## Massachusetts Mortgage.

"The last bill is paid, and there is just one hundred dollars left," and Myra solemnly jabbed the point of the bill file through that last receipt. Myra had made that bill file herself, with a knitting needle, a bit of pine board, and a pinch of putty.

"Given a farm of fifty acres"-("pretty well coated with stones") interpolated the irrepressible Dolly.

Myra calmly ignored the interruption. "A decent house, two barns, a pig pen-" "sans a pig." "a ben pen-With forty hens," this quite unexpectedly from Jean.

'One borse, two cows, and four girls without clothes, means or professions " "nothing but boundless ambition," mermured Dolly.

"And-" Myra stopped and faced the rest, "and-"

"The Octopus," they grouned

"Well, well girls, we must not be too easily discouraged," said Myra, briskly. Her spirits usually rose when everybody else's ran down. "We are comfortably housed for the winter, with plenty of wood, fruit and vegetables, hay and corn enough for the stock, and the Octopus fed for this

year-" "With sixty good juley greenbacks," grouned Dolly. "Why don't you try silver dollars, Myra? They would choke him sure."

"What can we do?" burst out Dolly desperately. "If only we lived in town perhaps I might get some music scholars; but there is not much hope out here.

"That would be Pegasus harnessed to a plough," laughed Myra. "Fancy Dolly counting 'one, two, three,' to nerveless beginners." They all laughed a little at the harrowing picture, and someway the skies brightened a bit.

Suddenly Jean looked up almost defiantly. "I believe we could make a living keeping hens."

She expected a volley of protests, and she was not disappointed. "Hens, why Jean Burton!"

"Ugh, the nasty things!" "There wouldn't be a green thing left on the place."

"How many do you think that it would take to feed the Octopus?" But Ruthle, their gentle invalid, was

the worst of all. "You must be crazy, Jean! Why, it would be disgraceful. Fancy one of the Burton girls peddling eggs and chick-

ens around the streets" "She's a genius," cried Dolly, who had been studying the bit of brown paper. "I know she will succeed. Now Jean could never draw a cow so but what you would call it a wheelbar-Octopus and sich, she has been covering this page with big plump hens, and the most darling little chickens. Why, Jeanle, dear, I'd know they weren't robins, even if chickens had

never been mentioned."

"I think Jean is right," said Myra slowly. "For a year before father died I had a feeling that public sentiment in Wilcott was somehow rather against us. Since he died, and I found out how deeply we were in debt, and about plained it. I suppose it did seem as if we were selfish and extravagant, for almost everybody knew about our money affairs excepting us. However, we'll live it down; and Jean, I'm ashamed to think that we laughed at you; for at least you have a plan, and that is more than the rest of us can say. Now go ahead and tell us about

Jean began with some hesitation. She had always been the shy one, and she hated to be laughed at. "Well, you know, girls, that I have taken nearly all the care of the fowls for the last two years. I began when father was first taken ill, and before the summer was over I found that I really enjoyed it. So I watched other people's bens and methods, studied the poultry papers, and I found that systematic care and feeding went a long way toward success. You see you must be

careful to feed a balanced ration-" Whatever is that? Anything like a teeter-board?" 'Oh, Dolly, don't; of course it isn't.

It means the kind of food that won't produce too much fat, and will give bones and flesh, and by and bye eggs as well."

"Perhaps if you fed fish enough they'd grow so many brains that after awhile we could plant our garden-sass in their yards, and they'd never touch

"Go on, Jean; I'm getting interested; t didn't suppose there was any science to keeping a hen."

brings success," answered Jean soberty. "Then I found that 'bad luck' usually meant carelessness; so I shut up my chickens to protect them at night from the skunks and owls, and my 'brood' grew the best of any about here. I don't mean to say that I know It all, nor indeed but very little, but I think that I have the key to success with poultry, and I am sure that if we are willing to go slowly we can build up a successful and in time, maybe, a large business. There is surely money in hens if one is willing to work for it."

'And we've got to work for success, or even a living, at whatever we try. But what will you do with your wares if you do not intend to peddle them?" Mr. Warner will take them. You know he has a big market in Boston, and he happened along one day last summer while I was feeding my chicks. He seemed much interested, and asked me why I didn't ship my wares to the city. 'I would give you a fair price the year round,' he said. 'There is always a demand for fresh eggs and good poultry.' When he left he repeated his offer. 'If you ever decide to enlarge your poultry business, send

best I can for you.' So you see

market is waiting for us." Jean's dark face lighted up in one of its rare moments till it looked almost beautiful, and Dolly threw her arms about her and kissed her, while Ruth, feeling that the die was cast, and the family honor forever blemished, settled back on the lounge without a murmur.

As spring drew near, the plans began to materialise. Jean studied poultry papers, and they talked hens till Dolly declared that fried meat tasted like omelette, and corned beef like chicken

Jean bought ten large dry goods boxes, and hired a carpenter for a day. He made four of them over into next little bouses, with sloping roofs and sliding wire doors, according to some plans Jean had found. These were to hold twenty chicks each, while they were small. To make the rest over, Jean hired the neighbor's boy, who did their chores. He was a handy lad of fifteen, and by following the carpenter's pattern and Jean's directions, he managed to convert the rest into dry and comfortable tenements, if they were not quite as symmetrical as the models, while Jean and Myra found that they, too, could learn to drive nails and saw boards with considerable securacy.

A little later two brooders were made-one for the wee chicks, and the other for them as they outgrew the

firet. Jean had begun to hatch out her chickens, when Myra discovered her one day casting up accounts with a very sober face.

"Won't they balance?" "No; the bills weigh down so," answered Jean, frowning. 'I'm afraid I must avail myself of your offered loan, after all."

"I think you have done well not to need any more; any business requires some capital

"Indeed, there are; you are an old dear, and I fancy we shall need all of about the first five years, with their your confirmed optimism before we

"The Octopus buried," chimed in Dolly, who had arrived in time to hear the last words.

Only Jean's chicken yard flourished without drawback. She had bought a good thoroughbred in the spring, and several sittings of eggs from straight fine laying stock. Of course this was not "fancy" at all, but reliable and excellent for her purpose.

'Tis eggs that pay the best, I believe, in the long run, and I am going to work for them; and so long as I cannot start with first-class stock I shall use my best hens, and gradually work into something above the ordinary."

She continued hatching until well into the summer, and the first of Aurow, and while we have been talking gust found her with two hundred healthy growing chicks. They were matured as carefully as

though they had been "real incubator babies," as Dolly said. "Why Jean gets up nights to put on their socks and fill their nursing bottles." But this was early in the spring, when Jean was wakened by a high wind, and went out to see if the brooder was warm enough.

"I do consider that well started is half won," she answered. "If a little more care means succe s. I am willing to give it." So she fed on the most approved plan, with oatmeal and baked food, kept her houses warm and clean, and by the time they were ready to shift a little more for themselves, the "danger age" was past, thanks to this same vigilant care.

But even with no drawbacks, at this stage her poultry brought in no returns, and the outlook was better filled with promise than with proofs.

"Tis of no use girls," groaned Ruth, one hot day in mid-summer. "Either the market is flooded, or else Dick isn't much of a huckster. He has brought home nearly all the raspberries, and every pea and potato. What are we going to do?"

Even Myra's face fell. "I thought there was always a market for good fresh garden stuff at some price." she said vaguely.

"There's one thing we can do," said Dolly suddenly, "and if grandfather Burton turns over in his grave, we shall never know it. We can take boarders. There is always an overflow at Mrs. Smith's, and she has nice people, too. We could manage half a dozen as well as not in this big house; and I'll do the cooking, and play for the hops."

Ruth was past remonstrating. She merely said:

"Jean's business career seems to have fired your ambition, Dolly, if you

are willing to turn cook." And thus it was settled, and brighter days began to dawn. The vegetables "There's science to everything that and berries, eggs and cream, found a ready market on the Burton table. Myra's good judgment soon taught her how to plan and buy wisely, and her cheery manner never failed toward the most trying boarder. Dolly's slim fingers developed wonderful concoctions to supplement the good country fare, and the summer which at first promised so little, grew rich in experience, and satisfactory in money.

> The wind tried its best to shake the staupch old farm house that Christmas eve, but within four happy faces were

> gathered around the open grate. The only outward change that the past ten years had brought, save a few of the inevitable marks of time, was a very small boy asleep in Ruth's old

> "I'm glad John didn't plan to come over till morning," said Myra, as a specially vicious blast made the windows rattle. "It is a fearful night. O. girls, does it seem possible that it has been eleven years since we faced the problem of life in earnest? And surely we have reason to be both proud and thankful that we can look back on so large a measure of success. Failures there have been, of course but the retrospect shows only triumphs."

"Especially that." laughed Dolly,

me the products, and I will do the taking down the shapely white hards which had been lazily crossed behind her head, and waving one toward the couch, "I never could think, Myra, that it was just fair for you, a successful farmeress, to marry the best young farmer in North Wilcott. It would have been far more philanthropic for you each to have married some poor soul who couldn't make both ends

Thanks, Miss Dolly; just bear that advice in mind when some long haired professor offers you his soulful self; but you must remember that it was my failure in raising potatoes that first drew John's mind Burtonward."

"Because we didn't know enough to feed the bugs on paris green instead of potato tops" laughed Ruth. "But after all, while potatoes and boarders helped, it was the chickens that paid the debt."

"Of course it was," answered Myra warmly. "We should have pinched along till doomsday with only the farm and boarders for profit. But we could never have made the old place blossom as it does now if it hadn't been for Jean and her biddles.

Jean flushed happily. "My hens have paid; but you give me too much credit. I could never have won the battle alone; and I feel like saying so, sometimes, to the people who come here to see 'your famous poultry yards,' or the 'hens that paid the mortgage.' "

"Or the 'woman who can run a big poultry plant, and yet look a lady." This was a standing joke, but Jean could never take it calmly.

"I have had some queer experiences in the past ten years, and that was only putting into words what most people are too polite to say. As if there were anything unsexing in keeping hens."

"Give us a resume of the whole, Jean. Call it a 'Cycle in Hendom.' Jean gazed thoughtfully into the fire. and then began slowly:

"Of course, you and Myra know all constant struggle to make both ends meet, keep decently clothed, and save something toward the mortgage. And then of a sudden, as it seemed, the tables turned, and my poultry began to pay all the bills very comfortably; but there was nothing marvelous in this; we had gained enough experience in our general farming so that we could pay those bills and hire a capable man. I had increased my flocks, houses and experience year by year, till I had enough of all three to give me plain sailing. I had learned that in business 'a good name was rather to be chosen.' etc., and that the best never went unsold.

"I think that above all else, my success has been due to the possession of a good business head, hands that were not afraid of any work, however distasteful, painstaking care in details. and a determination to do and have the very best. In short, I have succeeded because I felt it to be as much my duty to be an 'artist' in poultry keeping as you do in plano playing Besides, I could never have done half so well had it not been for Ruthle's help. How you did mother those incubators the first winters. I should have used them for kindling before I ever mastered them."

help, even a little-but go on, Jean.' "There isn't much more to tell. I paid the last hundred on the mortgage last week. I could have done it long ago, but I preferred making some improvements first. As long as I was sure of a certain income it seemed foolish to get along without the comforts we desired. So I put up the windmill, fixed up the old house, put in a furnace, and owned the fastest horse in North Wilcott, even while there were some arms left to the Octopus.

"You know that Myra had a reasonable plenty for her wedding outfit, that Dolly spent two years at the conservatory, and that Ruth and I have had much happiness sprinkled through the years. Our chief trouble has been to find a faithful man who was willing to stay out here; but now that Tom is so contented we seem to be out of danger." She stopped and looked at Myra. 'Can't you contribute to this experience fund?"

My experience is patent to all, Myra at swered, with shining eyes. " am the happiest woman in the world with the dearest husband and baby. I rejoice that the rest of you have careers, but for me-"

"Love is king," quoted Doily, softly. "Your turn, Dolly."

"I do not know what the future may hold," she said dreamily, "but even Myra, with her 'fullness of life,' is no happier than I. I have all the concert work I can possibly do this winter, with the entree into the very best society—best because it is life that means something. Next year I shall go abroad, and the future is full of possibilities."

A silence fell on the group, each busy with her dreams of the unknown future, till the old clock struck eleven, when Dolly, as usual, had the last word.

"I really believe that if grandfather Burton could look in on us tonight. he'd say we were worthy the Burton name after all."-Annie L. Rogers in Farm Poultry.

Cuta

When there has been a real cut, with profuse bleeding, plunge the part in as hot water as can be borne, says Dr. Julia Holmes Smith in the Ledger. and then take a bit of absolutely clean cotton or linen, place upon it a little vaseline or lard even, and hold the edges of the wound together, and bind it as tightly as possible. Thus the office of the court plaster or adhesive plaster is replaced by what is certainly to be found in every farmer's family. I have known good results to be obtained from binding upon cuts spiders' webs, to be found in every attic.

THE JOY OF THE HILLS.

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come gimpses of a rushing sky;
The tail oats brush my horse's flanks;
A bee looms out of the scented grass;
A jey laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted clate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of

Let them weary and work in their narrow walls; I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing! The world is gone like an empty word: My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

-Edwin Markham.

## Lake Cities to Be Ocean Ports.

The work of transforming the lake

cities into Atlantic ports has been resolutely taken up by the Northwestern Steamship Company of Chicago, which has constructed four sister ships 255 feet long to ply regularly between Chicago and European ports and announced their sailing to begin during the present month. These vessels named respectively the Northwestern, the Northeastern, the Northman, and the Northtown, sail from Chicago for Hamburg, Liverpool, and London loaded with machinery, canned and boxed meats, lard and other products of the great manufacturing and producing section fronting upon our inland seas. These ships, according to a letter received by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics from the manager of the Company, are of the lake type of construction, but built with a special view to combination of lake and ocean traffic and are supplied with special facilities for rapid loading and unloading. They pass necessarly through the Canadian canals, the Welland and St. Lawrence, to the head of deep water navigation at Montreal and will in their trip traverse 73 miles of canals and pass through 46 locks, depending on their own propelling power throughout the entire voyage. It is estimated that the time occupied between Buffalo and Montreal, between which the canal system extends, will be about three days. Communications to the Bureau of Statistics from lake cities and ports express the hope that this enterprise may result in serious consideration of the proposition to construct entirely within the United States a deep-water canal connecting the Lakes with the a lantic. The present depth of the Welland canal is 14 feet and the depth of most of the harbors on the Lakes is 20 feet, and it is evident that those desiring to see the cities located upon the Great Lakes made in fact Atlantic ports and connected by direct steamship lines with the great seaboard cities of the world will desire at least an American canal with a depth equal to that of the Great Lake harbors, viz., 20 feet.

Temperance in the South.

It is said that the South is rapidly becoming the temperance section of the United States. In contradistinction to the fact that before and after the civil war more liquor was made and consumed in the Southern states than elsewhere, it is now true that of the 200,000 liquor dealers in the country having licenses of various sorts, there are only 1,000 in Alabama, 750 in Arkansas, 400 in Florida, 1,200 in Georgia, 250 in Mississippi, 1,200 in North Carolina, and 325 in South Carolina, where the dispensary system prevails, and in which there has been a very marked reduction in the sales during the past few years. In Mississippl is a tax of six hundred dollars yearly on each saloon, and there are now fewer saloons in the entire state than in some wards of New York and Brooklyn, Georgia is a high-license state, also with absolute prohibition in some counties. Kentucky and Maryland produce whisky in very large quantities, but the returns of the United States treasury indicate that the larger part of the product is shipped north; comparatively little is sent south for consumption. A state in which wine and whisky drinking has increased materially is California.

Jovs of Apple Ple

"But apples! You take good, sharp, julcy winter apples and pare them and quarter and core them and slice them and strew them on the well-worked and well-shortened undercrust, made out of good winter wheat flour, and put in a little sweet butter and just enough sugar and a clove or two and nutmeg and cinnamon and maybe a little lemon peel and then fix on the cover and take a case-knife and trim off the superflous dough around the rim and pinch up the edge with your thumb and finger all around to make it look pretty and gash the top something like a leaf so as to let out the steam and then set it in an oven that bakes just right, top and bottom, and let it stay there till it browns the right shade, and I tell you you've got a ple, says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's. And when ma opens the oven door to see how it is getting along, there is such a nice smell all through the house -wait a second till I swallow; I'm 'most choked-and it seems as if you just couldn't wait till dinner time comes—oh, yes; I guess warm apple pie is about right. And cold apple ple can be got down, especially if there is a piece of cheese on the plate beside it, this kind of cheese that is all crumbly and has about a million little stickers in it.

"Apple ple is always in style. Go into a restaurant and ask for a 'cut of standard,' and the waiter will bring you a piece of apple ple. He knows what

standard pie is. There are times in the year when other kinds make a spurt and run on ahead a little, but apple pie keeps jogging on, and by and by it overtakes them. This month mince ple is in the lead because it is near Christmas, and that is an orthodox Christmas article of diet. Last month pumpkin ple had the call because it was Thanksgiving time. Next spring when ple-plant comes in-some people call it rhubarb, but that always sounds stuck-up, and like you were trying to show off-everybody will eat pie-plant because it's good for the blood. In the summer peach pie will forge away in the front, and I'll never tell why. But, just as I say, apple pie keeps jogging on and in the long run wins the race. mean the right kind of apple pie. Once in a while you will meet somebody that is always trying to be different from anybody else, and he will go on about English deep apple pie, and how much superior it is to the common vulgar thing we eat because we don't know any better. Well, English deep apple pie is good; I don't deny that. It can't help being good. You cook apples almost any way and they're not bad eating, but law me! when you put them in a crock and turn a little cup upside down in the middle of them and cover it all over with a lid of pastry, that isn't a ple at all. It's just stewed apples. Don't you see that you must have a bottom of pastry and that there is a just proportion of crust to filling that must not be deviated from one lots or your ple is inartistic and an offense against the laws of taste?"

Recipes

Cherry Cream-Fill china cases half full of stoned cherries, then fill up with one ounce of gelatin dissolved in onehalf cupful of milk, sweetened to taste. Set on ice and serve with whipped

Spinach Salad-Take the leaves from the spinach, wash it in several waters, put it in a kettle to cook without any water and cook for twenty minutes or until the spinach is tender, drain and chop fine. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper. Press into molds and chill. Serve on thin slices of cold tongue or on lettuce leaves moistened with a French dressing.

Strawberry Ice-Mash two quarts strawberries with two pounds of sugar. Let it stand an hour or more, then strain. Add as much water as there is juice. Pack for freezing, and when half frozen add beaten eggs in the proportion of three to a quart. The wild berries are best for this.

Rhubarb Pie-Peel and chop two cups of rhubarb, mix one and onefourth cups of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of flour together and add to the rhuburb, also add the yolks of eggs slightly beaten and one teaspoonful of butter. Line a pie plate with paste, fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven until the fruit is soft. Cover with a meringue made with the whites beaten stiff, and add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and continue beating until it is very light. Place the meringue on the pie and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen

minutes. Sunshine Cake-Whites and yolks of six eggs, one cup granulated sugar, two-thirds cup of flour sifted seven times, one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar, pinch of salt. Beat the yolks very thoroughly. Beat the whites about half and add the cream of tartar and then beat very stiff. Stir in the sugar, stir in the yolks, add the flour. Bake thirty-five minutes.

A great mending of state tapestries will soon begin in France. The task of filling in all of the worm-eaten parts of 233 tapestries will be done at the Gobelin establishment. Of these ninety hardly hold together. The cost will be \$140,000. The work will be spread over twelve years, because there are so few skillful workmen equal to it. The state owns in all 635 tapestries made before the revolution.

Astronomers are discussing the theory that the moon is in its glacial epoch. One telescopic expert calls the 'craters' ice cups and the streams along their sides glacial water. Another insists that the signs of volcanic action are unmistakable. All agree that most of the moon's surface is intensely white. The dark regions are termed seas, but there is no evidence that they contain water. Some writers believe they are covered with the earliest forms of vegetation.

Mrs. J. K. Robb, a deaf-mute Greensburg, Pa., gave birth to twins recently and in a day or two began to hear dimly. She has steadily improved in this respect and now nearly every sound is audible to her. Physicians are unable to account for the circumstance. Mrs. Robb has already learned to pronounce simple words and there is no reason to doubt that she will eventually gain complete power of speech.

Between the town of Los Angeles and Pasadena, southern California there has been constructed an overhead path for the exclusive use of cyclists. The path is built of wood, varies from three feet to fifty feet in height and has an average gradient of one in eighty. The path accommodates four machines abreast and is lit thoroughly by electric light.

University chaperons are the latest Viennese novelty. In consequence of the riotous and insulting behavior of the male students when the women tried to avail themselves of the newly granted permission to attend lectures many mothers of women students have registered for the university lectures in order to accompany and protect their daughters.

Some newly imported wedding veils are of thin chiffon, beautifully embroidered at the border with white THE SEA KINGE.

Since the Golden Hind went round the
Horn and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the tides of God have beat and
the winds of God have blown,
Prom the sunrise seas to the sundown
seas, by the storm and the spindrift
whirled.
The sons of the men who sailed with
Drake have ruled the water world.

And whether they sall from Plymouth
Hoe or out of the Golden Gate.
They are brothers in blood linked heart
to heart and to a resistless fate;
For the quenchiess ardor to rule the seas
which time can never slake,
Makes the same blood race through
Dewey's veins that throbbed from
the heart of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into Manila Bay,
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed, and fought, and struggled, and won his way;
And wherever the tides of God may blow,
It will be tomorrow as it is today and it was in the long ago!

—James Lindsay Gordon.

## Little Well Diggers.

In wandering about the lowlands an observant person may find a number of little mounds, generally near to the edges of ditches and streams. These little heaps vary from three to six inches in height and are sometimes nearly a foot across, and are made up of small pellets of mud and clay. In the center of each is a hole of an inch or more in diameter which is an outlet or inlet for the little architect who inhabits the well. These little tunnels or wells are generally known as snake holes, for they are supposed to be filled with snakes, and they are avoided by scary children or broken into by bolder ones, but to the thoughtful stroller they are ever a source of instruction and interest, says Animal World.

It is very difficult to discover the well digger at work, for it is believed that these little fellows mainly work at night. Still I have twice observed the sly fellows carrying out the soil from their burrows in broad daylight. and the workers may be busy all day long in their underground abodes. The makers of these wells are the fresh-water lobsters, or crayfish, often called crabs by the boys. If an observer is quiet for a time, while sitting near these heaps, or chimneys, as they are called, he may see a claw carefully raised out from the hole and then one to four pair of legs follow, together with a pair of bead-like black eyes. If the least suspicious movement is seen by the tunnel inhabitor, he drops back into burrow and only reappears after quite a lapse of timeif at all for that day. A new observer is surprised to find that the maker of these tunnels is the same creature that he has often seen crawling about on the bottom of the streams and ditches -just a smaller relative of the big lobster we eat.

It is probable that these wells are begun at the top, but I cannot learn that any one has seen the beginning of a tunnel. Then as the well gets teeper the pellets are brought up and deposited at the sides and in time these accumulations form walls at the side of the well and take the form of chimneys. The limy nature of the material found in the deeper soil in lowlands, causes the pellets to stick together, and the result is quite like a mud chimney.

These tunnels always lead to water. which is generally found at depth of two feet or less, but at times the well is all of four feet deep.

Natritive Value of Foods Recent experiments of the Department of Agriculture show that fruits in general contain remarkably little stuff that is convertible, when eaten, into muscle and blood. Bananas and grapes have about 2 per cent, while apples cherries, strawberries, blackberries, cranberries, lemons and oranges are able to lay claim to only 1 per centthis, too, when skins and seeds are put aside. On this account, such articles of diet are obviously ill adapted to sustain human life for any length of time, though they possess great medic-

Fruits are, however, relatively rich in sugar and starch, and hence are useful as fuel to keep the body machine going. Bananas have 27 per cent of these materials, grapes 21 per cent, apples 16 per cent, cherries and cranberries 11 percent, oranges 9 per cent, lemons 8 per cent, and strawberries 7 per cent. In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered. Blackberries and grapes have 2 per cent of fat, and the other fruits mentioned contain 1 per cent. Watermelon pulp is 92 per cent water.

inal value and contribute much to

health.

Among vegetables Lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent of nutrients. Sweet potatoes come next, with 29 per cent, green peas next with 22 per cent, white potatoes next with 21 per cent and string beans next with 13 per cent. Green sweet corn has 19 per cent of nutrients, beets 12 per cent, turnips 11 per cent, cabbage, cauliflower and spinach 8 per cent. eggplant and lettuce 7 per cent, tomatoes and asparagus 6 per cent and cucumbers 4 per cent. Dry beans or rice are about the most economical of foods one can buy, containing as they do 88 per cent of solid nutriment.

Fish has very high food value, in fact, is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pound of eggs, on the other hand, yields only half as much nourishment as a pound of lean beef, notwithstanding a well-known popular theory.

Acting on the belief that if you want. to break a man of a bad habit you must give him a good one in exchange for it, the girls of Westmoreland. Kan., have established a loafing place for the young men, with a view of keeping them out of the "joints." Late papers and magazines are kept on hand and refreshments are served twice a week. So far the experiment has been a pronounced success.