

Jennie's Enlightenment

By GEORGE HASKELL

"I guess this town ain't big enough for you!" sniffed Mrs. Tucker.

"How long since has it been a town?" laughed Jennie Ames, a slip of a girl with blue eyes that always seemed to be surprised or wondering, and fluffy yellow hair that was always blowing about her face.

"Wal, it's bigger now than some towns, if it ain't anything but a village," retorted the woman. "My I wouldn't go down there to New York, not knowin' anybody fer the hull world!"

"I shall know Miss Kraft," protested Jennie.

"Well, New York is an awful place for young girls, an' I hope—"

Mrs. Tucker, and a wave of pausing before a momentous climax, Jennie again supplied it.

"You hope I won't go wrong," snapped the girl. "Well, I guess I know enough not to get out of the straight and narrow path. I've never had anything all my life but narrow paths, and I ought to know one when I see it."

An audible masculine chuckle just inside the door of the store where they were standing made Jennie quickly take leave of Mrs. Tucker, enter, and pass rapidly to the further end. She saw it was Joe Burrows who had laughed, but she did not let him know she saw him. Joe was the son of the proprietor, Seth Burrows, a skinny, shriveled, money-making machine who kept his sole heir very carefully in line with his object in life. Joe worked the farm part of the time, and helped in the general supply store at intervals. Before Joe's mother died she had stood by her son in his desire for an education, and so, much against the old man's parsimonious ideas, Joe had been allowed to go through the high school in the neighboring town. His taste for good reading was cultivated in his spare hours, and Jennie

being somewhat like him in that respect, a mutual attraction had grown up between them. Then came Miss Kraft to visit the Stevensons, who lived in the most pretentious house in the place; she was a settlement worker in New York, and having accidentally met Jennie, she became interested in her; and when the girl told her of the necessity for finding work, and her desire to go to New York to try to earn something, Miss Kraft promised to see what she could do.

Joe had very little sympathy with Jennie's desire for New York. She was perhaps foolishly reticent regarding the real reason, not explaining as she had to Miss Kraft. She thought he did not care. He did not ask her to stay. And Joe believed she wished to get away from the little village, himself included, to find in the great city the chance for excitement and the kind of life he loathed. So it was a misunderstanding all around. He did not know that one word from him would have kept her there, even though she had scrubbed floors for a living, and perhaps he had not yet thought of speaking that word.

So with the bitter memory of his indifference rankling in her heart, Jennie went down to the great city. The place Miss Kraft had found for her was that of a saleswoman in a cheap department store downtown. The pay was so small that though she shared a small, comfortable room with another girl, prepared her slender breakfast over a gas jet, and ate a ten-cent lunch, there was very little left at the end of the week. Out of this meager amount she sent something to her mother with reassuring words of a raise in her salary. At first it seemed to Jennie she would not be able to stand the privation and hard work; but pride and a determination to hold on kept her at it.

Miss Kraft conducted a club for working girls on the East side, and she asked Jennie to join. The members were mostly of foreign parentage, and included Russian Jews, Poles, Roumanians, Germans, Scandinavians and Italians. At first Jennie, all unused to their manner and mode of expression, unwittingly held herself aloof. But she found them so bright, so responsive, and with such an eager desire to learn, that soon all barriers were leveled by the spirit of camaraderie in the quest of a common cause.

In June the club discontinued for the summer. Miss Kraft informed the girls she was going to be married in

two weeks, and would not be back till September. The firm that employed Jennie failed in August and closed its doors. Then began a discouraging search for work. When day after day of the weary tramp of the hot streets resulted in nothing, and Jennie beheld her small store of money nearing the vanishing point, the only alternative of going home loomed up before her. As a last resort she went to the exchanges where women's work is sold, but it needed money to buy materials, so she took the train for home.

Her mother, glad beyond expression to see her, could not, however, conceal the fact that finances were at a very low ebb. But Jennie, in the club and her tour of the exchanges, had learned a few things which she meant to put to practical use. There was still some fruit on the place, the plums were looking well, and with blackberries in plenty were to be had for the picking. Jennie had arranged with two of the exchanges to try her jellies and jams, and while she did not know much about making them, she knew her mother did, and she could learn, so she set to work. The first consignment sold a bit slowly, but there was an encouraging call for more.

The next unheard-of thing she attempted was the forming of a girls' club for mutual improvement and social enjoyment. She had obtained permission to use the schoolroom for the first meeting. Either through a misunderstanding, or overmastering curiosity, or sheer devilry, several of the girls' brothers and sweethearts drifted in, and sat together in the back seats. The girls were up in front, curious and expectant. Jennie beheld the male contingency with just a touch of dismay. She also discovered Joe Banks among them.

"I believe," she said, "we can get together for study and social evenings, and have some very good times. In a small place like this, although we are thrown together a good deal, we never really know each other very well. It is not knowing each other that makes the miserable, foolish gossip, makes us say and do unkind things we never would if we knew. Where I've been I've seen what it did for the girls. Oh, you don't know how wonderful it was to me to see how the unselfishness, the kindness seemed to wipe out criticism and spiteful words among those girls, just from getting together and knowing each other in the right way."

The young men, who had come to have some fun, looked at the floor, or up at the lights, but remained quiet. Jennie went on to explain the business of forming the club, and added: "We had not thought of having gentlemen members, but it may be a great advantage to have them." Here audible snickers came from the back of the room. They subsided when Joe Banks rose to his six feet of height and said: "I think it would be greatly to our advantage if the boys were allowed to join, and I hope the ladies will amend their constitution."

Jennie promised that this would be considered at the next meeting. But it was all in such a formal, impersonal manner that Joe wondered if she had forgotten his existence. After the meeting he hung around to speak to her. He wondered how it was the girl that city had not spoiled her, but instead had opened into bloom a nature quite wonderful to him. In a stammering, ineffective way he tried to tell her this, but she stopped him with some businesslike questions relative to the preparation of the ground for spring planting. She meant to have a garden, and especially wanted to start small fruits. He asked her if he might come and give her any helpful service he could. She assented in a dignified manner more befitting the new president of "The Helpers" than the little Jennie Ames he used to know.

It was surprising the number of new facts that sprang up regarding the culture of small fruits, which made it necessary for Joe to call at the Ames cottage. The jellies and jams were selling well, and Jennie was much ably and happy in her work.

One day when the autumn began to turn the greenery into gold and scarlet, Jennie asked Joe where she could find bitterness. She remembered where there was some, but she wanted a great deal. She knew of an exchange that would take all she could send. Of course Joe knew, or at least he was pretty sure, and he arranged to show her.

Promptly to the minute a car drove up to the door. Jennie was somewhat surprised, but he assured her it was too late to walk.

It was a wonderful ride through the beautiful country roads, and Joe, not being entirely sure as to the location, they had to go a long way, but they found it at last.

"Bittersweet!" said Joe, holding up one of the flaming sprays, as they gathered them away from the road. "It's just sweet to me if the bitter wasn't there—if I could think you—"

He did not finish. The look in her eyes made him take her in his arms.

Aluminum Money.

The fact that the Chamber of Commerce of Marseille, owing to the shortage of currency, has issued aluminum counters for small change, is another illustration of the way in which old customs are being introduced to meet the exigencies of the times.

Among the numerous minor Grecian states, and in early medieval Europe, separate coinages were, of course, issued, not only by individual nations, but by cities and even families. Such local coinages were valid only within a certain restricted area, and this is the case with the present issue at Marseille, which has no value outside the city limits.

Stamps Spread Disease.

Experiments in the laboratories of the University of Pennsylvania establish the fact that postage stamps do carry germs, and may therefore be classed as a disease-spreading danger. In 48 tests out of a total of 50, bacteria were found. The fact that in only two cases were the germs of a malignant type does not lessen in any degree the danger that lurks in wetting the gum with the tongue.

FARMERS TURN TO MINING

West Virginians Begin Work on Their Own Lands When Coal Prices Soar.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—With coal at its present price, many farmers in this part of the state with only a hole in the ground and a team of oxen have become real fuel kings. When the price of the black diamonds began to soar "wildcatting" operations were started by farmers in all parts of the

"PEACE?" WE SHALL FIGHT UNTIL FRANCE IS SAFE!

Point of View of the French Politic as Reported by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Writing From "Somewhere in France"—"It Is Believable Who Shall Make Peace When It Comes; Who Has a Better Right?"

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(In the New York World.)

Somewhere in France—it was a slow and tedious crawl in the long French train away from the battle-scarred country. There was nothing particular going on at the front, yet we seemed to be continually shunted for the passing of huge supply trains, moving eternally in the other direction. When the morning twilight rolled slowly away from the face of the country, leaving at first little clouds of white mist hovering over the freshly plowed fields, the sound of the guns was still in our ears. The face of the country, however, had changed. There were farmhouses to be seen, some of them intact and apparently prosperous, a chateau or two on the hill-sides, old men and women and young girls at work in the fields.

We stopped at the station of some small town and stretched out our eager hands for the cups of hot coffee and the rolls and butter wheeled along the length of the platform. The warmth of the coffee was like a talisman. My two companions thawed, as I did, under its genial influence. Monsieur Polu accepted a slip from my flask and a cigarette with a grateful little ejaculation. Madame, elderly in deep mourning, a little shabby but wonderfully neat, beamed content upon us. The smoke did not incommodate her. As for the flask—ah, well, she took only coffee and a little wine and water herself, but nothing in the world was too good for the brave soldiers.

A German Peace.

Conversation blossomed out between the two and flourished. At first I barely listened. We were passing through a marshy district which reminded me of home, little pools of water, tall rushes moving in the morning breeze, sedge places from which, at the sound of the shrill whistle of our locomotive, a flight of ducks rose hastily. Then I heard a word behind me which in these days inevitably stirs the blood. The word was "Peace!" I turned away from the window and listened.

"But, my son, have patience," the old woman was saying. "I speak who may speak, for I have lost a husband and two sons. Yet I have other fighting, and it is of them I think. If indeed these Boches are weary of fighting, if indeed it is peace they offer, why should not one at least listen?"

The Polu turned toward her. His haversack, with its queer collection of miscellaneous articles, was on the seat by his side. The mud of the trenches was thick upon his clothes. There was a week's beard bristling upon his chin. Yet his voice suddenly proclaimed him a man of some education.

"Madame," he demanded, "who are they to offer peace as a gift, they who deliberately brought this war upon the world? And what sort of a peace do you suppose is in their minds? You have seen the hateful, arrogant words of their emperor's declaration? Is there anything there of the humility of the wrongdoer, of the man who wishes to restore what he has stolen, to repair the greatest wrongs which have ever stained the pages of history? Peace, indeed, mother! There is no peace in their hearts."

"It Shall Be a Belgian Peace."

Madame sighed. She felt herself no match for this man in whom her words had kindled a sudden eloquence. But in her heart there was the longing.

"They are brutes and savages, my son," she admitted, "and our people would do well never to clasp again in friendship the hand of one of them, but behold, I have two sons left. I have lost much and suffered much. Day by day I have seen the losses of those about me increasing. I am fifty-eight years old, and peace would give me back my two sons. There are so many like me."

"Madame," the soldier answered—and this time he seemed to include me in the argument—"peace will not give back to the many hundreds of thousands of French mothers the sons and husbands they have lost. Peace would only dishonor their memories, would bring the cruellest of all bitterness into their lives. Look you, they fought for their homes and their womankind, they fought for a sacred cause, they fought for others besides themselves. See how it is today with those others? Belgium! Can one speak of it! It is Belgium who shall make peace when it comes. Who has a better right? What will she ask for, I wonder? Fifty thousand German men and women to make slaves of them? The maidenhood of Germany to be debauched? No, they are not Boches. But strict justice would give them all that, and more."

Madame shook her head. She, too, was moved.

"One must forget," she muttered. "I had a niece myself at Lille—but one must not speak of those horrors. God alone can punish such crimes."

The Polu rolled another cigarette viciously.

"Monsieur," he said, glancing across at me, "I appeal to you. You are English, are you not?"

"I am English," I told him; "but with your permission I will be silent. Even our friends call us a somewhat obstinate nation. They say that we find difficulty in seeing any side of these great issues save our own. Let me hear you speak more of the peace."

The Polu lit his cigarette. Madame leaned forward, and embraced the Polu.

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"There is the Trap." "I have heard it said that the Boches now are willing to restore all Belgium, that they will give back the whole of their conquered territory."

"If we leave their military machine, their great engine of tyranny, autocracy, aggression and destruction, with their own chancellor, he stood up in their parliament and pleaded guilty to a great broken faith. Necessity, he declared, demanded it. And I tell you this, when necessity, which with them means German ambition, demands anything, then a German promise and a German treaty are worth just a snap of the fingers—no more. That is why I say—and those others who have lived and fought through these desperate years—that with an unconquered Germany—there can be no peace."

One Who Had Thought Much.

"My son," the old lady declared, looking at him with interest, "you speak like one who has thought much."

The Polu glanced down at his mud-stained clothes.

"I was an advocate's clerk before the war," he said grimly. "What I am now God only knows; but up there in the front it is not all fighting. There are long, lonely hours when the rain works, hours of solitude when one sees the truth."

Madame sighed.

"It is not often," she confessed, "that I read the journals. My eyesight is failing, and my daughter—well, we will not speak of her. I lost her. Therefore it is a new thing for me to talk to one like yourself. Remember now, if you please, that I speak only in the language of the village. They say—I have heard it said—that Germany hungers for peace; that therefore it is better for us to give peace now and so spare needless suffering."

Forty Years of Preparation.

"They talk in the cattle, madame," he declared vigorously. "Where are the Germans' conquests? Belgium, with odd against her ten to one in men and fifty to one in artillery! Montenegro, a mountain tribe! Serbia? Well, it took them eighteen months and cost them a good many army corps to drive the Serbians from their country, and the end of them is not yet! Romania? Victims of a foolish cash-paign, if you will, but even then overpowered with the war machine which it has taken Germany thirty-five years to evolve. Where are her victories against France, or Russia, or England? Her victories, I say, when you come to consider that for forty years she was slowly preparing while we refused to believe. Man for man, gun for gun, we are the better race. England is the better race; Russia is the better race! Therefore I say to you, madame, wait! Germany's last hour of triumph has struck. England has gathered strength beyond all that was

state, and they have increased at an enormous rate.

In many cases where a farmer has a small surface vein of coal on his property he is able to operate his mine by himself or with the aid of his sons.

In many instances, it is reported, they are digging the surface coal out with mattocks and hauling it to the railroads, where they are getting a good price for their product.

Parrots are successfully taught to talk by means of the phonograph.

WIFE OF A NEW SENATOR



Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the new senator from Minnesota, has been for some years a familiar figure in Washington society. Her husband was the "trust buster" of the Roosevelt administration. Mrs. Kellogg was socially popular then, and has kept in touch with the capital ever since.

Bare Male Legs Taboo.

Cambridge, Mass.—Bare male legs are taboo. Harvard students sans socks, sans trousers, sans anything save a little cheesecloth planned a back-to-nature dance, but authorities clamped on the lid.

In the United Kingdom there are almost 2,225,000 men and women engaged in making cannon and projectiles. The supply in some lines, such as the 18-pound field guns, is now greater than the need, and production is slackening.

GROCER'S SIGN OFFERS ORANGE FOR POTATO

Portland, Ore.—"We Will Trade You an Orange for a Potato."

This sign displayed in a Portland grocery store is attracting wide attention and the grocer has proved his keenness for grasping a peculiar trade condition. The merchant is really getting the best of the bargain, for the potato is worth more here than the citrus fruit from California.

expected. France stands firm and undismayed, ready to spring when the hour comes. And Russia—Russia has shown what she can do. Wait till the mountain snows have gone! Germany has scattered her men, sacrificed them on every battlefield, the pawns of the game. It is not forever she can do that. In the end it is the pawns who count."

The woman's eyes were filled with tears.

"Brave Talk, My Son."

"It is brave talk," she cried; "brave talk, my son. I shall speak to them in the village of you."

"Not of me, madame," he begged. "Look at me. I speak for what I represent. I am the common soldier of France. I am the man who bids good morning to Death, day by day, and will continue to do so until the end comes rather than leave our beloved land to face the dread of mutilation again."

There was no sound of guns here. The train clanked across the streets of an old country town and drew up at the platform. Madame laid down her basket and embraced the Polu.

"Be good for my country," she exclaimed. "Be good for God and you!"

She kissed his cheeks and departed. The Polu handed down her basket and waved his hand. He was once more gay.

"One is tempted, perhaps, to talk overmuch, monster," he ventured, turning to me.

"One can never say too much in the language you speak," I assured him.

He accepted more of my cigarettes and our journey was resumed.

Presently he leaned out of the window and looked forward, shading his eyes with his hand.

What Did Mr. le President Mean?

"Soon," he announced, "I reach my home. For a week I shall rest. Monsieur le President," he asked, turning suddenly toward me, "not American?"

"I am English," I told him once more.

"America," he said thoughtfully, "is a great country. America has been the good friend of ourselves and of France. I would not say a word which might seem lacking in courtesy, and yet—there is in this note which started this peace babble, the note which, they say, Monsieur le President wrote."

"It has been answered," I reminded him.

"It has been answered with great words," the Polu assented, "and of that no more. But always this puzzles me—what did Monsieur le President mean when, in black and white, he set it down as an accepted thing that Germany, that our enemies, were fighting for the same cause as we, the cause of the smaller nations? Have they heard of Belgium over there, monstrous? Have they heard of the many thousands of slaves being dragged weekly from that country? Have they heard of Serbia and Montenegro? They were small countries, monstrous. Germany is very great, indeed, in her care for the small nations, but it is her way of caring, not ours. What did he mean, do you think, monstrous?"

"I think my head."

"The ways of diplomacy are not always so easy as they may seem," I replied. "Besides, there is much which remains behind all that is said in print."

That Is Why We Fight.

The man's attention had wandered. He was gazing ecstatically out of the window. He beckoned me to his side. About a little wood-crested sloop a space had been cut. A white farmhouse stood there, and near by a few cottages, and a church with a quaint tower.

"My home," he pointed out with a little catch in his throat. "You see the hills yonder, monsieur? It was there that the Boches swung round. A homeless, wifeless—and the children—"

He stooped and picked up his haversack. His eyes were curiously bright.

"You see," he concluded, "that is why we fight, that is why the word 'peace' today stinks in our nostrils. We shall fight until France is safe."

Fearful Papa Would Worry.

New York.—Seventy-eight-year-old Patrick Hughes begged the judge to let him go home because he feared "Papa" might be worried.

His father is ninety-nine and works as a lather every day supporting the family.

Solves One Labor Problem.

New Brunswick, N. J.—Free rubbers and umbrellas for girl employees have solved the labor problem of a many-facturing concern here. The company is installing a special umbrella and overshoe department for employees.

Bare Male Legs Taboo.

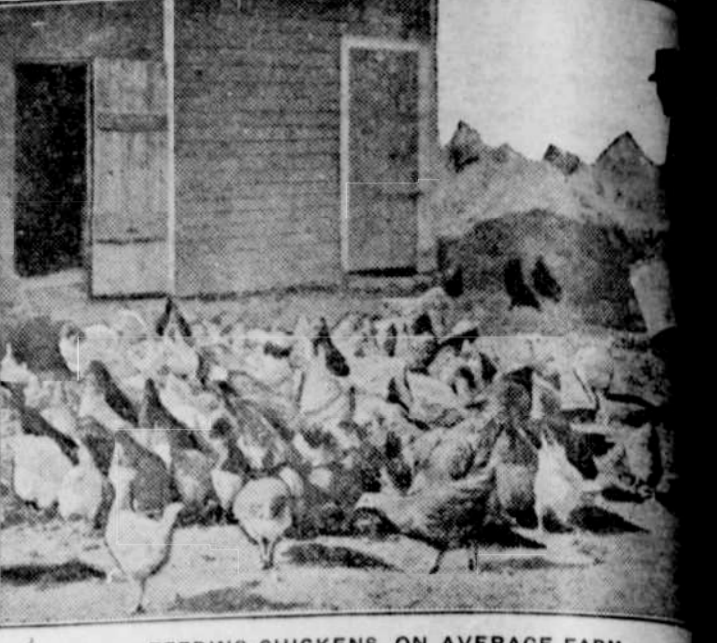
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Parrots are Successfully Taught to Talk by Means of the Phonograph.

In many instances, it is reported, they are digging the surface coal out with mattocks and hauling it to the railroads, where they are getting a good price for their product.

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SPRING-HATCHED PULLETS LAY IN WINTER



FEEDING CHICKENS ON AVERAGE FARM.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poultry owners who wish to obtain a satisfactory production of eggs during the fall and early winter should arrange to hatch pullets in March or April. Birds hatched at this time will be well matured in the fall. Furthermore, a greater proportion of them will go broody early in the spring, thus completing the circle necessary for production in the fall.

Pullets hatched in the spring can be induced to lay more abundantly in the winter if they are properly fed, housed, and handled. On the average general farm, very few eggs are secured at the time when eggs bring the highest prices. It will pay the poultry owner, therefore, to devote a little trouble to providing his birds with the most favorable surroundings for the winter.

The house should be thoroughly cleaned, disinfected, and made tight before the cold weather sets in. If the house has a dirt floor, it is well to remove three or four inches of dirt from the top and to replace this material with dry gravel or sand. On cement or wooden floors four or five inches of fresh straw or litter may be thrown down after the floor has been cleaned.

Ventilation is Important.

Ventilation is another important factor to consider. The house should be tight on these sides, but for the fourth muslin curtains may be used for from one-third to one-half its extent. In any case, there should be some ventilation in the house, even on the coldest nights. Fowls will stand considerable cold air, provided it is dry, and ventilation will keep the air thoroughly dry in the house. On the other

PROPER SOIL FOR POTATOES

Value of Crop is Generally Greater Than Any Other—Practice of Rotation Favored.

The best soil you have on your farm should be given to the potato, both because it is more exacting in its demands on the soil than any of the other staple crops, and also because the value of the crop per acre is generally greater.

The crop that precedes the potato is also important. A clover, alfalfa, peas or cowpeas—any legume—is a first rate preparation for a good crop of spuds. Rye or buckwheat plowed under is good. If you had sod on your farm plant corn first and then potatoes; this is a first rate rotation. Once then, then, potatoes is another.

Another good rotation is fall wheat, in which clover is seeded in the spring; second year, clover, plowed under in the fall or early winter; the third year potatoes. However, if you have plenty of land it is best to grow potatoes only one or two years in succession on any ground; thus you avoid diseases.

WINTER HINTS OF CHICKENS

Repository Diseases Result From Drafts—Fowls Should Not Be Crowded—Use Straw Litter.

Colds, roup and similar repository diseases largely result from drafts in the poultry house. It will pay the poultry keeper, therefore, to make draft-proof any cracks in the back, side and roof of the houses.

The fowls should not be crowded in the house and from two to five square feet of floor space is needed per bird. The exact ratio depends upon the breed and the extent of the yarding. As a rule, it will be found advisable to allow four square feet and floor space for the lighter breeds such as the Leghorn.

About five or six inches of straw litter should be placed on the floor. Grain which is fed in this will make the birds exercise continually. Clean nesting material is needed in the nest boxes.

MANY SHEEP KILLED YEARLY

Estimated That in Thirty-Six Farm States 100,000 Are Killed Annually by Dogs.

The number of sheep killed annually by dogs cannot be stated exactly, since there are many cases which are not reported at all.

Judging from the figures in those counties and states in which reasonable complete reports are obtainable, however, it may be said that in the 36 farm states more than 100,000 sheep are killed each year by dogs.

TO INCREASE FLOW OF MILK

Cow With Chapped or Cracked Teats Cannot Do Her Best—Carbolated Vaseline Will Help.

A cow with chapped or cracked teats is not likely to do her best. Very often a little carbolated vaseline, or something that is equally as cheap, will correct these things and increase the milk-flow.

GOOD SIRE VERY ESSENTIAL

Most Practical Means of Improvement of Any Kind of Live Stock is Through Best Males.

Whether the live stock is dogs, hogs, sheep or horses, the good are appreciated when sold, and usually bring higher prices and annually yield greater returns.

The most practical means of improvement is through the use of sires, for the male may become parent of from 40 to 100 animals a year.

HARNES SHOULD FIT HORSE

Not Too Tight or Too Loose—Snugly—Have Collars Fitted to Each Working Animal.

Harness should fit snugly to horse, not too tight nor too loose. A girth has its origin from this word. As horses' necks differ in shape and size, there should be a collar (or ter, two, one for use when in harness) and another when grown (or ner), fitted to every horse.

DETERMINE ACIDITY OF

Improved Apparatus Developed by Members of Staff of Plant Bureau—Time is Lessened.

The test to determine the acidity of corn, which previously required 18 hours, can be made in less than one hour by the use of improved apparatus developed by H. J. Benson, G. H. Boston of the office of standardization, bureau of plant industry. Under the new method a trie mechanism, similar to those on soda fountains, is used to finely ground corn and alcohol. A few minutes of mixing it is found to extract from the corn an amount of acetone extracted through digestion 80 per cent alcohol at room temperature for 18 hours.

The methods for making soluble determinations of corn with this apparatus are described in Circular Circular 68, office of the standardization, bureau of plant industry, recently published by the United States department of agriculture.

PLAN FOR BREAKING A HORSE

Most Successful Method for Breaking Animal From Pulling at Bit—Ter is Outlined.

The most successful method for breaking a horse from pulling at the bit is as follows: Secure a half-inch rope about 15 feet long, make a loop in one end. In the throw loop end over animal on the chest or flanks and run other end of rope through the loop, between fore legs, through a neck strap of nose piece of the halter and run it to a strong manger or other object. When the horse pulls back rope runs through the loop and the nose up on the body, and after a few trials the animal soon gives up habit of pulling. The rope should be broken thoroughly of the habit. Use a good strong halter or neck strap that will not break under ordinary strains.

Not Too Tight or Too Loose.

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