NOW I'M BUILDING A SEPTIC TANK

Or, One of Those Built-in Farm Conveniences.

I went over to Will Jordan's the other day to borrow his wire-stretcher, and found Will out in the orchard digging a hole that he could have used as a grave for a horse.

"What the dickens are you doing down there?" I called. "I looks as though you might be putting down a foundation for one of those German siege guns. What's all the sand and cement for?"

"Hello there, Jerry," said Will. "Come on down in the hole and take a shovel. We're going to build a septic tank."

"You're going to build what kind of a tank?" said I.

"A septic tank. A concrete septic tank," said he.

"Going to use it for dipping hogs or sheep?" I asked.

"Neither one," said Will. "Going to use it to hold the sewage and waste water from the bathroom and kitchen at the house."

"That's a new one on me," I admitted. "Go ahead and tell me about it. I'm always looking for new ideas. Maybe I can understand this one if you'll explain it a bit."

"Well, it's just this way," Will said, as he came up the ladder and sat down on a bag of cement. "I've been hearing about these new-fangled septic tanks for some time. One day last week there was a fellow here selling subscriptions to a farm paper, and while he was showing me some of the stories they run in that paper, he came across a story about a septic tank. He told me about the work that the agricultural representative over in the next county was doing along the lines of farm sanitation. They've been holding a lot of septic tank demonstrations over there this year and I guess they've got a lot of folks all stirred up about it. Anyway, they're falling all over themselves to get their septic tanks built."

"This representative went on to say that they'd been having a lot of typhoid fever over there and that they'd traced it to a farm where there'd been a bad case of the fever, and as near as they could find, the disease had been carried all over the township.

"Now that set me to thinking. You know, my wife had a pretty bad case of typhoid fever last year. We always thought that she picked it up over at the fair. Well, you recall how we just about gave her up for lost several days, and then how, just about the time she began to mend a little, Will, Jr., came down with the same thing, and almost died. I began to think about that, so I asked this representative what they had learned over in the next county about the way the fever spread over a township.

"He told me that they traced the first case of the fever and then they went all over that farm and found that the folks had a sewer that drained into an open drain in a pasture. They noticed that there were always a lot of flies and insects hanging around the outlet of that sewer. The crows and blackbirds used to hang around there, too, and wade around in the sewer outlet, and darned if he didn't figure out that the flies and bugs and chickens and other critters that did their loafing around that sewer outlet had carried some of these typhoid germs over to the neighbor's. They were the next ones to have the fever, and it passed along the line until half the farmers over in that section had it.

"I put two and two together and figured that maybe, after my wife came down with it last year, some flies probably brought the germs up to the house and scattered them on a milk pail, or maybe on some of the food on the table and that's how Will, Jr. got it.

"This representative told me that they were going to have another demonstration over near Podunk in two days. That was last Thursday, so I just took a day off and drove over there.

"They had quite a crowd of folks out at this farm where they put in the tank. There was an engineer from the agricultural college, and a doctor. They both gave talks on sanitation and explained all about this epidemic that had made the rounds. Their stories were about the same as what that representative had told me.

"The fellow who owned the farm had dug the hole according to the plans in a bulletin. Here it is. They handed one to everybody at the meeting. I'm following the same plans right now. They had some lumber there and a couple of fellows sawed it up and hammered a wooden form together. You see, this wooden form that I've built here goes inside the hole in the ground and you pour the concrete between the form and the wall. When it sets, you've got a tank."

"What's that little offset part of the hole for?" I asked him. The hole was in one place and then at one end it was more shallow. It looked as though Will figured on making two tanks.

"Why, that's the second chamber. The dosing chamber, they call it at the meeting," said Will. "You see, the sewage comes through this tile from the house and runs into this big chamber. It stays there until it is all changed to liquid and this liquid gradually overflows into this second chamber. That fills up to just a certain point, when it is siphoned out through this jigger here. That's the automatic siphon. They make them up at the college and sell them to you at cost. I ordered mine from this fellow from the college last week and he shipped it right down to me. I got it Tuesday. I suppose I could have made it, but I thought they could make it exactly right up there, and it didn't cost any more, so I let them make it."

"Well, what becomes of this water when the siphon dumps it all out?"

"I'm going to lay a few hundred feet of common drain tile in several directions from the tank and that water will flow from the tank onto those tiles and filter away into the soil. That's what they call an absorption system," said Will.

"Don't you have to add any chemicals to kill the germs?" I asked.

"No, you don't add a thing. The bacteria within the sewage convert the solids to liquid and this liquid is absorbed by the soil."

"Well, does this tank kill the germs?"

"Now that's something I asked this engineering fellow and he explained it in this way: He said that if disease germs entered the tank, they would not be destroyed at all inside the tank; they'd pass right through. But he said that there are certain bacteria in the upper layers of the soil which would destroy these disease germs as soon as the water gets into the soil. These bacteria are only in the upper layers. That's why you lay the tile pretty shallow."

"How much is this thing going to cost you?" I asked next.

"Oh, I can't say exactly what it will cost. They figure on the cost of the tank they built over there the other day. That one cost less than $50 when they figured in the labor for digging the hole and mixing the concrete. I'm not figuring that in. The stuff alone cost me about $30 all told. You've got a gravel bank over on your farm and it wouldn't cost you as much as it did me, because I had to buy sand and gravel.

"There's just this about it. That pock of sickness and trouble cost me over $150 in doctor bills. I had to pay that trained nurse $45 a week for three weeks all told, and I don't know how much the medicine cost me. Will, Jr., was laid up just when I needed him on the farm, and I had to hire an extra man, and if my sister hadn't come out to do the cooking and housework I don't know what that would have cost me. I figure that I had better spend $30 on this tank and take no more chances. I'll feel a lot safer."

"By golly, I wouldn't wonder but what you're about right," I said. "You let me take that bulletin when you're through with it, or else tell me where I can write to get one like it. I believe I'll look into it myself."

With that I started for home, and darned if I didn't clean forget to ask Will for that wire-stretcher. But I went back the next day for it and Will was pouring his concrete and setting the siphon. I got some good pointers on how to build a tank, and I guess I'll start digging a hole in the morning.—J. D. Z.

Make Your Bees Safe for Winter.

Do you know that your 1926 honey crop is largely dependent on what you do with the bees this fall? If your colonies are too weak in bees or have old failing queens, you cannot possibly secure a profitable crop next summer. If you have good queens and strong colonies to go into winter quarters, you may still lose many colonies this winter and fail to secure a maximum surplus of honey next season, so says Prof. Eric Millen, of the O.A.C.

You can almost entirely avoid the possibility of a poor crop in 1926, if weather is at all favorable, by practicing the following management this fall:

Unite all colonies which, when examined on a cool morning, do not cover more than two frames on both sides. The simplest and best plan to unite is to place one brood chamber directly on another, with a single sheet of newspaper between. Leave this way for one week and then shake all bees into one brood chamber. The two queens will fight and the stronger one invariably survives, so no notice need be taken of the queen when uniting.

Colonies must not be united if American foulbrood is present, otherwise the disease will be spread.

Besides strong colonies and good queens, an abundance of food is necessary for winter and spring brood rearing. It is in this connection that many beekeepers fail to put their colonies away for winter and so avoid heavy loss and secure maximum crop next spring.

Too Tight Stove-Pipe Joints.

If joints fit too tight when putting up sheet-iron stove or heater pipe, and you find a length will not readily slip over another, heat the too-small piece. The heat will expand it sufficiently so that it can then be slipped onto the end of an unheated length. Do not make the mistake of heating both pieces, as this would enlarge both and nothing would be gained. The pipe can be heated by putting in an oven or standing on end on a hot stove. Do not apply a flame directly, as this may warp it or burn and roughen the metal.

"God's Services in God's Country." Amid the setting of the eternal hills, members of the Alpine Club of Canada at Lake O'Hara hold Sunday service.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS
Exclusive Patterns
by Hazel Bayne

FROCKS THAT HAVE MADE THEMSELVES VERY POPULAR

Simple enough for street wear—and charming enough for bridge or dance! Fashion still smiles upon these simple frocks, both of which were fashioned from one pattern. The little frock of flowered material has two side panels trimmed with narrow lace, and then shirred onto the one-piece foundation at the raised waistline. The round neck and short kimono sleeves are finished with the narrow lace, and a ribbon of pastel color ties in long ends at the back. A bordered material was used with charming effect for the plain frock, which opens at the neck with flat revers and has long sleeves gathered into a narrow band. No. 1166 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (or 34, 36 and 38 inches bust). Size 18 years (or 36 bust) requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material. For side panels ¾ yard extra material, and for long sleeves ½ yard. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Change the Flavor.

When cooking the same dishes over and over again try for variety by adding something different for the flavor. Add a little candied ginger or candied orange peel (finely chopped) to a dish of plain boiled rice. Add some fine shavings of citron or candied grape-fruit peel to your fruit salad. Pour a tablespoonful of boiling water over half the amount of mixed spices you usually use for a spice-cake and note the difference in flavor. Add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one clove of garlic to the pot-roast for a change in flavor and to make the meat tender. A rich, fine flavor can be added to a roast of veal, lamb or pork by basting it with the syrup from spiced peaches.

Add paprika and narrow strips of fresh green pepper to your Dutch cheese. Mix lemon and almond flavoring for your cake, being careful to use but a few drops of each, or add currants or seedless raisins or change the frosting occasionally. Add a drop of peppermint extract to the chocolate pudding. Other variations will suggest themselves, especially to a resourceful cook.

Novel bird town in a tree on the Canadian-United-States border. It has several compartments, representing an office, garage and a seven storey apartment house, and is strictly "catproof."

BREADS FOR THE SCHOOL LUNCH BOX

BY NELL B. NICHOLS.

I used to depend entirely on different fillings to vary the sandwiches made in my home. That was before I appreciated how many kinds of bread could be manufactured in the kitchen. Now the staff of life on our table may be light or dark in color. Sometimes I add raisins, dates, nuts or figs to the dough to provide a change.

After many experiments, conducted as a pupil in a country school and carried on later when I was a rural school teacher, I have decided that the foundation for the ideal lunch-box meal is the sandwich. This may be accompanied by a hot beverage or soup, fruit and cookies. I have a small vacuum bottle which I use to hold the soup or drink when packing lunches.

Oatmeal, graham, bran, rye, Boston brown and breakfast cereal breads are some of the favorites with my family. Then there is a steamed bread which I make from stale bread crumbs. We think it is delicious. Some of the recipes for these choice loaves are as follows:

WHEAT CEREAL BREAD.

Mix two cups hot cooked wheat cereal with one-half cup light brown sugar, one teaspoon salt and one and one-fourth cups each of stoned and chopped dates and broken pecan-nut meats. Stir in two tablespoons melted butter. When this mixture is lukewarm, stir in one cake yeast which has been dissolved in one-half cup lukewarm water. Add sufficient flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead as with white bread. Shape in two loaves and let rise again. Bake from forty-five minutes to an hour in a moderate oven.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.

Use one cup each of rye flour, cornmeal and graham flour. Mix with one teaspoon salt and add three-fourths cup dark molasses, two cups clabbered sour milk and one teaspoon soda dissolved first in one tablespoon hot water. Beat thoroughly. Let stand fifteen or twenty minutes. Stir in one-half pound raisins, pour into greased molds or cans, filling three-fourths full, and steam for three and one-half or four hours. Set in the oven to dry a few minutes when the steaming is completed.

BRAN BREAD.

Mix three cups graham flour with one cup bran. Sift in one and one-half cups whole-wheat flour and one-half teaspoon salt. Dissolve one-fourth teaspoon soda in one tablespoon hot water and add to two cups sour milk or buttermilk. Melt two and one-half tablespoons butter and add to one-half cup molasses. Stir all ingredients together and add one-half cake yeast which has been dissolved in one-fourth cup lukewarm water. Beat the batter. It should be very stiff: if it isn't, add more flour. Place in greased pans, kneading slightly. Let rise. When light, bake in a moderate oven.

FRUIT BREAD.

Scald two cups milk and pour into mixing bowl containing two cups rolled oats, two teaspoons salt and four tablespoons sugar. Stir in two tablespoons shortening. When lukewarm, stir in one cake yeast which has been dissolved in one-fourth cup tepid water. Add sufficient flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Usually four cups are required, but the amount varies with different flours. Knead until the dough is smooth and elastic. Divide in two loaves, place in greased pans and let rise. When doubled in bulk, bake from forty-five minutes to an hour in a moderate oven. If fruit bread is desired, add one and one-fourth cups chopped raisins, dates or figs with the flour.

NUT BREAD.

Substitute nuts for the raisins or other fruit in the recipe for Fruit Bread. Use one cup nuts.

RAISIN BREAD WITH CORN SYRUP.

Put one-half cup dark corn syrup into a mixing bowl and add one tablespoon melted shortening and one teaspoon salt. Add three-fourths cup boiling water, and stir. When lukewarm, stir in one cake yeast first dissolved in one-fourth cup tepid water. Add two cups graham flour, one cup white flour and three-fourths cup chopped raisins. Let double in bulk. Beat thoroughly. Turn into a greased pan, cover and let rise again. When light, bake in a moderate oven one hour.

BREAD-CRUMB LOAF.

Break up very hard and stale bread in small pieces. To two and one-half quarts of crumbs add one quart of boiling water. Let stand, stirring occasionally, until the bread is soft. Mash until smooth and stir in two cups cornmeal, one-half cup flour and two teaspoons soda dissolved in two tablespoons hot water. Stir in from one-half to three-fourths cup molasses, or enough to make a thick batter. Add one teaspoon salt. Beat thoroughly, pour into greased molds, filling three-fourths full, and steam from four to five and one-half hours.

BEGINNING STORE IN A WATER PAIL

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"And what have you here, Fred?"

Fred held up his mother's yellow water-pail, filled with brown packages.

"Goods for my store, Granny!"

"So you begin store in a water-pail?"

"That is what it amounts to."

Fred had stopped at old Mrs. Ackerman's gate for a little chat. Everybody called her "Granny," but Joe Akerman, who was lolling over the gate, was really her grandson. He was a smart young man, that felt equal to the ruling of a nation, but his ambition far exceeded his industry; and his place in the nation was very likely to be a mean one.

"Fred!" said Joe, patronizingly, "swing out. Get trusted for a big stock of goods, and go it."

Fred's only answer was a flourish of the water-pail, and then he passed on.

"If it is small," he thought, "my stock is paid for."

He had earned three dollars hilling the parson's potatoes, and then smashing his Colorado bugs.

Fred was seventeen. It occurred to him that he might pick up a few pennies by trading. So he borrowed his mother's small kitchen table, paraded his goods on it, and drove quite a thrifty trade with the small, but ready buyers of candy and molasses gingerbread. He found that his three dollars had brought him four in return.

"Mother, lend me another water-pail?" he asked, the next day.

"What for, Fred?"

"Oh, something!" snapping his bright eyes till they twinkled like fireflies on a July night.

He went to Squire Emery's store and filled his pails with more substantial goods, adding a few articles for the toilet from the squire's showcase.

He did not forget that some of his buyers had a perverse appetite for sweet things, and he made a modest inroad upon the squire's stock of red peppermints and white sugar hearts.

"Mother, lend me that shelf in the old pantry which you don't use?"

"A shelf! What next, Fred? Yes, give me my pails and take the shelf."

Fred nailed it up outside the kitchen window, arranged his goods there, and when farm work was over, would trade with his neighbors in the evening.

So he went on. One shelf increased to three shelves, and the "store" was transferred to the inside and kept open all day, his mother managing while he was at work in the corn field.

Fred's money grew as a snowball rolled over and over in the drifts after a January thaw.

Squire Emery leaned over his counter one day, set back his old felt hat on his head, and gave Fred a friendly look through his specs.

"Fred, I have heard about your store, and how it started in a water-pail. Let me encourage you. I will let you have a thousand dollars' worth of goods and set you up. You can pay me by-and-by."

"Thank you, squire, but I guess not. Too risky!"

"All right—all right, Fred. Glad to see your spirit. What will you have, ma'am?"

And the squire stood up to wait on an old woman, just arrived.

"Look here, squire!" said Fred, the next day, "you made a kind offer yesterday, and I will tell you what I would like. I will go round and get orders, buy my goods of you as I need them, and you can favor me all you can."

"Agreed!" said the squire.

Each day, then, Fred made two trips to various houses. The first time, he went with an order book. The second time, he went with a wheelbarrow of goods.

So the snowball kept turning over and over, growing every day. At last, there was a new store in town, small and unpretending, but its goods were all paid for. Over the door, was the sign of a waterpail.

"That Fred Barker," said Mrs. Ackerman, "is bound to make money."

"Yes," said Squire Emery, "for he goes sure, and he is willing to be small that he may become big."

Another store was opened about that time. You would have thought that the circus had come to town. Yellow circulars went flying into every house as if a swarm of butterflies were out on a raid. All day, a fancy wagon went flashing about town. It was as gay with bold and red as the last new China tea store.

"What's that rattlin' 'round so smart and lively?" said Squire Emery.

"Grocery!" he read on the side of the wagon. "Pooh! that ninny, Joe Ackerman, is settin' up in business. I'll give him three months to set down again. He borrowed a thousand, I hear, and has started. Far better if he had borrowed Fred Barker's water-pail."

It would have been much better.

In three months there was a failure. The wagon was sold to a fish peddler. He put out the red and gold lights and painted it a sea-green.

The goods in the store were auctioned off to satisfy creditors.

Everything was sold excepting a damaged waterpail. It was Joe's only possession. It is better to start than to end in a waterpail.