Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

In a few days time the important event about which I have written much recently will have arrived. I wonder if you can guess to what I refer? Yes, that's right, it's the Victory Loan Campaign. You may wonder why I have had so much to write regarding it. Simply because it is the most outstanding feature, so far as we are concerned, if we are to soon have our brothers and fathers back safely from fighting over in France and Flanders.

They are over there fighting to prevent their dear ones at home sugering the same at the hands of the brutal Hun which has befallen the children of Belgium and Northern France.

Those children have lost their all, even if they have escaped with their lives. Little Babes, like your own baby brother or sister have been thrown from bayonet to bayonet by those hords of the Kaiser's. Kiddies of tender years have had their hands cut og. Their happy homes have been turned into habitations not fit for a pig even if the walls have been left standing at all. Their pet canary in its cage has been made the target for idle soldiers of Germany to practice firing at. Little kittens playmates of many a child over there have been nailed to the door of the barn house, to be found afterwards by the victorious Canadian soldiers, and put out of misery. Those are plain facts which every member of the Children's Corner, should be informed of. Therefore make this Victory Loan a success.

Boys and girls, you are now called upon to help your country make this forthcoming Victory Loan a success. There is not one of us who would not help the Allies win the war. When you see soldiers and sailors going away how you wish you only could go "over there" and crush the barbarious enemy.

Why do you want to crush the enemy? Because you know Canada is shedding the blood of her sons for the cause of right.

You are not old enough to fight, but you can do something else to help your country. That is by buying and getting others to buy as many Victory Bonds as possible. Tell your parents about it and urge them on to buy bonds. If you help make this loan a success, you are fighting the enemy just as the boys on the firing line are.

Think of the ammunition, airplanes, ships and many other things that are needed to help Canada win the war! Without these things our boys could not fight. Hospitals and all other possible comforts must be had for the wounded. Just think of all the things that a $50 bond will buy. Surgical instruments for officers and men, hand grenades, trench knives and first aid packages to dress the wounds.

You have read the newspaper reports of the inhuman acts of the German soldiers in Belgium. How they killed the fathers and brothers so they could not protect the women and children. The submarines have sunk hospital ships passenger ships and vessels carrying food and supplies to neutral countries. Their Zeppelins have bombarded hospitals and homes. You do not want them to come over here and destroy this beautiful country as they have done to the countries of Europe. You know it is the Kaiser's ambition to conquer and banish the names of liberty and freedom out of history. The German nation would not have prepared for forty years if their Emperor's ambition had not been to rule the world. Think of this, and do your best to buy bonds. If you do, you are not only helping Canada, but the whole world, from the spreading hand of autocracy. When you are urging the buying of bonds, always bear in mind that you are a soldier behind the man behind the firing line. Be the man behind the man behind the gun.

That is my message to you all this week. I have no other subject to talk to you about. Now let me see who will be the means of having the most bonds sold. While brother or daddy is doing his bit, you do yours.

Best wishes for your success from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

THE DIFFERENCE

A Story for the Elder Girls.

"See, deary, what pretty coats, and only thirty-five dollars!"

But the window display did not interest Patricia. She drew Grandmother Darrell along toward a more fashionable shop. There they spent half an hour in looking at beautiful coats—all to no avail. They were standing near the door while Patricia pondered where to go next.

"The trouble is" she said, "you simply cannot get—anywhere—a decent coat for fifty dollars! And that's all daddy gave me."

"It must have been hard for him to refuse you."

Patricia looked up quickly. But the sweet old face showed only its habitual sympathy.

"Of course," Patricia hastened to add, "I didn't let him see how disappointed I was—with business bothering him so. But you don't know, Fanny, dear, how the girls in my school dress. If—"

"What you want to drag me into this swell place for? Goin' to buy you an opera cloak? Say, will you look at that price!"

Involuntarily Patricia drew her companion aside a little. Her exquisite, glittered grandmother must not come in contact with the two who had just come in from the street. They were dressed very shabby, very "ordinary" girls.

"Oh, I just wanted to get weighed in the ladies' room! You don't have to put in a cent here." This speaker was thin-faced and looked underfed. "Say, if you don't eat more'n you did this noon, you won't weight anything pretty quick," said the other, with a laugh. "Wait a minute ! want to look at this lace, now we're in here." "I don't like eatin' much after working all the morning in a basement," the thin girl. "The food at Grady's is so greasy that it makes me sick, and that's the only place where you can fill up on twenty cents. Gee, wisht I could blow myself to a thirty-five-cent feed at noon!"

Patricia had paid for her own and Grandmother Darrell's luncheon what she regarded as a very modest amount—only two dollars and thirty-five cents including the waiter's tip. She stood still. The two "ordinary" girls also lingered, one to gaze at the costly laces, the other to stare into the street, or at something far off.

"Mebbe we're lucky to have twenty—or fifteen—cents," said the thin girl. "I might's well tell you, Lu; you'll get it out of me sooner or later! I'm savin' up now for another one of them—funds."

"You aint, with your father laid off and your mother taking two dollars extra off'n you a week! You're crazy, that's what you are!"

"Oh, pops got a job—twelve dollars per! And its for the little Armenian girls she told about—you know, at the club. Them kids kep' me awake nights! I promised ten cents a week. Wisht I wasn't in the ten-cent class! I'd like to give something to count, like ten dollars."

At that moment Grandmother Darrell surprised Patricia. "It's a splendid gift!" she cried. "A thousand times as much as the amount itself. I wish there were more with your spirit, you dear, sweet child! May God bless you and your beautiful gift! And He will, too!"

Patricia stood quite dazed at this outburst. The two "ordinary" girls murmured a reply and moved away, carrying with them a vision, perhaps as beautiful a sight as this earth affords—the face of a lovely and beloved old woman smiling tenderly in gracious benediction.

"Oh," cried Patricia, "I'm so ashamed!"

The color deepened in the sweet old face. "I couldn't help it, dear. I—"

"Grandmother Darrell, you surely couldn't think I meant that! I'm not ashamed of you! I'm ashamed of myself, complaining, complaining—over a fifty dollar coat!"

The years had added much wisdom to Grandmother Darrell's native grace. She perceived what was happening in Patricia, and struck while the iron was hot.

"Those pretty coats in that window were—"

"Selfish! Selfish! Her father's salary twelve dollars—twelve—twenty-cent luncheons! Yes, and we'll go straight to look at them, too!"

This chaotic utterance did not puzzle Grandmother Darrell in the least. She knew well enough that Patricia was not marching on so resolutely to look at twenty-cent luncheons!

"Dear child, you are so like the new daughter your father brought home to me twenty-five years ago! Your grandfather always said your mother had no need to follow the fashions; she was one of those who could set them."

"We certainly need some one at my school to set the fashion—in giving up. And if I haven't got the courage,—your granddaughter,—well, we'll see, granny, darling!"

But remember—it started with a girl in the ten-cent class.

A MOUSE'S MATCH

Little Animal Makes Pleasant Evening Possible For Old Man.

"Bring gran'pa a match, will you, Teddy?" asked Grandfather Ames, one evening, as he sat before the fireplace, and threw a broken sulphur end into the grate.

The kindlings and fuel were all ready to light should it prove to turn colder in the night, but as yet no fire was burning in the fireplace. Teddy sought for another match in the kitchen but the box was empty. So he reported that not a match could be find.

"Well, well! Gran'pa will have to go without his pipe tonight," returned the old man patiently.

Teddy ran away to play and the room was quiet as the gray, shadows crept in from the twilit sky. Presently a faint rustle of the paper in the fireplace roused Grandpa's interest. He saw a little mouse nosing for some cake crumbs that had been tossed away that afternoon.

Mousie began enjoying the crumbs, and nosed about for more. Grandpa remained perfectly quiet and watched with bright eyes. Suddenly Mousie found the tiny stick with its sulphur end, and wondering if it was good to eat, he nibbled at it.

Up flared a flash of fire and away scooted Mousie in a panic! The paper and chips ignited from the struck match end, and in a few minutes Grandpa had a cozy fire burning and was able to light his pipe without any trouble or help from anyone other than the little gray mouse.

As the curls of tobacco smoke rose to the ceiling, Grandpa chuckled to think how the mouse would tell of the dire calamity caused in that fireplace by his indiscretion. If Mousie but knew what a pleasant evening he made possible for the old man sitting before the cheerful blaze.

GEORGE DRYDEN—I see that you are quite handy with the water colors. Some artist. The results will be given next week.

The spacious llawns of England's great country estates are being allowed to go to hay and the grass crop surrounding the American Red Cross hospital in Devonshire is harvested by the resident nurses, supervised by Miss Drummond, the matron.

A Victory Committee of the Emergency Aid has just been formed, Mrs. Walter Thompson, chairman, with the object of combating German propaganda. Each member will be prepared with facts and statistics to refute Hun falsehoods.

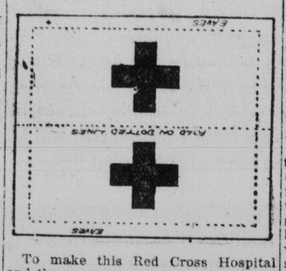
One of the young women who compose the fourth unit of Signal Corps operators who are going to France at the call of General Pershing for women workers, is a Belgian girl student at the University of California whose entire family has been killed in the war and who goes to aid her native land by serving in the American army.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

Equipping Your Paper Army

Not far from the place where the brave Paper soldiers are fighting for the people of Paperville is the Paper Red Cross Hospital. The sick and wounded Paper soldier boys are brought to this hospital in the little Red Cross Paper Hospital Ambulance and good kind Paper nurses in long white aprons and snowy white caps marked with a Red Cross take good care of them until they are able to go back to the Paper army or to their homes in Paperville.

One peep at the window of this hospital will show you many of these Paper soldiers.



To make this Red Cross Hospital and these nurses a part of your Paper army—paste the pictures very carefully onto stiff white paper or cardboard. When it is dry, cut it out. The dotted lines will show you where to fold and the little tabs where to paste.

Make the crosses a bright red with your water color paints or crayon. The little tubs and boxes of flowers may be any color that you think a Paper soldier would like best.

Now when you have made this paper toy, take good care of it for some day there will be more of the Paper Army.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

A Fairy Tale—Just the Kind to Read Before "Good Night" Time.

The Princess Elaine, cousin of the little willful princess, had come to make a visit, and a grand picnic was to be given in her honor. She lived in a large city, where except for the beautiful parks and playgrounds, there was little opportunity of seeing the country. So the picnic had been planned to give her the delight of being out in the country, where the blue sky was endless, as well as the green pasture lands, and where groves of oak trees offered as cool and beautiful as any Gothic place.

The head chief of the castle had superintended the packing of the great hampers with the utmost care. There were delicious broiled chickens and big red lobsters, cold tongue and ham; crisp salads and sliced vegetables, curiously molded confections from the pastry . Kitchen pies of all kinds. Then there were fruits heaped upon baskets of carved ice, in fact everything good to eat was to be enjoyed at the feast under the trees.

It was a glorious morning. The sun had burned away every cloud that had hung rosy about his rising and the great gray flanks of the rocky hill on which stood the castle glared in a pale scorch under the sky. Here and there down the steep incline the little brook flashed out in the clear, intense dazzle as it leaped from out the dark rifts on his way in the meadow.

No one, at the castle noticed these beauties of nature—they were too busy getting ready for the picnic. Except perhaps the Prince Rupert. He had stood for some time gazing down from his window at the rocks and the trees, which sparkled under the rays of the early sun. Perhaps he was wondering which of his two lovely cousins he loved the most. At length, however, he descended to the dining hall, where the royal breakfast awaited the household. The meal was of short duration as far as the two little princesses were concerned, for they were too excited to eat, and, moreover was it not foolish to bother with an ordinary breakfast when the hampers held all that one could desire in the way of food? Therefore, they were the first to mount their horses and with some impatience. I am sorry to admit awaited the appearance of the King and Queen, who seemed to take longer than usual to finish their breakfast.

At last, everyone was ready, off rode the little wilful princess with her pet monkey on horseback at her side, her cousin Elaine and Prince Rupert following after, then the great coach with its attendants and last, but not least, the hamper 5 in a wagon all to themselves. Enroute, they were to meet several uncles and aunts and half a dozen cousins, so that the picnic might be a real one and not just a family affair.

As they reached the valley they were joined by the guests who were to meet them, and the party now being quite large, the little willful princess suggested that they ride ahead some distance and choose the spot for the encampment.

"But it has already been selected," said Prince Rupert, "Michael reported to the king this morning he had chosen a good place for the picnic."

At this the little princess looked very much annoyed but as her cousin Elaine was there, she said nothing further, except to confide to the monkey that she already knew it.

The spot that the head gardener had selected proved to be a very beautiful one as the grove of trees shielded them from the sun, and the lake just below made the air cool with moisture. The wild fowls dashed and swam over its rippling surface, and every now and then the red spot on the backs of the nimble trout gleamed in the sunlight.

"Come," cried the little Princess, after she had alighted from her horse and changed her riding habit in one of the royal tents which had been set up for the convenience of the guests. "let us go down to the lake and explore." But her cousin Elaine seemed very busy with Prince Rupert at that moment; so the little willful princess and her pet monkey ran down to the beach without waiting for them. At the edge of the lake the tall water-grasses and rushes swung lazily with the motion of the water.

The princess leaned and gazed into the clear water—a beautiful, broad mirror, reflecting the chestnut trees on the bank and the little points of land that ran out from the shore, and gave foot hold to the old pines standing watch day and night, summer and winter, to guard the lake.

"How funny your face looks in the water," said the princess, turning to her pet. "I can't make out whether its your whiskers or the water grasses."

"Never mind, your highness," replied the monkey. "There is something more interesting going on down on the bottom of the lake, than the reflection of my whiskers."

"What is it," askekd the princess, eagerly.

"Do you see that clumsy black bug crawling on the bottom?"

"Yes; and he has six legs," replied the Princess, counting aloud and he looks as if he had on a coat of armour. But I don't think he is very interesting."

"Something very wonderful is going to happen to him, nevertheless," replied the monkey, still gazing into the water.

"O bother," replied the little willful princess, "I'd much rather watch the salt water boatmen and the water spiders dance and skip. Why that old bug couldn't do the tango to save his life."

"Well he can," replied the monkey. "Look, there he comes, now up the stem of that rush." And, sure enough, toilsomely up the slippery stem he crawled, and after much labor, he reached the surface of the water and basked in the fresh air and sunshine

"Why doesn't he ask one of the little spiders to dance with him?" said the little princess, turning to the monkey. "If he is so interesting, they would be crazy to dance with him."

"How can he, my princess?" answered the monkey, pointing to the bug. "See, his helmet is cracking in half." It was just as the monkey said, and, moreover, in a minute it fell from off his face, disclosing a new face, as it were, much larger and more beautifully made and colored than the old, he trembles all over, and a slender body, that was packed away like a spyglass, is slowly drawn out one part after another, until at last the dark coat of mail dangles empty from the water plant.

"Why, he looks like a beautiful knight that has taken off his armor," cried the little princess.

Instead of the ugly bug clinging to the stem was a dragon fly, his delicate gauzy wings trembling in the breeze, as if about to transport the long, slender body across the sparkling waters."

"There he goes," said the monkey, "but I don't believe he will bother to stop for a dance with the water spiders now. Its not always the really interesting people who dance." ,

The little princess looked at the monkey. "Well, who would expect an old bore like that black bug to turn into a dragon fly, and more than one would expect a handsome prince to change into a love-sick swain?" and she glanced across the lake to where Prince Rupert was walking with her cousin Elaine.

"Methinks he is acting," replied the monkey, with a wise little wink. At which the willful little princess blushed ever so little. "Let us join them." At this the little princess gave a little "hello" and started to run toward them around the edge of the lake. As she neared them she slipped from the bank and with a frightened scream fell into the water. In an instant Prince Rupert plunged over the bank and lifted her from the water as it was very shallow at that point. Tenderly carrying her in his arms, he laid her down on the grass, at the same time leaning over and imploring her to open her eyes.

"She cannot be dead," he cried as the monkey took hold of her wrist to feel her pulse.

"Speak to me" cried Prince Rupert. Then the little willful princess opened her eyes, and cried, "Where am I?"

Seeing that she was not injured, but only wet, the king commanded that she return to the tent and await a dry set of clothes, which he would instantly send for. But no, the little willful princess would not hear of it. "I shall ride to the castle at once," she replied, "and change my clothes." And, without further words, she ran as fast as her wet garments would permit to the tent and, quickly getting into her riding habit, mounted her horse and rode away. The monkey did not follow, for he seemed to know that he wishes her handsome cousin to be her escort, which turned out to be the case. And as they rode, side by side he was the first to speak.

"Methought you were drowned sweet cousin," he said in a low voice, you were so still and white."

The little willful princess grew very rosy as her eyes met his, although she hesitated not in her reply:

"Methought as I felt the ground give way beneath my feet that may hap would be so too engrossed to hear my feeble cry." At which the Prince blushed also.

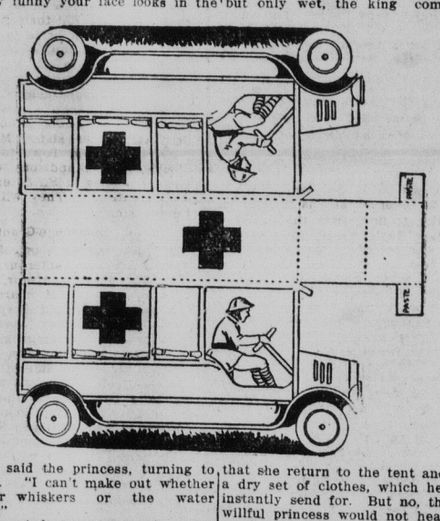
When she reached the castle much concern was shown by her French maid over her misfortune and the fact that the picnic was spoiled for her by the mishap. But the little willful princess said nothing; she only smiled as she tripped down the stairway, after putting on her most becoming gown, to meet Prince Rupert.

"Let us have a little picnic by ourselves," she said, as they seated themselves on a rustic bench in the rose garden.

And when the king and queen returned with the Princess Elaine and the pet monkey later in the day, they found their daughter laughing most happily.

"Verily," said the king, as he ascended the stairs to his room. "She is developing a most lovely disposition. To think that she should have missed all the fun and still be happy."

Which only goes to show that kings can read a woman's heart no better than ordinary men.



A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

JUST A PASSENGER TRIP

An Adventurous Story For Boys.

(Continued from last week.)

Carstairs stared at Morris in a surprise; surely the boy was never going to counsel acceptance of the infamous offer? The German commander, however, beamed upon the young Britisher, little dreaming how that same youngster was plotting against him. Emboldened by the smile, and with another warning tug at Carstair's coat, Morris spoke up.

"Will you show me the gentlemen who's going as passenger," he askked politely.

The German tapped out another warning, and presently the party were joined by a fourth. He was Adipose, corpulent—in fact he was a more like an elephant than a man. Carstairs groaned.

"Good heaven," he said, "have I got to carry that?"

Morris spoke again.

"May I confer aside with my lieutenant, Herr?" he asked, and the German nodded an assent.

"What's the game Morris?" demanded Carstairs, when they were out of earshot. Have you gone dotty, or do you intend to run the 'plane yourself?"

"Just a minute, sir," said the youth. "You remember that just before you came down you told me the straps of that after seat were none too strong. Well I looked down and noticed that the rivets had started coming out on one side and that a good sudden jerk would wrench them out completely. There's room for me alongside you in the patrol, luckily its a double one. Well, my plan is that you agree with this proposal on condition that I go with you to help fly the machine. You'll have to tell them that she's cranky, and requires two men to work her when there's extra weight to be carried. That German will take the back seat with the revolvers, and his camera. When we get near our fleet he'll start taking snapshots.

"That'll be our chance. All you've got to do is your famous back jumping act, so that he will be flung about in his seat. He'll lose his camera, and he'll lose his guns, if he has to cling on to the machine, especially when he finds that his waist strap has parted. When that's happened he'll be quite harmless and we can not only get home, but take him prisoner also. What do you think of it, sir? Will it work?"

"Well, we'll try it, at any rate," answered Walter.

He signalled to the German commander that they were ready to speak again, and when led before him immediately fell in with his plans.

"Ach! You Englischers!" he said. "You joke and you laugh, but when it comes to death you clutch at all chances. So be it! Get your machine ready, and don't forget that at the first sign of treachery, these men—a wave of the hand indicated a dozen armed marines will shoot and Hermann when you are aloft will keep the muzzle of a revolver in the middle of each of your backs to stop any tricks."

An hour later the aeroplane rose like a bird and headed northward. Carstairs had himself strapped the enormously fat German into the observer's seat behind his own and that of his boy, and the control tanks contained sufficient fuel to take the 'plane across to Ireland, if needs be.

Straight on they flew, until in the middle of the afternoon, there appeared on the horizon a hundred black shapes—the British Fleet keeping watch and ward. The German behind gave a gutteral sound of satisfaction, and unslung his camera. This was Carstair's chance.

With a nudge of his knee to Morris to hold on, he sent the 'plane's nose down wards. Then he slapped over his controller hard and the machine jumped twenty feet into the air at a bound. The fat German swayed forward in his seat and Morris, out of the tail of his eye, noted that his camera fell hurtling to the sea. The German grabbed at his pistol holster again, as the machine jumped once more. Then he yelled.

"Mein Gott!" he screamed, "the straps have given way."

Carstairs smiled, an unholy smile, but said nothing.

Then, without warning, the 'plane commenced to mount higher, and higher into the air, almost climbing on its tail. The German clung for dear life. Suddenly she went right over, and the Geran's boot heels grazed Carstair's back as he fell from his seat, only saving himself from going headlong by a superhuman grip on the sides of the fuselage.

"Not jerky enough, eh?" said Carstairs when he caught Morris's eye. "We'll give him a second try."

This time Carstairs climbed vertically into the heavens, his passenger clinging still for his very life. Then he jammed her flat stuck her nose down, and commenced to fall like a stone to the sea. Suddenly, with a kick, he jammed the aerilon over, and the machine swept round the loop. Just as she reached the centre of the lower curve, the German lost his grip.

For one soul-shaking second the German hung over the side of the seaplane, twisting her out of her course. Then he let go, and fell like a stone, eight thousand feet through space, turning over and over.

A destroyer from the watching, astounded came dashing up at full speed but the German was no where to be seen. Carstairs gained control, and circling, downwards gracefully and coolly touched surface, within ten yards of the boat's black hull.

"Hullo! destroyer," he called, "What are you looking for?"

"Thought we saw you drop something," was the reply, "and we're trying to salve it for you."

"I'm afraid its no good looking, old man," called Carstairs with a grim smile. "Rough on the poor beggar—but it had to be done and he told the whole story."

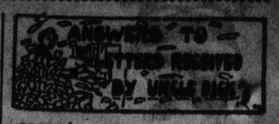
Just then a grimy head appeared through one of the destroyer's scuttles. It looked intently at the pilot and at his companion, as they rode the waves in their machine.

"Say, Morris, boy," it said, eventually, "d'ye do that sort of thing very often?"

"Often!" replied Morris, scornfully. "Of course we do. Why we have that instead of a liver pill every morning before breakfast."

The other's eye opened still wider.

"Lumme!" he said, dolefully. "And to think that I paid half a crown to go and see one aeroplane flying round and round at Hendon, only three years ago."



JOSEPH GOLDIE—Delighted to have your letter and see that you all enjoy the Children's Corner. Yes, you are quite a clever little artist and I shall judge the picture with the rest.

FLORENCE CRAWFORD—Yes, I am making allowance for the fact that you did not have your own paper. Did you do the drawing out of your head," or from life? Your idea is alright.

LORETTA SULLIVAN—Glad to see that you are such a good little artist. The drawing is most natural, and considering your age, cleverly done.

FRED LANZNER—You did not say if your drawing was original or copied. It is quite good though and I am interested in your work.

ALICE WOOD—You appear to be so much interested in the contests, and I hope to have a nice letter from you some of these days.

MARGARET CUMMINGS—That's a very clever attempt you have submitted in the drawing contest, but of course I cannot tell you the results until next week.

FRANK CHRISTIANSEN — You have sent in a remarkably good drawing and I must compliment you upon your efforts, though this does not follow that you will win the prize, but watch for next week.

KENNETH HARRISON—Thanks for your interesting letter, Kenneth. Glad that you say "playing artist." well you may think so, but I consider your attempt real work and clever. Yes, thanks, quite well.

MALCOLM HARRISON—Considering that you are only seven, I think your pretty sketch is extremely well done. Write me a note next time.

EDDY ESTEY—I got an envelope enclosing a coupon bearing your name but there was nothing else. Did you forget something?

HAZEL SAVARY—I am pleased to see that you are interested in the Children's Page. Did you see Uncle Dick when he visited your town last year? A number of other members did, and saw him arrive on board the steamer.

GEORGE MANNING—Yes, I like to get long letters and answer as many as possible through the columns of the Corner.

MARTHA GOLDING—Say Martha that was a great picture you sent of yourself taken with the prize you won in the Children's Corner. Thanks for it and also the letter together with the good wishes.

Good disinfectants destroy the germs of contagious diseases, the external parasites, such as lice and mites, and in some cases the eggs of parasific worms. The eggs of some kinds of worms are so resistant that disinfectants other than heat have little effect upon them. The disinfectants should be thoroughly applied to the interior of the houses, worked into all the cracks and crevices, spread over the ceiling and the floor, the roosts, dropping boards and nest boxes. At the same time the feeding and drinking troughs should be disinfected by pouring boiling water into them and afterwards drying them in the sun. Disinfectants are most easily applied to the walls and ceilings with a spray pump or by using a brush. As it is difficult to keep the chemical from coming into contact with the face and hands the more harmless of these mixtures should generally be used. Ordinary limewash made from freshly slaked lime is excellent, and its properties are well known to all. In the case of an actual outbreak of virulent disease, it is well to add to the limewash six ounces of crude carbolic acid to each gallon to increase its activity as a disinfectant.

The kerosene emulsion, which is frequently used to desstroy mites, may readily be converted into disinfectant. To make the emulsion, shave half a pound of hard laundry soap into half a gallon of soft water and boil the mixture until all the soap is dissolved, then remove it to a safe distance from the fire and stir into it, at once, while still hot, two gallons of kerosene oil. This makes a thick, creamy emulsion, or stock mixture. When it is to be used for killing mites in the house, one quart of this emulsion is mixed with ten quarts of water. When it is to be used as a disinfectant, sair well, and add one pint crude carbolic acid or crude cresol and again stir until all is well mixed.

The compound solution of cresol is one of the best disinfectants which may be purchased ready for use. It contains 50 per cent of cresol, and one pint of it added to ten quarts of water makes a solution of the proper strength to apply to the houses or to spray over the ground.

CONTEST COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

School .....

Age..... Birthday..... Grade.....

Name of Teacher.....