

WILL ENEMY OF BABY

QUITY OF ALL IS TO DO AWAY WITH THE PLY.

A Disinfectant of Disease is Recognized That Will Find an Equal.

Pressed by the Government, Certain States Department of Labor.

No one likes to have a single fly in the house. But a swarm of them... But in addition to being a nuisance... it is also a source of danger... The fly that has been most numerous... is the house fly... It is known to be distributed in this way... it is also found in other forms of life... including the hairy feet and legs of the ordinary house or 'phosphor' fly... The fly, according to its experts... the baby who needs to be protected from them... awake or asleep, he needs it... fly should be kept out of their house... but heed not their warning... should be carefully screened against them... if it is not possible to have out whole house and the porch screened...

The flies that get into the house in spite of screens should be trapped... The flies that are most effective... than any of these numerous... that of destroying the fly larvae before they hatch into full-grown flies... It was to be expected that if the common house fly is in horse manure... in a pile of a thousand pounds there may be half a million maggots ready to hatch... flies from horse manure... the larval stage of the eggs are called... for use upon the manure... to destroy the fly maggots... Other flies are iron sulphate, sereno... chloride of lime, borax and... of these are very effective... for continued use, and some such... when used in too large quantities... may be injurious to the crops... upon which the manure is used.

The United States department of... has recently recommended... provided for the treatment... and effective substance for the... of manure. One-half pound of... in a cubic foot of manure... gallons of water is sufficient to kill the... larvae in eight hours, or ten cubic... feet of manure. In most places... it is possible to keep manure... a cost of 10 cents a pound. This makes... the cost of the treatment a little less... than the cost of a half pound of... per bushel. A liberal estimate of the... output of manure is two bushels a day... per horse.

It is not necessary to have an... effort made to keep manure... from the manure... free from the pest... as can be done with screens. By papers... of manure... the manure... should be kept out of the... feeding places. In all most of these... prevention is far better than... cure; the time for preventive measures... is in the manure... and May, when the fly crop is small... There are a great many kinds of fly... traps on the market. Such traps... are not very effective... and may... the fly crop is small... and the department of agriculture... Washington, with directions... for the use of the traps, and... methods of destroying the fly... where they have infested... A bulletin... fly trap for 20 cents, and Bulletin... 145.

Fly Poison. If you have any more than... estimate of the manure... wherever they get on. If there are... no screens in the house, fly traps... method for getting rid of them... is to put a mixture of... and saturate it with oil of lavender... If this mixture is put in three feet... of the manure... in place... the manure... will be destroyed... and the manure... will be destroyed... and the manure... will be destroyed...

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do if he had penetrated his disguise? He had a shock of genuine terror at the touch of the scolding man's hand. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pangs of the hunted fugitive. But he knew now that he had fairly entered that gates of the old lady's inferno; that however cunningly he might cast about to throw his hands off the letter, he was bound to again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flew by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis bringing on a return of the prickling terror. The stopping of the paddle on the next morning, the order of the gang-plank which aroused him to action and he shook off the creeping numbness and ran aft to rummage among the cargo on the engine-room guards for his precious bundle. When his hand reached the place where it lay, he saw, not the good-looking man to his brain and up a clamorous dining in his ears like the roaring of a cataract. The niche between the coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER V.

The Chain Gang. While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problem of escape, and planning to desert the Belle Julie, he was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom with a writing pad on her knee over which for many minutes he was scribbling rapidly. He was bored. She had fancied that her resolve, once fairly taken, would not stumble over a simple matter of getting out of the ship. But the first steps to begin the letter to Dr. Galbraith, the simplicities vanished and complexity shrouded in their room.

It was all very well to reason about it, and to say that he ought to be made to pay the penalty; but that did not make it any less shocking that he should be made to suffer the penalty. At the end of every fresh effort she was confronted by the inexorable summing-up in a world of phantoms there were only two things, a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

As it chanced, the engines of the steamer were slowing for a landing when she latched her stateroom door. The doors giving upon the forward deck, she saw the white jacket in the harsh voice of the mate exploding in sharp commands as the steamer lurched and edged slowly up to the river bank. He was there the mate whose destiny accident and the conventional sense of duty had made her a better friend than she had a better friend of his face.

It was curiously haggard and woebegone, so sorrowfully changed that she could not recognize the man who had been identified. The sudden transformation added fresh questions, and she began to ask herself thoughtfully what he had done. He had turned slowly and looked up at her as if the finger of her thought had touched him. There was no sign of recognition in his eyes, but she was strained herself to gaze down upon him coldly.

It was a small matter, with the money gone, and the probability that she would be deflected from landing to landing, a little abuse, more or less, counted as nothing. But he was grimly determined to keep her from landing. He had twisted his ankle in jumping from the uptilled landing-stage.

This is the one time when you don't skin anybody alive! he roared, when a break in the stream of abuse gave him a chance. "You let the man alone, he can't help it. He says suppose he sprained an ankle purposely to give you a chance to curse him out."

The mate's reply was a brutal kick at the crippled negro. Griswold came closer. "TO BE CONTINUED."

Cynical Reply for Success. One of the most famous of the "Martyr Town," etc., recently remarked: "A cynical friend told me the other day that the secret of success was to describe the man who is to be taken care of as a corrupt and dishonest fellow. I am sure there was a word in this somewhere, but judging from a list of names I have written down, I think the recipe to my own work, because it is the only one that has ever worked about corruption one way or the other."

Only Safe Kitchens. To make a kitchen safe, the secretary of the American State Hygiene association recommends these precautions: Cut out squares of tile from the floor every two or three feet. Use a disinfectant and place it over the floor. This safeguard will prevent the spread of disease from the kitchen. It is the only one that has ever worked about corruption one way or the other.

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Continued from last page)

"Gravit," John Wesley Gravit. "All right; go with you," said the liberator, curly and with that he went to the check man's lead and fell into line in the procession. Once on board the steamer, he made his way to the aft and found a place for the tramp's bundle in the knotted handkerchief. That done, he stepped into the line again, and became the sick man's substitute. It was told of the aheward, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the last man staggered up the plank with his bundle. The man was slung in the final summons, and the slowly revolving paddle-wheels were taking the strain from the morning lines. Being near the bow, line Griswold was one of the two who spring ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off. He was backing the hawser out of the last of a destination, might be even more evasive than the other and more immediately pressing decision.

His first thought had been to go back to New York. But the risk of detection would be greater than elsewhere, and he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur the risk of being seen in any of the fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city. He was not to be seen in any of the fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city.

Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put Griswold wheeled as if the mild-toned request had been a blow, and was properly ashamed. But when he saw the speaker, consternation promptly slew all the other emotions. For the owner of the tagged trunk was the young woman to whom, an hour or so earlier, he had given place at the railway. She was looking at him with a surprised him, and smiled. Then he saw her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured, that she had not recognized him when she had seen him at the station. She saw his confusion, charged it to the card-woman at which he was surprised him, and smiled. Then he saw her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured, that she had not recognized him when she had seen him at the station.

That part of the problem disposed of, they yet remained the choice of a line of flight; and it was a small thing that finally decided the matter. He was going. For the third time in the course of aimless wanderings he found himself following opposite the berth of the Belle Julie. He was not to be seen in any of the fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city.

"Oh, good Lord!—look at that!" That procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the car, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had stumbled and fallen like a crushed peck against the man's hand. Heavy for him, Griswold had looted to him in a moment. The man could not rise, and Griswold dragged him not uncomplacantly out of the others. "Where are you hurt?"

"The crushed one hat up and spat blood. "I don't know; inside, somewhere. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year or two back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold, briefly. "I reckon so."

"Then you have no earthly business in a deck crew. Now you know that?"

"The man's smile was a ghastly face-wrinkling. "I hadn't got any business anywhere—out a hospital or hole in the ground. But a kid or a boy 'd like to be planted 'longside the woman and the childer, I'd could make out some way to get 'em."

"Where?"

"The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa."

of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town here, I ought to let her know the paper before she has been the edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in search of a copy of the paper. The doing slight clerk gave him both, and a sleepy malcontent thrown in; and he laid back to the engine room and scribbled his word pictures by the light of the swinging incandescent.

He read it over thoroughly when he was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactness. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown floor-surfacing past the engine room gangway. "It won't do," he confessed reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary style for a stern sense of the fitness of things. "It is nothing less than a cold-blooded sacrifice. I can't think of you, or of I write no more while the world stands."

CHAPTER IV. The Deck Hand. Charlotte Farnham's friends—her number was the number of those who had seen her grow from childhood to an adult woman—were many. Many identified her for inquiring strangers as "good old Doctor Bertie's only," adding, men and women alike, that she was a good woman to look upon. She had been spending the winter at Papa Christian with her aunt, who was a well-known woman in the town. She had been spending the winter at Papa Christian with her aunt, who was a well-known woman in the town.

At Baton Rouge, the New Orleans papers came aboard, and Miss Farnham brought a copy of the Louisiana State Gazette. As a matter of course, the first page leader was a circumstantial account of the daring robbery of the Bayou State City, carried with startling headlines. Charlotte read it, half-absently at first, and a second quickening of the pulse when she realized that she had actually been a witness of the final act in the near-tragedy of the Belle Julie. "What is it, Charlie, dear?"

"For answer, Charlotte read the newspaper account of the robbery, headlines and all. "Yes, but that wasn't what matters. The paper says: 'A young lady was seen at the teller's window when the robbery came up with Mr. Galbraith—Aunt Fanny's was the young lady.'"

"You horrors!" ejaculated the invalid, holding up wasted hands of deprecation. Charlotte the well-balanced, smiled at the purely personal limitations of her sister's indignation. "It is very dreadful, of course; but it is no worse just because I happened to know it. Yet it seems ridiculously incredible. I can hardly believe it, even now."

"Incredible? How?"

"Why, weren't anything 'out there' to suggest that? Now that I know, I remember that the 'gentleman' did seem anxious or worried, or at least not entirely at ease in any way; but the young man was smiling pleasantly, and he looked like anything rather than a desperate criminal."

"Miss Farnham was not less aware of the possibility that the occupationalists demanded, but she had believed she had seen the man who had been the man of her own teaching her duty in any matter involving a plain question of right and wrong. "I shouldn't wait to be dragged," she asserted quickly. "It would be a simple duty to go willingly. The first thing I thought of was that I ought to write at once to Mr. Galbraith, at the help my address."

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the end of the argument the conservative one had, extorted a conditional promise from her niece. The matter should remain in abeyance until the question of occupationalists obligation had been submitted to Charlotte's father and decided by him.

An hour later, when Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the current serial, Charlotte let her book slip from her fingers and gave herself to the passive enjoyment of the slowly-passing panorama which is the chief charm of inland voyaging.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's rawl swinging from its tackle at the stern; and after many minutes it was slowly borne in upon her that the ropes were breaking loose. A man came aft to make the loosed tackle fast.

Something half familiar in his manner attracted Charlotte's attention, and her eyes followed him as he went on and hoisted the rawl into place. When he came back she had a fair sight of his face and her eyes met his. He was a man of a stern, but not unkind, expression. He looked again and her heart gave a great bound and then seemed suddenly to be torn away from her. He was a man of a stern, but not unkind, expression.

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SYNOPSIS

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GOING BACK INTO HISTORY

Italians and Greeks, With Small Forces, Captured Constantinople in Year 1453.

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