

THE SNOWBALL

By ANNETTE SYMMES.

It would never have happened if the snow had not been just right for snowballs—and if the red-checked little boy had not been out at play early in his teddy bear suit—and if the morning had not been so mild that the little boy's mother had opened the dining room windows. But the coincidence of all these circumstances resulted thus:

Polly Pritchard, in the upstairs window, looking out at the sunny brightness of the winter morning after a long bout of piano practice, saw the youngster in the yard next door, and was reminded of her own small nephew, who was doubtless smartly dressed and employed at that moment. Polly was a trifle homesick. A month in a strange city, her time spent either in the practice room or in the dining room, or in reciting the lessons thus prepared to a melancholy-looking professor with a staid tongue, had made her yearn for companionship. It is permissible for the very prettiest young ladies to make the first advances to gentlemen on whose faces radiate the fuzzy fuzziness of youth and toque the proper thing in the sports suit line, therefore she opened her own window, scooped up a handful of snow from the piazza roof, moulded it into a very soft ball and threw it. She intended it to land just in front of the youth she was preparing to "vamp" as he walked his way along the path, on his flexible flyer.

But alas! alack-a-day! When did woman hit the mark at which she aimed, either stone or snowball? The soft ball flew neatly in at the open dining room window, and struck the superlatively correct khaki back of a young officer who had just stepped up to the sideboard near the window, precisely where a snowbit of collar rose above the collar of a tunic! Then, as Polly had intended when she made the ball, it flew to pieces, with great effect!

The khaki figure became feverishly animated. Polly heard the crisp crackle of speech, as a white handkerchief sprang to the rescue; a handsome, clean-cut masculine head popped out the window, and as Polly, horror-stricken, drew back from the window where she sat, petrified, she heard a piping voice:

"Honest, Uncle Larry, I didn't! I was 'way out here. Honest 'n true, I don't know nothin' about it!"

Uncle Larry's eyes, sweeping the horizon for possible marauders, were arrested for a moment by this hasty movement of Polly's, partly concealed though it was by the draperies. He ran upstairs to change his collar, and from that vantage point perceived evidences of guilt—the scoop in the snow under the window on the piazza roof, where Polly's hand had gathered its snowball!

"Who lives next door, Auntie?" he asked at dinner that day, of his sister. "An elderly couple named Graves," was the reply. "They have a boarder, a young lady who is a pupil of Monson's. I see her going and coming; a very pretty, ladylike appearing girl. Why?"

"Oh—nothing," said Captain Larry. So it was not a roguish maid-servant nor, obviously, the staid proprietors of the establishment. It must be the boarder. Captain Larry put on his cap and went out with Buster after dinner.

"Buster," he said, "do you know the young lady next door?" "Oh, yes!" responded Buster enthusiastically. "I say 'Hello' to her most every day."

"Does she go out often?" he asked. "Yes, pretty often. She has a furry brown coat and a great big brown hat, and there are little dents in her cheeks," elaborated Buster.

"Will you tell me if you see her come out?" asked the captain. "I'll give you a nickel if you will."

"Will you snowball me, too?" demanded the child; "like I was a German?"

"Sure!" The captain took up his station on the path, she towards the street. The "battle" which ensued was thrilling, very! All at once a small voice piped: "There she is, Uncle Larry! There she is! Comin' down the steps, in the brown coat. Gimme my nickel!"

The captain gallantly pulled himself together and went into action with true American dash. Walking to the sidewalk, he lifted his cap to the girl in brown, whose cheeks were red as roses, and whose eyes danced with fun.

"Buster's done it!" he said. "I hope you'll pardon me, but this morning I was the recipient of a—ah—misplaced attention from somebody in your house. A very little shrewd-looking young man told me that the young lady in the house must be the party responsible, and I wished to see her. I asked Buster to point her out. He has! Will you excuse me the—publicity of the pointing?"

The "dents" in Polly's pink cheeks deepened. "If you'll pardon the 'misplaced attention,'" she said. "It was intended for Buster."

Buster is disconsolate. When you have fully decided to marry a young lady, it is a crushing blow to find that your Uncle Larry has basely gotten ahead of you. Would being a ring-bearer at the wedding appease you? Well, hardly!

HOW CHINAMAN GROWS HIS RICE

Preparation of Soil Encumbered by Tedious Details.

DIVIDED INTO TWO GROUPS

Upland Rice Can Be Cultivated as Any Ordinary Crop, Whereas Wet Rice Is Sown Under Conditions That Necessitate the Flooding of the Fields for a Considerable Time.

Rice is the chief sustenance of one-third of the world's population. It has been cultivated from time immemorial in tropical and subtropical countries, and more than 1,000 different varieties have been recognized. The rice plant is similar in appearance to wheat, but instead of having a compact "ear," it bears a head composed of a number of fine stalks, each of which contains one grain. The grains are covered with a brown husk; when separated from the rest of the plant they are known as "paddy."

Rice plants may be broadly divided into two main groups, namely, "upland" or "dry" rice and "lowland," or "wet" rice. Upland rice can be cultivated as any ordinary crop, whereas "wet" rice is sown under conditions necessitating the flooding of the fields for a considerable time during the growing period.

Rice is generally considered a native of China, probably due to the fact that Emperor Chin-Nang, who ruled 2,500 years before Christ, established a ceremonial ordinance which prescribed that the emperor should sow the rice himself, while four other kinds of seed may be sown by princes of his family.

Rice was also cultivated centuries ago in India and later in Egypt, after which, about the year 1408, its cultivation spread to southern Europe. In 1647 Sir William Berkeley planted the first rice in Virginia.

In 1694 a Portuguese bark homeward bound from Madagascar, driven from her course by tempests, was forced to take shelter in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and the captain, in return for courtesies extended him, presented Gov. Landgrave Smith with a bag of rice seed, which Smith planted that year in accordance with the captain's instructions, and from this crop sprang the present tremendous rice industry in the southern states.

Rice Growing is Tedious.

As rice is the staple food of China with its 400,000,000 inhabitants, it will be of interest to review briefly the general method of cultivation followed by the Chinese.

In China the preparation of the soil presents many tedious details, as very little modern machinery as yet has been introduced. The land is either worked with hoes, spades or mattocks, or plowed to a depth of about ten inches with an antiquated contrivance usually drawn by a water buffalo. Water is supplied the field by means of a waterwheel until the soil is thoroughly soaked. In some cases the field is first flooded and then plowed.

Green manure, consisting of straw, grass, etc., is spread on the field after it is flooded and worked into the soil with the feet.

Seeds are generally selected by sifting the paddy. This operation, which is performed in a sieve constructed of bamboo, eliminates effectively the undesirable and small grains, writes E. G. Herr, in the Grain Log.

A seedbed separated by boards about five inches wide, one-half inch thick and as long as the bed itself, is constructed in a corner of the field. The level of this bed is slightly higher than the field itself. The seeds are packed in a straw matting bag, and soaked in cold water for about five days until they begin to sprout, when they are sown broadcast on the bed, which is then covered with rice straw ashes to a depth of about one inch. Sometimes they are sown in the bed with no covering whatever.

Flooding the Rice Bed.

For the first five days the bed is covered with water about one inch deep, during both day and night. After that it is flooded each morning until the plants are five or six inches tall. The plants are then pulled out and stuck into the soil about one and a half inches deep in regular rows. The plants take root in about ten days after which a tong consisting of an iron comblike head is used to harrow between rows. Every effort is made to maintain a uniform depth of about two inches of fresh water, which is drained off when the head of the rice comes out.

Early rice is harvested about 100 days after transplanting, and late rice takes about 150 days to mature.

The comparatively low cost of rice has made it the staple article of food in Asiatic countries. Rice is also extensively used by all other parts of the world, as it is easily transported and can be held for a considerable period without deteriorating. There is no doubt that its consumption will materially increase with the dissemination of knowledge regarding the variety of palatable ways in which it may be prepared to suit the tastes of the most fastidious.

Spent 50 of His 83 Years in Jail. The oldest living burglar in the United States was arrested recently in Chicago. He is eighty-three years old and has spent fifty years of his life in prison.

"THE POWER OF THE MORMONS"

CARDINAL GIBBONS FLAYS MORMONISM!

Leading representative in America of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH Says: That Mormonism is condemned by the Catholic Church and is at variance with the plain teachings of the Gospel.

Mormonism stands indicted in the various ecclesiastical courts representing a united Protestantism. If reported correctly MORMONISM is under recent indictment of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH thru its leading representative in America, Cardinal Gibbons, as follows:

"There is not a man who has the welfare of his country at heart but must be alarmed at the existence and gradual development of Mormonism, which is a plague spot on our civilization, a discredit to our Government, a degradation of the female sex, and a standing menace to the sanctity of the marriage bond. The feeble and spasmodic attempts that have been made to repress this social evil and the virtual immunity that it enjoys, have rendered its apostles bold and defiant. Formerly they were content with enlisting recruits from England, Wales, Sweden and other parts of Scandinavia, but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their emissaries throughout the country and obtain disciples from all the States in the Union.

Mormonism, unhappily prevalent in the United States, is at variance with the plain teachings of the Gospel, and is consequently condemned by the Catholic Church.

Polygamy, wherever it exists, cannot fail to be a perpetual source of rushing thru life, and every other moral and social delinquency."

Also the following is a copy of a letter from:

REV. JAMES S. MARTIN, D. D.,

General Superintendent, National Reform Association.

Mr. Frank W. Packer, Pres. Fidelity Picture Plays Syndicate, Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Mr. Packer:

An altogether too prevalent opinion at the present time, even among the best people, is that Mormon Polygamy is largely a thing of the past. After many years of special study and investigation of Mormonism, I am thoroughly persuaded there is no foundation in fact for such an opinion. Indeed, the facts seem to justify the statement that it is, if anything more prevalent than ever before.

Furthermore, its present-day commercial and political power are sensed by comparatively few, and really understood by fewer still. By means of its enormous financial resources and consequent power, it is able to accomplish the seemingly unaccomplishable. Anything that money will do it is able to get done in almost every sphere of life. Moreover, while carefully preserving the form of our political life, it effectively absorbs the power thereof—not only in Utah, but also in many surrounding states. It even invades the national life.

Anything that will familiarize the American people—the people of the world, for that matter—with the real workings of this un-American institution, should be hailed by the public with patriotic gratitude.

The Motion Picture Screen has tremendous power, and the world wide exhibition before millions of people of a great and compelling picture on this subject, with true historical value, will go very far indeed to familiarize people with the workings of the Mormon system.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JAMES S. MARTIN, D. D. General Supt., National Reform Association

Our picture will unquestionably draw immense crowds; therefore, it is reasonable to say that it will be a tremendous dividend payer to the stockholders.

To the people of Rochester and vicinity who wish to make an investment in this picture, they will be obliged to take advantage of this opportunity quickly, as the stock will not be offered for sale much longer.

For Further Details and Particulars—Call, Phone or Write:

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Main 6833—Phones—Stone 1021

Fine Arts Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Enemies

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

PEOPLE are known and judged quite as much by the kind of Enemies they make as by the kind of Friends they have.

Choose your Enemies. Many a man or woman has been handicapped by having some one else choose their Enemies for them. For Enemies must needs come to every mortal character, sooner or later. And if you do the choosing of your Enemies, you know the kind you have to deal with.

Choose your enemies. Another strong point about choosing your own Enemies, is that you can study them to better advantage than if some one else chose them for you and acted as a Couch to them. For many a man, by close application to the study of his Enemies, can finally make them his Friends!

Choose your Enemies. Enemies have the most to do with and cluster most around those who are Positive and Definite as Doers. To have big plans and important work to perform and to go ahead with it without fear or favor, is to create Enemies from Somewhere, but enemies never come around unless you become Effective and Monumental in your efforts. Then the Enemies get busy.

Choose your Enemies. But never for a single moment allow the work of your Enemies to deter you from your forward flight. Accept them as a matter of course, never allowing yourself to get down to their level. For then they may swoop down upon you and bewilder and defeat you.

Choose your Enemies. And remember that by always remaining bigger than your Enemies, you have a path over which they may finally walk as your Friends.

A War Lesson. "Sponeleigh borrowed \$20 from me this morning, but I didn't mind letting him have the money."

"Why not?" "I noticed that he jotted down the amount on a scrap of paper."

"I thought it generally understood that a scrap of paper signifies an obligation that won't be met."

If wishes were horses beggars would be wanting limousines.

"Pink tea," Eva, is another name for a scandal function.

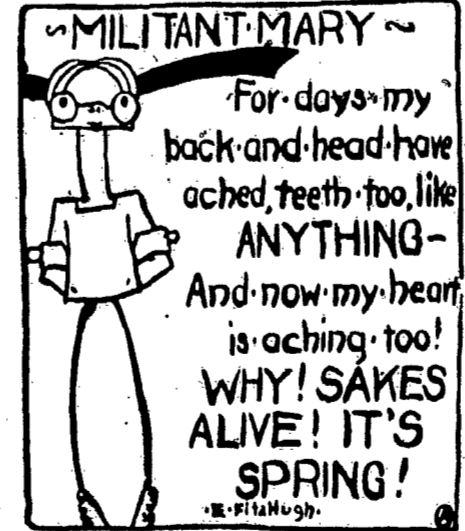
Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

A NATURE SPREE. It's getting on to spring again, My thoughts are on the wing again To joys that are to be;

And in a few short weeks again The hills and woods and creeks again Will whisper things to me. And every bird and bee again Will sing their tunes to me again And tell me it is May. And like a spendthrift wild again, Or as a little child again I'll throw a day away.

I'll quit the ceaseless grind again And leave all care behind again Nor think about the cost; I'll spend an idle day again, Nor count the while I play again, The gold that may be lost. I'll drum with brook and sky again And let the mad hours fly again, As sailors home from sea. And for a little while again I'll be myself and smile again A troller on a spree. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)



Mother's Knee. "Stories first heard at your mother's knee," said the moralizer, "are never forgotten."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and it is the same way with some other things you felt at a mother's knee."

Effective Printing

means good type, good presses, good workmen and good paper. We have the equipment and the workmen for you, and use Hammermill grades of bond, safety and cover papers. Let us show you

RED NIGHTMARE IN SIBERIA CITY

Survivor Paints Picture of Almost Incredible Atrociousness.

PRECEDED BY 5-DAY BATTLE

Homes of Wealthy Citizens Plundered, Houses Set on Fire and Families Left in Burning Buildings—Drunks Bolsheviki Stagger About Streets Applauding Each New Horror.

For sheer horror and almost incredible atrociousness the report of the affair at Nikolayevsk, Siberia, just made public at Tokyo, surpasses fiction of the most lurid kind. The story was brought to Admiral Kawanara, commanding the Japanese naval forces at Vladivostok, by a public survivor from Nikolayevsk, who made his way overland disguised as a Chinese pilgrim.

Fifteen thousand bolsheviki comprised the attacking force. After capturing the town and killing such stragglers from the evacuating Russian army as they could find the rods began pillaging.

They first plundered the homes of the wealthy citizens. The owners were tied with ropes, the rooms stripped of all valuables, and the houses set afire. The families were left in the burning dwellings.

Insensate Crimes in Streets. The bolsheviki then turned their attention to the "Intellectuals" or bourgeoisie. These unfortunates were dragged into the streets, their fingers chopped off, and their arms hacked from their bodies with hatchets.

Ropes were then fastened to their ankles and tied to horses. The horses were driven in opposite directions, pulling the victims' limbs from their bodies.

Drunken bolsheviki staggered about the streets, watching the atrocities by the light from the flaming houses and applauding each new horror as it was perpetrated.

The Japanese residents, the survivor's story says, were aghast, and hurried to their consulate for safety. They sent hurry calls for help and protection of the Japanese troops camped outside the city. The soldiers promptly responded, escorting native and Nipponese citizens to the consulate, about which they threw a cor-

The reels immediately tooted and burned the vacated Japanese quarter, the owners simply retreating to the consulate without protesting. The Japanese tried, the report says, to avoid a clash.

Finally, the bolsheviki entered all streets leading to the consulate and began firing on the Japanese troops and covering refugees. The battle immediately got under way.

Reds Slaughtered in Fight. Natives and Japanese men, women and children aided the soldiers in the defense of the consulate. Several pieces of light field artillery plowed great ruts through the closely packed red ranks, while machine guns cut the bolsheviki to pieces. But they were outnumbered fifteen to one.

Soon there was not a Japanese unwounded among those left alive. The grounds about the consulate were strewn with bodies of women and children. All through the night the desperate fighting continued.

And this kept up for five days and nights! At length, when their munitions were exhausted, the wounded Japanese soldiers threw themselves into the flames of their own consulate, rather than suffer capture at the hands of the bolsheviki.

The remainder of the Siberians and Japanese civilians, who were either too weak from hunger or dying from wounds and unable to kill themselves, hoisted the white flag.

When the survivor made his escape the last thing he saw was the bolsheviki racing forward to the consulate grounds for the kill.

THINKS CROWING WIFE'S CALL

Because California Man is Hard of Hearing Disturbance Results.

Because James Hoaglund of Venice, Cal., is a bit hard of hearing, there was a miniature Balkans in the Hoaglund home. Hoaglund faced a judge for disturbing the peace—and there will be roast chicken for dinner in the Hoaglund home.

He was spading in the garden. The rooster crowed, Hoaglund dropped his tools and went home prematurely for lunch. Mrs. Hoaglund said she hadn't called him. Then she did call him—many times.

Arraigned before Recorder W. W. Reinnie, after the battle, he explained, Mrs. Hoaglund heard and was appeased. Then they passed sentence on the rooster and went home arm in arm.

There are hosts of men who are ineligible to clubs. They don't coalesce with the general feeling.