

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

Life without love is like Day without sunshine, Roses bereft of Sweet nature's perfume; Love is the guide mark To those who are weary Of waiting and watching In darkness and gloom. Love to the heart is like Dewdrops to violets Left on the dust ridden Roadside to die; Love leads the way To our highest endeavors, Lightens and lessens The pain of each sigh. Life without love Is like spring without flowers Brook streams that move not Or star bereft sky, Love vreates efforts Most worthy and noble, Prompts us to see And resigns us to die.

THE GENIUS.

(Concluded from last week.)

Counting her resources she found that she could not possibly live on the little income from her inheritance, even in the modest comfort which she required. And there was Margaret's education to be paid for. She did not want to take a big house and rent rooms to students, the town's usual way of eking out expenses—she had not the courage for even so unpretentious a business enterprise. Besides, she wanted her home to herself. So there was but one thing to do. She could, and would, teach music, no matter how much she hated it. Her one marketable accomplishment must be used, no matter how much she hated to tread again the way she had trod before to such humiliation. She could do even this gladly, since it was for Margaret.

There was a large city not three hours from the college town where she had placed her new home, and there she went to rub some of the rust off her old methods. For the first time since she had seen the Maestro, she came in contact with real musicians, and she chose for herself a teacher who had been a pupil of the man who had so humiliated her. He couldn't do much for her he said, but at least he could teach her something of how to teach others. As a matter of fact, he did not want to take her as a pupil at all, but her anxiety and her necessity and the appealing eyes of her touched him. He halved his price to her and controlled his impatience, for in her earnestness he read something of her tragedy. Of course she had been taught all wrong, and her hands were stiff from lack of care and practice, and she didn't have the true musician's sixth sense, but, even as her husband's parishioners had done, he felt that there was "something different" about her.

The lessons that she had with him were pure pain to Lida Welsh, and little else. She could see now what she might have been, had she been taught like this from the first. She knew what her teacher thought of her, and she writhed under his unexpressed pity. But she worked hard and faithfully at her chosen task, and presently she began to build up a class of her own at home—children of the faculty families mostly, and little daughters of the well-to-do grocers and butchers and the few professional men of the town. Even though living was high, as it is in so many college towns, she could make enough for her and Margaret to live comfortably, and there was generally something over, which she put away. But her small savings were very small and she longed to earn more money that she might give Margaret everything—everything. If she had been that great genius which she had been taught to think herself, she would have been able to make plenty, oh, more than plenty for her daughter. She brooded over the wrong that had been so unconsciously and smugly done to her by her parents, and Miss Annette Melville, and Professor Hardenbergh, and the others. It was as if they had maimed her where they should have armed her.

Margaret, meanwhile, was growing up, a gay, keen-minded, even-tempered girl, with distinct aspirations of her own. She was going to get through college at once, and as well as she could, and then go to teaching, history preferably, literature possibly, and write books about her chosen topics and quickly become a power in the temples of learning, and when that blessed time arrived her mother was never to open another music book before little local stupidities with no music in their souls or in the fingers. In order to have a chance of making the desired end, Margaret did tutoring, and helped the literature professor check up the theme work, and seized every chance she had to make money, that her mother's burdens might be lightened. She didn't work so hard, however, that she missed having a jolly good time as she went along, and she was conceded to be the most popular girl in her class—she had her father's gift of making friends. But make no mistake—all that Margaret could earn and all that Lida could earn, added to Lida's tiny income, was an amount so small that it was difficult for the two women to make both ends meet. College tuition, being a lump sum, had long ago taken all of Lida's savings and depleted her small capital. And there was never anything for extras. It seemed to Lida that she could not bear it when she saw other girls, not half so clever or so pretty as Margaret with endless new dresses and all the feminine fripperies of parasols and buckled slippers and gloves and embroidered petticoats and so careless of it all, confident that when these went there'd be plenty more forthcoming.

It was in Margaret's senior year and near Commencement that matters came to an almost unbearable pass. Lida had been sick in the winter, and there had been a nurse

to pay and a doctor's bill to pay, and service beside, as well as expensive delicacies which she had to have during her convalescence. And during her illness her class had been shattered, and only a few of them had come back to her. Indeed, she was able to teach only a few, so frail and weak she was, but she fretted so at her inactivity that Margaret finally left her have her own way.

Margaret had had to take care of the house and keep up her studies, and do much of the waiting on the invalid and the nurse, and take her turn at actual nursing. She had to stop all the work that had brought her in a little money. And the cost of living had increased cruelly. Literally, they were so poor that they hardly had enough to eat.

"We'll manage to scrape through," said Margaret cheerfully, "and the instant Commencement's over, I'll get a summer job of some kind—and then we'll be all right. It's only six weeks or so, Mother. And in the meantime you must not worry and you must not overdo. I'll have to discipline you if you're a disobedient parent. So beware!"

Lida had forced a smile at this and they had gone on as before, each concealing from the other her anxiety. And then Margaret came home with a bit of news.

"Kathie Thompson and I are to have luncheon to-morrow at Mrs. Hillis's house, Mother," she said, "to meet Miss Cadwallader, who runs that smart and exclusive and horribly expensive boarding school down near Philadelphia—Hollibree, you know. She's going to have a camp for her girls this summer, a wonderful camp, gilt edged and trimmed with real lace like it, and she wants one more brilliant and able young woman—like me—to go on her staff, besides those she's already picked out. It lies between Kathie and me, I imagine, from what Mrs. Hillis said. The salary's gilt-edged, too. If only she likes me, I'm all right—I know Prof. and Mrs. Hillis will give me only kind words, and I expect to be nothing less than perfectly fascinating."

It was good news and Lida's spirits rose. And then she asked, "But Margaret—what are you going to wear?" And Margaret answered, quizzically, "I haven't decided between my peach-colored satin and my green taffeta with peacock embroidery." Then she had turned and run up-stairs and Lida knew that it was to escape further questioning.

Because there was only one dress that Margaret could wear, an old white-dotted swiss that had been washed and washed and washed again until it had shrunk just enough to make it awkward and ill-fitting everywhere. It was past alteration or making over. It had been a cheap dress to begin with and it dated back three years. It seemed to Lida that she could not bear to see Margaret go out to face the critical eyes of an elegant woman like Miss Cadwallader in that hopeless dress. But she had not one penny to get her another. Kathie Thompson did not need the place—her parents had plenty of money. She was always charmingly dressed. What chance would Margaret have, though desirable beyond anything Kathie could ever hope to be, her mother fiercely asked herself, beside Kathie's furbelows? Miss Cadwallader would never pick out a dowdy girl, poorly dressed, to handle her young heiresses—no, never.

She was weak and superstitious from her illness and her privations, Lida Welsh, but it seemed to her that she had endured no such extreme of pain since that day in the Maestro's studio. Her child, her lovely shining Margaret, needed nothing but a cheap little cotton dress, and she could not give it to her. It is an axiom that there is no poverty so hard for a mother to bear as the poverty that presses on her children.

Lida and Margaret ate supper silently and said nothing more about the dress, but each knew the other was thinking of it. They went up-stairs early and Margaret kissed her mother good night with special tenderness. "I'm going to study for a little while," she said, "and then I'm going to bed, for I'm dreadfully sleepy. Can I get you anything to make you comfy, Mother?"

But Lida only clung to her and said, "No; I'm going to bed right away—I'm very tired, too."

Lida went into her room and shut the door. She made no move to undress, but dropped into a chair beside the window and sat there perfectly still. She could see Margaret in that badly fitting old dress seated beside Kathie in her fresh, smart frock—she had seen them together before. But now she was seeing them as Miss Cadwallader would see them. It hurt her unbearably. But there was nothing, nothing she could do.

And then the window curtain blew against her hand. It was a thin, fine muslin curtain with a heavier cross thread in it. It was just a very simple ruffled curtain, but the fine material had lent a touch of elegance to the room. And now—

Suddenly she got up and looked hard at the curtain, bent to it, and fingered the stuff carefully, considering its length, its width, pulled it this way and that. Then, very silently, she stood on the chair and took it down and laid it across the bed. Once more she measured it, holding it against herself. She and Margaret were just of a height. She stood still and listened holding her breath. Margaret must not know—it might all be a dead failure. But she was alive with purpose.

She went back and sat down in the chair by the window and waited until she heard Margaret go to bed, and all the time she sat there she was making her plan. After a little, when she was sure that Margaret had dozed off, she tiptoed into her room and took the despised white dress out of the closet. Then, picking up the curtain, she went noiselessly down-stairs.

She lit a light in the kitchen, built up the fire and put a big pan of water on the fire to heat. When it was hot she washed the curtain, gently, that none of its threads might be pulled or broken, and yet very quickly. Her hands worked with assured swiftness—her long "musician's hands," as she had proudly thought of them in her girlhood. Now they

plunged into the soapy water and rubbed and dipped with more joy than they had ever touched the keys.

It was at the last rinsing that another idea came to her. She tiptoed back upstairs and rummaged in her dresser drawer, presently coming down again with some crumpled red tissue paper that had served her wrappings for a Christmas gift. She poured a little of the boiling water over the paper and drained off the tinted fluid. She made the thin, oh, very thin, starch with this water and dipped the breadths into it. She held them anxiously to the light—they seemed an even pink, clear and delicate.

Now the irons were put on, and presently she was ironing the stuff. She was thankful that she had left the curtains their full length and not cut them off at the sill as Margaret had urged her. There were three yards in each of them and the ruffle.

It was only an hour after she had come down-stairs that she hung the crisp, freshly-ironed pink lengths over the little line in the kitchen. She stepped to the door for a breath of air, and the night breeze came in to refreshly cool her, cooling her hot forehead. The honeysuckle vine planted at the kitchen door waved an inquisitive green tendril at her, and she could smell the freshness of its leaves—it was yet too early for its flowers. She turned away, refreshed and reassured.

Now she went into the sitting-room and brought out her work basket and patterns, and then she cleared and wiped the kitchen table. Presently she was cutting out the skirt. It was to be a plain full one with a deep hem.

Never in her life had she sewed so swiftly and so evenly. One fine little stitch followed another with the perfection of a machine. She stitched up the breadths and ran the hem before she paused again to look at the clock. It was well past midnight now. She pulled the skirt to a belt, measuring it by the old dress and her own figure, and when she pinned it to the line where it hung in airy ripples.

The waist must be cut out next. She would have short sleeves, because the fashion book said they were in style again and, besides, Margaret had such pretty wrists and arms, like a baby's. Her needle flew on without a pause. The waist took shape—became a reality.

But now she was forced to stop and wonder—what should she do for trimming? The dress required trimming—it had to have it. It would be as plain and as dull as the white one unless she could give it a touch of something. But what? She had no lace, no net, nothing. She picked up the discarded ruffle and drew it through her fingers. If she could but make plaitings!

She took her scissors and cut the ruffling in half, and picked up the piece with the hemmed edge—a long hemmed band it made, perhaps an inch and a half wide—too wide. She cut it ruthlessly again, and now it was no more than an inch. She pressed it between her fingers, but the plaits were not even. She would spoil it.

Her mind ran over all the possibilities at hand. She even went and looked into the kitchen drawer to see if something might be accomplished with a piece of the fork. But no,—that was impossible.

At last she noticed the towel bar where the dishcloth was hanging. It was made with three round metal bars, set close together, but swinging apart at one end. It was a small cheap one that she had bought at the five and ten cent store, and she had disliked it because it was so little and poorly made. Now she was glad to heat and wrench the towel bar unceremoniously off its place on the wall.

After a little experimenting she found that if she pressed the strip of muslin down between the bars with a dull knife and set the hot iron on it for a moment, she could make two charming little round flutings. And so on and on indefinitely. But it was aggravatingly slow work and had to be done with the greatest care. She did not mind that. She concentrated on it fiercely and the length of delicate fluted ruffling began to lengthen under her hands she could have sung for joy. She made enough of it to go around the simple fichu and around each sleeve, and as she sewed the last bit into place, she heard the birds singing for dawn.

Even now she did not look up. She skirted to busy putting the waist and skirt together. But when the morning began to creep in through the door and window and pale, the artificial light white and turn, she took the completed dress in her two hands and held it from her that she might see if her work was good.

And it was good. The clear color and the charming transparency of the dress were like a lovely fresh flower. It was so simple yet so absolutely fitting everywhere that Lida knew that Margaret would afford no contrast to Kathie to-day. She hung the dress carefully on the line again and flung her hands over her face and burst into tears, and the first rays of the sun came in and found her there, crying. But they were not unhappy tears. A miracle had happened. The long night vigil had purged her soul of its unfeelingness, its long resentment against Fate. She had done the impossible, with her hands, and in doing it she had wrought a great healing of her spirit.

Presently she stopped crying and began to smile. She did not feel any weariness, she was so happy. She took the dress down and carried it carefully up-stairs and into Margaret's room, and hung it where Margaret's eyes would fall upon it as soon as she waked. Then she went back into her own room and rummaged in her "useless box," where odds and ends of impossible gifts had been stored away. There was a terrible dresser scarf there that one of Evan's grateful old ladies had given her. She had found it, and pulled out of it a length of ribbon, French blue, and quite unfringed through all these years it had been put away so carefully. She flung back into the box the scarf, a horror of coarse lace and embroidery.

Once more she went into Margaret's room, and tied the ribbon gently around the waist of the dress. It was just what the pink stuff needed to give it accent. She almost laughed out loud, it looked so charming. As she put the last touches on it, Margaret turned sleepily and she flew outside the door in a panic and then waited there, breathless, trembling with happiness.

"Mother," called Margaret's voice presently, in extreme wonderment, "Mother—where did this dress come from?" She thought her mother was still in her own room. "Mother," she called again, "for heaven's sake, come here and look!"

And now Lida came inside the door. Margaret was sitting up in bed stark blind, her eyes round and blue, her cheeks rosy with excitement and surprise.

Presently the truth came out. It was just her curtains, confessed Lida, colored up with Christmas wrapping paper, and it was all very simply made. Tears of pride and joy were in her eyes as she told it.

"Oh Mother, if you only knew! I hated to wear that old dress! But you did it, didn't you—you worked all night to make me this!"

She slipped out of bed and laid a loving finger on the crisp freshness of the pink dress. "It's so lovely!" she cried, and then she turned and flung her arms about her mother. "Mother, darling—you are a genius!"

And the sting was gone from the word forever.—By Sophie Kerr in the "Woman's Home Companion."

U. S. Health Bureau Fighting Imported Diseases.

Before the armistice was signed the United States Public Health Service was making preliminary plans for an after-the-war campaign against epidemic diseases which were only too certain to threaten an invasion of this country from abroad.

War spreads these diseases in a frightful way Cholera, bubonic plague, typhus and smallpox are at the present time making havoc in the Old World, and they can be kept out of the United States only by the exercise of utmost precautions. Plague, the "black death" of the middle ages, threatens every American seaport; it has gained a foothold in Texas, and New York city has appropriated \$80,000 for precautionary measures against this and other maladies likely to be imported.

All of the great epidemic diseases seem to have originated in the Orient, where populations are thickest, most plagues having apparently their proper breeding place in the Yunnan province of China, which is a permanent storehouse of the infection; and from that source have come all the waves of that dreaded malady that have swept the world since the beginning of historic time. One of these epidemics, starting in 1894, took 180,000 lives in Canton, and for many years thereafter killed half a million people annually in India. The worst on record struck Europe in 1324, and wiped out 25,000,000—one fourth of the total population of that continent.

The bacillus pestis, which is the cause of plague, owes its distributions to the rat flea. A plague-stricken rat when it dies is deserted by the fleas, which thereupon are likely to seek human beings and bite them. The plague germs thus communicated enter the glands, and set up a rapid and destructive inflammation, which is usually fatal.

Acquaintance with the germs that cause these deadly diseases is a great help in dealing with them. The bacillus of cholera is familiarly known. Its infection is spread most commonly by drinking water, but sometimes by flies and in other ways. In former days widespread epidemics of cholera in this country—for instance in 1848, in 1866 and in 1872—but now our health authorities know how to deal with it.

Cholera seems to have its original home in the delta of the Ganges. Conditions favor its spread in India, where the dirtiest ponds are the holiest, and therefore frequented by crowds of true believers, who come to bathe and wash away their sins. The disease owes its distribution, however, mainly to pilgrims who journey from southern Asia to Mecca. Those who died en route—as they do, by thousands—are assured of eternal salvation. Which is perfectly all right so far as they are concerned; but unfortunately, scattering on their return from the holy city, they spread cholera far and wide.

Smallpox is undoubtedly of Asiatic origin, having been known in China long before it was introduced into the India since the advent of the crusaders in the middle ages brought back with them from the Near East was this horrible disease, which killed 500,000 people annually in Europe. A century ago it was reckoned that one-fourth of the human race bore in blindness or disfigurement the scars of smallpox. The germ is a bacterium, but is too small to be seen with a high-power microscope and so has never been discovered.

Typhus is a disease of uncleanness, and raged everywhere during the age of the louse—the period when knight-hood was in flower and there were no bathtubs. The late war has made us familiar with the insect that carries the germ. The bug has probably killed more men than ever fell in battle. But where the malady had its origin nobody knows.

The First Umbrella.

The first umbrella ever seen in this country reached Baltimore, a shipment of them coming from England, in July, 1770. Hardly any of them found purchasers for quite a while. People laughed at the molly-coddle contrivance, which was not only foolish but unnecessary, inasmuch as rain would not melt anybody.

The first anthracite coal ever delivered in Philadelphia arrived in that city, nine wagonloads, in July, 1812. Two of the loads were sold for what it had cost to transport them, and the rest was given away. Those who bought the stuff declared it a cheat, inasmuch as it was "nothing but stones and would not burn."

PENNSYLVANIA'S FORESTS.

Short Talks on the Forests and the Lumber Situation.

By Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of Pennsylvania.

GIVE THE TREES A CHANCE.

It is not so much what forest fires destroy that makes them so costly, but what they prevent from growing. It is the same with careless lumbering.

When a tract of timber is cut without giving the necessary protection to the young growth, it is easily possible for the operation to destroy for the future far more timber than it has cut for present consumption. How this adds to the ultimate cost of lumber is easily seen. The wise lumbering operation is the one that is undertaken in a sound, practical systematic way and with a view both to harvest the ripe timber and to conserve the young growth and keep the forest in shape to continue producing trees.

Cutting and skidding should be done when possible in the winter months, because at this season the least damage will occur to the young growth. Danger from fire in the winter is at a minimum, and spring sprouting to follow will be most vigorous. Logging operations are most economical in the months when plant life is dormant and when the ground is frozen. The product can be manufactured at the mill and marketed during the summer months to better advantage from the standpoint both of the lumberman and the employer. During these months the forests would be left alone for the young growth to get started.

Pennsylvania has seen so much of devastating lumbering. The Department of Forestry has ended it as far as the State forests are concerned. But the Department's duty extends to all forests. It is the people's job to put an end to unnecessary forest devastation, just the same as to forest fires, on all purely timber producing lands.

No forester wants to grow trees on land worth more to farm. But neither does he want the land to lie idle that could just as well or better be well handled forest trees.

On a well handled forest the trees to be cut are first carefully selected and then marked so as to avoid any mistake. They are selected in such a way as to get what the owner wants, while at the same time the welfare of the forest is not overlooked. Then each tree is thrown where it will do the least harm to young growth in falling, and any small trees down under its crown are released at once. After that the branches are looped down to a certain size (say three inches in diameter) and the brush is scattered so that it will rot as quickly as possible, or piled for burning. Through it all the essential thing is neither to cut nor to injure any young tree that can be spared.

The public generally can appreciate the reasons for carefully avoiding forest devastation in all lumbering. It is a people's question. Conservative lumbering will not work a hardship upon lumbermen, and it will be a great aid in ending the devastation of the forests.

The effects of careless lumbering are felt by the people of Pennsylvania in dozens of ways. When a citizen builds a home, when he buys a pair of shoes, or when his wife goes to market for food for the family, they feel the pinch, because the cost of the wood which enters into the manufacture, transportation, or sale of every commodity purchased is part of the reason for the excessive prices charged. When a man travels on railroad or by motor car in any part of Pennsylvania, he sees in bald hills and barren wastes the awful results of letting fire and forest make lumber scarce, and of short sighted selfishness in lumbering.

Give the young trees a chance. They will grow if you will let them.

Woodlands Yield Dividend to Owners For Proper Care.

It is a mistake to saw up choice logs of white oak, ash, cherry, and yellow poplar for rough uses at home or to use clear black walnut for gate boards or split up white oak butts for fence posts. This fact is emphasized in many ways in a new publication, Forestry and the Farm Income, issued by the Forestry Service, United States Department of Agriculture. Farmers are told that many valuable logs go into crosscuts when they would bring the owner much more if sold as logs. Likewise, large numbers of rapid growing trees are cut which produce only small ties, whereas if left to grow for from three to five years they would yield more than double the profit. To avoid making such mistakes owners of farm woodland should familiarize themselves with the uses for each kind of timber in best adapted.

Timber that is cut in the late spring and summer months should be handled with special care to avoid injury, because freshly cut wood is then more likely to be attacked by insects and fungi than during the colder months. Seasoning proceeds more rapidly during the warmer season and may cause excessive checking, which is not beneficial to the timber. If rightly handled, posts, poles, and logs may be cut at any season without their durability being affected to lie in direct contact with the ground. The opportunity for insect attack and decay can be reduced to a minimum by peeling the timbers and open piling them off the ground in a shaded but dry place. This, however, does not retard checking of the wood.

Logs are sometimes stored under water in the hot season to prevent blue stain, checking, insect attack, and decay. Painting the ends of logs with a yellow ochre or barn paint will very materially retard injury by end checking. Painting peeled timbers with creosote will prevent sap stain and decay.

The navy has sold for \$20,000,000 its surplus aircraft. All air machines are sold as soon as they become obsolete for naval purposes.

Subscribe for the Watchman.

FARM NOTES.

It is impossible to say just how long the operation of caponizing has been performed. It seems quite certain, however, that the practice was familiar to the Chinese more than 2,000 years ago. Later it was practiced by the Greeks and Romans, and through medieval times by the people of middle and southern Europe. In recent years it was introduced into America. At present capons are most universally known and appreciated in France, although the business of producing them has advanced gradually in America. This industry is most important in that portion of the United States east of Philadelphia, though increasing numbers of capons are being raised in the Middle Western States on general farms.

In selecting the breed best suited for caponizing several factors must be taken into consideration. Large capons bring the best prices. Consequently, the breed should be large. It does not pay to caponize small States poultry experts of the United States Department of Agriculture say. Yellow legs and skin, as in other classes of poultry, are most popular. The Plymouth Rocks, Light Brahmas, Cochins, Indian Games, Langshans, and Wyandottes are all recommended by different producers, as are also various crosses of these. The Opington also makes fine capons, but the white legs and skin are of a disadvantage in this country.

In so far as the effects of the operation and the rapidity and ease of healing are concerned, the time of year when the operation is performed is of little importance. Capons seem to recover well at any time. Certain other considerations, however, influence the time. The age and size of the cockerel are very important. As soon as the cockerels weigh 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 pounds, or when 2 to 4 months old they should be operated upon. The lower age and weight limits apply particularly to the American breeds, while the higher apply to the Asiatics. Capons are in great demand and bring the best prices from the Christmas season until the end of March.

Capons are usually kept till they are about 10 months old. At this time the market is at its best and the birds have made their most profitable gains. The feeds used and the methods of feeding vary greatly, so much so, indeed, that it is futile to give specific directions. For several months after the operation a good growing ration, not a fattening one, is required. It may consist of whole grains, ground grains, or a combination of the two, as each feeder finds most profitable and best suited to his locality. As with other poultry, variety must be given for best benefits. Late in the fall, when the capons have no pasture, green feed, such as cut clover or vegetables, should be provided. A somewhat more fattening ration than that required for laying hens to give good results.

As capons are not usually marketed before Christmas, or the 1st of January, they have to be housed during late fall or early winter. Because of their quiet disposition they have been successfully housed in what only 2 or 3 square feet of floor space to a fowl. Free range for capons, however, is very desirable, as it promotes their continuous, rapid, and economical growth. The cost of rearing capons to 10 months of age is a large item with present high feed prices, unless a good range is available.

During the last month and a half before marketing the corn in the ration should be gradually increased until the capons are on a full fattening ration. For the last two or three weeks they may be shut up and fed in crates, for every possible ounce at this stage adds to appearance and profit.

Dried pumpkin or squash make pies nearly, if not quite, the equal of the fresh or canned fruit. When the pumpkins and squash are plentiful dry some for winter use. The following directions for drying are given by specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Pumpkins used for drying may be of any variety, but the firm, solid-fleshed deep-colored varieties will give a larger yield of a more highly flavored and consequently more desirable product. Either summer squash or the late winter varieties may be dried. In any case the vegetables should be mature and in good condition for use fresh.

The treatment given pumpkin and squash is identical. Cut the vegetables into strips 2 inches wide and 1/2 inch thick. Remove the seeds and pass the strips through a rotary slicer set to cut pieces one-half to five-eighths inch in thickness. They may be cut to this thickness with a knife. Dip the pieces immediately into boiling water or steam for 3 to 6 minutes. The varieties vary so much as to the amount and depth of their color that a little experimenting is necessary to tell just how long a time is needed to complete the process. Remove the pieces as soon as they become semi-transparent.

If a commercial dryer is used, start the drying at a temperature of approximately 135 F and increase it gradually to 160 as the material dries. The tray should be looked over once or twice in order that any moist spots may be opened and dried. Pumpkin or squash should not be dried until brittle. The material is in proper condition for removing from the evaporator when the pieces have become leathery, but show no moisture when cut across.

When the garden crops have reached maturity or are far enough developed to suffer little damage from chickens the flock should be given free range. There are times in late summer and early fall when the benefit received by the poultry will exceed the slight injury some garden products may incur.

Free range enables growing chickens to obtain quantities of green feed, bugs, worms, and other things. The chickens therefore require less grain and are less liable to sickness or disease. Exercise and ability to range for even a few hours a day is beneficial to a flock that has been kept in confinement during spring and early summer.