

reducing the numbers in the house provided all other liquids are removed from the room or covered so that the flies cannot get to them.

Absolute cleanliness indoors and outdoors will always result in lessening numbers. Abolish the old-fashioned box closet and use a modern form of earth closet or some form of vault that can be kept tightly closed and readily cleaned when necessary. Sprinkle daily with chloride of lime or even fresh earth. Its proper maintenance will involve a little labor and time, but it will amount to nothing as compared with the cost of a case of typhoid fever or even compared with the worry and trouble the flies cause the housewife.

Abolish the outside manure pile. Let this word go out to every village and over all the country side. Keep the stable manure in a tight box or vault, sprinkle daily with chloride of lime and remove and scatter often.

Clean up all decaying refuse in the yard, in fact all refuse; burn it or otherwise destroy it.

Keep flies out of the sick room,—not only because they annoy a sick person more than a well person, but on account of their farther-reaching action, their ability to carry disease germs from the sick room to the other parts of the house and even to other houses.

In the country and smaller towns we will probably not be able for years to get entirely rid of the housefly but with a little trouble and some expenditure of time and a small amount of money let us hold them under much better control.

TO TAKE "POT-LUCK."

When we ask some one to our table to share our meal we show that person the highest compliment we can pay. Hospitality can go no further than a sharing of the most intimate domestic part of our home into which another can enter. A guest appreciates this and feels it. Does it not necessarily follow, then, that we should keep that time honestly reflective of ourselves and of our real living? But the moment we introduce company manners, company dishes, we change from the real to the unreal; it ceases to be the very thing which we have asked the friend to share. He is no longer dining with us, but we with him, though in our

own house. Can anything be more inconsistent; more destructive of the very courtesy we would show him? We rob the greatest compliment we can show a friend of its very essence. Many a man has gone to a home filled with the joy of being asked to dine with the family, only to have the whole glow of his pleasure taken away by sitting down to a meal which—as is always and at once apparent—is not out of the ordinary and has been created for him. To take "pot-luck;" that is to enjoy true hospitality; aught else is but a sham, and what is intended as a courtesy becomes a discourtesy because it is not honest.

THE SANE WOMAN'S CLUB.

If the average woman's club were carried out along sane lines: along lines of actual benefit to the community in which its members live, it would be a factor for power and for good which this magazine would be the first to applaud. Just fancy, for a moment, a State Federation of Woman's Clubs offering a substantial prize for the prettiest, best-kept and most attractive town or village of a certain size within its State borders. Just calculate the valuable and attractive enterprises that such an offer would set in motion: what interesting expeditions, communions and acquaintanceships, and all on a sane, healthy basis, it would develop and bring about. To make the young people of our small towns in love with their surroundings, an actual part of their village life, imbued with the spirit to make their homes more attractive—is there a finer spirit, a higher ambition to cultivate? Of what value are papers, copied from Egyptian art, mediaeval literature and what-not, compared to such a community work that would make the face of the earth more beautiful and the people more content?

—Ladies' Home Journal.

BLASTS FROM THE TRUMPET.

Please bear in mind that the Almighty knows when you lie just as well as you do.

No man can establish a claim to being a free man so long as he is a slave to appetite.

Do not think for one moment that you can abuse your own being and at the same time honor God.

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