

Cute in a Baby— Awful at Three —and it's Dangerous—

by Ruth Brittain



Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

Homelike

Landlady—You have been here three months and have never paid any rent. Student—But you said it would be like home here.

Landlady—Well, I hope it is. Student—At home I never paid any rent.—Berlin Der Wahre Jakob.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every druggist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word *genuine* printed in red:



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Two Landings

The Teacher—On what did the Pilgrim fathers land when they reached this country?

Little Bobby—First they landed on Plymouth rock, then they landed on the Indians.

Matrimony destroys many delightful engagements.

"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 20 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.



Grazed Woodlot Doomed to Death

Furnishes Poor Pasture and Forest Is Headed for Childless Old Age.

"If grazing is permitted continuously in a woodlot, it is doomed to a childless old age and death," declared Prof. Samuel N. Spring of the forestry department at Cornell university, speaking at Farm and Home week at Ithaca, N. Y., on the dangers and losses from grazing done by farm stock in woodlots.

"In the long run, grazing is more destructive to hardwood forests on New York state farms than is any form of commercial logging. Forests may indeed deteriorate under careless cutting, but if fire and grazing are kept out, a new growth at least of some appreciable value results. No such hope can be extended to woodlots continually grazed.

"Little seedlings that spring up naturally in the forest are the next generation of timber trees. Grazing animals browse broad-leaved trees back to the ground and, in the case of conifers, they browse off shoots and needles as well and trample and deform the little evergreens. Of course, a few may escape but not enough grow up to prevent woodlot 'race suicide.'

Hopeless Woodlot.

"A heavily grazed woodlot was given an up name by an investigator in Ohio some years ago, who classed it as 'the hopeless woodlot' in which matured trees, defective culls and weed trees formed the stand and grass was on the ground beneath. He struck a keynote when he stated that if the owner tries to combine pasture and woodlot neither will be first-class, but if the owner divides them he will have both a good pasture and an excellent woodlot.

"Grazing slowly but surely changes conditions more rapidly if many animals occupy the woodlot. The soil is trampled and packed, roots of shallow-rooted trees become exposed, and as mature and overmature trees come down or are cut with none to replace them the litter disappears and grass replaces it. These grasses growing in the partial shade lack nutritive value and steal food and moisture from the trees. As the forest grows more open the wind may uproot trees and there are no younger ones to fill the gap, and so the process goes on. The ground loses fertility being robbed of its litter that releases plant food in decaying.

Losses Are Larger.

"Grazing of woodlots is beneficial from the owner's standpoint in furnishing shade to the animals and some food, but he loses the possibility of good returns from the woodlots, in exchange for relatively small benefits. A common-sense procedure would be to fence off the woodlot excepting such a portion as will afford the shelter required. The owner should decide what proportion he needs for wood production and manage it as intensively as he would any other crop.

"The question naturally arises whether a woodlot will come back after being grazed. There are plenty of examples. At Cornell in the management of the university woodlots an experiment in shutting out grazing from a part of a woodlot and permitting grazing in adjoining parts has been in progress for a little more than ten years. Conditions have steadily improved in the protected portion and skillful cuttings have given rise to a growth of useful young trees which will form the basis for a new crop as mature trees are removed in the future. The grazed part has steadily deteriorated in marked contrast to the part protected."

First Year Alfalfa Is Preferred for Pasture

Results reported from experiment stations where sweet clover and alfalfa were used for hog pasture have been compared indicate that the alfalfa is to be preferred. Sweet clover makes a fairly good substitute for the alfalfa during the first year of grazing if it is kept grazed rather closely. During the second year the crop is apt to become too woody and stemmy to make satisfactory hog pasture. Experiments indicate that alfalfa, rape, red or alsike clover are all to be preferred to sweet clover as a hog pasture.

Agricultural Hints

Skim milk is much better than water for growing chicks.

Any fire in the woods, no matter how small, represents a loss.

Because of high prices of dairy cows, many more heifer calves are being raised than normally.

This is a good time to purchase a team of young horses. They are cheaper now than they will be soon.

Legume hay is a better cash crop for many New York farmers than ordinary grass hay, since there is a better market for it.

A number of insects, such as the white grubs, wireworms, and cutworms, are always present in sod. They frequently destroy corn and other row crops.

Swine-Sanitation System Profitable

Owing to Improved Conditions Cholera Wanes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The continued success of the swine-sanitation system, developed by the United States Department of Agriculture in Illinois and now widely used throughout the Central West, is discussed in a recent report to the department by Dr. J. E. Gibson, federal inspector in charge of hog-cholera-control work conducted by Purdue university. In bringing the system to the attention of Indiana hog raisers, federal veterinarians have conducted post-mortem demonstrations, showing the damage done by roundworms which the system, when used, prevents.

A leading swine breeder in Rush county, Ind., stated that the benefits he had derived from such a demonstration and lecture delivered four years ago had "turned a losing proposition into one that is now showing a splendid profit."

"Up to that time," he continued, "the average number of pigs per sow had been about 3½, and the few pigs that grew to maturity, when marketed at 10½ months of age, weighed about 200 pounds. Now the average number of pigs per sow is a fraction above 7 and they weigh 200 pounds when about 7 months old."

Approximately 6,000 farmers in Indiana have attended lectures and post-mortem demonstrations similar to the one cited which resulted in such striking success.

Doctor Gibson also stated that the system of swine sanitation is now being fully carried out by more than 325 swine growers in 16 Indiana counties. Still other growers are following the system partially. Owing to the improved sanitary conditions where the system is followed, the danger of hog cholera is reduced considerably, though inspectors of the bureau of animal industry keep before swine growers the necessity for immunizing herds as a means of preventing hog cholera with practical certainty.

Manure Supply on Some Farms Now Inadequate

The supply of manure on some farms is wholly inadequate to the plant-food needs. Anything that can be done to increase the value and efficiency of this manure means increased profits, or at least a lower fertilizer bill, which means the same thing.

A ton of manure is equal in fertilizing value to about 100 pounds of a 12-5-10 fertilizer; in other words, each ton of manure will contain 12 pounds of ammonia, 5 pounds of phosphoric acid and 10 of potash. The weak spot of this analysis will be readily recognized as the low phosphoric-acid content, as compared with the relatively high supply of ammonia and potash per ton of manure.

This situation can be corrected by the addition of 50 pounds of 16 per cent superphosphate or about 40 pounds of 20 per cent superphosphate to each ton of manure.

This addition of phosphoric acid will give an analysis of 12:13:10 to the treated manure, making each ton equal to about 100 pounds of a 12:13:10 fertilizer in value. The practical application of this treatment is that the available supply of manure on the farm, increased in fertilizing efficiency, can be applied less heavily with equal or better results than the untreated, and can thus be made to cover an increased acreage of the farm each year.

Increasing Feed Value of Turnips and Mangels

In the past few years plant breeders have aimed at reducing the labor of harvesting and increasing the feed value of roots. As a result mangels and improved feeding varieties of sugar beets grown from the higher quality of seed, grow largely above the ground so that the difficulty of harvesting, which applies to the poorer, rooty strains of sugar beet, has been eliminated. The modern types of mangel now grow almost entirely above the soil and can easily be harvested, even when the ground is frozen slightly. The feeding content has been greatly increased, the sugar mangels and improved varieties of feeding sugar beets being especially recommended in this connection. Of course, in this case, as with all crops, it is particularly important to use only the very best seed procurable.

Pasture Very Important for the Little Porkers

Pasture may be the determining factor in whether or not farmers make a profit from their hogs this season. Pasture is especially important for young pigs. Experiments have shown that the average daily profit on young pigs grazing in forage is higher than on those confined to pens.

Pigs on pasture need only half as much of the muscle and bone building feeds such as tankage, skim milk, buttermilk and oilmeal as when they are in the dry lot. Pasture crops are also rich in lime and phosphorus, the two minerals which are most likely to be lacking in the pig's ration. They also furnish a green succulent feed. Pigs on pasture will get plenty of exercise and be under sanitary conditions.

DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By Crittenden Marriott

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

W. N. U. SERVICE



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CHAPTER IX—Continued

Then I went back to the house and investigated the ballroom. I found no signs of ghostly presence, but I did find something that I was sure had not been there when I left the house for town a month or so before. On the floor, right where the dancers had been prancing to the strains of "Too Much Mustard," I found two long chalk lines marking the sides of the triangle within which they had danced. Moreover, close to the apex of the triangle, just where Mr. Ghost and Miss Ghostess had stood when Mr. Braxton broke in, I found a narrow strip of wood nailed to the floor. I'm no Sherlock Holmes and I didn't know just what those things meant, but I did know that they didn't mean ghosts. I refused to believe in ghosts that walked—or danced—a chalk line.

It followed that somebody had been using my house and grounds without permission. Of course my first idea was that Perkins had been having in a lot of village people for a dance if he had it would explain a lot of things—why he was so anxious to prevent Josephine and me from staying at Dinsmore that night, for instance.

But the more I thought of it the more I saw that this explanation wouldn't hold water. Perkins wasn't a dancing man, for one thing. I couldn't believe that he had ever been a dancing man; and I was sure that at any rate he hadn't been for a good many years. And he didn't look as if he had enough of the milk of human kindness in his veins to make him take an altruistic pleasure in other folks dancing. Of course he might have rented the ballroom to somebody who wanted to have a dance. This was a lot more credible. But on consideration I couldn't believe it, either. Nobody would dare to go through with such a thing with the owner in the house; or, supposing that they didn't know that the owner was in the house, no crowd of dancers would ever vanish in a minute when the owner turned up. It simply couldn't be done.

Besides, Mr. Braxton was in it—in it up to the hilt. No unimpaired word nor brush of mustached lips could alter that fact. I made up my mind then and there that he would have to tell me all about it very humbly before I could forgive him. I resolved, too, not to question him, but to let him think that I believed it all a dream. At least, I would do this for one day. Then when night came I would lay for those ghosts. If they ventured into the house again I would see to it that they didn't get away without explaining who they were. Having quite made up my mind to this I left the ballroom and started upstairs to wake Josephine and Mrs. James.

I did not need to wake them, however. Both of them were up and dressed and ready to come down. I must have been prowling about for a good deal longer than I had supposed. By the time I had explained my prowling the clang of a breakfast gong downstairs told that Perkins had gotten some sort of breakfast ready for us.

At the foot of the stairs we met Perkins. When he saw me he shrank back as if he expected me to fly at him with questions. But I didn't, I merely sent him to ask Mr. Braxton if he felt able to join us at breakfast or whether we should send him something.

While we waited we mapped out a course of action. That is, I mapped it out, and the others promised to follow it. I wanted to keep absolutely quiet about those "ghosts," to ask no questions either of Mr. Braxton or of Perkins and to let them think I was persuaded that all I had seen was a dream. Josephine and Mrs. James did not like this plan. They wanted to question both Mr. Braxton and Perkins and to threaten them with arrest if they refused to talk. They both became convinced that something secret was going on in the house and they wanted to take the direct way of stopping it.

I didn't. I didn't want to threaten Mr. Braxton. I owed him too much and he was my guest, besides. I wanted to punish him but I wanted to do it myself. As for Perkins—well, Perkins was small fry. "Don't say a word today," I begged "Tomorrow, perhaps, we'll be ready to say a lot. But today I want to keep quiet. I feel it in my bones that those make-believe spooks are going to walk again tonight; and if they do I want to catch them red-handed. I'm willing to call in Fred as a guard, but I'm not willing to scare them away by letting Perkins know that we suspect anything. See?" They saw; or, at least, they were silenced for the moment. Probably

they wouldn't have been silenced for long. But at that moment Perkins came back with a note that he had found on Mr. Braxton's table.

Perkins blinked. "Mr. Braxton's gone awa, miss," he said. "He left a letter for you."

"Gone?" I knew I lost my color. "Gone where? . . . Give me the note quick."

With maddening slowness Perkins extracted the note and handed it over. "I dinna ken whaur he's gone, miss," he said. "I dinna see him gang. He left the note in his room."

I had the note open by this time. It was short. "My dear Miss Edith," it ran. "I am going away with the doctor, who has just come in. I am going much against my will, but the doctor insisted. In two or three days I shall return, if I possibly can, and explain some things that must have perplexed you. I need hardly add that I am very sorry you should have been frightened last night. I am leaving this note rather than wake you up at this hour of the day. Will you kindly tell Miss Dinsmore how grateful I am to her for her hospitality?"

"Sincerely yours," "MAYO BRAXTON." Perkins shuffled away for the breakfast while I was reading the letter. I looked up and saw that he was gone. Then I read the letter again. Then I said—No, on second thoughts I won't put down what I said. It was a plenty. Having said it, I cried with pure rage.

Then Josephine came out strong. She seemed to understand, though I don't know how she found out. She took me in her arms and petted me. "There, Edie," she said. "Don't fret. dear. He's coming back, you know."

Sure enough, he was coming back that was some consolation. "Well," I said, "let's eat breakfast, anyhow." So we ate it.

It isn't necessary to tell what we said as we ate nor how we said it. If there was any phase of the day before or the night before that we didn't discuss I don't know what it was. Of course I did most of the talking. I always do. But the others did their share.

But it all came to nothing. None of us could suggest any explanation that was at all satisfactory. We ended just where we had begun. We had scarcely finished breakfast when a messenger boy arrived on a wheel with a bundle of newspapers and a note from Fred commending them to Josephine and myself. While Josephine was reading the note (which was addressed to her) I fell on the bundle of newspapers and tore it apart and distributed its contents. For a half second all was silent, then pandemonium began.

The papers were full of startling news that bore more or less directly on our case. They had a lot about Father, of course, and most of them seemed to speak about him more favorably than they had the day before. Fred's paper had an account, under big headlines such as papers use when they think they've got a scoop, of Josephine's and my flight from the boat just before it sailed. It ended with the statement that we were staying with friends until we could find Father, of whose whereabouts we were as ignorant as the rest of New York. All the papers had scare-head articles on the stock market, which it seemed had been cutting high jinks the day before and was expected to repeat the performance that day. But what really excited both Josephine and me was a wireless dispatch from the Silver Heels which opened up an entirely new line of thought.

Oriental Rug Makers Masters of the Art

Although it is unknown where the making of rugs originated, says the Washington Star, the highest development of this art was reached in the Orient centuries ago, according to rug experts. The nearest to perfect carpets produced are said to have been made in the city of Babylon during the years 3000 to 533 B. C.

The gradual retrogression in this art is said to be due chiefly to the more complete commercialization of the industry. When rugs first were made merely for religious purposes or for the use of the maker, the best of his work went into the rug; but as the foreign market gradually grew and rugs began to be exported to Europe and other markets, workmanship and art were subordinated to quantity production.

Carpets made in the Orient centuries ago cannot be duplicated today.

Father had been found! At least the officers of the Silver Heels thought he had been found. Suspicion for some reason had centered—after Aunt Candice had changed to a homeward-bound steamer—on a passenger who had remained carefully secluded in his stateroom. Suspicion had increased, as suspicion does, and the aforesaid passenger had finally been forced to come on deck and had been identified by a lot of people.

True, nobody on board had ever seen Father close up, though several claimed to have seen him from a distance. True, the accused man denied that he was Father and claimed that he was John Smith of New York. If he had claimed any other name he might have been believed, but nobody can claim to be John Smith of New York and get away with it. This seems queer, since there are so very many John Smiths. But it is a fact, nevertheless. He claimed, too, that he had stayed below because he was seasick. And this also, for some reason, was taken for proof that he was hiding.

It seemed to me that the identification was pretty slim—especially as I was still sure I heard Father talking over the telephone the day before. But, of course, it might be correct. You never can tell.

We didn't have very long to consider it, for at that moment Perkins shuffled in. "There's a pack of young devils outside," he said. "They say they are reporters from the papers and they're fair wild to talk with the twa of you."

Of course, we should have expected this, but as a matter of fact we had not. I suppose Josephine and I had taken it for granted that the other newspapers could get the facts from Fred's paper and would content themselves with that. But it seemed that each paper had to get a story of its own. How they found out where we were I never knew (Fred hadn't told our address in his story), but find us they did. I asked Fred about it later, but he laughed and said they followed their nose for news.

I wasn't afraid of reporters. In fact I rather liked them. So I rushed out to the front porch to talk to them at once. Josephine came along behind. Josephine didn't come to talk, of course. She came to hold me down—if she could.

The reporters were roosting all over the porch. They filled the chairs and blocked the steps and draped the rail. There seemed to be a regiment of them. I never knew how important Josephine and I were before. They were all young and most of them were good-looking and they were all just as nice as could be. I could not imagine why Father always hated the breed so. I may mention right here that I found out why Father objected when I read their interviews with me later. I talked to them all at once, and yet no two of them put the same words in my mouth. They all had the main facts correct, but when they got off that solid basis they seemed to cut the string and let their imaginations suffer. Some of them laughed at me, others laughed with me, others pined me in the most outrageous impersonal manner, and others made me talk like a forty-year-old suffragette orator.

They all wanted to know whether Father was really on board the Silver Heels. Of course I didn't know and I said so. "If we had thought he was on the steamer we shouldn't have left it," I protested. "If he is on it we don't know anything about it. But I don't believe he is, for I—"

Josephine trod on my foot here and I turned to look at her. "We don't know where Father is," she said. "We haven't had any news of him since we came ashore."

"And besides," I began. "I heard—" Josephine trod on my foot again and I stopped short.

"Yes!" said one of the reporters—a particularly nice one with an ingratiating manner. "You heard—"

Again Josephine trod on my foot and this time I caught on. I didn't know why Josephine wanted me to keep quiet about my hearing Father's voice on the telephone, but I understood that she did. So I kept quiet. That is, I changed the subject.

"I mean I read in the papers that he was still in town. I don't believe he was ever on the steamer at all."

I was looking over the heads of the men on the steps as I spoke, and I saw an auto coming rushing up the drive. Mr. Paul was in it.

"Yonder comes Mr. Paul," I said. "He's Father's lawyer. Perhaps he knows something and has come to tell us. You might ask him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coloring and blending of colors, as well as the making of the dye, have suffered along with the quality of workmanship. The use of vegetable dyes, in many instances, has given way to the use of aniline or chemical ones, which are said to be harmful to the pile or face of the carpet. By the use of chemical dyes of bright colors and then washing out the colors to get softer shades and tones, the oriental carpet is said to have suffered great damage.

Flowers War's Emblems

Soldiers wear certain flowers to indicate their allegiance in the Wars of the Roses (1455-85). When the houses of York and Lancaster fought for possession of the English throne the York adherents wore white roses and the Lancastrians red roses.