# Democratic Watchman.

## Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1926.

## THE LAST LINES.

I will wake a strain with a feeble hand To answer thy friendly tone, For months have pass'd since I told the last.

How the world and I went on. Sweet May was roaming the glade and dell And I with a footstep free,

said.

mouth.

was sorry."

"She had a kindly impulse."

Jean liked his voice. She liked his

chucking her."

But a change has pass'd o'er the earth since then,

And change, would think, o'er me.

You know how I sang of the waterfalls, And was glad of the summer near, To race and roam through the sounding halls

Of the dark old forest here.

I little dream'd that her joyous lute

To others would wake its tone. While the fading eye and the faltering

foot, Would be all-would be all my own.

I ween that the Autumn light no more

Will fall on my brow again-

I have breathed of the mountain's balmiest store, And the summer's light in vain.

I heard her voice on the wind depart, I watched as her bloom went by, But her farewell died on a weary heart. And her light on a weary eye.

I have done with visions-they're faded all From a fever gleaming brain, I hade them go, and I would not call One dream from its shroud again.

It should not lure me a single hour, If the world at my feet were laid,

For wealth, and pleasure, and fame, and power,

Are less than the dust we tread.

My feet were led to the Rock of Peace When childhood was on my brow, It has yielded all I have known of bliss, And I rest in its shadow now.

And my rest is sweet and my heart is calmed. As I watch my being wane;

For I trust that the light of a better land Will make it bloom again!

-By Harriet J. Meek

### PRISCILLA IN SPITE OF HER-SELF.

"You see, Granny, things are hard for a girl with Puritan ancestors." Jean Adams laughed as she spoke; but the laugh was a half-hearted affair, and the old lady, against whose

knee she was leaning, reached out a thin hand and patted the sleek bobbed head.

"I think Great-grandfather Ezra must be the Jinx." The girl's tone expressed deep distaste for this parthat at forty men had jowls and tumticular ancestor. "He certainly was the cat's whiskers for conviction of sin. He was always seeing the earth yawn before him and having a vision of Hell and flopping down on his knees wherever he happened to be and breakdark eyes were keen and a trifle ing out into a cold sweat and wrestweary. ling in a prayer. And what sort of a in the thick hair above the brown forebear is that for a flapper, 1926 face. model? Now, I ask you, Granny! I'm scared half to death for fear that netime, right in the midst of a riot, I'll plump down on my knees and begin to sweat and pray." "You might do worse." The tone was cheerfully tolerant; but the wise old face clouded slightly. Mrs. Worthington had a very young heart and a robust sense of humor, but she sometimes wished that the grand-daughter who brightened her old age did not so egregiously offend her taste. "Oh, I don't know. That would be pretty bad. I can't even get any kick out of defying old Ezra. I've got a conscience. That's what's the matter with me. And it's excess luggage nowadays, Granny. I wish I had come of a line of buccaneers." The girl sprang to her feet, stooped to snatch a kiss from a soft, withered cheek and pulled her rakish hat down further over her eve.

ty-four summers, she could get along without him. What her friends did was their affair. That was the first law of the modern creed. And what her friends did with the waiters. They how Jean didn't particularly thought it had some-thing to do with the waiters. They thing to do with the waiters. They the the the true was to day. The true that I was her the true that I was the true that I

And so, when an unexpected opporalways looked so frightfully discreet. tunity for a thrilling evening present-"Any objection to the young pered itself, too late to permit telephonson taking a walk in the jungle with ing and breaking her dinner engage-ment with Jean Adams, the owner of an armed guard? I suppose, of course, you are armed?" she said. "To the teeth," he answered. "Do you want to take a walk?" the studio turned to a man who hap-pened to be lounging on a divan be-side her and blithely made over her

date with Jean to him. "Give her a good time, Larry," she a crowd and drinks to help one stand ing her like a garment, her secret "She's a darling—one of the his chamber of horrors, and it's glor- fairly shouting itself from her face. a note to her and blew his brains out. latest inventions. You'll fall for her ious outside. Let's sprint up through But there was a waiting look in her -hard. Of course you're a disreput- the Park."

able character; but so are we all of So they sprinted. The sun sank; of us, and you can be awfully nice; so Jean won't bear me a grudge for silhouetted themselves against the was settled, when he had asked her

She went her way; and the dis-reputable character, after some hesi-of the night. A cold breeze came up could fling her happiness to the air, fore God, it's true, child. I wasn't tation, decided to wait and see the and set Jean's face tingling, like her like a banner for all the world to see. thing through. Looking at Jean heart. The man, walking beside her, Adams as she came through the door- was a good companion, talking a lit- ing, curled up on the sofa in her own way, he was glad that he had wait- tle, laughing a little, listening a lit- room, when Di Castle was announced, ed. He had forgotten that there was anything so young in a jaded world. ways giving her the feeling of being dreaming; but she liked Di and she The sophistication of her clothes, of companioned, understood, admired. A had not seen her in weeks-not since her manner, the rouge on her cheeks, technique very different from that of she had known Larry. They could the absurd red of her lips were mere the boys with whom she had been talk about him. Not about that masquerade, accentuating the quest- jazzing about. She liked it, liked it "hectic past"-he could tell her about ing light in her eyes, the childish line enormously.

of her chin, the sweetness of her each other at a table in a restaurant from anyone else. Most men had For a moment she stood looking and the man had ordered, in an effort- pasts. Yes; she'd see Di. about the room, her eyes narrowing less, efficient way, a dinner that seemslightly in the effort to adjust them-ed perfect, Jean made him talk of usual greetings, the conversation did selves to the soft half-light afer the Africa and sat entranced. Othello drift around to Larry Mowbray. glow of the outdoor world. Then she again! The old motive wears well; saw the long, lean figure, blotted and even the modern flapper will enthusiastically, and Jean winced. against the black divan. "Hulloa!" she said lightly. "Now, who are you?"

Larry Mowbray rose to his feet as she spoke, six feet two of bone and Just for adventure?"

want to be buried. By that time I'd vorce him. Too ornery. And she where. She told me to tell you she been fascinated by things down there. won't give him a chance to divorce "Meaning she had a chance of You either love it or loathe it. There's her. She just spends his money and something more amusing," interpret-ed Jean, without resentment. "But stayed. And then I had word that my My Boh! Why she doesn't own the stayed. And then I had word that my My Bob! why not a note pinned to the lamp- father had died."

shade? That's the usual thing." could not decide whether his face be vamping, and he was her husband's Larry Mowbray's voice was one of the nichardened or softened.

est things about him, low, slightly "Business matters. So I came back; but I'll go out again." The husband got some sort of a hunch and went into the bathroom and shot drawling, friendly, yet with a characterful ring in it. People remem-

bered Larry's voice. "You see, she was about to turn me out into a world breathless note. There was no rea- rific row and scandal. that is cold to Prodigal Sons; and at son why he shouldn't go back to the last moment it occurred to her Africa; but, queerly, Jean felt that out and we girls were dreadfully ex-that you might put up with me for New York would seem bleak without cited about it, because we all knew the evening since she had failed you." him.

"Yes-soon," he answered

looks. He must be all of forty, she He looked at her across the table. thought, and she was horribly fed-up on callow youth. But she had thought leaped to the surface.

A slow blush crept up through her mies. The men in Di's crowd had. This man seemed made of whalebone young-absurdly young, and sweet- Mowbray had cut up awfully roughand rawhide; and above his alert, unspeakably sweet. Flapper-hood sinewy body was a thin brown face fell away from her like a husk and Flapper-hood whose chin was stubborn in its lines, the kernel was eternal girl. whose mouth was reckless, whose

"That is," the man added, "Ishould-go." There were streaks of gray

ate food that had no taste and wondered, vaguely, why the jazz had sud-Yes, she liked his looks; but why denly gone out of things.

"prodigal"? "Am I taking on the role of dot- here before I went away," Mowbray ing parent or fatted calf?" she asked. was saying. "That's why I went— A shadow flashed into the man's and stayed. I always thought my eyes and was drowned there. His father would send for me. He didn't father hadn't been doting; but the son Now there's no one to care whether wished the old man were back in his I go or stay; and it's a man's life out

The devil might take yesterday and tomorrow.

There came a time when he no longer kept himself in hand, when he let himself go and told the girl how he loved her, swept her off her feet with the love-making of his lips, his eyes, She looked around the studio and his arms. Jean walked transfigured shruzged her shoulders. "One needs through those days, happiness cloak- couldn't prevent; and he misunder-

Love was enough, and yet-and yet afterglow. Myriad windows changed to marry him and she had said "yes" She was thinking of that one mornthat after they were married, if he And when, later, they sat opposite cared to. She didn't want to hear it

And, after they had gurgled the

"He's a Pet Lamb Child," said Di

"It must have been gorgeous," she pression of her own; but it didn't fit said enviously. "Men do have all the Larry.

"They tell me you've been leading that bold, bad man around by a blue she spoke, six feet two of bone and muscle, with a bit of flesh to boot. "I didn't get up at first for fear of startling you," he said. "My name's Mowbray. Di had to go out some bury me; and after a while I didn't wife of his in Paris won't die or di-Why, she doesn't care tuppence for him-never did, if you ask He was silent for a moment. Jean me. She was just a vamp who had to best friend, so he was about the house "I was needed here," he went on. a lot and she made a dead set at him. and went into the bathroom and shot "Soon?" Her question was an odd, himself-tidy soul! There was a ter-

> "It all happened the year I came Larry and were crazy about him. He married the widow. I suppose there wasn't anything else to do. He never Deep in his eyes something stirred, talked to anyone about the affair, never put up any defense; but the two didn't live together. She went to rouge, her lips trembled, she looked Paris and he went to Africa. Old Mr. regular old-style melodrama-cursed his only child and told him never to show his face at home again and all that sort of stuff; but in the end he should-go." left Larry the money. Now I sup-She did not ask why, just sat and pose that human leech in Paris is glad she held on."

She was talking without looking at the girl on the couch. Perhaps things veren't as bad as she had feared; but let the old, hidebound, throttling Larry had such a way with him and Jean was such a kid and then, after all, the two had met in her studio. "I suppose he'll be going out to with you." Africa again," she went on. "He said he'd go back and I guess it's just as door had closed behind him. "I'm going with him." What did she care well. You see, he's queered here and he likes the life out there. I met an Englishman from Nairobi the other care about that other woman who night. He said Larry was a wizard had wrecked Larry's life and taken at managing the natives and that the refuge behind laws that society call-British officials had him running all ed good? Larry's life had been over the place with them, wherever wrecked. She would mend it. Her there was trouble. And he said Larry father and mother would be hurtwas developing a big plantation out there.' more shocked than hurt. They had never kept very close to her, never She turned suddenly to Jean. "Is he going soon ?" she asked. "Yes," said the white-faced, greattried very hard to understand her. Granny-she choked a bit over Gran-ny, wished that the old lady need not

lover. She didn't love her husband, she made a fool of herself about men, she made a fool of herself about me. But he was my friend, I tell you-my best friend. You don't know what that means to a man. No woman living could have made me untrue to But one day he saw a scene I him. stood. So he wrote a note to me and

"I couldn't tell all this to people, could I? Couldn't pose as a Joseph to her Potiphar's wife? Nobody would have believed me if I had. They'd have thought I was just a miserable rotter, trying to clear myfore God, it's true, child. I wasn't responsible. I wasn't in love with her. I was true to my friend. I only made the mistake of not staving away from the house; and, if I had done that, after living there, it would have hurt Dick. I couldn't have explained to him. And then, when he killed himself, thinking I had done him the worst wrong one man could do another-can you see how ghastly it was for me?

"I've wished, many a time, that I had followed his lead and put a bullet through my head. But there was Scandal was raging the woman. around her and there was no one to stand by her. In that last note of Dick's he had asked me to be good to her. I thought she loved me. Fatuous asses men are! There was only one thing I could do for her and that was to marry her. So I did just that; and then I settled what money I had on her. It wasn't much. My father had broken with me, wouldn't see me or hear what I had to say; but my mother had left me something. It was enough to take the woman to Paris and keep her there. I went to Africa.

"She won't divorce me and she says she's willing to live with me at any time, so I can't divorce her. As a matter of fact, I think she has, always, counted on my father's relenting and leaving me his millions. Her lawyers came to me last week. I'm a rich man now and she means to have her share.

"I didn't care particularly about be-ing free. All I wanted was to get away from her, away from the whole frightful business; but I always hoped my father would want to see me and send for me. He didn't. Then he died, and the lawyers sent for me, and I came back-and met you."

He was standing nearer her now, and across the ice of her face, little gleams of pain and pity and love were stealing. Suddenly the ice melted into tears.

"Oh, Larry! Larry!" she sobbed, and he gathered her into his arms.

"You shall never regret it, sweetheart," he said that night, before he went away. "I can make you so happy that you won't miss anything, There will be no one to blame or sit in judgment. I'm the law and the gospel out there, and you will be my wife. You will be my wife, darling. Silly, man-made laws can't prevent reau of Markets, Department of Ag-it. You aren't afraid? You won't riculture, Harrisburg.

#### FARM NOTES.

-Feed the yearling heifers two to three pounds of grain per day to keep them growing.

-"Handsome is that handsome does" is a good motto for the dairy farm and laying yard.

-Long warts on cow's teats may be removed by twisting or tying a silk thread tightly about the base of the growth. The warts will eventually slough off.

-Those farmers selling whole milk can profitably feed three to four pounds of beet pulp per cow per day, wet with four times its weight in wa-ter several hours before feeding.

-Cleanliness is the one big asset in milk and cream production. The barn, cow, and all utensils used in handling milk and cream should be clean if the best cream is to be produced.

-High-producing cows need grain even if the pasture is luxuriant, because a cow producing 50 to 60 pounds of milk a day cannot possibly consume enough feed in the form of succulent pasture to produce such quantities.

-Dry cows or heifers bred to calve in the fall are often left on pasture too late and they calve in poor condition. Many of the best dairymen feel that extra feed given a cow for a month or six weeks before calving will do much or more good than the same feed given after calving. A cow should have considerable stored up food reserve in her body if she is going to be able to stand up under heavy milk production.

-Buyers of baby chicks are frequently led to purchase inferior stock as a result of the misleading advertising and promises of unreliable hatcheries or dealers. The State Department of Agriculture calls the attention of poultrymen generally to the fact that the term "certified" or "accredited" is meaningless unless the buyer understands the basis for using the term and the reliability of the seller.

Under the accredited hatchery plan Under the accredited hatchery plan adopted in Pennsylvania this year, nine hatcheries are selling "Pensyl-vaia Certified Chicks," and one hatchery is marketing a limited quantity of "Pennsylvania Accredit-ed Chicks." All of these hatcheries are operating under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture, and are securing eggs from flocks which have been culled by a Department inspector. Because of the requirement of two consecutive annual clean tests, the number of "Pennsylvaia Accredited Chicks" will be small this season, as the work was only carried on in an experimental way dur-

ing last season. Other States have similar plans which vary slightly from that in effect in Pennsylvania. The chicks, however, can be readily recognized as they are sold under similar grade terms with the name of the State attached. A list of all such hatcheries in Pennsylvania will be forwarded to anyone making inquiry to the Bu-

-Separating butterfat from the

"If mum asks about me, tell her I've gone to Di's for dinner."

She breezed out of the room and the old lady, in the chintz-covered chair by the window, sat, smiling a little, sighing a little, thinking of her own youth and wondering about the youth yet unborn. It was good to be honest and gallant and fearless: but it was lamentable to be cheap and vulgar and it was dangerous to be recklessly self-confident.

"If only the right man comes along in time," she said to herself.

Out-of-doors, in the glow of the setting October sun, Jean was, unknowingly, going to meet the wrong man.

He was waiting for her in Di Castle's studio. There was a hint of incense in the room, the light filtered through amber curtains, divans and cushions of violent hues were everywhere; there were weird, ultra-modern pictures on the walls, canvases stacked against the wainscoting, a welter of paint-presumably an unfinished picture-on an easel. Not a painter's workroom; but Di Castle was not a painter. She was a rich girl, well past debutante years, bored, playing at art in the intervals of playing at other things, and finding a studio an amusing setting for all sorts of play.

'There's something about a studio," she explained to her friends when she signed the lease. "People loosen up." People did. Not that Di's crowd

was seriously restrained by inhibitions, even in the ordinary home setting; but as a point of departure and return and for occasional wild parties, a studio did, as Di put it, have the home fireside looking like a solitary confinement cell.

She liked her studio, but she wasn't stingy with it. Any of her friends might use it, if they didn't get their dates tangled with hers; and if the little Japanese who kept the place tidy happened to be out, the key was always hanging behind the lantern, beside the door. Whether the friends met the wrong men or the right men, or merely kept dates with women friends there in the studio, was all one to Di. She had no Deacon Ezra perched on her ancestral tree. Being a hard-headed little person, of twen-

wished the old man were back in has library chair, in the old house on "It sounds terribly thrilling," she as he had lain for two months, un- heard herself saying. der the sod of the family burying plot. pulling himself away from bitter back of everything loomed Africa, memories.

Jean glanced down at her own approval.

"Yes. Nice, isn't it? Just a hundred and ten. I thought I'd never get the last ten pounds off. I hadn't get the last ten pounds off. I hadn't phone, the next morning. "Some en-a decent thing to eat for months; but chanter, that lad; but don't get your now my stomach's proud spirit is heart-strings tangled, honey. broken. I can eat anything, any time, past is hectic and I've an idea he'll go and the calories just reel back, discouraged. I order potatoes and white bread and ice-cream and cake and don't take on an electron."

"Then," suggested the man, "we might go out and order potatoes and noon a maid called her to the telewhite bread and ice-cream and cake phone. together. Yes?"

The girl hesitated. Di's friends were of all sorts and then there was that prodigal." Uncle Ezra stirred and groaned. She snuffed him out. There was nothing else on for her evening, and one couldn't be bored: and this stranger looked more interesting than any of the boys for whom

she might telephone. "Why, yes," she said cheerfully. "Why not? Only, it's too early for dinner."

"There used to be restaurants in while I've been in Africa?" Jean laughed.

"Not permanently-but often. Let's go out to the Laurels:" Of course, old crowd; but they belonged to a she told herself, dad and mum disapproved of road-houses and country drives; but that was archaic, per- to make dates with her. She was fectly prehistoric, and it was a heavenly evening for a drive.

The man stood looking at her. Things had changed much in the years he had been away. There had always been road-houses and cars and girls-but Di had said this girl was ing to regulate her spinning, long be of a fine old family and straight- fore. Now she was just whirling as absolutely straight; and she was usual. What could a mere parent do about it? Only Mrs. Worthington, freedom. There was no Great-grandfather Ezra in any complex of Larry Mowbray's; but he did have certain ideas about playing the game. "No," he said, "not a road-house,

I think. We'll dine in town."

his smile.

"Don't be huffy, child. I'm a thousand years old; and sometimes I do aged things like denying myself edly. This was different from the quietly, almost indifferently. pleasure. You see, I've been in East other love-affairs. She was so sweet, "True? How do I know the the second seco Africa for five years, and the children don't roam the jungle at night out him, from her eyes, from her lips,

There was more talk after that "Certainly nothing fatted," he said, more food, a cocktail or two; but huge, black, threatening; and when. at her own door, Jean said good night straight slimness with complacement to the new man, she felt as though the jungle had swallowed him-or

her. "Well, what did you think of Lar-ry?" Di Castle asked, over the tele-His right on making history."

For the rest of the day Jean roamed about the house, wondering about the historic past. Late in the after-

"Might I come up?"

He didn't mention his name. There was no need of it. She would have known the voice among a thousand.

gaily indifferent, tried to think of something foolish and slangy, in her room, dropped down on the floor beusual line, that she might add; but nothing came. So she let it go at that

-just "Yes-do," with a throb in it. After that day they spent their idle hours together, lunched, tea-ed, thoug dined, walked, drove, danced togeth- girl. er. Africa might be waiting; but apthe country—and roads to them. I parently Larry Mowbray turned a suppose they haven't all been closed deaf ear to the call and Jean refused to believe in a Dark Continent. All the world was a light and a glory. Once in a while she met some of her very remote past. Boys and girls called her up on the telephone, tried kind to the silly young things but had no time for them. Her father and mother noticed no difference in her. They were busy with their own interests and she had always been a human pinwheel. They had stopped try-

different with the child she loved. Larry Mowbray's mouth was a litlove with a starry-eyed child, masquerading as a worldly wise young person-and it hurt, it hurt confoundso adorably sweet. Youth called to

eyed girl on the couch, "I think he will go soon." He came that afternoon; but Jean did not see him. He telephoned but

she did not go to the telephone. He wrote. She did not read the letters. "Jean had better see a doctor." Mr. Adams said to his wife. "She looks run down."

But Jean wouldn't see a doctor. carefully, methodically with what she would need, until Larry could buy her Nor would she take calomel, as her more, in London. Then she went out mother urged, nor eat the invalid food an anxious and affectionate old to meet her lover. Things seemed so cook prepared for her. She did not "Yes-do." She tried to make it go out of the house. Once in a while to leave her much alone that last day. she wandered into her grandmother's side the wing-chair and sat there si-The steamer would sail at four in the morning. Passengers must positivelent, while the old lady crocheted, stopping now and then to stroke the brown head but asking no questions, ly be aboard by three-thirty. place?" though her heart yearned over the

> And then one day the parlor-maid brought a note to Jean's room.

"I am waiting in the library," it said. "I won't go without a scene. You must see me. I have a right to that."

She went down to see him and stood, straight and stiff and wideeyed, before him, with no welcome of voice or look.

He made a step toward her and stopped. was as much pain as joy. "Yes; we'll dine at the old place," "Oh, little thing, little thing! What

have you done to yourself?" he asked, in a voice that broke like a sob. "You wanted to see me?" she said. "Wanted to see you? I had to see

you! Don't you understand? I can't live without seeing you, child. You're my whole world, the very breath of crocheting in her wing-chair by the life to me. And you turn me off withwindow, wondered and worried and out a word, without a chance to tell realized that, somehow, things were my side of whatever damnable story you've heard. Some one has dug up the old scandal, with all the vicious tle more reckless than usual in those gossip it caused. I meant to tell you "Women's votes not counted?" He smiled at her. There was some-thing extraordinarily engaging about days, yet he kept himself well in hand. Fate had played him another scurvy trick. He was in love—in and I knew it would hurt you, and so I waited. I'd give my right hand now if I hadn't."

have you say that you were going away somewhere for the week-end "It's all true, isn't it?" She spoke and then check your things at the station."

"True? How do I know what you have heard? Come; sit down. You mustn't stand. I won't go near you.'

She sat down on the davenport by the fire and he leaned against the

"It's true that I got into a nasty

traditions bully your intelligence when I'm not with you, will you?" "No, she said, "I'm going to Africa

know. Granny would forgive her but

she would grieve, grieve miserably. Still, Granny had had her life. Youth

had its rights. Larry needed her

more than the others did. She was

She packed her dressing-case and

a bag the next morning, packed them

simple, so right, so inevitable when

she was with him. He was too wise

Arrangements had all been made.

"We will dine together at the old

They were walking down through

the Park, in the afterglow, as they

had walked that first evening, when

the world began. Again the build-

ings blackened against the light in

the west; again the jeweled clusters

the man said gently. He had been very gentle with her that day and she,

who had always scoffed at gentleness,

"And then we'll go to a show and

have supper and dance for a while somewhere. By that time everyone

will have gone to bed at your house. I'll wait in the car, a little way down

the street, while you change your

frock and get your bags. I hate to

have you carry the heavy things

down-stairs, dearest, but I suppose

it's better that I shouldn't go in, and

I'll be waiting at the door. We'd have been wiser if we had planned to

"I hate lies," said the girl, who was

ready to break the commandment on

which society lays the greatest stress.

They have a queer code, these young

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worshipers of freedom.

had been grateful.

going with him.

rest of the milk in a cream separator is a delicate process and lack of attention to details, which may seem unimportant, often causes considerable fat to be left in the skim milk, it is point-She said it to herself, after the ed out by A. L. Young of the University of Illinois. The manufacturer has done a commendable job in makabout the scandal? What did she ing a machine that will skim as accurately as does the modern separator when it is properly handled, and it

> should be given the sort of care that a high-class product deserves, he said. In the operation of such a machine the little things count for more than when a machine of less refinement is being used. Consequently the experienced user will insist that the separator be kept level and fastened securely to a solid foundation, that all the bearings are lubricated with good separator oil, that all the old dirt and oil be cleaned out occasionally with gasoline or kerosene, that the machine be operated at the proper speed with the milk at the proper temperature, that the machine be washed thoroughly each time it is used and that it be protected from the dust and kept dry when it is not in use.

> Too often the user fails to watch these points because even when the separator is sorely neglected it will continue to deliver a fairly good amount of cream at one spout and skim milk at the other. Users sometimes fail to realize that a separator which is even a little out of level or which has a bowl which vibrates or is partly clogged with dirt is very likely to send considerable butterfat out of the wrong spout. To do good work a separator must be well built. run at the correct speed and kept in good running order.

> Particular attention should be paid to the directions furnished with the machine. It should be remembered that delicate bearings operating at high speed will last a long time if they are properly cared for but that they are quickly ruined by dirt or lack of good care when neglected.

FEED TAGS ARE SERIOUS MENACE TO DAIRY STOCK.

punctured stomach caused by a piece of wire taken in with the feed."

Altogether, one meets such items in the dairy papers too often. And, too often it is the good cows and the bulls that die in that way. If one has examined the contents of a cow's stomach, he will be surprised that more do not die from the same cause. Nails, wires, pieces of glass, screws and pins are not uncommon.

Every sack of feed that is sold must carry a license tag and in many cases these tags are attached with a hooktaped wire that is economical from the feedman's view and dangerous for the feeder.

In opening and emptying the sacks, it is sometimes easy for the tags to become detached and they at once fall into the feed where they are lost in the mixing. The hook has a sharp point and a round loop. This gives it a shape that is particularly vicious in a cow's stomach and is often fatal.

-"The cow's death was due to a

of lights twinkled in the dark, huddling masses and sprang with shafts of shadow into the sky; again a night wind blew keen against Jean's face and set her cheeks tingling; but this time there was no tingling in her heart—only a throbbing fullness that