

"7. The enactment of laws prohibiting the construction of buildings having dark, ill-ventilated rooms either for sleeping or working in, and the remedying of these conditions when found.

"8. The enactment and enforcement of anti-spitting laws.

"9. The provision of ample park accommodation and open spaces in cities and the prevention of overcrowding.

"10. The medical inspection of schools and the education of school children as to tuberculosis and how to avoid it.

"11. The dissemination of information regarding the disease to the public by means of lectures, literature, etc."

PREVENTING PIG TROUBLES

There is no class of enquiries which are answered with so little satisfaction to the agricultural press and to its readers as those concerning ailing pigs. It is hard enough to diagnose pig troubles when one has an opportunity to make a personal examination, and doubly hard when such an examination is impossible. Even after the trouble is correctly diagnosed, treatment in the case of pigs is often very unsatisfactory. The truth of the old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," was never better illustrated than in the case of pig diseases. There is no need of arguing the desirability of keeping the pig healthy and thrifty. All readers will agree with us on this point, but singularly enough it is difficult to get them to act upon their own belief. "Take," says *Wallace's Farmer*, "the disease known as partial paralysis, which has become quite common, comparatively speaking, during the last two or three years. We are convinced that if due care were exercised in the matter of feeding the pigs and very common preventive measures taken, this disease would not be at all troublesome, but notwithstanding the frequency with which we have emphasized the importance of preventives during the past two or three years, not one out of ten of our friends who ask for help in this particular matter have made an effort to prevent it. In addition to providing clean, well-ventilated sleeping quarters, and a ration which contains some muscle-making food in addition to the corn, it will pay to feed the Government recipe to all hogs which show any signs of disease. This recipe, which we have published many times before, is as follows:

	Pounds
Wood charcoal.....	1
Sulphur.....	1
Sodium chloride.....	2
Sodium bicarbonate.....	2
Sodium hyposulphite.....	2
Sodium sulphate.....	1
Antimony sulphide (black antimony).....	1

"These ingredients should be completely pulverized and thoroughly mixed. The dose of the mixture is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs to be treated, and it should be given but once a day.

Our friends should also keep before the hogs a box of wood ashes or charcoal, in which a little salt has been mixed. This ought to be where the hogs can have access to it at all times. If they will adopt these simple precautions and then exercise some care in feeding a balanced ration, the number of complaints of pig diseases of one sort or another will be cut in half within three months."

NUT GATHERING

Have you ever gone nutting in a bush large and dense enough that you couldn't see out? Have you got up early on a brisk October morning and scampered back to the woods to make a hurried circuit of the hickory trees ere some "pot-hunting" neighbor had gathered the "rough" of the morning's drop? Have you, returning, hastily deposited a peck or half bushel of nuts in the old chest, against the day when there should be time to hull them, then hustled off to school, cheeks glowing with healthy exercise, and eyes kindled by anticipation of winter evenings, with feasts of nuts and apples before the fire? Have you, some windy Saturday, following a frosty night, spent a day in the bush harvesting a bonanza crop, filling sack after sack in the old

sugar house, which served as a base of operations? Have you trampled bare-foot all day over the fresh-littered, spongy mould of leaves, now through the inky swale, anon digging your toes into the decaying trunk of a falling pine? Has your heart danced to the music of the wind swaying the lofty tree-tops overhead? Have you bounded like a deer when approaching the favorite old hickory tree, which bore the "large, three-cornered" nuts, and dropping to your hands and knees, snatched eagerly at the tempting fruitage which filled the bag so fast? Have you spied the old hawk's nest, away up in the crotch, where the thinning leafage no longer hid it from view? Have you noted with jealous eye the red squirrel helping himself to a crop which, by right of eminent domain, belonged to you, reflecting meanwhile upon the utter uselessness of red squirrels anyway in the economy of man? Have you more complacently observed a big fat black or gray squirrel up in another tree, marking well the spot, and contemplating the tempting pot-pie there would be when father could bring back the double-barrelled breech-loader some evening after school, and try his aim at squirrels? Have you, at dusk, tramped up the long farm lane to the house, and, depositing the heavy load, trudged wearily off to do the evening chores? Have you come in to supper happy but tired, and as hungry as a bear? Have you filled up on fried potatoes, bread and butter, and apple sauce, and pie, and then laid down on the sitting-room lounge, from which you were almost immediately roused and hustled off upstairs? Have you stumbled your way upstairs to "roost", undressed, and tumbled into bed, to dream of forests where all the trees were hickories, and none of the squirrels were red? If you have done these things, you have experienced a sweet touch of nature's enchanting paradise. If not, you have missed one of the supreme joys of juvenile country life.

Wanted—An Employer—(Continued)

his verbs as if "going through" was solely a physical exercise on the flying-wedge order, and Junius chuckled.

"Then I'll tell him that father stood almost at the head of his class in high school, and he almost took a lot of honors."

"Well," assented Junius, "that 'almost' is a step farther than a heap of the rest of us got."

"Yes," exulted the boy, "I guess Mr. Florins will say so, too. Then I'll tell him that father taught a lot when he couldn't go through college."

"What next?" inquired Junius. They were approaching Twelfth Street now, and the car was hardly moving in the press of vehicles.

Edward Billings curled his bare toes under, and unconsciously pushed forward with all his slender might. "Then I'll tell him that father used to read a lot, law-books and things, same as he does—"

"But, see here!" interrupted Junius. "All this talk will be about your father. What are you going to say about yourself?"

A cloud overspread Edward Billings' face. He raised a pair of troubled eyes to his questioner. "Why, I never stopped to think of that," he began, slowly, all the brightness fading out of his tone. "There's nothing much to say about me. I sell papers and help father—"

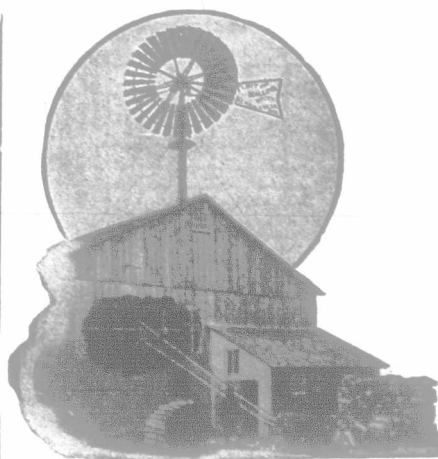
"What does your father do?" asked Junius.

The boy hesitated. His face flushed, and he looked up uncertainly at the goggles. "He used to teach, I told you," was the evasive answer, "until his eyes gave out."

"And now?"

Edward Billings Henry wriggled about on the padded leather. "He's always had bad legs"—the evasion continued—"but his arms and back are strong, and his legs all right to stand on."

"Yes," insisted Junius, and waited. "So he's doing something he ain't going to do if I can get this job. Then I could sell papers after and before office hours, and earn a lot of money." Edward Billings Henry talked rapidly, but the young man beside him was not to be turned from his purpose.



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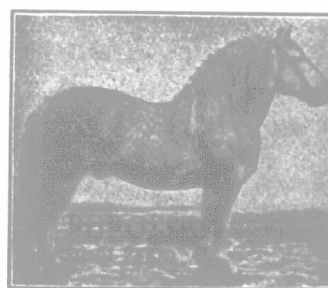
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