THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XLVIII. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 7, 1929. NO. 6

THE NEW BARN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"WELL, Hattie, is breakfast ready? I've got to get a start to town to look at that tractor and bring out paint for the barn," and Sam Hale sat down at the table where he could see from the window the fine building just completed and ready to be painted.

"You'll bring enough extra paint for the house, won't you?" said his wife as she put the bacon and eggs and fried potatoes before him. "Since you've decided on white for the barn we could have it for the house, too."

"I can't afford to buy it now, Hattie. The white costs a lot more than red barn paint," her husband answered shortly and applied himself to his breakfast.

An impatient exclamation burst from Mrs. Hale's lips and a flush spread over her usually pleasant face as she stepped in the kitchen doorway and stared at her husband with exasperation.

"Yes, you can have everything the best for your live stock and your crops, while your family lives in this wretched tumbledown old house," she exclaimed. "It's a disgrace."

"Well, I'd like to know where you'd be if I didn't have those barns. Living in a worse place than this," retorted Mr. Hale.

"Yes and what will everybody think to see the finest stables in the country and the poorest house? I've stood this humiliation about long enough. Keeping this place decent and clean is a woman-killing job, and now you refuse even to make it look respectable on the outside." And she turned into the kitchen and shut the door.

Sam Hale left for the city without saying goodby to his wife. As he drove his new truck carefully through the traffic his thoughts wavered between the pleasure of seeing his barns beautifully painted white and the uncomfortable sense of his wife's hurt feelings.

"Hattie's as unreasonable as any other woman once in a while," he muttered. "Here I am doing my best for her, and what thanks do I get? Only married ten years and plenty of time ahead for a new house. She's comfortable as she is, as far as I can see. It's just a sort of jealousy that's ailing her." He felt unfairly injured th' morning. His wife's anger had almost spoiled the long-anticipated pleasure of this day's business.

"She's bothered me about that house till I'm tired of it," he thought stubbornly as he watched the cans of paint being loaded into the truck. Toward noon he had finished a careful inspection of the new tractor and placed his order for immediate delivery. Then he hunted up the restaurant popular with the farmers from his county and ate a hearty meal in company with one of his neighbors. The talk was of his handsomely constructed barn, the up-to-date wing for the cattle, the capacious silo attached. Mr. Hale stated that the paint was to be white, and that Ed and Joe Barnard were helping him put it on the next day.

"Fine place you'll have, Sam. Going to paint the house, too, while you are at it, I suppose," remarked his neighbor.

Mr. Hale was on the point of replying, "No, I can't afford it," when he paused and said, instead, "I'm calculating on that." Then he wondered why he had said what he had not intended saying two minutes before.

"I've got to do it now, I suppose," he muttered to himself, as he climbed into the truck. "I've said I'm going to and I can't very well get out of it and save my face."

But on the way home Mr. Hale's heart was singularly light and a warm smile occasionally upturned his thin lips as he remembered the extra paint in the truck and looked forward to the moment when he should surprise Hattie with it. How pleased she would be. After his refusal this morning she would not have the least hope of it. All the morning's dissatisfaction was turned to a warm glow of pride. The paint had cost more than he had intended paying, but it was going to be worth it to make Hattie smile happily and, he added, to make his home as fine as his barns. He was feeling very proud and satisfied with himself when well after dusk he turned into his drive way and ran the truck into the garage.

He had walked up the path nearly to the kitchen door when he stopped startled. The house was completely dark, not an oil lamp gleamed its usual welcome. His heart skipped a beat as he opened the door and stepped into the gloomy kitchen. In the dusk he saw that the room was partially empty, the oil stove was gone as well as the table and chairs. What could this mean? He called "Hattie" but his voice seemed too small to be heard. He ran through the house; it was dark; not a child, not his wife, not a sound. Sam's heart was pounding and his mouth was dry. A dreadful fear clutched him as he stumbled back through the empty kitchen out onto the back porch. There he paused, not sure what to do next. Instinctively, he turned toward the new stables, as he always did when he came out of the house.

"What," he exclaimed with a fresh start, "is that a light out there? Who has gotten in? Or—it may be on fire."

In a driving rush of terror he broke into a run along the familiar path to his beloved building, his pride above all his possessions. Was he to be robbed of all he had at one stroke? What a dreadful, horrible day! The lights through the windows were brilliant, the door tight shut. With one great shove he thrust aside the sliding door and stood stupefied on the threshold. He brushed one hand slowly and heavily across his eyes, down his cheek and clutched his chin and blinked repeatedly.

There in the flood of electric light that he had just had installed, sat his wife and three children about the kitchen table, busily eating their supper. The pleasing odor of a stew arose from a kettle simmering on the oil stove near by. "Hello, Daddy," the boys shouted as they always did, as though nothing was out of the usual state of things. His wife's smile was calm and welcoming. "Come and sit down, Father, you are later than I had expected, so we didn't wait for you."

Mr. Hale's fright was slowly turning to anger. "What's all this nonsense?" he demanded.

"Only, Father, that we've found the new barn so much more comfortable and finer than that poor old house that we all decided to move out and stay here instead," said Mrs. Hale sweetly.

Mr. Hale bit his lips and stared at her silently. This was so different from the homecoming that he had been looking forward to so happily. His first anger died down. "Poor Hattie! I had driven her patience further than I had dreamed," he thought.

"Children," he said, "You run into the house and light up. We'll come along with these things in a minute." Then he came up to his wife and slowly reached out for her hand. "I'm sorry, Hattie," he began, "that I drove you to this. I've been thinking about you all day, and—well, there's enough paint for the house waiting out there in the truck."

"Sam, you don't mean it. You've got it, after the way I acted to you?" asked Mrs. Hale tremulously. Holding his hand in both hers, the tears welled up and slipped one by one down her cheeks past her lips, where a faint smile trembled. There was more joy than remorse in those tears—the joy of her long felt, seemingly hopeless wish so unexpectedly come true. But his was a triumphant, relieved, thoroughly whole-hearted smile that knew no tears or regrets.

"You were right, Hattie, all right to send me off and make me do the right thing for you and all of us. Don't you cry a tear. Let's forget this day—shall we? I'll have the boys start painting the house first tomorrow. And one day before long we'll build a fine new house, Hattie, finer even than the stables." Then he saw the happy smile that he had been looking forward to all the way home brighten her face and he could scarcely realize the great sense of satisfaction that came over him.

"Come," he said, "let's take these things back to the old house and have our supper. I'm starving hungry."

Codskin Shoes Coming

Women may soon be wearing shoes made from the skins of cod and other fish. If experiments conducted by the Scottish fishery board meet with success.

Two men have shown that it is possible to transform fishskins into excellent leather by the application of a solution of alum. At present the process of manufacture is rather costly, but it is hoped that, by using some of the cheaper by-products of seaweed as a substitute for alum, the process may become cheap enough to make fishskin leather practicable.

Put "Bloom" on Fruit

Demands that the natural "bloom" be on fruit when it is purchased has resulted in the use of artificial sun baths to restore the tints of the skins and give them the appearance of having been freshly gathered. The fruit first is wiped free of dust and moisture, polished by leathers arranged for rapid handling, then placed under the rays of the apparatus for from one to five minutes.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Dimensions of the Ark

In the International Standard Bible Encyclopedia Noah's ark is described as being three stories high, 300 cubits long, 50 cubits broad and 30 cubits high. According to Petrie's estimate of the cubit (at that period), these measurements represent 562½ feet long, 93½ feet broad and 56¼ feet deep. Calculations show that such a structure would contain about 3,500,000 cubic feet of space.

Tokyo Night Life Seen by American Traveler

It is one of the countless little cafes on the Ginza, Tokyo, and on the tiny streets that adjoin it. The name is "La Chat Botte" (Puss in Boots), although nobody inside speaks a word of French and only the bartender speaks English. That is, he knows the names of drinks.

I say "little" cafe. Nobody knows what "little" means until he squeezes into a Japanese cafe. Perhaps ten feet wide and thirty feet long, filled with tables, booths and the omnipresent potted cedar trees and yews.

A familiar tune is being played on the phonograph, which runs incessantly. It is "My Blue Heaven," with Japanese words. American jazz is almost worshiped by young Japan. "That's My Weakness Now" comes next. Most of the songs are played with the English words.

"Hot dickety!" says a Japanese student, and he begins to clap his hands in rhythm as a waitress in a blue striped kimono begins to charleston under the encouragement of gin and the applause of the students.

But it is becoming too noisy for the cafe. The head waitress warns the group to quiet down. There is a "dive" two blocks away where there is no limit, if anybody wants a rough party. But La Chat Botte is respectable.

Back and forth hurry the girls, powdered, rouged, lipsticked, eyebrow penciled, carrying "veeskey soda," "geen feez," "beerr." No girl is allowed to devote herself entirely to any one customer. Each girl has a table to serve, from which she derives the tips, but she must circulate—imagine circulating in a piano box sized cafe—and bow and josh and be friendly with every one, even with a strange foreigner from Milwaukee.

I point to the name "La Chat Botte" on the menu and say "French." My entertainer thinks I mean I am French. She grins. She hurries away. She shuffles the pile of phonograph records and then she returns and nudges me. She has put on the "Marseillaise" in my honor.—Lindsay Hoben in the Milwaukee Journal.

Draped Millinery in Fashion

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

Hats that escape an intricate draping at the hands of the milliner are few and far between. The art of draping which manifested itself at the first of the season in a few adroit touches here and there, mostly in the little soft felt hoods which are so popular, is developing into a conspicuously featured vogue. As it now is the whole scheme of things seems to center about the idea of skillfully manipulating to the point of extreme, that of which the hat is made, be it felt, silk, velvet, satin, tweed cloth, or any of the many fabrics which fashion registers as available media for headgear.

There's a formal aspect about the new chapeaux, such as has not been for many a season past. The extreme formality of dress which introduces a distinctly new silhouette involving fitted lines, and longer skirts, naturally calls for millinery which reflects the trend to sophisticated modes. Then, too, what with fashion demanding that hats be linked in color, design and fabric to the costume, none other could happen than revival of the art of millinery.

One of the amusing contradictions about the new soft draped millinery is that which often seems to be just a "rag of a hat" in the hand, becomes an imposing millinery masterpiece on the head, having all those qualities of dignity and sophisticated "lines," which are so essential to "good style."

A very new and ultra treatment sponsored by French modistes is that of the hanging side jabot. The model in the center of this group demonstrates the extremes to which Paris milliners are going in the matter of jabots or drooping bows, which fall sometimes quite to the shoulder. Caps of the type as illustrated are most often made of wide transparent velvet ribbon, which is almost as thin and supple as chiffon.

The first model pictured faces the brim with pale beige flat fur, which is as supple as any fabric. The rest of the hat so adroitly draped is of brown velvet.

Broadcloth was used for the hat to the right, the draped contour featuring a side-to-side effect inspired by ancient Egyptian headdress.

In the last model a felt hood has a draped facing of matching satin, for satin used with felt or soleil is very fashionable. The other wee sketches are merely suggestions as to the trend of the mode.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Tomato Juice Cocktail

A glass of tomato juice makes a delicious and inexpensive cocktail and appetizer for winter meals, and it also provides vitamine C, so valuable for health, especially in children.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Bananas should not be kept in the refrigerator as the low temperature turns them dark.

• • •

Contrast in the color, flavor and texture of foods helps make the meal look interesting.

• • •

A good workman is known by his tools, so the homemaker buys kitchen utensils of good quality and takes good care of them.

• • •

In making white bread the use of whole or skim milk to supplement the proteins and minerals of wheat flour is strongly recommended. Since bread is a staple foodstuff, the use of milk in bread would insure a better nourished population. Dry skim milk may be used in bread making with good results. In addition to supplementing the nutritive value it improves the general appearance of the bread loaf and enhances its ease of manufacture.

Bedtime Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"There was great excitement way up North," said Sandman, "for Santa Claus was getting ready for his trip.

"His dog, Boy of the North, was the most excited of all.

"He barked with little short barks because that was his way of laughing when Santa Claus said, 'It seems to me I have more things to do this year than ever before.'

"Boy of the North barked again, and put his cold nose into Santa's hand and rubbed up beside him. 'You say

"Good-By, Boy of the North."

that every year' he was trying to tell Santa, and I imagine that Santa understood what he was trying to say.

"The reindeer were waiting. The bells on their harness were jingling and the big sleigh was filled with packs and packs of toys.

"'Now, let me see,' said Santa. 'There are many shops where packs await me, for the children have written to me about the things they have seen, and of what they would like.

"'Then, they write letters, the precious dears!

"'They tell me how much they love their brothers and sisters, and mothers and daddies and playmates, and pets!

"'But I mustn't stop to think of all those letters, for I have a long way to go, and I must get started.' The reindeer were trying to hurry him; they could hardly wait.

"'I won't be late,'" Santa told them. "'I've never been late yet, and I've been doing this trip to the lands where there are children for many, many years.'

"And the reindeer made queer sounds with their bells, for while they knew that Santa was right, still they were in a great hurry to start off.

"And Boy of the North was anxious for them to start off, too, for while he didn't go with them he longed to see them return and hear all about the trip.

"'Now, let me see,'" said Santa Claus once again. 'Have I got nuts and raisins, the bright new pennies and big oranges? Yes, we're really ready to start at last.' And when he said to the reindeer, 'All ready,' they pranced about as Boy of the North barked again and Santa sprang into the sleigh.

"Off they went with the sleigh loaded down with toys, games, and countless things for Christmas morning.

"'Good-by, Boy of the North!' shouted Santa Claus. "'Good-by, dear old North home, good-by, everyone and everything. I'm off on my big trip of the year.'"

As he shouted this the reindeer were almost out of sight, and the last of Santa Claus that Boy of the North saw was when the sleigh disappeared as Santa waved his red cap with the red tassel.

"'Now,' said [illegible] the North, 'I will get everyth[illegible] ready for him when he gets back.'

"So he started in. He got out Santa Claus' slippers and his heavy, warm winter wrapper which his master wore when he wasn't working.

"He put them near the fire, but not too near.

"For he knew that Santa would be cold when he returned from the long night's trip, and [illegible] made warm and cozy [illegible]

"And then, after ever[illegible] been done, Boy of the North [illegible] asleep. Santa Claus' dog must have had very pleasant dreams, too, for there was almost a happy smile on his face, and I think that happy dogs do smile. But you have to be very, very, happy yourself, to see it," ended the Sandman.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bavarian Creams Are Delicious

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Bavarian creams usually have whipped cream among their ingredients, as well as egg whites. When gelatin is combined with these, lightly beaten, the result is a fluffy, spongy dessert that literally "melts in the mouth." Various flavors may be used for Bavarian creams. The recipe below for orange Bavarian is from the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. Orange flavor is among the most delightful, and the use of orange juice assures the family one more way of enjoying this delicious and valuable fruit:

1½ tbs. gelatin	¾ cup orange juice and pulp
¼ cup cold water	3 egg whites
½ cup boiling water	1 pint cream, whipped
1 cup sugar	¼ tsp. salt
5 tbs. lemon juice	¼ tsp. vanilla

Soak the gelatin in the cold water, then add the boiling water, and stir until the gelatin has dissolved. Add the sugar and lemon and orange juice. Chill this mixture until set and then beat until foamy. Beat the whites of the eggs with the salt until stiff and fold into the gelatin mixture. Then fold in the whipped cream and the vanilla. Pour into a mold and put in a cold place until set. When ready to serve, turn out onto a platter and garnish with orange sections.

To Prepare Stuffed Onions

Remove the skins from onions, and parboil ten minutes in boiling salted water to cover. Turn upside down to cool, and remove part of the centers. Fill the cavities with equal parts of finely chopped cooked chicken, stale soft bread crumbs and the finely chopped onion which was removed, seasoned with salt and pepper and moistened with cream or melted butter. Place in a buttered shallow baking pan, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven until the onions are soft.

CHOPPED NUTS ADD TO WAFFLES

Chopped nuts in waffles make an acceptable variation of flavor which everybody will enjoy. Pecan meats in season are especially good, as they go well with maple or other sirups usually eaten with waffles. Other nut meats may be used when pecans are not available. But meats are better cut with a knife or chopped in a bowl than put through a grinder. The proportions below are given by the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

1¼ cups sifted flour	1 cup milk
2 tsp. baking powder	2 eggs, separated
¾ tsp. salt	1 or 2 tbs. melted butter
1 tbs. sugar	1 cup chopped pecan nuts

Sift the dry ingredients together, add the milk and the beaten egg yolks, then the melted butter. Stir in the nuts, and then fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Have the waffle iron hot enough to brown the waffle quickly. If an electric waffle iron is used, it does not require greasing and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter should be used in the batter.

HOW TO USE MARSHMALLOWS

There are numerous ways to combine marshmallows with cake fillings. Or the marshmallows may be used alone as a filling. Simply put the marshmallows between the layers of a cake while it is hot.

Or you may melt the marshmallows in the double boiler and spread on the layers after they are cool. This melted marshmallow mixture may be used instead of jelly roll.

If the marshmallow filling is to be used you may add chocolate to [illegible] cake.

Cranberries for Sauce, Jelly

Making Cranberry Sauce to Last Several Days.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Don't wait for Christmas to treat the family to cranberry sauce, cranberry jelly, or other good things in which cranberries are used. Get some of the first cranberries you can to use with chicken, rabbit, veal, pork, or any meat that is better for a sweet-tart accessory. The recipe for cranberry jelly given below is from the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. Cranberry sauce is even more easily made, as the skins are not strained out. You can make enough cranberry jelly and sauce for several days and keep it in the ice box. Use rather small jelly glasses, of the size that your family will finish at one meal. Cranberry products "weep" or run when they are out and so it is more attractive to place a fresh mold on the table at each serving.

1 quart cranberries 2 cups sugar
2 cups hot water

Select sound firm berries, discarding any that are soft or withered. Wash well and place in a saucepan with the water. Cover and cook for a few minutes until the berries have broken, then uncover and cook rapidly a few minutes longer, stirring all the time. Press the fruit through a fine sieve to remove seed as well as skins. To the pulp add the sugar and cook for two or three minutes, or until the jelly sheets from the spoon. Mold in small wet bowls holding about the right quantity for one meal.

If you prefer cranberry sauce, add the sugar to the cooked unstrained fruit and watch for the jelly test in the same way.

Cranberry pie may be made of cranberry sauce or uncooked cranberries, with or without raisins. Cranberries may also be used in muffins as described in the recipe below.

Cranberry Muffins.

¼ cup melted butter	2 cups sifted flour
¼ cup sugar	4 tsp. baking powder
1 egg	1 cup cranberries
¾ cup milk	2 tbs. sugar
¼ tsp. salt	

Break the egg into a mixing bowl. Beat it lightly. Add the milk. Sift the dry ingredients. Then add the milk and egg mixture; also the melted butter. Roll the cranberries in the two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and fold them carefully into the batter. Place in greased muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven, about one-half hour, or until brown. This makes 12 muffins.

Good Things for the Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Away with clocks and sun dials!
Time and I
Have made a compact—this to be
my boon—
To hear the evening thrush, and
know the hour,
Yet feel it noon.
—Jean Dwight Franklin.

When the warmth indoors draws the family to the fireside, such tidings as corn popping, nut cracking and candy making interest us.

Chocolate Fudge—Take one cupful each of granulated and brown sugar, one cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of corn sirup, a tablespoonful of butter, one and one-half squares of grated chocolate. Boil together until a soft ball is formed in water, add the butter toward the last of the cooking. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla when cool beat until smooth and thick. Put at once into a buttered tin and mark off into squares. Nuts may be added if desired.

Southern Chicken Pilau.—Stew a fat hen after cutting into serving-sized pieces. When almost tender add two to three cupfuls of rice and cook until all is tender, using plenty of water. The addition of a little celery and onion to the fowl while cooking will enhance the flavor. Season well with salt and pepper and serve on a hot platter with the rice heaped around the chicken.

Luncheon Cake.—Take two cupfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cupfuls of water or prune juice, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, three cupfuls of flour and one pound of stewed dried prunes chopped. Raisins may be substituted. Boil the sugar, prune juice, fat, spices and raisins (if used) five minutes. Cool, add the flour and soda and bake in a shallow pan 45 minutes.

An oyster stew with plenty of oysters—what can surpass it on a chilly night? It warms the very cockles of the heart. Oysters require only the slightest cooking to make them truly palatable, but undercooked, they are of all foods the most undesirable. Overcooked they become tough and indigestible.

Take a quart of oysters, wash the hands in cold water and pass each oyster carefully through the fingers to remove any broken shell, as any of the sharp bits may cause serious trouble. Take a cupful of the oyster liquor, adding water if not enough, bring to the boiling point and drop in the oysters. Watch carefully, and when the edges curl and ruffle, remove at once and keep in a warm place. Strain the broth and add a quart of rich milk, very hot, a half a cupful of butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste, then add the oysters and serve piping hot. Some prefer a thickening of three tablespoonfuls of flour with the butter, as it makes a smooth broth which will not curdle. Serve with crisp fresh oyster crackers. Celery—a cupful or two cooked—and the broth and all added to the stew is enjoyed for a change, although the old-fashioned stew of just oysters still holds its place as the best liked.

This is the season of the year when a hot soup for luncheon or supper is most welcome. Dried peas make a most delicious soup. Soak them overnight and cook in the same water in the morning, adding a generous square of salt pork, an onion and plenty of water to cook. Simmer for several hours, season, strain if desired, or serve just as it is. If one does not wish the pork, add butter and milk when serving. Beans may be used in the same way, making a most tasty and nourishing soup.

The small rubber kneeling pads so useful to gardeners and when scrubbing will be a wonderful help to stand on when at work.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

SUPPLIES FOR THE MENDING BASKET

The task of keeping garments in order will be much easier if the necessary supplies are kept together in a convenient place, suggests the United States Department of Agriculture.

Every woman who has much mending to do should have a comfortable chair set in good light, and near it she should keep a well-stocked mending basket. In this should be a pincushion or a needle book in which are needles threaded with silk and cotton thread of different sizes and colors, ready for emergency work. The basket should also contain whatever sewing materials experience has proved most useful for her particular needs. They should include at least the following: Hooks and eyes, snap fasteners, buttons, sewing thread of different colors, sewing silk, tape of several widths, small pieces of cotton, linen, wool and silk materials for patching, darning cotton, mending tissue, scissors, thimble, emery, needles, and pins.

It is also a good plan to have each bedroom equipped including the guest room, containing with a small box or basket mending, the articles most used in quently. Anyone who travels frequently will find useful a compact little sewing kit that can be slipped into the traveling bag.

Truth [illegible]

[illegible]ver was indebted to a He.

Cooking String Beans

Cut off both ends from one quart of string beans, string them carefully and break into pieces about an inch in length and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Add salt. Reduce the liquid to about half a cupful. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter or fat, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and add one cupful of strained tomatoes. Cook until smooth and pour this sauce over the beans. Let cook slowly for about 15 minutes and serve hot.

Valuable Material

At least ten square miles of forest go to the pulp mills every day in the year to keep the printing presses of the country running.—Farm and Fireside.

Most "insults" are unpremeditated

WHY WE [illegible] LIKE HUMAN[illegible]

By GEORGE DORSEY, PH[illegible]

Pin Scratch May Be Fatal as a Rifle Ball

"FLEA" is any animal that lives on or within the body of a host and depends on that host for its food. All such are parasites. Eccles claims that half of the animals in the world are parasites.

The most numerous and deadly parasites come from that great half-animal, half-plant underworld known as bacteria. Second only in deadliness are some of the unicellular organisms of the animal world, the protozoa. More annoying, but of quite a different order in their powers of destruction, are some of the lower members of the metazoa subkingdom.

To the extent that parasites live on or within us or find a temporary home with us, and to the extent that they are causes of disease and death, they are proper objects of our interest and fit subjects for our attention. Indeed, the claim had been made that natural death in man and higher animals is due to parasitic organisms. This probably overstates the case, but it is a fact that micro-organisms enormously influenced organic evolution, that certain forms are constant menaces, and that no part, tissue, or function of our body is germ-proof. The menace is great because of their astounding capacity to multiply, constant because, like the poor, they are always with us. A pin scratch may be as fatal as a rifle ball; careless handling of milk may plague a city.

The general problem of parasitism is complicated. We shall look only at those parasites which are prone to infest the human body and are likely to cause disease. What are they, how are they carried, how do they enter our body, what damage or disease do they cause, and how may we be rid of them or acquire immunity? The answers to even these questions are often interrelated.

Malaria, for example, is not a bacterial disease, nor do we "catch" it—it is brought to us by a mosquito. Malaria, as a disease, is not understood without reference to its carrier and without a knowledge of the life cycle of the germ which causes malaria. Again, pus[illegible] parasites, [illegible] of they related sub[illegible] their disruption of normal human processes of living and in the similarity of the response our bodies make to such substances.

It is true that no question can be raised regarding any one phase of any human process of living without removing the lid of all of life. The intricacy of life in its simplest forms is profound enough; it is not simplified by the addition of parasites. And yet possibly all living processes in higher organisms are brought about by aggregates of protein molecules, which function as micro-organisms. If we only knew more about the protein molecule!

We shall, for keen minds are on its trail, and sooner or later it will yield its secret and life will be new again.

Meanwhile, there are mosquitoes to swat. And with them we may begin to call the roll of our parasitic enemies. Mosquitoes belong to Hexapoda (six-footed) insects, the most diversified, the most numerous, and for their size the smartest of all animals. Lice, fleas, ticks, bedbugs, jiggers, mosquitoes, flies—dozens of kinds, millions of each. And a variety for every plant and animal on earth big enough to carry one. They live on us, they live off us. They give us nothing useful. They irritate us. But they do not kill us. We are accustomed to them, "adapted," immune.

That is what immunity means. We are not exempt from fleas or dozens of other parasites. Only immune. We can stand them. The germ of death or disease carried by a parasite is another matter. Immunity may come in many forms.

Insects are the highest animals which infest or bedevil the human body. Lower in the scale is a flatworm, the long, flat Taenia, or tapeworm. Its life history is longer and not at all flat. Man gets it from unsalted, uncooked pork. In his alimentary canal it loses most of its anatomy and becomes head and long body of dozens of segments, each for breeding purposes a complete male and female. That is what it is, a series of reproductive units. It needs no sense organs, has none; as it feeds on predigested food it needs no digestive apparatus, has none. Its head is a hook to hang on [illegible] to suck up food.

Our next lower [illegible] emies are the two [illegible] worm, trichina. [illegible] understood and [illegible] we hear little of [illegible] is well understood; [illegible] barefooted.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

Roses in History

The rejoicings of victory, the melancholy moments of grief, have known roses. Arbors of delight, the desolation of surrender, playtime of children, dreams of aging men and women, hesitant hope of the sick, all have known the language of roses. In the choruses of the world's sentiment they have sung their part.—Boston Herald.

Variation in Dogs' Sizes

The mastiff, the St. Bernard and the Irish wolfhound are the biggest dogs. The mastiff is probably the heaviest and the Irish wolfhound the tallest. This is a very general statement, since individuals of all breeds sometimes are very large.

China Needs Forests?

The two great curses of China, flood and famine, are closely related, and foresters believe they may be partly if not wholly prevented by scientific forestry.