

Health Department.

How To Ventilate a Home.

This is the season of the year when many homes are in course of construction, and the following suggestions respecting the ventilation of homes may be found useful:

In the construction of a dwelling, attention should be given to ample provision for the adequate supply of fresh and pure air. It should be recollected that each person requires not less than forty to sixty cubic feet of pure, fresh air per minute, or 2,400 to 3,600 cubic feet per hour. To secure this amount of air requires for each person an opening not less than one-sixth of a square foot in area, and absolute safety requires a still larger area. Some fresh air will find its way in through cracks, between window-sash, under and around doors, and even through brick walls; but this is an uncertain and inadequate supply, and openings should be provided at convenient places for this purpose.

If provision for the proper ventilation of a house is made at the time of its construction, very little expense need be involved; hence the importance of giving this matter attention when planning a dwelling. The following is a brief summary of the principles of correct ventilation, which ought to be familiar to every one, whether interested in house-building or not:

1 For efficient ventilation of each room in a building, two openings are necessary, one for entrance of fresh air, and one for egress of foul air.

2 When the fresh air enters a room warm, as when furnaces are used for heating, the foul air opening should be at the bottom, as the oldest air in the room, and consequently the most impure, will be that which has been in the room the longest, and has been gradually cooled by contact with outside walls and window surfaces. When a room is heated by stove, the foul air opening should be near the ceiling.

The size of openings depends upon the number of persons to be supplied with air. It may be laid down as a general rule that an opening of twenty-four square inches' space in both inlet and outlet is required for each individual in a room. The openings should be of sufficient size to allow a passage of at least three thousand cubic feet of air per hour without creating too perceptible drafts. Air cannot travel through a room more rapidly than five feet a second without a current being perceptible. A sick-room needs two or three times the ordinary amount of ventilation.

The foul-air openings of rooms should connect with heated ventilating shafts. Cold air shafts are uncertain ventilators. They are not to be relied upon. The amount of draft in the shaft depends upon the height of the shaft and the amount of heat in it. Various methods of heating the ventilating shafts may be adopted. In a building heated by steam, steam pipes may be employed. In ordinary dwellings, the waste heat of smoke-pipes or chimneys may be utilized for the purpose. An oil-stove or a gas-jet may be used for heating small shafts in dwellings; or a small stove may be used to accomplish the same purpose in larger shafts.

5 Rooms on different stories should not open into the same ventilating shaft, as the upper rooms are likely, under various circumstances, to receive the foul air from the rooms below.

In constructing a dwelling-house with reference to health in the matter of heating and ventilation, we know of no better plan than to provide an improved form of furnace as a means of supplying warm, pure air, and a grate for every room or suite of rooms as a means of ventilation. In very cold weather, the draft in open grates will be sufficiently strong to secure ample ventilation of the fires in inside walls, even in spring and fall, a little draft may be needed to create a draft in

From Poisoned Meat.

The late mayor of Omaha, Nebraska, who has been pre-occupied, and after being shaved, was slightly tainted before he called public attention to the danger of tainted meat in the city. The process of cooking does not develop poisons in meat, but it is probable that

many mysterious cases of illness are due to this cause. Stomachs from eating canned meats, and from cheese poisoning, are also attributable to the same class of poisons.

Thought Mr. a Might Sober him Up.

Door ... was so full when he went to get a ... that he wanted to whip the minister, and offered to bet that he could pull one of the pillars from under the church roof and bring the whole structure tumbling down on them, a la Samsen.

Minister to weeping bride—"Did you know this man drank when you accepted him?"

Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir."

Minister—"Did you ever see him full before?"

Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir."

Minister—"Then why do you want to marry him?"

Weeping bride—"I thought may be that marriage might sober him up."

Minister—"Well, marriage does usually sober a man up. But in this case it seems to have made him all the drunker. What is he worth?"

Weeping bride (with alacrity)—"Forty thousand dollars."

Minister—"Oh, that makes a difference. Here, Deacon Williams, hold the groom up until I get through with this ceremony."

Sympathy.

Small Boy—"I say, Jimmy, me's jest got a new churn, one dam bees two-minute churns what brings de butter in no time."

Jimmy—"Is it painted blue?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—"Oog wheels on the outside, an a crank?"

Small Boy—"That's it."

Jimmy—"Did the feller wot sold it to yer ma have warts on his neck?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—"Stands up high, like, with four legs?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—[Earnestly]—"Soetty, I feels sorry for yer. Ma got one jest like is last week. Dye know why I wasn't swimmin' all day Saturday?"

Small Boy—"No."

Jimmy—"I was a churnin'."

The underground wire problem is being speedily solved in Chicago. The wires are being fast buried, and will all be down by winter; and, more significant still, the various electric companies confess that the service is greatly improved by the change.

Young Folks' Department.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

It was only a little cottage standing behind a clump of bushes and shrubbery, and surrounded by a low stone wall, that stood basking in the sunshine on a beautiful summer's day in the heat of August. The way leading to "Peach Blossom Cottage," as it was called, was through a long arbor, from which hung delicious grapes as if ready to be plucked. On this day of which I speak a stranger entered the little village, and after brushing away the sweat from his brow, he proceeded to seek a place to rest himself from the long and tiresome journey. Glancing at him one would certainly term him a tramp, so dusty and travel worn was he. As he passed one after another, and found nothing in the way of wooden stools and rustic benches, he almost despaired. When nearly dropping with fatigue he came in sight of "Peach Blossom Cottage"; he could not refrain from stepping over the wall, and seating himself upon an inviting bench under the arbor. Scarcely had he seated himself when a little child, of perhaps ten years, approached him with tokens of sympathy in her soft blue eyes. As soon as she caught sight of him she ran into the cottage, and immediately reappeared with a soft white pillow, which she laid under his head. As the child prepared to go, his sad face beamed with a smile that spoke volumes of thanks. Presently he fell into a long and refreshing slumber that lasted until midnight, when he was awakened by the loud ringing of fire bells, which clanged out on the still night air. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him; then grasping the situation, he ran around to the side wing of the house, which was enveloped in flames. Already a large crowd had collected to note the progress of the flames. And after Farmer Brown, the owner of the cottage, looked around him to see that all was safe, a terrible thought occurred to him. His face grew pale as ashes, as his trembling words reached the heart of the multitude: "My daughter! my daughter! Oh, where is my daughter?" as his eyes sought the burning building. A ladder was quickly placed against it. Then, as Farmer Brown offered all his possessions for the recovery of his child, the traveller of the afternoon stopped forward amid the wonder of the people. As he placed his foot firmly upon the ladder, a shout rent the air; the multitude watched with eager eyes as he ascended the ladder and gained the top. All was still as the unknown man disappeared through the window.

Once more a shout was raised, twice as noisy as the first, as the man appeared on the top bearing the almost suffocated child in his arms; just as he reached the ground, and everybody was rejoicing, the ladder caught fire and burned to the ground. Then Farmer Brown offered the hero what he had promised to give; but the good stranger answered, as he pursued his way, "Scarcely one good turn deserves another."

A Judge's Opinion.

While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber one day, many years ago, drawing up an opinion in a knotty case, a certain lawyer came in. This lawyer, who has since died, was a thin, toothpickish, dudish sort of man, whom the judge did not like very well, and than whom he had rather have seen Daniel Pratt himself walking into his chamber.

"Well, Brother Lightweight, what can I do for you this morning?" asked Judge Walton, trying to get rid of the fellow.

"Nothing," he replied. "I only came in to make you a call."

After a disagreeable silence the judge looked up again and asked:

"Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?"

"Because I can't afford it. How much do you suppose it costs me to live now?"

The judge said he wouldn't guess.

"Well, it costs me \$6000 a year for just my own living."

An expression of surprise came on the judge's face.

"Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."

An Essay on Anarchists.

The anarchists are good citizens in many respects. They aid largely in the support of several industries—notably the liquor business. They are practical prohibitionists and destroy liquor—a glassful at a time.

The don't like the police and seldom give them a chance to enjoy their society at short range. They are not very dangerous to any one who has land enough around his house to pasture a dog.

Being mostly of foreign origin, they are not, naturally, attached to the soil of their adopted country—although it is, as a rule, attached to them. They never demean themselves by agricultural labor.

The maligners of the anarchists say they are not workmen. They are. They work the growler.



BITTER SWEET.

Miss Montague Taylor (to Miss Capulet Smythe): I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MR. NAINSET, BACK THERE, WHO THINKS YOU ARE SO ACTUALLY HANDSOME. YOU KNOW OF HIM, DON'T YOU? HE IS VERY ANNOYING AND ECCENTRIC—NEVER TALKS AS ANYONE ELSE DOES.