

SCHOOL DAYS



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Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE TRAINED NURSE.

THE trained nurse is a ministering angel who is hired to let other people sleep.

There are two people who have proven that the world would be better off if sleep had never been invented. One of them is Thomas A. Edison and the other is the bright-eyed trained nurse who can sit up all night for a week and look as fresh as a plate of home-grown lettuce. Mr. Edison has not used any sleep to speak of in his business for years, and his close friends and associates say that when he feels any coming his way he holds his head under the cold water faucet until the attack passes.

When a nervous, high-strung business man comes down with an ulcerated tooth which hangs on like a one-armed man at a club dance he refuses to allow any sleep to enter the house, thus making it necessary to engage a trained nurse who is accustomed to sit bolt upright for weeks at a stretch without uttering a blink of any kind. There is nothing more soothing than the entrance of a graduate nurse and



"A nervous, highstrung business man with an ulcerated tooth which hangs on like a one-armed man at a club dance."

her soft-roll shirt waist into a home from which sleep has been banished by an able-bodied husband who has the galloping toothache and wants everybody in the block to know it. This enables a worried wife to drop at full length into a leather chair and sleep until she has a crick in the neck which follows her around for several days.

The trained nurse is obliged to obey the doctor's orders and feed the patient medicine and run a spirit thermometer down his throat at regular intervals. As the average patient, particularly of the male sex, soon develops a temper that would raise blisters on a tin roof, she is obliged to mix tact with the medicine and sometimes a little brute force.

It must be admitted that the trained nurse earns her money and gets it.

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BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS IN CAMP IN WINTER

The boy scouts are encouraged to camp out in cold weather as much as possible.

On these winter excursions the boys are instructed how to make their outings a novelty in spite of the adverse conditions that prevail. The scouts carry their own food and at night live in tents.

It has been pointed out by the department of camping that the winter camp offers many interesting features that cannot be enjoyed in any other season of the year for recreation and education for the boys.

The necessity of teaching the scouts woodcraft in the winter is essential in the studies of scoutdom, and during these excursions the scouts receive instruction in the art of building campfires, the preparing of shelters and comfortable bunks to house them in bad weather, and other outdoor studies.

One of the main features suggested for the camp is the transplanting of trees. During the winter, which is more favorable for transportation, this craft can be carried out on a more extensive scale.

The tracking and trailing of fur-bearing animals in the snow, and all kinds of winter sports, such as ice skating, ice boating and skiing can usually be indulged in.

SCOUTS ON K. P. DUTY IN CAMP.



There Are Other Important and Necessary Duties Besides Nature Study.

VISIT SCOUT HEADQUARTERS.

I wish you could walk into the office of the Boy Scouts of America at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, on a busy day and see the machine in motion. I said office; there are many offices and the plant covers a large part of the eight floor of the Fifth Avenue building.

There is no sign over the door, but you see one just the same for honest citizenship, to make boys into real men. Look at the sign in these offices—clean-cut, strong physically, alert mentally, effective, you breathe the out of doors as you enter the plant.

Scouting magazines and literature in the vestibule and always a few boy scouts in uniform ready to put you in touch immediately with any officer you wish to see, from James E. West, the chief scout executive, to any of his lieutenants.

Go and see it early in the new year. Talk with these real men and in the future you will always put your shoulder to the great wheel which more than any other is helping our boys to grow into manhood.

CITIZENS HELP SCOUT CAMP.

Fifty warm-hearted citizens of Toledo under the leadership of William M. Booker have made up a purse of \$15,000 to give to the boy scouts of Toledo so that they may pay off all indebtedness on their scout reservation.

This provides the Toledo scouts with an outdoor paradise of 76 acres and leaves a fund of several thousand to improve it.

As one of the citizens says: "It adds a new industry to Toledo in which real boys are to be made real men."

Judge Aaron B. Cohn is scout commissioner there and Paul B. Samson is the scout executive.

THE BOY SCOUTS' BUSY LIFE.

Batesville, Ark., Troop 1 directed delegates to the farming convention, were helpful in the city's sanitation campaign, and entertained returned soldiers with funds they had raised themselves.

With both legs and her right arm frozen, Mrs. J. M. Kimball, aged seventy-two, wife of an attorney of Ogden, Idaho, was found by boy scouts unconscious near the banks of Weber river. It is believed she was unable to find her way home.

"HE TRAVELS FASTEST—"

By ELIZABETH Y. MILLER

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Arthur Brooks was an ambitious young man. When he married Theodora he took her to live in one of the Jersey suburbs. The rent was low and the neighborhood not too fastidious. For he understood that Arthur's ambition ran not to luxuries, but to the accumulation of wealth.

He was the type of man—the thrifty, saving type—who keeps a couple of dime banks in constant use, one on his desk at the office wherein he dropped the ten-cent pieces which rightfully belonged to the waiter who served him at lunch, the other on his chiffonier at home. On the chiffonier there was, too, a large paper mache orange for the devouring of stray pennies.

Theodora, who was not "allowanced" in the orthodox, theoretical way, conceived the idea that the dimes and pennies which were dropped into the home banks rightfully belonged to her. And having discovered that a slim-bladed penknife was a safe ally, she fished from them sometimes so much as a whole dollar at once. Naturally enough the home savings did not accumulate very fast.

But they had been married a whole year before Arthur Brooks detected his young wife in her pilferings. The lecture which he read her was magnificent of its kind. In a way, however, the force of it rolled off Theodora like water off a duck's back. She was not thrifty by nature; she needed money, and helping herself to it was by far an easier and surer way of getting it than begging it of Arthur.

"And why," he continued, ponderously, "should you need any extra money? Aren't you fed? Haven't you enough of everything?"

"Fienty," said Theodora placidly, "of everything but money."

"But what did you need money for?" he persisted.

Theodora flushed. Then she threw back her head defiantly.

"Since you must know," she burst forth indignantly, "I stole from you in order to buy baby clothes!"

In this manner was Arthur Brooks made cognizant of his impending fatherhood.

The revelation came to him in the nature of a distinct shock. He had reckoned upon marriage, had fully counted the cost of taking a wife, but he had left baby clothes and all that pertains thereto out of his calculations.

Indeed, it had been part of his in-born thriftiness which tempted him in the first place to get married. He had heard many times how a wife helped a fellow to "get on." The wife, it seemed, always scrimped and saved, baked, brewed, sewed, washed, and ironed for her board and keep. Perhaps in the interim, even, she took in a little dressmaking from the more extravagant of her neighbors.

That was the wife of Arthur Brooks' bachelor dreams. Somehow the dream was mixed up with a disconcerting reality. It was a case of not looking before he leaped; of loving, perhaps not wisely, but too well.

Physically, Theodora was lovely enough to tempt any man into marriage. Possibly young Arthur lost his head, and forgot to question her antecedents. For Theodora's upbringing had been quite different from his. In her father's household dime banks and paper-mache oranges were things unknown. So was a bank account.

Her family had lived luxuriously from hand to mouth, and there was always a huge pile of bills waiting to be paid. But this irritating fact in no wise lessened the number of gowns that Theodora and her mother bought, nor forced the family to dine on corned beef in preference to chicken. There were theater trips in Theodora's antenatal days, cabs, restaurant dinners, and wildly extravagant times at Christmas.

Theodora's wedded life was quite different. They lived well within her husband's income—unnecessarily so, it sometimes seemed—and to her credit it is said that she did her best to take kindly to the new regime. Indeed, considering all that had gone before, Theodora did remarkably well. She loved her thrifty husband and, in a way, she was happy.

Arthur, too, was happy in a way. He would have been happier, perhaps, if matrimony had been less expensive, but saving was with him a constitutional instinct, and his regrets did not reflect measurably upon Theodora.

There were times when his love for her swept him like a tempest.

Her clear brown eyes; her hair, satiny and smooth like the brown wing of a bird; her slender figure, moving so lithely to household tasks; her pretty white hands, which no amount of toil seemed to harden, were all-powerful limestones to draw him to her.

And yet it could not be denied, Theodora, with all her physical attractions, was a horrible expense. There were times when Arthur Brooks took to brooding over what might have been. If, for instance, he hadn't married, or had put off marrying until a more "suitable" time. He figured up how cheaply he might have lived. If he hadn't married! Heavens! How he could have saved!

Even a cheap flat, with a wife who

had no sense of money value, and an impending baby—how it ate into one's income! Arthur Brooks realized that he had made a foolish mistake in marrying so young. Naturally, however, he did not tell this to Theodora. He was not unkindly enough for that, and besides, it was he who had asked her to marry him. She had not been overly anxious at first. Arthur, though economical, was just.

And then, as by a horrifying miracle, the thing happened.

The little baby, for whose wardrobe Arthur's precious dime and penny banks had been rifled, at last arrived. It hovered for only one brief hour in this unlovely world, and then, clasping Theodora's hand, wandered back again into the great unknown from whence it came.

They buried Theodora with her baby hugged to her bosom.

The lips that he had loved were curved in their wonted smile; her hair, smooth and satiny like a bird's wing, was brushed smoothly back, and the clear brown eyes were closed forever.

It was Theodora's mother who gave the money for a simple monument. She wanted to do that much, she said, for her daughter's memory; but she did not tell Arthur that she took money which should have gone instead to pay a long-standing grocer's bill. It was easy to see where poor Theodora got some of her shiftless habits.

And so it happened that Arthur Brooks commenced life anew with much wisdom and no incumbrances.

It was a snowy night, and there were gathered about the wide fireplace in the library at the club several men, rather good friends, all of them. The club itself spoke eloquently of the wealth which supported it. There were long mahogany reading tables lighted by red-shaded electroliters, great leather easy chairs, and thick rugs which cost fabulous prices. Only a rich man could afford to seek entrance here.

Yet, as it often happens even among rich men, these friends, grown communicative under the gentle stimulus of their after-dinner cigars, were discussing the cost of living and the financial aspects of married life. One, a robust, red-cheeked old fellow, expanded gleefully for the benefit of his attentive audience.

"I was poor as Job's turkey when I got married," he asserted earnestly. "We had up-hill work of it for twenty years, my wife and I. Just as soon as we'd get a little something, there'd be sickness or a new baby to swallow the savings."

"I've been in debt—many and many's the time—and my wife had to work hard—harder than I wanted to see her. But we've been happy. I haven't regretted a day of it—no sirree, not one! I'd do the same thing over again. I'd advise any man to marry young, if he finds the one girl he can love. You see, it makes all the difference in the world when you have each other—"

A young man sitting near the fire laughed suddenly. He rose, stretched himself lazily, and yawned.

"I don't believe it," he interrupted. "A man—especially if he's poor—has no business to get married. What is it they say? 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' There's sense for you. 'What's your opinion, Brooks? I'm right, am I not?'"

He turned for confirmation to another one of the party.

But the man whom he addressed did not answer.

Arthur Brooks pillowed his head in his arms on the polished mahogany table and uttered a stifled groan.

GRANTED BENEFIT OF ORDEAL

Native African Accused of Witchcraft Not Condemned Before Given So-Called "Trial."

A clear distinction must be made between fetish and witchcraft, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. The former is regarded by the black man as perfectly legitimate; the latter he looks upon with hatred, and all over Africa summary methods are used, as in olden days in England, with witches.

One or other of the law-god-cult societies—those secret societies bearing such names as Purr-ll, Oru, Egbo, Uk-ukiwe, etc.—intervenes, and a trial by ordeal follows. In fact, anyone can claim that right. A says to B: "You're a witch." "I'm not!" ejaculates B, who immediately takes a calabar bean and swallows it. B dies, or is very sick; therefore he is the guilty person, and this long before the elaborate mechanism of the law society has heard of the dispute.

If B wants to have a big palaver, and run himself and his accuser into a lot of expense, he has a right to call in the aid of the society; but he needn't.

Witchcraft is a dangerous word to use in an African village. Miss Kingsley relates that you have only to shout "Ifot" at a man or woman in Calabar, or "Ndo tchi" in Fjortland, and the whole population, so good-tempered the moment before, is turned blood-thirsty. But, mind you, the ordeal must prove the guilt first, before the witch is literally torn to pieces.

Age of Wisdom.

He—Old Grogshy told me today that he sincerely regretted his misspent youth.

She—I'm delighted to hear that he's repented at last.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Well, They Had Fingers.

As late as the revolution of 1689 in England few English noblemen owned more than a dozen forks.

DAIRY

BULL ASSOCIATIONS TO STAY

Every Dairyman in Community May Have Use of Animals of High Producing Ancestry.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Bull associations are here to stay. Figures furnished by the United States department of agriculture show that there were 78 co-operative bull associations in operation in this country on July 1, 1919, which represents a gain of 34 associations over the previous year when records showed that there were 44 associations active on July 1, 1918.

Bull associations have proved especially popular in sections where dairying is a comparatively new industry. Many dairymen have been anxious to increase the productivity of their cows, but due to the fact that their herds were small and their resources limited, it was often impossible for them to buy and maintain sufficiently good purebred bulls to accomplish this purpose. It is in cases of this kind that the bull association has proved most valuable, says the department. By organizing the dairymen into an association and working co-operatively



The Average Dairyman Cannot Own This Kind, But the Community of Dairymen Can.

the purchase of proved bulls of high producing ancestry is made possible. By using these animals co-operatively a few good bulls can take the place of all the inferior bulls formerly found in the community.

An example of what the bull association can do in improving the type of sires is found in the South Gibson Bull association of Susquehanna county, Pa. This association has 20 members who own a total of 382 cows. Before the bull association was formed there were 13 bulls in the community with a total valuation of \$7,300. After organizing, only four bulls were needed and these were purchased at a total cost of \$4,800. The average investment in each of the 13 bulls in use before organizing was \$561.54, but after the association was formed the average investment was \$1,200 for each of the good bulls. In this way each dairyman had the use of bulls that were twice as valuable as the bulls used formerly, and at the same time his investment was \$125 less.

The southern states have been found especially well adapted to bull association work. Dairying in these states is making rapid strides, and producers have shown great interest in improved dairy cattle. Twenty of the associations organized during the past year are credited to the South, six associations having been formed in Mississippi, four in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, two each in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, and one in Louisiana.

DISEASES OF DAIRY CATTLE

Careful Observation Detects Approaching Illness and Simple Remedies Avoid Trouble.

The caretaker of a dairy herd must be able to recognize and treat some of the common diseases affecting cattle, since they are likely to occur at any time. In many cases it may be advisable to employ the services of a trained veterinarian, but often helpful home treatment may be given. Careful observation at all times usually results in detecting approaching illness, and frequently simple remedies may be applied in time to prevent further development. Prevention is far better than cure and less expensive.

It is well to keep on hand some of the simple and well-known drugs such as Epsom salts, saltpeter, gum camphor, ginger, tincture of iodine and alum water, and such apparatus as a milk-fever outfit, trocar and canula, fever thermometer, hose and funnel and drenching bottle.

DAIRY NOTES

The bull should be well cared for.

It takes a mighty good cow to hold her own with 25 average heus.

Milk production is very largely a matter of proper feed induction.

Whitewash is one of the best and cheapest barn interior decorations.

It is worth as much or a little more to feed and care for a bull a year than for a cow.

It is important that the calf pens be so placed as to avoid too great variations in temperature.

Milking is a dirty job these cold mornings, but don't slight the precautions to keep the dirt out of the pail.