

for

sity."

cessful. Her themes have been varied. She is thoroughly at home with historical subjects, especially those phases of his-tory rife in color and stirring episodes, such as the French Revolution. "An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel" is her latest work.

CHAPTER I

Sir Andrew's Story "You really are impossible, Sir ercy! Here are we ladies, raving, Percy! simply raving, about this latest ex-ploit of the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel, and you do naught but belittle his and you do naught but belittle his prowess. Lady Blakeney, I entreat, will you not add your voice to our prowess. chorus of praise, and drown Sir Per-cy's scoffing in an ocean of eulogy?"

Lady Alicia Nugget was very arch. She tapped Sir Percy's arm with her fan. She put up a jeweled finger and shook it at him with a great air of severity in her fine dark eyes. She turned an entreating glance on Mar-guerite Blakeney, and as that lady ap-peared engrossed in conversation with his grace of Flint, Lady Alicia turned the battery of her glances on his royal highness

'Your highness," she said, appealingly.

The prince laughed good humoredly. "Oh!" he said, "do not ask me to inculcate hero worship into this mau-vais-sujet. If you ladies cannot convert him to your views, how can I-a

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And his highness shrugged his shoulders. There were few entertainments he enjoyed more than seeing his friend, Sir Percy Blakeney, badgered by the ladies on the subject of their popular and mysterious hero, the Scarlet Pimpernel. "Your highness," Lady Alicia re-

torted, with the periness of a spolled child of society, "your highness can command Sir Percy to give us a true-a true-account of how that won-derful Scarlet Pimpernel snatched M. le Comte de Tournon d'Agenay with Madam la Comtesse and their three children out of the clutches of those abominable murderers in Paris, and drove them triumphantly to Boulogne, where they embarked on board an English ship and were ultimately safely landed in Dover. Sir Percy vows that he knows all the facts."

"And so I do, dear lady," Sir Percy now put in, with just a soupcon of impatience in his pleasant voice, "but, as I've already had the privilege to tell you, the facts are hardly worth retailing.

"The facts, Sir Percy," commanded the imperious beauty, think you are jealous." "or we'll all

"As usual, you would be right, dear lady," Sir Percy rejoined, blandly; "are not ladies always right in their are not ladies always right in their estimate of us poor men? I am jealous of that demmed elusive per-sonage who monopolizes the thoughts and the conversation of these galaxies of heavier who monifered entry in the second

chased by a terrier."

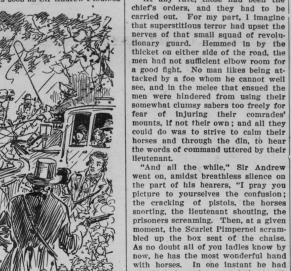
"The whole thing was, I am assured,

Copyright Baroness Orczy is a painter and playwright as well as a novelist. She is the daughter of the Baron Orczy, a diplomat and a fine musician, who at Opera House at Budapest. Her mother had been the Countess Wass, also of Hungary. The Countess Wass, also of Hungary. The Countess Wass, also of Hungary. The Countess Wass deucated in Brussels, Paris and London. She is a very fine writer and twas described in the London Graphio of 1907 as "One of the most cleverly versatile women of the day." With such an ancestry and raised in an atmosphere of er novels, most of which have been tremendously suc-essful. Her thems have heen varied She

plans had to be formulated in a hurry. Fortunately, chance on this occasion chose to favor those plans. Day had broken without a gleam of sunshine; a thin drizzle was falling, and there was a sharp head wind on, which fretted the horses and forced the driver to keep his head down, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his eyes. Nature, as you see, was helping all she could. One can imagine the surprise attack. Vague forms looming suddenly out of the mist and the sharp report of a pistol, twice in quick succession. The horses, sweating and panting, fell into a foot this latest prowess of the Scarlet Pimpernel from Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. It was a happy thought of Lady Bla-keney's," he added, with a knowing smile directed at Marguerite, "and I sweating and panting, fell into a foo sweating and panting, fell into a foot-pace, dragging the heavy coace up the steep incline, through the squelching mud of the road, and came to a vio-lent and sudden halt on the crest of the hill at the first report. At the scoond they reared and plunged wildly. do command our friend one Ffoulkes forthwith to satisfy our curi-

In a moment Sir Andrew Ffoulkes In a moment sir Andrew Florides found himself the center of attraction. He was in his element; a worshiper of his beloved chief, he was called upon to sing the praises of the man whom he admired and loved best in all the wildly "The whole thing was, I am assured, a matter of a couple of minutes. It was surprise and swiftness that won the upper hand, for the rescue party was outnumbered three to one. Had there been the slightest hesitation, the world. Had the beyy of beauties around him known that he was re-counting his own prowess as well as that of his leader and friend they could not have hung more eagerly on his lips.

slightest slackening of quick action, the attack would of a certainty have failed. But during those few minutes of confusion, and under cover of the mist and the vague grayness of the In the hubbub attendant on settling morning the Scarlet Pimpernel and his followers, down on their knees in the squelching mud were not merely fight-ing, you understand? No! They were down so as to hear Sir Andrew's nar town so as to hear sin Andrews har-rative even the popular Sir Percy Blakeney was momentarily forgotten. The idol of London society, he never-theless had to be set aside for the moment in favor of the mysterious chiefly engaged in cutting the saddle girths under the bellies of eight fidgety and plunging horses, and cracking their pistols in order to keep up the confusion. Not an easy task, you will hero who, as elusive as a shadow, was still the chief topic of conversa tion in the salons of two continents The ladies would have it that Sir admit, though 'tis a form of attack well known in the East, so I under-Percy was jealous of the popularity of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Certain it is that as soon as Sir Andrew Ffoulkes "At any rate, those had been the



what's "Did at the Pistol Point, Hold Up the

Paris?'

Paris.

Chaise."

sootned the poor beasts nerves. And sudden he gave the order, 'Ca val' which was the signal agreed on be-tween himself and his followers. For then it meant a scramble for cover under the veil of mist and rain, whilst had started to obey his highness' com mands by embarking on his narrative, Sir Percy retired to the farther end of the room, and stretched out his long limbs upon a downy sofa, and prompt-

he, the gallant chief, whipped up the team, which plunged down the road now at breakneck speed. "Of course, the guard, and, above "Is it a fact, my dear Ffoulkes," his highness had asked, "that the gal-lant Scarlet Pimpernel and his lieuall, the lieutenant, grasped the situa-tion soon enough, and immediately gave chase. But they were not trick riders, any of them, and with severed saddle girths could not go far. Be that as it may, the Scarlet Pimpernel drove his team without a halt as far as Molay, where he had arranged for relays. Once well away from the im-mediate influence of Paris, with all fraall, the lieutenant, grasped the situatenants actually held up the chaise in which the Comte de Tournon-d'Agenay and his family were being conveyed to "An absolute fact, your highness, Sir Andrew Ffoulke, your magness, Sir Andrew Ffoulkes replied, while a long-drawn-out "Ah !" of excitement went the round of the brilliant com-pany. "I have the story from madame la comtesse herself. The Scarlet Plimmediate influence of Paris, with all its terrors and tyrannical measures, the means of escape for the prisoners be-came comparatively easy, thanks pri-marily to the indomitable pluck of la contesse nerseif. The Scariet Pim-pernel, in the company of three of his followers, all of them disguised as footpads, did, at the pistol point, hold up the chaise which was conveying the prisoners, under heavy escort, from their chateau of Agenay, where they had been summarily arrested, to Davis their rescuer and also to a long purse. "The story is exactly as I had it from Madam la Comtesse de Tournon-d'Age-nay, whose only sorrow, now that she and those she loves are safe at last in England, is that she never once "Inside the vehicle M. de Tournoncaught a glimpse of her rescuer. He proved as elusive to her as to all of us, and we find ourselves repeating d'Agenay, with his wife, his young son, and two daughters, sat huddled up, half numbed with terror. They had no idea who had denounced them the delightful doggerel invented on that evasive personage by our prince of dandies, Sir Percy Blakeney." "Marvelous!" "Enchanting!" "Pal-pitating!" "I nearly fainted with exand on what charge they had been arrested, but they knew well enough what fate awaited them in Paris. The revolutionary wolves are fairly on the citement, my dear !" These were some warpath just now. To prove their love for France, lovely France, whose white robes are stained with the blood of her innocent children; and to show their zeal in her cause, they commit of the ejaculations uttered by dainty or the ejacuntoins while the men, more or less, were silent, pondering, vague-ly longing to shake the enigmatical hero once, at least, by the hand. here once, at least, by the what. His highness was questioning Sir Andrew Ffoulkes more closely about certain details connected with the story. It was softly whispered, and not for the first time, either, that his 1y- "What did that noble and gallant Scarlet Pimpernel merely do?"
"He merely climbed to the box seat of the chaise which was conveying the Comte de Tournon-d'Agenay and his the most dastardly crimes.

snatched the reins out of the bewil-dered Jehu's hands, and, with word of mouth and click of tongue, had

And

soothed the poor beasts' nerves.

MEYERSDALE COMMERCIAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1929

lution. Though all of them are de-voted royalists, they kept all show of highness could, if he would, solve the riddle of the identity of that mysterivoted royalists, they kept all show of loyalty hidden in their hearts. Only ous Scarlet Pimpernel. And the whisperers were correct,

one thing had they forgotten to do, and that was to take down from the wall in madam's boudoir a small min-iature of their unfortunate queen." and the winsperers were context, since his highness was one of the few who knew that Sir Percy Blakeney was the Scarlet Pimpernel, who, with his little band of romantic adventur-ers—of whom Sir Andrew Ffoulkes "And for this they were arrested?" "They were innocent of everything lse. In the early dawn after their was one—was devoting himself to sav-ing from undeserved death victims of the Reign of Terror in France. summary arrest they were dragged out of their home and were being con-veyed for trial to Paris, where their chances of coming out alive were about equal to those of a rabbit when chased by a terrice"

Dainty, sweet, and generous, as, usual, Lady Ffoulkes had edged up to Lady Blakeney, and the two young wives of such gallant men held one another for one instant closely by the hand, a token of mutual understand-

"And that was when the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel interposed?" Lady Alicia put in with a sigh. "He knew M, le Tournon d'Agenay and his faming, of pride and of happiness. Then Lady Ffoulkes looked in dainty puzzlement about her. "Sir Percy!" she exclaimed. "Where is Sir Percy?" M. le Tournon d'Agenay and his fam-ily were being taken to Paris." "I believe he had had an inkling of what was in the wind some time be-fore the arrest. It is wonderful how closely he is always in touch with those who one day may need his help. But I believe that at the last moment plans had to be formulated in a burger And the call was like the chirrup ing of birds on a sunny spring morn-ing. It stilled all further chattering for the moment. "Where is Sir Percy?" And silence

plans had to be formulated in a hurry.

alone echoed, "Where?" Until a real material sound came in response. A long-drawn-out sound that caused the ladies to snigger and the men to laugh. It was the sound of loud and prolonged snore. The a route and protocol and the room, and women, parted, disclosing the al-cove at the further end of the room, where, on the sofa, with handsom head resting against rose-colored cush Sir Percy Blakeney was fast asleep.

CHAPTER II

Citoyen Lauzet

But in Paris the news of the evasion But in Paris the news of the evasion of the ci-devant Comte et Comtesse 4e Tournon-d'Agenay with their son and two daughters was received in a dif-ferent spirit. Members of the com-mittees of public safety and of gen-eral security, both official and unoffi-cial, professional and amateur, were more irate than they cared to admit. Citozen Lauret chief of section in Citoyen Lauzet, chief of section in the rural division of the department Seine et Oise, was most particularly worried by the incident, which, it must bered, occurred in his dis be remen trict The hand of the well-known Eng lish spy, known throughout France as the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel, could obviously be traced in the daring and impudent attack on an armed e cort, and the subsequent driving of the chaise through three hundred kilo-meters of country where only shame-

less bribery and unparalleled audacity

could have saved them from being traced, followed, and brought to jus-

tice. Citoyen Lauzet, a faithful servant of the state, felt that the situation was of the state, felt that the situation was altogether beyond his capacity for dealing with; those English spices were so different to the ordinary traitors and aristos whom one suspected, ar-rested, and sent to the guillotine all in the turn of a hand. But how was one to deal with men whom one nad never seen and was never likely to see, if rumor spoke correctly? Citoyen Lau-zet scratched his bald pate and per-spired freely in his endeavor to find a solution to his difficulty, but he found none. found none.

It was in the midst of his perturba-It was in the midst of his perturba-tions that he bethought him of his friend, Armand Chauvelin. Now, Lau-zet was quite aware of the fact that that same friend of his was under a cloud just now; that he had lost that high position he once held on the com-mittee of public safety, for reasons which had nøver been made public. Nevertheless, Lauzet had reasons for knowing that in the matter of track-ing down spies Armand Chauvelin had few, if any, equals; and he also knew that for some unexplained cause Chauvelin would give several years of his life, and everything he possessed his life, and everything he possessed in the world, to get his long, thin fin-gers round the throat of that enig-matical personage known as the Scar-

Let Pimpernel. And so, in his difficulty, Citoyen Lauzet sent an urgent message to his friend Chauvelin, to come at once to Mantes, if possible—a request which delighted Chauvelin and with which he forthwith complied. And thus, the forthwith complied. And thus, three days after the sensational rescue of the Tournon-d'Agenay family, those two men-Lauzet and Chauvelin-both intent on the capture of one of the most bitter enemies of the revolution-ary government of France, were sit-ting together in the office of the rural commissariat at Mantes. Lauzet had

lin retorted brusquely. "Yo asked my help and I give you my or ders. All you have to do is to obey-and not to argue. Is that clear?" "Quite, quite clear, my good friend," Lauzet hastened to assure him. "In quickly put his friend in possession of the facts connected with that impu-dent escapade, and Chauvelin, over an excellent glass of wine, had put his undoubted gifts and subtle brain at the service of the official. fact, I already have some one in my "Now, listen to me, my dear Lau-zet," he said after a prolonged silence, during which the chief of section had "Which is all to the good," Chauve-In broke in curity. "On the balance of your zeal your reward will present-ly be weighed. Now listen further to me. Having followed my instructions as to perquisitions and so on, you will during which the chief of section has been able to trace on his friend's face the inner workings of a master mind concentrated on one all-engrossing ob-ject, "Listen to me. I need not tell you, I think, that I have had some exarrange as sensational an arrest of this family as you can. The more it is talked about in the neighborhood the better for our purpose. You unperience of that audaclous Scarlet Pimpernel and his gang; popular rumor will have told you that. It will also have told you, no doubt, that in derstand?" "I do, I do," Lauzet said eagerly. "I all my endeavors for the capture of that detestable spy I was invariably folled by persistent ill luck on the one side, and the man's boundless impu-dence on the other. It is because I see your whole scheme now. You want to induce the English spies to exert themselves on behalf of this family, so that-" "Exactly! Therefore, the more sym failed to lay the audaclous rascal-by the heels that you see me now, a dis-graced and disappointed man, after half a lifetime devoted to the service pathy you can evoke for them the bet-ter; a pretty girl, an invalid, a crip-ple; anything like that will rouse the o-called chivalry of those spies. Then hair a interime devote to the service of my country. But, in the lexicon of our glorious revolution, my good Lau-zet, there is no such word as fail; and many three are who deem me lucky because my head still happens to be having effected your arrest, you ar-range to convey the family to Paris, and do so, apparently under rather feeble escort, say, not more than four "Not more than four men, remen ber," Chauvelin reiterated with slow emphasis, "as visible escort." "I understand."

"Instead of the usual chaise for con Lauzet nodded his bald head in sympathy. He also passed a moist, hot finger around the turn of his cravat. This allusion to failure in connection with the desired capture of the Scarlet With the desired capture of the scatter Pimpernel had started an unpleasant train of thought. ..."Twe only told you all this, my good Lauzet," Chauvelin went on, with a sarcastle curl of his thin lips, "in or-

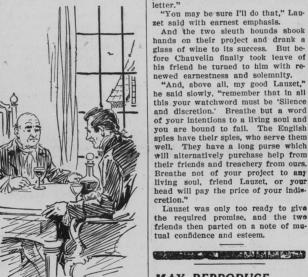
the state of the s

der to make you realize the value which, in spite of my avowed failures, the committee of public safety still set upon my advice. They have disgraced me, it is true, but only outwardly. And this they have only done in order to leave me a wider scope for my activi-ties, particularly in connection with Mezieres, and choose the twilight for your mise en-scene. Then-" But Lauzet could no longer restrain the tracking down of spies. As an actual member of the committee I was whose every movement was in the public eye; now as an outwardly obhis enthusiasm. bis enthusiasm. "Oh, then! I see it all!" he ex-claimed eagerly. "The band of Eng-lish spies will have been on the watch for the diligence. They will attack it, which it the id is her for the granded scure agent I come and go in secret. I can lay plans. I can help and I can advise without arousing attention. Above all, I can remain the guiding thinking that it is but feebly guarded But this time we shall be ready for them and—" But suddenly his enthusiasm failed. head, prepared to use such fearless patriots as you are yourself, in the great cause which we all have at heart, the bringing to justice of a band of English spies, together with their elusive chief, the Scarlet Pimpernel." His round, fat face lost its glow of excitement and his small, round eyes stared in comic perplexity at his friend.

"Well spoken, friend Chauvelin," Citizen Lauzet rejoined, with a tone of perplexity in his husky voice, "and. believe me, it was because 1 had a true inkling of what you've just said think better of it and allow the dill-gence to proceed in peace. Or sup-pose that they are engaged in their nefarious deeds in some other departthat, in my anxiety, I begged you to come and give me the benefit of your experience. Now, tell me," he went on eagerly, "how do you advise me to ment of France." "Then," Chauvelin rejoined coolly, "all you'd have to do would be to con-tinue your journey to Paris and set your family down in the Conciergerie, ready to await trial and the inevitable guillotine. No harm will have been done. There'll be a family of traitors

Chauvelin, before he replied to this direct question, had another drink of wine. Then he smacked his lips, set down his glass, and finally said with slow deliberation, "To begin with, my good Lauzet, try to bethink yourself of some family in your district whose position, shall we say, approaches mos nearly to that of the ci-devant Tour on-d'Agenays before their arrest. hat family should consist of at least That family should consist of at least one woman or, better still, one or two young children, or even an old man or an imbedie. Anything, in fact, to arouse specially that old-fashioned weakness which, for want of a better word, we will call sympathy. "That kind of brood swarms in

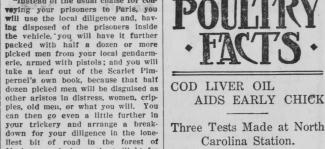
However, there's nothing lost, and an I can do now, my friend, is to wisb you success. If you succeed you are a made man. And you will succeed," Chauvelin concluded, rising and hold-ing out his hand to his colleague, "if you follow my instructions to the last letter." "Yon may be sure I'll do that," Lauevery district. All you have to do is



"All You Have to Do Is to Open You

to open your eyes. Anyway, having settled on a family, which will become our tool for the object we have in view, you will order a summary per-quisition to be made by your gend-armerie in their house. You will cause the head of the family to be brought before you and you will interrogate him first, and detain him under sus picion. A second perquisition will then not come amiss; in fact, you will have it bruited all over the neighborhood that this particular family has been denounced as 'suspect' and that their arrest and subsequent trial in Paris, on a charge of treason, is only a mat-

ter of days. You understand?" "I do," Lauzet replied, in a tone that sounded decidedly perplexed and un-convinced. "But—" "There is no but about it," Chauve-



Three Tests Made at North Carolina Station.

Three separate tests made lately at the North Carolina experiment sta-tion prove the value of I per cent of cod liver oil in the mash feed sup-

"Chicks reared in our laboratories where we could control nearly all conditions have proven the value of cod liver oil in the mash feed," de-clares Dr. B. F. Kaupp, head of the poultry department at State college. "One lot of chicks fed a complete ration except for the vitamines, broke in health in the fifth week. The chicks receiving 1 per cent of the tested oil in the same kind of mash did not break in health and were strong and well developed. In a second test, the chicks which were not allowed to run out-of-doors nor receive direct sunlight gave us exactly the same results Those receiving the oil were strong and well and were sold as broilers. Those receiving only the straight mash and grain feed broke in health at the end of the fifth week."

Doctor Kaupp states that a third flock was carried on the basic ration without oil but were given all the tender rape that they would eat. These broke in health in the seventh week indicating that they secured some vitamines from the green feed but not

enough to keep them in good health. In another test, at the coastal plain station, one lot of chicks was allowed to run on a fresh, green pasture three four hours during the middle of the day with the result that they did not break in health but were not so large and strong as the chicks in the cod liver oil flock. Doctor Kaupp states that those chicks which run out-of-doors pick up other things out-of-doors pick up other things which are required for good health and development, but usually this is not sufficient as the tests with the cod liver oil show.

As a result of all the tests, Doctor Kaupp believes that the expense of using 1 per cent of this oil is well worth while. It holds up the health and gives stronger constitutional vigor

Coccidiosis Is Very

Destructive to Chicks Coccidiosis is a disease of the in-testines and while it affects all birds it is especially destructive to chicks up to two months old. The cause is a microscopic organism. The transmis-sion of infection from diseased to healthy birds occurs by contamina-tion of the feed, water and ground. The coccidia multiply with great rapidity in the intestines and enorm numbers are discharged in the drop

The most prominent and character istic symptoms in nearly all cases are white, diarrheal discharges and the rapid wasting away of the affected birds. Adult birds have considerable resistance to this germ and the dis-ease is frequently seen in the chronic onic form

There is no satisfactory cure for this disease in young chickens.

Balanced Ration for

Hens Very Important Until about fifty years ago chick-ens were fed only grain and since they were permitted to range at will they secured their essential require-ments so they could live and lay some eggs during the spring. About this time it was discovered that ad-ditional protein in form of meat or milk fed with the grains became known as the balanced ration-a ration in which the surplus carbohy-drates of the grains were balanced in better proportion by adding a protein concentrate. It was the balanced ration that first made com

cretion ' WALTERC

cook book issued by the radio service and the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Ag-riculture, will be reprinted in Braille

well, they have a long purse which will alternatively purchase help from their friends and treachery from ours. Breathe not of your project to any living soul, friend Lauzet, or your head will pay the price of your indis-Lauzet was only too ready to give the required promise, and the two friends then parted on a note of mupings.

MAY REPRODUCE RADIO COOK BOOK

"But suppose," he murmured, "they

less in your district anyway, and you

less in your district anyway, and you must begir the setting of your com-edy all over again. Sooner or later, if you set your trap in the way I have outlined for you, that cursed Scarlet Pimpernel will fall into it. Sooner or later," he reiterated emphatically, "I am sure of it. My only regret is that I didn't think of this plan before now. However there's nothing lost, and all

However, there's nothing lost, and all

"You may be sure I'll do that," Lau-

his friend he turned to him with re-"And, above all, my good Lauzet," he said slowly, "remember that in all this your watchword must be 'Silence

and discretion.' Breathe but a word of your intentions to a living soul and you are bound to fall. The English spies have their spies, who serve them well. They have a long purse which the spies have been from



in Braille for Blind. (Prepared by the United States Departm of Agriculture.) Radio casts a ray of light into the lives of the blind. Among the most enthusiastic radio listeners are the persons for whom the light has failed

and who must depend upon touch and and to "see" the world in which sound to see the world in which they live. Now radio is teaming up with Braille, the special form of printing for the blind, just as radio and the

usual sort of printing have gone to-gether in educational programs for persons of normal vision. "Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes," a "You have

Recipes May Be Reprinted

Page Seven

of beauty who would otherwise themselves exclusively to us. What says your highness? Will you deign to ban for this one night at least every reference to that begad shadow? "Not till we've had the facts," Lady

Alicia protested

"The facts! The facts!" the ladies cried in an insistent chorus. "You'll have to do it, Blakeney," his

highness declared.

"Unless Sir Andrew Ffoulkes would oblige us with the tale," Marguerite Blakeney said, turning suddenly from his grace of Flint in order to give her lord an enigmatic smile; "he, too, knows the facts, I believe, and is an excellent reconteur.

"God forbid!" Sir Percy Blakeney exclaimed, with mock concern. "Once you start Ffoulkes on one of his in-"Once you start Flouldes on one of his in-terminable stories . . . Moreover," he added, seriously, "Ffoulkes always gets his facts wrong. He would tell you, for instance, that the demmed Pimpernel rescued those unfortunte Tournon-d'Agenays single handed; Tournon-d'Agenays single handed; now I happen to know for a fact that three of the bravest English gentle-men the world has ever known did all the work whilst he merely . ." "Well?" Lady Alicia queried, enger-

"What did that noble and gallant

do is to obeyif the wishes of blind women listeners

"A group of blind women from dif-ferent parts of Michigan who recently net at the biennial convention of th

Michigan Association for the Blind, have asked to have 'Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes' reproduced in Braille," Charles F. F. Campbell, director of the Detroit League for the Handicapped, has written the Department of Agri-

The league, which has a small fund for reproducing in Braille reading matter for the blind, is considering the publication of the radio cook boo in special Braille edition for the blind readers. Some 185,000 copies of "Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes" have been distributed to listeners of stations broadcasting the department feature for home makers—the "Housekeepers" Chat," a daily program supplied to some 100 co-operating stations.

Keeping Eyes on God

Him I am troubled indeed.-Margaret

foolish work is work against God-Ruskin. Wise work is briefly work with God:

mercial poulty keeping possible, but in the light of recent information on the nutrition of chickens, the poultryman's feeding problem of today is to complete the balanced ration

Age to Keep Hens

With Leghorns, Anconas, Minorcas and birds of this type, the hens of the right type may be kept until they are three years old. It is not usually advisable to keep them after they have reached three years of age. With the general purpose breeds, such as Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, etc., it is usually best to sell them after they are two years old. Extremely valuable hens can some-times be kept five years, but this is quite unusual.

Thin-Shelled Eggs

Whenever there is a late spring with a great deal of cloudy weather, many focks lay thin-shelled eggs. The egg-shell quality from such a fock will be-gin to improve as soon as the hens get into direct sunlight. It is a common observation that when a flock is laying thin-shelled eggs and is turned out-of-doors in the sun, the shell qual-ity improves. It is very important in managing a flock to open the windows on sunshiny days during the winter or early spring.

So long as I can keep my eye on God all is well, but if I lose sight of

Mary Hallahan.

Wise Work