Poultry for Profit

TO CARE FOR CHICKS.

Wise was he who said, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and in view of this fact, chicks should be closely watched during the early stages of their development to see if they become infected with parasites. In view of this possible infection, it would be a very good plan to dust the plumage of the hen with disinfectant powders before her brood is hatched. These powders should be handled carefully, as it would injure the eyes of the hen, should they get into them. Upon taking the chicks from the nest, they should be examined for lice. These pests are rather difficult to see; are usually of a light grayish color, and are to be found on the tops of the chicks heads, or under their throats. A small quantity of sweet oil rubbed about their heads and necks will prove very effective in ridding them of these plagues. A little finely powdered earth-dust will often prove beneficial when sprinkled over the chicks. Grown-up fowls bathe in the earth-dust for the purpose of ridding themselves of lice.

After attending to the riddance of the chicks of external parasites, the possible gapes should be guarded against. This disease, if such it should be termed, is very destructive among young fowls. It is caused by a very diminutive hair-like worm, which the chicks swallow. This worm is of a red color, and measures from one-half to two-thirds of an inch in length. When swallowed, the worm becomes attached to the membrane which serves as a lining to the windpipe, thus obstructing the breathing. A number of remedial agents have been recommended, but the removal of the worm is the best remedy.

One way to accomplish this removal is to moisten the end of a small feather from which the web has been stripped except the tip, with oil or salt water, and then introducing it into the windpipe, twist it around and then withdraw it. This motion of the feather will usually entangle the worm, and it will be drawn out with the feather. A small quantity of sulphur mixed with corn meal, moistened with water and fed to them is a good remedy.

Cleanliness is doubtless the best preventive of gapes. A thin coating of lime spread over the ground where the fowls are to run, before the frost is out of the ground, will serve to prevent its infestation by gape worms.

It should always be well borne in mind that prevention is better than remedy, and in this cleanliness plays an important part.—Frank Monroe Beverly, in the Farmers' Home Journal.

DIET FOR HENS.

During the busy days, don't forget to provide for the hen's diet as well as for other stock; while preparing dainties for the table, hoard up some for the hens.

Perhaps several will have a patch of sorgum; now the seed, or the heads, may be stored in a loft, or a corner of some outbuilding, and will be a very dainty feed this winter for all kinds of poultry. There is quite a lot of food value in them, aside from their benefit as a change of diet.

If there is a patch of late corn, cure and store it away. When chopped into sizeable pieces, it will be found valuable feed, when all green forage is sealed up with snow and ice.

Clover is very valuable and where clover hay is fed to stock, there will be abundance of shatterings for the poultry, whether fed dry in a clean dry place, or whether steamed, or fed in a bran mash, the value of clover shatterings is greater than many think.

Save all the cabbages, whether heads or not; hens dearly love to pick at the leaves and heads. Cabbage is of value for supplying the missing green stuff, chiefly; but it tends to keeping the poultry in good health. Turnips are good as an appetizer, and are well worth saving. They should be chopped rather fine and fed raw, or else cooked done, and mixed with the mash, or with table scraps.

If you have no sorgum seed of your own, make an effort to obtain a load of some one who has grown a patch for molasses. In our neighborhood, the heads are usually left where they cut them off; even if for sale, the cost would be little as compared with their value, and the cost of other feed.

A load of sharp sand, or small gravel would be a good investment, and should be obtained before too late; also a pile of crockery for grit, either broken into bits now, or else stored to be broken as needed.

Dust and leaves don't come under the head of feed, but they are very necessary nevertheless, and a generous pile of each should be gathered in sacks or barrels and stored in the dry.

This doesn't require much effort, nothing as compared with their value through the winter.—E. C., in the Indiana Farmer.

NOTES.

To have healthy, vigorous and profitable poultry new blood should be introduced annually. Fowls that are in-bred in line for several years become inactive, diminutive and unprofitable.

One of the best of green foods for the hens in winter is cabbage. It is easily grown, easily kept and easily fed.

The use of a trap nest will speedily pick out the drones in a flock. A few trap nests should be had by every poultry raiser.

High roosts and heavy fowls do not go well together. Lame birds are sure to be the result. Roosts located not over two feet from floor are the best.

Dry, sandy ground is best for poultry, as gapes, cholera, etc., seldom appear on this kind of land.

Learning how to prevent diseases in poultry is worth far more than learning how to cure them. Besides, it is less expensive.

Trying to force pullets to lay by giving them high'y seasoned food is seldom satisfactory. They must be properly matured before producing eggs naturally.

A change of diet occasionally is appreciated, in fact, demanded, by the hens, so do not feed them day after day on the same kind of food. Fowls will eat nearly everything, so there is no necessity of limiting them to one food.

Don't rush all the turkeys off to the Thanksgiving market unless they are in the very best condition. The Christmas market is usually just as good.

Numbers are a delusion sometimes. Fifty hens well housed and well cared for will return a greater profit than a hundred that are allowed to take care of themselves.

Some men hate chickens because they roost all over the place, scratch up the garden and flower beds and eat enough corn to raise a drove of hogs. Other stock would be just as great a nuisance if not confined and cared for.—From "Poultry Pickings" in the Indiana Farmer.

OATS FOR POULTRY.

The Gleaner cheerfully adds his recommend to the "Agricultural Epitomist's" suggestion as to oats for poultry. It says:—

Oats make an excellent food for the poultry, providing they are of the right kind. The long, slim oat, with plenty of husk or hull, is poor feed for anything, but the plump, meaty oat is a good feed for all stock, including poultry.

Hulled oats for young chickens after they are three or four weeks old will help them to make bone and muscle faster than any other one feed, and this is the most desirable element at this period of growth.

For grown or feeding fowls we have at most seasons of the year fed one feed of oats daily with most satisfactory results. We have fed some oats after boiling them, for fall and winter feeding, but they were of poor quality, and the boiling was to soften the hulls rather than because the boiling added any other value to the oats feed itself. Boiling is not necessary with good oats except by way of variety in feeding. The best way is to feed them in the litter, scattered well and deeply so the fowls will have to do considerable scratching.

DAMP POULTRY HOUSES.

A great many poultrymen wonder why their poultry houses are damp. The location has a great deal to do with it, but, more than all, fresh air and sunshine will drive dampness away. The cause of dampness is always a lack of proper ventilation. A little ventilation rightly applied will remove the dampness and at the same time give the fowls more healthful conditions.—Farmers' Home Journal.

SORE HEAD REMEDY.

At the South Carolina Experimental Station the past two seasons, several remedies have been tried for sore head. The best results were obtained from the following mixture: Cloro naptholeum one part and lard four parts. Mix well and grease the whole head. If in an advanced stage wash the head in warm water to remove the scabs before using.—Farmers' Home Journal.

EGGS IN SALT.

A woman poultry raiser writes that her method of preserving eggs is packing them in dry salt. Have the top layer of eggs at least three inches below the surface of the salt. Pack in a large jar with the points of the eggs downward. Cover the top of the salt over with paraffine. She says the eggs will keep for several months.—Farmers' Home Journal.

The World Moves.

A rowing regatta has been held a mile above the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi river. It was given by the Zambesi Boat Club and participated in by four other clubs from Cape Colony and Natal. Truly the world gets smaller. No white man ever knew of Victoria Falls till Livingstone discovered them in 1855. For years afterward they stood in our midst as a symbol for the heart of an unknown land. They suggested orang outangs, pigmy races and all the mysteries of the Dark Continent. And now the English are holding a Henley in the broad and placid stream that rolls to their lofty brink. What need John Bull care that Belgium beat him on the Thames when he may claim the championship of all Africa?—Chicago Post.

Vegetable Milk.

The Japanese have discovered a cheap substitute for the milch cow in the form of a tiny bean. The juice, which is extracted by a special process from the bean, is said to be an excellent vegetable milk, the properties of which render it highly suitable for use in tropical countries. The preparation, according to the Java Times, is obtained from the Soja bean, a member of the leguminous family of plants, and a popular article of food among the poorer classes of Chinese and Japanese. In making the vegetable milk the beans are first of all softened by soaking and boiled in water. The resultant liquor is exactly similar to cow's milk in appearance, but is entirely different in its composition.—New York Tribune.

Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop.

London eats 180,000 tons of fish each year.

Congratulations To Chicago

By Jeannette L. Gilder.

THE sort of woman's rights that I believe in is the sort that puts a woman where she belongs, without regard to sex, and entirely because she is the right person in the right place. My congratulations to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young upon her appointment to the position of Superintendent of the Chicago public schools. With the one exception of our own Superintendent Maxwell, Mrs. Young is said to be the highest paid State educator in the country. Ten thousand dollars a year is a good salary for any woman not on the stage, and Mrs. Young deserves every dollar of it. If training and practical experience count for anything, Mrs. Young knows it all. Let me also extend my congratulations to Chicago, not only upon gaining the best Superintendent to be had, but upon its recognition of faithful and efficient service. On this account it will have an inspiring effect.

Drifting Toward *the* Pole.

By Captain Amundsen.

THE Fram, equipped for a seven-years' trip, will leave Norway early in 1910. The route will be around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where coal and provisions are to be taken on board. I hope to reach Point Barrow, Alaska, in July or August. From there the last report will be sent home and the voyage proper begun. Beyond Point Barrow I shall take as small a crew as possible. My course will be North-Northwest. When the right point for our farther advance northward is found, we shall try to get as far into the pack-ice as possible, and get ready for a drift of four or five years' duration over the polar sea. From the minute the ship becomes embedded in solid ice, a series of observations will begin, whereby I hope to solve some of the problems about which we are still in the dark. Concerning what I expect to find in the unknown parts of the polar sea, I will say nothing at present. Some people have theories that great masses of land are to be found there; others, that there are but small ones. I, too, perhaps, should have my own theory, but I think it better to postpone formulating one until I have made my investigations at closer range.

The Great White Way.

By Thomas L. Masson.

LIGHT and darkness. Light in a great glare, bleaching everything, shining over the surfaces of all things. Darkness underneath—pitch darkness, lying deep below the semi-shadows. The Darkness of Ignorance, obscuring all the under-effects.

Girls. Girls with new souls, just beginning to hide them, and girls with remnants of souls, hanging on desperately; and girls with no souls at all. Girls with little shrunken bodies, concealed, or seemingly concealed, by goods—dry goods and wet goods, powders, paints, and patches.

All kinds of men, from the callow young thing to the purple monument of Alcohol—celebrities and semi-celebrities, nobodies and somebodies; men with rolls and "wads," and men with open fronts and empty interiors.

The current moves along, like the flow of blood in an artery, transfixed by the strange light of the X-ray. Big corpuscles and little corpuscles, vying with each other, preyed upon by weird microbes, strange human germs seeking whom they may devour.

Crowding and eddying, swaying and surging on again, they float along, individual atoms disappearing only to be replaced by others. Then comes midnight, one, two, three, and lo!

The disease has been checked, until next time.

States with Ideas *of* Their Own

By Philip L. Allen.

COMPARATIVE legislation is being studied. The various Legislatures, notably those of New York and Wisconsin, through their library bureaus, are making it their business, before passing important new legislation, to find out the experience of their neighbors with similar questions. This means, even in the most superficial aspect, that State legislation is likely to become progressively less deserving of the ridicule and contempt it has so often received in the past. No far-reaching national policy, but only the simplest mechanism of friendly co-operation, is needed to eliminate many of the needless and annoying differences in State policy. That we are getting this co-operation in larger measure is one of the answers which the States have made to their critics. Of all possible ways of securing uniform legislation, surely the best is the voluntary copying of those statutory details which have worked well in the States of their origin and the dropping of those which have worked badly. To advocate more than that is to advocate the destruction of laws and policies which have been found suited to the needs of some localities, but not all.

The Social Hegemony *of* England

By Sidney Whitman.

WHENEVER Englishmen gather together on the Continent a Golf Club or a Lawn Tennis Club is started in the same matter-of-fact, business-like spirit in which the foundation of an English church abroad is laid. And as it has generally been understood that the local authorities should make a present of the site of the building, so also now in the matter of games some surrender is expected from them. The Emperor Francis Joseph places a large piece of ground in the centre of the Prater at the disposal of the Vienna Golf Club, rent free. Anybody conversant with the game of golf knows what a princely gift this is, inasmuch as a set of golf-links may cover between one and two miles of ground. However, it is all taken as a matter of course. The idea would never occur to anybody to ask whether the King of England might be willing or, indeed, able to place a similar site at the free disposal of a French or German Club in London. It may be accepted as a further proof of the firm hold of English Social Hegemony in Austria-Hungary that, although the Dual Monarchy has received some hard knocks from English politicians in days gone by, the Emperor himself, as well as his subjects, harbors sentiments of sincere admiration for England and the English. The Austrian or the Hungarian aristocrat is never happier than when he is dressed up like an Englishman, looks like an Englishman and is mistaken for one. If of high degree, he and his family in all probability speak English and read English novels. Their trainers, coachmen and valets are often Englishmen. I have known a Hungarian magnate of exalted lineage to occupy a box in a Vienna theatre whilst his English valet sat in evening dress in the stalls.

Buried Kettle of Gold.

At Minneapolis, Minn., S. Katz, who, when in life, lived in seeming poverty, left a large sum of money concealed under the floor of his building on South Seventh street.

When his grandson, Isaac Greenburg, was here recently to look after the property he took up the floor in the store building, and in a place designated by the old man before his death found an iron kettle covered with tin and buried in the ground.

In this kettle was $4,000 in gold coin which had been hidden there some time before his death by Mr. Katz. Almost his entire property is said to have been left to his daughter, Mrs. C. Greenburg, of Fargo.

The Soft Answer.

At a dinner in Bar Harbor a Boston woman praised the wit of the late Edward Everett Hale.

"Walking on the outskirts of Boston one day," she said, "he and I inadvertently entered a field that had a 'No Trespassing' sign nailed to a tree.

"Soon a farmer appeared.

"'Trespassers in this field are prosecuted,' he said in a grim tone.

"Dr. Hale smiled blandly.

"'But we are not trespassers, my good man,' he said.

"'What are you then?' asked the amazed farmer.

"'We're Unitarians,' said Dr. Hale."—Washington Star.

Sometimes it seems easiest, says Puck, to number your successes by counting the chances you didn't take.

Measuring Extreme Cold.

The open season for north poles suggests temperature. Mercury freezes at minus 40 degrees Centigrade. Platinum wire electric resistance thermometers are now used in physical research. With these temperatures as high as 1,100 degrees C. and as low as minus 200 C. are practical. Such a thermometer is electric in the fullest sense of combination and delicacy and few "scientists" could handle it. Absolute zero, 273 degrees C., temperature of space. Lowest temperature yet reached, 263 degrees C.; boiling point of liquid air, 182 degrees C.; boiling point of liquid carbolic acid, 73 degrees C.—New York Press.

Children's Clothes.

The favorite materials for schools coats are heavy tweeds, plain or with a double face, and wool serges. Many of the dress coats are in white curly lamb, or in white fur-trimmed cloth. Quantities of ready-to-wear models are offered in plush and other cloths that imitate furs. The fancy for the all-white outer costume for children under 8 was never before so generally followed. Sometimes it is varied by an all-black costume (where the family is in mourning), or by a pale tan or gray suit. The imitation and real fur suits usually comprise leggings and caps or bonnets to match.—Harper's Bazar.

Time is not money, argues the Boston Post, when you waste a shilling's worth to save a penny.

For the Little Folks

THE BEETLE.

Whither away so fast,
Bold beetle, say?
Spurning the sand-grains in thy busy haste,
Across the trodden way?
In purple mail bedight,
So dark and truculent,
Armed cap-a-pie like Launcelot for the fight,
Or on love's errand bent.

For thee the wheatfield towers
In high, dim colonnades,
Still hurrying down the overarching bowers,
Still pressing through the blades?
The midgets in thy track
Shrink trembling and aghast,
To see thy jointed horns and armor black
Sweep proudly, proudly past.

What, wilt not stay thy feet?
No rest, no leisure yet?
Ere those dark clouds in toppling thunder meet,
And all the world be wet?
Well, I will onward, too,
Into the western sky;
We'll think great thoughts of all we mean to do.
Old beetle, you and I.

—From "The Poems of Arthur C. Benson."

NAUGHTY MINNIE AND DOLLIE.

On Minnie's sixth birthday her dear old grandpapa gave her a beautiful doll. In fact, it was the very nicest doll that was to be found in the toy store of the city in which Minnie lived. Grandpapa whispered to Minnie's mamma that he paid—now listen—that he paid $5 for the doll! So you all know it must have been a very beautiful doll and very stylishly dressed.

The day that Minnie received the lovely doll for a present she was very proud of her and handled her very carefully, so as not to soil her lovely gray silk dress, which was trimmed in pink ribbon bows and white lace frills. And on her head dolly wore a most becoming hat trimmed with pink roses. And dolly's hair was soft and brown and curly, real hair that one could comb, you know. And Minnie, for the time being, very proud of dolly, decided to give her a very nice, aristocratic name. She called her Pearline. Of course, grandpapa laughed when Minnie told him her doll's name, and her mamma said: "Oh, you don't want to call her that, dear. I guess you were thinking of the name Pauline, weren't you?"

"No, mamma, I wasn't thinking of Pauline at all. I named her Pearline because it is such a pretty name. And I want her name to stay Pearline, too."

So Minnie's mamma only laughed, just as Minnie's grandpapa had done, and dolly's name remained Pearline. And for days and days Minnie never went anywhere without Pearline, carrying her tenderly and proudly in her arms. And every one whom Minnie met—that she knew—she would tell about Pearline, and like a loving mother would uncover the doll's face so that the chance acquaintance might have a look at her.

But after the first week the novelty of Pearline were away, and Minnie began to grow tired of her. She would go to play with her little friends, forgetting Pearline altogether until some girl would ask: "Where is Pearline? I haven't seen her for ever so long." Then Minnie would tip her nose in the air and say: "Oh, Pearline is such a bad child! I just leave her at home as punishment, you see."

And all the time that Minnie was saying these naughty things about Pearline she knew she was misrepresenting her dolly, for never a better dolly lived than Pearline. And she was such a neat little lady, too, was Pearline. She had a way of staying clean and tidy even when tossed about by the careless Minnie.

But one day Minnie decided to take Pearline for a walk in the park. She dressed her up in her best frock and hat and put her in a pretty doll cab that her papa had bought purposely for Pearline to ride in. After having traversed several of the shady walks in the park Minnie decided to rest awhile beside the fountain. She sought out a bench and sat down. She drew her dolly close to her side and began scolding her in a very cross voice. "Now, Pearline," she said, "if I hadn't brought you out here with me I should run and romp on the commons. But here you are—always in the way, and I have to remain here to watch you. You certainly are a very naughty child and I shall have to give you away."

As Minnie talked so crossly to Pearline a stray puppy came along and listened a bit. He seemed to know just what Minnie was saying, for he looked pityingly on Pearline. The poor dolly had really drooped her beautiful head, so miserable did she feel at being treated so unkindly by her little girl mamma.

Minnie was too busy watching some children on the commons to notice that the stray doggie had walked slyly up beside Pearline's cab and was watching her intently. He seemed to say: "Never mind, dolly, I know how badly you feel about being treated so cruelly. And if you wish it I will carry you off. I have two dear little mistresses, and they would be glad to take you to their hearts and love you. They are too poor to have fine dolls like you—unless I should find one for them. And I am sure you would like to go to them, for you seem so unhappy."

And while the doggie seemed to say all this the dolly seemed to be listening to him, and to agree to all that he said. Presently Minnie decided to take a run about the commons. Turning to Pearline she said: "Now, you naughty doll, I am going to leave you here by yourself while I go for a run through the green grass. Will you behave while I am away? If not—well, you'll be punished when I return."

Thus admonishing Pearline, Minnie ran off to the commons, for she had recognized some of her friends there romping. She soon forgot all about Pearline in her cab beside the fountain and stayed for an hour, playing with her friends.

A few minutes after Minnie's departure from the bench the little doggie went softly up to the dolly and took hold of the back of her waist by his teeth. He lifted her from the cab and ran away into the woods with her. Soon he was far from the fountain, and still going on. He left the park at an unfrequented spot, crawling through a hedge. Strange to say, not a soul had noticed the doggie running with a great doll held in his teeth. And Pearline was very happy, even though she was terribly uncomfortable and her pretty dress badly crumpled. She felt that she had found a true friend in the doggie.

After some traveling the doggie turned into a pretty wooded lane which led to a small suburb of the city. Entering the town, the doggie soon sought out a little cottage with a green yard and trees about it. He ran up the porch and scratched at the door with his paw. The door was instantly opened by a little girl, who cried out: "Oh, Puggins, where have you been? We've been so uneasy about you. And where did you get that lovely doll? Oh, sister, come and see what Puggins has found somewhere. And the dear doggie has brought it to us."

Another little girl, as pretty and sweet as the first, came running to the door and was overjoyed to see Puggins—the doggie's name—there. Also, she was overjoyed to behold the beautiful present he had fetched in his mouth.

"Some one has either thrown the doll away or lost it," said the mother of the little girls when she saw Pearline and Puggins. "We'll advertise the doll, and if no one replies she'll belong to you, my dears."

And so in the next day's paper an advertisement in the lost and found column was inserted which described the doll, Pearline. But the days went by and no one came to the cottage to claim the beautiful doll that had been picked up by a dog somewhere. And as Puggins nor Pearline could neither of them tell tales, the mystery of the doggie's taking the doll was never explained. And in vain did Minnie look for her doll on returning to the commons; she could not find a trace of her anywhere. "She's a bad, bad doll to go and get stolen," declared naughty Minnie. "And I'll just let her go and get another doll prettier." And she went home, very indignant at Pearline, the helpless dollie whom she had so sadly neglected and at times had treated so unkindly.

And away out in a pretty suburb, in a clean little cottage, Pearline—who was now called Fairy—lived in contentment and happiness, for she had not only the dutiful. Puggins to look after her wants, but two devoted little mistresses who adored her and who never used her unkindly for a moment. And the two little girls always wondered if a fairy had not sent this beautiful dolly to them seeing that they were too poor to buy one so fine.—Washington Star.

ERRORS ABOUT BIRDS.

Some of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong "You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard; yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out, and how, after a time, one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake; for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal. The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk, the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon, it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wire-worms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges. In a game-preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost $8,000 in one year.—St. Louis Republic.

MASTER RUFFLES.

I am going to tell you about my white Angora cat. He is nearly three years old, and I have brought him up from a baby kitten. He is very intelligent, and I have taught him many tricks. Ruffles is his name, and a very appropriate one it is. I never take him out except on a leash. One day, when I had him on the lawn, I happened to turn my head, and he slipped his leash and disappeared. I hunted high and low, in the house and outside, and had given him up as lost, when I chanced to look in a bureau drawer that was open, and whom should I see but Master Ruffles, all curled up and fast asleep.—Audrey Browne, in the New York Tribune.

A child of seven, a confirmed liebed, rose for three successive mornings at 7 sharp. His astonished mother, making up the little bed, found a scrap of paper under the pillow. "Death of a child from overlying." Being a wise mother, she carefully replaced the cutting, asking no explanation. Four weeks have passed, and each morning the little lad has bounded from his bed on the stroke of the hour. Another instance of the uplifting influence of the press.

EMBROIDERED GIFTS.

Some towels that are being embroidered for gifts will have, besides the monogram of the recipient, the small initials of the giver worked in cross stitch in one corner. A set of embroidered table linen received by a bride was worked by her college chum and every piece had not only her monogram but the initials of her friend inconspicuously placed.—New York Sun.

REMOVING STAINS.

It is not generally known, but peroxide of hydrogen is invaluable for removing perspiration stains from white satin coat sleeve linings, but great care must be taken that it does not touch the cloth part. No rim is left when dry to show that anything has been used, and there is absolutely no after odor. This same fluid is also invaluable to remove the discoloration that linen collars leave on the neck, and it does not irritate the skin.—Baltimore Star.

TO LAUNDER MOHAIR.

You can launder shepherd's plaid mohair, if you like, and without hurting it in the least. There are only two little tricks of the trade to be mastered. The first lies in the quality of the soap, and the second in the heating of the iron. Get some white soap of a good quality; it contains borax, which is cleansing, and which adds crispness to woolen materials, and it will not fade the colors.

When ironing mohair a very even heat is required; hot irons, while they may not appear to scorch the fabric, will rot it, so that it will split or crock on the first wearing.—Boston Herald.

YOUR TABLE LINEN.

The careful keeping of table linen will mean more toward a perfect table than perhaps the quality of the linen itself. The most exquisite table linen will look no better than the poorest quality if it be thrown into a too small drawer or closet.

Just a pair of tablecloths will go further if they are kept well flattened or, better still, rolled on a pastboard or wooden roller than a dozen ill-kept ones.

All centerpieces, if not rolled, should be spread flat, in a full-sized box or a linen-covered portfolio. The portfolio is a reliable addition to the dining room or pantry, and it may be made at home by covering two pieces of pasteboard with tan-colored linen or crash, hinging them together with coarse linen thread or with narrow ribbon strips an inch in length, so that the portfolio will hold more flat linen pieces. This, when filled, is tied together with ribbons and kept in a napkin drawer, where even the sudden rush for napkins can no longer wrinkle the embroidered linens.—New York Press.

TO KEEP MILK.

This week's bulletin of the department of health gives much useful advice to mothers and to householders generally regarding the best methods of keeping milk pure. The director writes:

"Cleanliness and cold are necessary in the preservation of wholesome milk. Germs, entering milk from dirty vessels and the air of the room, are increased but slowly when the milk is under a temperature of 48 degrees Fahrenheit, but increases with great rapidity when the milk is warm.

"Do not allow the bottle or pitcher containing the milk to remain for hours upon the front door step before it is taken into the house.

"Those not owning refrigerators can easily improvise one for a few cents by taking a small packing box, putting two inches of sawdust upon the bottom, upon which is placed a tin can sufficiently large to hold the milk bottle or pitcher, around which sawdust is packed to the top. Pack ice around milk vessel and cover the box with a wooden top.

"Take from your milk receptacle only enough milk for one feeding of the baby. Never pour back into this vessel milk left over from the feeding.

"All utensils in connection with milk should be boiled in clean water and set away, unwiped, bottom upward to dry.

"Do not buy milk from the grocery store or bakery, where it is kept in a can open much of the time."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RECIPES.

Hot Milk Sponge Cake—Place upon the stove 1-2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter. Beat 2 eggs together with 1 cup sugar, stir in 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, then add hot milk and butter, 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Beat thoroughly. This makes a fine grained cake and is inexpensive.

Potato Salad—One medium sized Bermuda or silver onion, chopped very fine; five or six potatoes cut into dice, three hard boiled eggs. Chop two of the eggs and mix well with the onion and potato. Mix into this salad dressing (mayonnaise). Line a platter with crisp lettuce leaves. Put salad on this. Dip on a little dressing and slice the third egg on top.

Catsup—One peck of ripe tomatoes cooked and strained, one pint of vinegar, one and one-half cups white sugar. Put in a cloth two tablespoonfuls cloves, one-half tablespoon allspice, two tablespoons salt, four tablespoons cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon cayenne pepper. Cook to desired consistency or thickness.

Cream Scones—Sift one and one-half cupfuls flour into a basin, add one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful sugar, rub in one tablespoonful butter, pinch of salt and enough cream to make into soft dough. Divide it into two pieces. Roll out thin and round, then divide into eight pieces. Bake on a warm griddle turning once.

Speaking of gossip, exclaims the Lippincott, even the auto runs you down behind your back.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_41_1-0822