

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 in London.

She stood beside the stilet, 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 a-while.

She was more than passing fair, With the sea breeze in her hair, And the 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 understood.

So with maidenly address, She caught each wayward tree, 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 light;

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 constant sweet;

Till we hear the last great call Of the mother of us all, And lay them down together at her feet. —W. S. Pakenham—Walsh, M. A.,—Vicar of Sulgrave.

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 indecent—when love has gone?"

He tried to speak but she gave him no chance. "You speak as if he wronged those other girls. What makes you think so? They knew his views. He has always been perfectly sincere."

He gave her a swift glance. "To 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 engagement as yet—"

"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 snapshot of her you seem to be somewhere about."

"I do remember, now that you mention 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 that your children go to the right schools."

"My head is spinning!" he protested. "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," he suggested. "Have you gone in for astrology, Ann, or have you just discovered you have a gift for forecasting?"

"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 character 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 Ann. "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 is—"

"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 teeth. "Don't stop on my account, please!"

"I shouldn't have said so much," he apologized. "I'm sorry, Ann."

"I suppose we'd better go to bed," he remarked. "Can't sit up all night nowadays, the way we used to. I 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."

"They are probably talking their heads off," amended Ann's father, "but I doubt if they are agreeing on 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 road drew their eyes.

"Sounds like Jed Sears' old truck," remarked Ann's father. "He's up late."

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 see."

He rose leisurely. He reached the house just as the truck stopped in front of it. He saw Jed step down from it and two other shadowy figures emerge from the driver's seat.

"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. We—I phoned for the doctor—"

They placed Ann, blood-smear 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.

The doctor came. A country doctor, specialist in everything. "Hot 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 the doctor.

"Was that Ann's voice?" Bob asked breathlessly.

"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 nature—she'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 better come with me and tow Bob home. I suspect he doesn't know whether he's going or coming."

And that was true. Thrust into the "tending-room," Bob had stood stock-still while his eyes, bewildered and beseeching, 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 toward her to drop on his knees beside her bed.

"Oh, Ann—Ann!" he had cried with all his heart in his voice.

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

"You were all wrong about Cynthia," Bob was assuring her now. "She was secretly engaged to a friend of mine. He hadn't a nickel to his name and so she had promised to wait for him. He was killed—"

Bob shuddered and his fingers tightened over Ann's—"in an automobile accident. She likes to be with me because we both knew him so well and I sort of keep other men off."

"But you said she was an ideal—and that any man in his right senses would rather marry her than me," Ann reminded him.

"But that was because I was so crazy about you," he explained with rare logic. "You treated me so rotten that I didn't want to love you and yet I couldn't help myself. Can't you see why I feel 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 precipitancy, that exquisite enchantment that so magically panoplies nature's third L engulfed them.—From the Cosmopolitan.

Another Great Driver for the Altoona Races.

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 world open records for 100 and 300 mile distances, while his last minute speed duels with DePaolo and McDonough 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 Altoona.

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.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought. "Blues" are the soggy calms that come to 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 season was on the family kept itself abroad and walked about with downcast eyes.

Since the advent of vacuum cleaners this annual household eruption has for the greater part given way to quieter methods of cleaning. No longer is spring announced by a general disgorgement of all the house furnishings into the back yard for a beating and sweeping that reduces all the family as well as the furnishings themselves into a pulpy mass.

The house may now be more thoroughly and more easily cleaned than ever before, 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 was 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 used for the nozzle for certain kinds of work. The six attachments—in addition to the nozzle brush—are 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 device is pushed forward.

A thick layer of floor wax is spread over the waxing pads and then covered with a piece of gauze held in place by spring clips. When the machine is moved across the floor the waxing 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. It is of light weight, easily handled, particularly suited to the small household, where an electrical floor machine 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 has just been tested in our laboratory and at home. It is probably a non-essential in the household equipment of the apartment house family, but in institutions where the floor cleaning work entails the hiring of considerable labor, or where a man or woman must care for several hardwood floors, as in a large country house and suburban houses, this machine 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 veracity of the above quoted statement about the ten men, for reporters are loath to stoop to floor polishing, but 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 handle slightly, up or down.

Rubber-tired wheels which swing up out of the 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 at a time. Each one is especially adapted to do a certain kind of scrubbing, waxing, polishing or buffing of floor surfaces. Linoleum covered floors, tiles, ceramic floors or hardwood floors may be completely taken care of with this machine and with but very little human exertion.

Cleaning appliances that cost but little and give unlimited service are well-made mops and dusters of the dustless type. A group made by a certain well-known oil and wax company has been newly tested in our laboratories. They are made of good grade yarn and are treated with a preparation to absorb the dust rather than scatter it about. These may be washed without damage to the fabric. A long handled duster for not too frequent use during all the seasons does much to polish the more drastic aspects of spring cleaning.

This group of such dusters and mops went through our spring cleaning tests with the waxes and floor machines.

FARM NOTES.

—A revision of the Japanese beetle quarantine regulations by the Secretary of Agriculture includes minor changes which became effective May 15.

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 manure, 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, according to reports from New Jersey growers. The experiment was conducted on a 90-acre farm. The county agent reported that part of one field where vetch had been plowed under produced twice as much 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 in 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 proper hygiene 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-absorbent 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 rubbish and refuse within the enclosure should be removed and the floor area graded to the required level, allowing, of course, for the thickness of the floor. The soil should be thoroughly compacted. If it is possible for water to get under the floor at any time, this possibility should be reduced by using a fill of clean gravel, cinders or crushed stone and providing suitable drainage. The gravel or cinder sub-base, if used, must be thoroughly compacted and consolidated 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 embedded in the concrete. Feed and litter alleys are usually placed after the curb, then the stall platform and 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 carefully rounded to make cleaning out easy and to provide a comfortable surface for the animals to eat from. Litter and feed alleys should be finished with a wood float to secure an 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 unsatisfactory appetites and good appearance they were negligently milked and so provided a comfortable surface for the animals to eat from. Litter and feed alleys should be finished with a wood float to secure an even but gritty surface, thus providing secure footing for the animals.

Three cows each at \$79 worth of feed apiece in one year and returned their owners 3,292 pounds of milk each. Two other cows each at \$168 worth of feed and gave their owners 14,817 pounds of milk each. Thus, for 2.1 times as much feed the good cows gave four and one-half times as much milk.

By calculating further, the specialist found that it cost the owners of the poor cows \$2.40 in feed for each 100 pounds of milk, against \$1.13 for an equal amount of milk from the good cows. When labor, housing and haulage expenses were added, it was found that the cost of producing 100 pounds of milk with the poor cows was greater than prevailing sale prices. Hence, these low-yielding animals were eating up the profits made on the high-producers.

This is a clear case, concludes the state specialist, of wasting feed, labor and barn space on worthless cows, or of getting nothing for something.

—Harold Lloyd, in his latest picture, "For Heaven's Sake," at Moose theatre this Friday and Saturday. 21-14