

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought. Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not—'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

—Joaquin Miller.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. The Beginning of the Wet Season. Regular Down-Pour. Flowers Before Leaves. Quinine Eaters. Good Roads Here.

Dear Home Folk:

JHANSI, JULY 26th. Having gotten up a lot earlier than usual, since the wet weather came, and wanting to chat awhile, here am I writing this to you before six o'clock, with what looks to be a gorgeous day in front of us; they have been few since the rains started—in fact, I think none.

Things don't and won't dry here; yesterday I picked up a pair of white shoes that I had been wearing, to find them green with mould and the shoe trees inside were covered with rust, being metal.

Imagine 180 Acres of Sun Flowers. In the June Woman's Home Companion Frank A. Waugh writing about "The Flowers in Nature's Garden" says in part:

"There are two or three practical gardening lessons which the wild flowers in the fields have long been trying to teach us and which are too frequently missed. One is the lesson of liberality. Nature is profuse. It is when daisies and buttercups cover a whole meadow that they begin to be truly worth while.

How a Girl Can Fasten Her Veil. The following is taken from the June Woman's Home Companion: "Fastening a veil around a large hat is one of the trials of a girl's life; either the pins come out or there are holes and a general untidy appearance.

She Knew Harry. "Now, Harry, go to Smith's, the grocer, and get a pound of the best syrup," said his mother, and she handed the young hopeful a couple of good-sized jugs.

For High class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN OFFICE.

system in this central India is wonderful and the greatest, so I am told, in the world, and I can assure you no native would ever have done it alone; they would rather sit down and smoke.

There are some educated ones true, but generally, the education has not gone deep enough nor been a family possession long enough to give the holder one thing except a bombastic idea of his own importance, and we get the most marvelous letters, demanding all sorts of things—from having our temperature charts copied, to sending them signed prescriptions of all the medicines we have and are using on a certain case.

Again it is a good-morning, and although not dry nor dusty, still a fairly fine day to live in. I have been invited to a tea party at a "Begums" today, but am going to send my regrets; it is too hot to take food in a stuffy, small place without a "punkah" and it will mean several hours anyway, and I cannot afford to swelter even for one minute unless I have to; it makes me too grouchy, you see by that I have not gained any in "grace."

Dr. McMillan had a bad attack of fever this week, but she went to bed early and stayed for two days so I guess that is the reason she did not have a longer siege.

The army folks are energetic this morning as practice-shooting has been going on since five o'clock; it seems almost as though heavy blasts had been put off.

I perhaps told you how badly most of these bungalows leak, and it reminded me of the time the roof was off our house. I understand that the wind blows the tiles off and of course down comes the rain, as through a sieve. It is well there is not much of value in this place or it surely would be ruined, but one need not worry on that score in this house. It seems so strange, in a place that has been a home for women for ten or twelve years, to find it so absolutely empty or so much of no value, and yet each night it is locked up, much better than our house at home; I guess to keep bats and bugs from going in as the only other intruder I have seen is a big white bullock that insists upon grazing on our compound and tiring of other places decides to come to the bungalow about 4:30 a. m., and snuffs and snorts until I have to call the "chow-kadir" and tell him to drive the beast out of the yard, which puts me out of sleep, and you know why I am up so very early some mornings.

"One of the earliest and happiest recollections of mother and home were the little surprises she used to have for us," said an elderly woman.

"I cannot remember the time when mother did not have some little treat or surprise for us. They were trifling in kind—perhaps a page of paper dolls from a magazine she had finished reading, or some bright colored wrapping paper to cut out. Sometimes it would be a cake or a tart baked solely for each of us, or a bunch of pretty red leaves or nuts found on a stroll. The value was comparatively nothing, but it was the fact that it was a surprise and the evidence of mother's love and thought for us which made us so happy."

It takes so little to please children. They are happy over such trifles and it is such a privilege for the mother to be able to add to the happiness, to create little pleasures and surprises for them. It takes very little thought and extra work on her part, but the result will be joyous little ones and recollections of the mother's love which will be carried far into the years.

Have little surprises for the children, mothers! Do all you can to make their lives as sunny and happy as you can now, for the years fly only too rapidly. Before you realize it they will be out from under the roof of their childhood and home. It is the mother's privilege to see that the children's recollections of that home shall always be happy—always an influence for good in after years.—The Housewife.

Sleeveless coats in black or white lace, long enough to reach the knees and sometimes draped in a fashion, are very much worn. With a black chiffon gown arranged with three flounces, one of these coats in Chantilly is worn. The hat accompanying it has the orthodox three brims in unlined black tulle superposed, each wired round the edge, the frill has now invaded the toques, and in some instances, displays a very night-cappy effect. In black tulle it is less open to this objection.

The frill in some cases is so deep that at the back it rests upon the shoulders, while in front and at the sides it almost completely masks the features. This has been a season of frills and we must expect that they will exhibit much extravagance before they leave us entirely.

Green Corn Balls.—Beat a whipped egg, two teaspoons melted butter and one of white sugar and salt to taste into two cups green corn cut from the cob and put with mixture enough flour to enable you to handle it and form it into balls. Roll these in raw egg and then in flour and fry in deep fat.

Why.—Add to one quart of fresh milk, slightly warmed, one junket tablet dissolved in a little cold water; two teaspoonsful of essence of pepsin or two teaspoonsful of rennet. Strain through cheese cloth.

A delicious way to bake halibut is to cover the fish with milk in the baking pan and bake it with the milk several times during the hour.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest. Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast No permanent foundation can be laid. —Byron.

New York.—Tighter than ever at the bottom, but with an eight-inch slit to allow locomotion and looser at the top to make sitting down a graceful possibility is the edict for women's skirts evolved from the deliberations of the National Association of Women's Tailors, which has ended its convention here. A wrangle over the session of the delegates six hours, but the scant skirt advocates proved victorious. All skirts will be elaborately draped.

A "skirt" like those on men's trousers, will finish the skirts around the bottom, and what is more, in the three-piece suits, which will be correct, the waists of embroidered chifon or net will have straps of the skirt material in suspender effects.

The pistol pocket suit, made in black and white cloth, with coat trimmings of green velvet, which was displayed, showed two patch pockets, one for pistol, the other for powder, corresponding to a man's back trouser pockets and covered by the coat tail.

Coats will be cutaway, 36 to 41 inches long. Evening coats will be 42 to 45 inches and street and automobile coats 48 to 52 inches long. All will be draped. Coats and waists will show deeply sloping Japanese shoulders. Charmeuse cloth, peau de pèche, velour de laine, brocade, tulle and moire will be favored materials.

The slit, now that it is recognized, is evidently no longer to be left to display any chance petticoat. It is generally faced either with the material of the skirt itself, with a self-colored net, or with the coat trimming.

The favorite suit in the display held seemed to be La Militaire. It was shown in a mahogany colored cut velvet, or ribbed velour de laine, as it is to be called. The skirt, made of a single width of the fifty-four inch material and containing only a yard and a half of goods, was draped up in the lower centre of the front to the long ends of a black cordelore girdle. Above the drapery was a V-wise graduated tuck, giving an apron effect.

The front of the coat was double breasted, with black brand Brandenberges and matching belt, and cuffs and high Medici collar of Hudson Bay seal. The bodice was of self-colored silk, marquisette embroidered in floss and finished with shoulder straps of the skirt material. The suit was planned to cost \$125.

The peep-toe skirt, designed by Max Kinkaid, of Chicago, showed box pleats at the waist, which were draped into back and front panels. The cutaway coat showed a vest of white flowered broadcloth and bretelles of black velvet. The pleats over the shoulders were carried down in the velvet belt in the back and below it inverted to the hem of the coat tail.

A leg of mutton skirt was shown in a mouse colored wool Bengaline with gray fur collar and cuffs. The drapery over each hip fell in a Watteau effect merging into the narrow skirt, which was slit front and back and turned up in a stitched cuff.

"Cleanliness is an important factor in both milking and the care of milk. In these days of germs 'floating about the air' it is imperative that the best of care must be taken.

The necessity for thoroughly washing the cow's udder before milking will depend entirely upon the places where the animal has been accustomed to forage and lie down, together with the condition of the hands of the milker at the previous milking. If the paddock in which the cows have been accustomed to lie down during the night is not clean and there really are very few paddocks so clean that some of the cows' udders should be washed before milking is proceeded with, if the cows are in other words, in unclean places, especially during times of drought, then undoubtedly it will be necessary to wash the udder before milking. Included in this latter must be the general conditions prevailing in the farm-yard during wet weather. As the cow walks to and from the barn she generally does so on a beaten path, and in wet weather this track is nothing more or less than a continuous manure track. The consequence is that she kicks up on to the udder pieces of this contaminated soil, with the result that the udder is soiled in the time of milking begins. Another fruitful source of dirt on the teats of the cow, though one not generally associated with contamination in the mind of the farmer, is the unclean condition in which some milkers allow their hands to get during the process of milking. In other words, the dirty hand of the milker coats a portion of the cow's udder with unclean matter, and between milkings bacteria will develop frequently in this matter which sometimes contains a certain amount of milk, and thus we get perhaps the worst form of uncleanliness on the cow's udder, necessitating the washing thereof before milking is proceeded with.

—Most uncleanliness connected with milking occurs because of the fact that a man prefers to milk with a moist rather than a dry hand, and for the matter of the cow also prefers it, as there is irritation should there be any slight cracks or sores on the cow's teats. An easy way to get over this difficulty is to have placed in every cow pail a tin of cheap vaseline to which about one per cent of carbolic acid has been added; the hands of the milker, after having been washed may be moistened with a small amount of this vaseline, the result being that unnecessary friction and sore teats will be avoided, and there will be no excuse for the milker to have recourse to the dirty habit of dipping his fingers into the milk pail in order to moisten them as he continues the process of milking. Not alone will this result in clean milking, but it will prevent any contagious form of sore teats being transferred from one cow to another.

Of course, as will have been gathered from what has been said up to the present, the whole of the industry so far as quality is concerned, practically speaking, lies in cleanliness. If it were possible that every dairy-farmer should understand from a bacteriological point of view the meaning of uncleanliness, then undoubtedly we would be on the high road to better things in the way of perfectly clean dairying conditions. Many of our farmers are models in this respect, but unfortunately their efforts are rendered less valuable by the negligence and carelessness of others in their district engaged in the same industry and who send cream to the same factory.

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FARM NOTES.

—The proper temperature at which cream should be churned varies. Usually from 60 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit is the best.

—Although certain pessimists claim that the dairy market will soon be overstocked, present prices give no indication of the sign.

—The silo today furnishes the most economical, the safest and the best means of storing the corn crop for feeding purpose.

Purebred Poultry.—Statistics prove that the American hen is not doing her duty. With less than seventy eggs per head each year to her credit, where she might have twice that number, statistics prove that a better quality of stock should be encouraged. The recent egg-laying contests indicate that there is not so much significance in the breed as in the strain, therefore my subject should properly have been "Pedigreed Poultry."

The most successful breeders of the present day are pedigree-breeders; that is, they are recording the ancestry of each fowl, just as do breeders of cattle and horses. This method is carried out by the use of trap nests in the breeding pens, which identifies each egg. Each hen's eggs are kept separate from all others, and those from the best layers, having been mated to cocks of an equally good laying strain, are hatched. The chicks are identified by foot marks and the grown birds by leg bands with name and number. Careful records are kept, and after a few years of breeding by this method, it is possible to build up a strain that will double the productiveness.

Sometimes it may be possible to produce a laying strain by accident, but how much more likely it is to be done by careful breeding. The cost of producing green-bred is still comparatively new, but as fanciers follow the method, there will doubtless be built up more of the strains that will produce 250 eggs per year, or even more.

One well known breeder of pedigree stock estimates that the cost of producing birds on his farm is about ten cents per head more than by ordinary methods. This is to hatch them, and it costs no more to raise the pedigree chick than the barnyard type. His entire crop was sold in one year for \$4.50 per head. The demand far exceeds the supply, and many farmers might profitably take up the industry. It costs a little more to build the houses, equip with trap nests and fixtures; then there is more work, of course, in keeping separate the eggs and recording the data, but breeders of fancy stock find that the cost of producing better market birds by this method, indicating that it is not alone in the laying qualities that pedigree counts.—Charles H. Chesley, Stratford Co., N. H.

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Buying Versus Observing.

To buy wisely has its true satisfaction, but just "buying" seems to have irresistible attraction for the human mind. We were spending a golden hour at the top of a great headland. Far below the sea showed opal color and violet light. The clay of the cliff ranged in tone from black, through red, blue and yellow, to a creamy white; patches of sweet fern and delicate grasses grew in the crannies, glowing green, giving accent and harmony to the whole. Far below, the line of the golden beach, the white curl of the surf, were like poetry and music, and yet among the people who journeyed that day to enjoy a fair place only a few had time to go out on the cliffs and revel in color and beauty, because at a neat little stall there was a collection of perishable souvenirs for sale, and so great was the demand for them that the buyers had no time to feast their eyes elsewhere—a proof that purchasing is more interesting to the majority than observing.—Elizabeth C. Billings in Atlantic Monthly.

Daredevil Photography. A naval photographer gets many feelings and, after a time, takes them as a matter of course. Being thrown into the sea isn't considered by him at all a serious event. It is during battleship practice that he encounters grave dangers, for much of the work done at this time is from the tops of the fighting masts, which are at an elevation of 120 feet above the sea. During different practices I have taken my position in these masts in order to get detailed pictures. Once in these basket-like tops the question is how to "stick." The gunfire photographs itself. I suppose you wonder what I mean, but it is just this: Every time the big twelve inch guns fire the awful concussion they cause invariably gives the snap to the shutter of the camera, and the exposure is made.—E. Muller, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Odd Bankruptcy Proceedings. They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marawais in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the thakur, or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who on a given signal would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.—Calcutta Journal.

Quaint Signs in Peru. An Indian custom which adds a picturesque touch to the roadside scene in Peru, is the presence of quaint signs indicating what is for sale in the Indian huts. A small bunch of wheat or barley tied on the end of a pole and stuck out in front of the hut indicates that there is chicha or native corn beer for sale within. A bunch of flowers on the end of a pole also has the same significance. A green wreath means that there is bread for sale, while a piece of white cloth or white paper waving in the breeze indicates that the wayfarer may here purchase aguardiente, a powerful white rum made of cane juice and containing a large percentage of raw alcohol.—Argonaut.

"Galley West." The phrase "he knocked everything galley west" is credited to the United States by Webster's Dictionary. It has really a far wider extent, and there is no reason to credit it to this or any other solid land. It had its beginning in sailor English, essentially a migratory dialect of extent as wide as the unending sea. Galley west, or in its full form, galley west and crooked, means higgledy piggledy, all in confusion. It has the same sense of disordered direction as appears in other locations in sailor English, such as "Paddy's hurricane—straight up and down the mast"—and "Tox Cox's traverse—twice around the scuttle butt and once around the mast."—St. Louis Times.

Quite Willing. Kirby Stone—I hate to mention it, dear, but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plain—

Mrs. Stone—Certainly, dear! I shall order some plainer dresses tomorrow.—Puck.

His Protest. The Dentist—Let me see! I'll have to treat four teeth—eight teeth—eighteen teeth—

Mr. Pildo—Hold on! Four teeth, eight teeth, eighteen teeth! What do you think I am—a comb?—London Telegraph.

His Ignorance. "I don't suppose you know what be comes of all the pins?" "I should say not. I don't even know what becomes of all the battleships."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Hard Loser. "Whatever became of that woman who was married on a bet?" "She is now giving her time to a crusade against gambling."—Judge.

Trouble Above. The Sun—I'm going to strike for shorter hours. The Moon—I'll join you. I'm getting tired of so much night work.—New York World.

A FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF.

Seattle, the Statesman, After Whom the City Was Named.

At Fort Madison, on Puget sound, fifteen miles northwest of Seattle, Wash., stands a monument to Seattle, or Smith, chief of the Squamish and allied tribes. This aborigine was regarded as among the greatest of the many Indian characters of the western country. He ruled his people for more than half a century with superior talent and was looked upon as a statesman who had no equal among the tribesmen.

At the time of his death, in 1806, he was the acknowledged head and chief sachem of all the tribes living on or near Puget sound. He had reached the age of eighty when he passed away and had made many warm friendships with the white pioneers in Washington. Over 100 white men were in attendance at his funeral.

In 1890 his friends erected a monument of Italian marble, seven feet high, with a base or pedestal surmounted by a cross bearing the letters "S. S." On one side of the monument is the following inscription: SEATTLE Chief of the Squamish and Allied Tribes. Died June 7th, 1806. The firm Friends of the Whites, and for Him the City of Seattle was Named by its Founders.

FATAL ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

They Kill by Attacking the Heart or Respiratory Organs. While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English magazine, quoting an authority on the subject, the whole matter is simple.

Death produced from electric shock, says this magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or muscular fibers of the heart or of paralysis of the respiratory organs.

While doctors have been unable to find any treatment that will cure the former, artificial respiration often overcomes the respiratory paralysis.

The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body, and with alternating currents low frequency are usually more dangerous than high. The lower animals are more susceptible to electric shock than man, dogs often being killed by a direct current of seventy volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 to 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 520 volts will stop respiration suddenly.—New York Press.

Mistress and Maid. "Be the friend of your house servant and let her realize that you are interested in her well being," was the advice of a lecturer before a housewives' meeting at Vienna. A woman who attended and listened to the servant problem discussion wrote a letter to the lecturer a few days later in the course of which she said: "I agree with you, but did you know that in this city a nursery maid, a mere child herself, threw the child entrusted to her care out of a window and then followed, intending to kill herself? And that on the same day another child servant attempted to take her life? And why? The first one had been denied a part of her earned wages because her lady wished to teach her thrift and the second was not allowed to leave the house after a certain hour at night. Our 'friendship' is often misinterpreted."

A Helpful Letter. A letter that Rev. M. L. Evans, rector of St. Mary's, North Lincolnshire, wrote to the London Times added an amusing contribution to the discussion then going on in that newspaper concerning the alleged decay of handwriting. Mr. Evans says: "The name of Dean Stanley will occur to many of us as that of a celebrated ecographist of the pre-typer period. When Mrs. Kingsley was typing very ill her husband received a letter from the dean. "He conund it carefully and slowly and then said: 'Here is a letter from dear Stanley. I am sure it is sympathetic and affectionate, but there are only two words that I can make anything of, and I don't think I can have got them quite right, for they seem to be "beastly" and "devil."'"

American Colleges. Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices, rear no bigots, dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions, never interpose between the people and their improvement, exclude no man because of his religious opinions—above all in their whole course of study and instruction, recognize a world, and a broad one, too, lying beyond the college walls.—Charles Dickens.

The Focus. Three sons who traveled west to make their fortunes in cattle raising wrote home for an appropriate name to give their ranch. The reply, "Focus," did not seem especially suitable until the explanation was forthcoming, "The place where the sons raise meat."—Exchange.

Takes Time to Dress. She (getting ready to go out)—What are you looking at? He—I'm just watching whether that house opposite will be finished first or you.—Flegende Blatter.

Success is sweet, the sweeter if long delayed and attained through manifold struggles and defeats.—A. Bronson Alcott.