

About the House

THE PATH TO MARY'S.

It was six months since Mary Collins had died. She had been a quiet woman and was never in the forefront of anything; but after she had gone people were amazed to find how closely she had been interwoven with all the village life. She had not indeed been in the forefront, but she had been at the warm, beating heart of it all. Even now, after half a year, no event happened in the village that some one did not say wistfully, "It seems as if Mary Collins might come in any minute!"

Martha Brooks, who had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Thayer, had been talking of Mary for some time; Mrs. Thayer had been Mary's closest neighbor. Presently a silence fell between the two women, a tender silence full of memories.

Martha Brooks broke it. She had been looking absently out the window, and suddenly something unusual caught her attention. "Why, Ada, you've moved your dahlia bed!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Thayer smiled. "I was waiting for you to notice that," she said. "Look along the path,—no, the other way,—the path to Mary's."

Mrs. Brooks turned. The path to Mary's led along the fence and then through an orchard; and all the way to the orchard the dahlias stood glowing and splendid in the September sun. "Why,—what,—?" Mrs. Brooks gasped. "It was Betty's idea. She had been learning in school about the Lincoln Highway, and she proposed making a memorial path over to Mary's with my dahlias and hers."

"But it isn't nearly so good a place for them, is it?" Mrs. Brooks asked.

Mrs. Thayer caught her breath. "As if one could think of that when it was Mary!" she cried.

She was silent for a while; then, "I think of this so often, Martha. Betty isn't going to stay at home always. She will go away to college and then to her own place in life. And it may be in a city,—most of our girls do go to cities these days,—and neighbors are not so common in cities. I want Betty's little path of remembrance to be something she never can forget. She has every one of the dahlias named for some lovely gift or service. That long line of scarlet ones is for the weeks when she had scarlet fever and Mary came over every night to relieve me; the variegated one is for the bits of silk and ribbons Mary used to save for Betty's dolls—and so on. Some of them would sound funny to you or me, but my little girl never will forget what it means to be a neighbor."

"It's a queer notion, but I guess I like it," Mrs. Brooks replied.

SELLING OLD ROOSTERS.

If you have a steam pressure cooker try using the old roosters at home. About an hour at fifteen pounds pressure will make an old rooster, in our cooker, become about as tender as a springer. The meat drops from the bones and is fine for chicken pies and pressed chicken. When you sell old roosters to private customers without steam pressure cookers they may half cook the birds and claim they were tough, which is the case. A few meals of tough chicken sicken them of poultry and soon the beef steak market is benefitting while the poultry market loses a customer.

Unless old male birds are unusual breeding value I think it is best to kill them, as this reduces the summer and fall feed bill. Of course they must be replaced by cockerels, which also take feed, but I find that well developed cockerels are more apt to produce a larger per cent. of fertile eggs than older male birds. When selling old cock birds to city dealers I find they do not often like them at any price but will buy them at the rate of about 2 males to 20 hens. Some dealers will buy them all at the same price per pound and then deduct one pound for each cock bird in the crate. This saves using a separate crate for the male birds and saves some time in weighing in the consignment at the market.

It often pays to trade with the dealers to whom you wish to sell poultry meat. After buying a pound of sirloin and half a dozen pork chops, the dealer smiles and asks if there is anything else. Then you say, "Yes, sir. Would you be able to use four old roosters and forty hens next Thursday morning? They are fine plump birds and we will deliver them at the back door at exactly the hour your man wants to dress them." This often results in obtaining an order slip to bring the birds and fair payment.

Some dealers seem to like to keep a farmer standing on one foot while they visit with salesmen, kid the clerks and do almost anything but write out a cheque. This can also be avoided by buying a few necessities of them after they have bought of you. Have them take the pay from your cheque and it may speed up the whole transaction, and then such dealers soon find out

if a producer is anxious to give them first-class goods and be friendly and soon they become more friendly which adds satisfaction to the job.—K.

PESTS.

A farm woman needs to know a lot about getting rid of pests.

It is a matter of history that mice pick on the farmer's wife—witness the nursery rhyme to that effect. However, she needn't bother to cut off their tails with a butcher knife. If mint leaves are spread wherever mice are to be found, the pests will leave for good. They have a distinct aversion to the smell. Essence of mint will answer the purpose if leaves are not to be procured.

There are hundreds of methods for getting rid of flies. I have two favorites:

When the season makes it possible, I distribute sweet clover about the rooms and the flies keep out. Again it is the odor that is distasteful.

If, however, the flies have got into the house, the best method is extermination. For years I have concocted an unfailing fly poison that is absolutely harmless to humans: One teaspoonful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix in a flat dish and set wherever the flies are most abundant.

Mosquitoes cannot be killed readily but they can be driven away. Pennyroyal is effective. So is spirits of lavender.

For cockroaches there is nothing better than powdered borax.

If you have a rug that is infested with moths, spread a damp cloth on the rug and iron it dry with a hot iron. The steam acts as an effective destroyer.

A few drops of carbolic acid in the suds used to wash out closets is a good moth preventive.

IRONING PONGEE.

The popular craze for pongee for women's wear and children's dresses, not to mention the boys' and men's suits, brings up the question of its proper ironing. Pongee cannot be laundered in the usual way and look right. In the first place, the material should be allowed to dry and never be sprinkled or dampened at all. A medium hot iron will give a beautiful finish on the dry pongee, and I find that I get even better results by ironing it on the wrong side first.

Really, when one knows how, it is much easier to "do up" a pongee dress than any other kind for there is no starching and dampening to do. The person who irons a pongee dress while still wet makes a lot of work that is unnecessary and produces a very unsatisfactory result.

A SERVING HINT.

We all know the difficulties we have in eating head lettuce when we are not provided with a salad fork. One place where I was visiting the slices were cut from the head of lettuce and these slices in turn were cut in small squares after they were on the salad plate. This left the slices intact but made it much easier to eat the lettuce.

Would You Recognize the Prince?

Very few people ever recognize the Prince of Wales when he is really incognito.

An editor in Passing Show, as proof, tells the following:

"The other day I caught sight of the Prince of Wales in a crowd. He and they were absorbed in some street disturbance, and I noticed that though he had his right arm in a large black sling, which certainly helped to disclose his identity, not a soul there except myself recognized him.

"This called to my mind an incident that occurred 'somewhere in France' during 1917. A car had broken down within uncomfortable range of the enemy's guns, and the driver was in despair. Suddenly another car passed by at a great rate, but stopped about 100 yards further on. One of its occupants, no other than H.R.H., alighted, walked back to the driver of the stranded vehicle, and volunteered the help of himself and his mechanic.

"It was accepted gratefully, and within a few minutes the car was in a runnable condition. The thankful driver got into his seat and begged to know who H.R.H. was. 'Oh, I'm the Prince of Wales,' said the other. The driver roared with laughter and exclaimed: 'Blimey! that's a good one!' Whereupon the prince asked who he was. 'Oh,' said the driver gravely, 'I'm 'is bloomin' fawther!'—and drove off.

Many times the reading of a book has made the fortune of a man—has decided his way in life.—Emerson.

"Storm-Proof."

Friendships are not things we wish to test. To test a friendship consciously would be unkind, if not almost despicable. But there are some tests, not of our own seeking, which, if we are observant, are interesting.

The expression "fair-weather friend" is not now meant in a literal sense, yet I should not be surprised if its originator used it quite literally. Think of all your friends, and count up those whom you would like to meet on a wet day. Go further, and count those with whom you would spend your wet day if you had to go trudging about in the rain.

There are some people whose enthusiasms are very soon damped. Few of our friends are all weather friends. Arrange a day's outing with any one of them, and see what happens if it rains or if any of the carefully laid plans go awry. Possibly you or your friend get irritable, and the outing as an outing is a failure.

I can remember holidays which have become purgatories for me and my holiday companion. The accommodation has not been all that we would desire, the weather has not been kind to us, and other things have gone wrong. The atmosphere of the holiday has been lost, and two people, neither of them very much in sympathy with the other, have let it go without making any attempt to regain it.

I can remember rainy days on the river, some of them miserable, but others as happy as the sunny days. If you are with the right people it is fun to put up your sunshade and brave the elements or to dodge the drops under the trees.

If you are with the right people it doesn't matter when you leave half the lunch behind or the cream turns sour and the butter melts. But these things are all odious when you are with the wrong people.

I can remember country tramps in the rain with positive joy; but I can remember others which were, to say the least, not a success. And, looking back, the key to every situation has been in the hands of my companions. With "rer" friends I am happy in all circumstances and on all occasions. The "fair-weather friends" are, to me, negligible quantities. That's why when we are together and things go wrong we cannot make the best of a bad job.

Companions of the storm are rare and precious friends, for they will not only face the elements with you, but the vagaries of fortune and the storms of life as well.

But just one last word before you apply this test to your friends. What showing would you make if they applied it to you?



Specialize Too Much.

"Several departments in Washington are interested in the production of fruit."

"But give altogether too much attention to the cultivation of plums."

"Sir-r-r," Said the Cashier.

A customer who had just finished his dinner at a restaurant deferentially approached the pretty cashier and inquired:

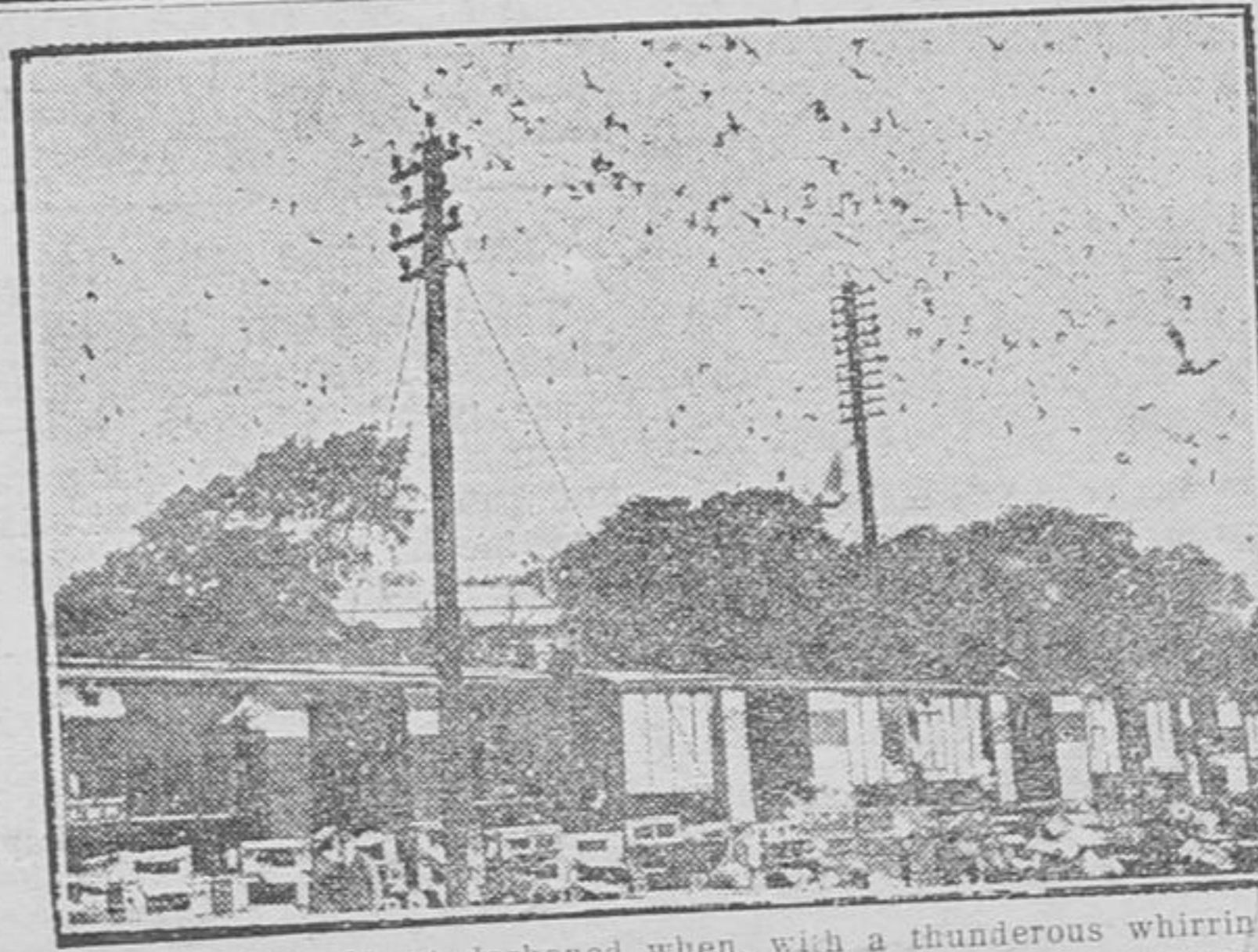
"Are the waiters here attentive to you?"

"Sir-r-r!" exclaimed the young woman in an offended tone.

"Oh, no offense, I assure you," replied the man. "I was only carrying out the instructions printed on the bill of fare, which say: 'Please report any inattention of waiters to cashier.' And I thought if they were inattentive to you I would report them, that's all."

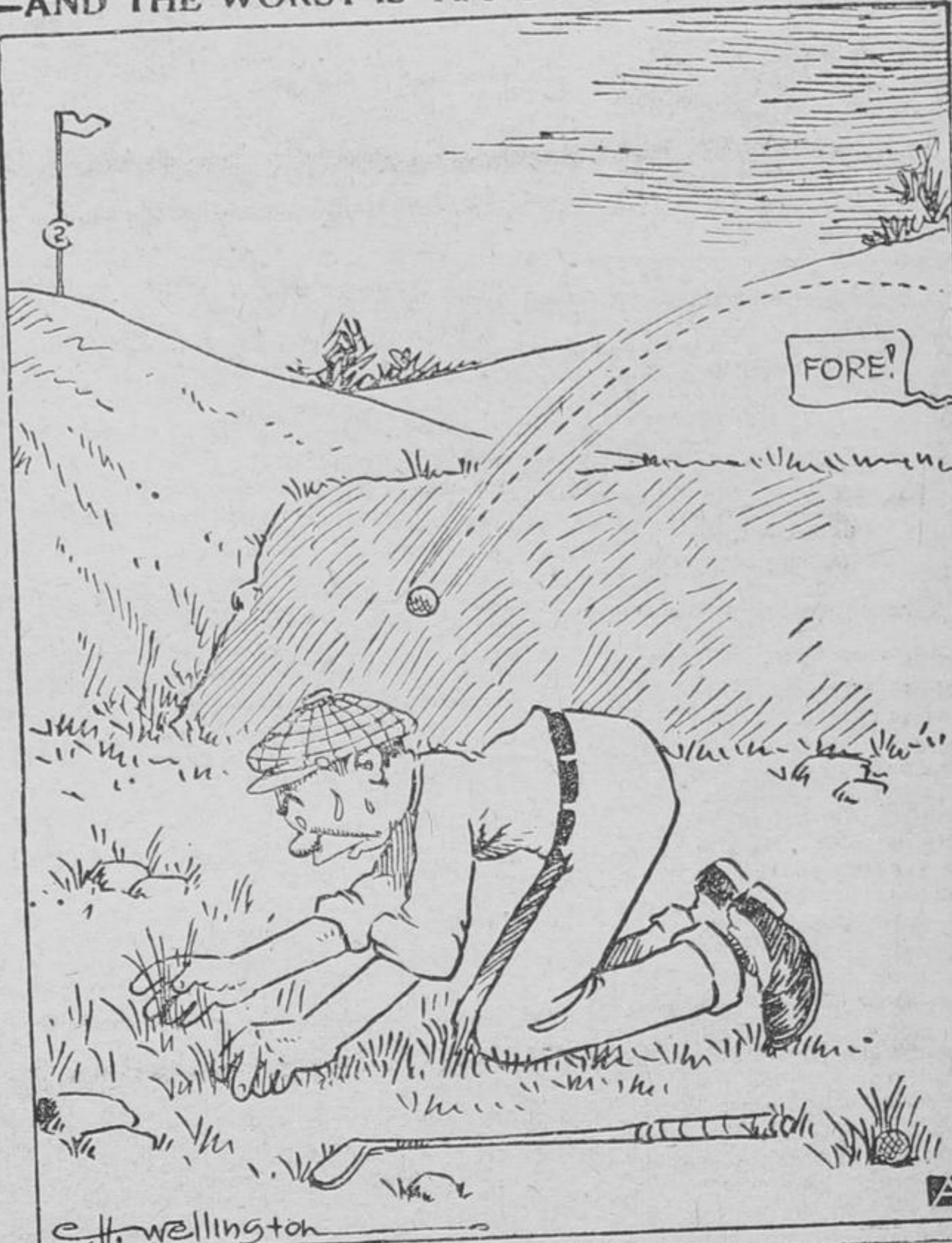
Three Weeks' Wonder.

A cafe to seat 800 was recently built and opened ready for business at the British Empire Exhibition in twenty-two days.



The sun was almost darkened when, with a thunderous whirring of wings, 5,000 pigeons were loosed in Leicestershire to take part in the annual British aerial derby.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



ANIMALS WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS

There are animals that have not a friend in the world; there are some, indeed, which are so harmful that prices are set upon their heads, and it is considered the duty of all to kill them.

Such a creature is the dingo, or wild dog of Australia, which is the worst foe of the sheep farmer. It is a cowardly beast, yet cunning beyond belief.

Another terrible foe of sheep is commonly known as the Tasmanian Devil. This creature will kill a score of sheep in a night. It is being steadily destroyed by poison and other means, and is now rare.

The timber wolf of North America is also quite without friends. It is a muscular brute, with terrific jaw power. One of these wolves has been known to snap off a man's hand at a single bite.

It is a foe to all domestic animals, and is equally hated by the stock-raiser and the trapper. One of its pleasant tricks is to trail the trapper and devour the fur-bearing creatures which he takes in his traps. There is a price on its head.

The small wolf, the sneaking little coyote, is another foe to sheep. Last year over 27,000 were killed in North America, besides other thousands destroyed by poison.

Another pest is the lynx, which likes nothing better than lamb. Its failing is a love for the scent of catnip, and by means of this lure it is trapped in large numbers in the States and in Canada. A curious-looking creature, it has pricked ears, large, round eyes, and huge paws out of all proportion to its size.

The mountain lion, or panther of the Rockies, takes heavy toll of cattle, and

Motor to Church.

A rural church in Ohio has adopted a plan that is said to have led more persons to attend its services. It has mapped out routes that pass the houses of its present and prospective members and has asked owners of automobiles to go the rounds every Sunday and pick up anyone who wishes to ride to church. For many persons—especially the old and the infirm—the knowledge that an automobile will call for them makes it easier to decide to go.

His Mother's Spirit?

A little boy, six years of age, recently ran away from his home at Aversa—about twelve miles from Naples—to escape from his stepfather, who ill-treated him.

Having searched for him in vain, his father informed the police. Soon Pasqualino was discovered at Naples with his grandmother. The latter told how, a few days before, she had heard a knocking at her door, and, on opening it, she had seen to her astonishment, her small grandson standing there alone.

"Who brought you here?" she asked. "A woman," answered Pasqualino. "What woman?" "I don't know," said the child, who then told his grandmother that he had run away because his stepmother beat him and had got frightened, not knowing where to go. While he was wandering about the streets of Aversa, a woman came up to him and took him by the hand. Without speaking she led him on to the electric tram that runs between Aversa and Naples, and, sitting him closely to her all the way, Naples she led him to his grandmother's house, knocked, gave him a kiss, and left him.

"Had you never seen her before?" asked the wondering grandmother.

"Never, but she was like that," said the boy, pointing to a photograph of his own mother that stood on the table. His mother had died when he was only a few months old.