

# DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

By E. E. Lewis, Stour City, Ia.

## —FOREWORD—

In our daily life we are like a man who carries a long ladder through a crowded street. The slightest swaying of his shoulder registers itself in unexpected wide oscillations at either end of the ladder. Of the largest effects of our lives, either for good or for evil, we are ourselves least conscious. Our social nature expresses itself in remote places and out of sight. Each obscure human spirit is the center of a vast system of wireless telegraphy. The whole universe is like a spider's web of thinnest gossamer. The movement of the tiniest wing is felt at the remotest circumference. Patient toil, unreminded of results, yields a long and subtle lever of influence. The best work we accomplish we know nothing about; just as the great bumble bee flies from one gorgeous blossom to another, plunging his proboscis among the fragrant petals in eager quest of nectar, and in all unconsciousness sometimes that he is dislodging and distributing the pollen requisite to cross fertilization, and so promoting the production of new flowers, and making the wilderness blossom like a rose garden. Greatness is achieved in the unobtrusive chase, but while we are looking for something else. It is the little things that we get by our endeavor. The great things come to us, as it were, around a corner. We never become beautiful or eloquent, or popular, or happy, or intellectual, or even good, by hard effort. Whatever we get of such things will come to us when we are most self-forgetful, and most absorbed in the service of our kind, and not when we are trying to live like Byron as described by William Watson:

"Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those  
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.  
Only the odour of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces hungering for her face."

The value of life is determined not by measure but by weight. The Master regards not the bulk of the work done, but the quality of the influence is rendered. Noble living consists in doing our level best each day. We are employed by our great Taskmaster to work by the day, not by the piece. Let each day have its system and ritual. The divine life is the gift of God. This simple principle which calms life and which our passionate spirits are so slow to learn is set forth in this little book of modern parables by my old friend, Dr. Lewis, a fine rendering in prose of Lowell's not dissimilar "In life's small things be resolute and great."  
To keep thy muscle trained. Knowest thou when fate  
Thy measure takes, or when shall I say to thee,  
I find thee worthy, do this deed for me?"

Edward Judson,  
63 Washington Square,  
New York.

# DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

Standing at the grave of General Stark this morning a little incident related I believe by Dr. Hale, came to my mind which may still be useful to some young man in shaping an earnest, purposeful life. General Burgoyne had spent June and July of 1777 in organizing and equipping an army of 10,000 in Canada, intending to descend upon Albany from a junction at New York with Howe and so isolate the New England states from the rest of the country. Ticonderoga, Fort Mifflin and Fort Edward were captured, but Bennington was his Waterloo.

General Stark, with his hastily raised brigade, met the British forces at Bennington, having left orders for Col. Seth Warner to bring up his little force from the mountains as rapidly as possible. During the early part of the action, August 16, 1777, the British were driven back, but some Hessian reinforcements arriving, the contest was renewed. Stark pulled out his line of battle, and the British were just at the moment Warner's drums were heard, and his men, though few in number, had an extra supply of arms, and firing right and left they checked the Germans and carried the day.

On his way over the hills, Colonel Warner's horse, a high-spirited animal, had lost a shoe and it was absolutely necessary in that rocky country to have it replaced. Hastening down to a little hamlet of two or three houses, a store and a blacksmith shop, they found the smith's shop closed and no one in the village but some women and a lame 16-year-old boy. "All the men have gone to the army," said he, "but I could do nothing."  
The boy saw the situation. "I've blown the bellows for Peter and sometimes helped him a little, may be I can help you." "Try," said the horseman. "Do your level best, my boy, but don't hurt the horse."  
Lighting the fire, the boy hunted up three nails, made the other five, fitted a shoe to the delicate footed beast—a soldier blowing the bellows meanwhile—called it on and dropped it with sheer exhaustion and excitement as he drove the last nail. "That's splendid," said the officer, as he slipped some money into the boy's hand, and mounted.  
But a soldier stayed behind a minute and said to the boy: "Perhaps you don't know what you have done today. Your work has been worth that of a dozen soldiers. That man whose horse you shod is Colonel Warner."  
Possibly the boy did not grasp then the full importance of what he had done, but when he afterwards learned that Warner arrived just in time to save the battle of Bennington where a detachment of Burgoyne's army was almost annihilated—that Burgoyne himself was thunderstruck—all his plans for dividing the American army ruined—that in less than 30 days more he was hemmed in at Saratoga by Gates, and in another 30 days obliged to capitulate and surrender his army, now reduced to 6,000 prisoners of war, that this released the American troops for service elsewhere, opened the way for the treaty which brought the assistance of France, raised the hopes of the nation, assured Europe of the ultimate independence, and was really the first link in the chain which ended in Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown—the boy could truly think that, lame and useless as he thought he was, he had a hand in shaping the destiny of the revolution.

Bennington was the harbinger of Saratoga and Creasy gives Saratoga as one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world."  
SAMUEL JOHNSON.  
We are creatures of custom—bundles of habits.  
Milton says in "Comus":  
"He that has light within his own clear breast,  
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Lighted walks under the middy sun;  
Milton in his own dungeon."  
By encouragement and cultivation

the darkness grows darker, while the same process makes the light become lighter.

The persistent determination to express the best there is in you, whether by word or deed, upon every occasion becomes familiar, and you will find yourself continually entertaining good thoughts, entertaining generous sentiments, doing kind acts and using choice language. This is finely exemplified in the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. From 1749 to 1752 he issued a little semi-weekly pamphlet entitled "The Rambler." The numbers were afterwards gathered together and published in book form, making six volumes, which ran through many editions. It is a rare work now, but any young man who can lay hands upon it and read it carefully will get a liberal education from it alone. The uniformly elevated strain, the high moral and religious character, the deep knowledge of human nature, the magnificent sweep of language marching with a gravity and grandeur like the procession of the equinoxes ennobles the mind and fills the reader with an earnest desire to do his "level best."

His biographer—Boswell—tells us that these papers raised the whole level of English literature and writers having neither the mentality nor morality of Johnson used to imitate his majestic style. But during the whole of the time that he was publishing these papers he was strenuously engaged in other literary work, especially in the preparation of his great dictionary, having six amanuenses to be constantly supplied with "copy," and the "Rambler" were frequently written off in odd moments and sent to the printer without being even read over by their author. How did he do this?

Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. Johnson replied that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company—to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could use, and that by constant practice—never allowing any careless expression to escape him nor permitting himself to deliver his thoughts until he had clearly arranged them, it became habitual to him.

## JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

John Sebastian Bach was born in Thuringia. His father was a musician of some eminence but died, as also did his mother, before he was 10 years old, and he was left to the tender mercies of an elderly and avaricious uncle. This brother was an organist at Ohrdruf and was jealous of Sebastian's musical talent and rapid development. When he was 14 years old his brother died and his mother was thrown through the roof of her own house. At Hamburg—a hundred miles away—was a great organ and a great organist. The boy determined to go there. Begging his way he reached Hamburg upon a dusty Sunday afternoon and at the church performance in the cathedral, hiding his low-head behind one of the great pillars. Only a few persons were present and they seemed mostly asleep.

According to time-honored custom, the whole service upon a warm, sleepy, Sunday afternoon, should partake largely of the character of the scattered audience and be equally dull and insipid. But this was not the idea of the grand old German organist. He sent his music rolling and blowing through the cathedral aisles as magnificently as if Frederick the Great and all his royal court had been present. The boy, weary, homeless, hungry, foot-sore, forgot all his troubles, was inspired, fed, filled and comforted with the heavenly strains—his musical aspirations confirmed and his course fixed by and from that service forever—and the old organist had the satisfaction afterwards of knowing that the fine performance of his service at a time when he might reasonably have supposed that there was no one to appreciate and no listening audience to applaud, had been largely the means of giving mankind one of the greatest musicians that the world has ever known—John Sebastian Bach.

"Give to the world the best you have and the best shall come back to you."  
In Passing.  
"Oh, well, I don't care. I didn't make any fool bet. That's where we women are ahead of the men. We're too cautious to bet unless it's a sure thing."  
"Mind what I say: You wanta keep away from me, fella. He don't mean no harm, but he's the sort that would unconsciously hang his mother-in-law or kill his wife, under the impression that he was doing them a favor."  
"No one believes he was deliberately dishonest, but sometimes a self-meaning fool can do more mischief than a thief."  
"No, you don't understand in the least; but then, I'd probably resent it if you did."  
"Sometimes a man needs a friend more than he needs a wife, and if a woman can only understand that being a man's wife and being his friend are one and the same job, he at least stands a fair chance of happiness."

"I think a man often wonders in his most secret heart why he is such an utter brute to his wife; but he keeps right on being a brute."  
"He looked like a dreamy-eyed poet, but I found out afterwards that he was a shipping clerk."  
"It's getting so nowadays that a novel let can't get along without a giggling stenographer tucked into the scenery somewhere."  
Weather Signs.  
From the New York Sun.  
There are a great many signs which are well known to the so-called weather prophets, and if you live in the country you may amuse yourself by verifying some of them. Here are a few of the old reliables for signs of rain:  
Ants become very lively and seem to be in a hurry about something.  
Roosters are always flapping their wings, and the hens seem restless.  
Dogs and cats do not look as lively as usual, and prefer to lie around the house, keeping near the fire.  
Flies come indoors and seem to be unusually sticky and troublesome.  
The cattle like to get into corners and usually stand with their tails toward the wind.  
The Welsbach mantles on the gas jets are not as bright as usual.  
Swallows and other birds that feed on the wing fly very low.

"Thank-ye-ma'ams," otherwise known as waterbreaks, consisting of ridges of earth built across roads on steep grades, are to be abolished in Pennsylvania as a part of its road improvement measure. These waterbreaks were once a familiar institution throughout New England and other parts of the country, and are still surviving in many places.  
COUNT UP.  
+ If you count up the sunny and +  
+ if you count up a complete year, +  
+ you will find that the fine day +  
+ has come more often—Ovid. +

# HEART and HOME PROBLEMS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—I am a girl of 19 and engaged to a man 12 years my senior, whom I love. Is there too much difference in our ages? (2) He respects me in every way and seems to love me and wants to have a home ready for me when we are married, so we set the day about a year from now. Is our engagement too long? (3) I am staying at home. Papa's father is there too. He insists on kissing me and that lags a year from now. But don't wait any longer.

Blue Eyed Marion.  
(1) If you love each other sincerely, you ought to be happy in spite of the years between you. (2) You will get a better age for that lag a year from now. But don't wait any longer. (3) Keep out of his way. He is probably just a childish old man. But if he is too troublesome or becomes dangerous, tell your father it will be best for you to comply with a man's wishes once in a while, if they unless he can put the man in some other place.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man of pleasing appearance, age 22, and am engaged to a woman of 18. She is a good girl, and while I have told her I care for her a great deal, she knows I am after the "coin." I am very popular with the girls and always have been, but I wish to travel and I don't believe there is any such thing as marrying for love. Do you?

Neither you nor your fiance would feel flattered if I should tell you what I think. You are exercising neither common sense nor love in this marriage, and no marriage can be a success without either. What you want is a mother, Samuel. Ask your fiance to adopt you as her son. Then you can keep on being popular with the girls.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man of 21 and deeply in love with a girl of the same age whom I met three months ago. She said she likes me very much, and lets me see her whenever I want to, but I do not know whether she is joking or not.

She is going home shortly and asked me to come and see her. I regret to see her go and do not know what to do to prevent her going. Would she marry me on such short acquaintance if I proposed to her and would it be a good step to take for me to go to her home and break my heart if I would lose her. Is it proper for a girl to kiss a fellow?

Ask her permission for you to write to her, and make it a point to accept her invitation to visit her. Let her see that you like her a great deal, but don't propose until you are sure. I don't think it proper for a girl to kiss a fellow unless she is engaged to marry him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) I am a girl of 16 and have just returned from a visit to a large town, where I met several nice boys. Would it be right for me to write to any of them? (2) Is half past two late for me to be out with a perfectly good boy, at night? Bright Eyes.  
(1) If a boy wants you to write to him, he will write to you first and ask you to answer his letter. There is no harm in friendly correspondence if you discuss the letters with your mother. (2) My dear! I am surprised that you ask such a question. A little girl of your age should be at home and in bed by 10 p. m. at the latest. You will be a homely old woman at 20 if you keep such late hours now.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman and I love another man. He used to be my schoolmate. My husband is a very busy man and doesn't stay home much, while my old schoolmate stays home and I can't continue his attention. I cannot live without him. I dread the thought of going into court for a divorce. Would it be proper to elope with him and live abroad the rest of my life? IN DOUBT.  
You cannot get a divorce from your husband and if you elope you will end just like several thousand other married women who think they can't live without some certain man, who isn't worth anything. You'll find you will have to keep on living after he has decided he can get along very well without you, and it will be a living death for you.

Do your duty to your husband. Ask him to go to the city and make his work easier, if possible. Interest yourself in something wholesome and show this man that he ought to hide his head in shame for tempting a respectable married woman.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) I am a girl of 19 and have lately become acquainted with a man five years my senior. We are of different nationalities and religion. Should this make any difference to a happy marriage? (2) He has taken me to several places of amusement, driving, dancing etc., on week days and seems to be honorable in his attentions to me at all times. Is he in love with me? (3) He has asked me several times on Sundays to go driving or walking with him, but I have refused. Ought I to when he asks me? (4) Recently he asked what my feelings were toward him. I told him I thought they were in favor of him. Was I foolish to say them? As I told him this, would it be wrong for me to turn him down now? Or refuse to go out with him next time he calls me up? (5) He often remarks that I act as though I don't care for his company, though I always make believe I do. Do I know my own mind? (6) Please give me a remedy for shiny skin. English.  
(1) Such a marriage is seldom happy. (2) He must like you pretty well or he would not want so much of your company. (3) Not unless you wish to go. (4) You have the privilege of changing your mind and you are not engaged to him. (5) I really don't think you love him, my dear girl, or you would be more certain of your own feelings. (6) Pat it with a little pure alcohol two or three times a day.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) I am 6 ft. 9 in. tall and weigh 180 pounds. Am I well proportioned or am I too tall? (2) How can one recall wedding invitations? (3) In a strange community, is it proper for the teacher to call first on the parents? (4) Are willow plumes in style this winter? Perplexed.  
(1) You are a bit slender for your height. Tall women are fashionable now. (2) Send notes to the effect that the wedding ceremony has been indefinitely postponed. (3) The teacher, something like the minister, does most of the calling. (4) Yes.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) I am a girl of 15 and have been keeping company with a gentleman of 21. A few weeks ago he met my cousin. He was supposed to have accompanied me to a theater one Tuesday evening, but having made a date with her, he did not show up. He promised me faithfully on Tuesday afternoon he would be there and I was very disappointed when he did not come for me. What do you think of him? On this account I dropped him. Did I do right?

(2) Is it proper to exchange rings before your engagement and if not, why not? (3) How late should a girl stay out with a gentleman? (4) Should she let him kiss her goodnight? (5) Is it a good plan for a fellow to let a girl have her own way too much? Harriette.  
(1) He was very inconsiderate. Lou did go right to drop him after that. (2) No, it gives people a false impression. (3) Unless they are at an entertainment or the theater which keeps them until 10 or 11 p. m., she should be home before 10. (4) Not unless she is engaged to marry him. (5) Not if she is always unreasonable. It is only courteous for a girl to comply with a man's wishes once in a while, if they do not conflict with what she knows is right.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: How can I prevent mother's marriage when I don't like the man she is going to marry? (2)—What should I do if my mother is present for a girl friend? (3)—Is it any business of a neighbor if I wear my hair over my ears? (4)—Is it proper to be worn this winter? (5)—Is my writing fair? Blue Eyes.  
(1) Your mother is older and wiser than you are, dear girl, and she is the one to be suited in the matter of her husband—not you. The best thing for you to do is to make friends with her and help along your mother's happiness. (2)—The stores are full of pretty things now. You can't fail to find something both suitable and reasonable in price. (3)—No. (4)—Yes. (5)—Yes.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—I am a boy of six foot five inches tall. There is a nice looking girl I would like to get married. (2)—Should I wear a man's jewelry? (3)—Can a girl spoil a boy? (4)—I am a Luxemburger. Would it be all right for me to marry a girl that the boys make fun of by calling her "Mine Idle"? (5)—I like her very well. B.  
(1)—Visit her as often as you can. Tell her how much you think of her. Give her nice presents—nothing expensive, but things that will show her you are thinking of her. Take her out to some nice place of entertainment once in a while. Then, as soon as she seems to like you, tell her you love her and want to marry her. (2)—It is very bad taste. (3)—Not the right kind of a boy. (4)—What do you care, as long as you know the girl is all right?

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—I am 17 and go to a young man three years my senior. Would it be all right to have our pictures taken together on a postcard? (2)—Should you let a boy put his arm around you the first time you have ever been out with him? (3)—Should a girl of 17 marry a man of 45? Mary.  
(1)—It is said that people who have their pictures taken together will surely quarrel. Anyway, you will certainly be sorry for it some day, if you do it. (2)—You perhaps do not know that your second question is not very decent. It would be decided wrong for you to take such advice. (3)—No. Nor any other time, unless you are engaged to marry him. (4)—Decidedly not.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My girl friend works in a hotel and when I go after her I always help her with her work so we can go to the show, but I don't know how to do it. She will not wait for me. When I meet any friend of mine and stop to speak, she walks on ahead. When I call to her to wait till I catch up she will not. But I would wait till the last minute for her. Shall I go with her or not? A True Pal.  
You should not stop to speak to a friend on the street unless you introduce your companion. If you do not introduce her, she will be right to walk on. She might be a little more patient with you if you are not ready to go out as soon as she is, but if I were you I would manage to be prompt. Perhaps she is busier than you.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I work at a place where I have to mark a blackboard all day and as I wipe the board very frequently a lot of chalk dust is raised which I inhale. Some of my fellow workmen say the dust will do me harm and sooner or later I will die of consumption. Others say it will do me some good as it will cleanse my stomach. Please advise me. Anxious.  
It is always better not to breathe dust continuously. Can you not keep a large handkerchief or towel slightly dampened, which you can hold before your face until the dust subsides?

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) Please give me a recipe for Devil's Food cake. (2) What color will match with gray? (3) How can I clean white fur? (4) My brother is knock-kneed. How can it be cured? Reader.  
(1) Devil's Food—Half cup sweet milk and half cup grated chocolate or cocoa; boil, let cool; add one teaspoon soda, two heaping cups flour, yolks three eggs. Bake in layers and put together with white frosting.  
(2) Pink with light gray; red with dark shades. Blue can be used the same way. (3) Take soft flannel to clean white fur. Rub fur against the grain, then dip flannel into flour and rub into fur until clean; shake, rub with another piece of soft flannel until flour is out. (4) If he is very young, braces and massage may cure. Get your doctor's advice.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Please give me a good recipe to quit loving the boys. (2) Is it possible to love more than one boy at once? (3) Which is the best friend for a girl to have: A true girl friend or a true boy friend? (4) Is a girl of 16 too young to go a long distance with a boy of 20? LOVESICK.  
(1)—Well, this is certainly a new question? Common sense is the only thing I know of. If you haven't that, my dear, ask your mother, or your aunt, or some steady old person, to stay with you all the time. Never go out without taking along somebody like that and never see any of the boys unless you have the safe companionship of a staid elderly person. That will keep you from demonstrating your love, anyway.  
(2)—But it's puppy love. (3)—Both and many of them. (4)—Yes, indeed.

Never Again.  
From London Opinion.  
"This portrait doesn't resemble me at all."  
"Pardon me, madam, but I once made a portrait of a lady that resembled her!"

# SHE WILL ENTERTAIN ESTHER CLEVELAND



MISS LUCY HOKE SMITH.  
Miss Lucy Hoke Smith, elder daughter of the senator from Georgia, will be one of the most prominent girls in Washington during the winter season. She will be a leader in the younger set and will entertain Miss Esther Cleveland when the latter visits Washington early in January.

## ACROBATS POPULAR IN INDIA.

Rajahs Always Hire These Performers to Amuse Their Guests.

From the Wide World Magazine.  
The wandering acrobats of India are recruited from a low caste of people called "Dombars," who live by their professions alone. The children are trained from their earliest childhood, and do not receive any education in schools. They travel from village to town, and give their performances, which are really wonderful, in the open air, before crowds of onlookers. Their tricks are quaint and sometimes astonishingly clever. Supported by one another, these men will balance themselves in a crazy kind of pyramid rising 15 or 20 feet from the ground, and one of their number will then climb this living pyramid with a heavy weight in his teeth. Babies not yet able to walk are often seen being made use of in the most dangerous manner in these performances. Rajahs and rich Indians are very fond of the acrobatic displays, and engage the best of the men to perform before their guests at entertainments.

## Keeping Eyes Ahead.

From the Washington Times.  
There's a virtue in downright discontent; a noble quality in the protest against things as they are; the salt of continuity for the worth of human endeavor in the mere spirit of unorthodoxy. That day when a man is fired from the garden hat of progress was thrown into the ring and over it men will fight against blind circumstances until the sun diminishes to a red ball of dying fire and the last, lone heir of all the ages has raised his glass on a lonely planet to the memory of the mighty dead.  
To talk of peace and progress is to plead ignorance of the elementary law; for progress ever was the pledged foe of contentment, just as that man merely fattens and becomes obese who smirks at life and grunts complacently. It is our fate and our good penalty that we must ever be breaking down tomorrow the thing that plumes our vanity today; and the only fire that lasts and grows in the heart of man on earth is to realize—as how few of us do—the kind of love which Dante said it was that "moved the sun and other stars."  
In every other wise it is our sorrow and salvation to greet the sun with eyes bent backward and our backs on our yesterdays.

## JUMPING A THOUSAND HURDLES.

From Strand's Magazine.  
The craze for strange records began a great many years ago. There was an elderly London omnibus driver named Priestly who, at Hull, in 1863, pumped 1,000 hurdles each three feet six inches high, in 6 1/2 minutes. It is said that this record has never since been equalled. Priestly began omnibus driving in the same year, 1863, and during his 46 years in the service of the London General Omnibus company, he drove buses a distance of about 850,000 miles.

Pure saccharin is 550 times as sweet as sugar. A sweet taste may be imparted to 70,000 parts of water.

## PRACTICAL FROCK GOOD FOR SATIN



Practical frock good for satin or light woolen trimmed with narrow folds of velvet or satin. Yoke of plaited tulle in over. Bands of lace. Flat rosettes trim draped girde and the skirt. Plaistings of net trim the short sleeves. L. A. Collier.

# Care of Milk In the Home

Bulletin of the Iowa State Dairy and Food Commission.

The medical milk commission of the city of New York recently visited 4,300 homes in that city and found 4,100 homes where the milk was improperly cared for. This statement, though startling is not an exaggeration of conditions the country over and with the hope of lessening the enormous infant mortality, this circular of information is issued. When you consider that 41 babies out of every 100 die that are fed other than by the breast, it is criminal not to heed a warning in regard to the selection and care of the food of our children.

Do not purchase milk that is sold in bulk. Insist upon having your milk bottled at the farm (not in the wagon) and delivered to you sealed from all dust and flies. The unsanitary method of carrying milk cans and measures through the dusty streets with flies alighting on the milk receptacles after alighting on garbage wagons, sputum, manure, etc., should not be tolerated. Have the milk man place the bottled milk out of reach of dogs and cats and in a cool, shady place. When the milk is delivered, note whether or not it is cold. If temperature is above 60 degrees, F., the milk man has been careless in his transportation methods. The bottle of milk should be held under the cold water faucet and washed thoroughly with as much attention as possible. Then note whether there is any dirty sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

The caps used on milk bottles are of two varieties, the waxed paper cap which is fitted into the recessed metal cap which fits over the top of the bottle. The waxed paper cap is impervious to moisture and dirt yet can not compare with the paper lined metal cap in regard to cleanliness as there is always some dirt which will surround the edges of the cap that is difficult to remove while the milk is in the bottle.

Unless you are familiar with the conditions at the dairy, such as the health of the cows and the manner of milking and caring for the product, the milk should be pasteurized in the home. Do not depend upon commercial pasteurization. The pasteurization as it is carried on today in a commercial way kills the acid bacteria and very few, if any, of the tubercular and typhoid germs. Pasteurization in the home may be performed without any apparatus other than is found in the common cooking utensils. Select a pasteurizer of milk and then the bottles of milk and place an inverted, perforated pie tin in the bottom to prevent bumping. Set the bottles of milk on the pie tin and fill the pail with water to the level of the milk in the bottles. Punch a hole through the cap, or in case nursing bottles are used, plug the necks with absorbent cotton. Heat on the stove or over a gas burner until the water just begins to boil, then remove from the fire and allow to stand for five minutes. Repeat the process in the pail. Gradually with colder water until the bottles have been cooled to the temperature of the tap water, then place on ice until ready for use. By the process of pasteurization, the milk should be heated to a temperature of not less than 145 degrees F. and not more than 150 degrees F. The milk should be allowed to stand at this temperature for from 20 to 30 minutes, then quickly cooled and kept on ice until used. After pasteurization, it is always well to remove the caps from the ordinary milk bottles and invert a glass tumbler over the bottle as a protection against dust. During the process of pasteurization, it is preferable to have a thermometer in the bottle of milk so that the temperature may be accurately controlled.

Another source of contamination is the condition of the refrigerator which should always be sweet and clean. Milk absorbs odors and tastes from the refrigerator. Care must be taken not to place the milk in foul smelling refrigerators or near odorous food products. As stated above, milk should be placed in direct contact with the ice.  
A Word Regarding Evaporated Milk.  
Upon the market are two products, one known as evaporated milk which is cream milk evaporated in a vacuum pan so that 100 pounds of whole milk yields about 45 pounds of evaporated milk. This product is sterilized in the can with heat. The other product is known as sweetened condensed milk. This is very similar to the evaporated whole milk, but contains about 40 per cent of cane sugar. This product is preserved by the added sugar. Some people are diluting the unsweetened evaporated milk and feeding the same to babies. The directions which appear upon the can for the dilution of the milk in many cases are such that the diluted product would starve a child if this were his only food. If, to the sample of evaporated milk about 1-4 times its volume of water is added and the product thoroughly mixed, you will secure a milk very closely approximating its original composition.

## IN PASSING.

"Don't preach. Hand 'im a line of fovy. He's just a regular husband."  
"He married a city girl and now they have nappkins at every meal."  
"Sometimes I think I'm tired when all I need is to wash my face."  
"Before marriage a girl is always talking about 'his' opinions. After marriage she mentions only his appetite."  
"A whole lot of 'friendly interest' ought to be spelled c-u-r-i-o-u-s-l-y."  
"The way some husbands complain about women is to think it was an infliction instead of a responsibility."  
"When girls get throo they cry; when men get tired they drink; but they both have headaches next day and take it out on the others in the office."  
"A man's ideal of a wife is a combination saint, valet, siren and cook."

"The neighbors are gossiping because she runs a sewing machine according to the printed directions. And she cooks out of a book, too. But her husband seems to be a real nice man."

\$14,000 Verdict for Tears.  
From the New York World.  
Mrs. Dora Lattay, of 235 Pacific street, Brooklyn, who fell down stairs in the Bijou theater, that borough, on October 30, 1911, and so injured her eyes, that she is now perpetually in tears, recovered a verdict of \$14,000 against Corsey Payton Stock company Saturday. The case was tried before Supreme Court Justice Van Slicen.

Mrs. Lattay said she caught her foot in a rent in the rubber covering of the stairs and fell to the bottom. She struck her head in such a way that the tear ducts of both eyes were affected.

Los Angeles expects to capture in 1913 about 30 conventions of national importance.