FOR A FRIEND

By EMMA C. DOWD

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As Helen Sargent stopped singing a sweet voice from the other end of the room said: "That is a beautiful song, dearie. It seemed as if I could see the Lord riding into Jerusalem, and the people casting their garments and palm branches before Him, and hear them crying, 'Hosanna!' You make it all so real."

"I am glad you like it, grandma. I feel as if I were there myself; perhaps that is why I can make it seem real to others. I am to sing it at church to-morrow and I hope it will please my audience as well as it pleases you. But not everybody is as kind a critic as you are." Then stooping to kiss the smiling lips she sped up-stairs.

The flush that her grandmother's words had called to her cheeks had not died out, and her face reflected the pure joy that filled her heart. Helen Sargent was very lovely as she stood there thinking her happy thoughts.

Presently she turned from the window and made preparations for a walk.

As she was ushered into the parlor of her friend, Mabel Emory, she saw that another caller was before her.

"Oh, it is Millie Crawford!" she said sweetly, as she went forward to greet the girl, who had turned slightly at her approach. "I have hardly caught a glimpse of you since I came home; but we used to be good friends before I went abroad. I wish I might see more of you. I never forget old friends, Millie."

The young lady thus addressed replied somewhat stiffly to this cordial

"What Ails Millie Crawford?"

greeting and then sat awkwardly on the edge of a large chair, nervously fingering the buttons of her jacket.

"What ails Millie Crawford?" asked Helen as soon as she was alone with her friend.

Mabel blushed.

"Poor Millie!" she said; "she is going through a hard place."

"Oh, I did not suppose she was in trouble! I am so sorry. I wish I could help her."

Helen's voice was very tender and sympathetic, and she looked inquiringly at Mabel, expecting something further. But Mabel only seemed confused, and she avoided her friend's direct gaze.

"I'd like to tell you—that is, perhaps it would be best," she said, finally; "but I don't think Millie would want me to speak of it."

"Then do not," Helen hastened to say. "I only wish I might be of use to her in some way."

Mabel opened her lips, as if to reply; then she closed them tightly, with a pained expression, and the pain did not wholly leave her face during her caller's stay.

On Monday morning she started for Boston on business for her grandmother. As the train stopped at a way station, Helen looked up from her book to see a rosy-cheeked, smiling woman standing opposite her in the aisle, and she moved closer to the window and took up the parcel beside her that the stranger might share her seat.

"Thank you," said the woman; "I don't see what makes the cars so crowded this mornin'. But I don't blame 'em any; it's pleasant enough to want to be goin' somewhere."

Helen nodded a smiling assent, and then resumed her reading. But in a moment she felt a soft touch on her sleeve.

"Excuse me," said her seatmate, "but I couldn't help seein' that," pointing to the ticket that lay in Helen's lap, "an' I want to know if you live in Bloxamboro."

"Yes."

"I thought so! Wal, I'm real glad. Perhaps you know a young lady by the name of Crawford."

Helen responded in the affirmative.

"Wal, ain't I in luck! You see, I live in Boston. I've been over to my married daughter's to stay all night. Her baby has got the measles, an' they thought he was goin' to die sure, an' nothin' would do but I must come right over. But he's as bright as a button this mornin', an' there wa'n't no need o' my goin', only I s'pose Mary 'll feel easier now. Wal, that ain't here nor there. This Miss Crawford come to my house the other day to see about hirin' some rooms for herself an' mother, an' I felt a little shaky 'bout lettin' her have 'em, seein' I didn't know nothin' whether she was reliable or not; but if you say she is, why that settles it."

Upon hearing Helen's assurance that Miss Crawford and her mother would probably be all that could be desired as tenants, the woman went on:

"I s'pose I needn't be so fussy, but I hain't lived in Boston long enough to git used to city ways, an' I'm drefful afraid I shall git took in by somebody. I thought she was all right; she seemed so pretty appearin', an' I felt real sorry for her. You see, there's a rich girl there in Bloxamboro that's been playin' the mischief with her prospects, gittin' her music scholars away from her—or no, not gittin' 'em away 'xactly, 'cause she said she didn't b'lieve she had anything to do about it, only they thought 'twas tonier to take lessons o' this big bug that had been to Europe an' had got all the new fangled notions in singin'. An' she said she spent 'most all her mother's money learnin' how to sing, an' now it wa'n't goin' to be worth much to her after all. She cried when she was tellin' me, an' I felt awful sorry for her. Oh, an' she said she had a good place in the church choir, an' she was took down with typhoid fever just before this rich I-for-get-her-name come home, an'—as luck would have it—her time run out before she got well enough to sing, an' the other girl got married, an' so they up an' hired this rich girl—they'd got to have somebody, you see, an' she was all ready an' waitin'! But she said she could 'a' stood that if she could 'a' kep' her scholars; but all her best ones went over to the other one. It does seem as if anybody't had plenty o' money wouldn't do such things, don't it? But, there, p'rhaps you know that rich girl, too—my, I hope she ain't no friend o' yours! I never thought!"

How Helen Sargent managed to reassure her garrulous companion she hardly knew; but that the mind of the little woman was relieved of all fears was evident from the unsuspecting way in which she continued her innocent chatter about herself, her relatives, Millie Crawford and the things that made up the daily routine of her own uneventful life.

As for Helen, her brain whirled, her heart beat wildly, she felt suffocated. This, then, was the explanation of Millie's trouble, of Mabel's strange conduct—and she was the cause of it all!

Helen was glad when she bade the well-meaning little woman good by, and she was once more left to herself. After attending to her grandmother's business she had expected to spend a few hours in shopping and paying two or three visits, but her interest in new gowns and her Boston friends was gone, and she took an early train for home.

In her own room she first dared to look at the matter squarely. It was all plain enough now, this trouble of Millie's. Mrs. Crawford was in poor health, probably not well enough to be left alone—that was why Millie had been looking for rooms in Boston. She recollected hearing Millie once say that she believed it would break her mother's heart if she should ever have to leave her own little home where she had gone as a bride, and which she loved so dearly.

Helen's form shook with suppressed sobs. She prayed and prayed for light and strength.

At last, the struggle was ended; Helen grew calm. She rose and made preparations for going down to tea. When she looked into the mirror to see if she could discover any traces of her recent tears, it was not an unhappy face that greeted her.

Two years afterwards she was returning home from Boston late one afternoon when she caught the earnest gaze of a woman across the aisle. The face had a familiar aspect, but before she could recollect where she had seen it the woman came toward her with outstretched hand.

"I do' know's you know me, but I hain't forgot you—oh, now you remember!" pleased at Helen's smile of recognition. "Wal, I've looked for you ever since. Do you know, that Miss Crawford didn't come after all, an I never knew why till a little while ago. I met her an' she told me all about it. That rich girl went off travelin', an' so she got her place in the choir back again an' her scholars an' ev'rything! Wasn't that nice? An' that rich girl—why, she's turned out 'most an angel! She's got piles o' money of course, but 'tain't ev'rybody 'll do things for nothin' if they have. She's givin lessons all the time to poor girls that want to learn to sing an' can't afford to, an' she sings in prisons an' hospitals an' awful old tenement houses, an' they say she does sing beautiful. I'd just like to see her an' hear her sing; I'd walk five miles any time to do it! Oh, dear, here's Shirlton, and I've got to go! Won't you come an' see me sometime? I'm in the same old place. Queer, how things turn out, ain't it? Do come see me!" And Helen promised. Then the train stopped, and the nodding, smiling little woman disappeared in the crowd.

INSPECTION OF DAIRIES

BY ED. H. WEBSTER, M.S.
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A systematic sanitary inspection of dairy farms and milk distributing depots cannot be too strongly recommended. Recent investigations in various parts of the country have conclusively shown that the conditions on many of the farms and at many milk depots are anything but ideal; they are, in fact, about as bad as it is possible to conceive. Stables are poorly lighted, many having no windows whatever, and ventilation is not provided for. Little attention is paid to floors, ceilings, walls or stable yards. Swine, horses and poultry are often found in the same barn with the cows. Manure is not removed, or, when removed, is thrown through an opening in the wall or just outside the door, frequently near the milk room. The necessary appliances for sterilizing and cooling in the milk room are often lacking, making it impossible to properly wash and sterilize pails, cans, bottles, and other appliances, or to properly cool and hold at a low temperature the milk before delivery.

Milk dealers as a rule have more regard for sanitation and have better appliances than are to be found on the average farm, but some common practices are deplorable. Very few dealers have appliances for sterilizing bottles. Drivers not infrequently bottle milk on the wagon, using bottles that have come from some household and have not been sterilized. Wagons and appliances are not kept in as sanitary condition as should be required. A number of dealers do not separate business from home operations. Help of unknown origin and doubtful habits is employed and is a constant menace to purity of milk. Up to April 5 of the present year a careful examination had been made, under the supervision of the department of agriculture, of 727 dairies supplying milk to the District of Columbia. This examination took into account only the sanitary condition of the farms and did not include the health of the animals nor an examination of the water supply, except as these points would be revealed by observation on the premises at the time of the inspection. The average rating of these 727 dairies, on the basis of 100 as perfect, was 45.1 per cent. Thirty-three were above 75 per cent., 278 between 50 and 75 per cent., and 407 scored less than 50 per cent. The tuberculin test had been applied to but four of the herds, though many proprietors stated that the test would be applied in the near future. With tested herds and a pure water supply assured, this showing would be deplorable, but under existing conditions of probable water contaminations and but four out of 727 herds tuberculin tested, what shall be said?

A similar study has been made of conditions in the city, and the situation there is not nearly so bad as in the country. Seventy-three depots were examined, of which 46 were rated above 75 per cent. and 27 between 57.5 and 75 per cent.

The situation in Washington is not different from that confronting the health departments of most of the cities of any size throughout the country. The public is gradually awakening to the fact that these conditions must be changed.

The following are suggested as ideal conditions, which might be used as a basis for rules and regulations:

The Cows.

1. Have the herd examined frequently by a skilled veterinarian. Promptly remove any animals suspected of being in bad health. Never add an animal to the herd until certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.

2. Never allow a cow to be excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking, or unnecessary disturbance; do not unduly expose her to cold or storms.

3. Clean the entire body of the cow daily. Hair in the region of the udder should be kept short. Wipe the udder and surrounding parts with a clean, damp cloth before milking.

4. Do not allow any strong-flavored feed, such as garlic, cabbage or turnips, to be eaten except immediately after milking.

5. Salt should always be accessible.

6. Radical changes in feed should be made gradually.

7. Have fresh, pure water in abundance, easy of access, and not too cold.

The Stables.

8. Dairy cattle should be kept in a stable where no other animals are housed, preferably, without cellar or storage loft. Stable should be light (four square feet of glass per cow) and dry, with 500 cubic feet of air to each animal. It should have air inlets and outlets, so arranged as to give good ventilation without drafts of air on cows. The presence of flies may be reduced by darkening the stable and removing the manure as directed below:

9. Floor walls and ceilings of the stable should be tight, walls and ceilings being kept free of cobwebs and whitewashed twice a year. There should be as few dust-catching ledges and projections as possible.

10. Allow no musty or dirty litter or strong-smelling material in the stable. Store manure under cover at least 40 feet from the stable in a dark place. Use land plaster daily in gutter and on floor.

Milk House.

11. Cans should not remain in the stable while being filled. Remove the milk of each cow at once from the stable to a clean room; strain immediately through cotton flannel or absorbent cotton; cool to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, or lower. All milk houses should be screened.

12. Milk utensils should be made of metal, with all joints smoothly soldered, or, when possible, should be made of stamped metal. Never allow utensils to become rusty or rough inside. Use milk utensils for nothing but handling, storing or delivering milk.

13. To clean dairy utensils use pure water only. First rinse the utensils in warm water; then wash inside and out in hot water in which a cleansing material has been dissolved; rinse again; sterilize with boiling water or steam; then keep inverted in pure air that may have ready access, and sun if possible, until ready for use.

Milking and Handling of Milk.

14. The milker should wash his hands immediately before milking and should milk with dry hands. He should wear a clean outer garment, which should be kept in a clean place when not in use. Tobacco should not be used while milking.

15. In milking be quiet, quick, clean and thorough. Commence milking at the same hour every morning and evening, and milk the cows in the same order.

16. If any part of the milk is bloody, stringy, or unnatural in appearance, or if by accident dirt gets into the milk pail, the whole mess should be rejected.

17. Weigh and record the milk of each cow.

18. Never mix warm milk with that which has been cooled, and do not allow milk to freeze.

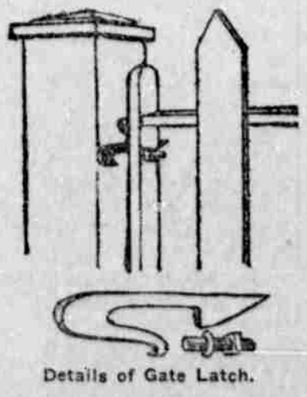
19. Feed no dry dusty feed just previous to milking.

20. Persons suffering from any disease, or who have been exposed to a contagious disease, must remain away from the cows and milk.

21. It is needless to say that the shorter the time between the production of milk and its delivery, and between delivery and use, the better will be the quality of the milk.

A GOOD GATE LATCH

The tidy farmer never likes to see his farm gates swinging, as they are sure to loosen and sag the gate posts by slamming back and forth in the wind, and are apt to be run into and broken by wagons in the dark. One



Details of Gate Latch.

that will hook itself when the gate is pushed to is the best as it is more likely to be heeded by the hired help than one which he must stop and fumble with. The above cut shows an ingenious and reliable latch for this purpose. The latch is made of iron and is so arranged that it will hook and hold the gate as soon as it is closed.

PROLIFIC GARDEN

ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST AND SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS IN MANITOBA—SOIL PRODUCES STRIKING RESULTS.

The Winnipeg (Canada) Free Press of a few days since contains account of the success that followed the efforts of William Knowles, an Englishman who located near Winnipeg, Manitoba. This is but one of many letters giving experiences of settlers, and should be encouraging to those who are looking about for a new home in which they may better their conditions. The following is a copy of the article referred to:

William Knowles, who cultivates some twelve acres of land just below Middlechurch ferry on east side of the Red River has probably as fine a display of horticultural products as any in Manitoba. The whole of his holding is in a high state of cultivation and literally crowded with splendid vegetable specimens, which have fortunately escaped damage by hail, although heavy storms have more than once occurred within a few miles. The potatoes are a wonderful crop, and he expects to raise 1,500 bushels from his patch of 4½ acres. A half dozen of tubers selected yesterday average more than a pound each. Adjoining the potatoes may be seen a marvelous collection of tomatoes. There are 600 plants, all growing under an enormous weight of fruit. One single stock picked yesterday contained eighteen tomatoes and weighed four pounds. This extraordinary example of marvelous growth, together with some of the potatoes were sent to the Free Press office.

The proprietor was the first in town with several specimens, including green corn. The season has been favorable for onions, and one square patch of nearly an acre is looking remarkably healthy. In addition there are good crops of cabbages, cauliflower, turnips, parsnips, carrots, pumpkins, marrows, cucumbers, celery, peas, lettuce, rhubarb, etc. The floral department has not been neglected and a charming display of all the well known blooms were shown, including a specially choice lot of asters.

Mr. Knowles, who gained most of his gardening experience in England, is loud in his praise of Manitoba soil for vegetable raising, and is gratified with the result of his first attempt at extensive horticulture.

KNEW WHAT PAPA SAID.

And It Was Something of a Variation of Old Adage.

Tommy was stubborn and his teacher was having a hard time explaining a small point in the geography lesson.

"Tommy," teacher began, "you can learn this if you make up your mind. It's not one bit smart to appear dull. I know," she continued, coaxingly, "that you are just as bright as any boy in the class. Remember, Tommy, where there's a will there's——"

"Aw," broke in Tommy, "I know all dat, I do. Me fadder's a lawyer, he is, an' I've heard him say it lots o' times."

"You should not have interrupted me," reprimanded the teacher, "but I'm glad that your father has taught you the old adage. Can you repeat it for me?"

"Sure," said Tommy, confidently. "Me fadder says dat where der's a will—der's always a bunch o' poor relations."—Lippincott's.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Tripped.

Gunner—So you think the DeBlowers are faking about their extended European tour?

Guyer—I should say so. They said there were so many Americans in Venice that many had to walk in the middle of the street.

Gunner—Well?

Guyer—Why the streets of Venice are canals.—Chicago Daily News.

It's an ill wind that blows contrary to the predictions of the weather prophet.

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Some people can't help making molehills out of mountains.

Pure Food.

The pure food law does not prohibit the sale of Cream of Tartar Baking Powders because Cream of Tartar is as pure as Alum—but it is a well known fact that a baking powder in which Alum is used instead of Cream of Tartar is less injurious. Dr. Herman Reinbold, the expert German chemist, in a recent official report concerning Baking Powders, declares that a pure Alum baking powder is better and less injurious than the so-called Cream of Tartar powders. He says that if the quantity of alum contained in a sufficient quantity of baking powder for a batch of bread or cakes for an ordinary family, be concentrated to one mouthful of food, and taken into the stomach of any one person, no matter how delicate, it could do no harm.

On Wit and Humor.

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles. We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth, rather than serious reflections on it.—William Hazlitt.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel hopes to have a new province in Central Africa and new dioceses in Manchuria, Singapore, Edmonton, Khartoum, northwest and northeast Rhodesia.

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