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HOW THE TURKS WIPED. OUT A CHETA

A MASSACRE OF MACEDONIAN REVO-LUTIONISTS WATCHED AT SUNSET

Rifle Fire and Dynamite Bombs Used When Petsov's Chetniks Made a Last Stand in the Bey's Konak at Liselo-How "Petrush The Just" Makes Law on the Border of Islam.

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

ible, the firing was plainly from Liselo.

Tall poplars, straggling across the fields,

made it difficult to distinguish the

ridge, ascending it on the run. The

plain was presently out of sight, but

the firing did not cease. In twenty

minutes we reached the houses, which were

above us. Soon we reached them, panting

heavily. The assembled villagers were al-

most as impressive as that which we pres-

ently saw beyond. Some of the men leaned

on Grat rifles, some on hoes. Many of the

vomen carried babies. There was little

noise, only short, low exclamation, no con-

ing volleys of the Turkish Mausers. The

DYNAMITE BOMBS.

and were lost again behind walls and trees

The firing opened up once more. Suddenly a

ery about the konak spreading as it ascend-

ed; then came the splitting report of a

thundering explosion. Another puff, another

boom, and a third! We knew now that the

cheta was in the konak; they were hurling

There was great commotion among the

black figures. The firing ceased-a short

silence—then again a white ball of

smoke and a boom. I do not believe I dzew a

breath for five minutes. The sun

was almost setting now, and in the red

glow objects became more indistinct.

The formation of the black figures was

breaking up; they were pouring down hill

haze gathered above the konak and a few

of the neighboring houses; then we saw

the glare of fire. Before dark, the konak

was in full blaze. Several deep, muffled re-

hombs evidently, but under falling timbers

a silent group of villagers. Now we heard

the sobbing of several women. As the bian-

ket of a moonless night fell, we descended

Next morning my companion and I were

back in the city, where we had full news.

Petsov, with fourteen men, had been

beträyed by a spy. The village had been

surrounded by a garrison from a nearby

village, and bashi-bazouks from a neigh-

boring Turkish settlement. The cheta suc-

reinforcements. One chetnik then attempt-

ed to escape in peasant's costume. He

the konak, and their bodies burned with it.

Of the Turks, how many fell we have

not learned. But I have since spoken with

peasants who saw in the night a patrol of

askers, followed by three hay carts. What

those carts contained we imagined. One

such wagon holds about ten men, fifteen if

more than a month afterward. The first cor-

respondence was delayed for some reason.

and reached New York in the same mail

IN CAMP WITH BRIGANDS.

OCHRIDSKO, Macedonia, June 28.-Two

more than two miles across.

steep.

their bombs.

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] The three shenherds made the sign of the MONASTIR VILAYET, Macedonia, May 21. | cross. Although there was no smoke vis--It is almost four months since I came into the field here, a period which has afforded me not a few stirring experiences, but the thing which, until now, has most country beyond. A low ridge shootdeeply affected me, occurred this week. It ing out of the nearby hills, of which has been an event that has terrified even the rising ground on which we stood was the natives, hardened though they are to a continuation, led to a small settlescenes of blood and murder.

To me, comparatively a stranger, born and reared in a country supposed to be the freest in the world, it has seemed doubly terrible, the more so, because-indirectly and innocently enough-I have been the just below the ridge, in a hollow. Fully cause. I should have joined the cheta ear- a hundred men, women, and children stood lier. Now those men, who were to have been my comrades, are wiped out of existence as cleanly as one would have wiped their names off a slate,

We, my comrade and I, had been in the city three weeks. Our work was done; it was time to continue our circuit through the provinces. It was to discuss this question that a member of the upper committee came to spend the night with us, a week ago this evening. We lay awake until late laying out my route toward the Albanian

"To-morrow, Monday," he said, "is market day. In the evening you two can drift here and there by lines of black fig- complaints was opened. Petrush and I were out after noon with the throngs. Then, in | ures, prone on the earth. Sometimes one seated on a rug against the wall, on either from village to village, along our 'canal,' Below, in the plain, stood the riderless the rendezvous. That will give me time A long, irregular line of men was describ- ing when speaking. to write to our voycoda, Petsov, and he ing a semicircle from below to the groups will come with his cheta to meet you." above.

nately for Petsov and his men, it was ject was visible. Above the low, red roofs "the greater security of villagers going to not carried out. The next day passed, but rose the more pretentious residence of the town market." we remained in the city. Unforeseen obsta- | local bey, a two-storied edifice—the konak. cles delayed preparations, so we had to re- We could not see where the revolutionists main over. The following Thursday would were intrenched, but, judging by the post- fusing; it was twelve liras then. It is six by "small market day," when the peasants | tions of the soldiers, they were not far | now; shall we pay?" from the nearby villages would come in. from the konak, and, in fact, it needed no Meanwhile, the letter to Petsov Voyvoda had sone, in which he was notified by which canal we would approach him.

Petsov will be in a village four hours out the roof from the heights above, for just of town, and you shall meet him the same

Thursday came, and again we did not leave town. The villager who was to he our courier had been delayed by inquisitive patriots. But there could be no more waiting; next day, Friday, being a Turkish holiday, vigilance would be lax, and we could go out as if for a walk in the

fields. And so it happened. At noon we walked through the suburbs, in European costume and fez, unnoticed by the police. Ahead walked the courier, apparently one of the numerous laborers to the main highway, but through the tall grass. An hour's walk brought us to a small cluster of shepherds' huts, where we stopped to rest and drink some milk. About half a mile away, at the base of a low range of foothills, ran the main highway. Beyond one of the smaller hills several

minarets were visible. As we sat talking with the shepherds, one jumped to his feet, gazing toward the bend in the highway turning into town. The road was partly screened here by small trees. We followed the shepherd's gaze, then saw mounted men. The distance was small enough to recognize them at once as Turkish. We had barely noted them when a solid column of cavalry swept out at a quick trot, until a full troop was in view. A few minutes' waiting, and a second troop followed; then a third-full three hundred askers. This was no patrol. And when cavalry, especially Turkish, travels at a quick trot, it has a near and important object

in view. Espionage somewhere," muttered a shepherd; "they have just received important information. They are after comitajis."

My companion and I exchanged uneasy glances. We knew that the chetas do not mually come down on the plain. where, if discovered and attacked, there is no ground for defensive position. The low, rolling foothills, bald of anything save grass, are not much better, and timbered mountains are half a day's travel from here. RIFLE FIRE.

As soon as the troops had passed, we continued our march with the courier and three of the shepherds. The quick-moving horsemen soon disappeared over the brow of a slight rise, but we, on foot, did not reach the elevation until an hour later. As we ascended, there came a sound which quickened my pulse a beat or two. A noise from far away such as this, is like the short rip of tearing canvas. So is distant volley firing. We ran to the top of the rise.

Ahead was a great amphitheatre, bordered by low sloping hills. Beyond rose the Balkans, blue in the distance. In a ary Organization published a map of this small hollow, just above the edge of the empire of constant trouble, speckled plain, we saw the red-tiled roofs of a vil- with little red spots and crosses. Each lage against a green background of rising of the dots located the scene of orchards and wheat fields. A winding path burned village, a massacre, or a fight be- long known and avoided as a brigand's nest, ran across the fields for a mile or two, tween peasants and raiding bands of Al- by Turks and Christians alike. where it joined the highway. The three banian brigands. The farther south you troops of cavalry were just forking into the trace your way into Macedonia, the redder

"That village is Lisele," said our courier. Ochridsko district, and there the map is a

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906. vivid crimson. Here is one of the real REAPING THE boundaries between Christendom and Islam.

My fellow brigands and I are camping on the top of a high mountain, so high that we can look down across a broad valley of wheat fields into the craggy land of Arnautluk, known to Europeans as Albania, whose men are the fiercest warriors of all Islam. Until a year or two ago, their constant raids across the valleys among the Bulgar peasants, unofficially invited and permitted by the Turkish Government, made the region the hel it was. They still come, but no longer as pillaging bands. I have met many of them here among the Bulgarian villages since I joined the revolutionary cheta of this district, and they gripped our hands and call-

ed us "agahs" and "effendis." It is over a month since I wandered into this domain of the revolutionary chieftain Kuonnas Petrush, the Just, to learn that he, and not Abdul Hamid, is ruler here. The foreign gendarmerie have learned this, and they secretly meet him to discuss the affairs of the people. He has a satchelful of petitions from Turkish beys and landowners, begging him to count them in as

friends of his people. I had heard enough to rouse a mild desire to meet the chief, so I ran my march route through his region. We peasant hut: outside was blowing gale, and rain poured in torrents. We did not expect him to keep the appointment. Then out in the night the dogs barked, an outpost challenged, and a dozen men crowdment a mile above. We made for this ed into our hut. A row of schoolboys in natty gray uniforms, and smart student caps! And Petrush was the youngest looking of all, with the girlish face of a Raphael study. I found a chance ten minutes later to whisper to a friend:

> "This isn't a cheta; it is a corporal's file from a cadet school." "Petrush is older than he looks." he re-

plied, "he's almost twenty-three. Some of his men are older, even twenty-five." The first night after crossing over into Ochridsko, askers occupied the village we should have entered. Petrush established versations. But every face was turned in headquarters in a hut, not five hunthe same direction—toward Liselo, not dred paces up the mountain, screened from the village by heavy timber. Here the We could now distinguish the occasional | villagers, on pretence of going out into zip! of a Mannlicher rifle above the rasp- the fields to work, could come to us freely next day. Early in the morning after a slopes above Liselo were streaked breakfast of milk and bread, the court of peasant costume, you can slowly move on rose and ran, and then squatted again. side the members of the cheta. The villages crowded the open space before us. until, in four or five days, you come to horses of the three troops that had passed, seated on the ground crosslegged, or stand-

The first case was a complaint that askers had come to collect six liras for the

"Last time they came." said the speaker, "as you know, they flogged us for re-

"I," replied Petrush, "will flog you if expert to suppose that they had taken this you pay. So, if you get flogged in either making their stand in it. As a position it paying. If they flog one of you again, send "This delay doesn't matter much," said had its disadvantages. The askers were in a delegation to the consuls in Monastir the man of the committee; "by Thursday a position to pour a continuous fire through and roar out your complaints till they hear. "This idea of planting police posts along behind the village the ground was very the roads," said Petrush to me, "is an old

one. Long ago we gave, by force. There are yet no posts. Anyhow, we want none. There seemed to come a lull in the firing. The money only goes into the pocket of the A movement was going on in the semipasha of the vilayet. They will send again circle of black figures. Then, with and demand only a lira, but we shall give a sudden spurt, they shot out in nothing." small groups, toward the houses, The next charge was against a bey who

owned the local flour mill. "He has raised the price of grinding onehall of white smoke shot up from the green.

third," said the complaint. "Don't go to his mill," said the chief. "There is no other," they replied. "Build one," said Petrush, "you have a

good stream of water." REVOLUTIONIST SOCIALISM.

"No one of us has the money." "Then take the money from the village treasury, and let the mill be public. The miller and his boy shall be paid, and what is left over goes back into the village treasury, the price for grinding to be onehalf of what the boy asks."

"That is Socialism," I whispered aside. "All revolutionists are socialists," replied Petrush. After the general cases, individuals were

into the village. Presently a vague blue allowed to come forward to utter private complaints. One had given a field as security for a loan, and wished now to repay the loan and take back the land. But he ports came from the burning building, who had given the loan said: "It is over twenty years ago that

and walls. All those hours we had stood in I have the loan and took the land. In that time I have improved the property, and the land has increased in value. Shall I lose

The case was discussed an hour and witnesses called. Finally Petrush decided: "This case has waited twenty-some-oddyears. You evidently waited for me to be born and grown up to decide it for you. It has stood so long, let it stand so a few years longer until we are liberated. Then you shall have a better court than this to cessfully kept them off until the arrival of decide it for you. We are revolutionists and can't sit here two weeks to collect all the necessary evidence and give the case was caught and his throat cut. The other the consideration it needs, and so create thirteen, with Petsov, had been killed in

precedence for more such cases." Then came a criminal case. One had gone to a distant village and stolen a horse. The offender was sentenced to twenty blows of a cane. Petrush told him: "Next week you will take a passport and go to Bulgaria, leaving your wife and children here. After a year you may returnif you come before I shall kill you to [Mr. Sonnichsen's next letter is dated you commit crimes in Bulgaria I shall send your family to their relatives and burn

In one village we were just in the middle of a case when the alarm "Asker!" came, and we hurried into the neighboring forest. That evening, after dark, though the askers were still in the village, we enyears ago the Macedonian Revolution- tered again and finished the work. My most interesting experience with Pe-

trush has been our visit to the village of Godivie, high in the mountains, close up to the Albanian frontier. This village was "Until two years ago." Petrush told me.

"we had avoided this village as honeless, grows the map, until you get into this Then the Committee ordered me either to [Continued on Page 3.]

BUCKWHEAT CROP

A HARVEST OF FIFTEEN MIL-LION BUSHELS EXPECTED

Not so Much Grown Now as Forty Years Ago - The Buckwheat Cake a Truly American Dish -What Is Done with the Flour in Other Lands

Good news for all lovers of buckwheat cakes comes from Butler, Armstrong, Westmoreland, and Indiana Counties, western Pennsylvania-constituting the great buckwheat belt of America. According to Government crop reports, the yield per acre will not quite equal that of last year, but the acreage planted is somewhat larger, so that total production will be heavier.

On September 1 of last year, the crop condition was given as 91.8. This vear on the same date it was 90.5. Last year's crop reached 14,585,082 bushels, grown on 760,118 acres of land, valued at fall far short of 15,000,000 bushels. It is, therefore, safe to predict griddle cakes galore next winter—for already the sound of the reaper is heard in the land, and the crop of 1906 is being harvested. In the four counties named, four-fifths

of Pennsylvania's buckwheat crop is grown; and Pennsylvania is the only State that competes with New York for leadership intotal production. True, New York always wins out, with a million bushels or more to spare; but the crop is there cultivated widely separated sections, instead of being practically restricted to a comparatively small area, as is the case in Pennsylvania. For this reason, the claim that Armstrong, Butler, Indiana, and Westmoreland Counties constitute the distinctive buckwheat belt of the whole country cannot be contested More or less States, but New York and Pennsylvania produce more than two-thirds of the total. Maine coming in a poor third with an annual crop that rarely reaches the mark of 800,000 bushels, and North Dakota trail- been threshed. ing in at the tail end of the list, with production of a few thousand bushels.

s small when compared with what it used to be. In 1866, it amounted to 22,791,839 And a pensive look is filling those deep, liquid eyes bushels, worth \$15,413,160; and in 1867 to Far away across the pasture is the calf she had 21,359,000 bushels, worth \$16,812,070. In the years immediately following the civil war, wheat sold at an average price of \$150 per bushel-going as high as \$2.11. It was too costly for the average American farmer and laborer, when buckwheat could be bought for 70 cents and corn for 50 cents. so that the production of buckwheat was abnormally stimulated for home consump-

In 1868, the price of wheat fell to 80 was curtailed one-half, and the crop fell to less than 7,000,000 bushels. From the close of the war until recent years, buckwheat. cakes were mostly eaten by the poor and lower middle class of the rural districts they were compelled to economize. There was no market for the grain or flour, and when it was grown at all it was only to be fed to live stock, or to be consumed at home in default of anything better. It matures very quickly, and a crop failure By the fence he pauses, looking at the road which is hardly ever known, so that it is pre-

eminently a poor man's crop. Probably buckwheat was "discovered" by some city boarders rusticating among their poor relations. It proved a povelty to jaded and surfeited appetites. Its harsh flavor was partly disguised by mixing the flour with wheat flour, and then drowning the cakes in syrup or honey, and ever since the demand has been in excess of the supply. Farmers claim that the cost of fortilizers is so much less, the risk of crop failure so reduced, and expense for seed and labor so much smaller that it pays to grow buckwheat at 60 cents a busher rather than wheat at \$1 a bushel. The poorer class of farmers, therefore, no longer eat buckwheat. They can't afford it. They first convert it into cash, and then buy wheat flour, wondering, no doubt, why something that has always been considered | means of the little rascals are legion. One fit only for cattle, poultry, and paupers.

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION. The buckwheat cake is as truly and disfinctively an American institution as green corn on the cob, pumpkin pie, Thanksgiving turkey, and similar toothsome delicacies. The crop is cultivated in many lands, but the cooks and housewives of no other country have learned how to prepare it in such a manner as to tickle the palate. In Great Britain it is considered unfit for human consumption, and is used as food for pheasants and poultry. It is cultivated in India, where the Hindus eat it on "bart" or fast days, it being one of the foods that are lawful on those occasions. It is served in the form of porridge in Russia, forming a favorite dish, especially among the peasantry. In France it is called "sarrasin," and is eaten by the poorest of the peas- flight, leaping from tree to tree, till be antry. The French name, by the way, is a fossilized bit of history, being a re- Stream. minder of the fact that this grain was introduced into western Europe by the Crusaders, who obtained it from the Saracens. I have no fault to find with the girl In Germany, buckwheat is fed to cattle and poultry, but its use as an article of human diet is extremely limited. The Ger-man name is "buchweizen," or beech wheat, And I welcome her with a smile; from the resemblance of the grains to beech | I wish she would come the whole year nuts-the same circumstance that gave it | And stay with us all the while. the Saxon name by which we call it. In But I want to say that the autumn girl Japan it is very extensively cultivated and ese variety is one of the most highly es- The summer rose is no whit more red the hills of the Keystone and Empire States. The grain is supposed to have been native to the basin of the Volga, the shores of the Casplan Sea, and parts of central She goes with a grace that is jounty quite Asia. Probably it was introduced into China by bands of marauding Tartars, and thence carried to Japan.

GOOD FOR BEES. Among bee-keepers buckwheat is a fa-

vorite crop because the blossoms contain more honey than the flowers of any other plant of economic use-not even excepting the alfalfa of the Western plains. As long as it remains in flower the bees of the neighborhood confine their labors entirely to it, thus producing pure buckwheat honey. The market value of this is impaired by the fact that it is of a dark amber color, instead of the clear white demanded by the fastidious city trade. In making this exaction consumers simply show their own ignorance. The color of buckwheat honey is a guarantee of its purity, and proof positive that the bees that made it were never fed on glucose, and but few who have ever tried genuine buckwheat honey would be willing to exchange it for the finest and clearest "white clover" or alfalfa on the market. And surely no lover of the buckwheat cake will deny that poetic justice and the eternal fitness of

A RAPID GROWTH Buckwheat makes practically all its growth in six weeks of hot weather in July and August, being the most rapid growing of all farm crops For this reason, it is supposed to be exhausting to the soil, so that the owner of a really good farm will hardly ever plant it. This, no doubt, is the reason why so much of it is grown in western New York and Pennsylvania, full of bald, bare knobs that have been cultivated for more than a century. until all natural fertility of the soil that. has not been extracted by the crops has been washed by the rains into the valleys. Possibly, the time will come the worn-out fields of the buckwheat belt will cease even to produce buckwheat. But with firm faith in a beneficent Providence and in the efficacy of commercial fertilizers the farmers are losing no sleep worrying over the future.

the genuine nectar of the buckwheat blos-

Buckwheat is sown broadcast, or drilled into the ground, about the first or middle of July, and is harvested as soon as the first severe frosts have killed the last lingering blossoms. The sheaves are aldays, until the peripatetic steam-thresher comes around. This is really the most critical season of all for the buckwheat farmer. Often a large crop is nearly ruined by a few days of wet weather, after the crop has been cut, but before it has

AS THE YEAR DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE. However, the American buckwheat crop The brindle cow is standing with her tail all full

> in May: to-day;

She has ceased to give him comfort, recklessly he roams at will And looks foudly at a helfer grazing on a distant The mild-eyed ewe goes nipping at the little tufts

coping out among the briars; she has lost her lamb, alasi He has ceased to play around her, she provides cents, and the next year buckwheat acreage. He is deaf to all her bleating, though he never was

Ah, the world is growing older and the year draws With a pathos like the sadness that a lonely

The old bay mare goes trudging in the furrow up There is nothing in her manner indicating glee or And the colf that stood one morning as a stranger

Gallops gayly through the meadows, thinking not of her at all: winds away. And perhaps he thinks of journeys he will take

in her stall

out there some day. brough misty eyes she watches as her darling,

with a yell. arts away to school, forgetting all the tales she used to tell. All the tales of love and fairles that she whispered in her joy-And some girl ere long will flit through all the fancies of her boy!

Ah, the world is growing older and the year draws With a pathos like the sadness that a lonely

-[S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

course of your tramp, but no two alike

exactly in their method of attempting

escape or concealment. The ways and

THE ARTFUL SQUIRREL. You may find many a squirrel in the

may flatten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless; and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length; but here the telltale ears are more easily silhouetted. Still another may little signal flag which always works and waves and jerks and signals so bravely when danger is not in the air. Or one

well tell when you have spled him out. He will catch your eye, even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd and will instantly limber up for headlong vanishes over the ridge.-[Field and THE AUTUMN GIRL.

Is as fine as they make them, too, With the somber tints of her hat and dress And her eyes that sparkle true. Than the rosy red of her cheek

With her peekaboo waist and her openworks

Who comes in the summer time

And her rig for a torrid clime

When the keen north wind comes by with its frost Oh, the autumn girl is a sight most fair, The frost brings fire to her twinkling eves

As she walks through the light, a heavenly sight, In the glow of the autumn day? -[Baltimore Sun.

MAI. WOODBURY, HARD WORKER

HE TOOK HIS STREET CLEAN-ING SERIOUSLY

Head of City Department Who Resigned a Week Ago after a Quarrel With the Mayor, a Unique Official-How He Attracted Attention During the Spanish-American War

things demand that it be well flavored with because he objected to the "injection of polities" into his department, the city government lost one of its picturesque officers, man man most of them heartily dislike. A good many unkind words were spoken about the bluff and breezy major during his term of office, which lasted nearly five years. He was not properly amenable to political influence, and he did not pull well with that serious-minded body of city fathers, the Board of Aldermen. He made many enemies, but the worst of them could not honestly say that he was not a hard worker. It is generally conceded that cleaning the streets of a great city is an engineer's work, while Major Woodbury is a physician and soldier in one, So, if his successor proves to be a practcal politician, instead of a practical street cleaner, the chances are that the vast amount of money spent yearly on this department will be put to no better advan-

tage than heretofore. Perhaps Major Woodbury paid too much attention to the military side of his work. He liked to have good horses and carts, and model stables in which to house them and he liked to see the men turn ou at roll-call in the early morning. He be lieved in discipline, but he was ever ready to hear the grievance of a sweeper or cleaner, and the men liked him, even if he managed to inspire fear. Had the major been placed in a hum-

bler sphere of life he might readily have qualified as a member of the traffic squad, On bitter winter days, with the ashes piling up all over town, he used to make quick jumps in his motor-car from one river-front dumping board to another, clearing as he went long tangles of stalled carts that had baffled the best efforts of ular of the army transport driver, whose lively gestures and characteristic expresseemingly prosaic office of street cleaning. commissioner the major brought a surprising amount of enthusiasm and energy, and his stern, picturesque words of encouragement will be missed these winter nights by the army of half-frozen men bent on clearing the thoroughfares of snow. He made his work exciting at all times, and as one of his dumo inspectors recently said: "You never could tell what time of night

SPANISH WAR RECORD. A native of this city. Dr. Woodbury was

graduated from Princeton in 1879 and studied medicine at Columbia and Bellevue. Later he pursued his studies at Vienna and at Heidelberg. When the Spanish war broke out he was assigned as division surgeon. with the rank of major, to the staff of Major-Gen. James H. Wilson. Dr. Woodbury went to Chickamauga and sailed with the First Army Corps as chief surgeon in the field under Gen. Miles. He first attracted attention in a line

quite apart from his regular work. He was placed in charge of the unloading of the transports, and the precision and rapidity with which he discharged the vessels and moved wagon trains to the front induced much favorable comment. His best work was done when Gen. Wilson established a civil government in the islands Dr. Woodbury was made medical director of Ponce, and received general powers. He immediately started an inspection of the streets, jails, markets, and stables, and he found the city in a condition of filth. Gen. Wilson told him to "clean up," and he lost no time in obeying orders.

There were no funds available for the work: but that fact was immaterial. Major Woodbury appointed twenty-four prominent physicians a board of health, divided the city into four inspection districts, and used the short-term prisoners in the jail for cleanso the major required each merchant, marketman, liveryman, and hotel keeper to keep the street clean in front of his place of business. Never before in the memory of man had Ponce received such a scouring. After the war the major was sent abroad by the United States Government to study the sanitary arrangements of the German army in active field operations. "He also inspected the system of drainage and disposition of refuse in several European cities. MAYOR LOW'S SELECTION.

It was largely owing to Major Woodbury's knowledge of sanitary methods that he was selected for the street cleaning commissionership by Mayor Low. When he took office on January 1, 1902, he found the department in a demoralized state. From an organization of high efficiency, as conducted by Col. Waring, one of the most success ful of street cleaners, it had slipped back ward under two Tammany commissioners until it was merely a part of the patron-

Almost from the start Major Woodbury met with abuse and criticism. The residents of the Riverside Drive district complained about his use of the West Seventyninth Street and Ninety-sixth Street plers for dumping purposes, and there were complaints of filthy streets from various quarters. But criticism fell lightly on his shoulders and he went ahead in his own way. His methods did not always meet with popular approval, and whether they were right or wrong is an open question. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he instituted reforms and accomplished results that were of benefit not only to the city, but to neighboring communities. Before he

took office the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey were fouled with city garbage and refuse that had been dumped at sea-This was a constant source of annoyance to thousands of persons stopping at the summer resorts, and a positive menace to health Moreover, tons upon tons of valuable ashes were towed to sea daily and pitched overboard, because no one had de-

vised a means of utilizing them. The whole method of disposing of the city's refuse was laborious, costly, and unscientific. Major Woodbury decided to make a change. He began by using the ashes for land-fill. The material that was formerly dropped into the ocean was taken to the lowlands of Newark, Shooters Island, Tremley Point, and Newtown Creek, and the enlargement of Riker's Island, a piece of city property, was begun. The next move When John McGaw Woodbury resigned of the major related to the final disposition last week as street clearing commissioner of the city's daily output of garbage. amounting to nearly 1,000 tons in the three boroughs under his jurisdiction. He entered into a contract with a utilization comand the Tammany politicians got rid of a pany at Barren Island, and the garbage was taken there and converted into grease and fertilizer. In a few months dumping at sea was totally abolished, much to the satisation faction of the bayside residents. While the major's garbage contract has been criticised on numerous occasions, upon the the work, there has never been any question as to the wisdom of using the ashes for land-fill. About eighty acres have so far, been added in this manner to the property owned by the city at Riker's Island and other places, while many private individuals have also been benefited to a large extent.

Major Woodbury's activities did not cease here. He devised another method for the disposition of light refuse, such as wood and paper. In 1902 he built an incinerator on a pier at the foot of West Forty-seventh Street, and utilized the power produced there in generating electricity with which to light a department stable and several neighboring piers.

All the while, however, there were complaints of dirty streets, and the merchants and department stores were angry at the commissioner because he refused to remove their daily accumulation of refuse. The major contended, however, that as such material represented trade waste, he was under no legal obligation to dispose of it. In this contention he was upheld by the corporation counsel, under whose interpretation of the charter the commissioner afterwards acted.

ATTACKED BY TAMMANY.

When the administration of Mayor Low was drawing to a close and the campaign for the mayoralty opened, the Tamhis inspectors. This work he learned many batteries were turned on Major while unloading mules in Porto Rico, and Woodbury. The platform described the this statement had to be forgotten when the new executive, Mayor McCiellan, desions are effective if not pretty. To the cided to retain the commissioner in office. The mayor's action displeased the politicians, who saw a great opportunity for patronage ruthlessly taken out of their

> But the politicians decided to get square, and they did, in a measure. In Mayor Low's time the major had little difficulty in getting money for improving and increasing the department's equipment, which was left in a wretched condition by his. predecessor. Commissioner Nagle. But the Tammany aldermen held up the major's appropriations and subjected him to a series of petty annoyances. Their attitude was althe fact that Major Woodbury had once had a Brooklyn member of the board arrested on a charge of bribery.

At last Mayor McClellan came to the rescue. He said:

"Commissioner Woodbury cannot be forced out by such means while I am in office. He is one of the best officers in my Administration, and if he should retire, his retirement will be his own voluntary act," With the hand of many politicians against him, Major Woodbury still managed to do some work of value. He established an incinerating plant under the Williamsburgh Bridge, with a capacity large enough to consume one-fifth of the daily output of rubbish of Manhattan and the Bronx, and utilized the electricity generated there for lighting the bridge and its approaches. The aldermen did not succeed in having

the major's head lopped off, but they had another try this year, when they found the major retained in office by the second Mc-Clellan Administration. The aldermanic investigation of the Street Cleaning Department is of too recent date to warrant more than passing notice. Three reports were submitted, and the one written by William M. Ivins, counsel for the investigating committee, was adopted by the Board of Aldermen, after a long and bitter fight. The Ivins report of nearly 300 pages. condemned the Woodbury administration and asked the mayor to remove him. It did not, however, impeach the integrity of the major, and, apparently, he was not greatly disturbed by the disclosures. Few public officers in recent years have

been subjected to such a constant round of attacks, both personal and political, as were directed against Major Woodbury. But he fought back and declined to retire, because he was interested in his duties. and honestly believed they were well performed. Many citizens of New York seem. to think he was a failure as a street cleaner, but the major always said his handicaps. were many. He was an enemy of the pushcart men because they littered the streets. unduly, and he complained of the lack of police cooperation in the enforcement of the ordinance prohibiting the throwing of papers and refuse in public places. Another handicap, he said, was the disturbance of pavements by public service corporations and others, and he pointed to the obstruction of the highways by builders. His successor will doubtless find the same conditions, and it remains to be seen how he will overcome them. W. B. H.

> MARY AND THE FUEA. Mary, on her pretty arm, Every time she grabbed at it, It would "23." Pido saw her acting up Fido smiled and said, "Ah, hal'

> > -[Milwaukee Sentine].

RELABELLING FOOD PRODUCTS

HEN PICTURES TO COME OFF THE YEAL CANS.

The New Federal Pure Food Law Requires That Every Word of Advertising and Every Design Shall Be in Accord With Facts-Even Honest Dealers Regret Revealing of Trade Secrets

Whatever else it may do, the enforcement of the Pure Food law will necessitate a liberal expenditure of lithographer's and printer's ink in labelling new packages put out by the manufacturers. Where goods are shipped the length and breadth. of the country, advertised and used accordingly, they come under Federal jurisdiction. and the complexion of billboards and other display spaces advertising will, undergo a decided change. This re-decoration may even extend to the delivery carts, for the reason that designs used on the labels become in time such a trademark as to be repeated in facsimile wherever the company's "ad" is displayed. The label must give the true contents of the package, the true name of the manufacturer, and the true name of the place of manufacture.

Many of the familiar signs and figures which greet the eye in public places will disappear. But the Pure Food law is not to abolish display advertising! New types, new designs, new colors will take the place of the old favorites. The rush for publicity will be greater than ever. Those manufacturers whose products were up to requirements will give due prominence to the fact, and the less fortunate, once their shortcomings are remedied, will be equally zealous in proclaiming the purity of their

Food products will no longer be sold for what they are not. The regulations provide that no picture design or device which gives any false indication of origin or quality shall be used upon any label. For example, the picture of a pig will not "go" as a label if placed upon packages containing beef products, and the likeness of a chicken will be equally obnoxious to the Government if pasted on cans containing veal or pork. Geographical names may be used only with the words "cut," "type," "brand," or "style," as the case may be, except upon foods produced or manufactured in the place, State, Territory, or county named. For instance, ham not produced in New York is not "New York ham," and may only be labelled "New York style." Bologna sausage does not necessarily come from abroad, and hereatter it must be labelled "Bologna style sausage." Whiskey is not whiskey unless it is the straight, undiluted article, and Boston baked beans, as now advertised, need not necessarily have ever been in Boston. Indeed, most of them are not even baked, but are cooked or boiled. Cod, if the experts, are to be helieved, is not cod, at all. It make be hake, haddock, or cušk,

CREAMLESS ICE CREAM. Ice cream is no longer a strictly dairy product. It is now rather a kitchen dish and classified with puddings. Of course, there are all kinds of ice cream, but the truly commercial product contains very little cream at all, and is made largely of corn starch, gelatine, and flavoring extracts. As such, it is lacking by several per cent. in the fats required by the Government. Patent medicines are classified under "pure foods," so far as the law in question is concerned, and those that contain either alcohol, opium, or cocaine, unless the same is indicated on the label. in long primer caps, are not meeting the requirements. No matter how much artists and architects imitate the old masters, any medicine manufacturer who attempts to imitate the master work of some nostrum concocter is perpetuating a fraud. The manufacturer must be perfectly frank, make his ingredients public, and reveal trade secrets, if necessary. It has been proved beyond question

that adulterations exist; also that they are frauds on the pocketbook, rather than on the public health. Forced by competition, the manufacturer has cheapened the foods while not making them injurious. To do this he sought the chemist's aid, and he is now dependent upon the chemist to get the goods back to Government specifications.

No matter how good the intention of the to some changes of which he knows nothing. Be they small or large they are serious, and under the law become adulteration. To prevent them he is detests, and examinations the chemist keeps | at least once." the manufacturer informed as to the standard of his goods and holds him to the quality may be occasioned by flaws in the raw material. Foreign substances may enter into the composition during the process of making. Carelessness or laxity on the part of an employer may allow grave discrepancies in the receipt. The chemist, therefore, is the only check the manufacturer has to protect himself and the con-

Just what the requirements will finally be in many of the foods is not yet known. The Commission has been holding a last hearing this week, and from factories, laboratories, and law offices experts have been hurrying to Washington to get in a parting

word for some particular classification. There is a long list of the most common adulterated goods in the custody of the Government experts, and strange as it may seem many of these artificial products are deemed just as good for public consumption as the real article. Under the strict interpretation of the law, however, they are violations, and as such must be recti-

fied. A FEW ADULTERATIONS. The Government standard for lard is rendered fat from slaughtered, healthy hogs, and leaf lard is that particular fat taken from the inner lining of the abdomen, Both have to pass certain tests for fats and acids, and-unnecessary to say-one may now buy lard put up in pails that never was near a hog. Milk and its products are very easily adulterated, and despite the municipal inspections now being made all over the country, this article

tampered with, and sold far below standard. Maple syrup, the highlyprixed product from the sap of the tree, is very scarce and dear some years. Manufacturers get around this, however, by grinding raw sugar cane and flavoring the extract with blokory bark. Maple syrup is adulterated by the use of glucose syrup, as is molasses.

Even honey is not beyond duplicating, I is said that a preparation has been made and sold for honey that never had any bee mediation in it—the comb being made of paraffine, and the cells filled with a fluid substance made from glucose. This state ment, however, has been challenged by the bee industry, and branded as a He. But the Government chemists claim that they have proof of their assertion.

Ground spice has been offered for sale which was little more than a mixture of ground nutshells and flour, with lamp-black for coloring matter. Of course, some spice entered into this composition, to give taste, but very little. Such has been the advancement in synthetic products that many flavoring extracts are artificially made. Cottonseed and sesame oils make a clever substitution for olive oil, although they are not called by that name. They are known as salad oils and although the trade knows the difference, the average consumer does not and buys that article for the true oil.

COFFEE AND TEA ADULTERATED. There has been a strict Government regulation on tea, but this stimulant has been religiously adulterated for years, with leaves of other plants and spent tea leaves. To inrease bulk, coffee is adulterated with chicory. Not very long ago, some ingenious imitator got' out an artificial bean made with a mixture of cereals, sweepings flavoring material, and clay. The bean was a perfect counterfeit so far as looks went and was strong enough to stand a hot roasting. Chocolate is adulterated with flour, some manufacturers declaring that flour is absolutely essential to making chocolate palatable, just the same as it is to complete chicken à la fricasee.

Wines are adulterated and fortified by adding spirits. A preservative is. used and some wine has no fruit juices in it at all, being a mixture of spirits, flavoring extracts, and alcohol. Vinegar is another product commonly adulterated. A mineral acid is used for this, also an acetic acid, distilled from wood and some vinegar is stretched by use of water. In some parts of the country, a glucose solution is sold for cider or wine vinegar. Makers of recognized pure food products have little to fear either from the new regulations or the publicity attracted by the recent agitation and the framing of the new law. The great majority of manufacturers, in fact, pay little attention to the act on this score. What annoys them most is that in many cases they must print their recipes on the labels and reveal trade secrets to their competitors. H. J. C.

HOW THE TURKS

[Continued from page 1.1 bring it into line or destroy it. I didn't like that work, for they were known there as hard fighters. Even the Albanian brigands avoided them in their raids." I have heard the story repeatedly from the chetniks who accompanied Petrush in this expedition. They entered the village twenty strong, and commanded the inhabitants to assemble. The chiefs came ther the door of the house was shut, and five chetniks stood before it. Now the chief brigand of the village was the priest, a big fellow, with a beard down to his waist.

"Sit down." commanded Petrush. "Go to the devil," the priest replied A chetnik drove his bayonet two inches into the priest's thigh, and the latter dropped

"At them, comrades," he cried. This time he was knocked down by blow from the butt of a gun. The rest of the cheta covered the other brigands with their rifles and quickly disarmed them. The hands of the priest were tied behind him. Then Petrush made a speech advising them to enter, as Bulgarians and Christians, into the organization against their common enemies, the Turks. They promised, but insisted on the privilege of robbing Albanians. Petrush did not push that point then, and the cheta went away Six days later he returned. Again the priestshowed himself hostile. They disarmed entire village, beat him until he fainted. Again the cheta returned, after a week,

him, tied him to a tree, and, before, the but this time the priest fled into the forest. Then Petrush captured and disarmed five ring-leaders, who were sent to Bulgamanufacturer his product is always liable ria, their families being hostages for their good behavior there.

"In these two years," said Petrush, "I have exiled two of them to different towns in Bulgaria, and Servia, and there is not pendent upon the chemist. By periodical a man in the village I have not beaten

We climbed up into this bandit camp, All about the village were wheat fields legal requirements. These variations in and budding orchards. The villagers met us outside, as quiet a group of peasants as I have ever seen here, and a most hospitable community they proved themselves that evening. I studied their faces, not really criminal types, I decided. Broad good-natured, most of them; circumstances were perhaps responsible for their misdeeds At any rate, they have proved themselves faithful workers in the organization. Petrush made them a speech, partly for my benefit, perhaps, in which he reviewed their

> "Such damnable thieves as you were, gen tlemen." he said, "even the Albanians are not. But you have reformed and now you lead honest lives, as Christians should." "We have made mistakes," replied the president of the local committee "God for-

> "And if the schoolhouse isn't finished when I come here again," added Petrush, beware, you local committee. I'll give you a blow from the long arm of the Committee. And remember, be honest, with Turk and Christian alike. Steal not even, an egg, for who steals eggs will steal chickens, and who steals chickens will steal sheep, and who steals sheep, I shall hang to a tree."

For several mouths nothing has been heard from Mr. Sonnichsen, who has been leading the life of a Macedonian revolutionist. Apparently the "Eyoning Post's" correspondent's courier has had treuble in taking letters through the lines of the Turkish patrols.

Norman archway formed a new feature of harvest festival decorations at the narish church at Puncknowle, a fishing of common consumption is the most village in Dorsetshire, England.

WYOMING A BIG OIL FIELD

EFFECT OF THE WITHDRAW. AL OF LAND FROM ENTRY

Government Now Has the Key to the Petroleum Situation-Present Development in the Western State and What Is Expected of the . Future—One Small Refinery

Whether the railroads or the Standard Oll Company find the most reason for dissatisfaction with the recent order of Secretary Hitchcock, acting under President Roosevelt's instructions, withdrawing 6,-000,000 acres of Government mineral land in the Western States from entry, it would be hard to tell. As an instance of the manner in which the blow caught the railroads, it may be mentioned that in Routt County, Colorado, 622,000 acres of valuable coal land have been withdrawn from entry. If this coal land can be operated, the newly constructed Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railroad (the "Moffat road") will control an immensely profitable traffic, but if the coal cannot be mined and marketed, an important source of expected income will be cut off. The Standard Oil interests have been caught in a somewhat different, but no less galling manner. They already control thousands of acres of Wyoming oil lands; and, as is their custom, have counted confidently unon their ability to gain control of the balance whenever it should seem advisable. And just at the moment when it seemed as if the time had arrived comes Hitchcock's order shutting off some of the most desirable of these lands from private acquisition on any terms.

The purpose of the order is said to be to prevent the monopolization of the coal and oil lands of the West by the big corporations: but what the Government will do with them is problematical. Should it be the intention to hold them indefinitely. it would retard the development of portions of the West, and there will certainly be a popular outcry. Advocates of Government ownership hope that the Government itself is getting ready to go into the coal and oil business; but the wish is no doubt father to the thought, and the legal and constitutional obstacles in the way may be sufficient to prevent that dream from ever coming true. In any event. Congress is entitled to the last

A GREAT OIL FIELD. It is agreed by experts that it is in that State contains more proven but undeveloped oil territory than any other State in the Union. It is the nation's oil reserve, whose resources will be drawn upon when those of Pennsylvania, Indian Territory, Kansas, Texas, and California have been exhausted. The known oil fields are distributed from the extreme northeast to the extrame southwest of the State, in productive regions that have been located but whose limits have never been defined. Most of the proven territory is included in the vacant public domain, although from 10,000 to 15,000 acres have been taken up and patented by Standard Oil inferests and by the Belgo-American Oil Company (an English syndicate). With the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad's extension from Casper to Lander, on the edge of the Shoshone Indian reservation, it was the intention of Standard Oil and Belgo-American interests to increase their holdings to such an extent that they would control the situation in Wyoming. With this programme Secretary Hitchcock's order has seriously, if only temporarily, interfered.

PLACER CLAIMS FOR OIL. However, there are still hundred; of thousands of acres of oil land in Wyoming that is open to entry, and here the representatives of the trust as well as thousands of independent wealth seekers are making hay while the sun shines. Much of the Shoshone Indian reservation. just thrown open to settlement, is known to be underlaid with petroleum; and holders of lucky numbers in the Government land lottery have paid more attention to oil prospects than to farming possibilities Hundreds more who failed in the land lotlands still open for entry. Under the laws of the United States, lands known to contain petroleum or other valuable minerals in commercially valuable quantities are not subject to homestead entry, but may be located as placer mining claims, just the same as for gold, silver, or copper mining. These may be held by the performance of the required amount of development work, or may be patented and title acquired in that manner. Fearing that more oil lands may be withdrawn from entry, capitalists and would-be capitalists are leaving no stone unturned to secure as many claims as possible. In the Salt Creek field, Natrona County, fifty miles from Casper, a rush is in progress not unworthy of comparison with boom days in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Derricks are going up on every hand, and the search for oleaginous wealth is being prosecuted with feverish activity.

The oil deposits of Wyoming have been tury, but no wells were drilled until in valley of the Popo Agie River, not far from Lander After the lapse of twenty-two years, these wells still spout oil whenever the gates are opened, and pumps have never been installed, because unnecessary. In the same district, several more wells

production could be multiplied twenty fold production could be multiplied twenty fold MOVING MONTH could be found for the product. With the completion of the extensions of the Chiongo and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroads, it is expected that the markets of Utah, Colorado, and other neighboring States will absorb all that can be produced. The oil of the Popo Agle district is heavy and viscid, having an asphaltum base, and is therefore suitable only for fuel and as a lubricant. In suite of all precautions to prevent waste, the loss by seepage is very great, forming great pools or lakes of oil in the neighborhood of the wells. One of these lakes caught fire and burned for weeks, producing immense volumes of smoke that were plainly visible in the Big Horn basin, 150 miles away. Natural springs and pools. of oil scattered over a vast expanse of territory show where nature's underground for it is then that Nature sends many of reservoirs are filled to overflowing, and these creatures on long pilgrimages in indicate the enormous extent of the Popo quest of winter quarters. Wherever you go Agie oil basin.

the neighborhood of Lander is that found Nature is preparing her children for the Uinta and Sweetwater Counties, having cold weather soon to come. a parafin base, and making as satisfactory an illuminant as the best grade of Penndepth of 650 feet, causing a tremendous excitement at the time. When the difficulianco from important markets were realled, the excitement soon died out, and hundreds who had located placer claims allowed their claims to lapse. Concerning this field. David T. Day, chief of division of mineral resources. United States Geological Survey, says that geological for-

Near Bonanza, Big Horn County, another pool of paraffin oil, yielding 50 per cent. turn before making the final change, must high-grade illuminating oil, has been dis- wait until the warmth of spring nurses covered. But one producing well has yet them back to an aerial life. Although it is been drilled, the old question of finding a a long delay for the belated ones, they are market and obtaining transportation facilities proving a bar to development.

oming is a small concern, said to be controlled by Standard interests, located at winter begins. The blade-faced hornets Casper. It is kept running to its full call have but a few more weeks. It seems pacity by the output of ten wells located strange, too, that just as they have finishfifty miles away, in the northeastern por- ed their queer paper mansion they should tion of Natrona County, the oil being haul- be cut down by the frost. The queen hornet ed the whole distance in tank wagons. This is the only one that has intelligence comes from the Salt Creek oil field, pro- enough to leave her home at the ducing the highest grade and purest lu- approach of winter and take shelguess, and when the lawmakers get through | bricating rock oil known to exist, and ter under a bed of leaves or other it is probable that the railroads and the vielding a fair percentage of illuminating suitable location that will protect her. oil octopus will have about what they oil. For sixteen years from twelve to Since early summer these intelligent litwant. Nevertheless, the situation is such twenty wells have been pumped steadily, the creatures have been at work on the coas to give them a bad half hour at least. | yielding from 20 to 50 barrels per day, operative plan. At first, the queen is house If the 6,000,000 acres withdrawn from en- without diminution. Bull teams and mule builder, cell maker, egg layer, food providtry were all that was involved, it would | teams haul the product to the refinery, | er, and nurse; but as the colony grows, her not be so bad; but no one knows when where it is sold at \$7 a barrel. The very responsibilities are lessened, and the work another order of similar purport may be axis of this field is traversed by the newly is systematically divided among the house completed extension of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad for a distance and nurses. The carpenters gather tiny of probably 100 miles. According to fibres from weatherbeaten boards and glue Wyoming that the sensational oil strikes | Charles Thompson of Casper, Wyo., the them to the outside layers of the nest, and of the future will be made. Kept out of era of the development of the greatest when room is needed for egg cells they the race by lack of transportation facili- known deposits of lubricating off in the tear away the inner layers and use the maties and distance from the great markets. world has just opened, and more fortunes terial for outside work. will be made in the Salt Creek region than were ever made at Beaumont or Spin-

dle Top. County are numerous springs and seeps of petroleum, indicating that great reservoirs of oil are concealed beneath the surface. Strange as it may seem, in view of the fact that Americans are drilling for oil in Mexco, China, Russia, Bulgaria, and the sland of Penang, off the coast of Siam. to well has ever been drilled for oil in Lis district Hundraus of claims have been located, however, and many have been patented. Of those not patented, it is probable that some will be developed before

old weather. In the Rattlesnake Range is another untested district that employees of the United States Geological Survey regard as certainly in the productive belt. An enornous outcrop of oil-bearing sandstone enders it a practical certainty that im- sucks its body juices at his leisure. portant deposits of petroleum await intel- But the habits of spiders are not all

pearing districts of Wyoming. When it is damp lowlands, where the golden rod and remembered that goologically Wyoming is the jewel weed grow, adopts an entirely one of the least known of American States, different method of catching his prey it will be comprehended that the possibili- In the centre of his web he lies in wait, ties of the State in this direction defy com- and as soon as a bee or a grasshopper putation. So long as the Government reains control of the oll lands of Wyoming. has the key to the situation for the fuhe known and proven fields to break any perfect web-ribbon that gushes from his rust or combination that the oil magnates spinnerets, and in less than four secof all the rest of the world combined could onds the poor bee or grasshopper is bound JOHN L. COWAN.

WHAT A FARMER NEEDS. Invigorated with the autumn air, the Onited Farmers' Club attacked several propooaded to the muzzle with a charge labelled 'Single Tax." He thought it might encourage property holders to be honest instead of tax-dodgers. On the whole, he was "agin" it. It was expected that Hon W. Helme would be present to favor it, out "Jim" failed to "show up." and in his bsence the club voted against single taxnother case of truth, neglected, being rushed to earth. A lady clubman read a paper on "What a Farmer Needs." Conreturn for all these virtues?" To offer! Why, madam, country air, rural cherubs, tough as pine knots; a chance to raise chickens, swill the pigs, pail the cows wake the hired girl for breakfast, rouse the hired man, churn and make the butter hook up her own horse and drive the eggs and butter to market, with a dozen spring roosters fied by the legs, squawking under the seat; have a good time in town, return, 1884, when a number were sunk in the dishes, wait up till Molly gets back from the social let her in and get to bed by midnight, then,

Roses, with dewdrers so pearly;

were drilled, in 1901 and 1992, all of which for, at least, that's what some farmers proved good producers. These wells are wives say is about all they have to do bekept shut in, only being allowed to flow sides the washing ironing, and patching; at infrequent intervals to supply the deal and you ask one if she wants to have the mand. The annual production is not more | farm sold and move into town, she answers, than 5,000 barrels, for local consumption, Not for the world! The Onsted clubwoman for fuel and lubricating purposes. The is crazy."-[Detroit News-Tribuns.

FOR NATURE

INSECTS ARE JOURNEYING TO WINTER QUARTERS

The Spiders Build and Sail their Own Airships - Tarnished Heads of Golden Rod and Queen Ann's Lace Gone to Seed, also Tell of Summer's Pass

For many of the birds and insects Octo ber might be called the fall moving month in the country you will see unmistakable In sharp contrast with the heavy oil of evidences that summer is over, and that

Hurrying along the paths and highways are numbers of queer-shaped and queer sylvania oil. This field was discovered by colored caterpillars. Some are naked, some accident, in 1901, in a well being drilled for are covered with stiff bristles, while others water by the Union Pacific Railroad, at have rings of hairs about their bodies. Spring Valley. The oil was struck at the Regardless of obstacles they go steadily onward, climbing stone walls, logs, stumps, or whatever else chances to block their ties of transportation and the long dis- path. The natural inquiry is: "Where are these caterpillars going?" Having fulfilled their summer's mission

as foliage and plant destroyers, they are failed to perform the development work and now hunting for a suitable place to hide, shed their caterpillar disguise, and undergo a wonderful transformation that will turn them into butterflies and moths. Some of them do not begin these pilmations are such that vast supplies of grimages until it is too late in the season asily refined oil may confidently be looked to complete the change before winter begins. In such cases the caterpillars, or the chrysalides into which they

fortunate in one respect. Had they become butterflies or moths late in the fall, the cold weather would have cut their career short in a few days, whereas the spring The only oil refinery in the State of Wy- arrivals enjoy a much longer lease of life. The life of most insects is ended when carpenters, cell carpenters, food supplyers

> A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY. All this time the queen is attending to her one duty, that of laying eggs in the queer paper cells, shaped like honeycomb, The food providers are off hunting for fruit syrups and flies, crickets, and other insects, the juices of which are fed to the cooperative colony works until late fall, when nature exterminates them for the sea-

At this time also the fence corners bushes, and fields are filled with spiders webs. Every morning they sparkle in the night before. And as the sun mounts higher, and dries the web nets, the owner comes to the mouth of his tunnel-shaped doorway and waits for some unfortunate insect to fall prisoner. Then, rushing out, he drags the insect to his retreat and alike. A huge, tiger-colored fellow that These are but a few of the known oil- liviks in his handsome orb net in the telegraphs to him the announcement of its capture, he rushes out to attack it. While his front legs are turning the victim round and round, the hind ones are guiding a as tight as though it were wrapped in a FLOATING SPIDER WEBS.

> Probably you have wondered at the number of spider webs that float aimlessly through the air, and sweep across your face while you are strolling or touring in the country. A peculiar habit that young spiders have atthisseason of the year is reing to the top of a bush, weed, or a fence post, the spider spins several yards of thread: then he cuts it loose and allows the wind to carry it away, but for what purpose is not known. Possibly he is practising balloon-making, preparatory to taking a trip, which he often does by spinning and tangling the threads together until he has a mass of sufficient buoyancy

WISSNER PIANOS

While many years of exhaustive study have been spent in developing the rare and distinctive tonal qualities of the WISSNER PIANOS, nothing has been omitted which would in any wise contribute to that allessential quality—Durability. At the WISSNER factories, from the selection of material for the first stage of assemblage to final completion, this one feature is kept constantly in view. Durability is an element the purchaser cannot see and cannot hear when the purchase is made, but its absence is often too plainly visible after a few years' use. No doubt that the remarkable durability of the WISSNER

PIANOS has had much to do with their

Great Popularity With Musicians.

The following, from John S. Duss, the famous musical director and organizer of the celebrated Duss Orchestra, will give an idea of what musicians think of the WISSNER PIANOS:

My Dear Mr. Wissner: Now that the transcontinental tour with my orchestra—Madam Nordica soloist—is completed, it affords me pleasure to say that the beautiful Wissner Grand Piano was the subpleasure to say that the ozuthan wisher Grand Flancowater feet of general admiration.

The Upright Planco which was placed in Madam Nordica's private car, "Pilgrim," was a gem. It was at all times satisfactory, and when we arrived in New York City, was practically in as perfect condition, tone and tune, as it was before we started on our tour.

This record-breaking tour embraced the most important cities as
far as Vancouver, B. C., in the Northwest; Los Angeles, Cal., in the Southwest, and Galveston, Texas, in the South,
Wishing you continued success, I am very sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN S. DUSS.

Specials for This Week.

If you could buy a \$475 piano for \$325, would you consider it a bargain, even though the style of case should not conform to our latest models? And would a \$425 used piano, absolutely indistinguishable from new, appeal to you at \$250? We have several of these great bargains, both at our New York and Brooklyn Warerooms. Call early and get the choice of selection, as such an opportunity seldom comes. USED UPRIGHT PIANOS taken as part payment on Wissner and Leckering Planos at very low prices.

\$100 \$125 \$150 Elegant New Pianos to Rent. Brooklyn, Fulton St. New York,

the under side and, cutting the strand that has anchored his balloon, away he sails. Often he amuses himself by simply fastening one end of the strand to the persh on which he is standing, allowing the cord to float away on the breeze like a pennant on a masthead. These streamers can now be seen in great abundance fluttering from weeds, bushes, and other elevated posi-

Even the flowers tell of the passing summer quite as much as do the birds and insects. The yellow heads of the goldenrod have lost their brilliancy; the Queen Ann's lace has gone to seed. Along the roadside and in the meadows the white and the purple asters have taken the place of the midsummer flowers. Growing in the damp ground you will

find clusters of weeds, their leaves shining like silver after a rain or a heavy dew. This is the monkey weed, jewel weed, or silver leaf, but at this time more appropriately called touch-me-not, a name given to it because of the suddenness with which its ripened seed-pods contract when touched, casting the seeds in all directions. Country children have often been late at school because they could not resist the temptation to pause by the roadside and "pop monkey weed."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS. The songs of the birds that nested about your grounds are heard no longer. Many of the warblers, swallows and vireos, have already departed for their southern homes, while others are on their way. Nearly every night these migrants can be faintly heard passing, a few feet above the trees or the

nousetops. In the fields and pastures you will often see flocks of brown birds, a little larger than English sparrows, mingling in a most familiar way with the horses and cattle. some of them even perching on the animais' backs. They are young cowbirds, that have been raised this summer. Few persons would think it strange that "birds of a feather flock together," nevertheless, in this case, there is cause for comment because of the peculiar habits of the birds that faid the eggs from which they came. The cowbird is too lazy to build a nest for itself and raise its own young, so she avoids the troubles and worry or domestic life by dropping her eggs in the nests of birds smaller than herself, leaving them to be hatched and reared by foster parents. When you stop to thank that in a flock of these brown birds, there are cowbirds that were raised by warbiers, sparrows, flycatchers, vireos, goldfinches, and other birds of similar size, is it not wonderful that they all desert their foster parents as soon as they are able to care for themselves, and seek their own species? the parent of a cowbird? The bird that lays the egg, or the bird that hatches it

Here also arises a question: Which is and raises the birdling to maturity? J. ALDEN LORING.

-Travellers in Italy were so plentiful this season that the railway system was not equal to the strain, and almost com-



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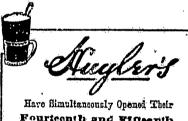
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