AMERICA.

"On April 29, 1917, for the first time in history the Stars and Stripes flew side by side with the Union Jack from the same mast on the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament"

She stood beside the stile, With a fascinating smile, And she heard her mother calling o'er the

sea: But the sun was in her eyes As she faced the Eastern skies, And she thought it might be best to bide

She was more than passing fair, With the sea breeze in her hair, And the truant tresses sparkling with the foam;

But she could not come away In that negligent array, And leave her things through-other in her home.

She heard men speak of fear, And the troubled, burning tear Sank down and hid its sorrow in the sod; But the distant mother knew That her heart was brave and true, And the daughter felt her mother under-

So with maidenly address, She caught each wayward trees, And her nimble fingers decked them in their place:

And upon her pearly feet, She drew her sandals neat. While the blush of pride came mounting to her face.

Then the robe she loved the best, She bound about her breast, And the spangled banner glistened in the

And she stood up tall and fair, To take a daughter's share In the struggle of her mother for the right.

Oh, how holy was that hour When she rose in all her power, And her answer pealed like music o'er the

main: When Britannia saw her come To the dear old island home,

And the hands that long were sundered met again. But what tongue can tell the bliss Of that silent, sacred kiss,

Or the magic of that wondrous welcome back: When across the waters wild, Came the mother's splendid child,

And the Stars and Stripes embraced the Union Jack. May the memory of that day, Not for ever pass away,

But may those banners blend in consort sweet: Till we hear the last great call Of the mother of us all,

And lay them down together at her feet. S. Pakenham-Walsh, M. A., -Vicar Read at the meeting of the Daughters

of the American Revolution held at the home of Miss Humes in this place.

THE THREE L'S.

(Concluded from last week.) "Suppose he had married them? And grown tired of them? Would you have him live with them just the same? Can't you see that that is the damnable thing about marriage? That it becomes ignoble, almost in-decent—when love has gone?" He tried to speak but she gave him no chance. "Yuo speak as if he wronged those other girls. What makes you think so? They knew his views. He

has always been perfectly sincere."
"Because that suited his little game. Why shouldn't he play it that way? Honestly, the best I can say for him, Ann, is that he must be mad about you. He wants you bad enough to marry you, which is a pretty good example of what marriage stands for. A man should be willing to stake something, instead of nothing, as Van Fleck has in the past."

"Next," she suggested, "you'll be ringing in that ancient phrase about the sanctity of marriage. What is marriage but a conventional effort to harness a natural force?"

"Well," he retorted, "what is the history of man's progress upward from the cave save the harnessing of natural forces?" She was tired. She could not an-

swer that offhand. So she ignored it. "Van Fleck wants you," Bob went "How much do you want him? As a woman, not as an experimenter, working out a fine spun theory, that

"Are you asking me if I am in love with him?" she asked scornfully.

"In effect, yes. I hesitated to use the word lest you fall upon me tooth

"Oh, love!" answered Ann. "Ask any psychologist what love is. He'll tell you fast enough and leave pre-

cious little romance to it!" "Just as any entomologist will tell me what the firefly is," he conceded,

"but the beauty and the romance of the firefly will still remain."

had suggested his simile. Then Ann shrugged her shoulders. "And it will remain, too, an ignis fatus, pursued by children and adults with child minds," she said. "But why concentrate all this third-degree

on me? What do you yourself know about love?" Ever so briefly he hesitated. Then, "Oh, I have occasionally felt an acceleration of the pulse accompanied

by certain hallucinations that I suppose one might call love," he admitted lightly. "I suspected as much," she com-"Love being a matter of introduction, plus a certain amount of propinquity, it was inevitable that you should." She hesitated an in-stant before she added, "And she is

whom are you referring?"
"Cynthia Lee—she's the girl in the case, isn't she? You've been rushing her quite a lot lately, I know. Of course if you're not announcing the

"We aren't—as yet," he assured her. "In fact, I haven't as yet asked her to marry me. You see, I've a hunch she'd turn me down."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," Ann reminded him. "Cynthia is more than fair. She's

a darned good sport and a regular girl. What makes you think I have a chance with her?" "I don't know anything about that, only that she certainly doesn't seem averse to your society. Every time a news photographer takes a snap-

shot of her you seem to be somewhere about." "I do remember, now that you men-

tion the fact, that we have been snapped together several times. Are you advising me to marry her?"

"Absolutely. She's just the type of girl you should marry. Young enough to be amenable to suggestion, ever so well-bred and always exquisitely groomed. She'll see to it that your home is absolutely correct in every detail, that you know precisely the people you should know and

your chidren go to the right that "My head is spinning!" he protest-"I've got a home and children

now—how many, may I ask?"

"Three or four—whatever is the eminently correct number. She'll be photographed with them, making a charming picture."

"Past present and future revealed," ne suggested. "Have you gone in for astrology, Ann, or have you just discovered you have a gift for forecast-

ing?"
"I shouldn't say it required much of a gift. It's as plain as the nose

on your face."
"Which is very plain, but rather shows character. I think!" "Character! You haven't the char-

acter of a jellyfish!" They are silent again while the June night rushed at them. Ann had

speeded up again.

"Well," remarked Bob, "I'll speak
to Cynthia about this, although I
confess it seems hard on her. A husband with no more character than a jellyfish——"
"It's all she deserves!" snapped

"Oh, I say," he protested, "I may be as dust under your feet, but Cynthia is—the sort of girl any man would be proud to marry. There— there is something I wish I could tell you about her. It would make you realize how wonderful she is and why I feel as I do about her. She really

"I'll take it all for granted," Ann cut in quickly. "I've heard lovers' rhapsodies before! They all have the same ring, somehow.'

He stared at her, puzzled. He never expected quarter from Ann, but he had always found her fair. Now she sounded anything but that. She sounded—well, what he usually characterized as "feminine." "We can't all be Van Flecks," he

reminded her, never dreaming that that was what Ann usually characterized as "masculine." "Naturally!" flashed Ann. "That is a gift."

"And it's such a pity," he remarked satirically. "Still—imagine saying to a girl like Cynthia; I have a purely transient emotion for you which the silly old world would call love, but which you and I realize is nothing but a brief flare-up of pure animalism. We both of us know that marriage is a silly convention and we despise it. Let us, therefore, hire a room in the Village and---

There he had the grace to check himself, suddenly and thoroughly ashamed.

"Go on!" said Ann, through her eeth. "Don't stop on my account, teeth. please!" "I shouldn't have said so much," he

apologized. "I'm sorry, Ann." "Oh, I'm not a sweet young thing like Cynthia!" she reminded him. "She represents something subtly precious—an ideal. I don't, naturally. That's so, isn't it?" Ever so briefly he hesitated. Then,

Yes." he assured her. "You think any man in his right senses would rather marry Cynthia than me?"

"I do!" he replied with sudden vehemence. Ann, for a moment, said nothing.

"Just because—just because she began and there her voice broke. The roadster veered sharply. "Ann!" he cried and reached for

the wheel. The next instant they hit a telegraph pole. Bob felt as if he were picked up by a giant hand and flung bodily for a great distance. He was terribly shaken, dazed and close to

nausea, yet he managed to get to his "Ann!" he shouted, a great horror upon him. "Ann!"

The quiet of the night remained unbroken. He stumbled forward toward the shattered car. He believed implicitly he would find Ann there, They both, for a second, watched the starlike course of the firefly that that, when he all but stumbled over Ann, Jung free of the car too, he stood for an instant blinking uncomprehendingly. Then swiftly, he drop-

ped to his aching knees.

"Ann!" he pleaded desperately.

"Ann——" She was not dead. As his hand reached instinctively rather than consciously for her heart she whimpered

and opened her eyes. "Something," she said very clearly, "got in —my—eyes—and——"
There her voice trailed off and it

seemed to him that her breathing

stopped. The old mill stream, flowing cease-lessly, slapped against the idle paddles of the wheel. Above it the two old cronies sat, feet to the rail, smoking their pipes in silence. very charming, of course—even the newspaper snap-shots. I have seen show her otherwise." Presently a clock struck twelve.

Ann's father stirred. "If we are going fishing tomorrow idea?"

He gave her a swift glance. "To I suppose we'd better go to bed," he remarked. "Can't sit up all night nowadays, the way we used to.

wonder where our young folks are."
"Talking their heads off about things they know nothing about," grunted the other. "And agreeing that some crazy idea they have will change the world overnight."

anything. They never have yet."
"They're fools!"

"No-just young," corrected Ann's father.

They were silent, while the lights of a car moving slowly along the state tically.

part."

"You really believe marriage will change them?" demanded Billy skeptically.

road drew their eyes.
"Sounds like Jed Sears' old truck,"

Then the search-lights flashed across them. "What's he coming here for?" demanded Bob's father. "Can't imagine—guess I'll go and

"We'd better get her father up," he heard Jed say.

Ann's father stepped swiftly out of the shadow. "What's happened?" he demanded sharply.

One of the men, a disheveled, distraught figure, turned toward him. With a fresh sense of shock Ann's father realized that it was Bob.

"Ann's hurt—badly, I'm afraid," babbled Bob. "We were driving and -the car hit a telegraph-pole. Wephoned for the doctor-They placed Ann, blood-smeared

and broken-looking, in what, through all his life, her father had referred to as the "tending-room." So his father and his grandfather had called it; the little bedroom off the front hall where the Minots, old and young, had been placed during injury or sickness.

tor, specialist in everything. water!" he commanded.

Ann's father, speeding to get it, collided with Bob in the hall outside. "Will-will she live?" pleaded Bob, his face a tortured mask.

Ann's father hardly saw, barely heard him. He did not answer and Bob shrank back against the wall. He was still there when Ann's father returned with the hot water; he had not moved when, an hour later, Ann's father again emerged from the tending-room, accompanied this time by all his heart in his voice. the doctor. "Was that Ann's voice?" Bob asked

breathlessly. Now that his own sense of strain had slackened, Ann's father realized what Bob had been through this last hour, and he felt swift compassion. "Yes," he said.

"You were all wrong about Cynthia," Bob was assuring her now. "She was secretly engaged to a friend

"She'll-she'll live?" broke in Bob. Ann's father nodded. "You look as Ann's rather had a doctor yourself, Bob. Sure you haven't any broken bones?"

"I don't know—don't care," Bob assured him violently. "As long as —as Ann is all right." His voice failed him and his face wroked convultions and his face wroked convultions. "But you said she was an ideal—dishat any man in his right senses."

"Good Lord!" gasped the older man incredulously. "Do—do you mean you feel that way about Ann?" Bob nodded. "Have you ever mentioned the fact to Ann?"

Bob shook his head. "I couldn't. She'd laugh at me. I never had a chance with her anyway." "Just what happened tonight?" demanded Ann's father.

"Why, we'd been talking. About Van Fleck. He wants to marry Ann." "And you quarreled-over that?" suggested Ann's father quickly. "No-not exactly. Ann ragged me

"No—not exactly. Ann ragged me about another girl and we got rather hot over that. I said something I shouldn't have. I said——"

"Go on! What did you say?"

"I said that any man in his right senses would rather marry Cynthia than—than Ann. She goaded me in—that it and then then then the same are senses.

"Another Great Driver for the Altoona Races. to it and then-then Ann got something in her eye and we smashed into

the pole." "And then Ann got something in her eye," repeated Ann's father re-flectively. He pondered that briefly. Then with a slow, wise smile, he placed his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Ann is pretty badly shaken up," he said, "but she isn't ready to die by a long shot. We left her looking in a mirror, more anxious about a cut over her eye than the possibility of internal injuries that Doc Emerson here was worrying about. She wanted to be sure that wouldn't leave a

scar." His smile broadened as he thrust Bob toward the door of the tending-

room "You go right in," he suggested, "and tell her what you told me.
About the way you feel about her."
"Me—tell Ann that—now?" babbled Bob bewilderedly.
"I have a notion," said Ann's father, "that that would be just what Doc

Emerson would order. Right, Doctor? In you go, Bob!"

And in Bob went. Ann's father turned to Doc Emerson. "I just remembered I left Billy down at the mill," he said. "He must be wondering what is happening. I'll go tell him." But Billy wasn't wondering about

anything. He was asleep in his chair, snoring lustily.
"Er—humph!" he murmured, Ann's father gripped his shoulder. "Guess I was most asleep. What's happened?"

Ann's father smiled. "I should say," he answered slowly, "that the most important thing is still happen-Our young folks are growing up,

"Growing up?" "They don't realize it-but they are They can't escape it now, Billy. It's the law of life. They're going to be married, I suspect—ever notice how these young radicals become conservatives as soon as they set up housekeeping?" "Married-Bob and Ann? I don't

understand—where did you get that

"They're getting it now," exclaim-

ed Ann's father. Then, in a more orderly fashion, he told his old crony all that Bob had

told him. "And when he said they'd quarrel-ed over another girl, and Ann got something in her eyes, I suspected right off that it was nothing but old-"They are probably talking their fashioned feminine tears, so that heads off," amended Ann's father, she couldn't see where she was head"but I doubt if they are agreeing on ed and didn't much care, Billy," he concluded. "And so, though I'm not the right build for Cupid, I played the

part.

"The trouble with you, Billy," an-"Sounds like Jed Sears' old truck," nounced Ann's father, "is that you remarked Ann's father. "He's up live too close to the city. I've lived here all my life, close to nature."

It was nearing two, but Ann's father reached once more for his pipe.
"You can learn a lot about human nature around a farm," he went on. "Take those hens of mine. A little while ago they were chicks, running He rose leisurely. He reached the wild and being roundly scolded by house just as the truck stopped in their elders. Now they're hens, front of it. He saw Jed step down scolding chicks. It's nature for the from it and two other shadowy figures | young to have to live and learn—you can't tell them anything, Billy.

"We'd better get her father up," he They've got to find out for themselves

-but they do find out.
"I'm not worrying about Ann. Or Bob They'll have their little problems and it will take up their energy to solve them. They'll come to realize that the world wasn't changed in a

minute, either."
"I hope so!" said Bob's father fer-

vently. "No doubt about it. We were put down here, Billy, to live, to learn and to love. That's what seems to be the general scheme-what I call nature's three L's. You can't beat natureshe's out to create always. And now that they've come to her third 'L' she'll whip our young people into line." He rose, stretched and added: "Time we were abed. But you'd bet-

The doctor came. A country docor, specialist in everything. "Hot
water!" he commanded.

And that was true. Thrust into the
"tending-room," Bob had stood stock"tending-room," Bob had stood stock"tending-room," Bob had stood stock"tending-room," Bob had stood stock"the was seeching, had sought Ann. It was she who had spoken first.

"You get out!" she had commanded, with all her spirit. "I-I won't have you see me this way." Instead Bob had moved blindly to-

ward her to drop on his knees beside

What happened immediately thereafter might have been considered as conclusive. But Ann, though bruised and bandaged, was taking nothing for

"She was secretly engaged to a friend of mine. He hadn't a nickel to his Ann's father nodded. "You look as if you needed a doctor yourself, Bob. Sure you haven't any broken bones?" dered and his fingers tightened over

and that any man in his right senses would rather marry her than me,"

Ann reminded him. "But that was because I was so ten that I didn't want to love you and yet I couldn't help myself. Can't you see why I felt I couldn't be in my

right senses?" Apparently Ann could. Anyway her eyes met his. They were both mute for a moment. And then, with a breathless precipi-tancy, that exquisite enchanment that

Another Great Driver for the Altoona

Harry Hartz whose name flashed before thousands of race followers as he finished in first place position at the recent inaugural of the Atlantic City bowl, is an entry in the coming June 12th event at Altoona.

Financial settlement of prize awards gave Hartz \$12,000.00 for his share, and credited his name with 600 championship points. He now stands second to Peter DePaolo, the 1925 national champion, in present rating, with a total of 1060 points earned thus far this season. DePaolo leads the entire roster of professional drivers with a total of 1180 points in spite

of his recent defeat by Hartz.

Hartz, who thrilled the eastern shore spectators, hung up new worlds open records for 100 and 300 mile distances, while his last minute speed duels with DePaolo and McDonogh proved to be the outstanding feature

of the race. For the coming June 12th, 250-mile national classic at Altoona, Hartz will pilot his newly purchased racing chariot, the latest creation from the Miller racing motor factory, of Hollywood, California. He will celebrate his thirtieth birthday while at Al-

Silver Fox Skins Higher.

Chinchilla Russian sable, and silver fox, were sold at the resumption of the eleventh annual spring fur auction in New York on Monday. The Silver fox collection, one of the largest ever offered at a local sale, attracted most attention. Half and three-quarter silver pelts sold best, with the lower grade skins bringing good prices generally. Silver skins were unchanged in comparison with the winter sale, but all other grades advanced 10 per cent. The finest skins brought these one-quarter silver, \$230; slightly silver, \$95; prices Silver, \$325, one-half silver, \$260; and black \$77.50.

Russian sable prices showed no change from the winter averages. Best Kamchatka sable brought \$77. Top for chinchilla, which was not of good quality, was \$15.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought. "Blues' are the soggy calms that come o make our spirits mope.

And steal the breeze of promise from the shining sails of hope.

Nixon Waterman The vernal urge for housecleaning has resulted in something of a domestic cataclysm ever since the first Mrs. Caveman swept her family brusquely aside and shooed the dog, whimpering, out on the mountainside while she polished the stalagmites and dusted down the stalactites. Her husband and children knew that this period of strenuous activity would soon be over and that they could again live comfortably for another eleven months, but while the cleaning sea-

son was on the family kept itself

abroad and walked about with down-Since the advent of vacuum cleaners this annual household eruption has for the greater part given way to according to reports from New Jer-quieter methods of cleaning. No longer is spring announced by a general disgorgement of all the house county agent reported that part of themselves into a pulpy mass. The house may now be more thoroughly and more easily cleaned than ever be-fore, and the housekeeper who utilizes the vacuum cleaner and its attachments makes short work of freshening her rugs, wall hangings, window draperies, wood-work, books, bedding and cushions, not once a year but at frequent intervals.

Among the many cleaners recently tested and approved in the Institute must be included an improved model of a previously tested cleaner. This new model is compact and smaller and weighs only eleven and a half pounds, but it is so constructed that there is no sacrifice of power with the cutting down of size. It is a suction cleaner but has a stationary brush that may be attached to the nozzle for certain kinds of work. The six attachments -in addition to the nozzle brushare simple in design, easily operated and efficient in their accomplishment of work. This is neither the lowest nor highest priced vacuum machine among our tested makes, but it falls

into the great class of in betweens. Another house cleaning device is a waxer-polisher which has been on the market for some time, but which we have just added to our list of tested products. A waxing machine that does the work of caring for the floors with almost human precision and care has been given a thorough trial in the

Institute the last few weeks. This device, which is non-electrical, consists of two simple iron castings, two rubber-tired wheels, two combination waxing pads and polishing brushes and a handle. The waxing pads are oscillated back and forth by cranks on the wheel shaft as the de-Ann's-"in an automobile accident a piece of gauze held in place by spring clips. When the machine is pads are pushed back and forth, leaving an even trail of wax on the floor surface. A short time is allowed for the wax to dry and then the machine is turned upside down and the brushes finish the task of polishing the floor. crazy about you," he explained with It is of light weight, easily handled, rare logic. "You treated me so rothold, where an electrical floor ma-chine is impossible because of cost.

This waxing machine is rated highly for the excellence of its design and operation; there is practically nothing about it to wear out, break or get out

of adjustment. A larger, heavier, electrically driven floor machine which will find a greater use in clubs and larger establishments than in small households bedded in the concrete. Feed and litter alleys are usually placed after the curb, then the stall platform and has just been tested in our laboratory and at home. It is probably a nonessential in the household equipment of the apartment house family, but in institutions where the floor clean-ing work entails the hiring of con-siderable labor, or where a man or woman must care for several hardwood floors, as in a large country house and suburban houses, this ma-

chine will soon pay for its cost, as it

'enables one man to do ten times as

much work as can be done by hand." The Institute did not prove the ve- easy and to provide a comfortable racity of the above quoted statement about the ten men, for reporters are loath to stoop to floor polishing, but ished with a wood float to secure an we did give the machine a thorough test. According to our engineer it is soundly constructed, of simple mechanism and should last indefinitely. A one-fourth horsepower motor on top of the machine housing rotates the cleaning brush or polisher, the weight of the machine resting on the rotating brush. The direction of the machine is controlled by tilting the han-dle slightly, up or down. Rubber-tired wheels which swing up out of milk output, whereas other cows eatthe way when the machine is in use are located at the back of the machine and are lowered into place when the machine is to be moved from one room to another.

There are eight different brushes and pads which may be attached, one of feed and gave their owners 14,817 at a time. Each one is especially adapted to do a certain kind of scrubbing, waxing, polishing or buffing of gave four and one-half times as much floor surfaces. Linoleum covered floors, tiles, ceramic floors or hardwood floors may be completely taken sit found that it cost the owners of care of with this machine and with the poor cows \$2.40 in feed for each but very little human exertion.

little and give unlimited service are good cows. When labor, housing and well-made mops and dusters of the dustless type. A group made by a found that the cost of producing 100 certain well-known oil and wax com- pounds of milk with the poor cows pany has been newly tested in our laboratories. They are made of good grade yarn and are treated with a mals were eating up the profits made preparation to absorb the dust rath- on the high-producers. er than scatter it about. These may be washed without damage to the fabric. A long handled duster for and barn space on worthless cows, or not too frequent use during all the of getting nothing for something. seasons does much to abolish the more drastic aspects of spring cleaning. This group of such dusters and mops went through our spring cleaning tests with the waxers and floor ma-

FARM NOTES.

-A revision of the Japanese beetlequarantine regulations by the Secretary of Agriculture includes minor changes which became effective May

The only change which involves additional restrictions is a provision giving the Federal Department of Agriculture authority to require in the transporting of farm products, nursery and ornamental stock, sand, soil, earth, peat, compost, and man-ure, out of or through the regulated area, protection from possible beetle infestation. The protection must be in a manner approved by a United States inspector. To the definition of nursery and ornamental stock is added the phrase "or portions of plants for ornamental use." Other changes are mostly verbal.

-Vetch as a cover crop and soil enricher for sweet corn increased the yield \$200 per acre, or about double it. furnishings into the back yard for a beating and sweeping that reduces all the family as well as the furnishings sweet corn as a field where it had not been used. The difference between the yields where the vetch had been grown and plowed under and the field which had not been planted to this

cover crop was striking. "Since sweet corn will make a gross return from \$200 to \$400 per acre," says the county agent's report, "it is conservative to say that by doubling their yield these growers increased their income by \$200 per acre."

-Cutting down the high and costly death rate among infant live stock is one of the farm problems of which the farmer must apply the solution himself. The causes of early deaths in live stock fall into three general classes:

1. Conditions little influenced by treatment: Malformation, extreme feebleness or extreme prematurity,

certain accidents during birth.

2. Conditions capable of considerable reduction, chiefly through properhygiene sanitary isolation, and medical treatment: Tuberculosis, acute respiratory diseases, certain acute contagious diseases, some forms of

animal parasitism.
3. Conditions capable of a very great reduction through proper feeding, care, and sanitation: Acute gastrointestinal diseases, goiter troubles, prematurity (if not extreme,) many forms of animal parasitism.

-Sanitary floors are a first requirement to a cleanly dairy. Non-absorb-ent material and without crevices where dirt and filth can lodge is recommended. It should be easily

washed and disinfected. In building a dairy barn floor, all lowing, of course, for the thickness of vice is pushed forward. A thick lay-er of floor wax is spread over the oughly compacted. If it is possible waxing pads and then covered with for water to get under the floor at any for water to get under the floor at any time, this possibility should be reduced by using a fill of clean gravel, moved across the floor the waxing cincers or crushed stone and providing suitable drainage. The gravel or cinder sub-base, if used, must be thoroughly compacted and consolidat-

ed by tamping or rolling.

Forms for defining floor slabs, alleyways or other areas to be concreted should be of smooth lumber, rigidly braced in line and carefully set to proper grade. The manger curb is usually placed first. It should be not less than four inches thick and is usually made about six inches high on the stall side. Uprights supporting stanchions are of several types. Some are attached to anchors which are set in the curb and others are em-

manger are placed. The length of stall platform, that is, the distance from manger curb to gutter, will depend upon the breed of cattle kept. For Jerseys or Guernseys the average length is about four feet eight inches; for Holsteins about five feet is necessary. The platform should be pitched about one inch from the curb toward the gutter. The surface of the manger should

be finished smooth, with corners care-

fully rounded to make cleaning out

surface for the animals to eat from. even but gritty surface, thus providing secure footing for the animals. In dairying it is entirely possible to get nothing for something. This is the conclusion of the New Jersey State dairy specialist after reviewing records of dairy herds in the Mercer County Cow-Testing association. It was found that though some cows had

ing but little more would give four and one-half times as much milk. Three cows ate \$79 worth of feed apiece in one year and returned their owners 3,292 pounds of milk each. Two other cows each ate \$168 worth pounds of milk each. Thus, for 2.1 times as much feed the good cows

milk. By calculating further, the specialist found that it cost the owners of 100 pounds of milk, against \$1.13 for Cleaning appliances that cost but an equal amount of milk from the haulage expenses were added, it was

> This is a clear case, concludes the state specialist, of wasting feed, labor

-Harold Lloyd, in his latest picture, "For Heaven's Sake," at Moose theatre this Friday and Sat-21-1t