Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 13, 1914.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinging,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors' less!
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And other's follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We have faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
With whom "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother;
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Vivid Description of a Trip to the Mountains. Nights Cold and Days Hot.

GARHI, Dak., SEPTEMBER 21st, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

Bungalow—Here we are, ninety-eight miles from the railroad, or two days' tonga going, and if I had a gifted pen I could write you a letter that would be more than worth while. We left Jhansi at ten o'clock Monday and at two, as we were admiring the Taj from a distance, the heat was so bad it really made me ill and the dry, hot, yellow clay looked so baked and hard one could think of nothing but what intense heat must have been coming for months to produce such an effect. There is no way I can describe it to you.

At Delhi it became cooler and by the time we had reached the climbing stage to Rawal Pindi it was very comfortable. For hours we came up and up and up, through the same kind of barren, water-corroded formation that one sees in Simla, reminding one of the caves at home; but in this case formed of mud instead of stone. It was beautifully wierd but oh, so desolate and it scarcely seemed fair that we should have to come twenty-two hours' ride to have only that to see; but Rawal Pindi, two hours on, proved a most charming change. It is a beautifully laid out city and I caught most enticing glimpses of gardens full of flowers and green grass; and the roads, well, I just longed and longed for a motor, knowing we would resemble the "bird-men" and be a lot more safe.

We stopped at a very, very nice hotel and when we went into dinner, to see men and women in evening dress, each table with its bunch of beautiful roses on it, and hear the band outside—I sure did wish to go on to the theatre (?), but instead, we finished our food and went back to the room and to bed, for we were to start at 5:30 for our four days' (198 mile) drive. We got off allright in the early morning, before even the moon had ceased her sway, and those first nine miles were cold and beautiful. It was through a flat, level farming country with high mountains on either side; but miles away, and when the sun came up, all was as though ordered.

The Punjabis, through whose country we are going, is a much better looking, finer built man than the Hindustani, and he seems more willing to work and keep clean. The first relay of horses has been made and again we go on. We are now nearer the mountains and the road begins to ascend, and continues for the next eight miles. Both our teams have been good. The third team is now put in and the road, which has been twisting back and forth like a snake and rising fairly fast, with the mountains greeting you at every turn, now becomes a narrow strip and I see about ten feet above me the upper road, the one we are soon to take. But horrors! One of our horses is new and rebels against the heavy load attached to him and such pulling, coaxing, heart-breaking driving I don't think I have ever seen before and although I know that six miles further on a new relay will be put on, yet to get there, for the road, although in perfect condition, seems almost straight up, and the way is long.

Finally we get to the next station and this team is worse than the one we had before and the road is, if possible, more tortuous and steeper, until finally one horse balks and I am beginning to wonder, will we ever reach Murree, thirty-seven miles up, where they say our troubles will be over. We have to get out and finally send on the sulky brutes and ask for a new lot before we can proceed. It was not a bad thing that happened to us for the grandeur and the scenery defies my poor powers to describe and I can only tell you that to sit and let the mountain air cool my face, and gaze and gaze my full—that indeed was a pleasure so worth while I was loath to think of anything else; although all the time I was trying to make a full picture mentally, that I could later send on to you. But in this I failed *dismally*.

The second team of horses came and we left our nice seat under the trees, with the corn stalks rustling around our ears and the cheerful gurgle of the tiny stream that just here started down toward the river, and again we were well on our way. Again, up and up and yet I do not see the top and our horses, beautiful little beasts, are so willing that it seems unfair to ask so much of them. But we must reach Murree and finally, by a stupendous display of last strength, we are whirled around the final hill and we are on our way down again. I could not think how those poor beasts could go further but their driver said yes, so on we went another thirty miles down, down, the mountains always greeting us, the picture always new and glorious and the upcoming caravans of fruit and vegetables, grain, etc., that is sent out from the fertile Kashmir valley, met us at every strip and dangerous turn, adding a most exciting element to the trip.

These trains were of bullocks—great slow-moving, patient animals, attached to two-wheeled tongas, with two layers of grain packed on and spread out so wide on either side that to pass them on this narrow way was a feat worthy a skilled driver. Ours went past each and all with the greatest unconcern and on we would rush. The snow came out vividly to say "God-speed," as the last rays of the setting-sun touched it to life, way, way off there across the intervening valleys and lesser mountain tops. And then it grew dark, and you know how pitchy black mountains can get. The shadows seem more intense and blacker here than anywhere else and I wonder where the moon is and, to answer my question, her radiance begins to glow just over the range directly in front of us, and I am elated.

At last the first rim is seen and up she pops; not slow and majestically, as you expect of the queen of the night, but just like a "man-in-the-box," and all is silver and black velvet. Down in the "Khud" (valley) a silver band appears, of which I have been unaware, and tiny "fire-flies" of fires are seen on the hillsides, where the native is living. It is all like fairy-land and I am going to look for the fairies. But the cold night air stings and I know they can't come out to dance tonight, so guess it will be the gnomes, those gray, creepy creatures that like to flit past in this wierd, gray, musty-like air, helping these mountain farmers to till their hanging gardens, for here, as elsewhere in Northern India, every spare, (that is, rocky free) level plot is utilized for farming and methinks the gnomes must have plenty to keep them busy helping where so many times help is needed.

And now we see camels, relieved of their load, lying in rest for the night, and we again pass a long train of horse tongas, this time loaded to the utmost with——smelly, delicious scented fruit and so we see all forms of receptacles and burden bearers and our progress is still fast and our way down, but now so short, and almost before I can think we stop at a native bazaar and the Dak Bungalow of Kahala is pointed out to us perched, Swiss like, high above the common herd of houses, and we breathe a sigh of relief that we can get out and stretch ourselves. So gathering what we may want for the night we go up, followed by various coolies and after removing just what dust is loosest and eating dinner, roll into bed, too tired to think to wish you good-night, even in my mind.

(Continued next week.)

To Detect Counterfeits.

The President of a bank, when asked by a young clerk how he could distinguish the bad bills from the good, said:

"Get familiar with good bills, and you will recognize the bad bills at sight."

Here is a vast volume of wisdom summed up in a simple sentence. This homely advice applies not only to the detection of conterfeit money, but with equal force to the detection of the counterfeit in all departments of life.

The man accustomed to handling only good corn, good wheat, good potatoes, has no difficulty in detecting the faulty. He detects intuitively. Even without recognized thought, he fixes upon the fault.

The skilful egg handler passes good eggs before the light with a rhythmic rapidity that is amazing; but an imperfect egg instantly breaks his routine and interrupts his process.

To the trained musician, accustomed to doing and knowing high-grade work, a false note comes like a stab of pain.

In any occupation, any man fully engaged in doing the right thing will have no difficulty in recognizing the wrong.

Right and wrong are as far apart, or unlike, as day and night; and he that is most accustomed to walk in the light is quicker to note the shadows.

There is only one way to know the bad, the imperfect, the untrue, and that is by knowing the good, the perfect, the true.

Stop the Leaks.

If a ship springs a leak it would be a foolish captain who would crowd on sail and try to run away from the leak. The first thing to do is to stop the leak, for the very press of canvass increases the danger. Look at the drains which affect some women in the same light as the leak. It is no use to use stimulants and tonics, as if they could carry away from the effects of that leakage of vitality. The first thing to do is to stop the unhealthy drain, which is robbing the body of strength with every day. That's what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does, it stops the drains which weaken women. It regulates the periods, heals ulceration and inflammation, and relieves female weakness. When the local health of the womanly organs is established, women find an improvement in their general health at once. There is no need for tonics or stimulants. There is no more nervousness. The whole body is built up into sound health. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

——The WATCHMAN enjoys the proud distinction of being the best and cleanest county paper published.

Money Famous Actors Have Made Out of the Movies.

In the October *American Magazine* Walter Prichard Eaton, dramatic editor of that publication, writes an article entitled "A new Epoch in the Movies," in the course of which he tells as follows what some great actors and dramatists have made out of the business:

"The actors have a new and added source of revenue, and possibly the dramatists have, also. Not all players can get $30,000 for acting a single play in front of a camera, as Bernhardt did when she acted 'Queen Elizabeth.' But Miss Anglin, and players of her rank, get as high as $5,000 for the single performance, which includes from one to four weeks of rehearsals. The dramatists, also, whose plays are adapted, get an added revenue, sometimes in the form of royalty, sometimes a flat sum divided with the theatrical manager who has previously produced their play on the stage. These revenues have, in some cases, amounted to as much as $8,000 or $10,000.

"A popular feature film generally rents for $40 a day, while it is new and fresh, and from twenty-five to thirty-five prints are sent out. That means a gross return of from $1,000 to $1,400 per day, or from $7,000 to $9,000 a week. The life of the average feature film is about three months (at a lesser rental during the last month). So it is easy to see that the gross return is very large. Some films, such as Hackett in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' or the 'Rainey Hunt,' have continued popular for more than a year, fresh prints being made. The copyright laws are still lax and rather chaotic concerning motion pictures, and the Authors' League of America is working better to protect authors whose books and stories are used for films, since a popular book often makes as good a movie drama as a play. But these conditions will doubtless be corrected, and it may be said that the author and perhaps the dramatist of the immediate future, if he writes the kind of books or plays which have interesting plots, and especially if the scenes can be put into pictorial setting, will have a new source of revenue from the motion pictures."

How Not to be Fat.

In the *Woman's Home Companion* a woman contributor, who declines to sign her name, writes a practical little article entitled "How Not to be Fat." She says that she began by noticing that stout people sleep too much. She gradually worked her alarm clock back from seven-thirty to six o'clock in the extra time exercising and bathing. Then she took up the habit of walking after breakfast. In ten week's time she found that she was losing flesh slowly—less than half a pound a week. Then she took up the problems of diet and exercise. Of these she writes in part as follows:

"The problem of diet was to me a difficult one—I was so fond of good things to eat, and I had seen dieting continue into nervous dyspepsia. I began by cutting down the liquids at meals—all the cold water I wanted before and after, but only one cup of tea or coffee.

"It was now four months since I had gone into training, and all at once I began to realize that I was not eating as much as formerly. My appetite was keen, but it took less to satisfy it. I kept to a mixed diet, but I limited myself to one starchy food and one sweet at a meal.

"Eating, sleeping, bathing, working, playing—the last two remained to be dealt with. I would see what could be done in these lines. Work: there seemed no change practicable, except that I might work harder, and I did. But I am satisfied that the extra work had no bearing on my loss of weight, for I was never as tired at night as I used to be when I slept until half past seven and then rode down-town.

"As for my playtime, I joined a tennis club; and of all reducing exercises I can cheerfully recommend tennis as the quickest and most inevitable. The only trouble is, it might kill a really fat person; by the time I could play tennis, however, I was not so very fat! The fourth, fifth and sixth months, I lost eight pounds!"

In one year she lost twenty-five pounds and in the next five months took off three pounds more, bringing her down to normal weight or in fact two pounds less than what is called for by her height.

What Oriental Rugs Express.

The chief rug-producing lands are Persia, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Central Asia, and China. Symbolism enters largely into the designs for rugs, particularly the Namazlik or prayer rug with its arch or mihrab pattern as the principal feature. In Persian rugs it is formed by gracefully curving lines, and in others is of geometrical design. The arch being the symbol of the mosque, "at call for prayer, says Waker A. Hawley, who has written a book of great interest to rug collectors which is reviewed by the Egyptian *Gazette*, "the faithful Moslem spreads his rug with arch directed towards Mecca, and kneeling with the palms of his hands at each side of the center, he bows his head till it touches the rug." As these are held sacred by the Mohammedans of Persia and seldom sold, they can only be actually distinguished from those made for trading purposes, the well worn nap showing where the knees of father and son have often pressed."

The size and shape of the rug are indications of the purpose to which it is assigned, e. g., the large square center piece (the Khali) is used to cover the center of the assembly hall, and the narrow strips (the Renares) are placed at the sides and ends for the servants and less honored guests.

However pleasing the design or elaborate the detail, it is principally in the coloring that these rugs claim our interest and admiration. The different shades have different moods, expressing peace, joy, pensiveness, sorrow, the meaning of which the oriental mind, with its subtle and serious imagination, has grasped as has none other.

In the highest grade of antiuqe rug we find, as in all real works of art, that excellent combination of work for the love of work, and personal distinction in handicraft which results in satisfaction to its creator as well as its possessor. With these happy conjunctions, and the use of wool of the finest texture and colors, have been produced those delightful tones which only time can produce. Mr. Hawley gives expression of this feeling when he says: "There was a time when the Oriental had not learned the meaning of tempus fugit or seen the glitter of western gold, when his dyeing and weaving were proud callings into which entered his deepest feelings."—The *Monitor*.

Help the Belgians.

In all the annals of human history it would be hard to find a worthier case for giving and helping than that now presented by brave little Belgium, the innocent victim of a nation which had given its "sacred" word to respect her neutrality.

Never did a people stand more firmly or courageously for right and justice. Never did a nation more valiantly defend itself against ruthless invasion. Till the end of time the valor and true patriotism of the Belgiums will shine out as the whitest light among the many colored flashes of this greatest war.

With the exception of one empire blinded by worship of a false god, the whole world has admired and applauded the stand of this little kingdom. And the Belgians appreciate all this.

Now, however, it is time for another sort of evidence of our admiration; for a stretching out across the sea of the hand of helpfulness.

In their devastation of Belgium the German forces have withered tens of thousands of homes. Peasant-cots and palaces alike have fallen before the fury of the despoilers.

Out of these homes has been driven a great host of old men and old women; of mothers widowed and boys and girls orphaned and little babies still too young to understand the terror.

They are homeless and without means to secure food, shelter or needed clothing. All they had or held dear has been taken from them. Nothing is left but grief, sorrow and want. Already the snows and bitter cold of winter are in sight.

In many parts of our country, always ready to help those who are deserving, relief funds have been started. In Philadelphia several thousand dollars already have been subscribed to such a fund, and in addition to this, articles of wearing apparel are being collected by willing women and these will be sent to the sufferers in Belgium.

If you have not already contributed in money or clothes, do what you can without delay.

In this, as in all cases of need, he gives twice who gives quickly.

Do what you can, and do it now!

Make a sacrifice, if necessary. In the life of the average person are many things which can be given up without any real loss,—at least for a time. And surely there is no way of securing such profit as by paying for this opportunity to help with sacrifice.

Seas and boundary lines and differences of tongue and customs do not alter the great fact that we all are one great family. The suffering in this unfortunate little kingdom is simply suffering in the room next to ours in the big house which shelters us all.

Put your hand in your pocket and then stretch it out to these homeless and helpless women and children and old men.

Don't delay, for often, under such circumstances, one day spells the difference between life and death.

A Race of Tenors.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful.

Thus, in South America, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from ten thousand feet to fourteen thousand feet, the men have voices like women, and the women like children, their singing being a shrill monotone.

The Australian native has a weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African Bushmen would come into the same category; but, it is said, of all human beings, the pygmies of Central Africa have, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices.

"Man, Know Thyself."

Such an inscription was carven on the front of a Grecian temple. It is an inscription which should be carved on the public buildings of every city. Doubtless there are thousands who die every year because of their ignorance of their own bodies. The value of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser may be judged from this one fact—it makes men and women to know themselves, and the faculties and functions of the several organs of the body. This great work contains 1008 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Where the Fault Lay.

A newspaper man tells of a friend who edited, with more or less success, a paper in a small town. That he was somewhat discouraged by the lack of interest shown in his journal was evidenced by this notice which one afternoon appeared on the editorial page:

"Burglars entered our house last night. To the everlasting shame of the community for whose welfare we have labored, be it said, they got nothing."—Harper's Magazine.

Bewildered Him.

"I say, Weggie, I'm in an awful mess. Miss Smart means to sue me for 'bweath of pwomise' or somethin' howwid like that."

"Weally?"

"Yaas. I said I was awfully sowwy not to ask her to mawwy me, but dad would cut me off if I did, and all she said was, 'You needn't imagine I'm the kind of a girl that accepts an apology for a man.'"—New York Tribune.

Athletic Vocalization.

"Is a ventriloquist a person who throws his voice?" asked Mr. Lobrow.

"So to speak."

"Well, we've got one next door to us. She hasn't thrown it yet, but she is giving it a terrible struggle."—Washington Star.

Shrank From the Job.

Angry Customer—You certainly took an execrable photograph of me. Photographer—But, sir, my plates are sensitive ones.—Baltimore American.

Every one learns from his own experience; the wise learn also from the experience of others.

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—*Cicero.*

Why, if a fashion is pretty and becoming to a number of women, should it be abolished forever after it has been popular for a certain length of time simply to make way for a new fad, which may be neither pretty nor becoming? This is the law which governs clothes, a law for which there seems to be no good reason.

What person with any feeling for clothes has ever ransacked some old worm-eaten chest full of old lace and quaint jewelry and heavily flowered or lavender color gowns all made in the fashions of years ago without experiencing some sensation of regret?

It was, of course, absurb at any time in the history of the world for old women to wear ringlets, but it is just as absurd for no women to wear ringlets because somebody or other says they have gone out of fashion. Certain peach bloon cheeks were made to be shaded by the soft dusk of black curls, just as certain heads were born to look perfect under the latest hat in black straw and paradise plumes. There is the woman who never looks so handsome as in hard-plain tailor made costumes, and her sister who turns us all dizzy when she appears in loose draperies of ivory tinted lace sprayed with flowers.

In fact, it should be the aim of dress, as it should be the aim of life, not to stunt character or destroy individuality. There should be a thousand fashions, where now there are only a hundred, and all these fashions should be on show at one and the same time. And every woman should be true to herself and her character of beauty. She should change her fashions every hour of the day if she were so disposed until she has succeeded in finding the exact fashion which made her a thing of perfection.

And then, by law, she would be allowed to change no more.

In choosing the individual note in dress it should be done with an eye to color. Every woman has her own particular shade, suggested perhaps by her hair or eyes, and it is the shade that suits her best once she knows it. She should let her dress maker or tailor do the rest for the color harmony. What prettier picture could be imagined than the woman with the curious touch of amber in her eyes in a white gown with amber beads and amber waistbelt?

Activities of Women.—New York has 2,152,433 workers, of whom 586,193 are women.

Kansas City has 4,436 working women, whose average wage is $6 per week.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is a fully qualified doctor of medicine.

Women barbers, hairdressers and manicurists in New York City number 3,864.

Suffragettes in England are now training themselves to shoot a rifle and even the department stores have set up ranges for shoppers to practice at.

The International Association of Steam Operating Engineers have a woman's auxiliary organization which is absolutely independent of the men.

Women jurors in Washington are protesting against the non-provision of powder puffs and nighties for them when they are detained over night on a case.

Only 128 mothers are receiving pensions in Pennsylvania, while 1,500 who have made application will have to wait owing to the inability of the appropriation to provide for all.

When my little girl was born the old, colored nurse I got for her told me that if I brushed her hair the wrong way it would make it curly. Whether that was what did it or not I do not know, but her hair, while it never really curled, has always stood away from her head in a soft, pretty way. Mammy's instructions set me to thinking. I realized that all faces fall as they grow old, and I wondered why it wouldn't be wise to wash and dry the face up instead of down. I not only taught my little daughter to do this—she always wipes upward—but I began on myself. Today, at 47, not a muscle in my face has fallen; there are no droopy lines at my chin. My eyelashes are always noticed because they curl upward so prettily (they didn't before I began the upward treatment,) and my daughter's are just like them.

Many housekeepers do not know the value, both economic and epicurean, of what they regard as waste material. Sour cream is one thing the usefulness of which Americans do not generally appreciate. The following recipes from Good Housekeeping are illustrations of what may be done with the unjustly despised curdled mass that too often is "thrown out."

Viennese Salad Dressing—One cupful of thick sour cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt. Whip the cream until it is thick and then stir in the vinegar, enough to give the dressing a slightly tart flavor. This is delicious for chopped cabbage, lettuce or any green salad.

Sour Cream Pie—One cupful of thick sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one half cupful of seeded raisins cut in two, two eggs, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one fourth teaspoonful of cloves, a pinch of salt. Use the whites of the eggs for a meringue. Beat the yolks of the eggs for a meringue. Beat the yolks of the eggs. Add the sour cream. Mix the cinnamon, cloves, salt and sugar thoroughly and add them to the eggs and cream. Beat thoroughly with the egg beater, then add the raisins. Use this mixture as the filling for a pie and bake slowly.

Sour Cream Cookies—Two thirds of a cup of butter beaten to a cream, two cups of sugar, one egg, two thirds of a cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda. Enough flour to roll out as softly as possible. Flavor with lemon juice.

Chocolate Gingerbread—Mix well one cupful of molasses, one half cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soft butter, one half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of water, two cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, and four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Bake this in a loaf in a steady oven until a straw inserted comes out dry. This will be greatly improved by the addition of vanilla or chocolate icing.

——If you always want to have the best take the WATCHMAN and you'll have it.

FARM NOTES.

—A cabbage grower says that fresh powdered hellebore, mixed with water at the rate of one ounce to 12 quarts, makes a spray for cabbage that will keep it free from worms.

—Where there are crops and animals to market at intervals during the year difficulties are not met in keeping up the cash expenditures of the home. Diversified crops with animal husbandry is the safest and best plan for profitable farming.

—R. H. Garrahan, a successful Pennsylvania market gardener, uses the following fertilizer per acre in growing cabbage: Six hundred pounds tankage, 600 pounds acid phosphate, 400 pounds potash. This is applied broadcast and worked into the soil with an Acme harrow. Plants are set 2½ by 1½ feet. The cabbages are cultivated and hoed as soon as they have struck root and then a small handful of nitrate of soda is applied around each plant at the rate of from 200 to 500 pounds per acre.—Philadelphia *Record.*

—Butter-making on the farm is not so extensively carried on now as in former years owing to the increase of creameries. Yet there are farms in sections so remote from creameries that butter-making can be made quite a profitable affair.

To make high-grade butter calls for scientific methods. As a rule, the farmer's wife has this particular task to perform, and when we find one who understands the principles of good butter-making we find her surrounded with conditions that enable her to make better butter than any creamery butter-maker under creamery conditions.

As the farmer has only his own milk to handle, and has only himself to blame if it is not clean and in otherwise good condition, he receives his milk fresh and is enabled to ripen the cream to his own liking.

Cleanliness is the most important thing in all dairy operations. It is impossible to make high-grade butter from dirty milk. Keeping the barn clean, seeing that the cows are well bedded and curried at least once a day is work that is of untold value.

The good milkman just before milking wipes off the sides and udder with a clean rag. This removes the loose hairs and dirt. A damp towel is then used to more effectually remove what dirt remains. If a damp towel is used in winter care must be taken to dry the teats thoroughly to prevent their cracking.

All of the dairy utensils must be thoroughly clean, which is best done by washing in lukewarm water to which a small amount of good washing powder has been added. Then rinse in scalding water. When well rinsed with scalding water they will dry in a few minutes, and will be much more sanitary than if dried with a cloth.

Properly ripening the cream is the next important step to be taken. It is a common practice to mix all the cream for a week, and churn at the end of that period. Some of this cream is a week old, while often some of it is skimmed just before churning. Good butter cannot be made out of cream a week old, even when one has good cooling facilities.

It is better to churn two or three times a week, and, while this will necessitate more work, it is amply repaid by the improved quality of the butter.

It is a mistake to put fresh cream into the cream to be churned within 12 or 18 hours before churning. When each new lot is added the cream should be well stirred. This will insure more even ripening. As soon as skimmed cool the cream to as low a temperature as possible. This will check the growth of bacteria. Before mixing with the old, each fresh lot should be cooled. About 12 to 18 hours before churning warm the cream to 65-70 degrees Fahrenheit, and allow it to ripen or sour at this temperature. The moment the cream thickens cool it down as low as possible until ready to churn.

Just what is the best temperature for churning really cannot be told. For instance, cream from cows kept on pasture requires churning at a lower temperature than from cows kept on dry feed. There are various other conditions that affect churning temperature. The temperatures at which best results can be secured will vary from 50 to 60 degrees F., depending upon conditions. While it is a fact that the lower the temperature the better the quality of butter, it must not be forgotten that it is possible to get the cream so cold that it will be difficult to churn. Butter should be churned at such temperature that it will come in not more than a half hour, and be firm when it is churned. Should the butter come in half that time, and be soft, it is a good indication that the cream was too warm.

When the granules of butter are about the size of grains of wheat the churn should be stopped. It is a mistake to churn into a solid mass. Over-churning in this way retains a large quantity of buttermilk which it is impossible to wash out, besides it destroys the grain of the butter, thus injuring both the appearance and the keeping quality.

As soon as the butter is churned to the size of wheat grains, the buttermilk must be drawn off, and as much wash water added as there was buttermilk. Wash the butter by giving the churn eight or ten revolutions. Should the water come out white, wash again with an equal amount of water. The temperature of the wash water should be at least five degrees colder than the churning temperature of the cream.

When treated in this way the butter should come in granular form from the wash water. Do not work any before salting. Salt at the rate of three-fourths to one ounce of salt per pound of unworked butter. A fine grained dairy or table salt should be used.

Butter must not be overworked, as it destroys the grain and makes a salvy butter. The salt should be evenly distributed. If the butter is starting to soften it should be set in a cool place to harden up and to allow the salt to dissolve. Then work again to more evenly distribute the salt, and to remove the excess of water. After the butter is worked the broken surface should appear granular.

In other words, churning should cease as soon as the granules are the size of wheat; all buttermilk should be washed out with one or more washings in water equal in quantity to the buttermilk removed, and at a temperature not less than 5 degrees Fahrenheit below the churning temperature of the cream. Salt at the rate of three-fourths to one ounce of salt per pound of unworked butter. Work the salt evenly through the butter, care to be taken that it is not overworked.