Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 14, 1926.

"OUR KIND OF A GIRL."

Written for the Watchman by Thomas F. Healy, Philipsburg, Pa.

The kind of a girl for you and I,
She holds her head about so high,
And pleasantly as she goes along—
Her lips give way to a cheerful song.
She strays unfar from the paths untrod,
Nor soon forgets the ways of God;
Her tender heart is always kind,
To the poor, the sick, the weak and blind
And thus each day she says a prayer,
For the weaker ones that need some care.
She will count her pay by the good she's done
The smiles she made and the friends she won.
She works each day untiringly,
A true friend to humanity;
Her motherly heart is always dear,
To a childish wrong, or a baby's tear:
An so she strives each day anew—
To be the kind for me and you!

The kind of a girl for you and I,
She smiles your way as she passes by;
And then you feel as you go your way,
Feeling happy as the saddened may—
That she was sent from the heavens down,
To cheer the sad and smite the frown;
And thinking this, you are then inspired,
To toil hard at your work untired—
You'll sympathize with the folks you meet,
As with the smile you have learned to greet;
And they in turn will worship you.
For being a man, through and through.
And hence the world learns of those—
Spreading seeds of love that grows;
Seeing her we should think of that,
Step aside and tip our hat:
She's a model lady thorough and through,
And the kind of a girl for me and you!

The kind of a girl for you and I,
She'll be a pal until you die—
If the whole darn world is sore at you,
She, alone, will remain most true.
Tears in her eyes will blind her when—
You are most scorned by your fellow men;
And right there's when she will show her stuff,
Backing you up, she will call their bluff,
Facing a judge and a jury too—
She will tell the world how she think's of you:
A robber, a tramp, or a no account—
But nevertheless you are paramount,
Over the judge and the jury too,
And its just because she loves you true.
Only fault we can find in she—
She's to darn good for the likes O we;
God bless her heart for it acts like glue,
To the broken parts o' me and you!

—By Thomas F. Healey.

THE THIRD L.

In late June, when the cicadas along the old mill stream were beginning to tune up for their summer symphonies, Ann Minot came home. She had wired her father and he was waiting at the station when the afternoon local achieved its daily miracle. From the single passenger coach, before it had come to full stop, Ann swung off with a careless grace that revealed to her father and such of the world as was at large—comprising the station-agent and two anything but disinterested bystanders—that in New York the female of the intelligentsia still rolled its stockings.

To the station-agent she granted a smile and nod; to her father she presented a presumably filial kiss on the tip of his nose, which latter informed him that Ann had recently smoked a cigaret. This neither surprised nor shocked him. David Minot took the world, the flesh and his daughter as he found them.

"Hot in New York?" he asked as she surrendered her smart suitcase.

Ann replied that it was hotter than the hinges of a place young women never referred to in the days of his youth, but he merely remarked that he had suspected as much when he got her wire.

"You look a bit wilted," he added.

Ann grimaced expressively. There were little shadows under her eyes and a certain weariness underlying the smart sophistication of her face, but she was still young and pretty enough to override such minor defects triumphantly.

"I've been working like the devil," she informed him. "Van ran over to Europe to study conditions there first hand and I had to carry the magazine on my shoulders."

Ann was associate editor of "Dawn, A Magazine of Tomorrow." When anybody was inept enough to tell her he had never heard of Dawn, Ann, with superb disdain, was apt to look at him thoughtfully and answer that she would have assumed as much.

"It's one of those magazines, Eddie," Ann's father had just informed the station-agent, "that are published for people whose brows are so high that even their feet are in the clouds. It's edited by a young chap named Van Fleck who wears horn glasses and so can see truths that escaped Solomon and Socrates."

"Umph," Eddie had grunted, "and what does he aim to do about it?"

"Educate people, Eddie. When they get educated they'll see the truth and act accordingly. Blow up Congress one day and shoot the President the next. After that they'll consider the cases of ordinary people like you and me. I suspect I'll be shot, because I'm a capitalist—own a mill, you see."

"Wouldn't being Ann's father save you?" Eddie had demanded.

"Ann couldn't interfere. It would be against her principles. As for you, Eddie, they'll decide whether you're a worker or a shirker. If you're a worker or a shirker they'll give you the railroad."

"Wouldn't take it as a gift," Eddie had commented contemptuously; "it's on the rocks right now."

"They'll make you, Eddie. They're so plumb full of love for people like you that your wife would be a widow if you tried to argue with them."

"Bunk!" Eddie had suggested scornfully.

"Maybe you're right, but don't tell Ann so—'less you want your head snapped off."

Now, the associate editor of Dawn and her father moved toward his car. It took them smoothly and easily over the familiar old road, elm-shaded from the flooding brilliance of the afternoon sun, to the house in which five generations of Minots had been born, a comfortable, rambling old New England brick-ender.

"I'll bring your suitcase up in a minute," he said as he stopped the car.

"I can carry it myself. I want to swim before dinner anyway."

'Before supper," he amended "We had dinner four hours ago."

From the barn, as he puttered around his car, he saw her emerge from the house ready for her swim. The sun was on her bright hair, bobbed in a new way, shingled, he supposed. As for her costume he, in his own words, no longer shied when he saw her so. It left much of her frankly visible, revealed as of the hipless, flat-backed generation, slim and supple and graceful as a Tanagra figure. Transiently, he wondered how women managed to change even their shape according to the prevailing fashion. For the rest he remained philosophic.

"I quite agree with you," he had assured Hitty Marston, his housekeeper, who after reminding him that she had known him all her life and guessed she had the right to speak her mind, had done so on the subject of Ann generally and Ann's bathing costume particularly.

"Well," Hitty had demanded, "why don't you do something about it?"

"It's this way, Hitty," he had soothed her. "Ann's too old to be spanked and she's not old enough yet to be reasoned with."

"She's old enough to know better!"

He had given her a slow, tolerant glance.

"I remember," he had reminisced, "a young chap named Charley Emmons, who lived around here when I was a boy. He was counted pretty wild, and when a girl you may remember, too, went buggy-riding with him, her mother had conniptions."

"She was right, too!" Hitty interrupted. "I can see that now."

"Yes, but you couldn't see it then, Hitty, though your mother said you were old enough to know better. You were young and young folks have to learn by experience. You can't tell them anything because it never proves anything to them except that you are an old fogy."

"I should think Ann would blush to see herself in such a rig!"

"She says it's a sensible costume for swimming, Hitty."

"Yes, and it's a sensible costume that people wear when they take a bath in the tub, but at least they have sense enough to do it in private—hereabouts anyway. Perhaps in New York——"

"Why, Hitty," he had remonstrated, "you're making me blush now!"

"You're a fool," she had assured him and flounced off.

Tonight Hitty, with an air of austere disapproval, served Ann and her father their supper. Ann, as usual, did most of the talking, slyly prodded by her father. After supper he rose and took his pipe from the mantel.

"Guess I'll go over to the mill for a spell," he said.

The mill was very old. Once it had sawed and planed solid tree trunks with the power furnished by the waters of Long Pond Brook. Now electricity had replaced the old mill-wheel, but the latter remained in place. A little porch was perched over it. There it was David Minot's habit to sit and smoke his pipe after supper, whenever the weather permitted.

Evenings such as this had always been subtly precious to him. They filled him with a sense of abiding peace. The waters of Long Pond Brook, flowing almost noiselessly below him, were no less peaceful than his life had been, in the main. The slow slap of the idle wheel was music to him. From the mill he drew a comfortable income. It made "gimcracks" now, miniature windmills and stuff like that. He was, in the New England sense of the word, "well fixed," and content. The call of the city had never held an allure for him. The best friend of his youth, Billy Dighton, had discussed that with him on this same porch more than thirty years ago, the week after Billy's mother had died.

"There is nothing to hold me now," Billy had said. 'New York for me, Dave!"

"Going to sell the old place, Billy?"

"No. One of these days, when I've made my pile, I'll come back again."

"What for?"

"Oh, to enjoy myself, fish and hunt."

Even so long ago Ann's father had had that philosophic twist of mind that the gathering years were to deepen and mellow.

"Make a million, and then come back to enjoy yourself," he had commented. "If that's what you want, why not stay here? You don't need a million to fish and hunt!"

"Why, you old stick-in-the-mud, do you think I'd be content around here all my life?"

"Guess not, Billy. We're different kind of pegs, you and me."

Last night the old Dighton place, long since modernized with pergolas, dormers and baths, had been dark. Tonight it was brilliantly lighted.

"Guess Billy is back," mused Ann's father. He grinned. "I'll have to spring some of Ann's latest on him!"

Nevertheless he did not stir. If Billy had come he would be over before long. They would sit together and smoke as they had so many other summer nights through the years, their conversation casual, fragmentary, yet precious to both. In the meantime there were the embers of the dying sunset in the sky, the soft noises of the night to key his mood. He sucked at his pipe and pondered, mostly about Ann.

He had sent Ann to Wellesley; from Wellesley she had gone straight to New York to achieve what she called economic independence. The strange yet perhaps not incredible sequel was that she had. The crowd with which she had fallen in was that from which editors and contributors for such magazines as Dawn are most often drafted. They are gloriously, intrepidly young. To them has been vouchsafed breadth of vision never before achieved by human eyes. They see the world as it really is!

In New York Ann had fallen in with Van Fleck—her father grimaced instinctively—and he, editor of Dawn and so a king of sorts in New York's little Babylon, had elevated her to at least the foot of his throne. Dawn, incidentally, was financed by a wealthy widow who fainted at the sight of blood, but who loved to talk of anything but bloodless revolutions.

This was all the current of David Minot's thoughts when he heard footsteps behind him. Turning, he saw the bulk of his old friend silhouetted against the murk of the door.

"Thought you had arrived," he said. "Chair there for you."

The other sank into the chair. "Whew!" he grunted. "I'm glad to get here; it's been hotter than Tophet in New York."

"Judged as much from what Ann said when she arrived this afternoon," replied David dryly. "Only she didn't use old-fogy terms like Tophet. What are you fishing for, a match?"

"Got one!" announced Billy, and briefly the glow of it lighted his face, accentuating its solid strength and force. Then, blowing the match out, he settled back in his chair, lifting his feet to the rail. For a moment there was silence.

"Well," demanded Ann's father then, "how many souls have you sacrificed to your capitalistic ambitions since I saw you last?"

The other's feet came to the floor with a bang. "Has Bob been around here so soon?" he demanded irately.

He referred, Ann's father knew, to his son.

"Bob? Haven't seen him yet? Why?"

"That sounds like some of the stuff he gets off. Dave, what in time has bitten young folks nowadays, anyway?"

"Something bitten Bob?"

"Bitten him! I should say something had. I told him tonight he talked like a Bolshevist, and what do you suppose he said?"

"That he'd rather be a Bolshevist than a capitalist any day," suggested Ann's father.

"How did you know that?" demanded Bob's father, surprised.

"Ann talks the same way. She's getting pretty discouraged about men like you. And me, too. We're stumbling-blocks, with our outworn notions about things."

The slow drawl broke off abruptly. From below, where a path led along the brook to a foot-bridge across the dam, Ann's incisive voice came up to them.

"The trouble with you," she was saying, "is that you are of a piece with your father. At heart you're a born conservative, and you get more so every year."

They both guessed who her companion was; Bob Dighton, arriving with his father, had strolled over to pay his disrespects to Ann. They were ancient enemies, their battles extending back to Bob's first appearance here, the summer when he was seven and Ann five. Whenever they met the sparks flew.

"Tell that to dad," suggested Bob lazily. "It will buck him up a lot. He has an idea that I'm acting under sealed orders from Lenine, simply because I refuse to prostrate myself utterly before his ancient idol, the Golden Calf."

"I should think he'd be satisfied, now that you've gone in with him!"

"You speak as if you thought I had conferred honor upon him by associating myself, ever so humbly, with his organization. I grieve to report that if there were not a blood tie between us he'd take great joy in giving me the gate!"

"And I would!" muttered his father with great feeling.

"That's the trouble with you," said Ann scornfully. "You know the whole capitalistic system is rotten to the core and yet——"

"I fall for it!" he suggested, unruffled, "just as I fall for lots of other things. I've got to eat and be clothed, remember, and my old man refuses to endow me so that I can live like the lilies of the field."

"You could be independent, strike out for yourself, anyway."

"And tie up to some other capitalistic enterprise! What's the difference? I can at least get back at my persecutor by airing a few opinions about business. He's my father and he has to stand for it."

"Oh, I do, do I?" grunted his father ominously.

"In fact," Bob went on, "I even pass on a lot of that tosh you print."

"Tosh!" broke in Ann indignantly. "What do you mean by tosh?"

"It's a four-letter word meaning flapdoodle, poppycock, nonsense, whatever you choose along that line. Haven't you heard it before?"

"It doesn't seem to me to be a perfect definition of what you are saying."

"That," he commented, "would be all very well for a small girl, but it's hardly worthy of the associate editor of Dawn!"

"Oh, well," said Ann, "I suppose all this was to be expected. You've taken your place in society as an eligible young bachelor. Next, you'll marry some sweet young moron out of the Social Register, have three or four children, become a solid citizen, end up by thinking that God created the world for you and your class." Evidently he grinned, for she added, "Oh, it's very funny to you, but you're laughing at your own funeral. You're already dead."

"From the neck up!" he suggested. "Still, there's a lot of kick in the rest of me yet. Let's go over to the house, take one of the cars and go for a spin."

"No, thanks, I'd rather go to bed."

"Than take a ride, or associate longer with me?"

"Take your choice!"

"Then we'll say it's take a ride," he said. His voice changed. "Honestly, Ann, I'll admit there's something in what you say. You're not all wrong."

"All wrong? I'm not wrong at all; can you believe this world is a decent place? Look around you. Poverty and prostitution and every sort of social injustice on one side; on the other, a favored few, fattening and battening themselves, like your father, on the sufferings of others."

"Granted, but just what would you suggest I do about it?"

"Nothing!" she assured him with fiery scorn.

"There's no use arguing with you. I'm tired and I'm off to bed!"

"To lie awake half the night? Don't be foolish, Ann. Come for a ride—it will clear your brain."

"Will you let me drive?" Ann asked.

"Whenever you drive," he replied, "I cease to wonder what the future holds for me. I feel so sure that I'll come to with a harp in my hands."

Evidently Ann turned her back on him and started off at that, for:

"Oh, Ann!" he protested. "What has come over you? You're a bunch of nerves tonight. Come back—you can drive!"

This must have appeased her, for they passed over the foot-bridge together and were lost in the dark.

"Fattening and battening on other people's sufferings!" exploded Bob's father then.

"They're young, awfully young, Billy," Ann's father soothed him.

"Young! What has that to do with it? When we were young a man who had made some money was looked up to. He was held up as a commendable example. We young chaps wanted to be like him, to succeed, but nowadays——" Words failed him, he gestured his scorn of these degenerate days.

"I worked eighteen hours a day, with Sundays and holidays thrown in, to get my start," he went on irately. "I've built up something that's big and vital. It gives employment to thousands. I've played the game as straight as I could and—well, when somebody says, in effect, that I am a crook and a thief, my son agrees!"

"Bob talked pretty sensibly most of the time, I thought," protested Ann's father. "Sounded to me as if he were growing up."

"Sensibly! He's an ass. What's going to come out of all this sort of talk? What are we headed for?"

"Ask somebody else," suggested Ann's father. His lips quirked. "Ask Ann—she's a specialist. She'll tell you that the day will come when the elevator man will get more pay than a bank president, because his work is more wearing and soul-stultifying. She'll tell you that marriage will pass out of existence along with other forms of slavery——"

"You sound as if that amused you!" Bob's father accused him.

"It is sort of amusing when you think of it." Ann's father emptied the ashes from his pipe and then said abruptly, "The muskies are biting. Joe Stedman caught an eight-pounder last week."

"Eight-pounder!" echoed Bob's father. "Dave—can you get off tomorrow?"

Ann's father chuckled. "Thought that would get you," he commented. "I can get off all right. In fact, I've been waiting for you to show up."

The other, with an impulsiveness that would have surprised those who thought they knew him, put out his hand to clasp his old crony's.

"Good old Dave!" he said simply.

The search-lights of a car, emerging from the Dighton garage, swept a beam across them and then shot down toward the State highway.

"Guess Ann is driving, all right," commented her father.

Ann was. In the manner Bob had protested she would. The state road swept down upon them like a dark torrent; squares of lights cast by farmhouse windows shot by like sparks driven before a gale. Mile after mile Ann drove so. Then she began to slacken speed. The rush of air had been like some soothing drug; she was less taut. The speedometer dropped from sixty to forty. Bob made a little noise.

"What did you say?" demanded Ann, turning toward him.

"I didn't say anything," he answered meekly. "I was just catching my first full breath since we started."

Ann scorned that in silence. He, unabashed, studied her profile. Then: "Well—what is it?" he asked deliberately.

She turned back toward him, her eyes widened. "What is what?"

"The great problem that presses."

"What makes you think there is any?" she replied, but he knew that he had hit home and that she was evading him.

Of Bob, his father had given an estimate. He had spoken in anger, yet the truth was that Bob did talk like a fool, at times, to his father. He did so deliberately. It was his way of retaliation when his father sought to ride rough-shod over him. To the rest of the world he revealed no lack of brains. Even Ann, who so often and so vainly expressed her scorn of him, knew the quickness of his perception. Now she instinctively prepared herself for defense. He thrust home more quickly and acutely than she had anticipated.

"What new ideas that he wants to try out on you has Van Fleck picked up among the intelligentsia of Europe?" he demanded.

"What makes you think he has picked up any—or that he wants to try them out on me?"

"My child," he said, "I know Van Fleck! And I know his methods. I——"

"I prefer," she cut in with a shade too much dignity, "that you stop trying to drag Van's name into the conversation."

"I don't doubt you do," he retorted, "and I'll humor you to this extent. A certain preposterous bounder, whose ego has been exaggerated by feminine adulation—I mention no names, please observe—selected a prepossessing young acquaintance of mine as his editorial associate. I would like to believe that he was motivated merely by admiration for her mental capacity——"

"Are you trying to be more deliberately insulting than usual?"

"You are off form, Ann—you haven't scored a conversational ace tonight. Which is one reason why I knew there was something the matter with you."

Ann bit her lip. Van had said much the same thing to her only a few days before.

"You're a woman, Ann," he had reminded her, "and you are not living the complete life."

They, Van and Ann and all their set discussed things like "the complete life" freely. They agreed that a woman must live it, just as a man. Otherwise women suffered from suppressions and went stale. They agreed that marriage was insufferable. They agreed also that you couldn't dodge love or life. This theory Ann had long since subscribed to—as a theory. It was that which Van had stressed, that she wasn't being honest with herself.

"You've lost your fire, Ann," he had said impressively. "It shows in your stuff, in your attitude toward everything and everybody. The cold fact is that you are twenty-five, a mature woman and——"

"You make me feel like Methuselah," Ann had cut in, striving desperately to interject a bit of humor into the scene.

"You know your Freud, your Strindberg," he had pressed on relentlessly. "What are you going to do about it?"

What indeed! Ann had murmured that she supposed she had a Puritan complex. That, he had argued, was the more reason why she must break loose.

In the end he had charged her with inconsistency. Ann had had to admit that was true. They had come close to a break before she had pleaded that she was so tired she simply couldn't think straight. Again he had used that as an argument. Then abruptly the philosopher had become a man, with a vehemence that had startled Ann and left her more at sea than ever. To get respite from him rather than the heat, she had fled home. Van had, perforce, assented.

"Wire me the moment you come to a decision," he had pleaded as they said good-by. "You know how much I want you. I've proved that to you."

"You have!" she had whispered, and let him kiss her cold lips.

The complete life. And Van, who wanted her so much that——

"Besides," Bob's voice was going on, "how long has it been an insult to assure a woman that she has beauty as well as brains?"

"It is an insult to say that Van selected me as his associate for that reason," Ann went on.

"I would like to believe that Van is perfectly satisfied with your present relations. Is he?"

Ann flamed; for her the soft starred summer night had proved but a temporary anodyne.

"What business of yours is that?" she asked.

"None," he admitted, "but I'd hate to see you fall for Van's line, Ann. Marriage isn't in his book, you know. He doesn't believe in it."

"That," flashed Ann, "shows how much you know about Van. Because he has asked me to marry him!"

She regretted that instantly, although the effect on Bob was all she could have hoped for.

"What?" he gasped incredulously.

Ann merely bit her treacherous lip in silence.

"Well," confessed Bob, striving to recover his equilibrium, "I'll admit that knocks the wind out of my argument.Van married! The man has more said about marriage."

"To marry me?" demanded Ann.

"In a way—yes," he replied, "but what I had in mind was how he could ever hope to square himself with the bunch he travels with after all he has said about marriage."

"I shouldn't have told you," Ann injected desperately. "He—he would marry me secretly and we wouldn't say anything about it. That was what he proposed."

"What!" Bob stared at her incredulously. Then: "Good Lord, Ann, he's—he's even less of a man than I thought. To sneak off and get married as if it were a crime just so he could play both ends against the middle. To pretend to believe one thing and then——"

"He doesn't pretend anything," protested Ann passionately. "He is willing to sacrifice his own ideal because I am squeamish——"

"And so refuse to be his plaything until he tires of you? He has pulled the 'complete life, no marriage' stuff with a half a dozen silly girls, and you know it. When he became tired of them he simply cut loose."

(Concluded next week.)

State College Scene of Many Activities.

The Pennsylvania State College will play host to the directors of the agricultural experiment stations in the northeastern States, May 20, and 21, Dean R. L. Watts announces. Part of the first day will be devoted to business matters and the remainder of the period will be spent in studying the experimental work accomplished and in progress at the Pennsylvania station.

Pennsylvania farm organizations will send more than thirty delegates to a conference at the Pennsylvania State College, Wednesday, May 19. The group will visit the college primarily to study the research work of the experiment station. Miles Horst, Lebanon, secretary-treasurer of the Pennsylvania Potato Growers' Association, will head the group.

Students of the school of agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College are planning a big agricultural field day for Saturday, May 22. Every department and club in the school will display exhibits. On the previous night the students will have an old-fashioned barn dance in the college beef cattle barn.

——Subscribe for the "Watchman."

FARM NOTES.

—Purebred sires should be judged by their progeny rather than by their ancestors.

—Legume hay increases yields and cheapens cost of producing milk. Plan now for a clover, alfalfa, or soybeans field or to extend acreage already started. More milk per acre and more dollars in the pocket will follow.

—Continue grain feeding when the cows are turned out to pasture. Early pasture grass is very watery and grain supplements are necessary. Equal parts of corn, oats, and wheat bran make a good mixture for this type of feeding.

—June 16 to 19 are the dates chosen for the seventh annual Young Farmers' Week at the Pennsylvania State College. Boys and girls from all over the State are invited to attend this big event. It educates, recreates, and inspires.

—High explosives cannot do everything even if they do have a lot of energy stored up in small packages. Inexperienced persons often expect that they will in some mysterious way accomplish the impossible. Better know your explosives before using them.

—Do not turn the cows out to pasture too early. The first grass is watery and contains little feeding value. Pastures are injured by the tramping of the cattle when the ground is soft. Better wait until the grass is well started before opening the pasture gate.

—Weeds take a tremendous toll from the farmers of the State every year. The Pennsylvania State College has a series of weed leaflets which tell how to control the most troublesome weed pests. Write for them to the Agricultural Publications Office, State College, Pa.

—Mark a red ring around Friday, June 18. That is Farmers' Field Day at the Pennsylvania State College, a day for the whole family. To miss it is to be sorry. For those who come there will be hundreds of useful hints for farm and home, and having come all will enjoy life more because knowledge precedes improvement.

—Start the chicks off on liquid milk, say Pennsylvania State College poultry specialists. It is easier to teach a young thing to drink than to eat, and by starting the chicks off on a liquid diet, they will make a good "getaway." It is very undesirable, however, to overfeed on protein and when liquid milk is supplied, the mash should contain little high protein food.

—The disc harrow should be run over the asparagus bed before cutting season starts to loosen the soil and to help destroy the small weeds that will be starting at this time. Plantings that have not yet reached cutting age may be fertilized early in the season, but for the older plantings it is preferable to wait to apply the commercial fertilizer until the close of the cutting season.

—Sweet corn should not be planted in single rows as poor pollination is likely to cause malformed ears. Plant at least two rows of any variety, or better yet plant in blocks. Gardeners generally agree that no sweet corn variety has been found to equal Golden Bantam in flavor. You may have the finest of corn all season by planting a block every ten days from now until July 1.

—At this time of the year many little things which might have been done last fall show up. Bees not properly protected from winter's stormy blasts are dead. Rabbits and mice took advantage of the fruit trees left exposed to their attacks. Some of the farm machinery is badly rusted and hard to start because it stood in a big shed with the sky for a roof. Maybe the seed does not want to grow. Perhaps it will not happen another year.

—The udder and teats become contaminated when cows lie down. The movements of the udder during the milking process cause the particles of dirt to become loosened and fall into the milk. By keeping the udder and flanks well brushed, much of the loose hair and dirt are removed. In one trial the average number of bacteria in milk before the udder and flank were wiped with a damp cloth, was 7,058 bacteria per cubic centimeter. After being wiped the number was reduced to 716 or a decrease due to wiping of 6,342.

—The cow that has just calved should receive no feed for the first 24 hours—unless it be a bran mash. Many successful dairymen offer only a bucket of slightly warmed water during the first day. Feeding should be gradually increased over a week's time, and if the cow is a heavy producer, she should not be on a full ration for two or three weeks. Better underfeed than overfeed at this time. Light laxative feeds will also tend to prevent swollen udders and loss of appetite. Mixtures of wet beet pulp are valuable feeds for that purpose. Silage containing much grain should not be fed at calving time.

—One of the best methods of summer tillage of the land that has just produced a crop is to disk the field early in the fall. The object of disking is to destroy the weeds, reduce water losses by evaporation, and to leave the soil mellow in order that it may absorb fall and winter precipitation.

In the early spring the ground is disked again. The disking at this time should be sufficient to prevent undue weed growth. Under this practice the weeds will not have an opportunity to exhaust the soil moisture.

About the middle of June the plow should be started. Plowing should be completed my the middle of July and certainly not later than August.

Such a system keeps down the weeds with a minimum amount of labor. Plowing is done early enough to allow proper settling before seeding time. Thus the advantages of summer tillage are obtained at a very low cost.—James D. Marshall, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.