Belletonte, Pa., January 23, 1914.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

(Recited by the Rev. W. A. Sunday at Pittsburgh in His Sermon to Men.) You may take the world as it comes and it goes And you will be sure to find. That fate will square the account she owes

Whoever comes out behind. And all things bad that a man has done By whatsoever induced Return at last to him one by one, As the chickens come home to roost

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save While your hoarded wealth expands Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave Is nearing our life's last sands; You will find your balances struck some night, And you'll find your hoard reduced, You'll view your life in another light,

When the chickens come home to roost Sow as you will, there's a time to reap, For the good and the bad as well, And conscience, whether we wake or sleep, Is either a heaven or hell. And every wrong will find its place, And every passion loosed Drifts back and meets you face to face,

When the chickens come home to roost, Whether you're over or under the sod, The result will be the same; You cannot escape the hand of God; You must bear your sin or shame. No matter what's carved on a marble slab When the items are produced, You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab And that chickens come home to roost. -Ernest McGaffey

#### FREMWELL'S LEADING PETER WOMAN.

Calling upon Margaret one evening, she told me that the managers of the Eagle Theatre had sent her two seats for the opening night of a much heralded play, "Count Your Change," in which Peter Fremwell was to appear, supported by Alice Bennett, a youthful actress in whose career Margaret said she had taken much inserest ever since meeting Miss Bennett at a reception and talking with

her on the subject of the drama. "She seemed to regard her work with such faith and seriousness that I have. as the saying is, kept my eye on her ever since. This play is, I believe, her first big opportunity, and I am eager to see her prove herself. Of course Fremwell must have divined her quality or he never would have taken her on. They call him Attila the Hun, I believe, on Broadway, because of the scourge he is at reher

"Did you ever meet him?" I asked with a passing twinge of jealousy.
"Often! he is delightful to meet casually. I should say his fierceness was only in the cause of art. Will you go with me to this opening night?

Seated in our chairs before that veil of Isis, a theatre curtain, Margaret and I confessed to each other on the opening evening of "Count Your Change" that we were still unjaded enough to be thrilled by a first night. A play was such a human thing. To see it fail was to be embarrassed as by the maladroft gesture of a friend. To behold its success was to rejoice as in a friend's triumph over difficulties, each dramatic victory being an affidavit that man was greater than

"I am afraid Alice Bennett is very nervous tonight," Margaret commented. "She is a high-strung little woman, and so much is at stake!

"I should think Fremwell himself would be a bit uneasy—since she has to justify his discrimination as well as her own

As eight o'clock, the hour for the curtain, drew near, we saw that there would soon be standing room only. By and by a hush settled upon the audience preliminary to the restlessness which marks its consciousness of delay. Of course, first nights do not always go smoothly, so we settled ourselves for a wait.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped in its hectic rendering of a popular melody to permit someone to be heard who had stepped before the curtain. This individual, who seemed an understudy or other supernumerary, inquired if there were a physician in the audience. A middleaged man sitting next to Margaret rose at once in response to the summons. My companion turned an anxious face

'Stage fright makes them ill sometimes," she said. "I hope it isn't Alice Bennett." Whoever it is-he or she is probably holding the curtain, and that is a pretty

important thing." At the expiration of about ten minutes the physican came back to his place with slightly puzzled air, and perceiving that Margaret and I had observed his return with interest he said to Mrs. Carpenter: "Nerves are mighty queer things,

This statement being too general for other than a mild assent, he began to relate the particulars of the case upon

which this remark bore. "I've just seen an example of what can be effected through an association of ideas. There can be no harm in telling you-since the congregation behind the curtain, at least, is in possession of the facts-that Miss Bennett is in a state of extreme agitation because her sister, of whom she is very fond, has left the theatre without explanation. It seems that Miss Bennett sent a note to this girl, whose chair was C-112, asking her to come to the dressing-room a moment, and the girl, who is only eighteen, was neither in her chair where Miss Bennett had herself seen her safely seated nor

could she be found in any part of the theatre. "This has just happened?" Margaret asked.

"Ten minutes ago. Now it seems that this sister has been in a state of great anxiety over the plays, and her leaving her seat just before the curtain is in itself strange—but what put Miss Bennett into a nervous collapse is not just the disappearance but the association of ideas of which I spoke. Five years ago another member of her family dropped suddenly out of sight. Do I make it clear that what is passing in her mind now is almost a photographic repetition of the emotions evoked five years ago by the other event. But those feelings of gradual anxiety, then alarm, then suspense and despair must have extended over a period of months, while now they are, as if by a focusing glass, concentrated in a few moments-unlucky moments for Fremwell and the success of the play," he

"She's no better, then?" Margaret was

dismayed.
"I administered a simple restorative, but her agitation will probably continue until her sister is in her place again, since there was no reason on earth for her

"Perhaps," Margaret said, "the sister went to the dressing-room to adjust a de stray lock of hair." The physician shook his head. "They've

searched the theatre.' Margaret pondered a moment, then asked me for a pencil and a slip of paper. Obtaining these she scribbled a note and passed it to one of the ushers, who disappeared behind the boxes, returning a moment later and making a signal to to put with her violets. Margaret, who turned to me, saying:

"I think you can come too." Wondering what her intention was I followed her and soon found myself behind the scenes, where the electric atmosphere which always prevails on a first night seemed heightened to a forked lightning blend of nerves and tempers. We passed through an avenue of the sullen and the agitated, finding refuge in a quiet alley where the light streaming from a dressing-room displayed the actors in this unexpected crisis. I don't know how the impression came to me, but seeing the still group about Alice Bennett, who sat like one devoid of life before her mirror, her face chalk-white beneath its make-up, I knew that the invisible lash was being used to galvanize her into motion. The manager, his face cruel with apprehension, was using it; Peter Fremwell, who seemed suffering with Miss Bennett as well as inflicting pain upon her, was using it; her understudy was wielding it, but with a wrist robbed of

strength by a vision of opportunity.

Margaret went forward. "Alice," she said softly.

This voice from the laity seemed to penetrate to that desert of anxiety in which the leading woman was stranded, forgetting even the great responsibility of her evening. But Margaret received

"Alice," she repeated, "it's I, Margaret Carpenter. There's some very simple explanation of your sister's absence—and shall find her for you while you are playing."

She took Miss Bennett's hand as she spoke, looking down at her with a warm, deep gaze, as if she were drawing to the surface a soul near to its drowning. "I understand," she said; "you're over-strung and suddenly half frightened to death by a simple incident just because you are overwrought. But I tell you it's all right! Come! They're waiting."

Alice Bennett began to tremble, but

return to life. She spoke with a quivering lip.
"You see I never got over that first trouble, which was so mysterious-and

this visible agitation was the sign of her

lean is all I have." "I know," Margaret said soothingly. 'And you are just in a state to fancy the worst. But the worst never happens when we fancy it. This is to be a great evening-and-you must think of others besides yourself. Make the effort, dear -at once!

Her calm, authoritative voice seemed to restore Alice Bennett's balance. She rose shamefacedly and, still holding Margaret's hand, turned to the manager. "I'm better now. I can go on."

Fremwell addressed Margaret, his voice brusque with his gratitude and strange new emotions. "What good angel sent you here, Mrs.

"I had the impulse to come, for I had The chair of the ence myself once. physician you had a few moments ago is next to ours, and he told us what was holding the curtain.

"You don't think anything has happened to Jean?" Alice said pleadingly.
"No, I don't!" Margaret replied with emphasis. "Give me your house number and telephone number.

"They've telephoned already to the apartment. "Give me the numbers anyway, and a description of your sister. I'll find her

Whatever the grounds of her confidence, it was strong enough to restore strength and courage to the trembling young woman who, after she had complied with Margaret's request, faced Fremwell as a soldier might his general "You'll play up," he said kindly. "But for heaven's sake, don't let your mind

wander once. "I daren't," she whispered, for she had only just recovered from a vertigo over the black gulf of malign possibilities. She vanished from our sight, a creature suddenly divested of her attributes and adjuncts as Alice Bennett in panic over a missing sister to be that person in the play whose problems she must at any cost make real to the audience. With her were swept away the whip-wielding manager. Fremwell the caustic, and the little understudy. We were left in the glare of the incandescent lights in an atmosphere smelling faintly of calcimine and cold cream. The play was not for us, though a distant thunder of applause told us that the curtain had at last risen

shall we do first? "I'm thinking," she replied. After a moment or two of silence she began to think aloud. "I can only conjure up one good reason for her leaving

"Well," I said, facing Margaret, "what

the theatre. "What?" "Flowers."

"Flowers!" I exclaimed. "Yes. In the excitement all day she probably forgot about them until she was actually in her chair. Then, having time to consider, she remembered that Alice ought to have flowers after that great climax in the third act."

"How do you know there's a great climax in the third act?" Margaret smiled. "There always isor ought to be."

"Ah, that explains her going out, perhaps," I said dubiously. "But," I challenged, "why hasn't she come back?" "That is precisely what we have to dis-

cover. It may be an accident, but we won't telephone the hospitals just yet. Do you mind very much losing the play?"

"We'll come tomorrow night again," I said, delighted that destiny was favor-"Now, where are you going ing me. first? "To the nearest florist's on Broadway

she replied. "Naturally, having very lit-tle time and being in evening dress, she would go to the nearest flower shop.' My smile was incredulous but Marga ret seemed unconscious of it. Ascertain ing first that seat C-112 was still unoccupied, we proceeded on our errand, emerging from the stage entrance as two people upon a vague quest-and certainly an ambitious one-to find a missing girl in all New York before the last

through the evening," Margaret said. "If chicken broth, and he dislikes milk. we can only clear this up before the What can I do? One thing in his favor

We turned into Broadway. Across the were two florists for our choice. "We'll go to both," Margaret remark-

I was curious to know what would be her procedure after entering. She her-self was wearing violets that I had sent her, and my masculine mind was slow to picture any flower that she could appro-priately ask for, but while considering this problem I heard her inquire if they had gardenias. She wanted a gardenia

Gardenia! Of course! How stupid of "I suppose you have a good deal of sea-sick.
trade for the Eagle Theatre's opening And no nights," she was saying to the clerk. mean complimentary bouquets for the star tied up with yards and yards of rib-

"Yes'm-sometimes," he replied. "Not to-night, though. I guess they was afraid of a frost, he added with a laugh. On the sidewalk she turned to me with a smile. "She wasn't in there, you see.

New for our next one.' 'Another gardenia?" I laughed. "No! I am going directly to the point

this time." The second shop was larger, with a greater variety of flowers visible in the cases and on the counters. Margaret was looking about her as if searching for some particular flower when a clerk approached us.

"Have you no American Beauties?" she inquired anxiously.
"I'm sorry, but we sold the last two dozen about half an hour ago."
"To a young lady?" Margaret said quickly. "A young lady in an evening cloak—bare-headed!"

The clerk looked surprised, then considering a moment he replied, omitting to subscribe to the description:

"Yes—a young lady. We could send out—if you care to wait." Margaret thanked him, but said we hadn't the time. As we reached the street I began to have a masculine impatience of following clues so delicate. "Have you really proved anything?" I inquired. "Think of the thousands of young ladies in New York, the thousands right here on Broadway.'

#### [Continued next week.] FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Dark and Cold at 6 O'clock. A Professional Visit to a Rich Indian's House. Band

JHANSI, DECEMBER 13th, 1912. Dear Home Folk:

Life goes on, each day almost like the one that preceded it and I get up protesting against the world, myself and the hospital, that I can't be a lady of leisure and stay in bed until it is really light, (it is dark and cold at six o'clock in the morning.) Then I am usually so nice and "garm" (warm) in my bed; I almost run into my clothes, eat my food on the jump, and off I go to the hospital. After I have finished the treatments at the hospital I go to the dispensary, and there the real work of the morning begins. Such questions as these people ask; a three year old child at home would understand easier. I am not trying to explain, Miss Josefson is speaking in their own language. There are days when I am so glad to see ten-thirty come I can scarcely wait; then again I become so much interested that ten-thirty comes all too soon and I go on until eleven-thirty, when the nurses protest and insist upon my going home for food.

Days like this one I am taken down to the city, through the narrow, winding, Miss Julia Owen Stamm, of Harrisburg, prosaic. glary streets, where every one is walking barefooted and the "tonga-walla" shouts to the populace to "make way." The "sacred" cows are lying along the side of the road, silver chains about their necks, upon which hangs a silver bell, horns painted yellow, red and green, and they are never disturbed. The jungle dogs, scavengers truly, are hunting food from the gutters. The naked children (cold as it is) are playing in the dust and glare, with eyes so sore that it really hurts you to see them, knowing how soon they will be blind; and the percentage of blind is so high in this country. We pass picturesque coolie women with their water jars upon their heads, and finally we stop at a "rich Indian's house." He is probably fifty years old, had a dirty "dhoti" (cloth) around his hips, bare feet and legs, a yellow padded jacket, that looked like a vest with sleeves in it, greasy half its length from the neck, silver buttons, ear-rings of gold, and a dirty yellow cap on his head. I would like to think he had taken a bath recently, but I am afraid to think. He rises from a bed upon which he was sitting, smoking his "hookah," and "salaams," and leads me through rooms and rooms-I don't know how many-but all small, door little and low that even I have to stoop to enter; floors of pure clay, uneven and hard, not one stick of furniture anywhere to be seen. The walls are white-washed and native pictures drawn in colors, crude, repulsive and uninteresting, except that it represents the taste of the native owner. At last I came to a little cupboard like place and was passing on, when several women sitting there pointed to a dark corner and there, lying on a native rope-bed, with a dirty "rhesi" (comfort) over him; otherwise a duplicate, as to clothes, of his father, is a boy of fourteen, the sole heir of this man's wealth and heart. Poor child-thin, sick and dirty. I examined him and am afraid the germs of tuberculosis have fastened their death grip upon his vitals, and all our skill and his mother's love will not pull him back from the journey we all must take. And yet, the beautiful day, the sunshine of God's best kind, air clean, clear and invigorating, is all around us, and it is only food of the best the child needs; but a

Hindu may not eat of flesh nor fowl, so

"I hope poor Alice can keep her nerve he can have no soup, meat, eggs, or What can I do? One thing in his favor, he has an oil bath from head to feet street, within a few doors of each other, three times a week, and must have so much cod liver oil rubbed into his skin three times a day. I hope to break up his fever and may be-God being willing -make him well. They are influential folk and it would mean much to us to hold their good will. Both my nurse and myself were hungry and we came back the way we had gone, riding backward in the native vehicle, lurching along on the springless wheels until we could read-

> And now I am told the bath is ready, (hot, as usual, in a stone-cold bath room.) It seems almost a sin to have to take one's clothes off daily in such weather, but I think of the native smells and I am eager to avoid even such resemblances. We went to the club to hear a most excellent band. They do play well and I can imagine that all the very newest music finds its way into India, for that is the only way that any music-loving folks

> ily close our eyes and imagine we were

-and there are a few such souls herecould ever have any desire satisfied. This climate is so hard on a piano that all that I have seen are kept in cotton batting, and nearly every one has its covering of oil-cloth (the heavy, upholstering kind) tacked on, and only raised when the instrument is used. So really, general playing is not heard around

Ihansi. The bugle from the Fort is sounding "lights out" and the clocks are striking ten, and I am off to bed. You are just eating your noon-day meal, at least New York folks are and you are but little different. I don't know what day it is with you; it has been a most delightful Monday here.

Next week is another big native holiday and I may go to see Benares and Lucknow, although I do not like to be away from home on such a strictly obing to go about alone.

The Episcopal "Padre," Mr. Smith, has invited us all to their house to dinner on think, as they say here that I am "fed up on dinners," I will have mine alone if I am in Jhansi.

(Continued next week.)

### LAKE LUCERNE.

Clearly in thy limpid depths Mirrored you return Snow-capped peaks-majestic mounts That guard you, Lake Lucerne. Your moonlit bridges span you like So many silver beams, And on a rise against a hill, A monastery leans Where monks at close of toilsome days, Sore tried and deep depressed. Gaze down upon your waters calm And gain a Heavenly rest. The wearied tourist comes at length To rest upon your shore; And in the golden summer months

School.

The city people pour Into your many hostelries, Whose lights at night make seem Your shaded slope a Fairyland, Lucerne! You glorious dream!

Julia Owen Stamm

The above, which was taken from the when visiting Lake Lucerne, in touring with the Balderossi Travel Europe

# "The Bible of the Body."

That title has been aptly given to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, because to the physical nature it is a "light unto the path and a lamp unto the feet." In this book the physical life and its mysteries are dealt with in the plainest English. From life's Genesis, wandering humanity is followed through desert and wilderness, and before it is always set the Promised Land of perfect health and happiness. This great work is sent free by the author on receipt of stamps to defray the expense of mailing paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

-The man who has perfect patience with horses is the man who deserves a note worthy of honor. Few of us have patience enough but that we forget at times. The young horse you are trying to teach something needs to be shown, and it requires a little patience. The can who gets his temper up at once and goes at it rough will always come out loser in the game.

Wonderful Runners. Concerning the Tarahumare Indians of Mexico, the London Chronicle seriously observes: "These Indians, of whom about 15,000 survive in Mexico, are in great demand as government couriers, for they can easily cover 170 miles in a day on foot and have been known to run 600 miles in five days. 'When short of ammunition,' writes G. C. Terry, 'the Tarahumare Indians will run down a deer. Half a dozen men will take part in the chase. They head off the animal, taking up the pursuit in relays until finally the poor beast, running in ever narrowing circles, drops from sheer exhaustion. They also chase and capture the wild turkey in the same manner.' '

# CONSCIENCE.

Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us incessantly telling us how we should behave, but we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way. Thoreau.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

No man is born into the world whose work i not born with him.-Lowell

Contrary to conservative predictions, skirts for the coming season promise no noticeable increase in width. Voluminous draperies give an extremely full effect, but this is confined to the hips, the material at the hem being as scant as ever before. These features were shown yesterday at the formal opening of spring fashions at Gimbel Brothers, which took place in the salons on the third floor, where living models, on whom were displayed the latest suits and gowns, promenaded before crowds of women. lings and more quillings seem to be an indispensable adjunct of every costume, and the styles tend, more and more, to revert to the early Victorian period. The kimono sleeve shows no diminution in favor and, with the tiny three cornered piece set in under the arm, the bagginess which has been such an objection in this kind of sleeve is done away with.

One of the smartest suits worn yesterday was a navy blue whipcord, a new imported fabric. The jacket was cut on bolero lines and fastened with a single button. The collar, ending in a long point in the back, formed a hood that was laced with heavy black silk cord. The inner collar was embroidered in Bulgarian colors. The lining of the coat was a dainty rose figured Pompadour silk. A flounced skirt was worn with this coat. The upper flounce was of the material, the lower one being of black taffeta, dipping sharply at the back.

Another smart trotteur was of bronze reen-wool crepe, which was given added distinction by the short pleated peplum attached to the coat, and held in place under a short, narrow belt. The drapery of the skirt was drawn to the left side A full circular tunic was held in under two flat pleats in front and sloped away sharply toward the back, where two short flat sash ends completed the costume.

A third model of wool crepe was developed in violet. The short coatee opened over a vest of embroidered taffeta and a Paquin collar. The skirt was made with two circular flounces, the top one forming the yoke, with long sash ends tied loosely in the back, a very new feature. served religious festival, especially hav- A pleat set in at the hem gave freedom

in walking.
In evening gown and dinner frocks one observes row upon row of quilling. There was a dainty little frock of baby blue Christmas night, but I don't think I will taffeta doubly flounced, the flounces edged be there; the others are going, but I with quilling, which gave them the desired stand out effect, almost as if they were wired.

A summary of the coming styles appears to be a decided absence of the severe tailored effect so much in vogue the last few years, a still more decided widening of the silhouette at the waist line and narrowing at the shoulders and feet, and a tendency to return to the brilliant colors

and elaborate toilettes of 1830. The custom of sending little gifts to friends who are departing on a journey is a pretty one in conception, but sometimes results in contrary fashion by over-burdening the traveler with a multiplicity of "conveniences" too bulky to carry, in the aggregate, although the recipient feels in duty bound not to leave a single

one behind. Take books for an example—the tastes of a reader should be very well known before one attempts to dictate their taste in literature, as on board ship it becomes a difficult matter to centre the attention on an uncongenial subject. Especially is this true of the traveler who is attempting his first sea trip. There are moments when the most beautiful box of candy or the most delightful book given by one's dearest friend is absolutely unattractive before the devastations occa-

sioned by an attack of mal de mer. There are many practical gifts which are the greatest comfort to the traveler. Harrisburg Telegraph, was written by although many of them are exceedingly

There are a number of improvements in the way of "housewives" and pocketed toilet aprons suitable for gifts, among which are to be found practical and in expensive articles made of Turkish toweling, lined with rubber, and neatly bound, to be used for brush, comb and hairpin

bags.
When opened this object is tied around the waist, proving to be an excellent idea, especially when one considers the limited rocking space of the average dressing room or stateroom alloted one

whenn traveling. These aprons are provided made of gay-colored cretonnes and satins, lined with rubber and replete with rubber pockets.

A pair of stockings with a pocket wov en in the top is another nice gift of praconly Send 21 one-cent stamps for the tical intention as well as a chamois envelope bag designed to be hung around one's neck and wherein valuables may be safely secreted. The chamois envelope should be in-

closed in a little case of hand-embroidered linen, which in turn may be easily laundered and so preserve its original state of daintiness. Air cushions and hot water bottles are easily contracted into a small space when

not inflated and are invaluable traveling companions. A fact to remember is, that it never pays to buy a cheap water bottle which will decide to leak at exactly the moment it should not. A canton flannel cover or hand-knit

drawn on over the rubber bottle or one of the new aluminum bottles of light weight and interesting possibilities. Sponge bags of pure flexible gum, almost transparent, but waterproof and bound with silk cost \$3, while there are all sorts of suggestions for holding tooth-

case is a practical affair intended to be

brushes and the like. A comfortable, warm, but not bulky, negligee and a becoming cap are indispensable necessities to use on a journey of any length. The cap is especially useful for wear on a sleeper or on a voyarge when one is confined to one's state-

Since most people carry cameras when travelling, a pocket film diary is an accompanying convenience. This is of leather, resembling a flat pocketbook. Inside there may be found oiled paper leaves which separate the films and which are dated and identified by a numbered index large enough to allow sufficient space for pencil notes.

A daily calendar containing a message or quotation from friends at home also provides much pleasure for the recipient, particularly if in addition to the messages, snapshots and apropos jokes clipped from magazines are also inserted. For the hasty mending one of those

ribbon folds containing threaded needles is a splendid thing when traveling.

### FARM NOTES

-Nothing has contributed so much to reduce the cost of meat production as the development of early maturity in meat animals. The most successful producers now rush their hogs, and market their beeves under two years, and thus save cost of maintenance.

-The value of the sunflower is not generally recognized by our farmers. It is easy to raise and the seed affords an excellent food for all kinds of poultry. The sunflower requires a reasonably rich soil in order to produce a good crop. It may be planted at any time in the spring and up to the middle of June. Sunflowers do not require any cultivation after the plants get five or six inches high, as they will outgrow the weeds and keep the weeds down if planted pretty thick.

The farmer, by virtue of necessity, ought to be a breeder of domestic animals. But it seems the farmer in the United States is the last man who pays any attention to the improvement of his domestic animals, and yet he should be the most interested, as with him it means prosperity.

The average cow found on the farm does not make 125 pounds of butter in a year. Is not such a cow the intelligence of the man who stands behind her? What she is, he has made her. If that cow does not make profit, who is to blame but the man who bred her and owns her? That man never studied the meaning of a cow, never looked into her physiology and make-up, and very likely he complains he is making no money, and the revenues of the whole State are back because he refused to sanctify labor with knowledge.

Is there a farmer who would think of breeding horses for the race track by introducing draft blood? Is not breeding a cow subject to the same laws exactly that the breeding of a horse is? Nobody ever saw a horse that had a draft form that was a trotter. Nobody ever saw a foxhound that had the form and shape of a bulldog, that was a runner. Nature invariably gives to every animal the form that is necessary for its function. Therefore we must have dairy cattle if we are going into the dairy business.

-Recently a man bought and moved onto one of the poorest farms in the vi-cinity of Barnesville, Belmont county, O. To the surprise of his neighbors he announced his intention of sowing some alfalfa. They ridiculed the idea and with good intentions insisted that it would be olly to risk time and money in such an experiment. However, as the newcomer was anxious to grow some alfalfa, he decided to find out if the handicap of a poor, sour soil could not be overcome. He had been told that the soil lacked in organic matter so he hauled from a nearby livery stable 15 loads of manure to the acre. He would have preferred other manure, because of the many timothy and weed seeds commonly found in such stable manure, but being a practical man he took what was at hand. Experience and observation showed the soil to be acid. Accordingly, he gave it a heavy application of some form of burned lime. A liberal dressing of commercial fertilizer and inoculation of the soil with the proper bacteris helped still more to put the soil, which was naturally well drained, in good shape for the crop desired. A fine stand of alfalfa was the result of his preparation and the second season, three good crops of hay were cut and it gives promise of many more. This incident only seems to emphasize the fact that alfalfa can be grown anywhere in Ohio if the soil be well drained, sweet and well supplied with organic matter, phosphorous and the proper bacteria.

-A cow gives an exhibition of her ability, first, by the shape and condition of her udder. Here is the object of her existence. This cow lives, moves and has being for the sake of this organ. She is worth but little for anything else; she is bred for this purpose. She is a mother. The man who bred her did so with the object that she would be a little better mother than her mother. This cow belongs to the nervous temperament and shows it in her build; she has a lean head, long from the eye to the brain. She is an active animal. She shows a full eye, and that causes a hollow in the face, a dishing face. There is an alert, keen expression in those eyes. That indicates her temperament.

is evolved from the blood, the Milk blood is affected by the breath, and so she should have large, open nostrils. She should be long in the head, because the brain supports the whole nervous system, and this udder is the final answer to the long chain of nervous machinery. The brain is the battery which operates all the time to keep this nervous ma-

chinery running.
When the nervous system grows weak it is an indication that the brain action is weak. From the brain go all the nerves of the body. The cow should show a strong back. The first thing to look for in a butter cow is a very strong expression of the backbone, which indicates a large spine; the large spine indicates a strong nervous channel from the brain. Such a cow has a powerful nervous machinery.

-Ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, a noted dairyman, some years back, in an address before a Wisconsin farmers' institute, said: 'We need to know how to breed a

dairy cow, how to handle a dairy cow and how to feed her, and the most essential thing to start with is the question of breeding. Men will stand up in a meeting like this and sneer about breed and pedigree. They don't know what they are talking about. An old fellow jumped up in an institute once, and he says, You may talk as much as you are a mind to about poor breed, but I tell you the breed is in the corn-crib. half a truth, the hardest kind of truth to handle. I said to him, 'My dear sir, by that I understand you to mean that you don't pay any attention to breed, but everything to feed.' 'Yes, that is it, sir.' 'All right, you are the man I have been hunting for. You have given me a short cut to success. According to your doctrine it doesn' make any difference what kind of a horse I have. I can feed him so as to make a trotting horse of him, can I? Won't you give me a recipe so I can make a Poland-China out of one of those old razorback hogs that used to run in the woods? How would you feed him to make a Berkshire out of him! How would you feed a Jersey cow to make a Shorthorn of her? How would you feed a Norman horse to make a race horse of him? The old man stood and looked at me a moment, and then said: 'Well, talk just as much as you are a mind to, I be-

lieve what I said.' That is the position

of many farmers today. They see the

half truth and they don't wan't to see

the whole truth. One old fellow said he

didn't want to know any more, it might make him uncomfortable."