel with his wife about another man. Perhaps the widow was not actually a murderess, but she was very close to it. She heard the story, and she set out with an iron jaw on her to run it down. In twenty-four hours she had it fastened on the good deacon and had begun a suit for slander. Deacon Horner made out a bill for her for fourteen years' wages and she was to have the deacon's house and furniture. He was to have the deacon's house and furniture. He was to have the deacon's house and furniture.

Then the fighting widow had to go and put her foot in it. In some way she learned that Deacon Horner hadn't paid his rent for fourteen years, and that he had passed a bad two dollar bill on a windmill man. She was indignant enough to repeat this, and the first thing she knew the deacon was after her. As a matter of fact, his power was all paid up, and as he had the receipts to show, and as he had the bad bill, it was a windmill man who had passed the bad bill. The widow had to give back that \$100 to settle the case.

By this time there wasn't a family in the village, nor five miles around, that wasn't taking sides, and society was upset and the churches suffering. Would he meddlesome had been to the deacon and his reply was:

"I'm sorry there is any trouble, but I can't do a thing to help it over. And when they had gone to the widow, she said:

"If you think I am going to let any old widower boss me around you are sadly mistaken."

Both sides were waiting for the next move, when the village was visited by a peddler of rat and mouse traps. He had a whole wagon load. As he passed from house to house he heard of the quarrel, and when he had got to the Widow Sharon's and sold her two traps, he set down and said:

"I'm going to stop this rumpus between you and Deacon Horner. It isn't right, and it isn't nice. You and he ought to marry."

And the rat trap man called on the deacon and said:

"Drop it! You are hurting yourself, your church and the town. Court the widow and marry her."

"What?"

A seed had been planted, and it wasn't four weeks before it sprouted. After their first astonishment was over the deacon began to speak well of her, and when he finally made an excuse to call at the house, he was pleasantly received. Within the year there was a marriage.

"How in the world did that peddler bring it about?" asked one of another. Easy as pie. You have got to understand human nature to set rat traps, and this man had been on the road twenty years.

A Good Chick Feed.

For a good cake for chicks as well as for a good cake for dogs take about a quart of cornmeal, a pint of wheat bran and a pint of oil. Mix with sufficient water to make a batter. Add two teaspoonfuls of soda stirred up in a little water, and salt to taste. The batter must not be made too thin, nor should the cakes be allowed to scorch. One big cake laid on the floor each day will make the little chicks grow beyond belief.

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PROFIT IN FARM

BEEF PRODUCTION

To produce beef on the farm I believe that the farmer must raise his own cattle. There is too much hazard in buying cattle to feed. To raise cattle for feeding there are three major items for consideration—first, pasture and feed. These must be provided, writes T. G. Haney in Kansas Farmer. Pasture, when properly handled, is the most economical feed for stock and can be made to rebuild the soil at the same time.

Second consideration is the cows. To get together a profitable herd of beef producing cows I believe will be more difficult than getting a dairy herd and will take longer. A twenty-five cent pair of scales will tell you within a month or so after the cow comes fresh whether she will be a profitable milker or not. But with the cow the calf must be put on feed to determine whether she will be a profitable producer or not. With the beef cow the question of the proper type to cross to be made also enters. Also I believe that a cow may not produce her best calves while young.

Next come the bulls. Here again is a hard proposition. None of us will buy a poor looking bull, and we can't tell by looking at the fat bull whether he put the fat on easily or whether it took a skilled feeder months to put it on. Two years ago I bought six bulls for our herd, most-

ly two and three. I did the best I could, judging by appearances in the ring and stall. I got one that will hardly fatten in the feed lot. I got another that is in good shape all the time, but he is a real brute. We put the bulls on feed after taking from pasture to get them up in shape, and while they are thinner than when they went on the pasture, the good feeder very soon gets back in shape. The one has made more than twice the gain that the other has this fall.

Every farm should have a small herd of beef cattle to eat up the roughage, or what may be called waste of the farm. If they are the proper individuals—pure bred, carefully selected and given reasonable treatment—they will make a profit out of waste and help solve two other problems—high cost of living and fertility maintenance.

Sunburned Hogs.

The high temperature of summer will cause trouble in many herds of hogs. In the case of white hogs there is likely to be a great deal of blistering, but even with hogs of other colors there will be more or less sunburning. There should be no delay in treating, in putting the hogs through the dipping vat or in giving them a good wetting with a sprinkling can or spray pump. Any of the commercial coal tar dips are ideally adapted to this purpose, and a few gallons used on a bunch of hogs during the summer season will contribute immensely to the economy of gain in the fall.

Whatever the skin from any cause and above his feed and expenses.

Water for the Cow.

Water is a necessary constituent of milk, and the cow must have it during the time it is being manufactured. The best plan is to have a supply where she can have access to it at all times.

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