IT WILL ALL COME OUT RIGHT.

Whatever is a cruel wrong. Whatever is unjust,

The honest years that speed along Will trample in the dust; In restless youth I railed at fate

With all my puny might, But now I know if I but wait, It all will come out right.

Though Vice may don the Judges gown And play the censor's part, And Fact be cowed by Falsehood's frown

And nature ruled by art; Though labor toils through blinding tears And idle Wealth is might, I know the honest, earnest years

Will bring it out all right. Though poor and loveless creeds may pass

For pure religion's gold; Though ignorance may rule the mass While truth meets glances cold-

I know a law complete, sublime, Controls us with its might. And in God's own appointed time It all will come out right.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox

REALITY.

Just as quietly and mysteriously as Helen Tennant had disappeared from the great Flemish oak settle two years ago, she reappeared now on that same

Except indeed that the cushions behind her back were rose-colored now instead of blue, and that the filmy white frock of two years ago was faintly antedated and rusty-looking, the scene itself was set exactly as before—a lovely pastel-tinted room with French windows opening widely toward the garden and the sea; great bowls of ping phlox on the mantelpiece; two men and two women playing bridge at a marvelous teakwood table inlaid with mother-of-pearl and that vague, filmy, fifth figure in one corner of the settle.

No one had specially noted two years ago either the manner or the measure of her going, so quiet it had been, so perfectly casual, so seemingly unportentious: just four people glancing idly up to note that where there had been some one, there sud-

denly was no one. But now-four people glancing idly prised. up to note that where there had been no one, there suddenly was some one. Ah! That was quite a different matter. A gasp! A scream! Four people jumping wildly to their feet, and Torrey Bradence, of all people, Torrey Bradence, the cool, the calm, the perfectly conditioned, toppling over ignominiously in a crumpled heap on

the floor! Yet considering the fact that Tor-Bradence had been engaged to Helen Tennant when she disappeared, tle." and was now engaged instead to the pale and pastel-tinted girl and parttable, what else in the world was there for Torrey Bradence to do except to acknowledge with thanks the single

merciful moment of oblivion which Fate was kind enough to accord him? "Merciful heavens," said the apparition, perfectly casually, "haven't you people finished that game yet?" Pretty Lois Wharton, bending frenziedly over her lover's prostrate form, lifted a stricken face to the question.

fas a lad who liked his collar loosened-if your fingers weren't too cold!" Smiling a little as she said it, the girl came out of the shadow of the settle and stood before them, reassur-

ingly corporeal, indisputably alive. Wainright, with his hand already on telephone instrument-Alice Wainright with her hand clutching at her husband's shoulder-stayed their purpose instinctively at the look in

Helen Tennant's eyes. "What in the world were you planning to do?" she demanded.

Telephone your step-father," stam-

Her nostrils, faintly dilating, picked up some sudden scent, apparently, that pleased her utterly. "Do I smell coffee?" she questioned, and started for the dining-room.

Gibbering like an imbecile, Lois Wharton jumped up and ran to pour Still gasping with astonishment

and shock, Wainright and his wife went stumbling after them. Perching herself nonchalantly on

took the proffered cup and bent her lips with palpable satisfaction. 'Oh," she said, "cocoa may be a

subterfuge, but coffee is certainly one of the realities!" "'Realities?'" gasped a voice from the hall. Vaguely framed in the door-

way, clutching desperately at door-jamb, loomed Bradence's towering fig-

Yearningly, Lois Wharton reached a succoring hand to him, and drew it sharply back again with a purely nervous titter of self-consciousness. "Don't mind me," said Helen Ten-

nant, and drained her steaming cup. "Where—where in the world have you been, Helen?" demanded Bradence.

"Away," glowed Helen. Thus vividly might she have boasted, France, Spain-some far, strange country of the Orient. "Away!"

"But your d-dress?" stammered Alice Wainright. Almost furtively as she stammered, she took a crushed, filmy fold of the fabric in her hands and twittered it through her

fingers. Yes, isn't it a fright?" deprecated Helen Tennant. "And I thought, you know, I looked rather nice, till I saw you and Lois.

"Oh, no, no, not that!" babbled Alice Wainright. "But—but it's dry!"
"Did you think it would be wet?" frowned Helen. She looked just a little bit surprised.

"F-forty f-fathoms deep, forty—f-fathoms deep, forty—f-fathoms—"
Impulsively Wainright clapped his hand across his wife's mouth.

"You see-we thought you had been drowned, Helen," he explained labor-

"Your family were distracted," gasped Bradence. "Your friends—"
"Perfectly sure it wasn't that they hoped I'd been drowned?" giggled Helen Tennant quite frankly. "Helen!" protested Bradence.
"Helen!" protested Lois.

Wide-eyed and serene, Helen Tennant bent forward suddenly to scan the two dismayed faces before her. Their problem of course was appalling, and its solving, it would seem, being mental as well as physical, lay rather between woman and woman, than between man and woman. Almost tenderly, she reached her hand toward the woman.

'Don't worry so, Lois!" she implored her. "I am nothing to Torrey any more, nor he to me, ever, ever any

more!" "Helen!" gasped Lois.
"Helen!" gasped Bradence.

"Another cup of coffee, please," demanded Helen with frank greediness. Eagerly they plied her with anoth-

"It's you who need it most, Harry, she murmured gravely over Wain-right's shaking hand.

'But-but, Helen?" protested Alice. The girl on the arm of the chair stopped swinging her heels suddenly, and looked at her companions. rather curious interlaying of established health and transient delicacy lay over her face, pallor masking sunburn, as it were—all the lovely, rud-dy-brown tints of summer and sea glowing like an unquenchable fire under the pallor.
"Silly duds!" she said. "You think

I'm crazy, don't you? But you also thought I was drowned, please remember; and it turned out quite defi-nitely that I wasn't!"

"Helen! Where have you been?"
persisted Wainright stubbornly. Im-

pulsively, as he asked, he reached into his breast pocket for a miniature line-a-day book and began to rumple through the pages. "Yes! By Jove!" he cried out triumphantly, "it is just exactly two years ago tonight that you went away! This is the second anniversary!"

Once again the girl on the arm of the chair looked just a little bit sur-

"Why, of course, it's just two years ago tonight that I went away!" she "The second anniversary; I would have come back for the first flicker of amusement, "except that-You see, I happened to be extraordinarily busy with something else!" Like the mirth of a child her laugh rang out suddenly.

"You were sitting there," pointed Wainright, "in the corner of the set-

"No," corrected Helen Tennant, perfectly gravely, "it was in the oth-"I-I wore a dark blue dress," bab-

bled Alice Wainright. Very dark blue," acquiesced Hel-

"I had just knocked over a vase of roses," stammered Bradence. "A bowl of roses," corrected Helen.
"It was my deal," faltered Lois.
"Your deal," conceded Helen.

It was then, for the first time, that all the shock and ghostliness of the "Loosen his collar," suggested the amazing incident seemed to drop apparition casually. "Torrey always away from everybody like a clammy cloak, leaving only the facile, warmblooded undergarment of old friendship, or at least of old association, waiting to wrap itself in all tenderness and mercifulness around such stark or naked facts as had best be kept from the world. At any cost, at any price, they had all decided, as if by a single intutition, this eerie girl before them must not be startled, affrighted, driven back upon herself, until the truth itself were told, and, being told, was ready to be acted

"But Helen dear, how did you go?" mered Wainright. He was her cousin implored Alice Wainright. Her arms and spoke with authority.

"Cut it!" said Helen Tennant. "I'll do my own 'risin from the dead,' thank floor? Out the window?" "Through the French window,"

smiled Helen Tennant. However naked the truth might prove, it at least stalked unashamed apparently. "Toward the garden, or toward the sea?" insisted Wainright.

"Through the French windows, to-ward the sea," said Helen Tennant. "Yes, but, Helen—" protested Bra-dence. A little frown showed suddenly on his forehead. "Yes, but, Helen, sat directly facing the French winthe arm of a chair, Helen Tennant dows that open toward the sea. You couldn't possibly have slipped that way without my seeing you.

Absolutely without guile, yet with a frivolity and tea little more than a certain half-humorous sort of shrewdness, the girl turned and looked at

"You seem to forget, Torrey," she said, "that on that night, as tonight, it was Lois Wharton who was sitting opposite you, and already, even then, her little head was beginning to block out various larger things from your horizon."

"Yes, but, Helen, why did you go?" interrupted Alice Wainright, just a bit hectically.

"Tired?" gasped
"Tired? You?" "But you said you liked your work so much," fluttered Lois Wharton.

"Just those few hours every morning at the library?" puzzled Alice Wainright; "and you certainly didn't need to do even that unless you really wanted to. Surely, your step-father with his great income and his posi-

tion_____

Very slowly, very softly, Helen Tennant's hand went creeping up to her forehead, brushed a bright strand of hair away from her eyes. "It—it was play that I was tired of," she said.

"Play?" stammered Bradence.

"And your hair?" babbled Alice. thred of dancing, tired of flirting and most morning! forever being expected to prance, when the only thing in the world I wanted to do was just to plod, plod, plod, and then rest."
"'Plod?'" shuddered Lois.

"Yes, but, Helen dear," protested Alice, "everybody plays—everybody in our world, that is!" Alice, was tired of." "Not-not tired of Torrey?" gasped

"Not tired of Lois?" protested Tor-

rey. "Yes." "Not-Alice?" "Not Harry?"
"Yes! Yes!"

arm of the chair burst out laughing,

"Torrey," she asked quite abruptly, "just how old was I when you and I were first engaged?"

"Twenty-four," said Bradence, with faint flicker of uneasiness. "And we were engaged how long?" questioned the girl. "Three years?" "Three years, six months and five

"It sounds like a tombstone!" stammered Lois Wharton.

days," said Bradence.

even your step-father-'

play-debts always that were trying to and night doing things that really bury love alive! Debts for polo ponies seemed important. Raking beaches I and speed boats, debts for golf clubs mean, and pounding sands. Nursing and tennis trophies, debts for poker tired sea gulls on its teeming breast; losings and bridge whist prizes! Un- breeding great fishes for the food less Torrey should be unfortunate enough to lose either his legs or his arms, or come to a wheel chair by rainbow from the same blue caldron; some milder way, it didn't look, sometimes, as if we ever—ever—"
"Helen!" protested Bradence. "Why,

"It was my step-father that I was going to speak of next," chuckled Helen Tennant. A little bit mischievously almost, she cocked her head on one side and looked at her erstwhile lover. "Tell me frankly, Torrey," she said. "If anybody had ever really asked you just who my step-father was, you would have said, of course, about the middle of the second sum-

birthday, too!" attested Bradence without an instant's hesitation.

the war?" Bradence.

"Oh well, of course," interposed Wainright chuckingly, "your two step-brothers are polo!"

"And Alica have a state of the state of the

"And Alice here with her tennis championship," persisted the girl, "and Lois with her bridge, and you, Harry, you, Harry—?" With the "N-o," admitted Helen.

They both flushed a little. faintest possible gesture of bewildertioned, "just what is it that you do when you're not trap-shooting? Bonds, is it? Or automobiles? I forget-you never said much about it." "Spices," said Wainright, just a bit

flashed suddenly across both sigh and perplexity. "After all," she argued, 'it isn't, you know, as if I were quite an absolute sport-dud myself. I playwith a palpable flash of pride: "only thing like that," she admitted in all

honesty. A quite unexplainable shiver struck poignant shadow of reminiscence there seemed to be a little more work darkened unmistakably in her eyes. lying round loose to do. Not real "Three years, six months and five work, of course, with so many servants days." After all, "three years, six in the house, but more driftwood to months and five days" were "three drag and clams to dig and lichens to tained window, back to the warm, yel- were dragging and digging and clawlow candle light again, waved toward the lovely, pastel-tinted drawing-room beyond.

"Why, when Torrey and I made our first visit here," she cried, "that first summer of our engagement, I thought I should go mad with joy just at the prospect. I had never been engaged before, and I had never seen the sea before!" With a funny little gesture of mock ferocity, she turned suddenly and shook her fist at Alice Wainright. "You little liar!" she said; "you swore would be primitive. A sort of Beach of Eden, if not a garden; you swore we'd have to do all our own work; drag firewood from the beach, and claw the crabby rocks and clammy sands and gritty lichens with aching fingers for every succulent morsel of food that we might hope to attain. But when we got here, it turned out more servaants than there were a case of tetany, a chronic disease reand drinks arriving from the city on every train!

"And just as soon as everybody had papier-mache amusement park rode flying-horses and roller- apes to humans. coasters and all sorts of jumping jimcracks, through the most horrible crowds and smells! And just as soon as they got home again, and had ocean, and eaten a great, fat, lazy whole gamut. Tired of house parties, house again, and played bridge till al- York World.

And when they fooling, tired, I mean, of always and weren't playing bridge or riding roller-coasters, they were tearing 'round the country in high-speed cars, trying to find some new ball game or summer

"O-h!" smiled Alice Wainright;
"so that's when you first began sitting in the corner of the old Flemish oak settle evenings, was it?"

"Yes, that's just what I say," smiled Helen Tennant. "The root of the whole matter. It was everybody that you remember, I really tried very hard to play bridge with you a little; but, of course, I never played very

"No, certainly," conceded Wainright, with the most reassuring blunt-ness, "you never played bridge very well."

"So you rummaged around a bit," persisted Helen Tennant, without the slightest hint of either giving or tak-Before the absolute consternation ing offense, "and found Lois to make of the faces before her, the girl on the up your game. Good old Lois," she attested heartily, with the most amazand hushed herself to gravity again with an expression of shock almost as great as their own.

ing smile, cast suddenly direct into the astonished Lois's blinking eyes. "Lois surely was a godsend to us all!" she said.

"Oh, if I only thought you really felt so," stammered Lois.

"But I do," insisted Helen Tennant. Deprecatingly, with a significant little smile, Alice Wainright reached out suddenly and touched her on the hand.

"Poor Helen!" she said. "But I wasn't 'poor' at all," insisted Helen Tennant. She even chuckled a "It pretty near was!" admitted Hellittle as she said it. "I liked the sea, en Tennant. "There were so many you know; it was so awfully busy day marts of the world; putting poor lost sailors to rest; churning storm and sweeping great treasure-laden ships from one bustling, tarry-scented port to another. I liked sitting on the great old high-backed settle through the long summer evenings, staring out into that busy sea!"

A faint flush reddened suddenly under the lovely brown tint of her skin. "That is, I liked it very much the first summer," she confessed quite that he—"

"Held absolutely the golf champion—ship of the State, and on his sixtieth just a little bit of loneliness laying 'round loose somewhere." With a vaguely deprecatory sort of regret at "It would never have occurred to having to say anything that might you, that is—" murmured Helen Tenhurt anybody's feelings, her eyes would have come back for the first one," she added suddenly, with a faint first, or his economic service during rey Broden's face. "Maybe," she added suddenly with a faint first, or his economic service during rey Broden's face. "Maybe," she added suddenly with a faint first, or his economic service during rey Broden's face. "Maybe," she added suddenly with a faint first, or his economic service during rey Broden's face. mitted, "maybe, really, if I hadn't "Oh well, of course-" admitted been engaged it wouldn't have been radence. quite as lonely. But to be engaged "And my two step-brothers—" per- and lonely both—well, that was puz-

faintest possible gesture of bewilder-ment, she brushed one hand across her eyes. "Let me see—Harry," she ques-stantly, "but at first it was Torrey that I thought was the lonely one. Oh, how perfectly dreadful, I used to think, for a great, strapping, splendid, sport-loving fellow like Torrey to be engaged to a girl who doesn't care to play games. Then, all of a sudden, it "O-h!" said Helen Tennant. She came over me one day, wasn't it just sighed a little-looked a tiny bit per- a little sad for a girl who didn't care plexed. A rather wistful little smile to play games to be engaged to a great, strapping, splendid, sport-loving fellow like Torrey?"

"Oh, I say," protested Bradence.
"And yet," persisted Helen Tened la crosse with my brothers when nant, "in several ways that second almost no other girl was playing it, summer didn't prove half as dull as and I ran the hundred yards in twelve the first one. I'd begun to find my and two-fifths my last year in college. own way around a bit. Harry here I could run it now," she quickened, was good enough to let me catalogue was good enough to let me catalogue his old college books and papers-and it would have to be to a fire, or some- all of you in a way had gotten sort of reconciled, as it were, to going off without me to ride your roller-coasters and scream your jolly heads off at suddenly across her shoulders. The ball games. And, somehow or other, there seemed to be a little more work years, six months and five days!" As paw over. No one seemed specially plainly as if it had screamed aloud, to want the driftwood or the clams or the unspoken thought dyed her cheeks the lichens-you understand," she adin precipitous crimson. Just a little ded with a little chuckle; "but at least bit distractedly she turned to the cur- they felt real in your hands while you her ing them. Reality! hand with an almost tender gesture seemed to be starving for all the time. Bone and roughage instead of just sloppy sweetness. 'What is reality?' I kept asking. 'Where is reality?' I kept searching."

The laughing eyes faltered a little, looked up, looked down. Her eager voice eased itself almost to a mono-

(Concluded next week.)

Glands for Tetany.

Two physicians of Florence have performed an operation which bolsters up the falling hope that gland grafting had put a new weapon in the hands of the medical profession for

subduing hitherto unconquerable dis-

Drs. Cesare Frugoni and Vittorio Scimone have announced, says Scito be a little palace, instead, with ence Magazine, the results of treating guests, and great hampers of foods sembling lockjaw, with a graft of human parathyroid, one of the small placed around the better known thyroid in the neck. The techsaid, 'Oh, isn't the sea wonderful,' nique followed was that of Dr. Serge they all dashed off instead to a terrinique followed was that of Dr. Serge

menters in transferring glands from The results were almost instantaneous, according to the authors. The patient, released from the terrific pain suffered during six or seven long atwashed it all off in the nice clean tacks every day, picked up amazingocean, and eaten a great, fat, lazy ly. Tests made some time later still dinner, and rushed out on the salt-showed a slight parathyroid deficiensprayed terrace just long enough to cy, but the ingrafted piece was still "Games!" said Helen Tennant. exclaim, 'Oh, isn't the sea wonder-Tennis, golf, baseball, archery, the ful?' they all dashed back into the months after the operation.—New

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

his mother.-Richter.

DAILY THOUGHT. Happy is the man who reverences all women because he first learned to worship

Beautiful all-wool blankets are a luxury in these days, but a very desirable one. No other type of bed-covering, unless it is a down puff, will give the same degree of warmth without weight as will fluffy all-wool blankets. It is the nature of the wool fiber to be very elastic; therefore in the weaving and spinning of wool each fiber springs back from its neighbor, causing a tiny air-chamber to be formed between fibers. It is these ti-ny chambers of still air which makes the blanket or any other wool material comparatively light in weight and warm. If these little chambers of still air are forced out of a blanket, as when a blanket mats or packs down in laundering, then the blankets will feel heavy and will have lost warmth. In selecting a blanket, therefore, choose one that feels rather spongy, slightly wiry, light in weight and has a deep fuzz or napped surface. Look carefully to see that a heavy nap does not cover weakly constructed cloth. Pull the blanket between the hands; if the foundation yarns have a tendency to have been pulled up from the foundation yarns to make the nap.

It is a question whether the commercial all-wool (ninety-eight per cent. wool) blankets are as satisfactory as those in which there is about twenty per cent. cotton. In the first place the yarns of a blanket seem to be somewhat strengthened with a small percentage of cotton added, and secondly, a very small percentage of cotton assists in keeping the wool fibers from matting when laundered.

Blankets are usually sold double, but they are much more easily handled if cut apart and bound. The most satisfactory blanket binding is a fine quality of sateen, though many prefer binding blankets, especially when new, with satin ribbon. Regular mohair blanket binding may be purchased at a notion counter. It is easy to use and makes a satisfactory, dura-

ble finish. Woolen blankets should be long enough and wide enough to tuck in a number of inches. A double blanket should be folded so that one piece is longer than the other, thus allowing a generous length of at least one thickness about the shoulders. If blankets are folded in this way, it is economical of laundering and more sanitary to place a little washable cotton case about twelve or fourteen inches deep over the end of the blanket which will come next to the face. This case then takes up the soil and the blanket is protected. Sheets which are long enough to turn back over the blanket will save it greatly. Frequent airing of blankets and allowing the wind to blow through them will keep blankets fluffy.—The Delineator.

In a kitchenette, where space is as ette, and it will probably be the flattop kind with a lower oven. You will find that a regulation size pastry board will just fit on top of the four burners. On the under side of the board tack a piece of zinc or tin large enough to cover it. Then attach the board by hinges to the wall back of the gas stove, so that it will fall flat like a lid on top of the stove. A wooden peg catch on the wall may be used to hold the board upright, or a string loop on the board and a nail on the wall will answer.

You will find the improvised table of use in baking time, even when the oven is going, between meals or when washing dishes. The zinc lining will allow the board to be let down even before the stove has cooled and will act as a protection when the board is

The mouth is the most expressive feature in the face. It is also the one which we have the most power to change.

No matter how plain she may be,

thetic in the best sense, rarely has a homely mouth. And the most beautiful face in the

hardness or peevishness. We all know this in a general way, but few of us deliberately look into the mirror, to observe, with a cold and impersonal gaze the state of our own mouth.

bath room and the pipes should have a daily flushing with hot water in which borax has been dissolved. Do not use sand soap for cleaning a porcelain tub or washstand. It will mar the surface and make it look like ground glass. Then if the porcelain becomes stained you cannot make it white again. Use ammonia in the water, but if dirt or grease requires an extra cleanser dampen the scrub cloth with kerosene and later wash the tub with warm water. If the tub is enameled scour with a cloth made of a salt bag which has been thoroughly moistened with turpentine and polish with a clean cloth. For this purpose save bags in which the kitchen salt comes.

Soft Cocoa Gingerbread.—Cream together one scant cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar and add one cupful of dark molasses, three tablespoonfuls of powdered cocoa, one teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in one cupful of rich buttermilk, half a tablespoonful of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and about four and a half cupfuls of sifted flour. Beat the batter until it is full of bubbles and add half a pound of seeded raisins, lightly dusted with flour. Bake in a shallow tin, well greased and cut in squares when baked.

An Egg Test .- To test eggs drop in dish of cold water; if they sink they that the dry fed hogs showed a highare fresh.

FARM NOTES.

—Cultivate and clean up ground where vegetables have matured. Decaying vegetables and plants are likely to increase disease and insect damage next season.

—The older a hog gets the more it costs to put a pound of meat on it. -Frequent delivery of cream is advisable. Cream held for long periods of time will not make first quality butter and does not bring quality prices. In real cold weather cream may be delivered only twice a week but in warm weather it should be delivered three times a week or more if possible. It is essential that the product be kept in a clean place and in clean cans.

-There is difficulty in getting good horses for farm work and this is a serious handicap. Even with the increasing use of farm tractors there is a steady demand for good farm horses and on many small farms the owners depend entirely upon the horse-power available. Because of the low price of horses for several years past most farmers have given up raising colts. This is a mistake. Every farmer should try to raise all the horses needed on his farm.

-Cabbages that are likely to burst separate, the blanket will not give sat-isfactory wear, as too many fibers from the soil. Bursting is usually caused by over-development, due to excessive moisture. Go through the patch when the cabbages are about mature, and note those which are apt to burst if the heads became much larger. Pull the roots of such heads partly out of the soil, the idea being to break off some roots, leaving merely enough to sustain life. Growth is checked in this way, as there will not be much moisture carried up from the roots to the center of the head. A. great deal of damage can be prevented by this trick. The home garden is: easily watched for this purpose.

-One cannot enjoy the full flavor of sweet corn unless it is cooked within a few hours of the time it is pulled from the stalk. This is because corn dries out quickly, due to the evaporation of the sap from the end where the stalk is broken.

This evaporation can be prevented, and the full flavor of the corn preserved for several days by sealing the ends of the stalks with paraffine wax. A few market growers do this. The operation is quite simple. The paraffine is kept in liquid form over a small alcohol flame; the butts of the ears are cut square with a sharp knife, then dipped in the wax, which dries almost instantly. A pound of wax will seal hundreds of ears, so that the work is not expensive. In some sections growers have built up a reputation for sealed corn.

Increasing the yield of a crop, by means of soil preparation, fertilizing and cultivation, lowers the labor charges enormously. Costs of plowing, harrowing, manuring, planting, spraying and so forth are the same whether the crop is large or small. Obviously, when these costs are spread over a bountiful yield, the cost per valuable as corner lots in a boom bushel or other unit of measure is subtown, this three-in-one arrangement stantially lessened. In short, it does will be most welcome, Of course, not pay to garden indifferently. It there is a gas stove in your kitchen must be done thoroughly or it will prove unprofitable.

> -Pigs self-fed a balanced grain ration while running on blue grass pasture developed weak bones in a feeding test at the Ohio experiment station. This is contrary to popular supposition, for it is known that green growing grass and forage crops in most cases analyze rather high in minerals.

The ration used in the experiment was balanced from corn, wheat middlings, linseed meal and salt. This mixture was low in lime and other minerals. After pigs in dry lot were fed this mixture for 166 days their thigh bones showed a breaking strength of only 356 pounds.

The bones of pigs on pasture for the same time and receiving the same ration showed more than double thebreaking strength, or 728 pounds. However, the greater strength was due primarily to the larger size of the bones of the pigs, as they grew much faster on pasture than those in the dry lot.

A third lot of pigs, even though fed the same ration in the dry lot, but. with 2 per cent. of ground limestone world, to start with, may be marred added, made splendid growth and deby a mouth that expresses discontent, veloped wonderfully strong bones. The breaking strength was 1,122: pounds, 215 per cent. greater than that of pigs under identical conditions: and feed but without limestone.

Judged by appearances, the skeletal' frame of the pasture pigs was strong A can of borax should be in every but when the pigs were slaughtered ath room and the pipes should have and suspended from gambrel sticks, enough to meet ordinary conditions, the thigh bones of three of the seven pasture pigs snapped under the weight of their carcasses. The abundant strength of bone is

produced by balancing the ration with feeds high in minerals, such as tankage or fish meal, or by adding minerals as in lot 3 in this test. A mineral mixture which has given good results at the Ohio experiment station is two parts limestone, two parts bone meal, and one part salt.

-Dry feeding is superior to slop feeding in getting hogs ready for market, according to J. M. Fargo, of the animal husbandry department at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. "Hand feeding has proved to be less

efficient and economical than the self feeder," declares Fargo. "Since self feeders cannot be used with wet feed, dry feeds are the best for this purpose," he points out. To illustrate the value of dry feeding over wet, he gives data from six

different experiment stations, where 17 feeding trials with 314 pigs were carried on. Results showed that nine pounds less corn were required for each one hundred pounds gain with dry feeding, as contrasted to wet feed hand fed. Six-tenths pounds more feed were eaten per hog each day under the system of dry feeding, because, as shown by Fargo, the pigs ate during the night and at frequent times during the day, with the result er average daily gain.