

Democratic Watchman

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THE ROAD OF HAPPINESS.

Across the rolling hills of life
A friendly highway leads,
A road whose every wondrous mile
Is paved with noble deeds.
For any man this course begins
Where will and judgment meet,
Where solemn purpose points the way
And kindness guides his feet.
This highway is the only road
That leads to great success,
No other trail, no sideling path
Will find true happiness.
Though up and down its route may run
It carries straight and far
And gains at last that haven where
Life's great possessions are.
The youth who sets a worthy goal
And formulates a plan
Of progress that enables him
To serve his fellow man
Begins at once to know the joys
That glory and bliss
The lives of those who daily walk
The Road of Happiness.
—O. Lawrence Hawthorne.

CROSSING THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

Neal Lindsay heard the first ring of the telephone bell. He sprang from bed, not waiting to light a lamp, but snatching the bathrobe that hung over a chair. In the intense darkness the youth unhesitatingly made his way through the connecting door into his father's office.
"Hope it didn't wake mother," he thought as his hand went out in the gloom to seize the telephone receiver. "Hello, Doctor Lindsay's office. Oh, you dad?" unconsciously raising his voice a little because of the beating of the rain against the windows.
"Yes, son. I'm still at the Blanchard's. It's appendicitis, Neal. I must operate on Mr. West as soon as I can."
"Operate? But, dad, your instruments are here. You want me to bring them to you?"
"That's it, Neal. And Sycamore bridge is out."
"Out? Why, how—is the railroad bridge for me, dad?"
There was the briefest pause before the voice of Doctor Robert Lindsay, long the trusted physician of that mountain region, replied to the question asked by his son. No matter how carefully the trip was planned it contained an element of danger. To cross the river on the railroad bridge, in the storm and darkness might mean danger to Neal, his only child.

"What did you say, dad?"
"Yes, lad. You know what you are to bring—the brown case. Be sure the ether bottle is full. Now listen closely, and Neal, do just as I tell you."
"Yes, father." The youth's voice was touched with a sense of resolution that reassured his father. Neal understood.

"I've telephoned to the station and found out about the trains. There are no extras out tonight and no laggards. The western-bound local passed an hour ago. At seven minutes after three the express goes east is due to cross the bridge. I think you will be over before that time, but when you reach the bridge, if it lacks ten minutes or less of the time the train is due, you wait until it comes."
"It may be late tonight."
"I know. We will take no chances though. Promise me, son."

In turn the young man waited, but only for a moment. His reply came, earnest, confident. "I promise, dad. And I'll not let mother about the going out of Sycamore bridge."
It did not take Neal long to dress and wake his mother. He explained his going to her and then made sure that the case he was to carry was in readiness for use. He suspended it, by a stout strap, over his shoulder. Putting a big flashlight in his raincoat pocket the youth let himself out of the front door into the storm and the night.

The autumn gale had been raging for two days. As Neal turned his face towards the hills which bounded the little hamlet of Cranton, the wind lashed his face with the cold rain. He threw back his head; there was a bit of enjoyment in the spirit with which he faced a struggle with the elements. Doctor Lindsay's work led him far and wide among the hill folk. Eighteen months before a minister had come to work among the same people. The Reverend Horace West was an old man, bowed with trouble rather than with years. He came from a city a hundred miles away. It was reported that failing health obliged him to give up the big church he had so long served. To the illiterate, lonely mountain people he brought a message of love and faith. Notwithstanding his slender store of strength he went to and fro, penetrating into depths where no minister's voice had ever been heard. All came to honor and to love him; his influence was far-reaching.

Mr. West made his home with a family by the name of Blanchard. They lived near the village, just across West river. The Blanchards, while retaining many of the customs of the mountaineers, had a comfortable home. Early the day before Doctor Lindsay had been called there to attend Mr. West. The case seemed so serious that the physician went back in the late afternoon, to spend the night.

"And now it is an operation for him. I hope the good old man will plod through," Neal thought as he plodded on, buffeted by the wind, drenched by the falling rain.
When at last he reached the railroad bridge he paused before walking out on it. In summer West River was a shallow, slowly moving trickle. Just then, swollen by the prolonged rainfall, it was a raging torrent. It's roar filled Neal's ears, as he stopped, to cast the light of his electric torch downward.

The flood was some distance below the stout bridge. There was little danger, at least for one with a clear head and a stout heart. Neal flashed the light upon the face of his wrist watch. "Five minutes to three. I've still two minutes to spare on dad's time

limit," and he ran lightly forward the flashlight in his hand.

Because of the beating rain, the howling wind, and the rushing water, Neal did not hear the agonized cries that rose from near the other end of the bridge. He was almost on the struggling, screaming figure before he was aware of his presence.

"What is it? Why, what is wrong?" Neal cried.
"Help me. For God's sake help me! When I was almost over the bridge I slipped on the wet ties, and my foot went down between two of them. I can't get it out. When is there a train due?"

Neal was already on his knees by the unfortunate fellow, investigating the imprisoned foot by the aid of his torch. At that last question the youth's head reeled. Unless the train had been delayed, the danger was near, pressing.

"It's your shoe that's caught," he announced. And I reckon those two ties are the only ones on the bridge far enough apart for your foot to go between. Have you a knife?"
"No, and I couldn't get my hand down to cut the shoe off, if I had."

From his pocket Neal took a stout knife. He found it impossible to get his hand, holding the knife, through the opening. He might be able to manage it after a little, but there was no time to lose.

"I say do you know about the trains?" the other inquired. "You must not risk your life for me."
"There's time, if I can get at your foot. One your shoe is off, you can make it easily. Here, you hold the flashlight, while I reach down under. I'm sure I can get at it that way."
"But that's a risk for you. I'm not sure but the best way will be to hack off my foot. Dying would not be much worse than going through life crippled, but it would be such a horrid death. And then I was on my way to make my peace with—"

He broke off abruptly. Neal heard him without paying much attention to his words. He had thrown himself down on the bridge. With his left hand he clung to the iron rail while with his right he slashed at the shoe of the captive.

"Here! I'll take a grip on your leg. And I'll not let you fall. Hurry! Never mind if you do cut my foot. Heavenly Father, help us!"

Neal struggled on. In the uncertain light he saw blood on his knife. Would he never get the foot free? And just below him the flood raged. He was trying to pull the shoe while at the same time he clutched the knife, when, from out of the gloom, came a sound that he recognized—the whistle of an engine. It was still some distance away, but each passing second brought it nearer.

Neal braced himself for a mighty effort. He did not heed the other's demand for him to make his own safety assured. In a desperate slash at the leather, the knife slipped from his hand. He tried to recover it, and, for a single moment, thought he was going over the edge of the bridge. Then he caught the shoe in his hand and tore it away. The sock followed. Working the foot back and forth he called:

"Steady now! To the right! There!"

He had won. When the foot was free, the rescued youth, who had never loosened his grip on Neal's leg, made no effort to rise until the other was on his feet.

"Lend me a hand; I'm a bit stiff. I owe my life to you."
"Don't let us waste time, talking. Come on," and, pulling his companion along, Neal raced across the remaining space of the bridge, not halting until he felt the solid earth beneath his feet.

Almost at once the long, lighted express train came sweeping along. Its speed was slackened for the passage across the bridge. The two young men, seated on the wet grassy river bank waited in silence until it had disappeared from sight. Then the stranger laid his hand upon that of Neal.

"Thank you. Even now I don't like to think of the passage of that train, had not God sent you to cross the bridge."

Neal started, recalling his errand. In a moment he was on his feet. "I think I am on His errand. In this case are my doctor father's instruments. He must operate on an old minister, a saintly old man, as soon as he can get them. It's not far. Can you walk with one shoe? And your bare foot is bleeding."
"That does not matter; the cuts are little more than scratches. I can walk faster with both feet bare," and hastily he pulled off the other shoe.

The rain was lessening; overhead the clouds parted. Looking up Neal saw a single pale star. He threw back his head with the olden confidence as he turned his face from the river.
"Somehow I have a strange feeling, as if we were brought together for a purpose. Where were you going?"
"I was looking for my father. Two years ago, like a reckless fool, I ran away from home, to seek the world. I knocked about in the West, writing to my father only at intervals of months and never waiting in any place for a reply. Then I resolved to go home, and I had to work hard for months, to earn decent clothes and money enough to bring me to Leesville."

"Is there where your father lives? But you were going away from it."
"I reached there thirty-six hours ago, to learn that my father had given up his pastorate, broken in health by my desertion. He's up in the hills, preaching and proving the truth of what he preaches by his daily life. I had no money, so I started out to tramp until I found him. And I—well, my need to see him became so urgent that I went on and on, through storm and darkness."
"See here. Are you the son of the Reverend Horace West?"
"Yes, his son Donald. You don't mean that it is my father who—"
"I do. And he's bad. Dad always says half in going through an operation is courage. Perhaps you can give your father that."
"I robbed him of it, by my neglect. Heaven help us! I deserved to have the wheels of that train grind out my miserable life."
Neal shook the other's arm savagely. "Now don't pose. Be a man, for

your father's sake. Why, he has given his strength, his very life to those poor mountaineers. There! That's Blanchard's where we will find your father."

Doctor Lindsay met his son at the door. "I was getting a bit uneasy. When the train went by, I said to myself, 'Neal always keeps his promise.' Now who is this?"

"It's Mr. West's son, dad. He is looking for his father whom he hasn't seen for two years."

Doctor Robert Lindsay scowled. His eyes narrowed in the light of a leaping fire and flaring candles. "Well, young man, it's time. Grief and worry are largely responsible for the exhausted condition that makes the outcome of this operation, which must be, uncertain. I am glad you are here."

"Let me tell you how I came to be here. Your son saved my life."

Before he finished his story, Doctor Lindsay interrupted him. The strong man's face had paled a little. If Neal, in his effort to save another had tarried too long on the bridge! "Well, I must begin at once; delay increases the danger. Mrs. Blanchard will administer the ether; she has nursed the country for years. See here, West?"

"Yes, Doctor Lindsay."
"I am going to let you go in for three minutes with your father, before I begin. If anything can give him the desire to live that he needs, the sight of your face will do it, because I am a father. Don't tell him about the bridge."

Neal was hurried away by one of the many young Blanchards, for dry clothes. All the household, save the little children were awake, vitally interested, prodigal with sympathy and readiness to help. They gathered in the kitchen, to await the outcome of the task the skillful brown hands of the physician were to do. Lucy, the eldest daughter of the house, went about, with quick, noiseless steps, laying out the fresh clothing, sending her brothers for dry wood and to the spring for cool water, putting coffee to steep, and slicing bacon.

Time dragged. Slowly, as if with reluctance, a dull gray morning light crept over the earth. The Blanchard boys went to the barn. In a chimney corner Donald West sat, his head bowed in his hands. As Lucy passed Neal she stopped, to say:

"Drop down on the lounge, until breakfast is ready, Neal. You look so tired."

"Now I believe I will. I'm not sleepy, but somehow I am done out." Notwithstanding that statement, he was sound asleep in five minutes. With healthy youth's disregard of surroundings, he slept on for two hours. When he did wake, it was to sit up with a start, at first unable to realize where he was.

Outside the window near him the sloping hillside was flooded with sunshine. Above arched a cloudless sky. He caught a glimpse of the river where, at the base of the hill, it widened and grew shallow. Then he turned, to look around the room.

Apparently part of the family had breakfasted, but Lucy was deftly turning well-browned cakes, while her younger sister May was singing over the dishwasher. From an adjoining room came the low, confident tones of Neal's father. Even as the young man rose to his feet, a door opened, and Donald West strode into the room.

"Hello, old man!" Neal called. "No need to ask you how it is; your face tells the story."
"It's all right, thanks to you and your father. He's coming fine, my father I mean. I'll spend my life, trying to prove my gratitude to you all."
"O stop that—talking about it I mean. I want a good wash and some of Lucy's cakes. Good morning, dad. If it's not too late, I'd like my breakfast with you. Somehow I just begin to understand about fathers."

Vacuum Storage Preserves Fur.

A novel use for a vacuum has been discovered by a St. Louis storage man. An experimental room has been built in which rugs and other household furnishings are stored. The air is then partly exhausted, with the result that all insect life, such as moths, is unable to exist. Mice also die quickly, as there is little oxygen in the air. The room is 8 by 8 by 8 feet with walls eight inches thick and built of non-porous concrete. Glass peepholes are arranged on two sides for studying the effect of the vacuum on insect and animal life. A steel door is provided with special hinges and four screws with handles are used to hold the door securely until the air exhaustion begins. After a partial vacuum has been created the door is drawn so tight from outside air pressure that no locks or fastenings are needed.—Scientific American.

Mexican Dogs Run Faster than Trains

There are dogs in Mexico which outrun trains and, in fact, go with them most of the way to Vera Cruz from the capital. This is an over night journey.

The dogs, as wild as any coyote, follow the trains as some fish follow steamers. When a train stops passengers always throw bits of food to the dogs.

A dog fancier noticed that he saw precisely the same dogs at almost every stop the train made. He decided to investigate and learned that while the train was taking a circuitous route over the mountains the dogs were taking a short Indian trail and were invariably waiting for the train upon its arrival.

Tagging the Trees.

A western dealer furnishes red tags to hunters which carry on one side a plea for clean sportsmanship, says Good Hardware.

These tags are taken up by hunters and tied on the trees. The reverse side may be used by the hunter on which to write a message.

If the hunter is to meet a friend in the woods, the game lures him away from the spot, he leaves a red tag, making new plans for the meeting.

The farmers, too, appreciate the message which the card carries in the interest of their fences and woods.

New Yorker's Act of Courtesy Was Wasted

He is a New Yorker distinguished for his unflinching courtesy. It has become second nature to him to do the right and kind thing. Strangely enough, he is also given to moments of absorption in which externals register only automatically upon his consciousness. Frequently, in his homeward walks, he becomes so occupied with his own thoughts that he is in a world quite apart from that which is worrying past him. However, the instinct of courtesy remains, no matter how preoccupied he may be.

He was strolling homeward an evening or two ago, lost in reverie. The people who went by were merely gray shapes, a flutter on the screen he dimly saw out of the tail of his eye.

One shape came toward him, a vague thing, one of many. As it reached a point abreast of him he saw something white flutter from it to the sidewalk. To his engrossed mind that meant only one thing, that someone dropped something, and the someone a woman, as they are the ones who most often drop things. Courtesy demanded that he stoop and pick it up and return it.

For just one instant he emerged from his preoccupation, stooped and picked up the white thing he had seen flutter down. He proffered it to the young woman, and then, all of a sudden, realized he was handing her a woolly white dog!

"Thanks ever so much," she said, "but I intended to let him down for a little run."

And Mr. Courtesy raised his hat, and passed on and back into his reverie.—New York Evening World.

Belief in Horseshoes Traced to the Druids

The idea that it is lucky to find a horseshoe is regarded by authorities on folklore as a Druidical survival. The superstition is peculiar to regions where Druidism once flourished, and the Druidical places of worship, as exemplified by Stonehenge, made their inner circle of stones a broken or open one.

The idea that a horseshoe brings the best luck when you find it lying with the points toward you—the sacred inner circle open to you, as it were—also bears upon this theory.

Druidism passed, but the superstition outlasts empires and religions, and when horseshoes became common the superstitious found ready at hand a representation of the ancient symbol of the broken circle. The idea that in attaching the symbol to the house the points should be up had a Druidical signification which has been lost. People nowadays say it is "to prevent the luck running out."

Architectural Gems

Besides Wolsey's great hall and kitchen, Christ church, Oxford, boasts two of the finest English examples of the Gothic style of architecture, both built more than a century after Gothic became merely a historical term. One of these, the stairway to the hall, was designed in 1640 by a genius known only as "Smith of London."

The other, Tom tower, carrying the Great Tom bell which every night rings 101 peals to announce the closing of college gates, was designed by Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's, in one of the few happy moments when he really sensed the feeling of medieval builders.

Read as Death Beckoned

A reader asks whether we know which work of Voltaire it was that was found on Sargent's deathbed. We don't. But it may interest him and others to know that Tennyson died with his Shakespeare open at "Cymbeline," Macaulay when he was found dead in his library had a number of the Cornhill magazine before him, open at the first chapter of Thackeray's "Love the Widower." Mark Twain with almost the last effort of his mind turned to Carlyle's "French Revolution."—W. Orton Tewson in the New York Evening Post.

Groundless Fear

Some persons dread to take an anesthetic because they fear they will talk in their sleep. This is largely a myth, says Dr. Floyd Troutman Romberger, an anesthetist, who is a contributor to Hygeia, health magazine published by the American Medical Association.

Under modern methods of inducing anesthetic sleep, consciousness is lost so rapidly that the patient does not have time to say anything. When he is coming to, he usually is so drowsy that he does not care to talk.

Had Gone Far Enough

A married couple were knocked down by a motorcar. The car dashed away. The police arrived and found the couple bursting with indignation.

"Do you know the number of the car?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," replied the husband; "by a strange coincidence the first two numbers formed my age and the second two the age of my wife."
"John," said the wife, "we will let the matter drop at once."

Italian State Railways

One hundred million passengers rode on the Italian state railways during last year, according to statistics recently issued. They paid an aggregate fare of 1,400,000,000 lire. Eighty-six per cent of the passengers traveled third class, 12 per cent second class and only 2 per cent first class.

May Have Come Upon Lost Mormon Trails

Curious old rock trails recently discovered have caused the California State Historical society to launch an extended research into the routes of early day highways in the belief that the evidences found are those of the lost Mormon trails which more than a half century ago connected Utah with the Pacific southwest, according to the New York World.

More than 60 years ago San Bernardino, 22 miles south of Lake Arrowhead, was a Mormon village, planned after Salt Lake City, and to the southwest ox-cart caravans creaked their picturesque way along the monotonous journey.

What is now known as Lake Arrowhead was at that time a rugged, mountainous section with rushing streams. The lost trails are believed to have traversed this section. With the coming of settlers, the mountain streams were stemmed and Little Bear lake came into existence. Later a huge earth-filled dam 1,300 feet wide at the base, with a capacity of 775 acres of water, created Lake Arrowhead.

In the virgin forest of oak, cedar and fir surrounding the present lake-old roads wind through the trees to the water's edge, where they disappear to emerge again on the opposite side of the lake.

The historical research workers believe these trails once traversed the former mountain slopes and merged with the old Arrowhead trail in the desert, near Victorville and Hesperia.

Holidays in Brazil Come Thick and Fast

The man who covets numerous holidays should move to Brazil. According to a report issued by a trust company of New York, "Bank and Public Holidays Throughout the World," Brazil enjoys eleven public holidays, and augments this allowance by many unofficial holidays which are generally observed. Starting well off the mark on January 1, with New Year's day there is an interval for work until the 6th, which is Epiphany. Follows a period of hard stogging until the 20th, when the state of Rio downs tools. Another state follows suit on the 25th, and still another on the 27th, which is the last holiday in January. Most months are like that in Brazil. In fact one or two months—such as April—are still more bountifully provided with holidays.

Welcome Stranger

A distinguished westerner, subject to severe attacks of indigestion, was traveling with his wife. Late one night in a pullman, he was seized with an attack. His wife slipped on a kimono and hurried to the washroom to prepare a mustard plaster. She rushed back hastily threw aside the curtains, opened his pajamas and applied the plaster securely before she discovered it wasn't her husband, but a strange man. She fled horrified to the right berth and told her husband, who went into such fits of laughter that his indigestion was cured. If they tried to take off the plaster they would awaken the stranger. To avoid a difficult explanation they decided just to leave it on.

At 6 a. m. there was a terrific roar from the stranger's berth. "Porter," he howled, "who the—I put a porcupine in my bed!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Origin of the Clock

The first clock, according to Harry C. Brearly, was produced about 900 A. D. by Gerbert, the monk, who was the most accomplished scholar of the age. At that time the monks were the only people of learning to whom marking off of a day's time was significant. They used bells to mark off the various periods of the day, such as some churches do today. The sounding of the ancient bells was depended upon by all the people and that is why the word "clock" was taken from the French word "cloche," which means "bell." At the close of the Thirteenth century a clock was set up in St. Paul's cathedral in London, and in 1581 Galileo, an Italian youth, discovered the principle of the pendulum.

Famous Knights Rare

In British history there are literally thousands of men who have been dubbed knights, but in history the number who stand out as really famous are few. Among those accorded real fame by Sir William Bull, author of "Knighthood," are: Drake, Sidney, Grenville, Raleigh, Frobisher and Hawkins among the more ancient and Shackleton among the moderns. In philosophy the famous one listed is Bacon; in art, Leighton, Alma-Tadema and Orchardson. The stage claims Sir Henry Irving; music, Sir Arthur Sullivan; science, Sir William Crookes, and politics, Sir William Harcourt.

Early Electric Traction

The first electric motor was that made by Abbe Salvatore del Negro in Italy in 1830. Robert Davidson of Aberdeen began experimenting about 1838 with the electric motor as a means of traction and constructed a powerful engine carrying a battery of 40 cells. The beginning of modern electric traction dates from 1878 when the firm of Siemens & Halske put into operation the first electric railway at the industrial exposition in Berlin. The following year Thomas A. Edison operated his experimental line in Menlo Park, N. J.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.
Goe not half-way to meet a coming sorrow,
But be thankful for blessings of today,
And pray that thou mayest blessed be tomorrow,
So shalt thou goe with joy upon thy way.
—Adolphus Goss.

An electric sweeper saves the dirtiest and most exasperating task in the home; that is the task of keeping clean the floor-mop. Shaking it is not really effective; to wash it is repulsive. After each mopping start the electric-cleaner, tip it back from the floor to a convenient angle, and run the mop back and forth across the vacuum opening. The suction disposes of the lint, and if your sweeper has a revolving brush three or four strokes of the tips will help to make the mop almost unbelievably clean. The secret is in moving the mop across the cleaner, rather than the cleaner across the mop. This method is even more successful and quicker than using the vacuum attachments.

When drying curtains, if it is too much trouble to put up the stretcher, just hang the curtain on the regular rod at the window, run a heavier rod through the bottom hem, pull the material straight, and the curtains will be dry in half an hour without the disfiguring hole marks the stretcher makes.

A small piece of elastic sewed across the bottom of the legs of children's long underwear will keep it snugly in place around the foot and ankle. This convenient device will do away with that bothersome lapping and bagginess so common when children wear long underwear.

When sending a few choice apples to a friend, dip them in melted wax. This preserves the flavor and keeps the apples from getting bruised. Apples may be kept this way, without fear of spoiling, for a long time.

CONSTIPATION EXERCISES FOR YOUR BABY.

1. Single Knee Bending.
Lay baby on his back on a table or bed in front of you with his head at your left. Remove diaper. His other clothing may be off or on according to convenience. Now sit beside the baby, or if more comfortable hold him on your lap. Place your left hand lightly on his chest to steady him. With your right hand, grasp lightly baby's right leg just below the knee.
1. Bend the knee up, pressing it into the abdomen.
2. Straighten the knee, returning the leg and foot to the table. Repeat this three times. Do the same with the left knee and continue right and left in three counts until you have done it four times three (4x3) or twelve times in all.
Do this slowly, easily and rhythmically, but vigorously. Do not be afraid of the baby. Pressing the knee into the soft, little abdomen, taking it away and then pressing it again has an effect of kneading which softens up the contents of the intestines and quickens the action of the bowels. Most babies like to be handled and played with and will take this as a great joke and laugh while you are doing it.
2. Double Knee Bending.
Put the baby in the same position as for exercise number one, but with both little knees bent and grasped in the right hand.
1. Now bend both knees up, pressing into the abdomen.
2. Return to the starting position with the baby's feet resting on the table.
Repeat in groups of three (3x3) or nine times in all.
In doing this exercise you may notice that the buttocks come up off the table at the end of the upward pressure. This is all right, in fact it is an advantage. You give a slight rolling motion up and down.
3. Knee Circling.
Start with the same position as in exercise number two. Grasp both bent knees in your right hand.
1. Bend the baby's knees up on his abdomen at the right side, press them into the abdomen and move them toward his left. Release your pressure, and move the knees back to the right. Now press into the abdomen while moving to the left again. Repeat this in a continuous motion, pressing down as you move the baby's knees to the left and lifting as you bring them back to the right. Do this in threes (3x3) or nine times in all. The pressure in this exercise follows the direction of the large intestine, helping to move the contents on toward the rectum for evacuation.
4. Abdominal Kneading.
Lay the tips of the fingers of your right hand on the baby's abdomen, starting at the right side and making circular movements with pressure, following the same direction as in exercise three, from the right across to the left and then down a little toward the middle. Lift just before you complete the circle from the center to the right side. Continue in groups of three with a slight pause between, until you have done it (4x3) twelve times.—The Designer Magazine.

Pick as many tomatoes as desired while still green, having them free from blemish. Wrap each one in tissue-paper by itself, and arrange on a dry board in a cool place. They will ripen so gradually that they will be ready for slicing for Thanksgiving. It is better to gather them in late September or early October.

A small bottle-brush (I use one past its usefulness for baby's bottles) will be found convenient for cleaning the electric toaster whose crummy crevices are often inaccessible to fingers and a cloth.

If you accidentally slit your nice, new, figured oilcloth table-cover, cut a piece of white court-plaster a little longer and wider than the cut. Wet it and paste it down on the wrong side over the cut, and you have your oilcloth mended. It keeps the oilcloth from tearing more or fraying out.

Paper-clips are very useful in sewing. Use them in basting seams and turning hems.