

RING TRUE.

Say, boy! can you tell when counterfeit coin is tossed on the counter to you? Of course you can tell, for you know every time That it strikes it doesn't ring true. And, boys! do you know that counterfeit life That's a regular sham through and through As is simply detected in every strife As the coin? for it doesn't ring true. Ah, boys! if you are to be manly men, To be honored in all that you do, Just make up your mind that ten times out of ten You will always be found to ring true. And, boys, if you know how your country respects A genuine man, then you, too, Will endeavor to live a life that reflects God's image—and always ring true. Ring true in your contests and games on the field, In your homes, with a crowd or a few; Though others may try their shortcomings to shield, Yet, boys, just remember, ring true!

POINT!

A STORY OF MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

Little Old Dan Pelly occupied a position in life analogous to that of a tragedian who aspires to play comedy roles. By reason of early environment, natural inclination and years of practice, he was a dog trainer; now, in the sunset of his rather futile life, he was a cross between a chicken raiser, farmer and dreamer of old dreams that had to do mostly with dogs and good quail cover. In a word, old Dan was not happy, and this morning as he sat on a fallen scrub oak tree on the highest point on his alleged ranch and gazed off into Little Antelope Valley, he almost wished that a merciful Providence would waft him to heaven or hell or some other seaport. Anywhere, in fact, out of this cold world.

"The Indians had the right idea of a hereafter," mused Dan Pelly. "To them the next world was a happy hunting ground. This world is no longer fit for a white man to live in. It's getting too civilized. Travel as far as you will for good trout fishing and upland hunting, and you'll find some scrub there ahead of you in a flivver. Get out on your own ground at dawn on the day the shooting season opens—and you'll find empty shotgun shells a week old. Tim, old pal, the more I see of some men the more I love you."

Tim—or, to accord him his registered name, Tiny Tim—ran his collar muzzled into Dan Pelly's horny palm and rested it there. Just rested it and spoke never a word, for Tiny Tim was one of those rare dogs who knows when his master is troubled of soul and forbears to worry his loved one with unnecessary outbursts of affection or sympathy. He leaned his shoulder against Dan's knee and rested his muzzle in Dan's hand as who should say: "Well, man alone is vile. Here I am and I'll stick, depend upon it."

Tiny Tim was an English setter and the last surviving son of Keepsake, the greatest bird Dan Pelly had ever seen or owned. Dan had wept when an envious scoundrel had poisoned her the night before a field trap up Bakersfield way. All of her puppies out of Kenwood had survived, and all had made history in dogdom. Three of them had been placed—one, two, three—in the Derby. The other two had been the runners-up, and the least promising of these runners-up had been Tiny Tim.

Tim had been the runt of the litter and as if his physical deficiency had not been sufficient handicap, he had grown into a singularly unbeautiful dog. He had a butterfly nose, one black ear, a solid white coat with the exception of a black spot as big as a man's hand just over the root of his tail; and his tail was his crowning misfortune. Dog fanciers like a setter with a merry tail, but Tiny Tim carried his very low when he ran that Derby, and he had never carried it very high since. As if to offset the tragedy of his tail, however, Tiny Tim ran with a high head, for he had, tucked away in that butterfly nose, a pair of olfactory nerves that carried him unerringly to birdy ground. He could always manage to locate a bird lying close in cover that had been thoroughly prospected by other dogs.

Dan Pelly had sold Tiny Tim's litter mates at a fancy figure after that memorable Derby, but for homely, Tiny Tim there were no bidders; so Dan Pelly expressed him back to the kennels. He was homely and lacked style and dash in his bird work; he appeared a bit nervous and uncertain and inclined to limit his range, and it seemed to Dan that as a field trial prospect he was so much inferior to other dogs that it was scarcely worth while spending any time or money on his education. However, he did have a grand nose; when he grew older Dan hoped he might outgrow his nervousness and be steadier to shot and wing; in view of his undoubted instinct for birds, it seemed the part of wisdom to make a "plug" shooting dog of him. Every dog trainer keeps such an animal, if not for his own use then for the use of stout old bank presidents and of retired brewers whose idea of the sport of hunting is to come home with "the limit." A grand hunting dog means little in the lives of such "sportsmen"; they want a dog that will work close to the gun, thus enabling them to proceed leisurely, as becomes a fat man. It is no pleasure to them to be forced to walk down a steep hill, clamber across a deep gulch and climb the opposite hill to kill a bird their dog has been pointing for fifteen or twenty minutes. It is reserved for the idealists like old Dan Pelly to thrill to the work of a dog like that. The dead bird is a secondary consideration.

So Tiny Tim had been thrown back in the kennel, and now, in his fifth year, he was still on Dan Pelly's hands. But that was no fault of Tiny Tim's. And he had never again been entered in a field trial. That was no fault of his, either. Dan Pelly had merely gone out of the dog business, and Tiny Tim, his last dog and best beloved, was neither a field trial dog nor yet a potter for fat bankers and retired brewers who came down to Dan Pelly's place for a week-end shoot in the season. No, Tiny Tim had never achieved that disgrace. Dan Pelly had given up dog training and dog raising and dog trading after his return from that field trial where old Keepsake's litter had brought him more money than he had ever seen at any one time before. Consequently, Tiny Tim was Dan's own shooting dog and Dan had trained him not for filthy lucre but for that love and companionship for a good dog which idealists of the Dan Pelly type can never repress.

Tiny Tim had known but one master, and but one code of sportsmanship; he responded to but one set of signals; he had never been curbed in his range or speed; he had never been scolded or shouted at or beaten, but he had achieved much of love and caressing and praise. He had been fed regularly from just looking at them—the poor boobies, with their domed foreheads and their sad, bloodshot eyes and dribbling chops. Too heavy and slow for anybody but a fat man. An hour's hard going of a warm day and they're done. I'll have a light, neat little setter for a long, hard, drivin' day of it." Dan Pelly's choice of dog was an index of his character. He, too, was a light, compact little man, with something of a lost dog's wistfulness about him. Dan didn't like pointers. They were too aggressive, too headstrong, too moody for him. The sight of a bulldog or a bull terrier or Alfreddo made him angry, for such dogs could always be depended upon to pounce upon a shooting dog and worry him. Toy dogs depressed him. They seemed so unworthy of human attention and moreover they had no brains.

This morning Dan Pelly was more than ordinarily unhappy. He needed five hundred dollars worse than he needed salvation. And only the day before while he and Tim had been working a patch of low cover just off the county road, a man in a very expensive automobile driven by a liveried chauffeur had passed in the road to watch them. Presently Tim had made one of those spectacular points which always give a real dog lover a thrill. In mid-air, while leaping over a small bush, he had caught the scent of a quail crouching close under that bush. He had landed with his body half turned toward the bush, his head had swung around and there he had stood—"frozen." Dan had walked up, kicked the bird out, waited until the quail was forty yards away and fired. Meanwhile Tim had broken point and, head up, was following the flushed bird with anxious eyes.

As the gun barked the bird flinched slightly but did not reduce its speed. Wings spread stiffly, it sailed away out of sight and Dan Pelly, seeing himself watched by the man in the motor car, grinned deprecatingly. "Missed him a mile," he called. "You let him get too far away before you fired," the stranger replied with that hearty camaraderie which always obtains between lovers of upland shooting. "My gun is a full choke; I can kill nicely with it at fifty yards, but I like to give the birds a chance for their white alley so I never shoot under forty yards."

"Grand point your little setter made then. Steady to flush and shot, too. Homely little rascal, but man, he's a dog! I must have a look at him if you don't mind, my friend." And he got out of the car. "Certainly, sir. Come, Timmy, lad. Shake hands with the gentleman." But Tiny Tim had other and more important matters to attend to. He was racing at full speed after that departing bird. Dan whistled him to halt, but Tim paid no attention. He crossed a gentle rise of ground and disappeared on the other side. He was out of sight for about five minutes; then he appeared again on the crest and came jogging sedately back to Dan Pelly. In his mouth he held tenderly a wounded quail. Straight to Dan Pelly he came, and as he advanced he twisted his little body sinuously and arched and lowered his shoulders and flipped his tail backward and forward and smiled with his eyes. In effect he said:

"Dan, you didn't think you hit that bird, but I saw him finch ever so little. I've had a lot of experience in such matters and experience has taught me that a bird hit like that will fly a couple of hundred yards and then drop. So I kept my eye on this one and sure enough just as he reached the top of that little rise I saw him settle rather abruptly. So I went over and nosed around and sure enough I picked up his trail. He had an injured wing—numbed, probably—and he was down and running to beat the band. It's sporty to chase a runner, because if we don't get him, Dan, a weasel will."

The stranger looked at the bird in Tim's mouth and then he looked at Dan Pelly. "Well, I'll be swindled!" he declared. "If I live to be a million years old I'll never see a prettier piece of bird work than that. The dog's human." "Yes, he's a right nice little fellow," Dan declared proudly. "Timmy, boy, take the bird to the gentleman and then shake hands with him." Timmy looked at the stranger, who smiled at him, so he walked sedately to the latter and gently dropped the frightened bird into his hand. Not a feather had been disturbed; not a tooth had marred the tender flesh.

The stranger reached down and twined Timmy's nose; then he tugged his ear a little, said "good dog," and stroked Tim's head. Tim extended a paw to be shaken. They were friends. "Want to sell this dog, my friend?" the newcomer demanded. "Oh, no! Timmy's the only dog I have left. He's just my little shooting dog and I'm right fond of him. He has a disposition that sweet, sir, you have never seen the beat of it. If I sold Timmy I'd never dare come home. My wife would take the rolling pin to me."

"I'll give you two hundred and fifty dollars for him." "Timmy isn't for sale, sir." "Not enough money, eh? Well, I don't blame you. If he were my dog five thousand dollars wouldn't touch him. It was worth that to me to see him perform. Let me see him work this cover, if you please." To Tiny Tim: "All right, boy. Root 'em out. Lots of birds in here yet." The dog was off like a streak. Suddenly he paused, sniffing up wind, swung slowly left and slowly right, trotted forward a few paces and halted head up, tail swinging excitedly, every muscle aquiver. "It's dry as tinder and the birds don't lay close. He's on to some running birds now, sir. Watch him root 'em to heavier cover and then point." Instead they flushed. Tim watched them interestedly, marked where they had settled, moved gingerly forward—and froze on a single that had failed to flush. Dan Pelly handed the stranger his gun. "Perhaps, sir," he said with his wistful smile, "you might enjoy killing a bird over Timmy's point."

This was the apotheosis of field courtesy. The stranger took the gun, snuffed his thanks, walked over to Tiny Tim, kicked out the bird and missed him. Tim glanced once at the bird and promptly dismissed him from consideration. He made a wide cast to come up on the spot where he had seen the flushed covey settle. "Point," called Dan Pelly. This time the stranger killed his bird, which Tim retrieved in handsome style. "He brought the dead bird to me!" the stranger shouted. "Did you notice that? He brought it to me!" "Of course, your bird. You killed it. Timmy knows that. It wouldn't be manly of him to bring it to me. I see you appreciate a good shooting dog, sir. I suppose, living in the city and a busy man, you don't get much afield. There's a lot of birds scattered in this cover. Have a little shoot over Timmy. I have four birds and that's enough for our supper. I'll sit down under this oak tree and have a smoke."

"That's devilish sporting of you, my friend. Thank you very much." And the stranger hurried away after Tiny Tim. He was an incongruous figure in that patch of cover, what with his derby hat and overcoat, and he seemed to realize this, for he shed both, stuffed a dozen cartridges into his pockets—he was far too big a man to wear Dan Pelly's disreputable old hunting jacket—and hurried away after Tiny Tim. From the far corner of the field Dan presently heard a merry fusillade, and in about fifteen minutes his guest returned with half a dozen quail and Tiny Tim trotting at his heels.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for Timmy, my friend," was his first announcement. "Why, he works for me as if I were his master." "You're the first man except his master who has ever shot over him," Pelly replied proudly. "Sorry, but Timmy is not for sale." "I'll bet nobody has ever offered you a thousand dollars for him. Here is my card, Mr.—er—"

"Dan Pelly," was his name, sir. "Mr. Pelly, if you change your mind, wire me collect and I'll send a man down with the cash and you can send the dog back by him." Dan took the card. The stranger thanked him and departed with his quail in his expensive car. And this morning Dan Pelly sat on the highest point on his so-called ranch and looked down into Little Antelope Valley and was unhappy. He needed five hundred dollars to meet a mortgage; he could get a thousand dollars within twenty-four hours by sending a telegram collect to the man who had admired Tiny Tim—and he didn't have the courage to send the telegram. In fact, he hadn't had sufficient courage to tell Martha, his wife, of the stranger's offer. Martha was made of sterner stuff than her husband and a terrible panic of fear had seized Dan at the mere thought of telling her. What if she should accept the thousand dollars?

Dan loaded his pipe and smoked nervatively. He thought of his wasted and futile life. Twenty-five years wasted as a professional dog trainer. Faugh! And all he had to show for it was a host of memories, sweet and bitter; sweet as he remembered the days afield with good dogs and good fellows, the thrill of many a hard fought field trial; bitter as he thought of dogs he had loved and which had been sold or poisoned or died of old age or disease; bitter still as he reflected that he and Martha had come to a childless old age with naught between them and the county poor farm save a thousand acres of rough sage covered land which, with the exception of about twenty-five acres of rich, sub-irrigated bottom land, was worthless save as a training ground for dogs. It had numerous springs on it, good cover and just enough scrub oaks to form safe roofing places for quail. It was rather a decent little game preserve and sometimes Danny made a few dollars by granting old customers the privilege of a shoot on it. He ran about a hundred head of goats on it, while in the bottom land he and Martha eked out a precarious existence with a few chickens and turkeys, a few hogs, a few stands of bees, three cows, a couple of horses and Tiny Tim. For Tim was known to a few dog fanciers as the last of old Keepsake-Kenwood Boy strain in the State and not infrequently they sent their bitches to Tiny Tim's court.

Poor Martha! Hers had not been a very happy life with Dan Pelly. A dog trainer is—a dog trainer. He can't very well be anything else because God has made him so. And in his heart of hearts he doesn't want to be. He trains dogs ostensibly for money but in reality because he loves them and the job affords him a legitimate excuse to be afield with them, to enjoy their society and that of the jovial devotees of upland game shooting. Dan Pelly wasn't an ambitious man. He had no desire to clip coupons or wear fine raiment; his taste in automobiles went no further than an old run he had picked up for two hundred dollars for the purpose of carting his dogs around in the days before Martha took over the handling of the Pelly fortunes, when Dan had had dogs to cart around. The crux of the situation was this. Dog trainers are so busy with their dogs that they neglect to send out bills for board and training, and the men who can afford to buy expensive dogs and have them boarded and trained seldom think of their dogs until fall. Then they pay the bill and sometimes wonder why it is so large. In a word, the income of dog trainer is never what one might think staggering, and it is more or less uncertain.

Martha had grown weary of this uncertainty and when distemper for the second time had cleaned out Dan Pelly's kennels, taking all of his own dogs with the exception of Tiny Tim and either killing or ruining the dogs of his customers, Mrs. Pelly felt that it was time to act. She knew it would be years before Dan's old customers would send dogs to him again. Friendship and a reputation as a great trainer are undoubtedly first aids to a dog trainer's success, but men who love their dogs hesitate to send them to a kennel where the germs of a virulent distemper are known to exist. It was up to Dan Pelly to burn his old kennels and build new ones far removed from the location of the old. He could not afford to do this and since Martha was desirous of seeing him engage in something more constructive, Dan Pelly had gone out of business and become a farmer in the trifling manner heretofore described.

Martha told him she was weary of dogs. She had shed too many tears over dead favorites; she had assisted at too many operations for the cure of cancer of the ear, fistula, tumor and cancer, broken legs, smashed toes and cuts from barbed wire. She was already too learned in the gentle art of healing mange and excruciating tape-worms. She loved dogs, but to have thirty pointers and setters set up a furious barking whenever a stranger appeared at the Pelly farm had finally gotten "on her nerves." She understood Dan better than he understood himself and she knew how bitter was the sacrifice she demanded; yet she realized that she must be firm and lead Daniel in the way he must go, else would they come to want and misery in a day when Dan would be too old to tramp over the hill and dale training dogs. Dan had readily consented to her direction—particularly after she had wept a little. Poor Martha.

From where he sat Dan Pelly could this morning see great activity on the floor of Little Antelope Valley, just below him. Half a dozen men on horseback were riding backward and forward and at least a dozen white specks that Dan Pelly knew for hunting dogs were ranging here and there among the low sage cover. The first arrivals for the Pacific Field Trials, and they're out on the ground, looking over and seeing how their dogs behave. Three days from now they'll be running the Derby, and after that the All Age Stake. Ah, Timmy, lad, if we two could only go to a field trial again! How like old times it would be, Timmy. We'd be down at the station to greet all the gentlemen coming in for the trials, and then we'd be crowding around the baggage car watching the dogs in their crates being latched out. And we'd be peekin' through the air holes in the crates to see whether they'd be setters or pointers, and if setters, whether they'd be Llewellyns, English or Irish. And then the banquet up at the hotel the night before the Derby and the toast-master rapping for order and sayin': 'Gentlemen, we have with us tonight one of the Old Guard, Dan Pelly. Dan is going to tell us something about the field trials of other days—other days and other dogs. Gentlemen—old Dan Pelly.'

"Ah, Timmy my lad, we're out of it. Think, Timmy, if we two were driving out to Antelope Valley in the morning, with you in my lap, and the entrance fee up and me wild with excitement if we were paired say with a dog like Manitoba Rap or Fischel's Frank or Mary Montrose or Ringing Bells or Robert the Devil—any one of the big ones, eh, Timmy? No, Timmy, I wouldn't be excited. They're all great dogs. Didn't Mary Montrose win the All American three times—the only dog in the world that ever proved her championship caliber three times?" (Concluded next week.)

Business is Business. The auctioneer was offering a handsome old cabinet, but there was only one bidder—a dealer who kept on increasing his bids. "How is it?" asked the auctioneer, "that you continue bidding against yourself?" "Well, you see," replied the broker, "that is a matter of business. I have a commission from two different parties to buy the cabinet at any cost, and I don't know yet which of them is to have it." Quantity Rates. A bond salesman, calling on a downtown broker, sent in an ornately engraved card. Looking through the glass partitions, he saw the banker tear up the card, and presently got word that his man was "in conference." He immediately asked for his card, saying they cost him three cents each. The banker sent back a five-cent piece, demanding his change. "Here," said the salesman, taking out another card, "tell him they're two for five."—Wall Street Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—Auerbach.

Suits to Suit the Summer.—No matter how many intriguing one-piece frocks are offered for their comfort, there are many women who are loath to discard their coat suits in the hottest weather, particularly when on a shopping tour. They hold, with those conservatives who never appear without gloves, that correct grooming demands a coat suit when the wearer is on business bent.

For those who cling to this style there are some excellent models in linen and crash to be had, which are practically as cool as a frock, for the wisp of a blouse which accompanies them cannot be said to have any warmth. This may be a secret, but at any rate, I shall pass it on; many of the blouses are the biggest frauds imaginable. They haven't a sign of a sleeve, and not even a back. The fragile net and airy voiles which fashion them are merely a collar and a scrap of a vest; but nobody knows the difference, since the coats are never removed.

Oyster white linen is the choice of the ultra-conservative woman. It is as cool as a snow bank, and, worn with a black hat, it gives a look of smart distinction. Gray is an excellent choice; it will stand any amount of hard knock and bob up serenely at the end of the day. A charming woman wears a wide hat of violet tassel, wreathed in mauve, with her gray raimie linen suit. Dark blue and black rajah silk suits are often seen in traveling. There is no denying the fact that a suit of any sort insures your arrival in a spick and span condition. You have only to remove the coat when you sink into your Pullman, and don it again at the journey's end. And although the thought of covering the dust and grime of traveling, isn't particularly pleasing to the fastidious, it is certainly better than to leave it exposed, and it is sure to be there. For no mode of traveling has ever been devised which is not dusty. Some one may now speak up and inquire what about the airplane route.

The majority of the younger set are still wearing their spiffy little blue and rose sports suits. They declare that they aren't warm in the least. And you will have to admit that the wearers are a decidedly poised and cool-appearing crowd. It looked for a time as if the suits were going to crowd the sweaters and separate skirts clear off the map, but it is definitely decided now that each has its place, and no girl is going to give up either her smart sports suit or her gay sweater.

The mid-Victorians used to say that one could judge a lady by her gloves and shoes. For such a long time it has been fashionable to laugh at those mid-Victorians, but our laughter became a trifle hysterical, and strange things happened to our clothes. Are we not beginning to realize the value, as well as the need, of distinction? There are certainly signs of it in the mode. The rococo, over-ornamented shoes, for example, are no longer seen; those worn this season are simple and beautiful in line. The color of the dress has little influence on the color of the shoes with the exception of beige and gray. Both these colors are worn with matching shoes, although sometimes with beige one sees a subtle combination which might be called "A Study in Brown." A beige dress worn with a dark brown hat, very dark brown shoes, and thin dark brown stockings. Black patent leather is still widely worn, and sandals which are so light and open as to be ideal for summer wear, are high in favor, although they are definitely more conservative and simple than they have been.

The newest note in shoes is seen in the steel buckle, that chaste and smart ornament which has an air of distinction peculiarly its own. The touch of steel is not confined only to shoes, however. A frilly organdie collar is both youthful and becoming. To increase the weight it is necessary to have suitable food and a great deal of sleep. Many persons are thin from lack of sufficient rest, and one the habit of sleeping for eight or nine hours every night has become established there is a perceptible gain in weight. When we sleep nature does her repair work in the system. We must have appropriate food to make good, rich blood for the repairing which is to be done during sleep. Milk and eggs are two foods which must enter into the diet for increasing weight. Adults should drink a pint of milk daily (two tumblerfuls) with a raw egg beaten up in each portion. Warm foods are more quickly utilized in the system than cold ones, and all three meals, therefore, should contain a dish of something hot. Once a day it is important to eat beef, mutton, liver or fish. Fresh green vegetables, both cooked and raw (lettuce, cold slaw, celery, etc.), need to be eaten every day. Eat potatoes or rice once a day, and plenty of bread and butter. Eat every meal at a fixed hour—eating at irregular hours causes indigestion and constipation. Keep the skin active by a daily bath or washdown with soap and warm water every night, rubbing the surface vigorously with a Turkish towel. Exercise by walking is of great benefit to the health and aids in flesh making. If one has not been in the habit of walking she should begin by moderate walks at first, gradually increasing a little each day to the point which induces a slight fatigue. By the end of a month it will be no effort to walk three or four miles without being tired. The condition of the weather must not interfere with the exercise. It is unwise to walk when the body is already fatigued—better to rest—lie down—and then at a later hour walk. It will require several months of painstaking practice in the measures outlined to add several pounds to the weight.

—You will find the improvised table of use in baking time, in the kitchen.

CULLING UNPROFITABLE HENS.

How to dispose of and identify the hens that eat up poultry profits is a subject that will attract many a Centre county farmer to the poultry selection meetings planned by the Centre county Farm Bureau for this summer. County agent J. N. Robinson has arranged with H. D. Monroe, poultry specialist from the Pennsylvania State College, to demonstrate the latest improved method of culling at twelve meetings to be held in different sections of the county the week of August 7th.

That there is a leak in the profits that should be expected from his flock will be readily admitted by every Centre county farmer. "Boarder" hens and hens that merely "break even" still exist in large numbers. The feed which they consume and upon which they make little or no return, can be more profitably used in growing out young stock. The farmer wants to know how he can pick out the hens that will pay him certain profit above feed cost. Mr. H. D. Monroe intends to explain the methods of culling founded on a long time study of trap-nested birds, and to give the farmer a chance to learn how simple a process it is to select the good hen. Every person who attends a demonstration will handle the birds and gain actual experience and real knowledge of the principles of selection, that he may then follow in culling his own flock. With every farmer in Centre county culling his own flock, fewer hens will bring in more money, even while the summer egg production is being maintained at 50 per cent.

Ford Makes Own Windshield Glass. The Ford Motor Company, Detroit, has begun to manufacture its own plate glass, and already has in operation the first modern glass house ever equipped especially to make glass for automobiles. As is customary when taking over the manufacture of a new product, Ford has applied his own principles of production, and as a consequence, the methods and machinery used in making Ford glass are a radical departure from established practice. The Ford continuous conveyor system features the operations so that from the time the glass leaves the furnace until it becomes a polished windshield, it is always moving.

Glass making, when viewed in the Ford Plant, looks to be very simple. The raw materials are introduced into the furnace where they become a molten mass. Drawn from the furnace in a semi-liquid state, the glass passes under a roller, which gives it width and thickness, and on to a moving conveyor. This carries it for 464 feet thru a gradually cooling furnace. At the end, it is cut and placed on another conveyor which carries it through the grinding and polishing, after which it is ready for use.

This adds a new link to the fast growing chain of Ford industries, which are being established and expanded from time to time in line with the Ford policy to achieve complete independence of outside material sources in manufacturing Ford products, and at the same time are the means by which Ford is enabled to use in the production of motor cars, trucks and tractors material of unusually high quality and sell them at the famous Ford prices.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman." Thousands of Clubs Taxable is Opinion. All first-class corporations, whether incorporated for profit or not, including country clubs, incorporated schools not entirely charitable, and game associations, were held liable to pay the state capital stock tax and the tax on loans in an opinion announced by the Attorney General's department last week. The opinion signed by First Deputy Attorney General George Ross Hull, represents a new departure in State taxation theory. It has been the practice of fiscal officers of the State for many years not to collect capital stock taxes from corporations not conducted for profit. This relieved schools, clubs, hospitals and churches from taxation. Under the recent ruling, however, the only first-class corporations relieved from the State capital tax are those "created and operated for purely charitable or religious purposes," and the corporate loans are exempt from taxation.

The Auditor General proceeded immediately to collect taxes under the new ruling, it was understood. It is said the number of corporations affected will run into the thousands.

MEDICAL.

Convincing Testimony

Given by Many Bellefonte People.

Experiences told by Bellefonte people—Those who have had weak kidneys—Who used Doan's Kidney Pills—Who found the remedy effective—Such statements prove merit. You might doubt an utter stranger. You must believe Bellefonte people. Here's Bellefonte proof. Verify it. Read. Investigate. Be convinced. You'll find why Bellefonte folks believe in Doan's. Harry Rossman, drayman, says: "My kidneys were in a disordered condition and their action annoyed me both day and night. I often had to get up several times at night. My back was lame and ached a great deal, especially in the morning, making it hard for me to keep at my work. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills helping others so I used them. They were not long in relieving me of all signs of kidney trouble. My kidneys were soon acting regularly." Price 60¢ at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rossman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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