

# The Scrap Book

**They All Told Him.**  
The old gentleman from the back lots was holding up a line of passengers at the ticket office of a Chicago station the other day.  
"I want a ticket to New York."  
"Twenty dollars."  
"What? Twenty dollars? The last time I went it was only ten!"  
"Twenty dollars, please."  
"How long has the fare been raised? I ain't got no \$20!"  
"Twenty dollars is the fare. Hurry up!"  
"I ain't going to pay no twenty. I know I only put up ten last time."  
"Then get out of the way. Don't you see you're holding up all these people? If you want to go to New York it will cost you \$20. Move on!"  
"Where can I go for \$10, then?"  
Well, the line of people told him in one emphatic monosyllable.

**The Test.**  
I look into my neighbor's eyes  
And twist a smile that's strangely grim.  
I'm thinking, Would he feel surprise  
To know just what I think of him?  
I gaze into my dear friend's face,  
And with this thought my soul is stirred:  
What revolution would take place  
Were I to tell her what I've heard?  
I stare into my mirror there  
With eyes that hunger to be true  
And say aloud, Would it be fair  
To mention all I know of you?  
—Lurana W. Sheldon.

**Beaten by a Professional.**  
Hank Johnson had long enjoyed the distinction of being the homeliest man in Canyonville, so it was somewhat of a shock to him when Steve Billings came into the Tourists' Retreat and announced, "Boys, there's a homelier man than Hank over at the depot—feller by the name of Charles Battel Loomis, that gives lectures."  
Without a word Hank started across the road and was gone some time.  
"Wait," Steve said when Hank returned, "d'ye give up?"  
"Heck!" Hank replied, with supreme disgust. "He's a professional."—Success Magazine.

**Spoiled the Treatment.**  
She was unquestionably a stout woman. She occupied more than one person's share of space in the street car and quite overshadowed her trim companion. "You really ought to try something," said her friend in reply to an aside from the stout lady herself regarding her weight. "A woman I know reduced herself twenty pounds in a very few months by taking a treatment. I can find out what it was if you like."  
"You're very kind," said the stout lady, "but I've quite given up trying to get thin. Oh, I know," she went on as the other interrupted, "but you cannot induce me to take up any new fads. The last one I tried settled that. They made me imagine that I was a beautiful lily swaying in the summer breeze from side to side! I decided that was ridiculous for a woman of my weight and so—"  
"Perhaps you didn't give it a fair trial," suggested her friend.  
"Perhaps not, but my husband came in just when I was being a lily, and he!"  
"Men never understand, do they?" said her friend.

**Too Much For His Faith.**  
"The late Bishop Hare," said a Sioux Falls physician, "used, very reasonably, to impute skepticism to misunderstanding."  
"He once told me about a business man of skeptical tendencies who said to him:  
"My dear Mr. Hare, I do not refuse to believe in the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's enormous size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained. But when I am asked, my dear doctor, to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness—well, there, I'm bound to say, my faith breaks down."

**A Test That Failed.**  
Her husband was an oculist, and she desired to help him. She studied hard and then sought to begin practice on the negro cook. She placed the cook in position and then began with the cards that contained the big and little letters. She selected the extreme lenses, and each time she tried one she said:  
"Martha, can you read the letters with that lens?"  
"No," the cook said; "I can't read it yet."  
The ambitious wife tried and tried, going through her entire supply of lenses, but the result was the same. Finally the cook said:  
"Tain't no use. You never will teach me to read that way. I ought to have learned when I was a kid."—Kansas City Star.

**Her Long Suit.**  
"Mrs. Promoter informs me that you and I are to be partners in the whist game at her card party tonight," imparted the major, meeting the clever Mrs. Flurry on the avenue. "I didn't know you played whist."  
"Oh, I play a little, major. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"  
"Yes. Now let me give you a pointer," rejoined the major, who was as earnest in his whist playing as he was redoubtable. "In the game tonight if you have long suit use it."  
"Very well, major, I shall. There goes Mrs. Skittle, whom I want to see. Goodby, major. I'll see you at the whist game, and I'll wear my long suit."—Judge's Library.

# POULTRY

## KILLING POULTRY.

### Some Safe and Sanitary ways of Doing the Work.

The first essential is that the fowl shall have absolutely no food for thirty-six hours, so that its crop, gizzard and intestines shall be empty.

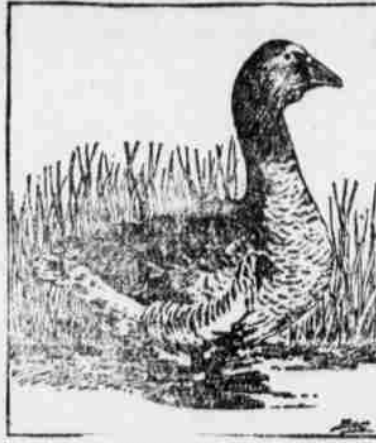
First-class dressing demands that the fowl be dry plucked—not scalded. This makes the French method of killing very essential. By this method the fowl is suspended by a loop around its legs to a hook on the wall. With a quick thrust through the roof of the mouth to the brain the operator kills the bird and severs the main arteries. At that instant he begins plucking the feathers. They pull easily then—a minute later they come hard, but in that one minute the worst of his task is done. The carcass is then cooled, formed in the forming troughs, so as to pack nicely and is then ready for shipment. No incision is made in the skin of the fowl. None of the interior organs were removed. The moment the interior organs of a fowl are exposed to the air, decomposition sets in. Packed and handled as described the fowl will keep perfectly for days or if in cold storage for weeks or months.

The English method differs only in the killing. No knife is used; no bleeding is done. The vertebra next to the skull is severed from the head by a strong quick jerk of the operator; this causes instant death and a loosening of the feathers, as in the French method. The head is drawn out from the neck ar incision or two, and in this space the blood drains and forms a clot as the bird hangs by its feet. This method shuts out the air from the interior of the carcass even more effectually than does the French method.

A serious onslaught has been made on these methods of dressing poultry in several States recently, but it is hoped that they may not prevail but rather that they may grow in favor. They are safer for the consumer, they are simpler and better for the producer.—T. E. Orr, in bulletin Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

### Toulouse Gander.

Few if any birds exhibited at poultry shows and fairs can present a record equal to that of the gander whose pen portrait for New England Homestead here appears. For eight years he has maintained the right to his name, Madisor Boy, by winning first premium at Madison

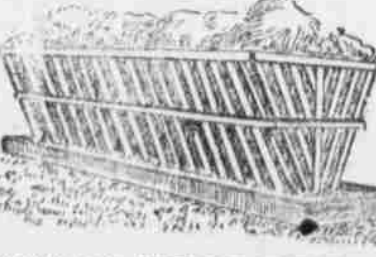


### PRIZE GANDER.

Square Garden, New York, every season—eight first premiums at America's greatest poultry show! Besides these prizes he has won first at other large shows and is pronounced by breeders and judges to be a remarkable bird. He was bred by Clarence W. King, president of the Water Fowl Club of America, and is a native of the Empire State.

### Rack for Feeding Roughage.

A design of a cattle rack for feeding roughage is furnished by one of the readers of The Prairie Farmer. A reasonably clear idea is given in the accompanying sketch.



### RACK FOR FEEDING ROUGHAGE.

Posts are driven in the ground to form a center and extend about 6 feet clear of the surface. Cross piece are nailed to these to which the slat work forming the rack is nailed. A platform is placed around the bottom as indicated to prevent unnecessary waste of feed.

### Count the Eggs.

Are you keeping a strict count of the eggs you gather each year, and giving Biddy full credit for all she lays at the prevailing market price? The only fair way is to count all eggs gathered and if you are doing this I will wager that you will find out that hens pay and you will soon be eating fine young ones.

Sow the poultry yards to Russian sunflowers and you will have an abundance of shade and produce lots of good feed. Wheat is also good.

## HE QUALIFIED.

### The Soldier Told the Truth and Won the Prize.

During the spring of 1864 a company of Virginia soldiers was encamped near the home of Mrs. Sawyer, a woman noted throughout the neighborhood for her charitable deeds. One day, driving by the camp, she saw a poor, sick soldier lying by the roadside and, stopping her carriage, talked to him for some time, asking about his health and expressing her sympathy. She noticed while doing so that on each hand he had two thumbs.

Upon reaching home she was haunted by the recollection of the poor man, and, although provisions of all kinds were very scarce, she determined to divide with him the few things she had in the house.

After preparing the basket she remembered that she had not asked his name, but, recalling his deformity, wrote on the cover, "For the soldier with two thumbs." Giving it to a trusted negro, with minute directions, she sent him on horseback to the camp.

She was much surprised at his speedy return and asked how he had managed to find the man so soon.

"He was de first one I see," said Sam. "I was gwine long, and a soldier ask me what I got in dat basket, and I tole 'im a chicken and things for de man wid two thumbs, and he say he was de one, and I give 'im de basket."

"Did he have two thumbs on each hand?" she asked.  
"Well, he didn't say nothin' 'bout what he had 'em. He jes' say he got two thumbs."—Youth's Companion.

### He Bungled It.

The mayor of an English town who had had little experience in public speaking consulted a friend as to what he should say in proposing the toast of a distinguished lady who was visiting the borough for a public ceremony.

"Oh, be quite brief!" said his friend. "You might mention her being a model of all the virtues and that sort of thing, but the less you say the better."

And this is what he said: "Gentlemen, I propose to you the toast of our guest. You know they say she's a model of all the virtues, but the less we say about that the better."

### The Lesson.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"  
"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad faced mother.

"Why, wh-what's up? Not sick is he?" (An anxious pause.)  
"It grieves me to say, Robert, that



**HIS CHIN ON THE TOP STEP.**  
OUR SON—YOUR SON—has been heard swearing on the street! I heard him.  
"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear!" And he started upstairs in the dark. Halfway up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Judge.

### Today.

If you made mistakes yesterday forget them. No strength was ever built upon continued regret. Today is the result of yesterday, but it is more important to remember that tomorrow is the result of today.

### Moses Not Yet.

The Rev. Henry van Dyke of Princeton is quoted as telling this story at a recent Presbyterian gathering:  
"A Connecticut pastor of a denomination well known to us was questioning a boy pupil of the Sunday school. The lad answered greatly to the satisfaction of the good man, but finally the latter was stumped when the youngster made his last reply.  
"What commandment, my son, did Adam break when he ate the apple?" asked the pastor.  
"Please, sir," returned the boy, "there were no commandments at that time."

### The Point of View.

William had just returned from college resplendent in pegtop trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library, where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a fool!"  
"Later the old major, who lived next door, came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school."  
"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."—Everybody's.

# Notes and Comment

## Of Interest to Women Readers

### A PAPER WARDROBE.

#### Bags Made of Cedared Paper Protect Clothes from Moths and Dirt.

People who could afford to have cedar rooms in their homes have always been considered fortunate by those who had to adopt other means to keep their clothing from the depredations of moths and from dust and dampness between seasons. Now that the paper wardrobe shown in the illustration has been invented, anyone may have these advantages for little money. This form of wardrobe consists of big bags made of cedared paper, which are redolent of that odor of cedar which no self-respecting moth can abide. They are also so constructed that when closed they are



completely airtight, thus keeping out the dust and dampness. The saving in the cost of cleaning and pressing clothes can quickly be estimated, and not only on the cost of these operations, but in the wear and tear resulting from them. A garment hung on a suitable hanger in one of these bags assumes its original shape; in fact, it practically presses itself. The bags can be opened as often as wished, as the clasp that holds them shut can be operated by a child. The accessibility of single garments without having to rout out a chestful is another advantage.

### The Great Value of Tact.

Of all the good gifts the fairy godmother can bestow upon a favored mortal there is certainly nothing that is quite equal to tact. Health, wealth, beauty and brains, right royal endowments though they be, lose much of their value unless this precious asset be found in combination with them.

A well-known writer defines tact as "an intuitive art and manner which carries one through a difficulty better than either talent or knowledge." Perhaps this explanation is as good as any other, but it does not cover all the ground. There are many times and many opportunities which call for tact without people having to be in difficulties. It is wanted in the everyday affairs of life, in dealing with one's husband, or children, or servants, and a household very quickly shows if its presiding genius is tactful or the reverse.

To a young man who has his way to make in the world tact is worth untold gold. When he is older and has gained a name and reputation, he may possibly afford to be brusque and careless of other people's feelings. But even then he does it at the expense of popularity—nay, of affection sometimes. No woman, however, talented, can shine in the social firmament if she be lacking in tact, and though one is inclined to regard the attribute as belonging more especially to her sex, we do not always find it in the feminine character.

It is impossible to go to a school-mistress and say to her, with reference to the education of one's daughter, "Please pay particular attention to music, French and tact." For the gift comes instinctively to those who are naturally quick, warm-hearted and sympathetic. But it can be trained and cultivated, too; for who are more tactful than the people who are taught from their earliest childhood to consider the feelings of others, and to put them at their ease?

Tact enables us to say the right thing at the right time, and to leave unsaid the wrong one. Tact also helps us wonderfully in our dealings with our poorer neighbors. They are often intensely sensitive and proud and resent any suspicion of patronage, yet they are grateful for our sympathy and aid if we do not ride rough shod over their prejudices. Sometimes we see kind but thick-skinned charitable workers who spoil the good they do by the way in which it is done, and though their ministrations may be accepted, a feeling of resentment remains against the tactless good Samaritan. "For all practical purposes," says a well-known writer, "tact carries it against talent ten to one."—McCall's Magazine.

### Woman Surgeon for Army.

Dr. Rose Ringgold is the only woman contract surgeon in the United States Army. When on duty she wears a divided skirt and a uniform coat. She is especially interested in the hospital problem of an army in the field, and has made a study of the work of the Japanese hospital corps in the war with Russia. Miss Ringgold is now in the Philippines, where she expects to spend several years.

## Curran and Lord Clare.

Curran, the Irish advocate, was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom, when a member of the bar, he fought a duel and whose hostility to him on the bench, he always said, caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000. The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog to the bench with him and during the progress of the most material part of the case began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran!" said Lord Clare. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord! I really took it for granted that your lordship was engaged in consultation!"

### How to Relieve Headache.

There are many kinds and causes of headache, but probably the two most common headaches result from nervousness or a disordered stomach.

In cases where there seems to be too much blood in the head, when there is a pounding in the temples and behind the ears, a warm drink will often afford relief. Drink a cup of tea or water to which the juice of a lemon has been added, as hot as it can be borne, and place the feet in hot water. This will draw the blood from the head and will relieve the pain greatly. Some chronic sufferers from headache claim that there is no cure like a brisk walk in the fresh air with as loose clothing as possible, followed by a nap in a darkened room where the fresh air abounds.

### How to Preserve a Brass Bedstead.

A good brass bed should only be dusted with a soft clean cheesecloth and must never have brass polish used on it. So treated it should keep its luster for years. When it has grown dull and dark about the only remedy is relacquering, which costs from \$5 upward, according to the size of the bed. Be careful not to let coal gas get a chance at your brass furniture and do not keep the windows up over the bed on a very damp or rainy day. When the brass seems to be moist it should at once be wiped off with the cheesecloth or silk duster.

### How to Prevent Weeds.

Cover your flower bed over with salt from one inch to two inches deep. Dampen the salt occasionally and leave it on the ground for a week or ten days. This will be sufficient time to kill not only the weeds, but also all the seeds that may be in the soil or on the surface. Before planting dampen the ground thoroughly and let it alone overnight. Scrape off all the salt on the surface in the morning and let it remain until dry enough to work. Then plant your seeds and you need have no fear of being bothered with weeds.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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