

The Farm

Critical For Poultry.

The first few weeks is the critical time of a poult's life; young turkeys are rather delicate at first. Keep them warm and dry and protect them from storms and wet grass. Keep the hens free from vermin, as the poults suffer greatly from these pests.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Facts About Goats.

Goats do not eat grass as long as there are weeds and brush. An Angora is a prolific breeder and a productive shearer until twelve or thirteen years old. An ordinary fence is generally effective to confine goats. Their tendency, as a rule, is rather to go through a fence than to jump over.—Weekly Witness.

Add Humus.

When growing green crops to plow under to add humus it will be found more economical to turn down legumes and thus add nitrogen. When this is done it will not be necessary to use a fertilizer rich in nitrogen. Nitrogen is the most expensive element of fertility, and the air is a much cheaper source to obtain it from than the fertilizer works.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Repair Farm Tools.

The man who is handy with tools can save many a trip to the blacksmith shop during the busy season, says Drovers' Journal. Every farm should be equipped with a repair shop and every farmer should learn how to use tools. Save all the nuts, screws, hinges, bolts and any other pieces that might be of use, and when a machine breaks down you may have just the piece to fix it. A box in the tool shed makes a good place to throw odds and ends.

Profits on Poultry.

The profits to be derived from a flock of fowls depend largely—very largely—upon their housing and keeping. It is unreasonable to expect hens kept in a cold, damp, filthy house to produce eggs, and they simply will not do it. It is much easier to fix the house up now than it will be after the weather gets cold; in fact, the chances are ten to one that if the repairs are not made before cold weather sets in, they will not be made at all, and the result will be a lot of rumpy, sniveling, profitless hens and a disappointed owner.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Bugs That Eat Bugs.

The Department of Agriculture cultivates insects that destroy any and all crop parasites. The polygnotus hiemalis can whip any Hessian fly ever born; the typhlebus tritici is death on the green bug. The green bug eats the other, which promptly lays its eggs inside its devourer. The young eat their way to the open air, thus killing the green bug, says Van Nordan's Magazine.

To One Lady Bug is Due the Destruction of the San Jose Scale, which did millions of dollars' damage to the fruit trees of California. When the pest had become a positive menace the department heard of a species of bug in North China which was fatal to the scale. A large number of the bugs were procured, but all were dead except one when they reached this country. The one insect was taken to Washington and became a ward of the Government. She rewarded her keepers by laying about 5000 eggs. In an incredibly short space of time she had a flourishing family of seven billions and the reign of the scale was over.

Cracked Corn For Hens.

In a recent experiment the Maine Agricultural Station made a comparison of whole corn and cracked corn for laying hens. Certain poultrymen reason that cracked corn is more desirable when thrown in the litter, because laying hens, which tend to grow too fat upon the whole corn, are forced to take more exercise in securing the smaller pieces. In October 1000 April hatched pullets were put into ten like pens. Besides the other food, the pullets in one-half of the pens received whole corn, and in the other half an equal weight of cracked corn. The records of each pen from November to April show that the average number of eggs per bird receiving the whole corn was, for the various pens, eighty-four, seventy-eight, seventy-three, seventy-seven and seventy-six, and for those receiving the cracked corn seventy-nine, seventy-five, seventy-seven, seventy-five and seventy-four. From this experiment it appears that there is nothing in the results that leads to the conclusion that it is necessary or advisable to crack the corn fed to hens kept for laying purposes.

Building a Herd For Beef.

In building up a herd for beef production, select cows with a broad, deep and square body, cows with a good coating of flesh, for these, if bred to the right kind of bull, will produce calves that will prove profitable feeders.

Now for the Bull.

The bull is half the herd. He stamps his qualities on all the calves, not simply on one calf a year, as with the cow. Get a registered bull of the breed you want, even if you have only grade cows, as then you are sure you are getting a beef bred from beef ancestors. Select a bull that is of good size, with a proud masculine bearing, a good, intelligent head, broad and full between the eyes, yet with a quiet expression, as a nervous, excitable animal will never fatten to good advantage. He should be broad and straight across the back, with smooth, even hips. He should have well sprung ribs, heavily covered with flesh.

Spring is the natural season for cows to drop their calves, and the cows should be bred so as to drop their calves in the early spring, and then when the cows are turned to pasture in the spring the calves are old enough to go with them and thus

have advantages for making rapid growth and require very little attention during the busy summer months. When the calves are a few weeks old they should be castrated and the wound washed with some good germ killer, so it heals rapidly. In the fall the calves should be weaned and fed on good, nutritious food. This should consist of silage and roots, clover or alfalfa hay, oats and bran—equal parts—with daily allowance of some reliable stock food to aid digestion and promote a quick growth.

The Age at Which Steers Should be Marketed depends largely on the market prices, but as a rule well fed steers sell best at fourteen to sixteen months old.—Dr. David Roberts, Wisconsin State Veterinarian.

Culling is Beneficial.

Culling the flock improves it and makes it better every year, as a higher standard is constantly being evolved. By an observation of the individuals much can be learned. Instead of running indiscriminately with culls, one becomes acquainted with the good hens and perhaps makes pets of them and prides in their individual excellence is entertained by the owner. All of which is very desirable. Then, too, the young flock will be hatched only from the best producers and the choicest specimens, instead of from eggs taken indiscriminately from the egg basket and largely from poor specimens, says Epitomist.

Even with good pure-bred stock the matter of selection should not be overlooked. There is no likelihood of there being such extremely poor specimens in a pure-bred flock as in a flock of mongrels, but at the same time in every flock there are some that are better than others. The object of this, then, is to impress upon poultrymen and farmers the importance of a close scrutiny of the stock, and to teach the fact by careful selection a profitable flock may often be built up from what may at first seem to be very unpromising material.

Pure-Bred Horses.

Next week will end the county fairs in Ohio. I have attended county fairs and the Ohio and Indiana State Fairs this year. Becoming the owner of a coach stallion last spring, my interest centered in the horse displays at these fairs. I shall not dwell upon the displays at any of them, but I wish to say a few words through your paper of the result of my own experience and that of many horse owners to whom I talked.

In Ohio we have no stallion law; that is, anybody who owns a stallion, no matter how many blemishes or other imperfections he may have or how mongrelly bred he may be, he is for service to any who apply. At county fairs the so-called grade horse was there, but I am happy to say he was overshadowed by the magnificent specimens of the pure-bred horse. But the mongrel is like a cancer; he keeps on in business by the cheap price he offers for service, and the only way to drive him out is to pass stringent laws allowing no mongrel bred stallion to stand for service. When a company or a person pays from \$1500 to \$3000 for a horse they should be protected.—Under our present no-law-at-all, it is only a matter of four years when a horse of pure blood has stood in a locality, that there will be as many grade stallions as you have fingers in as many miles in every direction. This is not true in all localities, but this statement will hit more localities than it misses.

Thirty-five years ago I can remember that almost one-fourth of the horses were blind. We have better horses than in that day; we are becoming more educated, but like the liquor question, it takes more than education to correct the evil. Stringent laws of all kinds have been enacted to curb the liquor traffic, but it still exists. If the eradication of the mongrel bred horse is to be done by education it will be a long way off. That there should be a law of some kind there is no doubt, but who is going to take the first step? If the Legislature of Indiana would move in the matter, all owners of pure-bred stallions should get busy. In Ohio we have to wait a year yet, as the Legislature only meets every two years, and this is the off year. In an article in a week or two I will outline a law, which I believe would be efficient, and the working of such a law prove a boon to the horse business for generations to come.—C. C. Neal, in the Indiana Farmer.

The Early Military Band.

A little more than seventy years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entirely of brass dates, in fact, no further back than 1835. Prior to that time even our military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1783 a full regimental band consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

As showing the important part played by the "sounding brass" in our bands to-day it is sufficient to mention that in an up-to-date first-class band of, say, forty-two pieces, there would probably be found from eighteen to twenty horns, to say nothing of saxophones, which are partly clarinet and partly horn.—Tit-Bits.

Many Vines on a Small Plot.

A fine sample of what can be done on a small plot of southern California land has been furnished by W. S. Palmer, of Third Street. On the two city lots east of his house, a space less than one-third of an acre, Mr. Palmer last spring set out 30,000 grape cuttings.

The cuttings were heeled in during February and March and set out April 1 in double rows four inches apart. Two boys were able to take entire care of them during the summer, and at the present time all the vines are in flourishing condition, representing at the lowest nursery valuation \$3000.—Claremont Correspondence Los Angeles Times.

THE PAGE FOR WOMEN.

Evolution of What Was Once Considered a Startling Idea.

There was a time, however difficult it may be to realize, when women did not read newspapers, when in the majority of cases the daily journal was regarded by them as an insidious enemy of the household; when the "gude housewife" began her busy day opposite an autocat, who in disdainful silence delayed the savory breakfast to satisfy his curiosity regarding the antics of "bull and bear"; and when the youthful members of the family, unable to repress their bubbling spirits, brought forth ebullitions of paternal wrath from the gleamer of the stock market. In the evening the same conditions prevailed. My lord must needs retire behind the well-filled sheet, digest its contents and steal forty winks before becoming properly attuned to wifely confidences, and womankind, perforce from long years of experience, accepted in a matter of fact way these conditions as part and parcel of conjugal life.

By and by there loomed upon the horizon an editor with an idea, one who said to himself, "Once a week I shall run a story with feminine interest; the women may like it." And like it they did. Nay, more, they proved their appreciation by booming the circulation of that particular journal, and so gladdened the heart of the astute editor. Other papers took up the good work, following closely in the footsteps of the courageous pioneer, and thus it came to pass that, like the flashings of a meteor, paragraphs began to scintillate in the leading newspapers throughout the land, concise, to be sure, but unmistakable in their tendency to please women.

Then came a day big with fate, when a valiant editor, throwing caution to the four quarters of the globe, gave space to women writers on womanly subjects, and thus evolved the "Woman's Page." The effect was instantaneous, widespread and beneficial. The mind of woman broadened as she read, and not content with the restricted sphere of fashions, recipes and beauty talks, she stepped over the borderland into the very domain of man, into the world of science and politics; grappling and treating the policies of the day with so rare an intelligence, so just an appreciation, that men could only wonder and exclaim at what they termed—phenomenal. To-day the Woman's Page is a fixture. No longer does the feminine end of the household await in trembling silence behind the coffee urn the pleasure of her life-partner. She has become the oracle which decides the choice of journal in her particular province.

So powerful a factor is the woman editor and so far-reaching her influence that even the masculine element seeks the benefit of her services. Nay, more, it has been known to consult this authority on the delicate sprouting of a microscopic mustache or plead for a suggestion in the adjustment of a complex love affair. To be sure, in this wise old world, there are still many doubting Thomases who relegate women to their so-called sphere—the kitchen—whose dulled intellects deny the benefit accruing from the feminine atmosphere in journalism, who sneeringly suggest that fashions alone are laded forth to its many readers and who wittingly close their eyes to the growing influence of women. These may be graphically classed under the genus Crank, and with whom there is little sympathy. The spirit of comradeship is abroad in the land, and to-day men and women, hand in hand, traverse the paths of knowledge. What interests one is bound to please the other.

Indian's Picture on Bill.

Hollow Horn Bear, chief of all the Sioux, returning from a visit to Senator Gamble at Yankton on tribal matters, found himself "broke," and through Interpreter Elliston sought Judge Witten, in charge of the Tripp reservation, and asked him for a loan of \$5 to buy food for his family. When the judge presented a \$5 bill Elliston pointed out Hollow Horn Bear's picture on it. Judge Witten kept the bill and gave the chief specie and said he thought it advisable to retain the bill which contained the picture of the only living man who ever got himself photographed in that manner.

How the Japanese Bathe.

In Japan every one, rich or poor, takes one hot bath a day. Each house possesses a round, barrel-like tub, and in it the bather kneels. The temperature of the water varies from 110 to 120 degrees, and no Japanese thinks of taking less than an hour to bathe in.

Before going into the bath a preliminary scrubbing takes place, for which each person is provided with a brass bowl full of water and a small stool to sit on. The bowl is constantly refilled with hot water and the skin thoroughly scrubbed. The body at last gets so perfectly cleansed that when its owner steps into the bathtub the water is not "soiled," so to speak.

Big Texas Melon.

Robert Longbottom, a farmer near Shafter Lake, raised an eighty-pound melon. It is of the Georgia sweet variety from Texas grown seed. The seed was planted July 2, the vine blossomed August 7 and the melon matured September 13, making an average growth of two pounds a day from the time the blossom dropped off the vine until the melon ripened, and during its growth the melon registered a maximum gain of six pounds during a single twenty-four hours.—Galveston News.

Old London Clubmen's Wager.

The rage for gambling at White's and Almack's led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale: A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside; the club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members, because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.—London Chronicle.

WHITE PLAGUE GERM NOT ALWAYS DEADLY.

Expert Says Seventy Per Cent. of People Have Tuberculosis, Only Fifteen Per Cent. Die.

Tuberculosis in its many phases was thoroughly discussed at the ninth annual meeting of the American Therapeutic Society. Expert physicians told of the proper treatment of the dreaded disease in its varying stages.

The first paper, upon the treatment of tuberculosis, was read by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, who has charge of the White Haven sanitarium.

"The restoration of the afflicted individual to his normal capacity and the stimulation of his intrinsic disease fighting qualities constitute in a broad sense the modern treatment of tuberculosis," declared Dr. Flick.

"As a rule the tubercle bacillus is not very virulent to human beings. The tendency to recover is so great that the majority who suffer implantation will recover without developing noticeable symptoms. Seventy per cent. of all persons living in civilized communities get implantation of tuberculous. Only fifteen per cent. of those living in civilized communities die of the disease. Without mixed infection tuberculosis would never kill."

THE SENSE OF DISTANCE.

A Pleasure Mr. Glimmerton Finds When He Takes His Vacation.

"One of the things that I go on my vacation for, one of the chief things," said Mr. Glimmerton, "is distance; the refreshing, reviving, expanding power of distance. The change to new scenes, as any change whatever is always sure to be, is helpful; but the broadening, uplifting, clarifying effect, the effect in which we find the greatest enjoyment and by which we store up the greatest renewal of strength for the future, we get through our sense of distance.

"We are so shut up in the city, our range of vision is so limited; live where we will or go where we will here and our sight stops short at the day with so rare an intelligence, so just an appreciation, that men could only wonder and exclaim at what they termed—phenomenal. To-day the Woman's Page is a fixture. No longer does the feminine end of the household await in trembling silence behind the coffee urn the pleasure of her life-partner. She has become the oracle which decides the choice of journal in her particular province.

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POPULAR SCIENCE

An air gun of large size, working on the principle of the pneumatic hammer, has been devised for killing animals in a humane manner.

Prof. Frederick Starr, anthropologist at the University of Chicago, has been appointed an officer of public instruction under the French Government. The consul explained that this was one of the highest honors, in recognition of his work in Mexico.

The ravages of consumption, trachoma and other diseases of a like nature are so great among the natives of Alaska that in a few decades the races of that section will be extinct. Statistics from a typical settlement of the natives show a greater mortality than that of any other primitive race that has come in contact with Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Experiments made in compressed air by two English physicians demonstrated that divers can work at least 210 feet under water without danger of death from the pressure.

Astronomers of note are inclined to the theory that the eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered last winter, is the missing Lertell comet, last seen in 1779 close to the planet.

Resembling certain fossil quadrupeds more than any other living animal, a few specimens of the solenodon, an insectivorous animal, have been seen on the island of Santo Domingo for the first time in several years. It had been supposed that the animal was extinct.

The depopulation of the earth will be brought about through the failure of the water supply. This is the conclusion reached by the French geologist, M. Martel. He has made careful observations of subterranean caverns, and says that the earth is gradually drying up. They contain, he says, not only the secret of prehistoric life, inasmuch as they were the homes of men of the remotest age, but also bear indications of the endless future. M. Martel has found proof of a steady fall in the level of the water in these subterranean depths, and from these facts he arrives at his conclusions.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Publishers Who Don't Pant For Bulldog Suspenders.

Messrs. Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.: Gentlemen—Your favor of the 9th inst., offering us two pairs of your best "bulldog suspenders" for our personal use during the time we insert your advertisement free, received.

In reply we would say that we do not use the same kind of pants that bulldogs wear, and therefore your "bulldog suspenders" would be of little or no use to us. However, to take advantage of your offer, if at all possible, we have consulted our bulldog, and he informs us, his tail being somewhat of a wag, that he does not use suspenders to keep his pants up, but manages to do that by running after good advertisers, who appreciate the cash value of space in our paper and make offers on a money basis.

Such propositions as you offer would, if accepted, be business suspenders for every publisher who would be fortunate at the end of the year to possess trousers to keep up. Note the difference between business and "bulldog" suspenders. One is a calamity, the other the preventive of a calamity.

We are not panting for advertising contracts such as you offer; as they would not only keep our pants in suspense, but our shirts and payroll also.

Thanking you for the offer and thanking heaven that there are few business concerns in this country who make such offers, we beg to remain, Yours very truly,

SUNBEAM PUBLISHING CO., Per C. F. P., Salem, N. J., July 13.

A Sympathetic Farmer.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides, he should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night."

Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted:

"Never mind, sir!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Owl's Wisdom.

"In a hollow tree, during my vacation, I found two young owls," said a student. "I also found in the same nest two eggs. Puzzled that the mother owl should have abandoned her setting ere its completion, I laid the matter before my farmer host.



With the funny fellows

Revised Version. My Bonnie lies under the auto; My Bonnie sweats under the car. Please send to the garage for some one, For 'tis lonesome up here where I am.—The Home Magazine.

Still Talking.

First Commuter—"Does your wife saw wood? That's the rumor." Second Commuter—"She does not; neither does she say nothing."—New York Press.

A Thoughtless Man.

He (impulsively) — "Darling, I rather thought of kissing you." She—"How dare you? You know I can't scream with so many people about!"—Punch.

All in Diagnosis.

Patient—"How many different languages do you speak, doctor?" Doctor—"Only one, but I understand a great many different tongues."—Chicago News.

Nearly All On.

"Hurry up, Tommy!" called mother from down stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?" "Yes, mamma — all but one."—Everybody's Magazine.

More Libel.

"I see a certain actress says she likes to tell jokes to an audience of women." "Yes; they are afraid not to laugh."—Houston Chronicle.

Lots of Material.

"Much can be done with left-over food." "That's fine," declared Mrs. Nutbush. "I'll have plenty to work with, for hubby leaves over half of what I prepare."—Pittsburg Post.

Curiosity.

Mrs. Jones—"James, stop here." Chauffeur—"At Mrs. Smith's, ma'am?" Mrs. Jones—"Yes. I see her at the window, and I wish to see if she is at home."—Cleveland Leader.

Often Hastens Matters.

"Married, eh?" "Yep." "I thought it was purely a platonic affection." "It was, but another fellow started to call."—Houston Chronicle.

Sympathetic.

Muffin—"Hello, old chap! How are you feeling to-day?" Weeks—"Oh, I'm improving slowly—very slowly." Muffin—"That's good. I'm delighted to hear it."—Chicago News.

We Can't Escape.

"Looks to me like nature attends to keeping the money in circulation." "As to how?" "Well, there's the spring hat, the summer vacation, the fall gown, and Christmas."—Washington Herald.

The Same Texture.

Demosthenes, who was practicing oratory with pebbles in his mouth to cure him of stammering, accidentally swallowed one. "If that had been b-b-buttered," he stammered, "I could have thought it was one of my w-w-wife's b-b-biscuits."—Harper's Weekly.

Anchor to Windward.

Jeweler—"You say the inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring is to be 'Marcellus to Irene?'" "Young Man (somewhat embarrassed)—"Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut 'Irene' very deep!"—Modern Society.

As He Expected.

Earber (looking for business)—"Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handfuls." Jeggs (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—"You (hic) spouse I don't know (hic) that?"—Bohemian.

An Enjoyable Wedding.

"Here I am home again," said Mrs. Nagget, removing her wraps. "I was in plenty of time for the wedding, and I enjoyed it immensely." "You don't say?" snapped Mr. Nagget. "What was the matter? Didn't the bride appear at her best?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Made a Hit.

"I suppose the Galveston food cleaned you out?" "Nope." "Ah! a sufferer from the San Francisco earthquake?" "No, mum, I'm just a plain tramp or vag."

The Human Test.

Lady in touring car beckons to pedestrian. "Will you do me a small favor, sir?" "Certainly, madam." "Then please stand out in the middle of the highway and let me see how quickly I can stop my car without hitting you. I'm afraid this brake is out of order."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ready to Oblige.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, at a dinner in Cincinnati, told a quaint story about a precocious boy. "They are very precocious, indeed," she said, "those little chaps from Eton or Rugby, by their round, sober faces and their quiet air."

"A very pretty American girl was talking one evening in London to one of these urchins. "And have you got a sweetheart yet, Tommy?" she said, playfully. "No," said Tommy, "still, I'm game enough for a bit of spooning if that's what you're after."—Washington Star.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Lace Curtains.

All lace curtains should be soaked for at least an hour in cold water in which a little borax has been dissolved before putting them into warm suds. This takes out the smoky color and softens the dirt.—New Haven Register.

A Simple Insecticide.

Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer. Put alum into hot water and let it boil until it is all dissolved; then apply the solution hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places where any insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches and other insects are killed by it; will not injure or poison.—Boston Post.

Cleanser of Black Goods.

To remove spots from black material and to restore their freshness prepare the following mixture: Take ten cents' worth of gum camphor, break it in tiny pieces in a large bowl; pour a quart of boiling water over it, add to this five cents' worth of powdered borax. Bottle when cold, leaving the undissolved camphor in the mixture. Keep it tightly corked.—New York Times.

Shoes Blackened.

There is no reason why young or old should be careless about having their footwear kept in proper condition. A lamb's wool glove and dauber can be bought for ten cents and a box of blacking for another dime. By being careful to never use but one side of the dauber there will be no need of soiling the fingers, and the wool glove gives a fine polish with very little effort.—New Haven Register.

Sand Soap.

Half a bar of coarse sand soap should always be kept within reach of the right hand of every dishwasher. Rub the half bar right on the bottom, both inside and outside, of all saucapans and spiders. Follow this with a scrubbing with a five cent sink brush, kept up a little higher than the wire soap dish for the sand soap, and fashioned differently than the regular brush used for the sink. By training one's self to always use both sand soap and brush, pot and pan washing is robbed of its much talked of dislike. An occasional dipping of the pan brush on to the cake of common soap kept near will remove every vestige of grease.—New Haven Register.

Put two tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar in a saucapan, add eight crushed black peppercorns, two chopped shallots and a tablespoonful minced parsley. Cook five or six minutes, then set aside to cool. Break six eggs, separating the whites from the yolks, and stir into the cold vinegar, adding at the same time four tablespoonfuls buttermilk cut in small pieces. Set the mixture in a larger one of hot water so that it reaches the boiling point and is constantly until thickened. Add a spoonful beef extract, dissolved in a quarter cup hot water, season with salt and a little grated nutmeg and pour over the steak or whatever it is to be served with.—New York Telegram.

Invalid's Tray Table.

It is often impossible for a sick person to sit up in bed to eat from the tray, and when this is the case, it often is hard to put the tray in a handy and yet comfortable position for the invalid and in many cases the person is so weak it tires them to support the tray on the lap. A table for an invalid tray car is easily and quickly made by anyone. Select a small folding table, such as is used for sewing, and stand it beside the bed and saw off the legs on one end even with the bedstead. Move the table across the bed until the uncut legs stand close to the bed and the shortened legs rest on the bed and make the table firm. In this way the table is in the most convenient position, while it does not rest on the person in bed or prevent the use of the limbs. Another handy table for the invalid's use can be made from a doll's table. Cut off all four legs so that they are only about eight inches long. This table may be placed over the covered legs of the patient with the legs of the table resting on the bed on each side. These tables may be folded up and placed standing against the wall of a closet when not in use.—Boston Post.

Quick Waffles.—Three cups of flour, two cups of milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, one saltspoonful of salt. Sift the cream tartar and salt into the flour; dissolve the soda in a little hot water; beat one egg; put in the flour last.

Hush Croquettes.—Take what is left of the steak or any odd bits of meat from beef roast and chop finely, season with salt, pepper and a dash of celery salt; dip into the well beaten yolks of two eggs and fry in hot fat the same as doughnuts. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Butter Thin Nutlets.—Beat the white of an egg stiff, stir in enough powdered sugar to make stiff. Add one-half cup of chopped nuts (walnuts preferred) and spread quite thick on butter thins and brown in the oven. Nice to serve with hot chocolate or for lunches.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup molasses, put on stove and bring to boiling point—do not boil. Stir in one dessert spoon of soda and one tablespoon strong vinegar. While foaming pour over one egg, one-half cup sugar and one teaspoon of ginger. "No," said Tommy, "still, I'm game enough for a bit of spooning if that's what you're after."—Washington Star.

No Smoking For Children.

The Board of Education has ordered the prohibition of smoking by young persons under seventeen years of age.—The Shanghai Mercury.

Good Things to Eat

AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM

Quick Waffles.—Three cups of flour, two cups of milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, one saltspoonful of salt. Sift the cream tartar and salt into the flour; dissolve the soda in a little hot water; beat one egg; put in the flour last.

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