

FOOL AND ANGEL

By ISOLA FORRESTER.

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Perhaps it was the interminable piano playing of the girl downstairs in the back parlor, perhaps it was only curiosity, Eaton never analyzed the motive that made him bite at Billie Tanguay's April fool bait. The main point was that he swallowed it, hook and line.

"Eaton, have you seen it?" Billie called at his door about nine.

"Seen what?" He raised his head from the engineering plans on the table under the leaky student lamp.

"A ship. Seems to be making for the Long Island shore, crossing from Jersey. If you hurry you can get a look."

Eaton hurried. He was in the second floor back room. It took about a minute and a half for him to reach the roof, and then as he stood alone, gazing hopefully up at the star-dotted heavens, he heard the sliding of the roof door over his ladder, the locking and Billie's cheerful challenge:

"Happy dreams, April fool!"

Even then there was nothing tragic about the situation. It was merely ridiculous, and no one cares to be made ridiculous even in one's own eyes. Eaton walked about the roof rather philosophically before the novelty of roofs began to interest him. Their houses were one of a long row of tall brown stone dwellings in the West Fifties, near Sixth avenue, New York city. They were old-fashioned enough. Hence the ladder and trapdoor entrance. They all appeared to be about the same. Eaton noticed he stood on the third from the end of the row, after which came a space, he could not tell how wide, and a higher roof on the corner building. And even as he watched he saw a man emerge from the small cubicle exit, run to the edge of the roof and take the jump to the next one.

Almost immediately there followed a shot, and Eaton stepped, with natural caution, behind a group of tall chimney-pots. The man had hidden behind a neighboring group, and as a policeman came in sight on the first roof he shot at him, turned and ran directly toward Eaton's shelter. As he dropped behind it, he said huskily over his shoulder:

"Beat it kid, I can hold him. Here."

He handed over something wrapped clumsily in a handkerchief, a black silk one. And even as he did so, there came another shot, and he rolled over on the gravelled roof and lay quite still. The policeman was calling out something to him, Eaton knew. He seemed to wait him to come nearer. Hatless, young, thoroughly confident, he stepped over the brick dividing sections and came to the space between. It was too wide to jump unless one were running for life like the man who lay behind the red chimney-pots.

"I live in 160," said Eaton. "They've locked me out for a joke."

And then the most peculiar thing happened. Out of the trapdoor from No. 164 there exuded men, another policeman and some plain clothes men, and they seized Thomas W. Eaton without any warning or apology, took the untidy handkerchief bundle out of his grasp and hustled him downstairs past shrieking, shadowy forms and down into the street. He heard one of them say disgustedly that his pal had been faking. When they went after his body it had gone from behind the red chimney-pots. Vaguely sensing a growing personal indignation, Eaton was glad he had made a getaway. He kept repeating frantically:

"I am Thomas W. Eaton of 160. You can ask anyone living there who I am."

"You're Slimmy Louis all right," the man who held his arm retorted so positively that Eaton felt that until he had corroborated it, it was useless to argue the point. Then he found himself being pushed up the steps at the corner house, up the elevator to the fourth floor and then into a splendidly furnished apartment, facing the policeman who had fired the two shots and the levellest girl Eaton had ever laid eyes on. All in pink negligee she was, with her long, dark hair unbound, and her eyes wide with horror at her experience. With her hands pressed to her face she looked at Eaton, but shook her head:

"He wasn't here. It was a short, dark man with a mustache."

"This one had the jewels in his hand when we got him," they told her. Eaton saw the handkerchief opened and inside was a glittering handful of diamonds and other gems, set in rings and bracelets. One necklace, he noticed, was of pearls. The girl glanced at them and nodded her head.

"They're all there, but this is not the other man."

"Then there were three of them—"

"I am Thomas W. Eaton," began the prisoner again, with a certain quiet dignity and firmness he always used in emergencies. "I live at 160."

"What were you doing on that roof, then?"

"I went up to look at an airship—"

He paused at the laugh of derision from the men, and only looked at the girl herself, explaining to her just how it was. "And it was just an April fool joke. The boys over at 160 slammed the trapdoor shut and locked me out. I heard a shot, and stepped behind this roof to the row, and made for my shelter. He evidently mistook me for his confederate, and handed me the bundle."

The nearest policeman patted his shoulder.

"Louis, you're improving," he said pleasantly. "You can tell that all to the judge. Come on."

"Oh, wait, please, just a minute," said the girl. "I really do think I have seen him around here quite often. I'm going to telephone 160."

So she remembered him. Eaton felt a curious thrill of keen interest. He had seen her at different times in the neighborhood, in the drug store at the corner of Sixth avenue, at the elevated station three blocks down, in the artist's where the art students bought

spring blossoms for their window sills. He had seen her, and had connected her in his mind with wealth and the magic circle of social security.

She was telephoning to 160. He could imagine the flustered state of Mrs. Rawlinson, his landlady, when she heard her most exemplary boarder stood in danger of a prison cell. But no, the girl was only asking if a Mr. Thomas W. Eaton lived at 160. It appeared that he did, but he was not in. She turned to the police with a little smile of relief, and just a shade of pride, too.

"I was sure it was a mistake. Mr. Eaton's friend, Mr. Tanguay, will be over at once to identify him."

Mr. Tanguay arrived inside of three minutes. His hair was rumpled recklessly, and his eyes round with astonishment. But he was straightforward and had no difficulty in convincing the guardians of the law that Eaton was a harmless citizen.

"And it's a mighty lucky thing, I should say," added Billie earnestly. "That Mr. Eaton happened to be on the roof at just the psychological moment. He got the thief's whole pile, didn't he?"

"And it does seem to me," added Viola quickly, "that instead of staying here guarding Mr. Eaton, wouldn't it really be better to try to catch the real criminal?"

She stood for a few moments there in the softly lighted hall, after the men had gone down the step, and Billie lingered at the door.

"They were all my mother's jewels that I loved and could never have replaced," she told him gently. "I think it was almost providential, Mr. Eaton, your happening to be on the roof at just that moment. You must call tomorrow and meet mother. I have let her sleep through this awful trouble tonight. Good night."

"Shall you call?" asked Billie when they started for 160.

"I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me," answered Eaton grimly. "Billie, you tried to make an April fool out of me, old man, but I landed in paradise."

PUTS BLAME ON THE MOON

Veteran Ends Argument as to the Cause of Partial Eclipse of Sun.

The partial eclipse of the sun was the subject of conversation in the little grocery store, where a number of villagers sat about the stove awaiting the early bedtime.

A man happened to be present who was well versed in the subject under discussion, and he was asked to explain the curious phenomenon of an eclipse. He pointed out that the moon simply came between the earth and the sun, and blotted out from view a part of the sun's surface.

"Wal," remarked an old veteran, as he unburdened his mouth of a deluge of tobacco juice, "it sure is a pity the moon wasn't full, 'cause then we'd had a total eclipse."—Indianapolis News.

Protection of Game Birds.

In the case of State vs. McCullagh, reported from Kansas, the court declares unconstitutional a federal statute for protection of migratory game birds. There have been three other rulings on similar statutes before, two of which agree and one dissents from the Kansas case. The opinion says in part:

"The natural flight of wild fowl from one point to another does not constitute 'commerce,' unless that word be expanded beyond any significance heretofore given it. Whatever other element may be grafted from a definition of this term, it has not been heretofore directed or affected by human intelligence. But, if the fact were otherwise, the circumstances that do not habitually remain throughout the year in the same state could hardly bring them within the control of congress on the theory that they were thereby impressed with a national character as the subject of interstate commerce. . . . The habit of migration does not vest in the federal government the title to the animal possessing it. Wild animals are declared to be subject to the control of the state—to belong to the people of the state—and the rule has been repeatedly applied to migratory birds."

Wide Reading Is Modern.

Great authors are supposed to nourish themselves on the Bible, Shakespeare and that "pasturage of noble minds." Plutarch, in the United States our great men may sometimes have substituted Weems for Plutarch, but the backbone of their reading has always been the first two writers, the New York Evening Post remarks: An English essayist recently recorded the acknowledgment which Ruskin made to a friend who had sent him the great man's first book: "Of late I read nothing but the Bible, Shakespeare and a little of myself." In other words, he confined himself to the indispensable of literature. Lowell once told a man who confessed never having read any of his works, that he had never considered a knowledge of either his poetry or essays requisite to a polite education, and there are few English authors since Milton who would not make the same statement. Nevertheless, most modern authors have been men of wide reading, and it could be shown that their voracity of literary appetite has played a prominent part in their preparation.

Foolish Anxiety.

"Dubwalle seems greatly perturbed because some joy riders live in his neighborhood."

"Well, it's none of his affair if they should happen to break their necks some night."

"Of course not. Still, Dubwalle is one of those unfortunate individuals who actually believes that he is his brother's keeper."

So it is.

"According to the author of this novel, the heroine didn't understand the tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet' until she herself fell in love."

"That strikes me as a round-about way to interpret Shakespeare."

New Columbia River Highway

WITH the building of the Columbia River highway through the gorge of the famous Columbia river, a paved driveway has been provided along the precipitous sides of the gorge and making this section of Oregon passable for the first time in history for automobiles and all other vehicles. The national dedication of the roadway comes June 7, opening day of Portland's tenth annual rose festival.

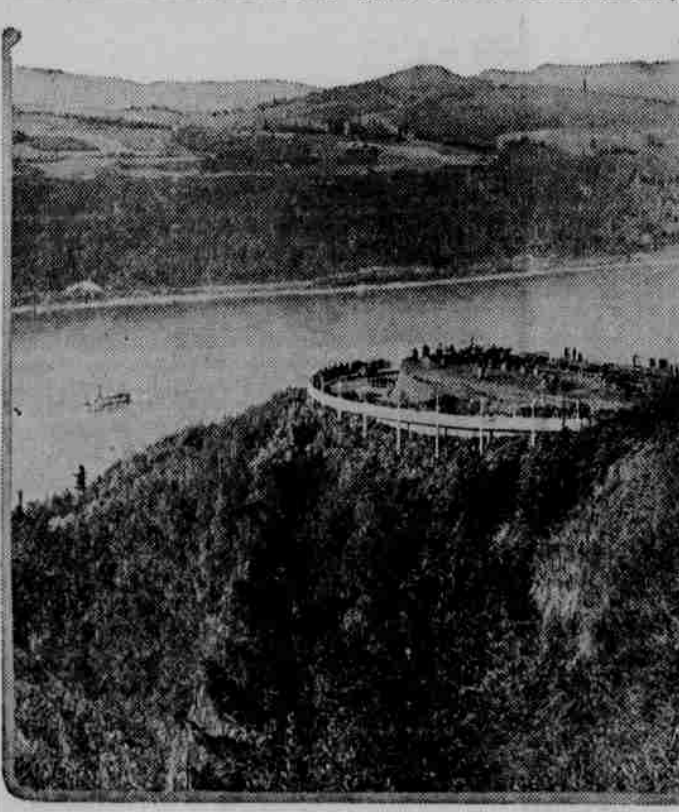
The building of a highway through the gorge of the river has been a dream of years until two years ago the work was taken up by public-spirited citizens, with the result that the highway, hard-surfaced from Portland to the Multnomah county line, is ready for the tourist and represents an investment in road-building of a sum exceeding \$2,000,000.

In making passable the gorge for automobiles, there has been opened up a new viewpoint for the scenic beauties of the Columbia river. For miles are cliffs, waterfalls and virgin forests through which the highway winds. In many places it hangs to the cliffs hundreds of feet above the river, its concrete and steel bridges spanning turbulent streams, supported by artistic walls of dry masonry for miles of its length.

The gorge was the home of Indian tribes in the early days, a fastness where they were safe from enemies. It was the scene of the fabled Bridge of the Gods, and around its scenic grandeur many Indian fables were drawn. Leaving Crown Point the highway enters the district which has given it the title, "The Road of the Falling Waters."

Man: Picturesque Waterfalls.

In ten miles travel 11 waterfalls are passed, the highest being Multnomah falls, second highest in the United States. Latourelle falls, Shepherds Dell, Bridal Veil, Cooper falls, Oatton falls, Mist falls, Wahkema falls, Benson park and Multnomah falls, On-



Crown Point.

points gorge, where a subterranean stream sends air blasts along rocks; Horsetail falls, Cathedral point, St. Peter's dome pass in quick succession, and the tourist reaches Bonneville, the home of the greatest fish hatchery in the world. Then on through the tunnel at Mitchell's Point to the sunken forests of the Columbia, where giant trees are seen beneath the waters; to the petrified forests at Tanner's creek, with 200-foot trees; to the abutments of the Bridge of Gods, passing numerous fish wheels, and into the Hood river valley. From there the tourist finds the call of Mount Hood imperative and its tremendous glaciers are reached conveniently.

Crown Point, where the new roadway makes a turn 700 feet above the river, has been selected as the site for the memorial to the pioneers of the state who encountered untold hardships of early days in the settlement of this vast country. Crown Point is where the new highway makes a turn and then drops 500 feet in two miles, forming a perfect figure eight on a grade not to exceed 5 percent, one of the most remarkable feats of engineering in the country.

While the highway already reaches west from Portland to the Pacific ocean beaches and east to central Oregon, the 40-mile stretch through the

gorge of the Columbia from Portland to the Multnomah county line has made possible a view of the picturesque gorge from an automobile. Before the completion of the hard-surfaced highway, in the fall of 1915, thousands of tourists, en route to or returning from the expositions in California, inspected the new highway and marveled at its beauties.

Model in Road Construction. The Columbia River highway is one of the best illustrations of modern road construction to be found anywhere. Permanency, grade, location and drainage were the essential elements considered in the location of the highway. With a width of 24 feet, a maximum radius of 200 feet, bridges, viaducts, culverts of concrete, all danger points protected by stone and concrete walls, the highway, in engineering and construction now presents the very highest type of modern road-building. There were many engineering problems presented, such as the descent from Crown Point to Latourelle, a drop of 500 feet in less than two miles, yet keeping within the maximum grade of 5 percent. This was done by a sort of switchback making a perfect figure 8, the road paralleling itself five times. Several miles further on, at Oattona gorge, a solid rock precipice barred the way and a tunnel 100 feet long was bored. The excessive rainfall necessitated much attention to drainage, and long stretches of concrete-lined ditches and pipes line the road. To reduce the chances of slides where cuts were necessary, great walls of dry masonry were constructed and seeds of grass were sown to hold the earth intact. Everything that could add to the beauty and permanency of the highway was taken into consideration.

The United States government has recently set aside more than 14,000 acres of land from the Oregon national forest for park and recreation purposes. This land parallels the highway and will forever retain countless beauty spots for the use of the people.

Little Mary's Suggestion. Her father took Mary out for a walk one day in the country. They passed a pasture where some bulls were inclosed. The bulls were bellowing, and Mary's father attempted an imitation of it, to the great amusement of Mary, who finally said, after many encores had been rendered for her benefit, "Daddy, wouldn't it be a good joke if we were to hide behind a tree, and when people came, by you would undo your voice and frighten them."

His Grouchy Views.

"What has become of the fine old names like Prudence and Patience?" "They wouldn't be appropriated now," declared the old grocer. "If I had a couple of daughters I'd name 'em Extravagance and Hysteria."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GUIDEBOOK IN MUCH DEMAND

Caxton's Famous Works Most Sought After by Collectors—Throws Light on Traveling.

The guidebook most sought after by collectors is "Itinerary for Pilgrims into the Holy Land," which is valuable because of the light it throws on fifteenth century traveling, and still more because it was printed by Caxton. The father of English printing was a practical man, who set himself to produce books for which there was a demand, while other early printers ruined themselves by printing luxurious editions of classics that lay in their warehouses unsold.

His guidebook scrupulously sets out all that was needed in order to make a pilgrimage as cheaply and comfortably as possible. There were two routes to Venice—then the favorite port for Jerusalem pilgrims—and Caxton gives the itineraries of both. He advises those who can afford it to travel from Venice to Jaffa in a galley, the return fare being 50 ducats, and shows how all the places of in-

terest in Palestine could be seen in fourteen days.—London Chronicle.

Broke It Gently. The impetuous author passed over the manuscript with a faltering hand. The editor of the Bugle started. "Er—Mr. Wright," he said, with the air of a man who has just become saddled with a great thought, "did you ever hear that Walter Scott received the suggestion of his first successful novel while he was washing his hands?" "I believe I read of it," stammered the impetuous author, slipping his hands into his pockets. A far-away look slid into the face of the editor. "I was merely throwing out the suggestion," he said, softly.

Bobby Knew. Uncle Ernest (improving the shining hour)—And what do we do with the flesh of the whale? Bobby—Eat it. Uncle Ernest (sarcastically)—Oh, do we! And what do we do with the bones? Bobby—Put 'em on the edge of the plate.—London Sketch.

THAT SPECIAL MENU

PREPARATIONS FOR THE UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

Always an Easy Matter for the Competent Housewife to Set a Satisfactory Meal Before Her Casual Visitors.

Now, regarding unexpected guests. Could you not plan to have sufficient food so that your guests could have the same as the family if any dropped in at mealtime? Then it would not make so much extra work. I imagine it is because you are a good cook that people drop in, but if they really come to see you, they will not want you to make any extra trouble for them, and if they come just for the good food you serve I should not encourage the habit. I have very few unexpected guests, but when they come they must take "pot luck."

It is well to have canned goods in the house for such emergencies, such as salmon, shrimp, tuna fish, fish flakes, meats, chicken, vegetables and relishes and preserves. Cakes or cookies and canned peaches or pears are an easy dessert, and if you have sponge or any light cake, lay the peaches on a slice in the serving dishes and cover all with whipped cream. Salmon in butter gravy, canned peas, hashed potato with red pepper and apple pie pudding is an easy dinner, or creamed fish flakes, mashed potato, canned beans, steamed cup cakes with hot lemon or brandy sauce.

Another is delicate ham, canned string beans, baked potato, German tapoca pudding, or ham and eggs, mashed potato, canned corn, hot chocolate, cornstarch pudding with cream.

As you live in the country, perhaps it is not always convenient to have fresh meat on hand, but you could buy half a ham and hang it in a cool place, and when needed, then boil the pieces left when the best is sliced off. For suppers, have scalloped tuna fish, shrimp wiggle, creamed chipotle beef or cheese cream on toast, egg cream toast, goldenrod toast, cheese and potato puff. Any of these with bread or hot biscuit, canned sauce, cake, cookies and tea would be good suppers. Bake your one-egg cake in cupcake tins, one tablespoonful to a tin, and keep on hand for desserts. Place them in covered tin in the oven, just long enough to warm through, and serve with egg or liquid sauce.

About breakfasts I do not think I have any new ideas, as I am obliged to have breakfast early every day. Sunday included, so get something easy. I always have cereal, usually rolled oats, then eggs, boiled, scrambled, fried with bacon, poached, scrambled with chopped ham, minced beef or lamb on toast, hash, fish, warmed-over soup, and with dry toast or warmed-over muffins or brown bread and doughnuts or cookies or drop-cakes and coffee, we are satisfied. Once a week I have griddle cakes with syrup, but it takes longer to cook them than anything else I serve.—Boston Globe.

Caramel Custard.

Melt one-half cupful of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of water and one quart of hot milk. Beat six eggs, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful vanilla; pour on the hot milk. Strain into a buttered mold and bake one-half hour. Cook this carefully in a slow oven and serve with caramel sauce. It is a delicious dish.

Caramel Sauce.—Melt one cupful of sugar and add one cupful of hot water. Simmer ten minutes.

Tomato Bisque.

To a can of condensed tomato soup add an equal quantity of milk or cream and a dash of sugar, mix all together while cold, then bring slowly to boiling point and serve. In this way there is no fear of curdling, and it requires but one cooking utensil, which is a great advantage, and can also be maxed any length of time before using, doing away with the use of soda, also, which many dislike and which is often overdone.

Apple Walnut Cream.

One-quarter cupful steamed and strained apple, one-half saccharine tablet dissolved in one-half teaspoonful cold water, one teaspoonful granulated gelatin dissolved in two teaspoonfuls boiling water, one-half egg white beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonful heavy cream beaten stiff, one teaspoonful lemon juice, few grains salt. Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into a mold and chill.

Crochet Baskets.

Tiny linen crochet baskets in which to serve salted nuts or bonbons at table are now decorated with colored initials or flower baskets done in cross-stitch work. The work is put on at the sides where a solid oval or square is crocheted for the purpose. The bit of color makes the baskets look like little Dresden china ones, after they are starched and done up freshly.

Child's Cereal Set.

Nowadays there are many American wares of rather coarse clay finished in beautiful colors and made in pretty shapes. A child's set, consisting of a plate, bowl and milk jug—a cereal set—is yellow, and around the top of the jug and bowl and around the edge of the plate is a decoration of white ducklings.

Persillade of Mutton.

Shoe cold mutton; lay the slices in a shallow baking dish; sprinkle with chopped onion and parsley; season with salt and pepper; cover with cold gravy; dust with cracker crumbs; brown in oven and serve at once.—Mothers' Magazine.

To Cover Croquettes.

Eggs used for covering croquettes may be the whole eggs or the whites only—never use the yolks alone. Beat the eggs until broken, not until light; add one tablespoonful of water for each white or two tablespoonfuls for a whole egg. Mix well and use.

MAKING MONEY WITH FRUITS

Products Properly Belong in Any Thorough System of Mixed Farming—Should Pay Well.

It is time for progressive farmers, especially those with small places near town, to get ready for money-making with fruits. These products properly belong in any thorough system of mixed farming, and they can be made to pay \$200 to \$400 an acre net.

Small-fruit growing is peculiarly adapted to those having large families. Small fruits well planted in perfectly straight rows and kept well cultivated make a most pleasing picture as well as a profitable crop. A fruit garden connected with any home can be made an attractive object. Many people would be more pleased with such a garden than they would with an art gallery, a church organ or daily concerts.

From a commercial standpoint, for the beginner, there is no crop that will roll back the corners of a mortgage quicker than the strawberry bed if enough is planted so that the whole family and neighbors can be employed especially in picking time. Fit the ground early in April the same as for corn. Mark one way as for corn; then set the plants about sixteen inches apart and cultivate as for corn, and hoe whenever there is a sign of weeds or crusty soil. It takes about seven thousand plants per acre when set as directed. When the blossoms appear the first summer pinch them off. Do not try to secure fruit until the second season.—Green's Fruit Grower.

HOW TO SELECT SEED BEANS

Where There Are No Clean Pods in Your Own Crop Try and Secure Some From Your Neighbor.

Get seed from your own crop if possible. If there are no clean pods in your own crop, try to secure clean pods from a more fortunate neighbor. Select in the pod, not after threshing.

Pick pods free from all spots. Spots on the pods mean that anthracnose or bacterial blight may be hidden in the seemingly clean bean. Thresh selected pods separately.

Examine your threshed seed carefully and throw out all doubtful looking beans, especially those that are spotted or shriveled.

Rotation. Don't plant old bean ground next year. Clean seed and rotation are the best crop insurance.

If you have to buy your seed, make sure that it has been selected by the grower from disease-free pods. Examine purchased seed. Do not plant if the threshed seed looks suspicious.

BALANCED RATION FOR HORSE

Condition of Animal Depends Largely on Treatment He Receives From His Caretaker.

A hard-working horse, when he first comes into the stable, should be given a medium forkful of well-cured mixed hay and should not be given grain until the hay is consumed. The food will then be digested while he is resting.

The proper food for a working horse to make a balanced ration is: Sound oats, four quarts; wheat bran, two quarts, and shelled corn, one quart. The grain feed may be reduced when the horse is not working. For old horses, crushed oats, mixed with wheat bran, makes an excellent ration. For



Splendid Type for General Farm Work.

horse at steady work, eight pounds of crushed oats and five pounds of mixed hay, three times daily, except when idle, with mixed feed on Sundays is the regular feed for horses at steady work in some stables.

The condition of the horse depends largely on the treatment the animal gets. A careful teamster, one who loves his team, will accomplish the maximum amount of work without overworking his team.

Gather Eggs for Hatching.

Gather the eggs for hatching frequently in cold weather, early chicks cost a good deal of attention, and fertility is low enough without running the risk of losing the hen's time and destroying fertility through chilling.

Supply Layers Green Food.

If your hens are laying strong, as they should be, keep up the daily supply of green food and see that they have plenty of crushed shells, gravel and sand.

GOOD POULTRY ADVICE

Dry Quarters, Suitable Feed and Exercise Are Essential.

All Perches Should Be Built on Same Level.—Permanganate of Potash Recommended for Roup and Colds.—Mustard Also Good.

Dry quarters, plenty of feed and exercise are necessary for the getting of winter eggs.

The surplus milk will return a larger profit when fed to the hens than when fed to the hog.

The dust bath is essential to good winter management of hens.

All perches in the poultry house should be built on a level. When built one above another, step-fashion, the hens will fight for the higher perches with the result that some of them will become injured or eggs will be broken in them.

For roup and colds, dissolve permanganate of potash in the drinking water until the water is of a deep wine color, and keep this before the sick fowls all the time. Ground mustard, fed in the wet mash, is also good. A teaspoonful to each ten or twelve hens is about the right quantity to feed. A good way to insure an even mixture is to dissolve the mustard in water and use the water to moisten the mash.

The droppings give an indication of the health of the fowls. In health, the droppings are of sufficient consistency to hold their shape. They are dark in color, tapering off into grayish white. If the droppings are soft and of a yellowish or brownish color, an excessive quantity of fat-forming foods in the



A Mixed Flock of Fowls.

ration is indicated. If, on the other hand, the droppings are watery, and dark, with streaks of mucus in them, it indicates that too much protein, especially animal protein, is being fed, and the meat food should be greatly reduced or omitted entirely for a time from the ration. A unsanitary diarrhea indicates unsanitary conditions, filthy water or food.

SOME SIMPLE POTATO RULES

Prepare Roomy Seedbed So as to Give Plenty of Room for Development of the Tubers.

Here are some simple rules for getting the most from your potato crop. Plant potatoes only about three inches deep if the land is heavy or rains are frequent. In average soils plant four inches deep; in semiarid regions five inches, or even more. Prepare a roomy seedbed so as to give plenty of room for the tubers to develop. Never apply stable manure to land on which potatoes are to be planted within a year. Fresh manure seems to promote potato disease.

Opinions differ as to the best ways of seeding. Single eyes will usually return the largest yield of a given amount of seed potatoes used, but the best practical way is to cut a medium-sized potato into about three pieces, each of which has two or three good eyes. Plant one piece in each hill. Do not use large potatoes for seed, as too large a proportion of the crop will be unmarketable.

SANITATION OF IMPORTANCE

More Essential Than Rotation From Standpoint of Disease Control—Burn All Rubbish.

While it may not be possible in some cases to rotate garden crops owing to a lack of available ground, sanitation can always be practiced, and this from the standpoint of disease control is probably more important than rotation.

Practically all the diseases of garden plants live over from one season to the next on living or dead portions of the host plant.

These can be controlled only by the burning of all dead and waste plants. If this plan is followed systematically each year trouble with plant disease will be minimized.

Feed for Winter Eggs.

To get winter eggs something must be fed to take the place of the insects that the hens pick up in summer. Skim milk is good. So is ground green bone—about an ounce to each hen three times a week—or commercial meat scraps. And don't forget grit and lime.

Clean the Incubator.

If the incubator has been used before to give it a good cleaning and disinfecting before putting it into use, as this will clean it of all forms of disease that might have been left in it from the previous hatch, and in the end might save us a lot of trouble.

Dampness Bad for Hogs.

Hogs take cold from exposure and often have sore throats. It is as bad for a pig to have wet feet as it is for a man.