

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Manz
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FOR LITTLE LAD'S SAKE

When somebody mentioned the nearness of Christmas The Man looked quickly at his Lady Fair, hoping that she had not heard.

She stood a little apart from a group of friends, and The Man saw at once that she was biting her quivering lips and trying in vain to stem the tide of tears.

"We'll go home, Lady Fair," he suggested, and quietly they made their adieus.

"Christmas is coming," she whispered in a quivering, fearful voice, burying her head in his shoulder when they were again in their own home, and The Man could only pat her hands and wipe away the hot tears that coursed down her cheeks, for there seemed just nothing at all that he could say.

Last year when everybody called "Merry Christmas" to everybody else, and glad carols rang out the joyous season throughout the land The Man was taking down the holly wreaths from the front windows of their home, while Lady Fair was crying out her anguish to God beside the still, cold form of the Little Lad—Little Lad, who had given her a tender smile even as he was slipping through the Open Door at the Christ Child birthday was ushered in with joyous song.

"I can never go through with Christmas, for Oh, he loved it so," sobbed Lady Fair.

"He loves it no less now," reminded The Man, but his words brought small comfort to Lady Fair, whose heart was so filled with a mother's longing that all through the night she called out in her sleep for Little Lad, whom God took on last year's Christmas Eve.

The Man found The Boy in the city street. He was standing in a drift, digging his torn shoe impatiently into

when she asked him about his mother the flood-gates came down.

"Yes'm," sobbed The Boy, "it's mostly ma that don't want me. Ma, she says she wishes I had never been born. Reckon there are too many of us. Anyway, ma says a great, big, hulking, ten-year-old boy like me ought to be earning his salt. She says I'm just one more mouth to feed, and now that Christmas is coming she reckons I'll be wanting a present like the rest of them, and she ain't got no presents to give."

"Christmas is coming," repeated Lady Fair after him, and she drew him closer to her heart.

"Christmas is coming," echoed The Man to himself, as he watched Lady Fair and The Boy, and suddenly he thought of a youthful face he had once seen behind prison bars; a face distorted with sin and shame; the face of a man who had run away from his home in the country "because he was in the way," and followed a broad, bright path which begins in a flood of light and ends in utter darkness. The Man could not forget the prisoner's ghostly smile when he had told him:

"They never tell a feller here he's 'in the way,' and that's something."

The memory made The Man very tender to The Boy, who was a brave lad and true, ready to battle with the world without a single weapon of defense; ready to make his own way without any decent sort of equipment; ready because he had innate pride and courage enough to take matters into his own hands and "go away," when he was "not wanted."

"Christmas is coming," said The Man to Lady Fair in a tone of pleading, as they watched The Boy, whom Lady Fair had made sweet and clean and also happy beyond his fondest dream.

"But do you think his mother would

DIFFERENT TYPES OF DAIRY ICEHOUSES



Farmer's Icehouse With Milk Room.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The dairy division of the United States department of agriculture has been investigating the different types of icehouses in use by dairymen, and has studied the advantages of each type. Only a small number of the icehouses examined by the department's specialists were built of new lumber.

In many instances ice was stored in the cellar under the house or barn, or in the corner of some building, such as a woodshed, corncrib, or barn, or under the driveway leading to the barn, and occasionally it was simply stacked outdoors with no roof for protection. Where the ice was stored in cellars, open sheds or in stacks, the loss from melting was comparatively large, depending on the ventilation, drainage and care in packing. Where the cost of harvesting ice is a small item, dairymen often say that it is less expensive to store in such places than to go to the expense of building an up-to-date icehouse. Where ice is stacked outdoors and covered with some form of insulation, it is necessary to put up from 30 to 50 per cent more than the amount previously allowed, so as to provide for the heavy shrinkage.

The ice should be stored as near the milkhouse as possible, in order to save labor in removing it to the milk tank. A great many dairymen find it an advantage to have the milk room in one end of the icehouse. In this way the cost of a separate tankhouse is eliminated. The small amount of time and labor required to transfer the ice to the cooling tank generally acts as an added incentive for the free use of ice. It is highly important that the milk room, whether combined with the icehouse or standing alone, be located so that objectionable odors will be avoided.

In comparing the different methods of storing ice, it was found that where the cost of ice was comparatively high it was advisable to spend enough money in building and insulating the icehouse to protect the ice from melting as much as possible, but in cases where the cost of the ice was small it appeared that the owners were often justified in building a cheaper storage with a relatively high loss of ice from meltage. The dairyman therefore should consider both the cost of construction and the cost of the ice in selecting the type most suitable for his requirements.

Some farmers store their ice in roughly constructed bins. One of this sort was seen, made by placing large posts of irregular sizes three feet in the ground and about four feet apart, and upon these were nailed a miscellaneous lot of boards; no roof was provided. The shrinkage was reported from 30 to 50 per cent. Ice might be stored in this manner for some purposes, but this method is not recommended for a dairy farm. Furthermore a bin of this sort is very unsightly and is an indication of slack methods in farming. Where ice is cheap and building material high, it might be permissible as a temporary arrangement; but it is not so economical a method as may appear at first sight, for the cost of the ice lost in the shrinkage would generally amount to more than the interest on the cost of constructing a serviceable icehouse.

An instance was observed in which a corner of a woodshed, about twelve feet square and ten feet high, had been converted into an ice shed. This corner of the woodshed had been roughly boarded up and about 14 inches of sawdust placed around the ice on all sides, top, and bottom. The cost of the building was very little, and the shrinkage was reported at about 20 per cent. The owner stated that softwood sawdust is a much better insulation than hardwood sawdust.

The icehouse in the illustration measures 15 by 20 feet on the outside and 8 feet high. At the front or south end a room 15 by 6 feet is partitioned off and used for a milk room. The remaining space, 15 by 14 feet by 8 feet high, after allowing for 6 inches of wall, 12 inches of sawdust on the sides, 12 inches on the bottom, and 18 inches on the top, will provide space for about 17 tons of ice. This house is built on high, sloping ground, where the soil is porous, consequently the drainage is satisfactory. The foundation is made of concrete (mixture 1 to 6), 1 1/2 feet wide at the bottom and sloping gradually until the top measures 8 inches. The sills which rest on the foundation are 6 by 6 inches,

upon which are erected 2 by 6 inch studding with 24-inch centers. On the top of the studding rests a 2 by 6 inch plate, and the studs are sheathed inside and outside with rough boarding. The outside is then covered with weatherboarding. The roof has a two-thirds pitch and is constructed of 2 by 4 inch rafters, 24-inch centers, boarded and covered with shingles. In each gable is located a slat ventilator, 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 feet, which with the high pitch of the roof allows for an abundance of free circulation of air over the ice. The milk room is provided with two glass windows 3 1/2 by 2 feet, one in each end. The milk room is provided only with a movable ice-water tank, 3 1/2 by 4 by 3 feet, in which are placed the cream cans. A rope and pulley which are fastened to the ceiling are used in transferring the ice from the icehouse up and over the wall and lowering it into the tank. The material and labor for constructing this combination milk and icehouse amounted to \$125. The shrinkage on the 100 cakes in storage was estimated at about 15 to 20 per cent. The ice in this house cost 2 cents a cake, exclusive of hauling and storing.

GOOD FEED FOR YOUNG FOAL

Colt Should Be Taught to Nibble at Grain With Dam—Weaning Made Rather Easy Task.

Are you giving that young foal the proper care? To become a strong, sound horse, when matured the foal must be well nourished and given every advantage possible. The foal should be taught to eat grain very early. By placing the feed box from which the dam eats her grain now, the foal, at about two months of age, will begin nibbling with the mother, and will soon acquire a taste for the grain. A pen built in one corner of the field made high enough to keep the mare out and allow the colt to pass under will make it possible to feed the foal grain with very little difficulty. Allow the mare in the enclosure with the foal for a few times, and it will soon learn to go in itself. Keep a liberal supply of grain, preferably oats and bran, and perhaps some cracked corn, in the feed box. To induce the dam to loiter about with the colt, have the pen near a shade tree or the salt box. By weaning time the foal will have become thoroughly accustomed to eating grain and will wean very easily, besides being in better condition as a result of this additional feed.

SERIOUS DISEASE OF CALVES

Diphtheria Is Very Contagious and Contracted Principally by Young Animals—Some of Symptoms.

Calf diphtheria is a serious disease appearing among calves three to five days old. Infected calves refuse to drink or suck, have some discharge of saliva from the mouth and there are inflamed patches inside the mouth which gradually develop into ulcers. There is fever, and an offensive odor from the mouth. The disease is very contagious and is contracted principally by young calves and pigs up to six or eight months old, although occasionally adult cattle and hogs have it. Dr. M. H. Reynolds of the Minnesota station advises treating the sores by first cleaning with a 2 per cent solution of creolin in warm water and then treating twice a day with a solution of permanganate of potash, two ounces to a gallon of water, this treatment to be kept up for about a week. The potash solution should be made fresh each time. Thoroughly clean up the calf pen and yards and spray with disinfectant. Neglected Fruit Trees. Neglected fruit trees are not worth the ground they occupy; besides they are an eyesore to everyone, and when infested with worms and insects they are a constant menace to the neighborhood. There ought to be laws prohibiting any man from allowing trees of this kind to remain on his farm. Proper Place for Tools. Gather up the tools and small implements that usually are scattered all over the place at this season of the year, or you'll be the loser when the first snow falls and covers them up till they cannot be found again during the whole winter.

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COULD DO NOTHING MORE

Captain's Responsibility for the Safety of His Passengers Had Been Automatically Ended.

The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantly clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage," explained the captain. "Too late?" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, very solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."

Preparations.

"Has your fiancé given you to understand there will be anything on hand for your approaching marriage?"

"Oh, yes. A diamond engagement ring."

Some people take particular joy in telling the truth when they know that it is unpleasant.

The Brazilian government estimates next year's revenue at \$169,660,000 and expenditures at \$174,254,000.



When Health is Wrong The Pay is Short

Getting ahead in this world calls for mental and physical forces kept upbuilt and in trim.

Often the food one eats "makes" or "breaks"—it depends upon the kind of food. In many cases the daily dietary lacks certain essential elements for keeping brain and body at their best.

Over 18 years ago a food was perfected to offset this lack—

Grape-Nuts

—and it has stood the test of the years.

Made of whole wheat and malted barley this famous pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains including their mineral salts—Phosphate of Potash, etc.—necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts has a delicious nut-like flavour; is always ready to eat—fresh, and crisp from the package; so thoroughly baked it is partially predigested.

Thousands "on the job" every day know

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.



"Christmas is Coming," She Whispered in a Quivering, Fearful Voice.

the snow. Sunlight enveloped his figure, but did not dispel the scowl on his fresh young face, nor obliterate the tear stains.

"Are you going my way?" questioned The Man.

"I ain't goin' no way," replied The Boy, sullenly.

Which was true enough, for the path he had chosen leads nowhere, and the trail to the nowhere is full of thorns. He had left home, but he had no idea as to where he would even spend the night, to say nothing of all the nights the future held. It did not seem to matter to him in the very least. He was removing his obnoxious presence from the sight of his mother and that was all he needed to know.

This much The Man had no difficulty in finding out, but it was not so easy to learn the motive behind the action.

"Ain't wanted. Goin' to git out," answered The Boy to every question. "Come home with me and let's talk it over," invited The Man, and after a little persuasion The Boy consented.

When Lady Fair saw them coming the scowl had left The Boy's face, but it was still tear-stained and grimy. Nevertheless, she gathered him into her arms without a question, and

let him stay until after New Year's?" questioned Lady Fair.

"She will let him stay for always," answered The Man. "I have asked her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Fair, crying and laughing together.

"Oh!" came the happy cry of The Boy, who had heard.

Even as they spoke the Christmas bells rang out their joyous tidings, and through the crisp December night there came the music from a nearby church.

"For unto us a child is born," caroled the voice of the Christmas singer, while Lady Fair tightened her clasp of The Man's hand and whispered to him very softly that she knew that somewhere Little Lad must be very, very glad, for the Christmas song was in her heart as well as in her ears.

"We'll do the very best we can by The Boy," answered The Man.

"For Little Lad's sake," said Lady Fair.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," caroled the Christmas singer.

Nulla Dies Sine Linea. Parent—Well, Johnny, what was learned in school today?

Johnny—I guess teacher learned sumpin.