Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 21, 1913.

GOING HOME.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Up from the strife and the battle
(Oft with the shameful defeat,)
Up to the palm and the laurel,
O, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer,
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear,
Seeing the face of the Master
Yearned for in "distance and dream,"
O, for that rapture of gladness!
O, for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Saviour to bless.

Why should we fear at the dying
That is but springing to life!
Why should we shrink from the struggle,
Pale at the swift closing strife,
Since it is only beyond us,
Scarcely a step and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!

Then we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes.
There we shall waken like children,
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in Thy presence—
Only Thyself lead the way.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence
Into the deep-swelling song;
Out of the exile and bondage—
Into the home-gathered throng.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

A FIRST NIGHT.

AN INVITATION TO THE WHITE HOUSE—AND AFTER.

The Hon. Tom Dunkirk clutched frantically at his overcoat pocket. "I've forgotten it," he said.

"I knew you would," responded his wife, with long-tried conjugal calm, "but I didn't. I put it in the pocket of my ulster at twelve o'clock today." She drew out a square envelope with a gold seal, and displayed it in the glare of a street lamp. "I didn't believe I had to bring anything up but the little blue ticket that was inclosed, but I thought I had better be on the safe side. You see the big white card has our names on it just below the President's. It looks like it was engraved, too." She stopped to examine it critically on the corner of the well-lighted street. "I call that real thoughtful of the President," she said. "He must know we are strangers in town, and I guess he had our names put there so there couldn't be any mistake. Now most people I know, who send out invitations, have the cards all alike. You remember when Mrs. Tucker's daughter was married our names were on the backs of the envelopes same as anybody else's. I do hope they won't take up this at the door," she added, as she replaced the envelope in her capacious pocket. "I wanted to send it to the children as a souvenir—our first invitation to the White House."

"Well, it won't be our last," said the Hon. Tom, complaisantly. "Don't—don't you think we had better call a carriage?"

"A carriage! Why, Tom Dunkirk, I think it would be a sinful extravagance. Don't you know the cars pass right by the door. It's only a step to the avenue."

"Well, all right," he agreed. "Reckon we have been extravagant enough for one party. Did you know these claw-hammer clothes I've got on cost forty dollars, and by the time I got those gloves and shoes and hat I reckon the bill was close to fifty. This hat is one of those collapsible kind, too, and I don't know how to work it—hope it won't shut down on me. Remember that umbrella we used to have that shut up on your head every time it rained hard? That young secretary of mine went with me to the haberdasher's and told me what to get. Don't believe he's got much sense, but he seems to be on to these social stunts—he said I ought to go to a tailor if I wanted a decent fit—didn't think much of hand-me-downs—"

"That's all foolishness," said Mrs. Tom. "Don't tailors make store clothes? I'd like to know what's the difference—"

"The difference," he repeated," is about twenty-five plunks as far as I can see."

"Well, it's a great comfort to have a black silk," she said with a sigh of satisfaction. "It seems suitable for all occasions. It ain't too gay for your friend's funerals, and it always seems fit for weddings and sociables. Now, I've had this four years and it still looks fresh and new, and this little lace band around my neck, that was on my mother's wedding-gown, makes me feel quite elegant. At the church festival this spring I know I was the only woman there with a piece of real lace—because I took particular notice."

The car came along at this moment and they boarded it with a real sense of comfort. It was almost empty, and it felt so warm after the bleak air of the streets.

"I did think of bringing Dobbin and the spring wagon to town as soon as we got settled," said Mrs. Tom, sinking luxuriously down on the dusty plush-covered seat, "but I don't know that it's worth while when the cars are so convenient."

"And it might mean keeping a man," suggested the Hon. Tom.

"A man! Why, the houses that real-estate man showed me today didn't have more than twenty feet of back yard—not enough dirt for a parsley-patch. No, I think we had better put Dobbin out to pasture." She shaded her eyes and looked anxiously out of the smeared glass window. "I think we must be nearly there—I believe I see the State, War, and Navy Building—looks like a funeral—I wonder who they can be burying this time of night—"

The Hon. Tom also peered out into the darkness. "I reckon it's the carriages waiting to go in."

"*Go in!* Why, we must be two squares away. I reckon it's some navy officer dead, and they are going to let his body lie in state. Seems to me I've read of great men sort of put on exhibition before they are buried— Come, ring the bell, I'm sure we get off at the next corner."

The Hon. Tom punched at the button with one of his pudgy white-gloved fingers, and then meekly followed his wife. She squeezed through the long line of carriages and landed safe on the gray flagged pavement.

"I was just thinking that Maria Tucker would give her eyes to be in my place tonight," she said, gleefully, "but Abe Tucker will never get to Congress—he's so slow and sleepy, and never was a good provider—I believe if Maria hadn't inherited money from her father, who sold such a lot of bad whiskey, I believe her children would have starved to death, and she's a mighty ambitious woman, too."

"Politics are mighty uncertain," said the Hon. Tom, modestly impersonal. "Washington sure is a pretty place."

Mrs. Tom pressed his hand in an access of wifely fervor.

"I'm so proud of you!" she whispered.

"Don't—don't do that," he implored, apologetic, for his lack of responsiveness. "These d——d gloves are about to split in two."

They had reached the tall iron gateway; far away through the stark branches of trees, across the gray stalks of the flower-beds, they could see the White House glittering at every window.

Mrs. Tom started to go in, but a burly policeman bared the way.

"Here—here's the ticket—I mean the invitation," she murmured, in some embarrassment.

The policemen seemed unimpressed. "The East Gate, ma'am," he said, waving her off into the darkness.

"Now, doesn't that seem strange?" said Mrs. Tom, after a moment's silence, in which she struggled to regain her poise. "Seems like they would open the front door when they are expecting company. Do you suppose it was because—because we were walking?"

"Lord, no!" he answered, with masculine assurance. "All the carriages are going this way—I told you it wasn't a funeral."

Her feminine suspicions were not quite allayed. "But I saw a carriage go in the front gate."

"Reckon it was some of the family or maybe it was a Cabinet lady. I believe—they help," he added, vaguely.

"I suppose they do."

They walked on through the heavy shadows cast by the white light from the tall electric poles. Mrs. Tom's courage was full restored by the time they reached the second gateway. Here they met with no difficulty. They were ushered into a long corridor, and Mrs. Tom was permitted to retain her "souvenir." She tucked it deep down in her pocket.

A colored maid hurried forward to relieve her of her wraps. The gray ulster and the beribboned hat she had worn were huddled together with the Hon. Tom's overcoat and put in one of the many boxes that lined the walls. A number, corresponding with the one on the box, was given to the Hon. Tom; his wife promptly took possession of it. She had acquired the habit of relieving him of all domestic details, now she put the bit of pasteboard in the silk bag that hung at her waist. Miss Collins, the village dressmaker who had made the bag, had called it a "riticule." She had pointed to it with pride. "You'll find it very handy to carry a handkerchief in," she had said. She was a scrawny little somebody, and was suspected of harboring suffragette notions, for she had added, "Women doin' without pockets is just a sign of the times: they ain't got no rights; they ain't supposed to have nothin' nor hold nothin'."

But Miss Collin's platitudes and the whole village world seemed very far behind her tonight as Mrs. Tom proudfully took her husband's arm and, following a delegation of men who seemed to know the way, they passed into another corridor carpeted in crimson velvet and hung with portraits of the wives of the Presidents of the United States. Between the pictures were cabinets containing china belonging to the older administrations.

"Now, isn't that a good idea! exclaimed Mrs. Tom. "Isup pose those are just left-over pieces. You know when we get a new set of dishes we never know what to do with the left-overs—they never seem to match anything else. I believe I'll put that old what-not and some china in the front hall when we find a house; and if we bought some red carpet I think it would look real tasty."

The Hon. Tom said nothing. He was not very happy; his shirt-bosom bulged uncomfortably and his chubby hands were reduced to helpless rigidity in their tight gloves.

They ascended a flight of white stone steps; the hand rails were made of red velvet.

"Now, isn't that an idea!" commented Mrs. Tom; "I never heard of making banisters of dry-goods, but I reckon it's cheaper than wood or brass."

"I don't know," said her husband,dully. For the first time in his life he began to doubt his wife's ability to meet an emergency. He was not a lady's man, and hitherto she had always piloted him safely through social shoals, supplying all the small talk that the occasions seemed to demand, but as they reaheed the East Room he saw her fall back a step, dismayed by the splendor within.

There were thousands of people. Men, black coated like himself, but the women radiant as rainbows and plumed like birds of paradise. Whole dresses of real lace, satins, chiffons, spangles, gauzes—materials that Mrs. Tom had only dimly sensed from the pages of belated style-books. True, there were some gowns of black, but made with skimpy skirts and long court trains embroidered in gold; petterns that little Miss Collins could not have conceived or evolved in all the twenty years she had held her place as arbiter of fashion. And the amazing creatures inside these amazing costumes! Naked necks, blazing with jewels. Old women garbed in the same giddy colors as young girls, their wrinkles rouged,their eye-brows blackened. Grandmothers, debutantes, vigilant matrons—all seeming to know how to dress for this function—all except Mrs. Tom Dunkirk.

She felt that the eyes of the room were focused upon her; the lights, shining through the great prismatic chandeliers, seemed to exaggerate the plainness of her gown, and then as one woman in front of her lifted her lace train she caught a glimpse of satin slippers and silk stockings. She at once became conscious of her square-toed shoes, and there seemed no way to conceal them, for her skirt was cut round, a full two inches from the floor. It had never occurred to Mrs. Tom to own anything but a sensible pair of "creepers" made of felt and bound around with tape. But pointed beaded slippers with high French heels seemed to have no place outside a pictured Parisian dance-hall.

Somehow the crowd seemed to mercifully close in upon the Hon. and Mrs. Tom Dunkirk, and they were lost temporarily. A delicate line had been formed, moving toward the receiving party in the next room. The Hon. Tom was short and fat, and he found it very warm in this perfumed, powdered atmosphere. Being elbowed even by beautiful women has its disadvantages. Mrs. Tom was grateful for the obscurity. For the first time in her married life she had nothing to say.

Finally she found herself pressed by the crowd at another doorway. An officer in a gorgeous uniform asked her name. She stammered it so that he had to requst her to repeat it, and then she realized for one sinking inarticulate moment that she was being formally introduced to the President of the United States. He shook hands with her, and she walked weakly on; she stood alone in front of a long line of women who bowed and smiled on her as she passed, but she made no response; she seemed conscious only of her heavy shoes creaking on the parquet floor. She turned to wait for the Hon. Tom, the one familiar object left her in a whirling world. Then an usher asked her to stand aside—she was blocking the way, he said.

Somewhere in the dim distance she saw a number of red-coated musicians; the music seemed to add to her confusion. She grasped her husband's arm.

"We have spoken to the President—I—I think that's all," she said.

"There's a dining-room out there," announced the Hon. Tom, who was never averse to food. "There are things to eat, I believe."

"I—I don't think I care for anything—just now."

He could not understand the drawn expression on her face. In all the years of their acquaintance she had needed no analyzing.

"Then we'll go." The thought of shedding his gloves added alacrity to his words.

They had passed through the main hall, decorated with palms and flowers, down the steps with the soft balustrade; the lower corridor seemed familiar ground, but they had gone some distance into another corridor before they remembered their wraps. A good-natured-looking man sitting on a stool said:

"Your number, please?"

Mrs. Tom ferreted in her bag for the bit of pasteboard. The man looked at it, and then putting his lips to a telephone in the wall, he called, "162!"

The Hon. Tom suddenly woke up. He always felt hopelessly out of place at social functions, but the dazzling scene up-stairs was left behind. Here was a mere man and a mechanical device with which to deal. He took off his gloves and rolled them into a most lump.

"Here you," he said, "I believe you've got some sort of an electric apparatus on the roof for signaling carriages?"

"Yes," the man admitted.

The Hon. Tom grinned broadly.

"Well, you are now signaling for my hat," he said.

Mrs. Tom leaned heavily on her husband's arm. All at once she seemed transformed into the shy, dependent girl he had courted and won.

"Oh, take me home, Tom," she pleaded, "take me home!"—By Esther W. Neill, in *Harper's Bazar*

Brain Rest.

MacBeth is the poet of sleep, and Sir J. Crichton-Browne (the Dr. Woods Hutchinson of England) is its physician. In an address recently delivered at an educational conference on "Brain Rest" he thus assigned the hours of sleep according to age: "Thirteen hours for children of from four to six years: a minimum of 11 hours to children from seven to nine; 10½ hours to children from 14 to 17; nine and one-half hours to youths and maidens from 17 to 21; nine hours to young men and women from 21 to 27, and eight hours to all at later years of life." Rest cures, he declared, were merely the making-up of arrears of sleep lost in early years, and "this detrimental interference with the sleep of the rising generation will bear evil fruit in neurasthenia and mental enfeeblement in the future. Enormous numbers of children live under conditions which make a sufficiency of brain rest of the right sort impossible."

As against the foregoing there is, of course, the man who declares that he needs only four hours' sleep a night. But there is also his cousin, the diet crank, who boasts of his superb health whilst looking ready to slip into the next world. The proof, like that of the pudding, is in the eating.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FROM BELLEFONTE TO BOMBAY.

Sights, Experiences and Impressions of a Centre County Girl, as Written to Her Home Folk, on the Long Trip to Far Away India.

PORT SAID, DECEMBER, 1911.

Dear Home Folk:

All our sailing now seems so peaceful that I can scarcely credit the tales of the "monsoons" which, they say, make of the Arabian sea as treacherous a body of water as any navigable. We are to be congratulated that it is on its good behavior these days. But even yet my beauty-loving soul is not satisfied, and each sun-set finds me hanging over our back railing watching the gorgeous play of coloring that follows the sun's dropping into the sea. The sun's rising is also not unduly prolonged; none of our gorgeous banner flingings, but a mere bright coloring of the heavens and up pops the golden ball, producing it all, and the day is here.

Our life on board is one long rest, broken only by the almost, to me, constant demand on us to eat more food than is good for any of us. Tea, toast and fruit at six to seven a. m.; breakfast at eight-thirty; beef tea and crackers at eleven; luncheon at one p. m.—a six-course affair like our dinners at home; tea, with various crackers, cakes, jam, etc., at four p. m., and a big dinner at seven-thirty p. m. While I begrudged the time at home spent in eating, here one does it to consume time.

Sundays we have a special church service, read by our ship's doctor; interesting to me mainly on account of the excellency of the singing.

Yesterday a school of porpoise, reaching as far as one could see, caused quite an excitement in our midst. The fish must have been playing at hurdling for as far as the eye could reach there was a live line of jumping, seemingly flying feet. The long slender gulls, very unlike the short, fat variety of the Atlantic ocean, tell us land is near. We have also been warned of the sun, in which one is not allowed to sit or stand for five minutes. It truly seems wicked to abhor the sun as a plague.

We are all packed ready to land in a few hours and while I am glad to be so near my journey's end I am feeling with regret "The parting of the ways" with all my fellow passengers on board.

BOMBAY, JANUARY 12, 1912.

We landed safely in Bombay yesterday morning about nine o'clock, and came directly to the Y. W. C. A., a most delightful house in every way and situated so that seeing the city will be easy to a novice. Every spot is gay with the Durbar decorations. We were sorry to have missed the celebration, but rough seas delayed our good boat Scinda just one day too long. We passed King George's ship and with a guard of four stately war ships, just outside the Bombay harbor, headed toward England, and we will have to be content with the native sights.

I have already visited the hospital, Victoria gardens and Exhibition of Bombay, somewhat like our Atlantic City, though on a much smaller scale. This morning we go to the "Tower of Silence" and Malabar Hill. We are trying to get about this beautiful city as much as possible before leaving for Jhansi. The funniest sights to me so far are the natives, with European shoes, socks, coat and vests and, in lieu of trousers, a dirty rag "draped" around their legs, leaving them *almost* bare, but being of such a dark brown hue it doesn't seem to matter.

I have seen more beautiful motors here than since leaving the States, but the Eastern architecture is the first thing to catch the eye, so very gorgeous. The squalor of the natives is woefully pathetic. Curiously, so far, I have had no desire to visit the native stores; distance lends enchantment to his rags, and knowing there will be plenty of opportunity for close range study in Jhansi, I am glad of the reprieve. Silks in one store tempted me yesterday; gorgeous brocades at 1 R and 10, meaning about 48 cents in our money, per yard, but will wait until I have had more experience in bargaining. We leave at 2:30 for Jhansi, which is 250 or 300 miles farther inland.

JHANSI, JANUARY 20.

You see I have safely arrived at my destination—miles from home. I must tell you how easy this last stage of my journey was. My English friends tucked me into my compartment on the Jhansi train and, too tired to be interested in anything, I tried to sleep, only to be aroused at the first junction, Callum, by a woman getting into our car. When the door opened Dr. Anna Young, of Philadelphia, whom I hadn't seen in twelve years, stepped in. She was on her way to Jhansi for Sunday. We had a delightful ride over the mountains, watching India going past us. The day had been warm but the night became so cold that I packed clothes and clothes on top of me and still was cold and although now, with a woolen cholera belt and wool vest, big coat and heavy dress, I feel the chill. I use a hot water bottle each night with bed clothes enough to bury myself under.

Within two hours of my arrival here I was compelled to be inoculated for plague, which kept me in bed for two days, but I am now feeling fine and my arm is quite ready for work. The English colony has all left the city on account of the plague, but I am safe for a year at least. The bungalow, which is to be my home while in India, is very attractive. I have a nice large room, with a bath, intended for hot weather and rather cheerless just now, but I will get the benefit of that later on, as they say the heat here is beastly cruel.

[Continued next week.]

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Green as a trimming, especially an eighteenth century shade of green, will be a feature, particularly as coat linings for velvet and fur. Yellow and orange are also popular for this purpose. Much can be expressed in a coat lining. Many of these linings are works of art in themselves, and a lining denotes proper appreciation of details which augurs well for the essential. A fascinating effect noticed in a tailor made coat of chestnut brown tweed was a lining of olive green satin with a piping all around inside of a nattier blue shot ribbon.

It is to be a year of delightful cotton fabrics, judging from the first department store openings in New York in imported cotton materials, for cotton voile and crepe are to be the fashionable wash fabrics, according to a New York *Herald* writer. Every one knows how splendidly they launder, how well they hang and how little they crush in wearing. While most of these materials have a white ground, the new colorings, butter yellow, salmon and rose leaf pink, are to be had in many of these new materials.

But it is the block prints, stamped on the material in colors by wood blocks, that are very unusual. They are stamped on both the white and colored grounds, sometimes only as borders, especially in the Bulgarian, Hungarian and Servian designs, and in dainty allover designs when the motif is French, generally of the Louis XV, or Louis XVI, period.

In the Slavic designs the colors are very strong, rich reds, blues and greens or a strong tan, and the design is often accented by an outlining stamped or embroidered band of black.

Borders of rough weaves are also seen on these crepes and voiles; a new chenille weave of thickened threads that runs through the cloth is decidedly attractive. The open drawn work border is also seen, and ratine bands both in white and color are effective. There is also a colored cotton embroidered by machine on voile that looks exactly like French knots. These are also stamped with the wooden blocks, so that they look like an embroidered design of French knots on color.

In tailored materials Cossack linen, a very striking weave, has a heavy boucle border of chenillelike threads. Illumined tweed, a very curious ratine weave, flecked with darker dots that give it the tweed look, makes up into very smart tailored suits, especially when made with the new effect of collar and revers of a black and a white band, placed together, as was done with furs during the winter.

For the spring blouse nothing could be prettier than the voiles striped with chenille, the slender stripes only a half or a quarter of an inch apart. With a ratine collar and cuffs of a contrasting color they are entirely new in effect. The new blouses are made with the drop shoulder seam, the lower part of the sleeves fulled into it and into the cuff. Bolero effects are often simulated by pipings, lace or garnitures, and collars are of lace with pointed corners in front, sometimes stopping at the round neck and sometimes rising up to stock collar height.

When using toilet soap, throw the scraps and ends into a can until a quantity has accumulated; cut the pieces up quite fine and cover with cold water, set on the stove and simmer (do not boil) until all is dissolved; then stir in cornmeal to thicken; add one tablespoonful of pure glycerine, and level teaspoonful of powdered borax; stir until well mixed. Then wet a small baking powder can and pour in the soap; let stand until cold, then turn out and cut into small cakes, or wrap in oiled paper.

An excellent soap for shampooing is made in the same way, leaving out the meal, and, if the hair inclines to be dry, use the glycerine, omitting the borax; oily hair, use the borax only. Without the meal, this soap will not get hard. Do not rub soap on the hair, but dissolve the soap in water before shampooing. It is almost impossible to wash soap out of the hair if rubbed on from the cake.—*Commoner.*

The clothespin bag in apron form is certainly a useful little article, says the Chicago *Inter Ocean.* The apron is really a bag with an opening at each side and strings attached so it can be tied around the waist.

The entire pocket is bound with tape around the edges, and open sides. As a decoration and also to plainly designate its use, clothespins are drawn on the front of the pocket and outlined with cotton floss.

This pocket can be hung in the laundry, and the pins will then always be ready for use. When ready to use, it can be tied around the waist and the pins will be handy when hanging the clothes out while it also serves as a most convenient receptacle when bringing the clothes in.

Every housewife who likes to have her work done in the quickest and most labor-saving way would like this apron.

To prevent frying fish from becoming greasy and sodden, have the fat in which it is to be fried almost boiling hot before putting the fish in the pan. A blue smoke will be rising from the fat when it is in the proper condition.

The girl or boy who has studied manual training and can use a saw can make a tray that will delight mother and prove useful and pretty as well. In the art shops and Japanese stores get a remnant of one of the pretty figured Japanese towelings that come in such multiplicity of designs. Choose a design to match the color scheme of your dining room, if you can, or else a blue and white pattern, which is always pretty.

A piece of ordinary window glass the desired size of the tray and enough narrow picture-frame molding to frame it, two brass or nickel handles and some white enamel paint are the other necessities for making the tray. Making the frame will not be difficult for the person who knows how to use a saw and a hammer.

Then fit the glass in the frame, stretch the Japanese towel remnant so that it is smooth beneath the glass, cover the back with a thin piece of basswood and paint all the woodwork with the enamel paint. Screw the handles into place at the ends of the tray before putting on the last coat of paint.

FARM NOTES.

—Just now the silo is certainly proving itself a friend in need.

—It is just as easy to ruin calves by overfeeding as it is by starving.

—Winter comfort in the cow stable does not imply an air tight room.

—There is a decided difference between a cow keeper and a dairyman.

—The calf stall should be plentifully supplied with good clean dry bedding.

—Poor quality in dairy products can never be cured. It must be prevented.

—No man can make a success of dairying who does not take care of his calves.

—The good dairy cow will pay more for farm crops than any market in this country.

—Many a poor and unprofitable dairy herd can be traced to a nondescript sire.

—Dairying isn't always easy work, but neither is any other job that really pays well.

—Just because the calf is large and thrifty is no sign it will be a wonderful cow.

—One thing about the automobile is its efficiency in helping to secure a good road.

—The cow that is a persistent milker is the one that should be kept in the herd.

—The time is past when the prosperous farmer can afford to ignore the value of straw.

—More food of the right kind would make good cows out of many that are just common now.

—The choice pure bred calf would be a splendid and most appropriate gift for either the boy or the girl.

—The dairy farm that is stocked to its full capacity without being overstocked is a pretty safe investment.

—The cellar, even though it is thought to be well ventilated, is not a desirable place to keep the milk or cream.

—The dairy farmer should know what his milk costs him. This is just as important as knowing what it brings.

—The milker should bear in mind that the cow's udder is a very sensitive organ and deserves to be carefully handled.

—Regular, careful, quiet milking will permanently improve any animal as a milk producer and will increase her flow.

—The size of the udder isn't always a sure indication of the cow's milk-giving capacity. The quality is of more importance.

—The day of the country butter merchant who was in the habit of trading calico and nails for dairy butter is rapidly passing.

—Frequently good heifer calves can be bought from men who keep family cows in town and have no facilities for raising the calves.

—Success in dairy farming depends as much upon good common sense as upon anything else. But this is not enough. There must be good stock and good feed upon which to exercise it.

—Blinkers were declared indispensable in former times, when dark, ill-ventilated stables were the rule, and when the contrast to the full glare of sunlight was greater than it now is.

—Be careful about letting your neighbors use your registered bull. Many a man has lived to regret such generosity. One can never tell when contagious diseases may be brought into the herd from such a plan.

—"A successful breeder of Jersey cows has said that a large proportion of the men who breed cattle are not breeders; they simply mate cattle, that is all. No man should enter upon the work of breeding who does not have a clear idea of the type and form of the animal he wants to produce fixed in his mind, and thus breed to a purpose."

—One reason why there are not more good cows is that many heifer calves are killed before they have time to develop into milk producers and show what they can do in milk performance. The most successful dairy farmers have found that it pays them handsomely on the investment to raise their own cow stock. The heifers that show indications of making good at the milk and pail are kept in the herd, while the failures are fattened for the block. It is only by this method of selection that there can be any permanent improvement made in the dairy herds.

—That the government anti-hog cholera serum is effective in preventing hog cholera has been amply demonstrated in the herd of Joseph Harper, an Iowa stock breeder. Mr. Harper had some pure-bred stock, and when the cholera made its appearance in his neighborhood he invested $25 in the serum, which inoculated 25 of his best hogs. Shortly after the serum had been injected the disease made its appearance in the Harper herd, and one by one the hogs fell victims of the disease. The 25 that had been treated were the only ones of the herd that survived. Eastern swine-keepers may well investigate this serum treatment for hog-cholera prevention.

—Five years ago if a plant of alfalfa had been exhibited among a group of farmers of Morrisons Cove in southern Pennsylvania it would have been a curiosity. And if a statement had been made of the yields of forage from one acre secured by the western farmer, it would have been branded with odium. Today the most skeptical sits up and takes notice when some one mentions the word alfalfa. Where five years ago only small plots of alfalfa were grown there are now acres of it. The eastern farmer is quite alive to the possibilities of this alluring plant as a forage crop for his eastern soil. In my locality, I believe, there is not a farmer who has not expressed his intention of trying it. Already on many farms from two to six acres are grown. Usually it requires some skill and perseverance to get a successful stand. Very often one must make two seedings in succession, the plants freezing out the first winter, but the easterner is tackling the problem in the right spirit and with determination, so that where now alfalfa is a luxury it will in the near future be a staple corp.—V. R. Nicodemus, Pennsylvania.—Kimballs Dairy Farmer, *National Dairy Magazine.*