

**HOME OWNERS HELP**

**SIGNAL AT DANGEROUS CURVE**

Automatic Apparatus Eliminates Hazard Where It Is Imperative Cars Should Not Meet.

The danger signal herewith illustrated is now in operation in California, and has been so efficient in eliminating the hazard at a certain sharp, blind curve that a petition has been circulated, favoring the installation of the device at other dangerous turns and blind crossings.

At the particular turn where the signal has been tried, the road is so narrow that it is absolutely necessary that cars should not meet; if they do, there will either be a collision or a backing out by one of them to the neck of the bottle. Moreover, the curve is sharp and blind.

The apparatus which has been put in to meet this condition consists of a trigger trap in a box 12 inches wide and any desired length. This is buried level with the surface of the highway, with the trigger projecting about two inches above the trap. When this trigger is run over by an automobile the wheel presses it downward, and in this way pulls a wire

which, with the disposal of your cattle and hogs completed, you are ready to prepare your financial statement for the year. You will soon know what you have gained, and if the gain made in your farming operations has been up to your expectations and will meet your requirements. Probably you may have been the loser. Your land may have been productive, but it may have been too high priced. The cost of production has been too great. If you have had the remuneration you sought and are satisfied this article may not interest you. If your returns have not been satisfactory, or if your ambition leads you to the laudable desire of bettering your condition, if you have determined for the future you have in mind, you will naturally look around for some place, some opportunity that offers greater advantages and brings satisfactory returns. To the north and west, the hundreds of thousands of unbroken acres in Western Canada awaiting the husbandman, and ready to give of its richness to place you where you desire to be placed. For thousands of farmers from nearly every state in the Union, the prairies of Western Canada have afforded wealth beyond what they had been led to expect. The excellence of the soil of Western Canada, which comprises the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, can only partially be told by the knowledge of some facts.

Every year for some years past the world's highest prizes for wheat, oats and barley have been carried off by growers on Western Canadian prairies. Beef fattened on the grasses of these same prairies recently brought the highest prices ever paid on the Chicago market. Throughout the entire world the quality of Canadian grain and Canadian beef and mutton is recognized to be what individual farmers have done, the riches they have acquired would fill volumes. The case of James Wishart of Portage la Prairie is not an exceptional one. His wheat crop this season yielded 68 bushels per acre, and the land upon which it was grown was broken forty-four years ago, and it has been continuously under crop except for an occasional summer fallow. At Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, samples of the wheat of 1918 weighed 68 pounds to the bushel, other 66 and some 65½ pounds. Wheat crops at Coaldale, Alberta, went as high as 38 bushels an acre, while wheat crops near Barons, Alberta, had yields of from 25 to 30 bushels.

Records such as these speak in glowing terms of the excellence of the soil of Western Canada.

The war is over, and we are all settling down to a peace basis. There is a great world beyond the seas to feed and clothe, and thus is afforded the opportunity to lend a hand in the great work. Aside from the philanthropy in which you can play a part, there is the satisfaction of knowing you are amply providing for yourself and for the future of those who may be dependent upon you. Greater progress can be made in this and your own development by availing yourself of the many advantages that Western Canada offers in its low-priced lands and high yielding values. There are good schools, desirable social conditions, low taxation (none on improvements) with an enjoyable climate, and the satisfaction of possessing a well tilled soil capable of producing abundant crops for which good prices prevail, at easily accessible marketing places.—Advertisement.

**Used Ladders in Battle.**

The medieval scaling ladder played its part along with the more modern implements of war in the closing days of the American advance in France, according to a letter from Colonel Alvord V. D. Anderson of the Three Hundred and Twelfth Infantry, received by Mrs. Anderson.

Colonel Anderson said that his regiment, with the Three Hundred and Twelfth Infantry, rushed the walled town of Pre with ladders five times. Four times they were driven back, he said, but on the fifth rush, by sheer weight of numbers, they gained a footing, and captured the town, which were 12 feet high, captured the town.

**Insanitary.**

Said the obedient fellow, "It's a wonder the health inspectors don't get hold of the chap who spits out just what he thinks."

**Change of Countenance.**

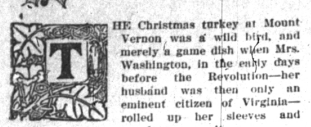
Said the devious fellow: "As soon as a girl gets past the age of making faces at the boys she starts in making eyes at 'em."

**Odd Foods.**

Lizards and alligators are the latest propositions in the way of food variety. They do not seem very alluring to the United States appetites, yet lizards have been extremely popular in the Bahama Islands and Florida alligators have a reputation of being quite delicious.

**Zoological Notes.**

Another thing that our understand is how a woman can be a perfect cat and yet be scared to death of a mouse.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



**THE Christmas turkey at Mount Vernon was a wild bird, and merely a game dish when Mrs. Washington, in the early days before the Revolution—her husband's was then only an eminent citizen of Virginia—rolled up her sleeves and stood to carve it.**

In those days it was considered a matter of course that a lady should know how to carve, though (as was the case with the mistress of Mount Vernon) she might not spell correctly. The accomplishment, like the making of jans and eider, was appropriate for a housewife.

Christmas at Mount Vernon in those times was an exceedingly jolly and festive occasion. Washington was the richest man in Virginia, and the equipments of his household were in many respects more luxurious than could be found in the houses of his well-to-do neighbors. For example, the guests at this Christmas dinner were provided with silver forks—a rare luxury at that period, when gentlemen customarily ate with their knives, because it was out of the question to lift pens and many other such edibles to the mouth with the three-tined steel forks commonly in use. It is a shock to learn that the wife of the country squire with his knife, yet such is undeniably the fact. That sage historian, Peter Parley, tells a story (probably apocryphal) of an occasion when somebody tried to kill the immortal George by putting poison on his pen. Showing his knife beneath a few of these things, he said to his wife, he looked across the table at his enemy, and said, "Shall I eat of these?" Still holding the knife suspended, he again transfixed the man with his gaze and repeated the question. So overcome was the would-be poisoner by Washington's seeming presence that he fled from the table and the perilous pen remained uncut.

At that epoch, in Virginia, the men who wanted on the table in most of the country houses were plantation garb. At Mount Vernon, however, the household served were in the fashion of the day, and even striking livery of scarlet, white and gold, and the butler was a dream of gorgeousness. One man for each two guests was the minimum allowance. Not only were there vintners to be supplied, but a constant succession of bottles containing wines of choice vintage for the consumption of the male guests.

Ladies in those days drank next to nothing at all. To take more than a sip of wine, for either maid or matron, would have been regarded as the height of impropriety. But for the men, through this Christmas dinner the bottles were kept going around. Mr. Bryan Fairfax of Alexandria would say to Mr. G. W. Lewis across the table, "George, a glass of wine with you?" "With pleasure, Cousin Bryan?" the latter would reply, as he bowed and said, "I will be glad to go through the same performance with every man at the table—and so it went throughout the repast.

The etables served at the dinner were nearly all of them products of the Mount Vernon estate. From a gastronomic point of view, the world was richer than that section of old Virginia. There were canvassback ducks to be shot on the river in front of the house; partridges and venison were plentiful, and the proprietor of the mansion raised his own beef, pork, and mutton. The only vegetables were sweet potatoes, white potatoes, and beans.

From a latter-day standpoint the repast was conducted in a peculiar fashion. All the dishes, including three kinds of meats and several of game, were put on the table. While Mrs. Washington carved the turkey, the gentlemen who happened to be opposite the mutton, the venison, etc., were expected to lend expert assistance in the dissection of those comestibles. The puddings were eaten before the withdrawal of the cloth, the removal of which left bare a shiny expanse of mahogany, upon which the fruit, nuts, and delectables were set forth in festive array.

When the cloth had been withdrawn, the host would lift his glass, filled with choice Madeira, and drink to the health of his guests. Five minutes of general conversation would follow, perhaps, and then Mrs. Washington would rise, giving the signal for the departure of the ladies. Everybody would get up; the ladies would make an elaborate courtesy to the gentlemen, and the latter would bow profoundly in response. With the retirement of the women the real drinking would begin.

So it may easily be imagined that on a festive occasion such as this Christmas celebration a good deal of incidental love-making, some of it serious enough, was accomplished. But the Master of the Revels, though he himself had been sufficiently ardent in his youth, was in later life no eager sympathizer with such follies.

Though Mr. Washington took no part in the romps that followed the dinner, he heartily enjoyed the fun. Occasionally he relished a game of cards, and probably on this Christmas evening he indulged in some such amusement, in company with the older people, while the young folks scamped and romped. He played for money, but the stakes were small.

There were two young people at Mount Vernon in those days—the son and daughter of Mrs. Washington by her first husband. It is easy to imagine the part they took in the romps on Christmas day. John and Martha, their names were, but everybody knew them as Jacky and Patsy. Patsy died in 1778, when just budding into womanhood, while her brother married young, and had four children, two of whom, George and Noble Custis, were adopted by Mr. Washington. To George he left the famous Arlington estate, opposite the city of Washington, which afterwards fell by inheritance to the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

On Christmas eve there was a dance, to which all the neighbors for many miles around, as a matter of course, invited. The party began before eight, and was over by ten o'clock. Young ladies' beauty in those times was spelled by late hours. For slaves there was a single fiddle, played by an old slave on the place—a white-haired negro who kept the time and helped on the tune by pounding on the floor with his big foot.

The young ladies wore low-necked dresses, making a brave display of pretty shoulders, and the men were in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mrs. Washington's gown, cut V-shaped and filled in with ruching, was of French silk; but the clothing she ordinarily wore was of domestic manufacture, being woven at Mount Vernon, where no fewer than sixteen negro women were kept



constantly at work in what was called the "spinning-house." This industrial annex of the establishment remained to this day, and visits at Mount Vernon are taken by the guides to see the very room in which the spinning-wheels were operated.

Of course, there was high festival not only for the master and his guests, but also for "my people," as Washington was accustomed to call the negroes on his estate. He would never have thought of speaking of them as slaves. There was at that period about one hundred negroes on the place, and at the Yuletide season they enjoyed exceptional privileges. Good things for their consumption were distributed with no niggard hand by the mistress of the house, a treat much appreciated being a drink known as "methiger," composed of fermented honey, spices, and water. Another beverage brewed by Mrs. Washington was a sort of peach brandy sweetened with honey.

Those were days when a capable housewife was supposed to know how to compound a variety of beverages. Beer was brewed at Mount Vernon under Mrs. Washington's own supervision, and often on the last day of a drink which her husband was very fond. He always had it on the table at dinner, and would take it freely in place of the wines which were more to the taste of his guests.

By ten o'clock in the evening the festivities of Christmas day at Mount Vernon were over. Even had the fashion of the time been otherwise, Mrs. Washington would scarcely have tolerated late hours. She always insisted on putting her husband to bed early, and he meekly obeyed. Whether it be true or not, as some chroniclers have asserted, that Mr. Washington was heepped, it is certain that he considered it injudicious to submit in most things to his wife's wishes.

The frame for this picture of a Christmas at Mount Vernon before the Revolution is ready made, for, thanks to the efforts of patriotic women, the old mansion stands today almost exactly as it was when Washington lived there. There is much of the old furniture, and even a great deal of the old china and glassware. The house is a veritable fragment of American history, and though more than a century and a quarter has gone by since the merry Yuletide festival here described, the imagination readily re-creates the old place with its throng of guests, eating, drinking, dancing, and making love, and hears the joyful laughter of the romping young folk, while through the crowd moves the stately figure of the host, offering by the hand to the pretties girl in the room, proceeds to lead her through the graceful and decorous steps of a minuet.

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Highway Block Signal and the Trap at the End of the Dangerous Stretch Which Operates It.

which runs underground to a signal post. This wire is connected with a ratchet which revolves the arm on the signal post, warning any autoist who may be coming in the opposite direction to wait for the first car to pass him before he ventures on the dangerous stretch.

Of course it would be out of the question to employ a signal that had to be reset. The car which set it might fall to run over a resetting trigger; and the car coming the other way could not be left to reset it, because there is not always such a car. So advantage is taken of the fact that while highly dangerous, the narrow piece of road is fairly short. The danger indication consists merely in motion of the signal arm, not in any particular position thereof; and a car which is near enough to the signal post to enable its driver to see such motion will not reach the curve until the signaling car has passed off it.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Laying Out Residence Districts.**

Employment of taste in the laying out of new residence districts need not be expensive. It is, in the highest sense, economical. It is possible to get far more attractive and beautiful homes at the prices we now pay for monotonous ugliness and frequently for unsanitary dwellings. What is needed is to plan for these things as carefully as the manufacturer plans his factory or the railroad manager his system of tracks.

**Spade Deep.**

Loosen up the soil to catch and store the winter rains. Vegetables and fruits are mostly water. Get all the water you can for war service for your growing crops next spring. If you put your garden into condition of a sponge and next spring prevent surface evaporation, you will be safeguarding against a drought. Spade deep unless you would bring to the surface poor garden soil.

**End of the Dream.**

"It looks like a juicy little matter settled with his wife," "Yes, he is, you see?" he went back home on a visit and saw the girl he has been dreaming of for the past twenty years.—Life.

**Christmas Afternoon**

The afternoon of Christmas day may be rather a quiet one for the older folks. The gifts have been unwrapped and arranged and hovered over from time to time. The usually tidy room looks like a bazaar for the sale of fancy goods. Persuasive neighbors may come in to come to exchange "Merry Christmases!" and to say, "May I thank you here for your lovely gift?"

Between the dark and the daylight, after the callers have gone and the children have returned from their play, comes the peaceful and happy Christmas evening. The great day is over, but Christmas is nearly over. It will be a whole year before we shall enjoy its merriment again or remember happy Christmas seasons of the past. We may lose many things—home, friends, health, money—but memory abides, and no one can take from us the happiness that has once been ours.

On Christmas night we remember the old days. We think of those who were once here to share our joys. "Christmas never can be the same again!" many people moan when they feel as if the joy of life has gone forever. If we all took that view Christmas itself might die. It depends upon deep spiritual insight.

Let us, if we can, forget our troubles and even our sorrows and try to rejoice. If we have children about us it is all the better, but if we have none of our own there are a great many who ought to be made glad and may be found with but little trouble.

A merry Christmas to you all! And I would add "My Christmas to you all, every one!"—Dolly Wayne in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**SANTAL DON'T YOU DARE!**

We love our daughter dearly. For her our lives we'd spare. But she wants a ukulele For Christmas. Holy smoke!

**Have You Discovered It?**

"Merry Christmas, Rodney!" sang out Jerry as he dashed out of the alley dragging a hand-made sled.

"Merry Christmas nothing!" replied Rodney morosely.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jerry. "I heard you over and under on the street below. He wanted a motorcycle and didn't get it," growled Rodney.

"I'm sorry, Rod," said Jerry sympathetically. "If you get time, come on over and see the tree we rigged up and look at the next fellow. He wants Jerry McGinnis and his twin sister."

Jerry hurried on down the street, loaded the McGinnis twins on his sled and had a great time coasting.

Jerry had discovered how to make Christmas a success. He was the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas—which is best expressed by the little word, joy.

Jerry—who gets he live in your block?—is the kind of lad who does so much joy out of life that a lot of folks are glad to live in his block. He wants everybody to be just as happy as he is. He would like to see Rodney get his motorcycle if it would make Rodney any happier.

We have a suspicion, however, that if Rodney had received the motorcycle he would not have found the joy that he is getting now.

My Christmas bring everybody all the good things possible! But let us remember that Christmas is not spelled with the letters G—E—T. It is what we bring to the day that makes Christmas a joy-time.—Boys' World.

**JOY EVERY DAY.**

Why not more days of loving care. With girlands hung up everywhere. And candles bright, and carols gay. Why not have Christmas every day?