

THROUGH COLLEGE BY WORKING

BY E. E. DEERING.

About 90 per cent. of the country boys who attend college pay all or part of their own way by working while attending school. Here are a few of the ways in which boys earn their school expenses.

It seems better for the farm boy to choose outdoor work whenever possible, for this gives the necessary relaxation from the indoor work connected with his studies. One thing a boy should remember when looking for work is that work should be such that it will interfere the least with his studies. Time should also be left for some of the social functions of the college, for the boy who misses taking part in some of the social life of the college has missed one of the most broadening influences of the school.

TOO MUCH WORK.

I knew a boy who once, perhaps out of necessity, took work that eventually led to a failure in one of the main courses of his major group, and shut him off from all the social functions of his school. He carried a newspaper route that was seven miles long, and carried it twice a day. At four o'clock in the morning he started to deliver his papers, then after delivering them ate breakfast and went to an eight o'clock class. Almost invariably he was so sleepy in that eight o'clock class that he could hardly hold his eyes open. No wonder he failed. Again at eight o'clock at night he had to carry the route. As he could seldom get a substitute he missed all the social life of the college that year.

Quite often the student will have to make his own job. One boy spent almost a week going from place to place looking for work, for other students had already taken all the ready-made jobs. Finally he placed an ad in the town paper, stating that he could prune shrubbery, shade trees, fruit trees and vines. He soon had all the work he could do. Then as time went on he got jobs of repairing around the homes and outbuildings of people in the town. In the spring he set out a large number of flower beds, gardens, vines and shrubbery, and so added

a large number of lawns. All of the work was secured through advertising in the town paper.

One boy advertised for fruit trees, shrubbery and gardens to spray and care for, and had all he could do. He saw that the caterpillars were ruining the elm trees of the town and went to his agricultural teacher and found out the proper treatment. He advertised in the papers that he would treat trees, and got lots of work.

COLUMBIAN POLKS MUST EAT.

One boy acted as a salesman of eggs, butter, meat and poultry for a number of farmers in his neighborhood. He found that his best buyers were the boarding houses where students stayed, as they used large and regular quantities of the farm products. He charged a fair profit for selling and seeing to the safe delivery of food from the farm.

One boy raised thousands of flower plants of all varieties, mostly annuals, then advertised that he would set out flower beds for any one at a nominal cost. Later he added vegetable plants to his list and secured an agency for selling shrubbery, and did landscape gardening.

Three boys started a neighborhood farm products market. They rented a small building, cleaned it up, and had farmers bring in eggs, meat, butter and vegetables twice a week. They opened their market twice a week, Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon. The business paid all their expenses for three years.

A small car was the means of earning another boy's way. It was changed into a light truck. Baggage was hauled for students.

Three cows earned another student's expenses. The milk was sold and delivered in large quantities to boarding houses.

One boy who had two riding horses gave riding lessons to college students who had money to spend, and rented his horses by the hour for more than he could have earned at working. He always had a waiting list of those who wanted to ride or take lessons, and at a good price, too.

More Income from Fewer Acres.

As father came up through his early years of farming, his mind was focused on the idea of getting more land. He farmed his land, saved his money, and bought more land. His idea of success in those days meant just one thing to him—more land. It was perfectly natural that he should look at it that way. The same view was shared by the other farmers of his day. And as the acres grew into more money, he and his neighbor farmers became fairly wealthy under their old system of expansion.

We younger fellows (the sons of those older farmers) have to tackle that expansion problem from a somewhat different angle. Relatively speaking, the price of land has come to a standstill. We younger fellows can't go out and buy more land and expect it to double or triple in value in our time as it did in our fathers' time. We have to expand without buying more acres, simply by making the acres we have produce more stuff. Farm a bit more intensively.

One day I went to town with three different classes of produce from our farm. I had a load of corn, several crates of chickens and a basket of butter and eggs. It required only land, equipment and labor to produce the corn. It required all these and corn to produce the chickens. It required all these and chickens to produce the eggs.

To produce the more finished products required an increased investment in the farm business, but it didn't require more acres. The money we had invested in the corn was necessary to finance raising the chickens. A still further investment in cows and chickens was necessary to produce the butter and eggs.

That is the system we younger farmers have to follow in our scheme of expansion. Put our money into more and better stock, more and better poultry, and more fertility for our soil—but not into more acres.—P. C. G.

Tankage for Nursing Sows.

Tankage has been proved at the Brandon Experimental Farm to provide a useful part of the ration for sows raising litters. A test was made with three sows with litters of twenty-seven pigs, and three with litters of twenty-eight, all approximately of the same age. The meat ration fed on group was made up of oat chop two parts, barley chop one part, bran one part, and shorts one part, with three per cent. oil cake meal added. The second group was fed a similar ration but included ten per cent. of tankage. Seven pounds of meat per sow per day were fed in each case. The extra cost of feeding the sows with tankage for twenty-five days was 63 cents. The sows receiving the tankage lost 29% pounds less than those in the other lot, while the litters of the tankage-fed lot gained 12% pounds more than those in the check lot. This test is reported in the Brandon Experimental Farm report for 1925, available at the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Troubles are like infants; they only grow bigger by nursing.

School Lunches.

A remarkable change has occurred in the kind of lunches children take to school. Thick pieces of bread and butter, often dried out before noon, a bit of meat, a piece of cake or soggy pie, and an apple made up the usual lunch in years gone by. These were piled together in a paper with little thought of how they would look at noon. To-day the children's lunch is carefully planned and packed so that it will fit in nicely with the hot dish served at school. The lunch-box should be of odorless material, light, easy to carry and to air. Tin boxes or pails with perforated lids are the best type, as they can easily be cleaned by washing, scalding and airing.

The lunch should be neat and attractive. In packing, first line the box with plain paper napkins. Take time to wrap each article of food separately in waxed paper so as to prevent the foods from being shaken about. The empty spaces can be filled in neatly with paper. Liquid or semi-liquid foods should be carried in tightly sealed jars. The children are interested in emptying and caring for the container. They should be encouraged to pack their own lunches, relieving their mothers of this task.

A well-planned school lunch-box should have one or more foods from each of the following lists:

Bread sandwiches with: Canadian cheese; ground cheese and bacon fat mixed; cottage cheese and peanut butter; cold meat in thin slices; peanut butter; baked beans; bacon; eggs, hard cooked, chopped and seasoned; fish made into a paste and seasoned; lettuce or cream.

Fruit or vegetables: Apples, grapes, oranges; cooked fruit, baked apple, prunes, canned fruit; raw carrot, tomato, celery, radishes; vegetable salads in glass or jar.

Sweets: Baked custard, rice pudding, lunnet; cup cakes, cookies; dates, raisins and nuts, figs, prunes; sweet sandwiches of jam, jelly, marmalade, marmos or prunes.

MENUS FOR WHOLESALE LUNCHES.

A ham sandwich, a jelly sandwich, an apple, a small piece of plain cake.

A cottage cheese sandwich, a brown bread and butter sandwich, an orange, a cookie.

A chicken sandwich, a Graham bread and butter sandwich, one-half cupful of apple sauce.

A chopped-egg sandwich, a bread and butter sandwich, one-half cupful of stewed prunes.

A peanut butter sandwich, a jam sandwich, radishes, a cookie.

A chopped meat sandwich, a bread and butter sandwich, one-half cupful of canned fruit, gingerbread.

With the addition of a cupful of hot soup or cocoa (prepared at school), these lunches provide sufficient nourishment for growing children.

The food is very desirable, in that it is easy to eat, and the children who live too far from school to permit their going home for the midday meal.

This is still an era of heroism. Lots of people eat mushrooms.

A reported farm tool is better than a tool with a mortgage on it.

Some people are terribly disappointed because the worst never happens.



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Clever lines give an effect of smart simplicity in this new model of black satin. The bolero front effect, the tight-fitting sleeves, the smart collar and shoulder arrangement are all ultra modish features. Fullness in the front of the skirt is provided for by side plaits, while the back is plain and in one-piece. A narrow belt is slipped beneath the buttoned-down point of the bolero and fastens in the centre back. No. 1403 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3 1/2 yards 30-inch material; 1/2 yard contrasting color; lining 1/2 yard 36-inch. 20 cents.

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RED RIPE RASPBERRIES

Florence was picking red raspberries. There's nothing very remarkable about that, of course. Little girls often pick red raspberries, especially when they like them as well as Florence did. The remarkable thing about it is that summertime, which is really red raspberry time, was over, and still Florence was picking red raspberries.

There was a long row of bushes on one side of the garden, and in early summer they had been loaded with beautiful berries, red and sweet, and fragrant as roses. But now it was fall. The peaches and pears had been gathered, and only grapes were ripening, when the raspberry bushes began to blossom again.

"They're fall-bearing bushes," said Father, when Florence told him about it, "but they bore so heavily in the early summer that I don't believe there'll be many berries this fall. You may eat all you find." And that's how it was that Florence was picking red raspberries and putting them into her mouth as fast as she picked them. As Father had said, there weren't very many, but every day some new ones ripened, and how good they did taste!

"I'd rather have red raspberries than anything else," said Florence, as she lifted up a heavy little branch where six big bright berries were hiding under the leaves. "I do enjoy them!"

"Do you? I do!" said a clear sweet voice a short distance away.

Florence looked around as she put the last big berry into her mouth. She didn't see anybody, so she went on hunting, looking closely under the leaves where the largest ones were likely to be found. Suddenly she spied an enormous red berry, half eaten away.

"Something eats these lovely berries," she said, half pouting. "Here's another one spoiled! I wonder what it is!"

"I do. Do you?" came the voice again, and this time it sounded close at hand, so that Florence raised her head quickly. No person was in sight, just a few feet away, on top of the grape trellis, sat a beautiful large red bird, with a lovely crest on his head.

"It's the cardinal!" said Florence softly. "I've never seen him so close before. I don't wonder Father calls him a noble bird. He looks like a king with his crown on. Isn't he beautiful!"

She stood quite still, looking at the cardinal for several minutes, and he sat quite still, looking at her. Suddenly he spread his lovely red wings and flew off to the apple tree. And then his clear, sweet whistle came again, repeated several times:

"I do. Do you? I do. Do you?"

For some days after that Florence didn't pick any red raspberries at all—not a single one. She came to the bushes every day and looked around among the leaves, and when she saw the rosy berries hiding so safely she smiled and ran happily away. Then one day he came again—this time with a little basket. She started at one end of the row and picked the berries slowly, dropping them into the basket one by one. How many there were!

"I do hope there'll be enough to fill the basket," she said eagerly. "We ought to have at least a quart!"

"Why, dearie," said Mother when Florence showed her the basket heaping full and running over, "how did you find so many berries? Haven't you been eating them every day. You know Father said you might?"

"Yes," said Florence. "I've been eating them, but the last few days I've been saving them up. I thought perhaps we could get enough for supper to-night when Cousin Ruth comes. She loves red raspberries, too."

"Red raspberries again!" said Father at supper time. "How did you get so many, Florence? Haven't you been picking them every day?"

"I've been saving them up for the last few days," said Florence. "Aren't there a lot I left some for the cardinal, too?"

"I'm glad of that," said Father. "I always find that the things I enjoy most in my garden are the things I give away."

And just then, in through the open window, floated the clear, sweet whistle of the cardinal:

"I do. Do you? Do you? I do. Do you?"

S.S. LESSON

October 3. Second Sunday in October. Census, Num. 10: 1-15. Golden Text—Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.—Numbers 10: 1-15.

ANALYSIS.

- I. THE DEPARTURE FROM SINAI, 11-13.
- II. THE ORDER OF THE MARCH, 14-25.
- III. THE INVITATION TO HOBAB, 26-32.
- IV. THE ARK AND THE CLOUD, 33-36.

INTRODUCTION.—The Book of Exodus carries the story of the great journey of the people of Israel as far as Mount Sinai and the second year of their life in the wilderness. Numbers continues the story of the fortieth year, when they had reached the plains of Moab and had subdued and taken possession of the lands of the Amorites east of Jordan. The book receives its name in the ancient Greek and Latin versions and in our English Bible from the fact that it contains two enumerations of the people, the first (chaps. 1-4), at Sinai in the second year of the wilderness sojourn, and the second (ch. 26), in Moab in the fortieth year. Chapters 1-10:10 tell of a series of events at Sinai, and contain also various regulations governing the life of the people and their religious duties. Chapters 10:11 to 22:1 tell of the journey between Sinai and Moab. The remainder of the book is occupied with what took place in Moab.

I. THE DEPARTURE FROM SINAI, 11-13.
"In the second year," Compare the dates in 1:1 and in Exod. 19:1 and 40:17. They had been ten months and nineteen days at Sinai. Compare also Deut. 1:6-7.

"The cloud was taken up." The appearance of the cloud is described in 9:15-23 and Exod. 40:34-38. It was the visible symbol of the presence of God in his tabernacle and with his people. It is represented as leading the people on their journey as a column, or pillar, of cloud by day, and of fire by night (Exod. 13:21; 14:19 and 24; Num. 14:14; Deut. 1:33; Psalm 17:14). Again it appears as descending from the sky and standing "at the door of the Tent," and in it or through it, God speaks to Moses (Exod. 33:9-11; Num. 11:25; 12:5; Deut. 31:15; Psalm 99:7). In other passages the cloud covers the sacred Tent, or Tabernacle, and remains over it, glowing as with fire by night, and is lifted up above it when the camp is moved (40:34-38; Num. 9:15-22; Psalm 108:39). Whatever the form of the appearance it was recognized as "the visible symbol of the spiritual presence of God, guiding, protecting or speaking in Israel, during the journey through the wilderness." Whether or not some simple natural explanation of this remarkable phenomenon may be found we do not know. Some have supposed that a brazier of burning coals stood at the door of the Tent-sanctuary, and was carried at the head of the marching people, as has been the custom of companies of pilgrims, or even of armies, but this can not be proved. Sir Walter Scott's well known hymn very beautifully conveys to us the profound and comforting religious truth which it contains. The first lines are as follows:

When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

The testimony is the name given to the stone tablets upon which were inscribed the commandments of the law of Moses, and which were laid in the ark and so within the most holy place of the Tent-sanctuary (compare Exod. 31:18 and 25:22).

"The clouds abode (or settled down) in the wilderness of Paran," as a sign that the people were to halt and encamp there. This wilderness lay to the north of the peninsula of Sinai.

II. THE ORDER OF THE MARCH, 14-25.
Chapters 2 to 4 describe the arrangement of the camp, and the order of march which it followed here. The tribes whose tents were pitched east of the Tent-sanctuary went first. Two groups of Levites followed, carrying their appointed portion of the Tent structure and furnishings (see 4:21-32). Then came in regular succession the tribes on the south side, another group of Levites, the tribes on the west and on the north. The word sanctuary, in v. 21, should be rendered "holy things," that is, vessels or furnishings of the sanctuary.

III. THE INVITATION TO HOBAB, 26-32.
"Hobab, the son of Reuel" (or Raguel), is called in Judges 4:11, as here, the father-in-law of Moses. The Revised Version renders the Hebrew word in these two passages, "brother-in-law," influenced by the fact that in Exod. 2:18, Reuel, the priest of Midian, is Moses' father-in-law. In Exod. 3:1, he is called Jethro. It is evident here, as in many other passages, that the narrative is drawn from two or more older sources, in which there was some difference as to the name. Moreover in Judges 1:16 and 4:11, he is called a Kenite, but here and in Exodus a Midianite.

"Come thou with us." This invitation may have been given before leaving Sinai. The story of the visit of Moses' father-in-law to him at Sinai is told in Exod., Chap. 18. It is probable, from the reference to him in Judges, that he did ultimately accept the invitation to join his following with that of Moses. He earned that it was indeed good to go with the people of Jehovah. His going, too, would be, as Moses saw, of great advantage to Israel, for he knew the wilderness roads and best camping places, and would be to Israel "instead of eyes."

IV. THE ARK AND THE CLOUD, 33-36.
"The ark of the covenant" contained the tables of stone on which the ten commandments were written, sometimes spoken of as "the testimony," sometimes as "the covenant." Apparently a party bearing the ark went on ahead of the main body to choose a camping place.

"When the ark set forward." The regular ritual of the journey is here described. When they set out upon the day's march they prayed that the Lord would rise up and go before them to scatter their enemies, and when they halted at night, that he would return to dwell with them as an overshadowing and guarding Presence.

ACTIVITIES OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

BY CAROLINE M. B. KING.

We've been fasting for weeks on good simple and our year—delicious, satisfying meals filled with the spicy sweetness that means pickled peaches or grape jelly; or with the peppery pungency of boiling catchup or chili sauce. Spiced watermelon rinds sent their own peculiar fragrance through the air all one day; and on another the smacking good smell of gently simmering apple butter, better than a bouquet to a hungry boy whether he is six or sixty, floated to us all the way from the house across the creek.

But the best smell of all, we housewives think, is the clean soap-and-suds, fresh-patry odor that follows fall house cleaning and takes the pleasant story of a home at spick-and-span and put in order for the winter. That is the smell we are sniffing appreciatively just now; and every window in the whole neighborhood, fairly bristling with immaculate ruffy curtains, all tied back from glistening panes like the sash on a little girl's party dress. I like to go calling at this season, perhaps because I enjoy the walk through the crisp cool air and the crunching leaves, and perhaps because I like to see the changes and improvements my friends have made in their homes.

However that may be, I found myself the other day knocking at the door of the house across the creek where my good neighbor of the apple-butter fame resides. And how delightful her house was in its winter garments! Pot plants in freshly scrubbed pots stood on the window sills, every chair and table gleamed in the afternoon light, and the invigorating "just finished house cleaning smell" was everywhere.

My friend was raking out a few cookies for the little boy next door who likes to come calling just as I do. She gave me one, a lion, I think it was. "How happy you are," I said. "How contented!" "Yes," she replied, "I am contented now, but I almost ruined my contentment a few weeks ago."

ask and so within the most holy place of the Tent-sanctuary (compare Exod. 31:18 and 25:22).

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A Bed I Made for My Baby.
One of the prettiest and daintiest of baby beds was made from a discarded baby buggy frame and a common clothes basket. Both were given two coats of flat white paint and one coat of white enamel.

I lined the basket inside with dainty bluebird cretonne and covered the comforts with the same material. An aunt made the baby a present of a bluebird blanket. Grandmother furnished a net bound with a blue ribbon on which were appliqued a few bluebirds.

The basket fitted the frame so snugly there was no danger of tipping, and the little lady slept in this bed until she was two years old. The total cost was about two dollars.—M. E. B.

Of course I wanted to know how said man she was telling me. "I was just about to reform my living room; it seemed to me I could not bear it in its shabby state another winter. I felt that I must have everything new—soft velvet chairs, rich head Oriental rugs, a few very wonderful ornaments, hangings thick and heavy and glowing in color, fine pictures hanging against delicate neutral-tinted walls. Oh, it was all to be very elegant. I could see it before me day and night."

"Then just as I was about to take some carefully hoarded savings from their hiding place and make the dream come true, I suddenly became homesick for my old shabby room that I was so soon to lose. Never to see that familiar crack in the wall paper again; never to curl up on that gay sofa mother used to love; never to sink into the arms of that comfy old crotonne chair which is good to me even when my clothes are damp with snow or rain; never to sum up my accounts at the corner; or see my dear, friendly pictures; or leave my newspapers and magazines scattered about the faded rug; or toast chestnuts or marshmallows over the fire when the neighbors' children came calling. Oh, it was unthinkable!"

"I painted two of the chairs and put new cushions in them. I bought a delightful little magazine stand, made a perfect deer of a lamp shade, and gave my old desk a vigorous polishing, and the atmosphere of contentment remained."

"I know now," she remarked as she passed me another lion cookie, "that no home should ever be rudely disturbed. New things may be added, should be added from time to time, and old things or inartistic things should be discarded, but the intimate, cozy feeling that only comes from association with one's belongings for long periods of time should be treasured and cherished as the dearest of one's possessions."

Canning and Preserving Hints.

Grapes picked before the seeds have formed can be canned by the cold-pack method as in canning berries. The grapes are used for pies and are similar to gooseberries in flavor. If the vines are bearing heavily, the removal of some of the green grapes will improve those left on the vines.

Peaches, apricots and pears which are imperfect can be made into excellent jam thus: To 2 cupsful of fruit cut into small pieces, add 3 cupsful of sugar, and boil together for one minute. Then add 1 cupful of liquid pectin (obtainable at grocery stores) and boil for another minute. Remove from fire and stir until partially cooled so fruit does not separate from the syrup. Strained pineapple with the juice (canned or fresh) can be used instead of the fruit mentioned.

Delicious mint jelly can be made with the spearmint which grows so abundantly in some places. It requires 2 1/2 pounds of spearmint, juice of 1 lemon, 1 cupful of spearmint leaves, 1 bottle liquid pectin and 1 teaspoonful green vegetable coloring (obtainable at drug stores). Add coloring and stir until dissolved. Add spearmint leaves, strained lemon juice and sugar and bring to boil. Add pectin at once, stirring constantly, and bring again to boiling point and boil for a half-minute. Remove from fire and if fresh spearmint is not used, add 1 teaspoonful spearmint extract. Allow to stand one minute, skim and remove leaves, pour quickly into glasses and seal while hot. This is nice to serve with meats or used as a garnish for salads.

Candied lemon and orange peel can be used in fruit cake, puddings and mince-meat, or as a sweetmeat. As this is the season for lemons, whenever these fruits are used, drop the peel, either lemon or orange, into salt water, but keep each kind separate. In two or three days, pour off the brine and wash the peel in clear water. Then cook steadily in plenty of water, the lemon peel for three hours, the orange peel for two hours. Drain, then place over the fire in a thin syrup made of equal parts of sugar and water, and simmer until the syrup is boiled away. The peel is then tender, transparent, and sweet. For the candying, make ready a very thick syrup, and when boiling hot drop in the peeling. Take from the fire and stir, and in a moment it will turn white and sugary. Then roll each piece of peel in dry granulated sugar and it is ready to pack and store in a cool dry place. To candy grapefruit peel, use the method suggested for orange peel.

In addition to the beneficial physical effects, the rays of natural or artificial sunlight are declared to serve the purpose of a brain food. Proper exposure to sunshine increases the intellectual output.

For limberneck I shut the fowls in their coop and give them water to drink, in which I put a pinch (what I can hold between the thumb and forefinger) of potassium permanganate. These little purple metallic-looking crystals can be bought at the drug store. An ounce will last a long time. I give the birds nothing to eat that day, and nothing else to drink but this medicated water. About 2 o'clock I give a fresh dose, as it loses its strength in a few hours.—R. O.

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