

### WHY IS IT?

Some find work where some find rest,  
And so the weary world goes on.  
I sometimes wonder which is best.  
The answer comes when life is gone.  
Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,  
And so the weary night hours go,  
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,  
I often wonder why 'tis so.  
Some will faint where some will fight,  
Some love the tent and some the field,  
I often wonder who are right—  
The ones who strive or those who yield.  
Some hands fold where other hands  
Are lifted bravely to the sky,  
And so through ages and through lands  
Move on the two extremes of life.  
Some feet halt where some feet tread,  
In tireless march a throng goes by,  
Some struggle on where some have fled,  
Some seek when others shun the fray.  
Some swords rust where others clash;  
Some fall back where some move on;  
Some flags furled where others flash  
Until the battle has been won.  
Some sleep on while others keep,  
The victors of the battle do not sleep,  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their name above a grave.  
—Father Ryan.

### NOBLESSE.

(Concluded from last week.)  
However, when the time came, it was all worse than she had imagined. How could a woman gently born and bred conceive of the horrible ignominy of such a life? She was dragged lither and yon, to this and that little town. She traveled through sweltering heat on jolting trains; she slept in tents; she lived—she, Margaret Lee—on terms of equality with the common and the vulgar. Daily her absurd unwieldiness was exhibited to crowds screaming with laughter. Even her faith wavered. It seemed to her that there was nothing forever beyond those starting, jeering faces of silly mirth and delight at the sight of her seated in two chairs, clad in a pink spangled dress, her vast shoulders bare and sparkling with a tawdry necklace, her great, bare arms covered with brass bracelets, her hands increased in short, white kid gloves, over the fingers of which she wore a number of rings—stage properties.  
Margaret became a horror to herself. At times it seemed to her that she was in the way of fairly losing her own identity. It mattered little that Camille and Jack were very kind to her, that they showed her the nice things which her terrible earnings had enabled them to have. She sat in her two chairs—the two chairs proved a most successful advertisement—with her two kid-cushion hands clenched in her pink spangled lap, and she suffered agony of soul, which made her inner self stern and terrible, behind that great pink mask of face. And nobody realized until one sultry day when the show opened at a village in a pocket of green hills—indeed, its name was Greenhill—and Sydney Lord went to it.  
Margaret, who had schooled herself to look upon her audience as if they were not, suddenly comprehended among them another soul who understood her own. She met the eyes of the man, and a wonderful comfort, as of a cool breeze blowing over the face of clear water, came to her. She knew that the man understood. She knew that she had his fullest sympathy. She saw also a comrade in the toils of comic tragedy, for Sydney Lord was in the same case. He was a mountain of flesh. As a matter of fact, had he not been known in Greenhill and respected as a man of weight of character as well as of body, and of an old family, he would have rivaled Margaret. Beside him sat an elderly woman, sweet-faced, slightly bent as to her slender shoulders, as if with a chronic attitude of submission. She was Sydney's widowed sister, Ellen Waters. She lived with her brother and kept his house, and had no will other than his.  
Sydney Lord and his sister remained during the rest of the audience had drifted out, after the privileged handshakes with the queen of the show. Every time a coarse, rustic hand reached familiarly after Margaret's Sydney shrank.  
He noticed his sister to remain seated when the show was over, Jack Desmond, who had been exploiting Margaret, gazed at him with admiring curiosity. Sydney waved him away with a commanding gesture. "I wish to speak to her a moment; pray leave the tent," he said, and Jack obeyed. People always obeyed Sydney.  
Sydney stood before Margaret, and he saw the clear crystal, which was herself, within all the flesh, clad in tawdry raiment, and she knew that he saw it.  
"Good God," said Sydney, "you are a lady."  
He continued to gaze at her, and his eyes, large and brown, became blurred; at the same time his mouth tightened.  
"How came you to be in such a place as this?" demanded Sydney. He spoke almost as if he were angry with her.  
Margaret explained briefly.  
"It is an outrage," declared Sydney. He said it, however, rather absently. He was reflecting. "Where do you live?" he asked.  
"Here."  
"You mean—?"  
"They make up a bed for me here, after the people have gone."  
"And I suppose you had—before this—a comfortable house."  
"The house which my grandther Lee owned, the old Lee mansion-house, before we went to the city. It was a very fine old Colonial house," explained Margaret, in her finely modulated voice.  
"And you had a good room?"  
"The southeast chamber had always been mine. It was very large, and the furniture was old Spanish mahogany."

"And now—" said Sydney.  
"Yes," said Margaret. She looked at him, and her serious blue eyes seemed to see past him. "It will not last," she said.  
"What do you mean?"  
"I try to learn a lesson. I am a child in the school of God. My lesson is one that always ends in peace."  
"Good God!" said Sydney.  
He motioned to his sister, and Ellen approached in a frightened fashion. Her brother could do no wrong, but this was the unusual, and alarmed her.  
"This lady," began Sydney.  
"Miss Lee," said Margaret. "I was never married. I am Miss Margaret Lee."  
"This," said Sydney, "is my sister Ellen, Mrs. Waters. Ellen, I wish you to meet Miss Lee."  
Ellen took into her own Margaret's hand, and said feebly that it was a beautiful day, and she hoped Miss Lee found Greenhill a pleasant place to visit.  
Sydney moved slowly out of the tent, and found Jack Desmond. He was standing near with Camille, who looked her best in a pale-blue summer silk, and a black hat trimmed with roses. Jack and Camille never really knew how the great man had managed, but presently Margaret had gone away with him and his sister. Jack and Camille looked at each other.  
"Oh, Jack, ought you to have let her go?" said Camille.  
"What made you let her go?" asked Jack.  
"—don't know. I couldn't say anything. That man has a tremendous way with him. Goodness!"  
"It is all right here in the place, anyhow," said Jack. "They look to him. He is a big-bug here, comes of a family like Margaret's, though he hasn't got much money. Some chaps were braggin' that they had a bigger show than her right here, and I found out."  
"Suppose," said Camille, "Margaret does not come back?"  
"He could not keep her without being arrested," declared Jack, but he looked uneasy. He had, however, looked uneasy for some time. The fact was, Margaret had been very gradually losing weight. Moreover, she was not well. That very night, after the show was over, Bill Stark, the little dark man, had a talk with the Desmonds about it.  
"Truth is, before long, if you don't look out you'll have to pad her," said Bill; "and giants don't amount to a row of pins after that begins."  
Camille looked worried and sulky.  
"She ain't very well, anyhow," said she. "I ain't going to kill Margaret."  
"It's a good thing she's got a chance to have a night's rest in a house," said Bill Stark.  
"The fat man has asked her to stay with him and his sister, while the show is here," said Jack.  
"The sister invited her," said Camille, with a little stiffness. She was common, but she had lived with Lees, and her mother had married a Lee. She knew what was due Margaret, and also due herself.  
"The truth is," said Camille, "this is an awful sort of life for a woman like Margaret. She and her folks were never used to anything like it."  
"Why didn't you make your beauty husband hustle and take care of her and you, then?" demanded Bill, who admired Camille, and disliked her because she had no eyes for him.  
"My husband has been unfortunate. He has done the best he could," responded Camille. "Come, Jack; no use talking about it any longer. Guess Margaret will pick up. Come along. I'm tired out."  
That night Margaret Lee slept in a sweet chamber with muslin curtains at the windows, in a massive mahogany bed, much like hers which had been sacrificed at an auction sale. The bed-linen was linen, and smelled of lavender. Margaret was too happy to sleep. She lay in the cool, fragrant sheets and was happy, and convinced of the presence of the God to whom she had prayed. All night Sydney Lord sat down stairs in his book-walled sanctum and studied over the situation. It was a crucial one. The great psychological moment of Sydney Lord's life for knight-errantry had arrived. He studied the thing from every point of view. There was no romance about it. These were hard, sordid, tragic, ludicrous facts with which he had to deal. He knew to a nicety the agonies which Margaret suffered. He knew, because of his own capacity for sufferings of like stress. "And she is a woman and a lady," he said aloud.  
If Sydney had been rich enough, the matter would have been simple. He could have paid Jack and Camille enough to quiet them, and Margaret could have lived with him and his sister and their two old servants. But he was not rich; he was even poor. The price to be paid for Margaret's liberty was a bitter one, but it was that or nothing. Sydney faced it. He looked about the room. To him the walls lined with the dull gleams of old books were lovely. There was an oil portrait of his mother over the mantel-shelf. The weather was warm now, and there was no need for a hearth fire, but how exquisitely home-like and dear that room could be when the snow drove outside and there was the leap of flame on the hearth! Sydney was a scholar and a gentleman. He had led a gentle and sequestered life. Here in his native village there were none to gibe and sneer. The contrast of the traveling show would be as great for him as it had been for Margaret, but he was the male of the species, and she the female. Chivalry, racial, harking back to the beginning of nobility in the human, to its earliest dawn, fired Sydney. The pale daylight invaded the study. Sydney, as truly as any knight of old, had girded himself, and with no hope, no thought of reward, for the battle in the eternal service of the strong for the weak, which makes the true worth of the strong.

There was only one way. Sydney Lord took it. His sister was spared the knowledge of the truth for long while. When she knew, she did not lament; since Sydney had taken the course, it must be right. As for Margaret, not knowing the truth, she yielded. She was really on the verge of illness. Her spirit was of too fine a strain to enable her body to endure long. When she was told that she was to remain with Sydney's sister while Sydney went away on business, she made no objection. A wonderful sense of relief, as of wings of healing being spread under her despair, was upon her. Camille came to bid her good-by.  
"I hope you have a nice visit in this lovely house," said Camille, and kissing her. Camille was astute, and to be trusted. She did not betray Sydney's confidence. Sydney used a disguise—a dark wig over his partially bald head and a little make-up—and he traveled about with the show and sat on three chairs, and shook hands with the gaping crowd, and was curiously happy. It was nadding to support by the exhibition of his physical deformity a perfectly worthless young couple like Jack and Camille Desmond, but it was all superbly enabling for the man himself.  
Always as he sat on his three chairs, immense, grotesque—the more grotesque for his splendid dignity of bearing—there was in his soul of a gallant gentleman the consciousness of that other, whom he was shielding from a similar ordeal. Compassion and generosity, so great that they comprehended love itself and excelled its highest type, irradiated the whole being of the fat man exposed to the gaze of his inferiors. Chivalry, which rendered him almost godlike, wronged him in an eternal harmony of spirit. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in Harper's Monthly.

### September Cosmopolitan.

Of course, Robert W. Chambers' newest and best novel, "The Restless Sex," is the big feature of the new Cosmopolitan now on sale.  
Next to that comes a story by Fannie Hurst. "Get Ready the Wreaths," is this popular writer's masterpiece up to date. There is a tear and a smile in almost every line.  
Gouverneur Morris is there with a tale of terror and romance, entitled "The Purple Flask." This popular writer appears again after a long interval. His new story is a gripper.  
Theodore Dreiser makes his appearance in September Cosmopolitan with a story entitled "Married." Every reader will feel a sympathetic understanding with Marjorie and Duering as they endeavor to adjust themselves to their new relation and environment.  
"Blue Aloes," by Cynthia Stockley, is continued. This is a three part mystery story of South Africa, land of adventure and romance. Read the synopsis of the first installment and be anxious to finish this remarkable narrative.  
Herbert Kaufman writes about the Morgans, father and son. The personalities of these colossal figures of finance are depicted in Kaufman's wonderfully picturesque phraseology.  
C. N. and A. M. Williamson write of "The Adventure of Jose," the girl in search of a husband. A motoring romance of the most engaging nature.  
Lillie Langtry, the famous beauty, writes her reminiscences for Cosmopolitan readers in "Myself and Others." In this issue she tells of her acquaintance with Oscar Wilde.  
Jack London's "Michael," the greatest dog story ever written, is in this number. Also a new Fable in Slang by George Ade, the philosopher in cap and bells. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is represented by a great, moving poem entitled "The Message." Mary Roberts Rinehart writes of her camping trip in the Northwestern Rockies.  
All things considered this is one of the best numbers of America's Greatest Magazine.

### Men Needed for Quartermaster Corps.

Two thousand men are needed at once to form eight new Quartermaster Corps supply companies for the new National Army. The company will consist of the following: 1 lieutenant; 1 mess sergeant; 1 supply sergeant; 8 sergeants; 16 corporals; 2 mechanics; 3 buglers; 4 cooks; 71 privates, first class; 143 privates. Totaling 250 men for each company.  
Capt. W. O. Bowman, recruiting officer for Northern Pennsylvania, has been authorized by the Adjutant General to accept 40 recruits for the field artillery, Regular army. This branch of the service has been closed for several weeks owing to having been filled up and this opportunity should be grasped quickly by those desiring to serve in the Field Artillery.  
Able bodied men are still needed in large numbers for the aviation section of the signal corps. Nearly every trade in existence is required in this branch and a man can almost invariably be used for the same work which he has been accustomed to in civil life. Opportunities for advancement are excellent.  
A number of men are needed as bakers and cooks in the Regular army. An able bodied man enlisting in this department will be sent to school to learn the baker's trade and if he has a fair education stands the best chance to be promoted to a non-commissioned office. The Quartermaster General has also announced that all commissions in the Baker companies will be given to deserving men from the ranks. U. S. Army Recruiting stations are located in Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Erie, Williamsport, South Bethlehem, Shamokin, Sayre, DuBois, Hazleton, Mauch Chunk.

### Vain Attempt.

Urchin—What's the time, mister? Gentleman (to teach politeness)—If what? If what, my boy?  
Urchin—If yer got a watch.

### HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"Mens sana in corpore sano"

Number 20.

### The Bacterial Content of Milks Supplied to Bellefonte

Samples of milk from eleven dairies supplying Bellefonte were collected May 14, and May 31, 1917, and examined for bacterial contamination in the Laboratory of Bacteriology, The Pennsylvania State College, through the courtesy of Dr. J. M. Sherman. The report is as follows:  
Number of bacteria per cubic centimeter Name of dairy  
13,000,000..... Dairy A  
12,000,000..... Dairy B  
8,500,000..... Dairy C  
8,000,000..... Dairy D  
1,500,000..... Dairy E  
1,400,000..... Dairy F  
1,400,000..... Dairy G  
1,070,000..... Dairy H  
1,100,000..... Dairy I  
1,400,000..... Dairy J  
225,000..... Dairy K  
Milk from Dairy A, examined May 14, contained 84,000,000 bacteria per c. c.; examined May 31, contained 13,000,000. Milk from Dairy B, morning delivery, examined May 14, contained 68,000,000; May 31, morning delivery, had 12,000,000.

### The Question, "What should constitute a milk standard," is answered in the following article from The American Medical Journal, June 30.

### STANDARDIZING MILK.

Much progress has been made in the methods of production of clean milk, and conditions have been improved in almost every community, yet definite standards of quality have been established in only a few of the larger cities. The National Commission on Milk Standards in its latest report (Public Health Reports, Feb. 16, 1917) advocates the practicality of standards and grades of milk for small cities and towns.  
The commission has consistently worked to establish standards for milk production and grading, and its two former reports have been taken as the basis for recent municipal and state regulations. The latest report is a continuation and practical extension of the milk grading and labeling system heretofore advocated, and as now developed provides for three classes of milk—A, B and C—which the commission urges should be regarded as the minimum standard. If the local conditions of a community permit, however, higher requirements should be adopted.  
As set forth in the report, Grade A, raw milk, must come from cows free from disease as determined by tuberculin tests and physical examinations by a qualified veterinarian, produced and handled by employees free from disease as determined by medical inspection by a qualified physician, under sanitary conditions such that the bacterial count shall not exceed 10,000 per cubic centimeter at the time of delivery to the consumer, and the dairy shall score at least 80 on the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry score card. Grade A, pasteurized milk, must come from cows free from disease, must be produced and handled under sanitary conditions, and the bacterial count must at no time exceed 200,000 per cubic centimeter. Milk of this class must be pasteurized under official supervision, and the bacteria must not exceed 10,000 per cubic centimeter at the time of delivery to the consumer. Dairies producing this class of milk must score at least 65.  
Grade B milk must come from cows free from disease as determined by an annual physical examination, and must be produced and handled under sanitary conditions such that the bacterial count shall at no time exceed 1,000,000 per cubic centimeter. This milk must be pasteurized under official supervision, and the bacterial count must not exceed 50,000 per cubic centimeter at the time of delivery to the consumer. It is recommended that dairies producing Grade B milk be scored, and that efforts be made to improve the sources of supply as rapidly as possible.  
Grade C milk must come from cows free from disease as determined by physical examinations, and includes milk having a bacterial count in excess of 1,000,000 per cubic centimeter. This milk must be pasteurized, or subjected to a higher degree of heat, and must contain less than 50,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter when delivered to the consumer.  
As milk is one of our most valuable foods and one universally used, chemical standards should be established defining its nutritive value. After a most careful consideration of this subject the commission proposes a food value standard of 3.25 per cent. fat and 8.5 per cent. solids, not fat, as being a fair requirement to make of the producer and a standard of food value to which the consumer is entitled.

It will be seen that the bacterial count is still made the primary basis of sanitary milk. Milk produced and handled under conditions conforming to the prescribed grades, if kept cold, will always have a low bacterial count. The number of bacteria mentioned in each grade is not, however, to be regarded as inflexible for all communities. It is said that in establishing bacterial standards for a city milk supply, the age of the milk, the distance hauled, the methods employed in handling and the sanitary condition of the milk at its source may all be taken into consideration. Cities requiring a limited supply, coming from a few dairies within their own limits, or within a transportation distance of not over twelve hours from its source may require a higher bacterial standard than a large city.  
Approximation to uniformity in the sanitary and chemical standards of milk and milk products is undoubtedly most desirable. The grading and labeling of milk react to the benefit of producer and distributor as well as consumer. The former, whose product comes up to standard requirements, should receive a better price for his milk, and the latter, in addition to the safety feature, is enabled to make an intelligent selection of milk for his various uses. New York city first adopted the system of the national commission. Practically, it has worked well, and neither dealer

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT

God is love. Therefore love. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we do least of all.—H. Drummond.

The woman who travels across the continent this summer—or takes even an overnight journey to Canada or the West will revel in a new Pullman coat of thin pongee, designed for use as a negligee when trips are made from sleeping berth to the dressing room, and for comfortable lounging all day in one's section. All-covering and loose enough to feel cool and comfortable, like a negligee, the garment is cut and finished to look like a smart coat. It would be quite presentable in the dining-car, or on a station platform where one gets out a moment, during a stop, to stretch the muscles and breathe the fresh air.

Ice in the Sick Room.—Get the best and purest obtainable. To keep it properly, wrap the block of ice in flannel, place it on a piece of wood in a basin. When wanted for use remove the flannel and chip off some small pieces. Lay a piece of muslin around the top of a tumbler so that it may form a pouch; put the chips of ice in it. Leave the tumbler within easy reach of the patient, so that he or she may help himself or herself as often as allowed or feels inclined. The water that drips from the muslin bag may also be drunk.

Miss Jeannette Rankin, the only woman Congressman, employs three secretaries.

A woman's body is warmer than that of a man by about three-fourths of a degree.

Women school teachers in Ireland receive the same pay as men for the same kind of work.

According to Mrs. Raymond Robins, forty-five per cent. of the women who live at home are supported by their relatives.

Registration of women with the view to recording what work each can do for the country during the war will begin soon under the auspices of the Council of National Defense.

Styles in neckwear for autumn are extremely diversified. It is safe to say that all styles of neckwear virtually will be in good style. Street dresses in many designs demand long collars and flat, turned-back cuffs, and these may be procured in ready-to-wear neckwear.

High stocks and jabots will return to popularity with cool days. It is hardly to be expected this type of neckwear can be popular in sweltering weather, but the new autumn suits will make high stocks necessary in many cases.

Vests or vestees to wear with dresses and suits are a feature of autumn neckwear fashions.

Separate skirts for autumn are as interesting in design and fabric as the splendid assortment presented for summer wear. Soft silks, crepe materials and satins will be used, and navy, black, prune and taupe are leading colors in these rich fabrics. An effective trimming for separate skirts of silk is chenille stitching, done to define narrow hems on the bias satin folds and in other trimming arrangements.

Overalls for women continue in popularity. And it seems certain that after enjoying the comfort of these practical garments for gardening and other outdoor work, they will be accepted for housework and other indoor activities. Overalls in attractive silk make charming lounging gowns.

In dresses, combinations of blue serge and black satin with metallic embroidery will surely be widely accepted by well-dressed women.

New autumn dresses for street wear have long closely fitted sleeves of the dress fabric. This necessitates the return of dress shields, which will not inflict discomfort if lightweight, washable shields are used.

You may look for severely tailored models in underwear for autumn. Jersey and other silks are being made up on tailored lines. It is said that the practical trend of women's minds at this time makes these garments acceptable. Whether this is true or not, surely we will appreciate not having to mend fragile lace every time an undergarment is laundered.

Many Parisian novelties in blouses show pleated, but I do not believe the average American woman will wear a pleated blouse to any extent this season. Beads are used to a considerable extent on fall blouse models of georgette, chiffon and crepe.

New modes in millinery for autumn and winter show turbans with extremely high draped crowns. Such models require little, if any, trimming, are always smart and generally becoming—the practical headwear for utility use.

Look for hats of plush in combination with silk or satin for early fall use.

Scalloped Cabbage.—Cut ½ head of boiled cabbage in small pieces; sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoon pepper, and 1 finely chopped pimento; pour over it ½ cups of thin white sauce, mixed with 1-3 cup of grated cheese. Mix well and turn into buttered baking dish; cover with buttered and seasoned cracker crumbs, place in the oven and bake until crumbs are brown.

A Luncheon Relish.—Boil eggs until hard and, when cold, cut into halves lengthwise. Make a sauce of a little melted butter, vinegar, pepper and salt and pour over them, serving them on individual plates with cress or parsley for water cress, if washed, or in a large platter with cress or parsley for decoration.