

HOW A FARMER'S WIFE MADE SOME MONEY

Herbert Quick, editor of Farm and Fireside, publishes the following letter from a Missouri woman, in the current issue of his periodical:

"As there are so many women today who, like myself, need to make some money in addition to what their husbands can give them, I shall relate my experience, hoping to help someone else solve the money making problem."

"I bought a sow from an old colored man for three dollars. She was not much but skin and bones, but she was of good stock and soon developed into a nice looking hog. I had her bred, and in due time she brought nine little pigs. Up to this time I had just fed her on slop, potato parings, etc. As we kept a cow, sometimes I had a little milk to pour in the slop. After the little pigs came, I began adding a little ship-stuff to the slop."

"I raised all the pigs, and when they were old enough to wean, I sold seven of them for twenty-one dollars. The two remaining pigs were kept and also the old sow, which I continued to feed on slop with just a little ship stuff added, and when fall came, I had three fine hogs."

"My husband became interested in

the hog raising scheme and told me he would finish the fattening process with corn, feeding the three for one of them. One must feed corn in finishing the fattening process to have good, solid, fat hogs."

"I accepted my husband's offer, and at killing time he bought the other young hog, paying me the market price for it, which was ten dollars. I sold the old sow for twelve dollars, which made a total of forty-three dollars in ten and a half months. My expenses were three dollars for the sow and two dollars spent for ship-stuff leaving me a clear profit of thirty-eight dollars. Besides we had plenty of fresh meat during the winter months and lard enough to last almost a year. The hams we saved for summer, and so our meat bill was comparatively small during these months."

"Then I became very ill, my illness culminating in an operation, from which I am now slowly recovering. With returning health comes the old desire to make money, so I am starting again with two sow pigs. Could I have remained well and continued my hog raising, just think what I might have made during the past two years when hogs were selling at such high prices!"

A NEW (SCHOOL) YEAR'S RESOLUTION

The near approach of the school year causes us to reflect along some lines. If older people realized to how great a degree the criticisms passed upon educational methods affect the minds of children, more care would be taken to avoid making such in their presence. A teacher's influence may be entirely lost by some trivial remark and methods of teaching so held up for ridicule that the work becomes valueless. The same thing applies to the children's complaints which can be tactfully dealt with even while admitting their justice. Especially is there a tendency to be critical in the matter of instruction in the matter of Domestic Science. Some mothers seem to expect that full fledged housekeepers will result from a term's work in a high school laboratory, whereas this is only a starter to give general principles in cookery which must be practiced to attain perfection. But "there's the rub." Who wants them around the kitchen with those new fangled notions? But it is only with the co-operation of the home kitchen that the school kitchen becomes of value.

Would it not be well once in a while to relieve the girls of the dish washing and let them plan some meals and prepare them. One little girl who washed dishes three times a day said "that if mother would just trade work for a time and let her even dust the rooms she wouldn't mind helping with the work." Adverse criticism once destroyed a high school domestic science department. The equipment was sold and the work closed. Too extravagant and not practical for the home was the verdict. Would it not have been better to have made sure that the girls were faithful to the instruction given. Level measurements are not always used outside of the class room. In any case where the instruction does not meet with the approval of the parents loyalty to the teacher should be shown and the matter talked over with her in person. It must be remembered that this course of study is yet too recent to have reached the perfection that is dreamed of for the future. Some schools are putting in four rooms to represent a small home in which the girls take a thorough course in housekeeping. This is an ideal toward which our

state may work, but meanwhile let us use the means at home, helping with encouragement in deed and word and finally let our new school year's resolution be, to make our adverse criticism in private and only voice to the children's ears our commendatory sentiments.

HOW A DIFFICULT DOG WAS FINALLY MADE TO MIND

Farm and Fireside contains an article showing the value of dogs on farms, showing how they may be trained to take care of stock and so on. The author has a great deal to say in an interesting way about the training of dogs. Here is one of the cases he recites:

"I have had just one collie get ahead of me when I whipped her. That one was a young female that I was teaching to sit up. I took care to teach her what the words 'sit up' meant by bringing her dinner plate every time I made her sit up. She learned to quickly sit up when she saw the dinner coming, yet when I wanted her to sit up at any other time, she sulked. I continued with the dinner plate idea two days longer and argued and talked quietly with her many times until I was confident she knew, but that she willfully disobeyed. Then about dinner time I took her into a room where she could not get away and asked her to sit up. She went off and sulked. Thereupon I dragged her out and applied a whip. She still sulked. After a severe beating, I feared I was wrong and changed my form of punishment and shut her in a lonesome dark hole without dinner. At supper time I brought her back to the same place and asked her to sit up, and again she sulked. Immediately I whipped her and put her in the dark lonesome hole without supper. During the last of that night I heard her wailing, and I knew I would get obedience in the morning. And sure enough, when I opened the door, out she came around in front of me and up on her hind legs as correctly as could be. I made her sit up several times more to be sure of an unconditional surrender, then I picked her up in my arms and carried her in to a big breakfast, for really I love all my dogs, and they are just as happy when useful as when only just 'no count dogs.' I'd rather not whip at all."

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Fresh Air

Young Catterburt groaned. Then he shuddered as he regarded the front on the windows. For he was about to plunge out into the biting cold.

It is usually a girl who rouses a young man to deeds heroic or foolish and it was a particularly pretty, fluffy girl named Ethel who was responsible for young Catterburt's risking his peace of mind, to say nothing of his life, out among the pneumonia germs in the freezing air.

If Ethel had been the sort of girl who is content to make magazine cover pictures of herself before a blazing log fire, or if she had loved to preside over steamy chafing dishes young Catterburt would have been extremely happy in her company. But Ethel had a mania for outdoor exercise. Apparently she never remained in the house if she could create an excuse to get out, and young Catterburt, being her constant shadow, had to go along. He didn't dare not to go, for fear some of his rivals would spring in and usurp his place.

This winter Ethel had led him a merry pace. He had not dreamed when he became acquainted with her in the summer than she was going to turn out to be that kind, for she had seemed particularly fragile and clinging. The things she could not invent now to do out of doors could have been recited in half a minute. Sunday afternoons when young Catterburt would drop in for a comfortable call Ethel would greet him with energy. "I'm so glad you've come," she would say. "Isn't it the most perfect day for a walk? I'm simply dying to get out. Don't take off your coat, for I'll have my things on in a jiffy!"

Then she would make young Catterburt tramp nine or eleven miles with a thousand stinging needles of cold jabbing into his agonized countenance and his feet growing so numb that he knew he would have to excuse himself the instant he got back to her door and say, "Reg pardon—I'll be back just as soon as I get my toes amputated." She would lend him to the arctic shores of the lake and ask him if it didn't look lovely, while gallons of icy breeze sneaked down his collar.

If he asked her to go to the theater she would beg him to take her skating instead. Skating as an amusement appealed to young Catterburt as a very special kind of progressive insanity.

This particular evening another skating expedition was on the carpet. Young Catterburt's face was so cold when he reached Ethel's that he couldn't talk. He didn't want to talk, anyhow, for he was feeling considerably abused and harried by fate. Ethel, so bundled in furs that she looked like an Eskimo, was full of gay chatter. It added to his resentment.

Finally even she bent her head to the bitter night wind and plodded on in silence, which was broken only by the clang of their swinging skates.

Suddenly Ethel halted. She got around back of young Catterburt, much as though he were an inanimate windbreak, and made queer little noises. They sounded like frozen sobs.

"What's the matter?" Catterburt got out. He couldn't force his numb lips open far enough really to talk.

"O-o-oh!" Ethel wept. "It's simply horrid of you! It's all your fault! It's no way to treat a girl! It's brutal—making me go outdoors in w-w-weather like this!"

"I—make you!" Catterburt stammered, agitated. "You were d-d-dying to go!" "I'll prob'ly die, all right," Ethel told him indignantly, "but it's your fault! You said once you liked athletic, outdoor girls—and I've been one all winter, and I hate it, and I simply won't any more, and I don't care if I never s-see you again! O-o-oh! My eye-lashes are all frozen together!"

"Ethel," young Catterburt chattered wildly, "I f-f-f-eel now that I can love you madly. After we get somewhere and drink about two quarts of hot coffee apiece I'm g-g-going to t-t-tell you a-b-b-out it!"—Chicago Daily News.

One on the Tenor.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, told the following story on himself at a dinner of the Irish society in New York recently:

"My wife and I had been entertained at dinner by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul," said Mr. McCormack. "After the dinner my wife and I both sang for the prelate, and when Mrs. McCormack had finished the archbishop turned to me and said: 'You should be very proud of such a talented wife!'

"Indeed I am," I replied with enthusiasm.

"This is the first time he ever made such a confession," said my wife, looking at the archbishop with a twinkle in her eye.

"He couldn't make a confession in a better place," remarked one of the guests, indicating the archbishop.

"True," smiled the prelate, "but I cannot forgive him, because he isn't sorry for it."

Moslem Faith Growing.

The proportion of Mohammedans to the aggregate population of India has steadily risen since 1881. It is estimated that the number of Moslems under British authority in the Indian empire is now 68,000,000 as compared with 50,000,000 30 years ago.

DO YOU OWN ANY FORGOTTEN TREASURES?

In the current issue of the Farm and Fireside appears the following: "A Cincinnati woman recently killed herself because she believed herself to have been robbed of, or to have lost a small sum of money. After her death the money was found in a book where she had placed it for safe keeping."

"Many a farmer works so hard and so steadily that he cannot find time to look for the treasure hidden in the

closed book of his acres. Open the book by thought. Take expert advice. Read your farm paper. Send for good bulletins when they promise to light up the darkness of your problems. You may have lost the treasure. You may have been robbed. But, unless you are a very wonderful farmer indeed, you will find unsuspected riches in the closed book of the farm if you will only open its pages and take the time to study them as a lawyer studies his cases, or a preacher his sermons. A certain sort of farming may be done with the hands only. But he who does not use his brain, too, will fail."

HEALTH HINTS

Cleanse teeth in the morning, at night and after each meal—always brush teeth from the gums downward for the upper teeth, and from the gums upward for the lower teeth. Never pick teeth with metal points—acids, like vinegar, lemons, etc., destroy the lime of the teeth and destroy their solidity.

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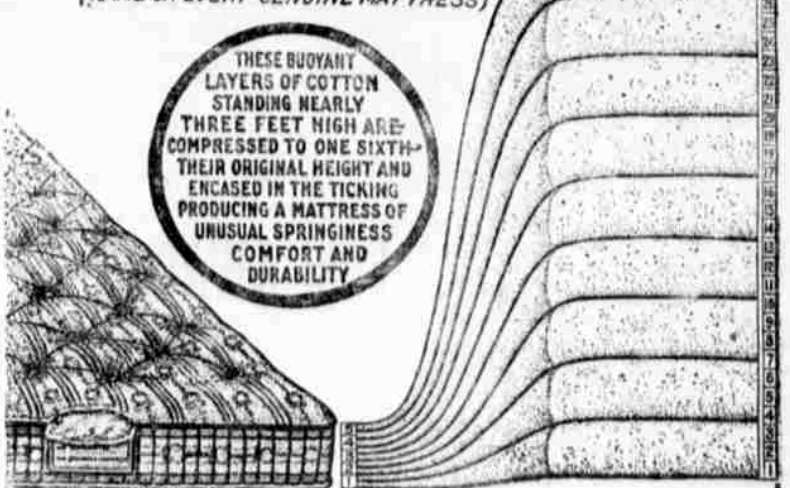
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