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SAVED THE CROPS

Alberta Spent Half-Million Dollars to Protect $82,000,000.

Government's Campaign Against the Grasshoppers Nets Big Return for the Farmers.

The Province of Alberta spent more than half a million dollars in 1922 in the destruction of grasshoppers, but saved to the farmers of the province approximately $29,000,000 worth of crop, according to returns received by the Dominion Department of Agriculture from municipal secretaries and others. Of the total cost of $512,253, the municipalities and local improvement districts are charged with $257,049, the provincial government bearing the balance.

The success of the campaign forms an outstanding example of the result of organized and concentrated government, municipal and community effort. Not only government officials, but municipal authorities, farmers and even the citizens of the towns and some of the cities in the infested area, played their part in winning victory over a pest that threatened to wipe out the crop vegetation and rob the farmers of the fruits of their labors.

Grasshopper infestation in Alberta became serious some years ago, but aside from government efforts to educate the farmers in the matter of applying poison bait, and to provide material at certain centers, there was no real or united effort to combat the pest. It was at the begining of 1922 that the minister of agriculture and his officials realized that a combined effort on the part of all concerned was needed if the crops of a large portion of the province were to be saved from devastation. Alberta by this time had begun to feel the effects of lack of action in Montana, where infestation was enormous, and from which large flights into Alberta had taken place.

In order to combat this pest every possible medium of education was utilized. Meetings were held, pamphlets were issued and the newspapers gave generously of their space. Scouts were appointed to see that infested areas were poisoned, and the government supplied the bait mixers and paid the men who ran them, the cost being charged against the district. The bait used was a mixture of bran, sawdust, salt, molasses and arsenic. It was found to be most effective when applied between the hours of 6:30 and 10 in the morning, before the bait had dried out under the sun, and during the hours when the hoppers were feeding.

Where bait was left in bulk and easy of access by live stock, or where it was carelessly scattered so that there was any quantity in one spot, there was loss of live stock. With careful handling and scattering of bait according to directions, there can be no danger to stock, experts say.

A New Trick in the Trade.

What is apparently a new way of smuggling diamonds into this country has just been brought to light in New York. It consists of bringing the stones back from the other side in settings made in this country, the idea apparently being that, while the settings can easily be identified as of American manufacture, there is no way of knowing whether the diamonds have ever been in this country before. The game is worked either by taking the mountings over empty or set with inferior stones of the same size as those brought back. In the instance referred to, the diamonds were said to be so roughly set in the mountings as to preclude their being worn for more than a short time.

Following Orders.

A couple of drummers were walking to a small town in a feud district. They had heard stories of what happens to revenue officers and were somewhat timorous. At a turn of the road there burst into view a native with a couple of ugly dogs. He immediately began to yell: "Lie down and keep still."

The drummers promptly stretched out flat on the muddy road. The mountaineer strode up and demanded: "What is the matter with you guys? Are you crazy?"

"You told us to lie down and keep still."

"I meant the dogs."

The New Collector.

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who just returned from ovah thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I reckon he got dat job in reco-nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."—Sunbeams.

RICH IN WITCHCRAFT LORE

Library at the University of Cornell Has Complete Collection in This Line.

The library of Cornell university is said to contain the most complete collection of witch and witchcraft literature extant. Taking his text largely from this collection, Hendrick Van Loon tells many interesting facts about this superstition which was responsible for the loss of so many thousands of innocent lives, in the persecution of whom, for once, both Protestant and Romanist co-operated, and it is difficult to say which was the more energetic.

The mention of Salem, Mass., is almost sure to bring thoughts of witches. Indeed, this quaint New England village offers almost the only instance in this country where witches were tortured for their supposed witchery. Compared with the activities of other countries, however, Salem's record was small, amounting to but about 20 victims over a period of 100 years, while in Europe, about the same time, one judge alone is credited with sentencing 15,000 persons to death by torture on charges of witchery.—Detroit News.

ONLY ONE SUN GUN IN WORLD

At Noon Sun's Rays Are Focused on Cannon in Portugal and It Is Fired Automatically.

An automatic sun gun, the only one known to be in existence in the world, is at the Pena castle at Cintra, Portugal, some twenty miles from Lisbon. The castle is one of the finest monuments of its kind in the world. It was once a stronghold of the Moors; in fact, the last that the Moors held in Portugal.

This sun dial and gun gives the correct time to the surrounding towns and hamlets from its height of 2,000 feet. The cannon between the quadrant on the front of the dial is of bronze and supports a convex lens on adjustable arms, adjustable for twelve months at a time. At noon each day the sun's rays are focused on the touch-hole of the cannon and thus it is automatically fired. Pena castle was the summer palace of the late king of Portugal, from which he fled in 1910.

His Misinformation.

They were dining at a fashionable restaurant, the Customers' Man and the Gossip.

"See that man over there?" said the latter.

"Yes."

"Well, he is James R. Smith, from Peoria, Ill.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He's just made $200,000 in the market."

"Well, dear boy," said the Customers' Man, "you're wrong four ways."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—his name is Howard R. Jones."

"Yes?"

"And he is from Springfield, Mass."

"Yes?"

"And the mount was not $200,000."

"No?"

"It was $20,000."

"Yes?"

"And he lost it."—Boston Globe.

The American Outclassed.

The American truth teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the Far East," said an inoffensive individual nearby. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Eleph-ants," replied the inoffensive individual.—London Tit-Bits.

Old Mirror Frames Made New.

When mirror frames become scratched or tarnished they may be made attractive again by gluing to the old frame ribbon or silk that harmonizes with the color scheme of the room. Brocaded metallic ribbon and shirred silk are especially effective. Suspended from the wall with a length of ribbon ending in tassels, this ribbon-covered frame will add an artistic touch to any room.

No Harm in That.

"I hear you have been telling people I brag about my prowess in the hunting field."

"I merely said you always gave a good account of yourself."

Hardly.

Teacher—What can you say of the Venus de Milo?

Pupil—She couldn't have given anybody a handout.

NO THOUGHT GIVEN TO VICTIM

Only the Criminal's Side Considered by Penologists at Their Convention.

The warden of Sing Sing recently pleaded before a convention of penologists for the abolition of capital punishment. He argued that many men do not fear death, and hence are not deterred from murder by the threat of death. The warden evidently is a benevolent man, who views the whole matter from the prisoner's point of view.

In that convention of penologists the cause of the convicted criminal seemed to be pleaded from every angle. There wasn't a word in favor of the victims of criminals, those whom they robbed, clubbed, shot, injured or killed.

A poor man, or a hard-working woman, is robbed of the weekly wage or the year's savings by some lazy, vicious, worthless rascal. A citizen of good habits, of productive value, is robbed of his life by a brutal, perhaps a drug-eating wretch who hasn't one good point in his favor. The indignation of the sentimentalists is not aroused. Most of the protests one hears come from the tender-hearted who have no compassion for the victims, but are sedulously concerned for the thug's comfort of mind and body, and even for the sensitiveness of his feelings.

Capital punishment may or may not be justified. A really intelligent and imaginative man would fear death less than life-long imprisonment at hard labor. What is demanded, however, is certainty and celerity in punishment, and a degree of punishment does prevent crime, and that crime flourishes in proportion to the delay and uncertainty of punishment.

The Journal recently cited the experience of Judge Thayer of Massachusetts. By severity of sentence he stopped crimes of violence in Springfield and Worcester. When knaves go unwhipped of justice, their impunity encourages other knaves to steal, injure, kill. When a manslayer swings, when the robber gets a long term at hard labor with no time off, when the gunman is sent up relentlessly to prison in which he isn't coddled and in which he stays twelve or fourteen years, then and only then is a decent citizen safe on the streets and in his home.—Minneapolis Journal.

Legends of Grand Canyon.

An Indian legend says that the Grand Canyon of Colorado was made single handed by Pack-i-tha-a-wi, who was armed with a large flint knife and a big stick. Once upon a time the world was covered so deep with water that nobody knew what to do until Pack-i-tha-a-wi took the initiative. The knife he thrust deep into the heart of the earth, hammering until the canyon was formed. Another legend says that there was a great chief who mourned the death of his wife Tavwoats. One of the Indian gods came to him and told him his wife was in a happier land, and offered to take him there that he might see for himself, if, upon his return, he would cease to mourn. The great chief promised. Then Tavwoats made a trail through the mountains. Then he rolled a river into the gorge so broad and raging that it would engulf any that might attempt to enter thereby.

Indian Summer.

In North America a period of mild, balmy weather, usually occurring in November, characterized by a clear sky and a hazy or smoky atmosphere, especially near the horizon, is known as Indian summer. The name is said to be derived from the custom, among the Indians, of using this time of year to harvest their corn. According to one of their traditions, "they always had a second summer of nine days just before the winter set in." Indian summer corresponds to a similar season prevailing during the late autumn in England and the Mediterranean countries, called "St. Martin's summer," from St. Martin's festival, which falls on November 11. Shakespeare refers to this in Henry VI, part first, as follows:

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days.

—Kansas City Star.

She Gets Blamed.

Growls were heard Sunday morning. The lady in the apartment across the air shaft called cautiously to ask what the trouble was.

"I didn't buy the proper supplies for Sunday," explained the wife who was being blamed.

"But you came home with a full basket."

"Yes, but I forgot my husband's cigarettes."

Among the Doctors.

"Germany has a remarkable number of men who have the right to be called 'doctor.'"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "I fancy that the health of the country is none the worse because most of them carry brief cases instead of medicine cases."

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

SHORT SMILES

The Proper Wish.

"Yes, I am running for office."

"Well, many happy returns."

Inseparable.

Wife—Mislaid your pipe again! Can't you live without your pipe?

Hub—I do not care to.

It's an Outlet.

Betty—Mamma, does papa shave because he has to, or is it just to give himself a chance to swear?

Divided Into Three.

"How long have you been married?"

"Twenty years. Nine, three and eight at a stretch."

Correct!

Teacher—Johnny, name a collective noun.

Johnny—A vacuum cleaner.

Strange!

Magistrate—Are the prisoners brothers?

Answer—Yes, sir, both of them.

The Score.

She—I'm so glad you proposed to me; that puts me one up on Delia. She's only had three this month.

Habit.

"Look, mother! the police are taking a man up." "Well, don't act as if you thought it was your father again!"

Defined.

"What is a collation?"

"A little bit to eat served with a lot of style."

Explained.

"What is meant by saying a man is convalescing?"

"He outwitted the doctors, I suppose."

HEINE'S SONG OF LORELEI

Written One Hundred Years Ago After a Painful Love Experience of the Poet.

The Lorelei is one of the most wonderful figures of the world's romance. She goes way back to the times when she was probably worshiped as a river goddess, and after the arrival of Christianity she lingered as a beautiful folk myth which has had a great influence upon the poetry and art of the world. It has given the world some of its most enchanting stories. One hundred years ago Heinrich Heine wrote the Lorelei.

While moodily wandering along the beautiful Rhine country during one of his many love tangles, in which he had had to suffer a scorn more bitter than his own, or any man's—namely, the scorn of a lovely woman, he came upon the noted Lorelei rock. The beauty of the spot, its wonderful echo, that seemed to carry his voice out to his beloved and back, worked a profound spell upon him and the impression burned in the lines that at some time or other almost everybody learns and lingers upon.—Detroit News.

Tough on Daddy.

Daddy was confined to the house with Spanish influenza, and mother was busy sterilizing the dishes which had come from the sick-room.

"Why do you do that?" asked four-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, poor daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes. I boil them, and that kills all the horrid germs."

Donald turned this over in his mind for several minutes. Then: "Mother, why don't you boil daddy?"

HURT LUMBERING IN BRAZIL

Lack of Capital, Excessive Taxes and Poor Business Methods Hamper Industry, U. S. Observer Reports.

The lumber industry of the Amazon at present is coping with many difficulties, of which the following are most in evidence, according to a report recently made for the Brazilian department of agriculture, industry and commerce: Insufficiency of capital, lack of knowledge and correct business methods, and excessive export taxes, says Assistant Trade Commissioner M. A. Cremer. Every one is suffering from the lack of capital. The lumber merchants have been particularly affected by the situation and a number of them have failed. Money rates are high, some banks obtaining as high as 2 per cent a month. This retards the establishment of mills, acquisition of boats and land and exportation in general.

The lack of knowledge of correct business methods is evidenced by the fact that lumber merchants look only for an immediate profit, failing to take the future into consideration. It will be necessary to place properly graded lumber on the market, and not continue marketing in the primitive manner pursued at present, says Mr. Cremer.

For the last five years the export taxes on lumber have been increasing so that it is getting to be the most taxed product of the State of Para. This fact makes the business of exporting very unprofitable and insecure for investment. At present the port tax on lumber at Para is very high, due to the fact that it is a bulky article and its value is small in proportion to its weight. At the time the classification of taxes on exports was made, very little lumber was exported and therefore it was included in the general classification.

Necessary minor improvements worthy of consideration are, according to the report: Sanitary regulations and better living conditions should be enforced in the lumbering districts; the weight of the various kinds of woods should be officially established, and a complete study should be made of their strength; samples of the most important woods should be placed in all Brazilian consulates so that these woods may become known abroad and misstatements prevented regarding their origin when re-exported; freight rates should be reduced, and small state custom houses to collect export taxes should be placed in two or three places in the state.

His Qualifications.

One Job Wilson, the colored applicant for the position of butler in a family living in one of the fashionable suburbs of Washington, strode in to impress his would-be employer with his entire fitness for the place.

"Oh, yes, suh," he said. "I's shorely well educated, suh. I'se passed a civil service examination."

"Indeed," responded the gentleman, "that is very fine, I'm sure, but I can't say that that will be of any particular value to me in a butler."

"No?" said the surprised applicant. "It shore is strange how gemmen's tastes do differ. Now, Mr. Clark," naming his former employer, "he say, 'Job, one thing I demand is civil service to my guests,' an' he done gave me an examination right there, suh, an' that's the truth."

Then the gentleman saw a great light. He replied: "Yes, you are quite right, Job. Civil service is a very important and rather unusual virtue, so if you have passed that examination I think we'll consider you engaged."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Seaweed a Table Delicacy.

England is far behind other nations, especially eastern nations, in appreciating the non-animal food that comes out of the sea; so the projectors of a factory to be established at Etromness for the production of a new patent food from seaweed will have a good deal of prejudice to overcome. At least seven British seaweeds make good eating—laver, samphire, dulse, dillisk, sea holly, eringo and carrageen. Yet few ordinary households ever sample any of these delicacies. Samphire used formerly to be cried in the streets of London as "crest marine," but that cry is no longer heard. Shakespeare refers to the fact that samphire grows on the sides of steep sea-washed cliffs, where its dark green patches make a beautiful contrast of color with the chalk. Of all seaweeds laver appears to be most in demand, and even laver is rarely seen exposed for sale except in Wales.—Manchester Guardian.

His Hobby.

"There is old Mr. Piffle," said Gladys.

"Now, listen, Gladys, I like to be nice to the old gentleman and all that," remarked Elizabeth. "He has few interests in life. But if we stop to talk with him don't get on the subject of teeth."

"Why not?"

"If you do he'll take out his new set and show 'em to you."

HIGH TOP'S WITCH

By JANE GORDON

"'DEED it is a witch, Mr. King, sir; I done seer with my own eyes. Last night when we's in the cabin playing cayrds something brushed past the window. Sam, he says, 'I bet that's High Top's witch.' Which? I asks, and Sam tells us. She roams the mountains, and its bad luck for the man that sees or tries to catch her. Joe, he once give chase, when the witch come prowlin' around the messhouse, and she throws a laugh at him and gets quick behind a tree, and when Joe looked all about she wasn't there; an' next day Joe lost his job, diggin' on High Top."

Glen King laughed, but the golden-haired child on his knee warned:

"It is true what Jim says. I saw the witch one evening just as I was going off to sleep. Sister Monna had tucked me into bed and kissed me good-night. She threw a rose from the edge right through my window and into my bed—and first she kissed the rose—so I wasn't afraid at all. Maybe its only bad men that she punishes, Mr. King; Joe was a bad nigger, Mary Murphy says. He gambled money and took all poor Tim Murphy had."

"Information bureau," Glen King remarked, and pinched the little girl's cheek.

"So you have seen the witch, and are not afraid of her, Angel—and Monna says that red roses mean love?" Glen King was quite untutored in the ways of John Kirkwood's daughter. And the chief engineer was.

Glen was torn with jealousy at times by the sight of Monna, walking the sweet mountain trails at the side of Bob Whitely. Bob, a New Yorker like himself, had come with the engineering commission, as secretary to Mr. Kirkwood, and Glen could not get over his dislike and suspicion regarding the ingratiating stranger. Monna appeared not to share this dislike. Sighing now, he put the child down from his knee and left the cabin; Angel walked at his side.

"And if you don't believe in the witch, Mr. King," she continued her favorite topic, "you just watch for her some evening on High Top."

Glen sat long in the moonlight at his cabin door that night; Jim, as usual was absent. As he sat across the moon-lit path fled a shadow. He got to his feet, interested—the witch, beyond a doubt. He saw a dark enveloping cape, a peaked hood rolled low.

The witch eluded him; but moonlight showed a touch of scarlet lining, where the person's arm had tightened for a moment the cape about her—or him.

Next day Glen King astonishingly received notice that his services on the great engineering commission were dispensed with. When he sought out his chief John Kirkwood received him coldly.

"This grieves me more than it can possibly grieve you," he said. "If I had not undoubted authority, I would not find it possible to believe you guilty of the very fault you have apparently been eager to help me to subdue. You were an active gambler at last night's disgraceful meeting on High Top."

Stunned, indignant, Glen King spoke but one word. "Mistaken," he said brusquely, and went to pack his things.

Black Jim brought him coffee. "Dat rascal call himself Bob Whitely, tell Mr. Kirkwood lies 'bout you, Mr. King," Jim said. "Pretendin' to look up the gamblers when he's one of 'em. Dressed up like you last night. Went to the whites' cabin. Got out so no one could cotch him, an' den made the detective believe it was yo'self. I know it. An' it's Miss Monna Kirkwood that rascal wants, an' maybe'll get her, on account of his smooth ways."

"But to think," Glen murmured brokenly, "that after all our association Mr. Kirkwood would disbelieve in me—"

"Dat Bob," Jim confirmed, "is mighty smooth, Mr. King." Glen bowed his head in his head—toward him a slender figure came. The negro flew. "The witch!" the disheartened man heard him cry. Glen raised his head. Monna stood before him. A dark cape wrapped about her, its lining showed scarlet. She held out to him a wide black ribbon. "The peaked hood," she said and smiled.

"I have been High Top witch, Glen." She came to sit beside him. "After Angel was put to bed for the night I roamed the Top; really it was fun, but I had an object. Bob Whitely had whispered things about you—had insinuated to father. I had to know. So, I peeked in the cabin windows where games were played. How did I know where to go? I followed Mary Murphy's Tim [illegible] night, secretly. She had bewailed [illegible] of his nightly visits. And last night, Glen, I saw through a cabin door, left open but for a moment to admit a man—that man dressed as you might be dressed—but it was not you. I have told my father who the man was. And here I saw you, solitary, on your own doorstep—until you went in to bar for the night your cabin door. I have told my father that, too. Tomorrow it will be Bob Whitely who will leave the High Top commission—and not you, my Glen, dear!"

His longing arm was around the slender figure in the dark cape.

"It was love for you all along," said Monna.

Another Jury Needed.

Hoffy was drawn on a summer jury, reported and was duly qualified. He then formed one of a panel which was directed to try a lunacy case. After the testimony was in and the verdict was rendered, the judge, who knew him, called Hoffy to the bench.

"Well," asked his honor, "what do you think of this kind of work?"

"Seems a sort of standoff to me."

"What do you mean?"

"We declared that man insane."

"Yes?"

"And he thinks we're crazy."

When the Nights Were Long.

The successful man was addressing a class, exhorting the members to cultivate a taste for good books. "My young friends," he said, "you should not only read good books but you should own them in order to have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a boy I used to work all night to get money to buy books and get up before dawn to read them."

Shifting Values.

"It takes an expert accountant to know how much German marks are worth."

"It takes more than that. It takes a lightning calculator."

The Case Isn't Proved.

The Stricken One—I tell you, Dolly, I simply can't live without you.

The Flippant One—Oh, I don't know, old thing, all the others are pretty healthy.—The Maple.

New Time Piece.

"Where are you going, Lou?" "Up to visit a friend of mine, Sue." "How long you gonna stay?" "One permanent wave."