

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart

John Henry on Servant Problem

WHEN Peaches and I get tired of the Big Town—tired of its noises and hullabaloo; tired of being tagged by taxis as we cross a street; tired of watching grocers and butchers boasting higher the highest cost of living—that's our cue to grab a choo-choo and breeze out to Uncle Peter Grant's farm and bungalow in the wilds of Westchester, which he calls Trooly-rooral.

Just to even matters up, Uncle Peter and his wife visit us from time to time in our amateur apartment in the Big Town.

Uncle Peter is a very stout old gentleman. When he squeezes into our little flat the walls act as if they were bowlegged.

Uncle Peter always goes through the folding doors sideways, and every time he sits down the man in the apartment below us kicks because we move the piano so often.

Aunt Martha is Uncle Peter's wife and she weighs more and breathes oftener.

When the two of them visit our bird cage at the same time the janitor has to go out and stand in front of the building with a view to catching it if it falls.

When we reached Trooly-rooral we found that "Cousin Elsie" Schulz was also a visitor there.

"Cousin Elsie" is a sort of privileged character in the family, having lived with Aunt Maria for over twenty years as a sort of housekeeper.

They call her "Cousin Elsie" just to make it more difficult.

Three or four years ago Elsie married Gustave Bierbauer and quit her job.

"Cousin Elsie" believes that conversation was invented for her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a bundle of the English language and break it up is a caution.

Language is the same to Elsie as a siphon is to a highball—and that's a whole lot.

Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living so abruptly that the coroner had to sit on him.

The post mortem found out that Gustave had died from a rush of words to his brainpan.

The coroner also found, upon further examination, that all of these words had formerly belonged to Elsie, with the exception of a few which were once the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit, Aunt Maria tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eye on Herman Schulz, and finally married him. So now every once in a while Elsie

en, because I'm a nervous woman—I am that!" And then the Duchess of Devilish Kidneys got a strange hold on her green umbrella and ducked for the grub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went in the house.

"Hep," I said; "this scene with Her Highness of Clamchowder ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an egg-beater. They've had eight cooks in eight days, and every time a new face comes in the kitchen the coalscuttle screams with fright.

"You can see where they've worn a new trail across the lawn on the retreat to the depot.

"It's an awful thing, Hep! Our palates are weak from sampling different styles of mashed potatoes.

"We had one last week who answered roll call when you yelled Phyllis.

"Isn't that a peach of a handle for a kitchen queen with a map like the Borough of Bronx on a dark night?"

"She came here well recommended—by herself. She said she knew how to cook backward.

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked. Phyllis was a very inventive girl. She could cook anything on earth or in the waters underneath the earth, and she proved it by trying to mix tenpenny nails with the baked beans.

"When Phyllis found there was no shredded oats in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the washtub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine.

She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the station.

Aunt Martha whispered to us plaintively: "Lizzie has been here only two days, and this makes the seventh time she has started for town."

But Lizzie took the center of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, mem!" she announced with considerable bitterness.

Uncle Peter made a brave effort to scowl back at her, but she flashed her lanterns at him and he fell back two paces to the rear.

"What is it this time, Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, folded her arms, and said: "Oh, I have me grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt Martha and said in a hoarse whisper: "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all!"

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzie.

"It occurs to me," he began in polished accents, "that this is an occasion upon which I should publicly point out to you the error of your ways, and send you back to your humble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household."

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's come-back, "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"It wasn't a half bad breakfast food of the homemade kind, but every time I took a drink of water the sawdust used to float up in my throat and tickle me.

"The first and only day she was with us Phyllis squandered two dollars' worth of eggs to make a lemon meringue popple.

"She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped.

"Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed: 'No; my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the lawn with the carving knife.

"Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner, and Phyllis got back at her: 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret!'"

"When the meal came on the table we were compelled to keep the secret with her.

"It looked like Irish stew, tasted like clam chowder, and behaved like a bad boy.

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working, so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his cafe department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us flat.

"The next rebate we got in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergraet.

"James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at roast beef.

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived.

"Eight o'clock came, and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were hungry beings with appetites.

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number.

"He was up to 2,196,493, and still had half a pound to go.

"James left that night, followed by shouts of approval from all present.

"I'm telling you all this, Hep, just to prove that fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity."

Hep laughed and shook his head.

"This servant problem won't delay my wedding," he chortled; "if there wasn't a cook left in the world we wouldn't care; we're going to be vegetarians because we're going to live in the Garden of Eden."

"Tush!" I snickered.

"Tush, yourself!" said Hep.

"Oh, tush, both of you," said Peaches. "John said that very thing to me three weeks before we were married."

"Sure I did. I went back, and we're still in the Garden, aren't we? Of course if you want to subset part of it and have Hep and his bride roaming moonstruck through your strawberry beds, that's up to you!"

"Well," said friend wife, "being alone in the Garden of Eden is all right, but after you've been there three or four years there's a mild excitement in hearing a strange voice, even if it is that of a serpent!"

Close the door, Della, I feel a draft.

Useless Inquiry.

"What's the plural of omnibus?" "I don't know," replied the man who had been standing on the corner. "The word doesn't need any plural. It's had enough to see as many as one of 'em."

Very Likely.

Patience—Our boarding-house lady told me she has a family coat-of-arms.

Patrice—I can imagine figuring in it is a prune coachman.

HELP FROM COW-TESTING ASSOCIATIONS



Economical Producers of Human Food.

(By L. ANDERSON.) The cow testing association is a plan of co-operation among dairymen for the purpose of regularly and economically testing their cows for production of milk and butterfat.

A usual estimate places the average production of cows at 175 pounds of butter per cow per year. In these days people who are familiar with dairymen think in terms of butterfat, and if the above average be translated to fat it makes about 150 pounds. At 30 cents a pound, which has been the average price for the past three years, the annual income per cow is \$45.00.

If the above figures are taken as a foundation, it is very apparent that there are many cows which are not paying the cost of their keeping. The use of the scales and the Babcock test has discovered in almost every herd tested some cows that do not pay the cost of keeping. If dairymen is to be made as profitable a business as it ought to be and as it has a right to be under proper management, these poorer cows must be apprehended.

There is no means of knowing what a cow is producing without weighing and testing her milk at regular intervals. A dairyman selling milk by volume may not be concerned in the butterfat content further than is necessary to keep up to legal standard, but one who is selling butterfat is vitally concerned in the amount each cow produces. Each dairyman may test his own cows, but facing the condition squarely it is known that very few do.

At a recent dairymen's meeting this point was raised—that a testing association was not necessary, because each man could test his own cows. The question was then asked: "How

many present have Babcock testers?" Twelve out of a gathering of fifty answered in the affirmative. In reply to the question, "How many of you who have testers use them?" only one answered in the affirmative.

The object of cow testing associations is to make the use of scales and Babcock machines a community affair—to unite dairymen into a partnership for the purpose of employing a trained man to visit each herd at regular monthly intervals and weigh and test the milk of each cow. At the end of the year, this man gives each dairymen a record of the individuals in his herd with little work or trouble to him and at the cost of about one dollar per cow.

The tester weighs and samples the milk of each cow at the evening and morning milking and tests the combined sample for butterfat. Before leaving, he makes calculations so that he may leave with the dairymen the record of each cow down to date.

In European countries and some of the states in this country, one of the duties of a tester is to weigh and keep a record of food consumed by the cows. The cost to the dairymen for complete testing varies from 80 cents to \$1.50 a year for each cow. This variation is due to the number of cows in the associations and to the size of individual herds.

The first association in the United States was organized at Fremont, Mich., in 1905. This association had 31 members, and 239 cows completed the first year's test. Since that time similar associations have been organized in practically all of the leading dairy states of the Union, to the great advantage of dairymen everywhere.

WEANING LITTLE PIGS

May Be Done at Eight Weeks of Age When Desired.

Sow Two Years Old Should Produce Two Litters Yearly Without Any Trouble—Give Feeds Conducive to Best Milk Flow.

(By JOHN C. BURNS, Texas Experiment Station.)

As a general rule, we find it advisable to wean pigs at about ten weeks of age. In the case of the especially thrifty, well-developed pigs, and when it is desired to breed the sow as early as possible again, pigs may be weaned at eight weeks old with good results. As a rule, we do not consider it advisable to have a sow farrow before she is twelve months old. Or, in other words, it is generally considered best not to breed them until they are between eight and nine months old. Breeding too early often has the tendency to check the growth of the gilt and sometimes the effects are permanent.

Fourteen or fifteen hours labor in bringing pigs is longer than ordinary, and would naturally be weakening on a young gilt. After weaning the litter your gilt has, I would advise not breeding her until she is about fifteen or sixteen months old. She would thus have a chance to mend up and grow some and would bring you a better litter. After reaching two years old any brood sow should bring two litters without any trouble.

Turnips, mangels-wurzels and all such succulent feeds are good for sows suckling pigs, as they are conducive to good milk flow. Whip-poor-will peas have good results as a forage crop for all kinds of hogs, and especially brood sows and growing pigs. Ordinarily it is best to let hogs graze them and thus save the labor of harvesting. It is best to graze the peas when the fruit is fully developed, but the vines still green, as in this case much of the vines as well as the peas will be consumed.

Rather than to feed straight corn, it would be best for you to dispose of some of it at one dollar per bushel, and in return get wheat shorts. Good, rich gray wheat shorts are costing here at retail about \$1.25 per 100 pounds. Equal parts of corn and wheat shorts will give a very well balanced ration. About the only advantage in having corn ground for hogs is that it can more readily be mixed with other feeds in connection with it.

Killing Cabbage Pests. Cabbage worms can be controlled in the same way as the potato bugs, but it is a hard matter sometimes to make the poison stick to cabbage leaves. Making the water very soapy helps a great deal in "sticking" the poison, but a better way is to use what is called the "resin-lime sticker." This you will need to make yourself, as we know of none of it on the market.

Sweet Clover for Pasture. Sweet clover is well suited to use as a pasture crop for hogs. If properly managed it should re-seed itself every year and produce a large amount of succulent forage at a minimum cost.

Generous Feeding Needed. There is no time in the colt's life when he requires more generous feeding than during the first year after being weaned.

Splendid Night Pasture. An alfalfa patch forms a splendid night pasture for work horses, providing they are used to it and turned out regularly.

Garden Policemen. The toad has been aptly called the garden policeman.

BEST QUALITY OF PRODUCTS

Often Happens That the Producer of Good Dairy Articles Does Not Find Ready Market.

(By J. CADWALLADER, Louisiana Experiment Station.)

Quality is the keynote to the successful marketing of dairy products. People always have and always will pay a premium for quality, therefore it is useless to expect to market dairy products successfully unless those products are of better quality than the average. Unfortunately it often happens that producers of good dairy produce do not always find a good market, but this does not signify that there is not a demand for the product at a good price, but simply means a lack of business ability on the part of the farmer in securing a good market. He, too, often depends upon his home town or upon his immediate community for a market for his products and is too often satisfied to sell to the middleman and the grocery store.

In this day of the parcel post even perishable products can be sent great distances for a few cents, making it possible to sell such products as butter, cheese, etc., direct from the farm to the consumer. There are hundreds of people in our towns and cities who would be only too glad to get dairy products direct from the farmer if the farmers who have these products for sale would insure them good uniform products.

Ordinarily a grocery store receives anywhere from 5 to 7 cents for handling a pound of butter, butter which is made from cream that is even inferior to that from which the farmer made his butter which he sold to the grocer. Why doesn't the farmer keep this profit for himself?

LEG WEAKNESS IN TURKEYS

Trouble is Generally Caused by Over-feeding of Fattening Foods and Lack of Exercise.

(By PROF. F. W. KAZMEIER, Texas Agricultural College.)

Leg weakness in young turkeys is generally caused by overfeeding of very fattening foods and lack of exercise. Quite frequently it is also caused by the old turkey making them walk too much, causing them to tire in their legs. It is also caused sometimes by their roosting on cold, damp ground, thus causing inflammation of the joints, which may develop rheumatism. A proper remedy would, of course, be to remove the cause. Feed the young turkeys rather sparingly on good food, not too much at a time. Feed more pinhead wheat and oatmeal. Feed a little at a time and often. Do not overfeed. If the old turkey hen is a kind that travels too far with the birds, prevent this as much as you can by yarding. Raise your turkeys on fresh ground each year. Provide good, clean dry quarters for them at night.

Rays Invisible to the Eye. Science tells us that in addition to the rays of the sun which we see, there are rays on both sides of the spectrum which are invisible to the human eye, but which are distinguished by the camera. The ultraviolet rays—rays which are less than three-hundredth millionths of a millimeter in length—cause human beings all sorts of discomfort, including among other things sunburn, tired eyes and even blindness.

They are one of the greatest menaces the eye has. It has long been believed that they cause snow-blindness. A number of experiments conducted under test conditions show that they cause fatigue of the eye, and in old age lead to cataract, and, therefore, to blindness.

Position of Advantage. Barnes (to Shedd, who has just finished a long letter)—"Funny that you should write long letters to your wife when you have so little to say to her when she is present." Shedd—"Not at all. When I am writing I have the floor."—Boston Transcript.

Devoted of Feeling. She—"There was a man on the crowded car that I came home on who is a perfect brute. He—Why, dear?" She—"Why, I trod on his foot a dozen times and he never offered me his seat."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Strive Lawfully. If a man also strive for mastery, yet he is not crowned, except he strive lawfully.—II Timothy 3:8.

QUEEN of THE ADRIATIC

There are numerous things of priceless value to the world upon the threatened frontiers of the warring countries, and among the richest of these treasures in Venice, the dream of generations of tourists, of students of art and history and of lovers of romance and beauty. Few cities in the world receive veneration from more widely scattered sources, and few stir so many pleasant anticipations on the eve of a first visit to them. This year, however, the city will be deserted by its visitors. Venice, a honeymoon objective and the tourist's earliest across-sea aspiration, has become an objective for Austrian air fleets and battleships. Something of the charm of this city of world-pilgrimage is told by one of its most noted friends, Karl Stieler, whose picture of the Queen of the Adriatic forms the basis of a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society. He writes:

Before the Campanile we realize for the first time the widespread power of Venice, that fairy city which sprang not from the earth, but the sea; still touched with the glamour of the East, and yet mistress of western culture,—so rich in arts and arms, in loves and hatreds! Venice is a sphinx whose enigma we never wholly penetrate. In vain we strive to find an image that shall express her mysterious essence. The unique brooks no comparison.

Center of Life and Movement. As in the old times, even so today, the center of life and movement is the piazza of St. Mark's, although it offers but a pale shadow of the life of former days. Here on sunny mornings all the foreigners assemble; here lounge the cicconi, and on the neighboring piazzetta the gondoliers. Itinerant vendors of all kinds push their way among the chairs that are set out in front of the cafes under the open arcade.

But the most brilliant spectacle is at night, when hundreds of gas jets are alight in the huge bronze candelabra, when the gold sparkles in the jeweler's windows and the sound of gay music is borne across the piazza. Then the crowd gathers from all sides.

great evangelist; its historical sanctity consists in its intimate connection with the fortunes of the city and of her rulers. It was the theater of their triumphs and the refuge for their cares; all that she has achieved and suffered Venice has done under the protecting wing of St. Mark's.

The Church of St. Mark contains trophies from all parts of the world; every stone has a history. Those two great pillars at the entrance to the baptistry were part of the booty of Acre. The bronze folding doors were once in the Church of St. Sophia at Stamboul. The marble columns, which stand right and left of the main portal, are said to have been taken from the temple in Jerusalem. The famous group of four horses, which stands above the main portal, is of the antique Roman period, and was for a long time in Byzantium, the capital of the Empire of the West. The Doge Dandolo, at the age of ninety-five, led on the Venetians to the storming of Constantinople (1203). He was nearly blind, but a fiery life still glowed in his veins.

What St. Mark's is as the expression of the religious spirit, that the dual palace is for the secular power of Venice; it has scarcely a rival, even in Italy. The doge's palace, as it now stands before us, was begun in the fourteenth century and completed in the fifteenth after a long interruption. Here every line is classic. The very position of the palace, its relation to the Church of St. Mark, its two fronts—one commanding the piazzetta and the other the sea—declare the inner significance of the building; it is the foundation, the very cornerstone of all Venetian splendor.

Splendors Not Unmarred. But yet a little shadow rests on these splendors. A slight shudder mars the enchantment, for the hands of Venice are stained with blood—much noble blood sacrificed to unworthy passions. There is the Bocca di Leone, into which envy threw its secret accusations. Here sat the council of ten, Consiglio de' Dieci. That was a word of terror to all citizens of Venice. In this tribunal she had a



ON THE GRAND CANAL

Here come the nobili with their wives. The gondolas throng the piazzetta and the merceria seems far too narrow for the press of people.

The noise and the passion which runs through the publicity of Italian life continue deep into the night; then last hasty words are spoken, yet once more stolen glances are shot from beautiful eyes, and the happy individual for whom it is intended understands the farewell. Around the steps of the piazzetta—all of white marble, so that you cannot miss them, even at night—the gondolas gather again and then separate on their different ways through the dark and dead-silent canals.

St. Mark's stands alone among all the temples of the world. Although age and the moist sea air have spread their veil over these walls, yet the brilliant coloring and the mighty outlines shine through all the gray dimness of the past. The bronze horses above the great door are rearing; the cupolas and arches stretch their great curves in intensity of power; each portion of the great building seems alive and animated; yet in the whole reigns the profound and noble peace proper to the house of God.

Church Now 800 Years Old. It is now exactly 800 years ago since the building of St. Mark's was completed; its ecclesiastical sanctity is bestowed on it by the relics of the

power which could only be compared with that of Robespierre or the blood-thirsty Marat.

The complete truth about Venice cannot be learned in the lofty dual palace, where the ceilings are full of gold and where art, free and untrammeled, created her masterpieces. We must go down even as far as the Fossati, into the dungeons below the level of the water, or we must mount into the hot leaden cells (i. Fiombi); then we begin to conceive what was the secret canker gnawing at the root of all this beauty; then we feel with unspeakable horror what is the shadow on the conscience of the proud Queen of the Adriatic.

Tells of a Strange Plant. Speaking on "Plant Adaptations" at the Royal Botanical Society recently, says the London Chronicle, Professor Bottomley drew attention to a curious feature of certain climbing plants, the spiral tendrils of which might be said to reverse after having proceeded in one direction for a certain time.

One might imagine the tendrils waiting around for a time and then saying: "Do you reverse?" and turning the other way.

People generally, he added, did not realize the wealth of knowledge that was at their disposal. One had only to take a chair and sit under a tree and learn botany.

Friendship. It is an inestimable blessing for any man or woman to possess a friend; one human soul in whom complete confidence may be reposed; one who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight out our own battle.

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Then Lizzie and the Green Umbrella Struck a Casey-at-the-Bat Pose.

moseys over from Plainfield, N. J., where she lives with Herman, and proceeds to sew a lot of pillow slips and things for Aunt Martha.

One morning while Peaches and I were at breakfast, Elsie meandered in, bearing in her hand a wedding invitation which Herman had forwarded to her from Plainfield.

Being as I say, a privileged character, she does pretty much as she likes around the bungalooms.

Elsie read the invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Ganderkurds request der honor of your presence at der marriage of der daughter, Verbensa, to Galahad Schalsenberger, at der home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J. March Sixteenth, R. S. V. P."

"Well," said Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds and I know der daughter, Verbensa, and I know Galahad Schalsenberger; he's a floorwalker in Bauerhaupt's grocery store, but I don't know vot it is der R. S. V. P. yet!"

I gently kicked Peaches on the instep under the table, and said to Elsie, "Well, that is a new one on me. Are you sure it isn't B. & O. or C. R. R. of N. J. I've heard of those two railroads in New Jersey, but I never heard of the R. S. V. P."

For the first time in her life since she's been able to grab a sentence between her teeth and shake the pro nouns out of it Elsie was fazed.

She kept looking at the invitation and saying to herself, "R. S. V. P. I! Vot is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know der bride's parents, but I don't know der R. S. V. P."

All that day Elsie wandered through the house muttering to herself: "R. S. V. P. I! Vot is it? Is it some secret between the bride and groom? R. S. V. P. I! It ain't my initials, because they begin mit E. S. V. I! Vot is it? Vot is it?"

That evening we were all at dinner when Elsie rushed in with a cry of joy. "I got it!" she said. "I hat untied der meaning of der R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Wedding Presents!"

I was just about to drink a glass of water, so I changed my mind and nearly choked to death.

Peaches tried to say something which resulted in a gurgie in her throat, while Uncle Peter fell off his

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter, leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

Bpt Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth," he said sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language, it behooves me to reprimand you severely. I will therefore—"

Then Lizzie and the green umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose, and cut in: "G'wan away from me with your dime novel talk or I'll place the back of me unladylike hand on your jowls!"

"Peter!" warningly exclaimed the perturbed Aunt Martha.

"Yes, Martha, you're right," the old gentleman said, turning hastily. "I must hurry and finish my correspondence before the morning mail goes." And he faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us. "I must humor her. Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?"

"You told me, mem, that I should have a room with a southern exposure," said the Queen of the Bungaloom.

"And isn't the room as described?" asked Aunt Martha.

"The room is all right, but I don't care for the exposure," said the Princess of Porkchops.

"Well, what's wrong?" insisted our patient auntie.

"Sure," said the Baroness of Bread Pudding, "the room is so exposed, mem, that every breeze from the North Pole just nachully hakes in there and keeps me settin' up in bed all night shiverin' like I was shakin' dice for the drinks. When I want that kind of exercise I'll hire out as chambermaid in a cold storage. I'm a cook, mem, it's true, but I'm no relation to Doctor Cook, and I ain't eager to sleep in a room where even a Polar bear would be growlin' for a fur coat."