

you once use a strap you will not only have your strainer can fitted with it but every other can also. With a strap you need never fear that your strainer cloth will slip or the trouble you will have to clean and replace, because it never slips and is so easily replaced. Now, we must not only be careful to strain our honey, but when putting it in containers for shipping we require to watch lest dust or something worse get into it. It is an exceptional thing in my experience to buy honey that is entirely free from objections of this kind. We might lose a good customer by some carelessness in allowing insects other than bees to get into it, and when one is buying in quantities it is next to impossible to examine every can separately. At the Buffalo convention Mr. Miner, I think, was giving his plan of selling honey from house to house. He went on to say that he carried a pail of the beloved sweet with him and invited all the family to try some, but, he said, they never used his spoon. It was inferred that no spoon but his own ever went into that honey, and it was right enough, provided the other spoons had been used once. We make it a rule that spoon or knife or whatever it might be, must be clean before using, and we never consider them clean unless washed after entering a person's mouth; yet how many you will find who will dip in the same spoon again and again into that which others partake of. A friend of mine had his appetite for sugar, for one meal at least, taken away because a colored brother licked his spoon and plunged it into the sugar basin. On its return journey many crystals of sugar vainly endeavored to cling to it but fell back into the basin. I was in a store one day where there was some honey granulated but still soft. The merchant lifted the ladle and took a bite,

the balance, with the marks of his teeth, going back into the can. I had honey of my own, but I don't quite think I would have bought if I had not. Another thing I don't like is a person chewing cappings and throwing the refuse back into the uncapping can. Of course this is not allowed at our house, but I have been wondering if this was a common practice. I called on a bachelor bee-keeper (not Rambler) one day and after seeing him do this I asked him what he did with the cappings. Oh, he melted them up and sold the honey. Last year two dirty-faced urchins were indulging very freely at the uncapping can, or rather crock, and tossing back the wax. I asked the father what he did with the cappings. I was a little relieved when he said he melted them up into wax. To his credit he did not leave much honey in them, so there was not much loss.

I think people are giving more thought to these things and that it will be no longer considered proper to drink from the same cup that others drink from, unless first cleaned, whether in the home or at the communion table.

The Story of the President's Mother

When Martha Bulloch, the fair daughter of a wealthy Georgia planter married Theodore Roosevelt half a century ago she little dreamed that her name would be handed down as the mother of a President. The romance of her meeting with the New York man, their courtship and marriage, and the long honeymoon journey in a stagecoach, forms a new and interesting chapter in connection with the life of the present Theodore Roosevelt. In the June number of the *Ladies Home Journal* this romance and many unknown facts concerning the President's mother are told by a cousin, Martha Bulloch.

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