(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina DeJong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Selina, nineteen years old and practically destitute, becomes a school-teacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a position as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selina's, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlenberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is insensible to the widow's attractions. For a community "sociable" Selina prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally securing it for $10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-natured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selina (of Vermont stock, businesslike and shrewd) has plans for building up the farm, which are ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to become a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII.—Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago market. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon.

CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of the vegetables from her truck Selina is a flat failure, buyers being shy of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing altercation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes her.

CHAPTER IX.—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the business world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina gratefully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

CHAPTER X.—Selina achieves the success with the farm which she knew was possible, her financial troubles ending. At eighteen Dirk enters Midwest university.

CHAPTER XI.—Dirk goes to Cornell university, intending to make architecture his life work, and on graduation enters the office of a firm of Chicago architects. Paula Arnold, daughter of Julie, enters his life. He would marry her, but she has a craving for wealth and takes Theodore Storm, millionaire, for her husband. The World war begins.

"I used to ride the old nags, bare-back, on the farm."

"You'll have to learn. Then I'll have some one to ride with me. Theodore never rides. He never takes any sort of exercise. Sits in that great, fat car of his."

They went into the couch house, a great airy white-washed place with glittering harness and spurs and bridles like jewels in glass cases. It gave Dirk a little hopeless feeling. He had never before seen anything like it.

Paula laughed up at him, her dark face upturned to his.

Something had annoyed him, she saw. Would he wait while she changed to walking things? Or perhaps he'd rather drive in the roadster. They walked up to the house together. He wished that she would not consult his wishes so anxiously. It made him sulky, impatient.

She put a hand on his arm. "Dirk, are you annoyed at me for what I said last night?"

"No."

"What did you think when you went to your room last night? Tell me. What did you think?"

"I thought: 'She's bored with her husband and she's trying to vamp me. I'll have to be careful.'"

Paula laughed delightedly. "That's nice and frank . . . What else?"

"I thought my coat didn't fit very well and I wished I could afford to have Peel make my next one."

"You can," said Paula.

Chapter XIII

As it turned out, Dirk was spared the necessity of worrying about the fit of his next dinner coat for the following year and a half. His coat, during that period, was a neat olive drab as was that of some millions of young men of his age, or thereabouts. Most of that time he spent at Fort Sheridan, first as an officer in training, then as an officer training others to be officers. He was excellent at this job. Influence put him there and kept him there even after he began to chafe at the restraint.

In the last six months of it (though he did not, of course, know that it was to be the last six months) Dirk tried desperately to get to France. He was suddenly sick of the neat job at home; of the dinners; of the smug routine; of the olive-drab motor car that whisked him wherever he wanted to go (he had a captaincy); of making them "snap into it"; of Paula; of his mother, even. Two months before the war's close he succeeded in getting over; but Paris was his headquarters.

Between Dirk and his mother the first rift had appeared.

"If I were a man," Selina said, "I'd make up my mind straight about this war and then I'd do one of two things. I'd go into it the way Jan Snip goes at forking the manure pile—a dirty job that's got to be cleaned up; or I'd refuse to do it altogether if I didn't believe in it as a job for me. I'd fight, or I'd be a conscientious objector. There's nothing in between for any one who isn't old or crippled, or sick."

Paula was aghast when she heard this. So was Julie whose wailings had been loud when Eugene had gone into the air service. He was in France now, thoroughly happy. "Do you mean," demanded Paula, "that you actually want Dirk to go over there and be wounded or killed!"

"No. If Dirk were killed my life would stop. I'd go on living, I suppose, but my life would have stopped."

They all were doing some share in the work to be done.

Selina had thought about her own place in this war welter. She had wanted to do canteen work in France but had decided against this as being selfish. "The thing for me to do," she said, "is to go on raising vegetables and hogs as fast as I can." She supplied countless households with free food while their men were gone. She herself worked like a man, taking the place of the able-bodied helper who had been employed on her farm.

Paula was lovely in her Red Cross uniform. She persuaded Dirk to go into the Liberty bond selling drive and he was unexpectedly effective in his quiet, serious way; most convincing and undeniably thrilling to look at in uniform. Paula's little air of possession had grown until now it enveloped him. She wasn't playing now; was deeply and terribly in love with him.

When, in 1918, Dirk took off his uniform he went into the bond department of the Great Lakes Trust company in which Theodore Storm had a large interest. He said that the war had disillusioned him.

"What did you think war was going to do?" said Selina. "Purify! It never has yet."

It was understood, by Selina at least, that Dirk's abandoning of his profession was a temporary thing. Quick as she usually was to arrive at conclusions, she did not realize until too late that this son of hers had definitely deserted building for bonds; that the only structures he would rear were her own castles in Spain. His first two months as a bond salesman netted him more than a year's salary at his old post at Hollis & Sprague's. When he told this to Selina, in triumph, she said, "Yes, but there isn't much fun in it, is there? This selling things on paper? Now architecture, that must be thrilling. Putting a building down on paper—little marks here, straight lines there, figures, calculations, blueprints, measurements—and then, suddenly one day, the actual building itself. Steel and stone and brick, with engines throbbing inside it like a heart, and people flowing in and out. Part of a city. A piece of actual beauty conceived by you! Oh, Dirk!" To see her face then must have given him a pang, it was so alive, so eager.

He found excuses for himself. "Selling bonds that make that building possible isn't so dull, either."

But she waved that aside almost contemptuously. "What nonsense, Dirk. It's like selling seats at the box office of a theater for the play inside."

Dirk had made many new friends in the last year and a half. More than that, he had acquired a new manner; an air of quiet authority, of assurance. The profession of architecture was put definitely behind him. He did not say to Selina that he had put the other work from him. But after six months in his new position he knew that he would never go back.

From the start he was a success. Within one year he was so successful that you could hardly distinguish him from a hundred other successful young Chicago business and professional men whose clothes were made at Peel's; who lunched at the Noon club on the roof of the First National bank where Chicago's millionaires ate corned-beef hash whenever that plebeian dish appeared on the bill of fare. He had had a little thrill out of his first meal at this club whose membership was made up of the "big men" of the city's financial circle. Now he could even feel a little flicker of contempt for them. He had known old Aug Hempel, of course, for years, as well as Michael Arnold, and, later, Phillip Emery, Theodore Storm, and others. But he had expected these men to be different.

They were not at all the American Big Business Man of the comic papers and of fiction—that yellow, nervous, dyspeptic creature who lunches off milk and pie. They were divided into two definite types. The older men of between fifty and sixty were great high-colored fellows of full habit. Their faces were impassive, their eyes shrewd, hard. Their talk was colloquial and frequently illiterate. They often said "was" for "were." "Was you going to see Baldwin about that South American stuff or is he going to ship it through without?" Most of them had known little of play in their youth and now they played ponderously and a little sadly and yet eagerly as does one to whom the gift of leisure had come too late. They ruined their palates and livers with strong cigars, thinking cigarette smoking undignified and pipes common. Only a few were so rich, so assured as to smoke cheap light panatellas. Old Aug Hempel was one of these. Dirk noticed that when he made one of his rare visits to the Noon club his entrance was met with a little stir, a deference. He was nearing seventy-five now; was still straight, strong zestful of life; a magnificent old buccaneer among the pettier crew. His had been the direct and brutal method—swish! swash! and his enemies walked the plank. The younger men eyed him with a certain amusement and respect.

These younger men whose ages ranged from twenty-eight to forty-five were disciples of the new system in business. They were graduates of universities. They had known luxury all their lives. They were sons or grandsons of those bearded, rugged, and rather terrible old boys who, in 1835 or 1840, had come out of County Limerick or County Kilkenny or out of Scotland or the Rhineland to mold this new country in their strong hairy hands.

Dirk listened to the talk of the Noon club, looking about him carefully, appraisingly. The president of an advertising firm lunching with a banker; a bond salesman talking to a rare book collector; a packer seated at a small table with Horatio Craft, the sculptor.

Two years and Dirk had learned to "grab the Century" in order to save an hour or so of time between Chicago and New York. Peel said it was a pleasure to fit a coat to his broad, flat tapering back, and trousers to his strong sturdy legs. His color, inherited from his red-cheeked Dutch ancestors brought up in the fresh sea-laden air of the Holland flats, was fine and clear. Sometimes Selina, in pure sensuous delight, passed her gnarled, work-worn hand over his shoulders and down his fine, strong, straight back. He had been abroad twice. He learned to call it "running over to Europe for a few days." It had all come about in a scant two years, as is the theatrical way in which life speeds in America.

Selina was a little bewildered now at this new Dirk whose life was so full without her. Sometimes she did not see him for two weeks, or three. He sent her gifts which she smoothed and touched delightedly and put away; fine soft silken things, hand-made—which she could not wear. The habit of years was too strong upon her. Though she had always been a woman of dainty habits and fastidious tastes the grind of her early married life had left its indelible mark. Sun and wind and rain and the cold and heat of the open prairie had wreaked their vengeance on her flouting of them. Her skin was tanned, weather-beaten; her hair rough and dry. Her eyes, in that frame, startled you by their unexpectedness, they were so calm, so serene, yet so alive. They were the beautiful eyes of a wise young girl in the face of a middle-aged woman. Life was still so fresh to her. There was about her something arresting, something compelling. You felt it.

"I don't see how you do it!" Julie Arnold complained one day as Selina was paying her one of her rare visits in town. "Your eyes are as bright as a baby's and mine look like dead oysters." They were up in Julie's dressing room in the new house on the north side—the new house that was now the old house.

Julie was massaging. Her eyes had an absent look. Suddenly: "Listen, Selina. Dirk and Paula are together too much. People are talking."

"Talking?" The smile faded from Selina's face.

"Goodness knows I'm not straitlaced. You can't be in this day and age. If I had ever thought I'd live to see the time when— Well, since the war of course anything's all right, seems. But Paula has no sense. Everybody knows she's insane about Dirk. That's all right for Dirk, but how about Paula! She won't go anywhere unless he's invited. They're together all the time, everywhere. I asked her if she was going to divorce Storm and she said no, she hadn't enough money of her own and Dirk wasn't earning enough. His salary's thousands, but she's used to millions. Well!"

"They were boy and girl together," Selina interrupted, feebly.

"They're not any more. Don't be silly, Selina. You're not as young as that."

No, she was not as young as that. When Dirk next paid one of his rare visits to the farm she called him into her bedroom—the cool, dim shabby bedroom with the old black walnut bed in which she had lain as Pervus DeJong's bride more than thirty years ago. She looked somehow girlish in the dim light, her great soft eyes gazing up at him.

"Dirk, sit down here at the side of my bed the way you used to."

"I'm dead tired, Mother. Twenty-seven holes of golf before I came out."

"I know. You ache all over—a nice kind of ache. I used to feel like that when I'd worked in the fields all day, pulling vegetables, or planting." He was silent. She caught his hand. "You didn't like that. My saying that. I'm sorry. I didn't say it to make you feel bad, dear."

"I know you didn't, Mother."

"Dirk, do you know what that woman who writes the society news in the Sunday Tribune called you today?"

"No. What? I never read it."

"She said you were one of the jeunesse doree."

Dirk grinned. "Gosh!"

"I remember enough of my French at Miss Fister's school to know that that means gilded youth."

"Me! That's good! I'm not even spangled."

"Dirk!" her voice was low, vibrant. "Dirk, I don't want you to be a gilded youth. I don't care how thick the gilding. Dirk, that isn't what I worked in the sun and cold for. I'm not reproaching you; I didn't mind the work. Forgive me for even mentioning it. But, Dirk, I don't want my son to be known as one of the jeunesse doree. No! Not my son!"

"Now, listen, Mother. That's foolish. If you're going to talk like that. Like a mother in a melodrama whose son's gone wrong. . . . I work like a dog. You know that. You get the wrong angle on things, stuck out here on this little farm."

She sat up in bed, looking down at the thin end of her braid as she twined it round and round her finger. "Dirk, do you know sometimes I actually think that if you stayed here on the farm—"

"Good G—d, Mother! What for!"

"Oh, I don't know. Time to dream. Time to—no, I suppose that isn't true any more. I suppose the day is past when the genius came from the farm. Machinery has cut into his dreams. Patent binders, plows, reapers—he's a mechanic. He hasn't time to dream. Well. . . ."

She lay back, looked up at him. "Dirk, why don't you marry?"

"Why—there's no one I want to marry."

"No one who's free, you mean?"

He stood up. "I mean no one." He stooped and kissed her lightly. Her arms went round him close. Her hand with the thick gold wedding band on it pressed his head to her hard. "So big!" He was a baby again.

"You haven't called me that in years." He was laughing.

She reverted to the old game they had played when he was a child. "How big is my son! How big?" She was smiling, but her eyes were somber.

"So big!" answered Dirk, and measured a very tiny space between thumb and forefinger. "So big."

"So Big!" Answered Dirk.

She faced him, sitting up very straight in bed, the little wool shawl hunched about her shoulders. "Dirk, are you ever going back to architecture? The war is history. It's now or never with you. Pretty soon it will be too late. Are you ever going back to architecture? To your profession?"

A clean amputation. "No, Mother."

She gave an actual gasp, as though icy water had been thrown full in her face. She looked suddenly old, tired. Her shoulders sagged. He stood in the doorway, braced for her reproaches. But when she spoke it was to reproach herself. "Then I'm a failure."

"Oh, what nonsense, Mother. I'm happy. You can't live somebody else's life. You used to tell me, when I was a kid, I remember, that life wasn't just an adventure, to be taken as it came, with the hope that something glorious was always hidden just around the corner. You said you had lived that way and it hadn't worked. You said—"

(Continued next week.)

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Hail, Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!—
Thompson—"Liberty."

To Make Red, White and Blue Salad.—Mix well together a quart of chopped cold boiled beets, a quart of chopped raw cabbage, a cupful of grated horseradish, two cupfuls of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and a scant teaspoonful of black pepper. Turn into a jar and cover with cold vinegar. Later remove the beets and cabbage and serve on a white paper doily on old blue china.

For flag cake take a cupful sugar, one-half cupful of butter, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

For frosting a cupful confectioner's sugar, a teaspoonful melted butter. Flavor with vanilla, cup chopped nuts and decorate with maraschino cherries. Stick tiny silk flags in a circle around the edge and in the center place a larger flag.

Speaking of weddings, I have just been to one. It took ploce on a lawn where flowers were doing all the expected things, and quite converted me to the charm of sports attire for bridal attendants. Why should ushers wear anything so solemn as cutaways and high hats when they can select for these outdoor weddings white flannel trousers, dark coats and white shoes? And why should bridesmaids be so set in the ways of tulle, chiffon, taffeta and lace when they can wear crepe sports frocks with gay touches of color in hats and scarfs and bouquets? It's a charming idea for the outdoor summer wedding, and I pass it on to all those who are now watching their Lohengrin step.

Now as to the frock which your wedding guest wears this summer, the most interesting note continues to be the tailored guise that persists in these flower-tinted chiffons. Long sleeves are encountered more frequently than not, and these may be either the fitted variety or the flowing type.

One frock is eloquent of the new current that is bearing down upon us. Two groups of gathers in the direct back conspire with the gathers on either side. Compare this with the absolute straightness of the frock of last season, and you will see what revisions midsummer has suggested for the silhouette. Of course, most of us are not going to adopt this back amplitude immediately; but it is the new note and one which will be sounded more firmly by the end of the summer.

In color this frock is exquisite, for it occurs in a pervenche blue chiffon made over matching slip and trimmed with taffeta ruchings that shade from blue to orchid. This taffeta is repeated in the strips defining the back. There is, too, one more provocation to speed the parting guest—so that we can see how her frock is really made. It occurs in the row of tiny crystal buttons extending from neckline to a waistline which is just below the normal mark. These buttons may or may not be repeated at the front of the corsage. The color harmony is completed by a wide-brimmed hair hat in pervenche blue which is decked with chiffon and taffeta flowers repeating the shaded tints of orchid and blue.

A word about the length. Unless you are an extremely young girl, these skirts are too short. The length prescribed by Paris and generally respected is fourteen inches above the ground. The fact of it is that you can add two more inches and not endanger your social reputation.

There is a passion this year for the chiffon afternoon frock in solid color, and certainly the colors most worn justify any further attempt at elaboration. Nothing, indeed, was ever lovelier than these various tones of blue—pervenche, ciel, royal, madonna—the poetic die-away greens and yellows and the flaming hues of rose, which are now so widely exploited. A mere flower garden is going to have to rustle if it wants to—in Wilde's classic phrase—imitate art.

Yet, in spite of the vogue of the plain chiffon, the figured fabric of this silk has not been displaced, and, it seems to me that if you assemble a lovely printed chiffon, a harmonizing hair hat, some charming and individual costume jewelry and all the proper accessories, you have done your full duty by any formal summer afternoon.

Let it be said right here that the little shoulder cape has renounced none of its former eminence as a costume detail and that it is constantly seen as a feminizing relief to the tailored simplicity of both afternoon and evening affairs. The same thing may be said also of the apron and the tiered front that gives the illusion of an apron. Sometimes the apron is a separate entity and sometimes it is merely a continuation of a wide front panel.

Taffeta will always retain its appeal as bathing suit material for the woman or girl who likes that crisp, fresh appearance. And it looks so well with ruffles about the skirt. In the new purple or in black this would be a smart addition to the wardrobe for the summer vacation.

TWO RECIPES FOR THE FOURTH.

Honey Blossom Punch.—A beverage, excellent for large afternoon or evening parties, which has the added merit of originality, is honey blossom punch, as delectable and tempting a concoction as its very delightful name implies.

One cupful of honey, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of water, and the grated rind and the zest of one orange are boiled together for five minutes. This is allowed to cool, then two cupfuls of water and the juice of eleven oranges and two lemons are added, and the mixture is stirred well. This is poured over a block of ice in a punch-bowel, and to it are added one grated pineapple and twenty-four strawberries. Just as it is ready to serve, one quart of carbonated water is added.

FARM NOTES.

—Do not set out fruit trees hastily before the land for the orchard is thoroughly prepared. It is better to allow them to remain "heeled in" all winter than to attempt to transplant them to wet or unbroken ground. No amount of attention given a tree in later years will make up for improper handling during its early life in the orchard.

—Small streams frequently are neglected sources of power that may be utilized in generating electricity to light buildings and grounds and possibly to operate a number of small machines, says the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin 1430, "Power for the Farm From Small Streams," just published. Electrical equipment on the farm saves time and labor in the household and farm work. To be a sound investment, however, the cost of installation should not be greater than the benefits obtained would justify. In this respect, the bureau points out by way of caution, farm water-power electric outfits have their limitations.

—A cheap and satisfactory feeder for young pigs can be made from a barrel. A method found satisfactory by many farmers and pig club boys of the State is to knock out heads of a barrel, and then from old boxes build a square platform 18 inches wider than the diameter of the barrel. On the center of this platform a pyramid with a square base is built. The base is made large enough so the barrel can stand over it.

Feed is then put into the barrel, the bottom of which must be raised just sufficiently to permit the feed to run out as the pigs eat. This is done by nailing four blocks under its edges. With feed in the barrel the proper height is easily determined.

In using this or any other type of self-feeder the owner must be sure that enough feed runs through fast enough so the pigs will never go hungry, and yet not so fast that feed will be wasted underfoot.

—Hogs cannot make both pork and lice, and the lousy pig can seldom eat enough to make a hog of himself, if he has to continue boarding myriads of lice. This has been the unvarying experience of good live stock men everywhere.

Lice may be destroyed on hogs by dipping, the use of crude oil being highly recommended by those who have experimented widely. Let the water in the dipping tank be covered with a layer of crude oil at least an inch thick. The oil may be applied to the bodies of the hogs with a sprinkling pot or a swab, if care is used, but it is not as safe as we would like, and, in any case, it is a method recommended for use only in cold weather, when dipping is out of the question.

Also there are a number of other remedies which may be used, such as equal parts kerosene and machine oil, or one part turpentine to two parts machine oil applied to every part of the body by means of either rag or brush. Be careful in the use of such remedies, of course, or they might be almost as hard on the pig as they are on the lice. Do not lose sight of the good high-grade coal-tar dips, which are certainly valuable when applied according to directions. The oiler, or oiled rubbing post, has a place on every hog farm, or farm where hogs are raised.

—We say that life is made up of the little things, yet we are not aware of the value that many little animals are to us. How many of us ever stop to consider the toad? In most instances he is considered just a little nuisance, put here to be in the way just as other harmful animals are. But the next toad you see hopping along, stop and watch him perform. By studying the toad the student will learn that he is of great value to the farmer and orchardist, writes J. W. Recknor Jr., in the Farm and Ranch.

The tongue of the toad is half an inch long or longer, and he can use it to perfection, too, when it comes to catching flies. I admit that the toad seems to be a very lazy creature hopping about, but that is the very time he is doing his duty. The toad hops about, and when a fly comes near enough, out goes his long tongue in an instant. Mr. fly is caught and his career, carrying typhoid germs to well people's dining rooms, is stopped.

Mr. Toad is an eater of insects and is valuable to the farmer in his crops. It is estimated that the toad is worth $19 per year to the farmer. If he is worth only half this much, then the toad is a valuable little fellow to us rural people. Toads should be given all the protection possible so their number will increase. Some people allow their children to kill toads, but this should not be. Protect the toad, for he is our good little friend.

—A sum of $2,349,000 was authorized by the 1925 Legislature and approved by Governor Pinchot for paying indemnities resulting from losses suffered by farmers who own cattle infested with serious contagious diseases, especially tuberculosis. This is the largest amount by almost five times ever appropriated at one season of the Legislature for this purpose in Pennsylvania. The amount provided by the 1923 Legislature was $535,000 making a total for the past two sessions of $2,884,000. In 1921, $192,965 was provided; in 1919, $184,731; in 1917, $120,000 or a total for these three sessions of $497,696.

In referring to the large appropriation just made available, F. P. Willits, Secretary of Agriculture says: "The Department of Agriculture feels this sum to be a liberal amount. The dairymen and public of Pennsylvania should appreciate the efforts of Governor Pinchot and the Legislators for their interest in the tuberculosis eradication work. The Governor approved the largest possible amount from available funds. Even a larger amount no doubt would have been approved if the State revenues had permitted it."

The great increase in appropriations for indemnities makes possible the continuation of tuberculosis eradication on a much larger scale than ever before and will permit the work to progress as it has in other leading dairy States.