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CAN GET RID OF BURDOCK

Pest is Hard to Kill, but One Farmer Tells of Finding the Plant's Vulnerable Spot.

A weed pest of wide distribution, particularly obnoxious because of its numerous prickly burrs, is the burdock. Cutting it down doesn't do any good, for burdock develops a root system possessing wonderful vital tenacity, and promptly "comes up" again.

Like the well-known hero of antiquity whose only vulnerable spot was on his heel, the charmed life which the burdock seems to bear really is only a semblance. The burdock has its vulnerable spot, but few know where it is. An eastern farmer, living in a rural district where the worthless burdock had brazenly lived its parasitic life for years, happened on to the burdock's weakness—and burdock ceased straightway to be a bad pest on that farm.

This farmer cut, using a bush scythe, the burdocks infesting a fence corner. They were flourishing, arrogant burdocks—the kind that grew as tall as a man nearly and for a brief period in the summer, when the green burrs make elegant balls and cushions, are a delight to the children.

This farmer cut them all down with a scythe. A few hours later—it was in hot, dry weather—it occurred to him to try to pull up the roots. Thus he stumbled on the peculiar weakness of the burdock.

It has a long tap root which shrinks when the plant is first cut. If the plants have been cut off about four inches above the ground, leaving a hilt which can be readily grasped, and if the pulling is attended to while the tap root is still in the shrunken state, it is possible to pull the tap root up almost to its bottommost end.

RACIAL VIGOR WILL RETURN

English Writer of Opinion That Matter May Safely Be Left to Mother Nature.

Many writers have laid stress upon the fact that Europe, in losing the flower of its youth upon the battlefield, has left only the least fit and most unhealthy to become the progenitors of future races. And they cite the effect of the Napoleonic wars on the physique and stamina of the French.

In answer to these pessimists the scientific editor of the Illustrated London News writes:

"Against this it may be urged that the recuperative power of nature soon

reasserts itself, and no one who has watched year by year up to 1914 (as did the present writer) the yearly reviews on July 14 could doubt that at the outbreak of the present war, the Frenchman had more than recovered

the tall stature and the high muscular

and nervous energy of his forefathers.

While, therefore, we must expect a

certain failing off in the physique of the

children born between, say, 1914 and

thirty years hence, we may be fairly

confident that, given the maintenance

of the present standard of living and

the absence of any great epidemic, at

the end of that time the English race

will return to its prewar standard

physical fitness."

Just Occurred to Her.

A child's prayer has long been celebrated in song and story. Prayers from the youthful lips of faith have ever appealed to mankind. There are few so hardened as not to be moved by such prayers, or remember with awe their own lip sing of "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Children also, in their innocence, sometimes say prayers which are not without their humorous side, and these, too, have been handed down to posterity. In this latter class belongs the following true account of the prayer of a little girl who lives just on the other side of the District line in Maryland.

Little Lois was completing her evening prayer at her mother's knee. "Amen," finished Lois, and then, without a pause:

"Mamma, has the Lord got a bald head like daddy?"—Washington Star.

Electrification of Seeds.

There appears to be much interest in the electrification of seeds and the application of electricity to growing plants. A recent account of work along these lines tells of a new method of aiding plant growth. The seeds, ten or twenty sacks, are placed in tanks provided with iron electrodes at both ends; the electrolyte is a solution of sodium nitrate or some other fertilizer. Particularly with cereals—wheat, barley and oats—the yields of both grain and straw are said to be increased. Some five hundred farmers have taken up the treatment of the seeds, which is followed by a very careful drying in a kiln. The treatment is applied about a month or two before sowing.—Scientific American.

Papuan Oil.

Australia and Great Britain have each undertaken to spend up to \$250,000 in connection with Papuan oil development and two British geologists will probably begin work in the immediate future, pursuing the experiments already made by the Commonwealth. Papua and the Pacific Islands generally are interesting the universities of Australia which are considering the need for the study of anthropology and of native customs and languages. As a groundwork for such an investigation there exist an interesting series of governmental reports by patrol officers and other official pioneers of the new Pacific.

WHY DRUGGISTS DIE YOUNG

Customers Like This Very Particular Lady Must Be Great Strain on the Nerves.

The drug store was filled with worried looks—prescription faces. All were eager for quick action and the druggist was doing his best to meet all the demands. A woman, the only one without a prescription in her hand, shifted back and forth until she got directly in the path of the druggist.

"Wait on me, please," she said snapily. "I'm in a hurry."

"What did you wish?"

"Some birdseed—canary bird. And I want the real stuff, none of this camouflaged birdseed—sand, cornmeal, sawdust and a lot of other stuff."

"But, lady, we—"

"Oh, you can't fool me. I've been reading up on this birdseed graft. I read in a magazine where they were jamming all sorts of junk into this stuff we're feeding our poor little canaries. Think of cheating a poor little canary."

"But, lady, you don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, I do understand. I want birdseed that has a glaze on it—the kind that shows it is fresh by its bright color. I don't want this gritty stuff. I know what I'm talking about. I've been reading up and—"

"How much did you want, lady?"

"Oh, about a nickel's worth."

And the poor, unhappy prescribers fell in a faint.—Indianapolis News.

DAYS OF CHIVALRY ARE GONE

This Hustling Age Seems to Have Little Time for the Merest Elementary Courtesy.

It was the hottest and most uncomfortable day of the summer and the car was even more crowded than usual, says the Indianapolis News. Two young women who had done their full share of work for eight long hours, managed to squeeze into the car with the rest of the passengers. Of course all the seats were taken. Even suggestion that some one offer the girls a seat was far from their minds. They stood in the aisle, as good-naturedly as they had done nearly every day in months past. One can imagine their surprise when an elderly man rose to proffer one of the girls a seat.

"Take my seat, lady," he said, "you look lots more tired than I."

Gratefully, one of the girls started for the seat. A tall broad-shouldered man was just ahead of her.

"Naw, yuh don't," he snarled. "I guess I'm nearer the seat than you are," and he started to sit down.

"Well, I guess if you are going to take the seat I may as well keep it until I am ready to get off," the first man said, and with that he sat down again.

Two blocks later he got off the car, the tall broad-shouldered man rushed to the seat, and the young women held on to the straps.

More Than Her Mouth.

Although the groundhogs at the "Zoo" did their best to keep the spring day away from that fine park and playground for the people, time will bring spring within a few weeks now, at the worst. Time has a way of making things move.

Although crowds at the National Zoological park have fallen off materially during these cold winter Sundays, nevertheless many visit the park every Sunday. Much attention is given to the animals kept indoors naturally.

Thus the mother hippopotamus has her admirers. Recently two small boys, that good sort that shy rocks at cats and sparrows, were standing in front of the hippopotamus cage, watching Mrs. Hippo eat hay.

"Look at 'er open 'er mouth!" said one boy, lost in admiration.

"Mouth nothin'!" exclaimed the other.

"That ain't 'er mouth—R's 'er whole head she's openin'!"—Washington Star.

Tomb Was Tramp's Home.

A tramp who had solved the present day problem of where to live by taking up his abode in one of the old Roman tombs at Arles, on the Rhone, gave two Dutch tourists the fright of their lives.

They had gone out to see the remains by moonlight, when suddenly out of a tomb emerged a human form, which the moon caused to appear exceedingly ghostlike. The tourists fled at top speed for the town, declaring that they had seen a resurrection. The "ghost" was interrogated by the police and will be prosecuted for the French equivalent of wandering without visible means of subsistence.—From the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail.

Captain Couldn't Answer.

Master Charles Wymond Potter accompanied his grandfather, Capt. Charles A. Wymond, to the river at Evansville the other day to see that the elevator, boats, barges and coal were all right.

"Grandfather," remarked Charles, "why do they call dirt mud when it's wet, and dust when it's dry?"

No reply from grandfather, who is still thinking about the answer.—Indianapolis News.

Thoroughly Selfish.

"Do you know what I'd like?" said the first road hog.

"No, what would you like?" said the second porcine person.

"I'd like to have a motorcar so big there wouldn't be room on the broadest boulevard for anything to pass me but a breeze."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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