Lonely Midway Island

LIFE at a cable relay station on the westward course of empire is loneliness sublime. There one watches day and night the swing back and forth of the siphon recorder of the Morse code, which brings to the cable hut the news of the world, its policies, its pulse of commerce, and every dot which comes in from the Orient must be relayed for its next leap to the waiting Occident, and every western dash must be sped onward as an eastern dash that the world may go ahead. That is Midway, a station on the Commercial Pacific cable. Few have ever heard of this remote outpost.

Out at Midway is a vedette of civilization, two dozen men and women. The sun glare is over them; they all go goggled lest their eyes be burned in their sockets. Even variety has gone from their lives in the lonely exile; there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. Also the wind is not fitful; all day long for months on end it blows from just the same corner of the horizon and the sand which whirled in yesterday's blast will dance the same endless whirl today and again tomorrow. The rains will come on their appointed days; just so many gallons will pelt down as this day a year ago and the clouds

CABLE STATION ON MIDWAY ISLAND

will roll aside with strict observance of the calendar.

Life is monotony; monotony stereotyped. Four times in the year comes a break. Once every ninety days the supply schooner comes from Honolulu, with mail from home, papers and fresh food; once in so often a new operator comes to take his trick at sending; once in so often comes the chance for weariness to get back the land where things happen and rules have exceptions.

Here in picture and in text is Midway, outpost of empire, relay station of news, wind-blasted sunburnt home of three and twenty pioneers. But there is no lack of those who would pioneer in the midst of the sea. At the executive offices of the cable company they will tell you that they have more applications for a Midway billet than they can fill. There is a five-year contract into which the operators on this distant post enter, but if the solitude proves too much for anyone on the island there are so many on the waiting list that relief is always granted.

Part of Great Bird Preserve.

Way back in 1867 the tiny group, then known as Brooks' island from their supposed discoverer, was annexed by the U. S. S. Lackawanna because the Pacific Mail company thought it wanted it for a coaling station. The islands lie some fifteen hundred miles northwest of Honolulu and between them and the Hawaiian group is a string of uninhabited islets that, together with Midway, have been set aside as a national seabird preserve patroled by a revenue cutter to keep off the poachers.

Of the Midway group, Brooks island is a roughly pear shaped lagoon atoll entirely surrounded by a barrier reef of coral, with two passages sufficiently wide to permit vessels of considerable draft to enter the lagoon. The atoll is about two and a half miles long and varies in width from half a mile to two and a half miles, the greatest breadth being toward the southwest. The passages through the reef lie on the west and northwest sides. The lagoon is fully a mile and a half wide at its widest and completely surrounds what little land there is; it is thickly sown with patches of coral, which in many large masses reaches close to the surface, but boat channels may be found by careful steering and there is no danger, since the water is always still.

The land is found at the east side of the lagoon, two islands each little more than a mile long. Middle Brooks, or Eastern island, rises to a height of about fifteen feet, coral sand thinly covered with grass and low bushes. Lower Brooks, Sand island, about a quarter of a mile west, rises to the comparatively imposing height of fifty-five feet, but what it makes up in altitude it loses in vegetation, its covering of grass being much thinner. It is a mile and a half long, three-quarters of a mile wide.

Water is nowhere visible, in fact there can be said to be no supply of fresh water at all. Pits along the beach will yield water at a depth of about four feet and this is potable. As is so commonly the case in the Pacific islands nearer the equator, this water is sea water, filtered and sweetened by percolation through the coral sand. One such pit will be found serviceable in general for about a month; a brief life for a well, but matter of no great moment, since another pit may be dug to a fresh supply within a few feet.

Plenty of Birds and Fish.

If the land is of little worth, the sea and the air bear an inordinate share of the burden of food for man. Small as the islets are, the number of birds passes all reckoning; one may mention a million merely as a convenient unit of measure.

The albatross grudges mankind the room to walk about in, the booby is as absurd and foolish and altogether well named on Midway as wherever found, the Sandwich tern is under foot and an excellent table bird, the bos'n bird and the frigate are found at certain seasons on their nests, and the plover and the curlew are in sufficient quantity to find their way to the frill of fare. In the lagoon is abundance of fish, cod, sea perch, the always toothsome mullet, mackerel and the gaudy coryphenas, so brilliant in their varied coloring that to put them into the pan seems almost to desecrate the rainbow by cooking it. The trepang, or beche-de-mer, may be had with no more exertion than that of picking its dark ugliness from the clear bottoms of the tide pools, and those who have had oriental table experience recognize that it may be made into the most savory of soups. A delicious cockle is somewhat sparsely found and many univalve mollusks afford a plentiful supply of palatable foods.

In the crevices of the sea reefs which skirt the lagoon lie hidden many large crustaceans. These are rarely seen, for their habit is secretive; but a pot baited overnight with somewhat high fragments of fish is usually found well filled in the morning and the size of the crustaceans runs rather higher than our best lobsters. They lack the strong claws of the lobster; they are more of the squilla type, but the meat is very fine eating and abundantly wholesome.

Children's Plays Changing.

Watching the youngsters in the parks during holiday time, I have been struck by the change that has taken place in children's games. I hope I am not unduly pessimistic, but it does not seem a change for the better. Boys play cricket, girls seem to have no recognized games at all, and the impression given the onlooker is one of aimlessness and monotony. Why is it that our boys no longer play "over buckle," "prisoners' base," "weak-horse," "widdy-widdy-way" and other like strenuous games which some of us enjoyed immensely no more than a decade ago? And why have the girls forgotten "tag" and "we" and "ring-a-ring-a-roses"?—London Chronicle.

Most Famous Spot in France.

The guide books tell us that the Place de la Concorde is the most extensive and strikingly handsome "place" in Paris. This is entirely true, but it is only another way of saying that it is the most beautiful and impressive open square possessed by any city in the world. And this is not all. Within its bounds more great events have taken place, more history has been written in blood than within any other similar compass. Here, January 21, 1793, the head of Louis XVI fell under the knife of the guillotine, the beginning of that long procession that ended only when the revolution had finished "eating its own children."

Little Sermon for All Time.

This is from Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden:" "The love of dirt is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest. Mud pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. . . . Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasures and business, eaten dirt, and sown wild oats, drifted about the world and taken the wind in all its moods. The love of digging is sure to come back to him. . . . To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing a man can do."

NOVEL SALAD WRINKLE

TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS ARE POACHED WHOLE.

Makes the Latter Easier of Digestion, and Does Away With the Fear of Germs — Proper Method of Serving.

Poaching whole tomatoes and cucumbers before serving them as a salad is one of the latest culinary wrinkles. The idea appeals especially to persons suffering from an inborn fear of germs as well as those who cannot easily digest raw vegetables. The poaching process effectually settles the germ question and it is claimed renders these two favorite salad vegetables more digestible than in their raw state. If the water is boiling when the vegetables are put in they may be removed at the end of seven minutes. They are then ready to be drained and chilled, the skin of the tomato being at once pulled off.

Tomatoes are immersed in the boiling water without being cut, but cucumbers should be thinly pared, a bay leaf, a sliced onion and a little vinegar are often added to the water in which these vegetables are poached, resulting in a delicate addition to their natural flavor. The tomato gives little evidence that it has been poached, but in the case of the cucumber, while the flavor is not changed, the texture of the pulp is slightly different.

A poached cucumber should not be served in thin slices, as is the custom with the uncooked vegetable, as it lacks the crispness which is one of its chief charms. It may, however, be sliced, provided the slices are not detached and the cucumber left in its original shape and laid on a bed of chopped ice. If the cucumber is pared with a fluted knife this method of serving it can be made decidedly attractive, as the appearance does not indicate that it has been sliced, while the fact that it has been facilitates serving. French dressing should be passed with cucumber so served.

Poached cucumbers are desirable to use as cups in which to put sauce or small portions of vegetables served as a garnish for fish. When to be used for this purpose cut in thick slices, sufficient to serve as the height of the cup. Remove the inner seed portion and fill the cavity with whatever sauce or vegetable is desired. Arrange around the fish as a border, serving one cucumber cup to each portion. Stewed celery is delicious served in cucumber cups, and so are tiny lima beans. When the filling is a hot vegetable the cucumber cups should be reheated for serving, but for holding sauce they should be chilled.

Poached tomatoes and cucumbers served together, the tomatoes in slices and the cucumbers in cubes, make a delicious salad, even without the addition of either lettuce or romaine, the use of which would introduce an uncooked material into the salad.

Creole Roast With Vegetables.

Purchase a five-pound rib roast. Wipe with cold, damp cloth, place in double roaster, rub with butter, sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Lay strips of green pepper and three thin slices of bacon across the top. Put in hot oven until well seared—about twenty minutes. Cover with lid and allow about twenty minutes to the pound. One hour before roast is tender put in the roasting pan stuffed onions and eight potatoes. Cover and cook one-half hour. Uncover and put into pan six stuffed tomatoes. Lift out roast to large platter and garnish with parsley. Lift vegetables out carefully and serve in separate dishes. Make gravy in usual way.

To Launder Fine Lingerie.

When laundering lingerie wash carefully in the usual way; rinse thoroughly, but omit starch; when "bone dry" dip in and out several times in a basin of borax water, in the proportion of one large tablespoonful to one quart of water, stirring until dissolved. Squeeze (not wring) out as much moisture as possible, roll it smoothly in a Turkish towel for an hour; the article is easier to iron, looks cleaner and keeps fresh longer than when starch is used. This is particularly satisfactory for infants' clothing. Borax makes Irish lace "just right."

Safe Bleacher.

Peroxide of hydrogen is the best bleaching agency known, for it gives a pure white with positively no chance of hurting the fabric in any way. It may be used for silk, woolen, linen or cotton. Use as follows: One teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen to half a tub of cold water. Allow the article to soak over night, and after rinsing wash as usual and you will be agreeably surprised at the result. This is almost the same method that the mills use in bleaching their goods from natural color to white before finishing.

Peeling Tomatoes.

A way of peeling tomatoes which is not generally known perhaps is to rub them with the back of the knife, thoroughly, being particular to rub the entire surface, but not hard enough to break the skin. Then peel in the usual way. It is quickly done and leaves the tomato in better shape to slice, and in this way they are much firmer than if boiling water is poured over them.

Underdone Meat.

If a joint of meat should be too underdone to eat, and several slices have been carved out, it can be cooked again and served up as a fresh joint if the hole is filled up with mashed potatoes and cooked in a brisk oven for an hour. The browned potatoes will be much appreciated and the fact that it is the second time of sending it to table will not be noticed.

To Make Curtains Fireproof.

As light muslin curtains often catch fire, it is a good plan to put an ounce of alum into the last water in which they are rinsed. This will make them almost fireproof, or if they do catch, they will not blaze up enough to ignite the woodwork.

ROLFE'S SITUATION

By ROBIN WINSTANLEY.

A rustic bridge with a frail railing, a charming young lady resting upon it, a creak, a splash and Minna Graves uttered a shriek and sank beneath the surface of the brook.

A lithe, carelessly-dressed figure, that of a young man coming up the bridge approach, a shout of interest and alarm and as he plunged boldly into the swirling current, Minna came up choked, blinded and frantic.

"Don't struggle," spoke some gentle but resolute tones in her ear, so confidence-inspiring that Minna obeyed orders and came ashore dripping, flushing at the ridiculous figure she made. Her rescuer warded off her expressions of fervent gratitude with a light laugh over their mutual predicament, and she grew coherent enough to indicate that a park-like place in the near distance was her home.

Rolfe Ditson conducted her to its open gateway, solicitously made sure that she was able to get to the house unaided, decided the idea that he might catch cold from his wet garments and went his way after an invitation to call and meet her people.

Rolfe Ditson swung on his way with brightened eye, for he worshiped beauty and goodness. As to Minna, she could not get that proper intellectual face out of her mind readily. His first call led to a second. These two were fast approaching a state of mutual love.

Minna saw in him a handsome, well-bred gentleman. Her father and mother rather liked his direct, yet unobstrusive ways. Not so Harold Graves. This son and brother had a chum he had tried to thrust upon the attentions of Minna. His sister disliked him intensely. When Rolfe appeared upon the scene she rejected suitor scented a rival. Thenceforward

He Seemed to Be One of the Grizzled Rough Crew.

the two chums aimed to dislodge and discredit Rolfe, if possible.

"I'm on a still hunt," Harold Graves told his crony one day. "Ditson is mighty mysterious and secretive. He lives at the next town hotel, he says, but he does not appear there more than once a week. He disappears regularly. I'm shadowing him, I'll have some news soon that will oust the fellow, trust me."

And, sure enough, one afternoon in a great state of excitement young Graves sought his sister in the garden. She was seated in a hammock, dreaming tenderly of the absent Rolfe. She was trustful and proud of his attentions, and although he had been very reserved as to his business in the town and its vicinity, she felt that he had some good reason for that policy.

"I've found out!" proclaimed Harold in a tone of exultation.

"Found out what?" inquired Minna.

"About Ditson. I never liked his evasive ways. Neither did my chum. Humph! I fancy after this you'll value tried and true friends like him, instead of picking up with a smuggler."

"A smuggler?" repeated Minna, vaguely.

"That's just what Ditson is. A regular member of the Black Ribbon gang, down at Bottle Point."

For a moment Minna's face whitened, then confidence and loyalty came back into her eyes.

"Nonsense!" she said simply.

"Is it?" retorted Harold, viciously. "I'll show you. I'll have him arrested the next time he sets his foot on these grounds."

"You dare!" flared up his sister. "Do you think I would believe such a thing as you intimate against a true gentleman who saved my life, and who has the confidence and respect of our father and mother? You have never liked Mr. Ditson, and this is some plot of yours, because of your preference for that chum of yours."

"It's true, just the same," persisted Harold, angrily. "I tracked him down. I saw him meet a regular rough crew of the fellows who are making the revenue service people so much trouble, smuggling goods over here across the Canadian border. He acted cheek by jowl with them. Went off with them in their boat. I've told the revenue people about it. They're going off after the gang tomorrow."

"You will have to prove more than you tell before you make me believe that Mr. Ditson is anything but a true, honorable gentleman," said Minna, stubbornly.

"All right. Wait a day or two and see!" vaunted Harold.

Minna tried to be steadfast in her faith in young Ditson, but the intelligence she had received made her uneasy. Perhaps there was some dark plot against Ditson, she reflected. Her brother and his chum, she felt assured, were equal to that. She wrote a brief note to Rolfe, addressed to his hotel in the next town, warning him that enemies were seeking to get him into trouble.

Rolfe did not get the note for he was away—with the smugglers, in truth and verity! If Minna could have seen him the next evening shortly after dark at a cave on the lake that was a headquarters for the smugglers, she would have shuddered. He seemed to be one of the grizzled rough looking crew who were awaiting the arrival of a skiff carrying contraband goods from the Canadian shore.

Rolfe sat on an upturned keg just within the cave, when he was intensely startled. One of the band came into view, forcing before him a prisoner.

"I found him spying on us," the smuggler explained. "In his pocket I found a note showing that he has put the revenue officers on to our den here."

"Settle him!" hoarsely commanded the leader of the crowd. "Here, you"—to the captor and to Rolfe—"take him over beyond the rocks yonder and settle him."

"Her brother!" breathed Rolfe, as he recognized Harold Graves.

Harold was the worse for a severe struggle and did not notice Rolfe, who with his captor started to obey the orders of the smuggler-chief.

"This will do," said Rolfe's smuggler companion, as they got out of sight of the cave. "Join in, mate, and help finish him," and he drew his revolver.

"Run for your life!" whispered Rolfe quickly in the ear of the startled Harold Graves.

In that flashing second the latter recognized Rolfe. He uttered a cry of profound amazement, but was quick to avail himself of the offered opportunity and escaped.

He saw Rolfe strike the leveled weapon from the hand of the smuggler. He saw the latter grapple with Rolfe. Then were loud cries for help, and Rolfe, denounced as a traitor to the band, was borne by some of its members back to the cave.

It was an excited, pitiful story that Harold told to his sister when he reached home. Even to his crude mind the indication was irresistible that Rolfe could not be one of the smugglers in reality, and oppose their counsels at the forfeit of his life.

"He saved me, that's all I know, and I'm sorry for him," said the subdued Harold.

"And your work has brought him to his doom!" sobbed his sister, bitterly.

Then came news that the revenue officers whom Harold had led to the den of the smugglers, but had got separated from, had made an onslaught, in time to save Rolfe from the vengeance of the band. All had been captured.

With a great cry, the next morning Minna sprang from the porch to greet a brisk, smiling visitor, Rolfe Ditson. Soon he explained to her the complete situation.

"I was employed as a government agent to get at the inside affairs of the smugglers," Rolfe told Minna. "The action of the revenue officers has finished my work. I have come to say good-by, for I must return to Washington."

"But—you will come back, some time?" faltered Minna.

"Is that your wish?" asked Rolfe, quickly.

Her two trembling hands, resting in his own, made answer, and when Rolfe Ditson left her, Minna Graves was his promised wife.

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The Faults of Others.

Charity does not require of us that we should not see the faults of others, but that we should avoid all needless and voluntary observing of them; and that we should not be blind to their good qualities when we are so sharp-sighted to their bad ones. What if others are weak, is that a reason for your no longer keeping any measure with them? You, that complain of their troubling you, do you give nobody any trouble? You that are so shocked at the faults you see—if all to whom you have been troublesome should return the trouble they have had with you, you would be oppressed with the weight. And, besides, even supposing that men had nothing to reproach you with, yet consider, further, what obligations you be under from God to show forbearance toward others for which you know you have such abundant occasion at his hands—Fenelon.

Italians Are Vegetarians.

Being newcomers the Italians are doing the heavy, unskilled work which was once the prerogative of the Irish. The shovel is now as firmly associated with Tonio as formerly with Barney. The northern Italians go much into mine and quarry and silk mill, but the others stick close to railroad, street and construction work. Of our railroads it has been said that "Italians build them, Irish run them and Jews own them." Next to the truth, perhaps, is the New York mot. "Houses nowadays are built by Italians, owned by Jews and paid for by Irish tenants." Being small and vegetarian, the Italians are not preferred in earthwork for their physical strength, but because of their endurance of heat, cold, wet and muck. As one contractor put it, "They can stand the gaff."—The Century.

Reported Loss of His Arm.

While walking along the railroad track in the Mill Creek yard, John Wise of Port Carbon, Pa., fourteen years, was battled by a man unknown to him and he fell upon the track just as a trip of cars came which ran over him, severing his right arm above the elbow.

Wise walked to the dispatcher's office, several hundred yards distant, and coolly told the men in the office he had lost his arm, which they might find on the tracks. He was hurried to the office of a physician where he was given first aid and brought to the Pittsville hospital. The severed arm was found as he had stated.

In Character.

"The leader of this orchestra hops about like a monkey."

"His actions are appropriate. The pieces they are playing is entitled, 'In the Jungle!'"

HOGS TO MAKE OUR CATTLE PROFITABLE

Pork Made in Cattle Feeding Lots.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The present margin of profit in fattening cattle for market is so narrow that many authorities assert that it is inadvisable to feed steers without following them with hogs. If the steers sell for enough to pay for expenses the hogs that follow will ordinarily return a sufficient profit to pay the farmer for his labor.

Interesting figures on this subject have been obtained by the United States department of agriculture from 24 Iowa farms. These farms were all managed by men of undoubted experience in raising cattle. A careful accounting system was adopted and rigidly followed.

The experiments began with the feeding year beginning in the fall of 1909. Prices at this time were very satisfactory and the 961 cattle raised made an average profit of $2.05 per head. These steers were followed by 1,504 hogs which were given extra grain. The hogs were sold in the spring of 1910 at an average profit of $6.67 per hog. If this profit is credited to the steers, each steer shows a profit of $12.49. In the following feeding year, however, 1910 to 1911, the outcome was different. Prices were unsatisfactory and the 1,128 cattle were fed at an average loss for the year of 78 cents a head. Nevertheless the 1,646 hogs following the steers turned this loss into a profit. The hogs netted an average profit of $3.333. Crediting this to the steers we have a net profit per steer of $4.04.

Opinions differ on the number of hogs that it is well to have follow the steers. When corn is cheap many farmers feed the steers more corn than they can eat and run extra hogs which consume the waste. With high-priced grain, however, this can hardly be recommended. A convenient rule, according to the department of agriculture, is to figure on one shoat per steer when shelled corn is fed and two when ear corn. In any circumstances there should be enough hogs provided to clean up all the waste corn.

Another convenient basis of calculation is to estimate that when one-third of a bushel of corn is fed a steer approximately three-fourths of a pound of pork will be obtained. With ear corn the gains are greater but on the other hand corn meal or corn and cob meal yields very little pork since it is much better utilized by the steer. It seems indeed to be proved that the diet which is most efficient for steers is the less so for hogs and vice versa.

It is customary to feed the hogs corn in addition to that which they obtain from the droppings. When this is done the hogs should always be fed separately and preferably before the steers in order not to annoy the latter.

Farmers' bulletin 588, "Economical Cattle Feeding in the Corn Belt," in which these questions are discussed, emphasizes the desirability of paving feed lots when hogs are following cattle. It has been definitely shown, say the government specialists, that hogs make nearly one pound more of pork on paved lots for each bushel of corn fed the steers. With pork at six cents a pound this item alone will amount to about $1.50 a steer. In addition the risk of immediate loss must be taken into consideration. This somewhat compels the farmer to ship his cattle before they are ready and the loss he incurs in one year may well be more than the cost of paving the lot.

SUCCESS WITH THE FARM LIVE STOCK

Animals Used for Breeding Purposes Should Possess Individual Merit.

(By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.)

Regularity in feeding and work makes long-lived horses.

A scrub may yield a profit, but if so, a good animal would yield a greater profit.

Feeding an inferior quality of food is not consistent with the most profitable stock feeding.

The young sow proves her ability by the way she handles her first litter.

No young animal will return as good results as the ones liberally fed.

To be too fiery is a fault in a horse drawing heavy loads on an uneven road.

Good stock must have good fare and attention, and then they will make most liberal returns.

The food of support is more than the food of gain, under the most favorable conditions!

The fault in overstocking is not altogether in having too much stock, but in not having enough feed.

No animal, however well bred, should be used for breeding purposes, unless it has individual merit.

Make it a rule to save everything, the saving of which doesn't cost more than it is worth.

In breeding, defects are peculiarly persistent, and are more easily stamped upon the next generation, than good qualities.

Mixed grasses make a better and surer pasture than a single variety, though it be the very best of all.

Scant feeding of the young animal produces that which is all but impossible to overcome by liberal feeding afterward.

There is no surer destruction to a herd, however good, than that of breeding to a bull that is an inferior sire.

Other things being equal, the most profitable animal is the one kept every day at the maximum gain consistent with health.

It is not the magnitude of one's business that gives him good results, but the manner in which it is conducted.

If there is one time more than another when deep plowing is beneficial it is when a growth of clover is being turned under.

There is no royal road to success, and if a man succeeds he must work out his own task and execute it with a will.

Silage Doesn't Taint Milk.

Does silage fed to the dairy cows taint the milk? No, but the odor of the silage, if allowed to get into the milk in open pails, will taint it.

Treating Tree Seeds.

Tree seeds, pits and nuts for growing tree seedlings should be mixed with soil or sand and left exposed to freezing.

Avoid Drafts.

No drafts in the poultry house at night should be allowed. Ventilation must come some other way.

Fruit Growing Revived.

There is a very noticeable revival in the fruit growing industry of all middle West states.

GET THE POULTRY IN WINTER HOUSES

Much Depends Upon Pullets Getting Used to Quarters Before Starting Work.

(By MICHAEL K. BOYER.)

It is not yet too late to whitewash the interior of the hen houses; to repair leaky roofs; to patch up the cracks in the walls; to clean up the outside runs; and to give the premises a general overhauling.

Are the fowls roosting out on the trees? Get them accustomed to roosting in the house.

Place the pullets in their winter quarters if not already done. Remember that much depends upon the pullets feeling at home before they get down to real work.

Pick out what stock is intended to keep over winter, and market the rest. Good culling is the great factor in poultry success.

Clean up the incubators and brooders and test them to see that they are ready and in proper condition for work.

If it is intended to run the incubators during January for market stock the breeding pens should be made up now.

The road dust for baths and the leaves for the scratching sheds should have been gathered last month, but it is not too late to do so.

LAMB AND MUTTON DIFFER GREATLY

Animal at Eight Weeks Old Brings the Highest Price Ever Attainable.

There is as much difference between lamb and mutton as there is between spring chickens and a three-year-old rooster.

There is a limited period in the life of well-fed animals for growth. Every factor in the problem of producing mutton points to early maturity. It's the early lamb that gets the coin.

At eight weeks old, if in a condition and seasonable to meet the very select trade, the lamb brings the highest price ever attainable, per pound. A very narrow limit at this time and the tide of prices fades away and it will be necessary to keep him until another time of season that calls for a lamb three to five months old, but at a price considerably less per pound.

The lambs marketed at four months of age do not, as a rule, bring as much per head as those sold at eight weeks of age. The longer they are kept the lower class of market they satisfy and so on until they are full grown.

Specialists Most Successful.

A carpenter can build a house more economically than can a blacksmith, because he knows how and has the right kind of tools to work with. A cow, with good dairy form, for the same reason, can produce more milk than one with a beef form. Let the carpenter and the blacksmith work at their respective trades and adopt the same rule in regard to cows. Let the dairy cow work in the dairy and the beef animal in the feed lot. Specialists are more successful these days than Jacks-of-all-Trades.