

MODERN CREEDS.

[The Creed of the Open Field.] The little cares that fretted me. I lost them yesterday. Among the fields above the sea. Among the winds at play; Among the lowing of the herds. The rustling of the trees. Among the singing of the birds. The humming of the bees. The foolish fears of what may happen. I cast them all away. Among the clover-scented grass. Among the new-mown hay. Among the hushing of the corn. Where drowsy poppies nod. Where ill thoughts die and good are born. Out in the fields with God. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HOW THE PARSON FELL FROM GRACE.

BY MARTHA ALRICK JOHNSON.

Before special cars for the transporting of cattle were impressed into service on the P. R. R., one autumn day, a drove of sheep on their way to Pittsburgh, passed through the village of Stoney Ridge.

On the outskirts of the little settlement, a young lamb, too weak to stand, lay struggling to assert itself in the dusty road.

The drover, who had his hands full, attending to his herd, had neither time nor inclination to give to the late addition to his flock and knowing nothing better to do abandoned it.

About this time the Reverend Dansfield, a Methodist exhorter, passing along saw the helpless little creature, and being mercifully inclined, lest it become a prey to dogs, or evil disposed persons he took it up in his arms and carried it to his home, near by.

He made a bed in the smoke house for the lamb, which was of the ram persuasion, and fed, and cared for it, and it at once became an adjunct in the Dansfield family. In order to designate it, the lamb was given the euphonious name of Jeremiah and it was not long before he ate weeds, and grass with equal complacency.

Now the parsonage where the Reverend Dansfield made his home, adjoined the church, the house standing back about forty feet. Across the lot on the front, was an iron fence, and somewhere in the rear of the premises stood an old, wide spreading chestnut tree.

This tree was a great rendezvous for the children of the neighborhood, before the advent of Jeremiah. After the ram came into their life, it's attractions were greatly enhanced, for it was round the old tree when the weather was fair, that they played with their four footed companion.

So long as the ram was minus horns the boys took a special delight in teasing him, and when in retaliation, he would resent their familiarity they would run away laughing and shouting gleefully. They knew they had nothing to fear, the ram had been brought up by hand and was disposed to consider every biped his friend.

When Jeremiah arrived at ramhood the boys of Stoney Ridge kept at a more respectful distance from him in their play and now that his horns had attained a formidable size, by way of providing themselves with a retreat in case of attack they fastened on the trunk of the old tree, small blocks of wood, assimilating the iron clamps, used by linemen, as leads, on telegraph poles.

That the ram was no respecter of persons the Reverend Dansfield could testify. One Sabbath morning having a few minutes to spare, before the labors of the day began, he took a walk in the quiet precincts of his back yard.

It was a favorite pastime with the preacher to commune with nature, and now, when the foliage on the trees had taken on the glorious tints of autumn, with a soft hazy light resting on the distant crest of the high old Allegheny mountain that defined the western horizon, he looked at God's handiwork, and with his head in the air, and hands clasped behind, underneath the ample skirt of his frock coat, he was sauntering along with thoughts on his sermon when his meditations were rudely, and uncerimoniously broken in upon by a forcible punt in the region of his clasped hands.

When he recovered his mind with a start of astonishment, and gleam of rising temper in his eye, the man of God turned to acquaint himself with the aggressor. Nor did he once think of the ram until he saw him standing at bay, with lowered head preparing to make another charge on him.

With an agility that would have done credit to a professional athlete the reverend gentleman sprang aside and eluded the attack. Innate intuition, however, warned him that the ram was in line for business, and with palpitating heart, and coat tails flying in the breeze, he headed for the chestnut tree, and mounted the improvised steps.

No sooner had he gained the objective point when Jeremiah thinking the game was on, was on his hind legs in an instant, and with a forward lunge butted the feet of the Domini, who clung to the unstable structure in afright, as he heard ominous creaks beneath, and lest he be precipitated to the ground he shrieked vociferously. "Help! help!"

About this time Sammy, the seven year

old son of the parson, viewing the scene from the rear porch, unmindful of the day and regarding it as a huge joke, spurred on the ram with clapping of hands, and yells of glee, "Daddy and the ram!" "Daddy and the ram!"

The church bells were ringing, the congregation was wending its way into the sacred edifice. Still the minister clung to the tree, much to the concern of one of the deacons and a score or more of brethren, and sisters of the fold who were watching with more than ordinary interest the ungodly(?) performance, and on all sides was heard such exclamations as "Disgraceful! Shameful! Did you ever see anything to compare with it in all your life?"

There is no telling how much longer the exhibition might have gone on, had not the pastor's wife attracted by the group on the sidewalk, got her weather eye on her husband, and called off the ram with a pan of food.

The irate man having regained his freedom, made a bee line for the church, where covered with confusion he went through with the opening service, and wiping his hot, and clammy brow, gave out his text, the significance of which did not strike him until that moment.

"Brethren?" he said in an embarrassed tone, you will find the words of my text in the XV chapter of Luke, and VI verse.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my-my-sheep."

As Woman's Independence Day. May Second was Day of Days.

Saturday, May second, 1914, will go down in the history of the Woman Suffrage movement in Pennsylvania as a day of days—successful in every phase of its demonstration. In every nook and cranny of the entire State the sun was shining and enough breeze blowing to stir the myriads of golden banners and streamers of the marchers and decorations everywhere. At everyone of the many demonstrations the same stirring Suffrage hymn was sung, the same resolutions passed; one set for the National Shafroth Bill now in the Senate and House, the other for the passing by the next Pennsylvania Legislature of the amendment to the State constitution.

The Largest in the World.

What would you think of a hat that was so large it would safely shelter your father, mother, sisters and yourself under it should a sudden rainstorm come up? The men of Korea like these enormous hats and would not feel properly dressed without them. These hats look like great flower pots set on a round table six feet across. The crowns are nine feet in height and three inches wide, much like a chimney on a one-story house. How do you suppose these large, round head coverings are kept on? Under the brim is a small closely fitting cap, held on by a padded string which ties under the ears. The material of these hats is bamboo, so finely split that it is like thread; and lastly, they are varnished to keep out the sun and rain and the wind.

You know that the Korean people always wear cotton clothing; so these big hats protect them far more than our hats possibly could do. In the rainy season cones of oiled paper are attached to the big bamboo head coverings in the shape of funnels, so I suppose that the rain pours off of them just as water does off a duck's back. A Korean keeps his hat on when we should take it off. Soldiers wear black or brown felt hats decorated with red horse hair or peacock feathers and hanging from the sides, over the ears and around their necks, are oval balls of porcelain, amber and a queer kind of gum.—Sunbeam.

Do You Know These?

What is that of which the common sort is the best? Sense.

Enough for one, too much for two and nothing for three; takes one to make and two to keep? A secret.

Why is a girl not a noun? Because a lass (alas) is an interjection.

Why are lazy persons' beds too short for them? Because they lie too long in them.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When is it easy to read in the woods? When Dame Autumn turns the leaves.

Why are the laws like the ocean? Because most trouble is caused by the breakers.

Why are the stars the best astronomers? Because they have studied (studied) the heavens since creation.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter "C"? Because she forms lasses into classes.

What two words contain all the vowels and in their proper order? Facetious, abstemious.

What is that which works while it plays, and plays while it works? Fountain.—The Continent.

The Little King Wren.

Do you know that the little wren is called the king of birds? He's only a little bit of a fellow, easily covered by the hand, and this is how he became king. Once upon a time—oh, ages and ages ago—the birds wanted to have a king of their own, but as each one thought to be king, the eagle talked to them, and said their king ought to be able to fly very high, so as to watch over the safety of the other birds. Now the eagle was very strong and cruel, and all the feathered world was afraid of him. So they agreed that there should be a contest and the bird that could fly the highest should be king. This was just what the eagle wanted, because he knew he could fly higher than any of the other birds. So up he went until he seemed very small in the sky. All the birds were just going to hail him as king, when a little, wee wren, who had been hiding in the feathers of the eagle's back, sprang out and flew up still higher, chirping to the rest that he had flown the highest, as they all could see. So, of course, the little wren became king.

—The WATCHMAN enjoys the proud distinction of being the best and cleanest county paper published.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Description of a Two Days Trip to Visit Irrigation Dam.

JHANSI, APRIL 4th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: I had promised to meet some people at a little station about thirty miles from here and go in their automobile to see one of the biggest irrigation dams in the world. In order to get there on time I had to get up at five o'clock and left for the train at seven. I wish you could have seen my luggage for a two days' trip; I could have spent a month with the same sized parcels at home.

My host and hostess met me in their car; they had brought "coolies" by the dozen to carry my parcels. We were soon off and down we flew over these perfect Indian roads, which in that small village were lying full of leaves, suggesting fall instead of spring. It was a beautiful morning—not hot, just right; sunshine, blue sky, and all the things necessary to a perfect trip. It was spring-time, yet the fields were bare and brown, grass seared, brown and dry, the trees, nearly all like the gaunt old men here, waving long, thin, brown arms. Only here and there were a few frivolous young things that had put on their Easter gowns and appeared in new pale green leaves. A few, very few indeed, were bold, brazen huzzies, flaunting brilliant scarlet flowers to catch one's eyes, and not having the decency to have a single leaf in place to bide their nakedness.

We went along, past all this curiosity, smiling and waving to the little brown, naked babies that called out to greet us. Their only claim to covering was their black caste cord about their bodies, and silver anklets. They fitted into the scenery and we were aliens. A motor car is a good thing in which to cover distance and the two and a half miles were quickly passed and we stopped at a little bungalow where we spent the day, going for a long, charming walk in the early evening to inspect an old Fort which stands on a high hill, overlooking a charming little lake. It was a nasty climb but fully repaid one for the tiredness. We stood and watched the sun go down, while two kites sailed high in the air above our heads, their owners several hundreds of feet below us in the native village, that looked like so many ant hills, without the order and symmetry that usually characterizes the ants, and of course the noises (for no part of India is free from them; they are as essential to an Indian atmosphere as the air that one breathes) came up to us seemingly intensified by the declining day noises, and yet so far away that it was with regret that at last we had to turn back and follow the elephant walk down the hill and out an upper gate directly into the village. We first passed the temple, where the evening gong for worship was sounding, and then along the narrow dusty streets followed by children both old and young, for of course we are the curious ones.

Upon reaching the bungalow dinner was served by two servants. I went to bed early as we intended taking an early start in the morning but a hungry jungle dog came in about one o'clock and scared the wits out of me and the rest of the night I slept but little.

After an early bath by candle light and breakfast on the fly, we started to see the big dam; it took about three hours for us to make the trip. We ran the entire way through country that was dry and brown, trees little larger than bushes; and when it became a little tame a great brown boulder or a curious pile of quartz rock would suddenly jut its way through the earth's surface and add its wildness and weirdness to our scenery. A few thrills were added by the knowledge that tigers had been killed recently in this very territory, and we did see deer and wild peacocks which, as you know, is the attractive thing to the striped jungle beast.

We reached our destination about nine o'clock. It was a big river and once on our way we had ferried across this, giving another touch of realism to our journey. Where we were to spend the day it was dammed by a big stone breast work a mile long, and although now the dam is like a beautiful big lake, during the rains the water rushes over the top in a way to make it resemble Niagara Falls, so I am told, and so the pictures show. The water course below the dam is nearly quite dry and great stones stick their heads high, making me think of those at the rapids at Niagara.

The ride had been delightful, and although our food was taken from a "tiffin" basket, it was good. We fared well until the middle of the day when the "loo" came up and then it was hot and windy and horrid and one couldn't sleep. I wished for a cool spot in which to be comfortable.

We left there at five o'clock to return home, taking a different route, which we found more beautiful. The road on either side was lined with great trees, the branches meeting over our heads, past grain fields ready for the harvester; indeed in some places the threshing by "bils" was going on, the poor, patient beasts going round and round. An incident marked our trip. For some time we had been passing women in brilliant new clothing, first in twos, then in groups and then by crowds. It was so unusual that I questioned them as to what was going on but no explanation could be given when suddenly, upon rounding a

curve, fortunately at low speed, we came upon a crowd of villagers in their best array, making the place look like a great wild flower garden; color, color everywhere—none on tree or bush, only blue as to sky, and clay earth, but humans! They left nothing to be desired so far as color was concerned. There were perhaps several thousand of them, all massed and packed in so tightly that we could not pass but were compelled to stop within two feet of an old hag brilliantly swathed, sitting flat in the middle of the road. Either the fear of the throbbing engine or the commands of our servant finally cleared a way for us, but in those few minutes' wait I had been able to see a big white temple off to the left of the road where, from the tingling of a bell and the call of the priests I knew "pujah" was going on to one of the many gods and that accounted not only for the crowd but for the seemingly intoxicated condition of the people about us.

We soon left them all and once more were riding down beautiful shady lanes and past the quiet country where only a foolish cow or silly calf, both of which were always trying to get to the other side of the road just in front of us, disturbed our progress. We reached home about seven o'clock.

The days are hot now and our "punks" are up so you see truly the summer season is at hand. Most of the English people have gone either to the hills or back to England so that this summer, after the girls leave here, I will be very decidedly alone.

This week has been full of nothing but work and I have not even gone to the club for after a day without an hour's rest somehow I don't feel like walking, although I know there will be fine music by the band to hear at the end.

(Continued next week.)

As stray in a Dead Letter Office.

Curious things are sent through the mails, and some of the most curious seem to find their way to the Dead Letter Office, as a run through a list of articles received in one year will show:

Going through it alphabetically, one may discover in the long list of stray articles such wide variety as the following: a pawn ticket, apples, an arrowhead, autumn leaves, baby bibs, bait, a can of canned beef, birds' eggs, birds' nests, a brass fender, two prints of butter, carpet, two cobs of corn, a cow hide, an ear trumpet, a flute, two pedigrees, a can of sardines, nine sets of artificial teeth, one Hindu turban—and so on through the odd list of the lost and strayed, to the last four items, which are, "writs, yarn, yeast cakes and zam-buk."—The Comrade.

United States Mail Dogs.

The United States has a two-thousand-mile mail route upon which dogs furnish the motive power the greater part of the year. The trail runs between Cordova and Nome, Alaska. But for these swift and hardy animals the dwellers of the bleak northern peninsula during the long winter months would be without mail service. Even as it is, a ton or more of mail accumulates at Seattle before the first steamer's departure for Nome in the spring.

—An express train traveling from Nice to Macon, France, was beaten by twelve minutes by an eagle which raced it over a distance of eighteen miles.

Jackson's Victory Over Indians.

One hundred years ago the desultory warfare which Gen. Andrew Jackson had waged against the Creek Indians for some months culminated in the battle of Oaktuska. The battle continued for three days, and was conducted with much ferocity on both sides. Two hundred of the Indians were slain, while of General Jackson's force 18 were killed and 70 wounded. The victory was particularly gratifying to General Jackson. During the winter his troops had been poorly provisioned and as a result much dissatisfaction began to manifest itself. Many of the soldiers had deserted and returned to their homes in Tennessee. Those who were left, half-starved, began to threaten mutiny, and it required General Jackson's greatest efforts to keep the insubordinates down. The battle of Oaktuska revived the spirits of the army and contributed in no small degree to the winning of the decisive battle that was soon to be fought at Horseshoe Bend.

Horse is Still King.

"When it became a recognized fact that the automobile was a practical thing, the prediction was freely made that the horse would pass away, but we find today that there are more horses in the United States than ever before," remarked Alfred Watkins, an old sea captain of Norfolk, at the Raleigh.

"It is true, we rarely see horses on the streets of our big cities, but there are plenty of them in the country, and the farmer thinks just as much of a good horse now as he did in the old days. So, too, I have observed that our men of wealth, who for a time took to the motor car, are coming back to the fast trotter and roadster. There is nothing like real life when it comes to sport, and an automobile is an inanimate thing."—Washington Post.

When the Shoe Pinched.

She was a British militant suffragist who, after an eight months' absence, turned up in a state of indignation against the British postoffice. The postmaster general, she complained, had been abstracting suffragettes' correspondence from the post! Some of them hadn't received their notices duly. "Abominable!" The complainant had just "done time" in prison for setting fire to letter boxes and destroying other people's correspondence!—Chicago News.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

The green, succulent vegetables are valuable chiefly for the mineral salts they contain and the flavor and variety they give to the menu. They contain but little starch and less protein. However, they add bulk to the food and are of great value in keeping up the peristaltic action of the intestines. For this reason alone, if for no other, they should be served once a day on our tables the year round.

The object in cooking vegetables is to soften the fiber and make it more easily digested.

The cooking of vegetables, the serving and seasoning, is an art and a science which is yet but touched upon by the average cook.

We must realize the importance of vegetable food before we are willing to put study upon the manner of cooking and serving.

It is well to remember that all of the odoriferous vegetables are much more wholesome if cooked in boiling salted water in an uncovered dish. When cooked in a tight kettle it not only spoils the food but makes the house uninhabitable.

All green vegetables should be cooked in an uncovered dish, which insures the keeping of the green color.

Spinach should be cooked without the addition of any water. After it is well washed there is enough moisture left on the leaves to cook so succulent a vegetable. As soon as a green vegetable loses its color in cooking, it loses also its food value.

Throw spinach into a hot kettle, tossing it up frequently to keep it from catching on the kettle: after 15 minutes' cooking, remove it from the fire and chop fine, season well, return to the saucepan and let stand until ready to serve. Garnish with hard cooked eggs, cut in slices.

The State would learn, when women were a part of its active force, that playgrounds for children and pensions for mothers were both less expensive and more desirable than courts, prisons and criminals.—Anna H. Shaw.

Stuffed Potatoes. These are especially nice for luncheon: Take half a dozen medium-sized potatoes and bake until they are soft. Cut them in halves and remove the inside without breaking the skins. Mash the potato, add two tablespoons of butter, quarter of a cupful of milk, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Beat hard and refill the skins. Place in a hot oven until the potatoes are a light brown. An egg may be added to the mixture, but it is not necessary.

Dates with Cereal. Wash a pound of dates and let them stand in a pint of water overnight. Let them come to a boil, then simmer gently for a few minutes, flavoring with a few drops of lemon or lime or orange juice. Remove the fruit, add a little sugar to the liquid left in the saucepan and simmer until thickened. Pour over the cereal and serve cold.

One need not go farther than the stalls of a West End theater to realize that good-looking women very often spoil their attractiveness by adopting the wrong coiffure.

Plump faces should always have the light touch of high dressing for the hair. Mount all the hair on top and as high as possible. Draw the coils toward the front of the face and separate the hairs into fluffy little bits just here and there. The effect is to give height to the wearer and just that lengthening of the face that is needed.

Many a well-featured profile is spoiled by a nose that is not badly shaped but too big. Such women should be particularly careful with the coiffure. I saw at the theater a large-featured, handsome woman who had quite spoiled her appearance by a clear-cut center parting down the head.

What her face really needed was a style of hairdressing which softens the features. It should have been rather full in front but nearly flat at the sides and with a side parting. The sudden division in the center of a head adds hardness to a face of hard features. The hair flattened on either side serves to make a prominent nose still more prominent.

The little piquant, snub-nosed and featureless face can do with plenty of fluffiness in the head of hair surrounding it. No style of hairdressing is more admirable for those it suits or more unbecoming to others than drooping waves of hair that completely cover the ears. This coiffure is extremely trying. It suits the long and somewhat gaunt face. Rather thin cheeks are becomingly filled out by such wavelets drooping over the ears, and the elongated look of the face is modified by coils of hair in the nape of the neck.

If one will take the trouble to apply a bit of cold cream after the hands are washed, rinsed and dried, especially rubbing it around the base of each nail, ridges show a too dry condition and oils are needed.

Oliver oil is, perhaps, one of the very best things known to prevent breaking of the nails, but its use should be continued every night. Where nails are very brittle and the finger tips sore, this oil is almost a certain cure. Some diseases, like a tendency to rheumatism, show in tender, sore, festering at the base of the nails; this means that the blood is too acid, and a diet should be seen to at once, prescribed by a good physician.

The use of strong bleaching lotions on the hands is not good, as the skin will gradually peel and leave them rough and very hard to keep in order. In fact, "skinning" is bad for the hands and arms as well as for the face; the result may be satisfactory, but it is very likely to not be. In any case, lots of cold cream must be used if lemon juice or other bleaching wash, like peroxide and the like, are constantly applied; otherwise the hands will always look rough and scaly.

FARM NOTES.

—Don't fail to keep the chicks and layers active, clean and happy. Like people they do their best work under pleasant and healthful conditions.

—It did not take those who broke their land well last fall to get ready for planting this spring. Those who failed for any reason to turn their land last fall are apt to be late in planting.

—Drainage will always be needed for lands that are low and flat. When it is dry such soils suffer for moisture, and when the rainfall is heavy crops are injured by a surplus of free water.

—Legumes are richer in feeding constituents, especially protein, than the non-legumes, and as a general rule they are better for forage crops than the non-leguminous crops. Such crops as peas, soy beans, vetch and alfalfa yield well and much is gained by planting these crops for animals.

—A comparatively large amount of hand-labor, by means of hand wheel-hoe, is required in order to keep an onion-patch properly cultivated and free from weeds. And this work must be attended to in good season and with great thoroughness. If you do not propose to do that, better not plant many onions.

—Every soil, to be fertile and to be easily cultivated, must have considerable organic matter, commonly called humus. Without plenty of organic matter it will not produce large crops, no matter how much chemical plant food is added. Humus is favorable for soil organisms which convert inert matter into soluble plant food; it aerates the soil, retains water and makes it possible for the roots of plants to obtain nourishment.

—Green maturing is a feature of farm management that should receive more attention. By planting cover crops and turning them under at the proper time and in the right manner the soil may be improved in both plant food and humus. The winter cover crop affords protection during the winter, and it provides vegetable matter for summer crops; the summer cover utilizes the plant food that might be burned out by the summer sun, and stores up plant tissue to be returned to the soil when turned under.

—Things Worth Remembering.—Peas, beans, potatoes, clover and flax require potash in the soil.

Beets, cabbage, oats, wheat, barley and herbs need nitrogen.

Radishes, turnips and corn need a large amount of phosphoric acid.

The soil of the vegetable garden should be well underdrained, thoroughly trenched or subsoiled and enriched by a judicious application of fertilizing material.

For 100 yards, one ounce of cabbage, cauliflower, collards, broccoli, brussels sprout, eggplants, kale, kohlrabi and pepper will be required; or two ounces onions, teals, lettuce, endive, parsley, cantaloupe, squash, turnips, tomatoes and pumpkins; or three ounces, carrot, celery, cress, watermelon, parsnip or horrad; or four ounces cucumbers, rhubarb, salsify, or five ounces beet, or six ounces radish or spinach; or eight ounces corn salad; or 12 ounces okra or asparagus; or one quart sugar corn; or three quarts bush beans or peas.

The finer the soil the better the vegetable, both in quality and quantity. The soil should be worked over after every rain, so as to retain all the moisture. Vegetables delight in having a warm, deep, rich and mellow soil.

—The garden season is at hand. The cold, changeable, and at times severe, weather has made it backward, but there is still plenty of opportunity to "make up for lost time."

Don't forget to grow some parsley. It requires a rich, mellow soil. An ounce of seeds will sow 140 feet of drill. It should be sown early in spring, thickly in rows a foot apart and a half-inch deep. The seed germinates slowly, three or four weeks being required to make its appearance.

Spring-sown peas are more productive than late-sown. Fresh manure, especially wet, mucky soil must be avoided. A light, loamy soil is preferred. The dwarf varieties can be drilled at 15 inches, if hoed by hand. It is an old saying that when the peach tree is in bloom the drilling may be safely commenced. Four seeds to the inch is a good rule in sowing peas in rows.

Wrinkled varieties are soft, while the round ones are hard.

—Pointers in Successful Gardening.—Two crops can be grown on the same ground by planting early and late varieties, removing the early as soon as mature.

Vegetables contain a large amount of water, and the necessary moisture should not be allowed to escape. The hoe, rake and weeder should be frequently used.

Avoid planting seed when the ground is wet. Quicker returns will be secured by waiting a day or so and giving the seed better condition.

Sunshine is a very essential element. Consequently a southern exposure is preferred.

It is a good plan to apply the fertilizer to the land a week or two before sowing the seed. In all cases it must be thoroughly incorporated in the soil. Otherwise injury to young plants may result.

Well-rotted stable manure, from corned and well-kept horses, contains the ingredients necessary to perfectly satisfactory growth of vegetables.

The presence of pig weed is a good indication of richness of the soil. Rotation of garden crops is the best way of keeping vegetables in health and free from parasites.