

## Bellefonte, Pa., September 24, 1926. THE CANDIDATE.

For months before election time The candidate is in his prime; He comes around to shake your hand, Admire your stock and praise your land.

He'll praise the wife and pet the kid And otherwise for favors bid; He'll let you know right at the start He counts on you to do your part.

The honest voter he will praise, And talk about the means and ways Of making living very cheap-A promise he will never keep.

In many a big, high-sounding word, He'll tell you of the things he's heard About the good the farmers do. And how the world is owing you.

Then just before he starts to leave He'll ask you if you don't believe That of all those in the race He's the man to fill the place.

This much is true, the rest can go, I've seen it often and I know. If he's elected, put it flat.

He'll soon foregt you after that. J. L. C.

Millerstown, Pa., R. D. 4.

## THE TEN-FRANC COUNTER.

Have you ever heard of the case of Mme. Bertaux?

Ah, well, she was an old lady who lived in the house of a M. Jacob in the Rue Paradis at Monte Carlo. The house was too large for M. Jacob, so he let the upper part as a flat to Mme. Bertaux, a wealthy woman, who had kept the old Phocee, a restaurant on the Cannebiere in Marseilles.

The lady never went out, being afflicted with some malady of the back that prevented her from walking, and also with an eczema that was most disfiguring. She had neither the power nor the desire to go into society, and yet she had the inevitable feminine craving for dress and adornment quite unimpaired.

She was very proud of her jewels, which were, in fact, very fine, and worth a considerable sum of money. cluding a small table bearing a vase dressing herself in them-rings, bracelets, brooches, earrings and so on. When she was not wearing them, she had the box containing them placed by her bed or couch, so that she could touch them and see them. She also kept in her possession a good deal of loose cash.

All this exercised M. Jacob's mind, and several times he pointed out to her the danger of keeping valuables in such a manner. "Oh, nobody knows," said she,

"only Rosalie, and she is safe. Who would bother coming to rob an old woman like me? Besides, I could defend them, if only by screeching for help. They amuse me-which they wouldn't do if they were locked up the bank; and I don't want to be told my business, not even by you, M. Jacob!" In fact, she would have insulted him, only that he knew her queer ways and refused to get angry with an old lady who was an invalid.

be equal in intelligence to Paris, but engaged to be married to Rosalieand would a man about to marry commit a crime like that? we are thorough! "Yes, you seem to be thorough,"

emphatically that he had not done so.

"And what about Rosalie?"

"And you base it----"

"That eternal counter!"

"What are they?"

"On the ten-franc counter, and on

"I can't say anything about her."

he

Yes, the watch-that was the only

said Henri, becoming sarcastic. "You actually find a ten-franc Casino counter on the floor, and then you arrest mitted that it might be possible to a resident of Monte Carlo, or rather, pick up a counter dropped by some an employe, when you know that employes are not allowed in the Casino! Tell me," he asked, "didn't it hit you at once that the ten-franc counter thing they had against him, but it had must have been dropped by the murderer, and no one else?"

"How do you mean?" said the oth-

been given him by the girl. He could not prove this, because Mme. Bertaux was dead, but it was a fact. Then, half unwillingly, but evidently speak-ing the truth, he said that he believ-ed, or had strong suspicion, that Rosa-lie was not faithful to him thethel "This way. It wasn't the old lady's if your statement about her is correct, for she never went out. It isn't Roslie was not faithful to him- that she alie's, and it isn't Coudoyer's, for they are employes, and can't use the Cas-ino. It isn't M. Jacob's, because he is, as you said, a resident engaged in business, and can't use the Casino. It something that she had said. evidently must have belonged to a on his own account and in answer to person who was none of these people, questions. When he was removed, who was neither Mme. Bertaux nor M. the chief turned to M. Henri. Jacob, nor Rosalie nor Coudoyersome person other than any of these people who are known to have used Mme. Bertaux's room or to have been connected with it. It must have be- was when found. What's your opin-loged to a stranger, a fifth person, and ion?" a person, moreover, who has or had the entry to the Casino."

"A moment!" said the chief. "That I have seen I believe that that young argument seems tempting, but sup- man will be convicted. Monte Carlo pose Coudoyer had that counter in his never guillotines, so he will not pay possession at the time of the murder, the extreme penalty; and that it is and dropped it by accident? It is not possible after awhile he may regain impossible for a waiter to acquire a his freedom." a Casino counter. It might have been ! given to him, it might have been pick- asked. ed up by him, it might have come into his possession in several different replied M. Henri. "I'm only telling the fortune of Coudoyer." wavs.'

to the Rue Paradis. The body had a fortune tener, said the difference of the same state as when the trag-edy was discovered. It was a pleas-ant, sunlit room on the first floor, with a window opening upon a small would be based on circumstance and would be based on circumstance and balcony. M. Henri went first to the character. I say that Coudoyer may balcony, and inspected the drainpipe regain his freedom for the simple by which the assassin had climbed. reason in my belief Coudoyer is in-Then he returned and stood with his nocent. Mind you, that is only a behands behind his back, looking at the lief." room.

Opposite the window there was a sofa, and by the window was the arm-Rosalie's other lover, in whose existchair in which the invalid had been ence I half believe. sitting when she was attacked. Small "Yes, that eternal counter, and other things that it has suggested to me." of flowers. On another table stood

girl, when she came into the room, talk is fatal in a case like this. Walls did not impress me very favorably. have ears, ideas have wings. I be-She was pretty, but pertlooking and shallow, just the tool one might fancy that a scoundrel would easily handle. this climber of drainpipes and assas-I confess that when I saw her my sin of old ladies fancies himself se-

previous belief in the innocence of cure; but at a whisper, a breath of air, he would take measures that

would prevent him from ever being

"I have already told monsieur the inspector," replied she. "I was with a friend." Surete. He is not in very good health, and a change to the Sunny South will do him good. He will come South will do him good. He will come

with Coudoves." put "She was the chief. "Several saw them togeth- al. Nobody knows him here. If he er at twenty minutes to 9, but after that no one saw them together. Her you, for he is not anxious for notorstory is that they walked about toiety.' gether, and that she returned at halfpast 9, after the crime had been discovered."

He led the way up, and I found my-self again in Mme. Bertaux's room, which looked very different now, with cigar and cigarette boxes about, and He said that he had never been even on the steps of the Casino. He adglasses and other signs of good cheer. Malmasion made me take the armchair. Then he opened the window gambler in the cafe where he stated

and left it standing half open. "You expect him to come through the window?" said I. "Let us expect nothing," said he.

He offered me a cigar and went on: "I came here on a seemingly impossible task, but M. Henri had given me an idea of how to set to work. It was only during the last few days, however, that the truth became evident. The criminal is, first of all and had a lover other than himself. He above everything else, a gambler. could give no name, however. The The crime was committed to recoup thing was a mere suspicion based on his gambling losses. He has a cousin who runs a hotel here, and I suspect That was what he had to say, both that it was this cousin who turned the chief turned to M. Henri. "Now," said he, "you have seen all the important people in connection the intervent of the devised of the de

two addresses here. One is the hotei owned by his cousin, but he doesn't live there. He has a home of his own "I haven't any fixed opinion just —a pleasant little place which he yet," said M. Henri; "but from what picked up cheap, and where he lives free of taxes, the only drawback being that when he wants to play at the Casino, he can't, owing to the fact that he's a resident employed in a bank. He is also a man with a certain power over women, and so it came about that Rosalie fell under his spell. Now you will see how things conspired to bring this man to his undoing. He has a brother very like himself, who travels in wine for We left the hotel and went straight "You would make your fortune as Meyer & Capablanca, of Bordeaux. to the Rue Paradis. The body had a fortune teller," said the chief. "You The brother, when he visits Monte Carlo, stops at the cousin's hotel, and plays at the Casino. One fine day it occurred to the criminal, who was then only a bank teller, to drop into the Casino under the brother's name, and to give the address the brother had always given. The chief difference between the two men was the fact that the brother wore glasses. It was quite

to-do and comfortable, yet sucked by the whirlpool of the tabes-drawn into the net. Most likely, the first the jewel box, empty. M. Henri, having inspected all these things individually, asked that Rosa-lie, the maid, should be called. The the lie to the the store in the store have ears, ideas have wings. I be-lieve that the murderer is now walking about Monte Carlo. I believe that sion grew. Or it may be that the tables took him and turned him into a murderer. I believe that Henri jumped to the fact that the man who dropped that ten-franc counter might be a resident who played at the Cas-ino under disguise."

Malmasion rose and held up a fing-"Here he is," said he.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

## DAILY THOUGHT.

Love understands love; it needs no talk. -F. R. Havergill.

-The oxford is a smart mode in footwear for fall; but it's a far cry from the staid and sturdy boot of

former days to the high spike-heeled affair with short vamp and contrast-ing kid trimming that is the presentday oxford. Young girls and modish women alike will be entranced with these smart examples. They will find them in many smart combinations such as suede with patent leather and a patent heel, as well as dull kid.

new frocks that has come along in a used. long time is that old standby, jersey. It is selling in as great quantities as ever this season, and one of the big shops has just received a new ship-ment of fine wool dress jersey in all the latest colors.

-Contributing charm to little straightline coats, or completing the message of tiered skirt on some pretty frock of georgette, we find the bol-ero's inroads. Not always, however, is it suggested so artfully as in the model under discussion. The finesse of that black velveteen corsage-it forms the entire back—as it "steps out" in front on its bolero destiny to reveal the plaid wool of its skirt.

Velveteen, as I have frequently remarked, is a childhood classic-just like Louisa Alcott. This year, however, it has received a tremendous impetus from the vogue of this mate-rial in adult circles. We find it in types of juvenile clothes, both dressup and everyday-and occasionally we find it indorsing some brand-new theory of line.

In this instance I recall a delightful casaquin model for the girl of from 6 to 12. Now, the casaquin or short jacket mode has received all sorts of attention in mature styling, and this happens to be one of those modes that do nothing to violate juvenile ideals of the brother wore glasses. It was quite an easy matter to buy a pair of glasses, and, handing the brother's card over the counter, to gain ad-mittance, or to get in with his ticket for the season. It was quite brother's of eggplant blue velveteen, with its short rather full skirt and its short sleeved casaquin or jacket reaching just to the hips, struck me as a de-lightful adventuring away from the more standardized modes. I may add that it was finished around the jacket border and sleeves and collar with wool embroidery in contrasting tints. The same current which has brought to us the short jacket mode is responsible for the cardigan or golf jacket fashion that is now such an integral part of adult sports wear. If your young daughter has become bored with jumpers, the cardigan-usually with its V-neck and always with its ket for products of the soil. Protect buttons down the front—represents an exhilarating change. And it is quality products which are always deshown along with the regulation jumper models in school frocks of wool jersey, tweed jersey, crepella and frisca.

> -The mother worn out with her house-hold duties should take as much sleep as possible, as this is Nature's greatest health restorer. Keeping the children clean, seeing that the household runs on smoothly, going to market and attending to all the sewing is not the easiest task in the world and plenty of sleep will help her more than all the medicines that come in a bottle. The girl in business who sometimes feels that the days will never come to an end is probably trying to work all day and keep up a social life in the evenings. The girl with an iron constitution can do this for a time, but eventually it will tell on her as much as it does on her weaker sister. Take a half day in bed now and then and simply relax your tired body and nerves. Do not take an exciting novel and read it, but let your brain have a holiday as well as your body. It is not necessary to stay home from the office on a pretended plea of illness to take this required extra sleep-it can be done on an occasional Sunday morning, the holidays that are bound to come from time to time, or on Saturday afternoon. Women need far more sleep than the average man. Many men can get along with four or five hours sleep, arise and are perfectly refreshed. Not mains until it is stuck under the sepaso with the average woman. She needs at the very least seven hours on from day to day, so that one marof good, uninterrupted sleep, and if vels that much of the cream is as good she is a nervous, high-strung woman as it is. she needs at least ten. Just as soon as you begin to steal the hours that you should be sleeping you will age with about twice the rapidity that you would were you giving the alloted time to rest that your physical being craves. Sleep reduces fever, it re-lieves pain, it helps nutrition, it courts beauty-the loss of it leaves you a wreck that nothing can repair. Women the world over have a bane- his board to require the use of other ful habit of leading inactive lives. cans for the purpose. They persuade themselves that they get plenty of exercise while doing household work, and then when they go to bed at night they cannot sleep. Just for a change try a little exercise out of doors. Fill your lungs with all the fresh air they will hold, taking deep breathing exercises as you walk along, then go home and see if you do not sleep better than you did the night before when you had not taken any fresh air into your starved lungs. "If you have been made by nature short and plump, don't spend your life wishing you were tall and slim, but do what you can to correct nature's shortcomings. Toward 40 most women run somewhat to overplumpness. Systematic exercise is one of the best remedies for this and about the only safe one. There are reducing baths that can be taken, and external and internal cures, and diets galore. But some are unsafe, some are awfully expensive and the diets are a nuisance. It is easy enough to give up sweets and fats if you are inclined to be very stout, and a cup of hot water before breakfast is a help in reducing, as is plenty of cold water between

FARM NOTES.

-Sunlight is the cheapest disinfect-ant. Have plenty of it in the poultry house.

-The glazed stage is right for harvesting silage corn, but frosted corn makes poor silage. It is better to harvest it a little too soon than too late.

-Pennsylvania's cow testing associations need more testers. A short course to train cow testers will be given at the Pennsylvania State College, September 27 to October 2.

-Late summer rains have kept fruit tree bark in condition so that fall budding may be practiced. The buds in the axils of the leaves on the -Sewing time will be here before buds in the axils of the leaves on the we know it. The nicest material for current season's growth are the ones

> -Quality fruit costs more to grow and prepare for market than wormeaten, scab-infested fruit does. Encourage the producer of good fruit by insisting when buying that you get a quality product.

-Lawns should be gone over now if they were not attended to last month. Rake the lawn well and throw seed in the thin and bare spots. Keep the water hose running long enough to soak the soil so that the seed will germinate quickly.

—Seed corn promises to be at a premium next spring. If frost hits the corn any time after the ears reach the glazed stage, seed can be picked from the stalks. Hang the ears in a building where there is free circulation of air around every ear until thoroughly dry. Be sure it is well cured before freezing weather comes.

-Radishes, one of the easiest crops to grow, are just the thing for filling a coldframe in the fall. Plant from now until October 1 to have radishes ready for use from late October until perhaps December 1.

-Rose gardens require attention this month. Cut out suckers but do not prune main stalks. Gradually pull the dirt in around the roots for winter protection.

-Special practices must be followed with various late crops, such as putting paper or boards around celery to bleach it, tying up endive and cauliflower for the same purpose, breaking off the lower leaves of Brussels sprouts as the tiny heads develop, and providing material, such as old bags and old carpets, to cover the tender crops like tomatoes and peppers when frost threatens, according to Penn-sylvania State College specialists.

-Naming the farm gives it an individuality and also a very definite business value. A name marks a farm as a place of more than passing interest to those who are in the marpendable.

-Proper management of dairy cows plays an important part in the economical production of milk and butterfat.

-"Sour, moldy, and off-flavor

Well, one evening Mme. Bertaux was found with her head battered in and her jewels gone. Only the case was left.

The window was open. There were marks on a drainpipe close to the win- you. dow, showing where a man had crawled up; but otherwise there were very few traces of the murder. The room was not disturbed, though from a drawer in an escritoire by the door ten louis in gold had been taken-prewar money which the old lady had treasured, tied in a handkerchief. She had in her possession a roll of notes of the value of ten thousand francs. but these had not been touched. There were no fingerprints anywhere.

I was at dejeuner in the Hotel de Paris with M. Henri that morning, when the chief of police of Monaco was shown in to us. He came about a certain person who has no connection with this story, but when he had done his business he mentioned the murder in the Rue Paradis. You know the police mind thinks in the police." form of reports, and this good gentleman, once he had set his speech machine going, gave us a complete precis of the details of the businesseverything but the exhibits, in fact.

"We arrested a young man, one Coudoyer, lover of the servant Ros-alie, this morning," he finished. "There was very little money in his pockets, but in his box at the inn where he is employed we found an old-fashioned watch which belonged to the dead woman. He said that it had been given to him long ago by the servant Rosalie, who had it as a present from Mme. Bertaux; but it's all pretty plain."

The chief went into more details about M. Jacob, the owner of the house, Mme. Bertaux and so forth, till Henri cut him short.

"Did you find any fingerprints?" asked Henri.

"No," said the chief.

"And this young man Coudoyer-what is he like?"

"Oh, quite a simple person," replied the chief. "Just a waiter, with a good record- the last person in the world you'd suspect."

"There were no fingerprints, which shows that an expert was at work," said Henri; "and you have arrested Coudoyer?"

"On suspicion," said the other, "and on finding that watch in his trunk."

"Ah." said the Paris man. "There were no fingerprints, yet a woman had been murdered and furniture handled the murderer. Your judgment about Coudoyer, therefore, must be wrong. He must be no simple person, but an expert criminal-either that, or you have arrested the wrong man." "We must go by what we find," said

"We searched very thoroughly he. for finger marks on all surfaces possible-even to the table legs, even to

"That will do," said M. Henri, and he dismissed Rosalie. Then he turned to the chief. "Give me the girl's story," said he, " as she told it to

"There was very little more," replied the other. "She said that she parted with Coudoyer at the corner of the Rue Marcelle at twenty minutes past 9. He went for a walk by him-self, and returned home at 10."

"And the murder was committed at 9?" "Yes."

"Who discovered the body?"

"M. Jacob. He was seated downstairs, reading, at 9 o'clock when he fancied he heard a cry. He thought it was the rooms above and then he fancied it was from the street. He went on reading, but somehow he felt uneasy, so presently he went unstairs and knocked at the old lady's door. He got no answer, and opened the door. Then he telephoned for the

"Tell me," said M. Henri, "why haven't you arrested that girl as well as the Coudoyer fellow?"

"She's as good as arrested," replied the other. "She can't escape, and we are just letting her play about for a few days. Coudoyer had accomplices, and none of the jewelry has been recovered, with the exception of that old watch, which he swore was given him by Rosalie, who had it as a pres-ent from the old lady."

"Let's have a talk with M. Jacob," said Henri.

M. Jacob in-a middle-sized, prosperous-looking, elderly person, greatly disturbed by the tragedy of the night before. He told us all he knew. He had never heard of the gift of the watch to Rosalie, though, indeed, as he pointed out, it was unlikely that he would hear of it. He was on good a trifling matter of that sort would

"You never saw or heard of a Cas- man. ino counter in her possession?" asked Henri casually.

M. Jacob was greatly astonished at the question, for the police had not told him of the finding of the counter. No, he had never seen one in the old lady's possession. It was a most unlikely thing for her to have, and no one else in the house would possess

such a thing. Then we took our departure to visit Coudoyer, who was held at the police department, under arrest. He proved to be a pale-faced individual with restless, shifty eyes. He did not impress me favorably, but still, I would never judge a man by his appearance.

He told a tale substantially the same as that given by the servant Rosalie. He protested that his chara ten-franc Casino counter lying on acter was good, that his employers anything else. Why should I tell the floor by the bureau. We may not could speak well of him, that he was him?"

, as a private individuis successful, the credit will go to

er.

asked

After that, for a long time, I heard nothing more. My business took me to Vienna and Rome. I heard, indeed, that Coudoyer and the girl had been condemned, both to imprisonment for life. Henri had prophesied truly, though he had not included the girl

will lend you Malmaison, of the

in his forecast. Then, one day, in pursuit of my business, I returned to Monte Carlo, only to find that the man on whose tracks I had been traveling had doubled back, and had been arrested at Milan. I was pretty much disgusted. I had made a mistake, he had got wind of me, and my reputation would suffer.

Being what you call at a loose end that evening, I went to the Casino. I don't care for music or plays, but people always interest me, especially the Casino crowd; so there I went, and scarcely had I made the tour of the rooms when whom should I find but Malmasion! He was dressed to represent the part of a well-to-do business man, but I could not mistake him.

I must tell you about Malmasion. He is the most self-obliterating person in the world. In Paris he always wears a disguise. His name is unknown, never appearing in the papers, and that is why he is so deadly. Here in Monte Carlo his best disguise was to be his real self. I knew him, but then I am in the inner circle.

"It is fortunate that I met you tonight," said he, "for things have come to a crisis. I believe I have got my man. Indeed, I could have pointed him out to you in the room where he was playing. He did not see me, and I only got a glimpse of him, but to-We went to the flat below and found | night I expect he will revisit the house where the murder took place, and where I have taken rooms."

"Taken rooms?" said I.

"Yes, he said. 'Mme. Bertaux's flat was let, for people weren't anxious to rent it just after the crime; so M. Jacob, who owns the place and lives below, let it to me. I have been terms with the old lady, and often went up to have a chat with her, but Casino and the strangers who have Casino and the strangers who have come to Monte Carlo. I had to wait, scarcely be mentioned between them. but I found my man-and my wo-

> 'Who was the woman?" "Rosalie. She was justly condemn-

ed.' "And the man?"

"Was her lover, a rival to Coudoyer."

"Tonight," I said, " you expect him to revisit the scene of the crime. What bait have you put out for him?" "You'll see," said Malmasion.

We had reached the door, and he opened it with a latchkey. The door of M. Jacob's flat was closed. "You haven't told M. Jacob?" said

"Not a word," he replied. " I believe Henri's motto-'Be dumb.' M. Jacob believes that I am just a prosperous renter, and as I pay my rent in advance he doesn't bother about

I could hear a far-away step in the silent street outside.

Malmasion closed the window.

"Why do you close the window?" "I only left it open to let in a foot-step," said he. "Come, this gentle-

man will enter boldly by the front door, if I am not mistaken. Quick!" I took my hat and followed him down stairs to the hall, where we stood waiting while footsteps paused outside. The hall light was on. We heard the noise of the key in the latch, the door opened, and a man entered. It was only M. Jacob.

I pitied Malmasion. I felt like a man watching a play which has suddenly broken down, or a hunter who hears the footsteps of a tiger and finds them to be the footsteps of a lamb.

"Good-evening," monsieur," said Jacob, when he saw Malmasion.

"Good-evening," replied the other. "I was just going to show my friend out. How fortunate that we have met, for my friend wished to ask you some questions concerning real estate in Monte Carlo."

"Come into my room," said M. Jacob, "and we can talk." "M. Jacob," said the man from Paris, while we took seats, "excuse my asking, but how much money did you make playing at the Casino tonight?"

The murderer rose to his feet at this question, the full weight of which he had not quite realized. He knew that he was caught, but not how seriously

"Ah!" said he. "A spy of the bank!"

"No," said Malmasion. "I have nothing to do with the bank of which you are cashier. I am a police officer in search of a certain ten-franc counter which was dropped-

He did not finish the sentence. Jacob had made a dash for the door. The struggle did not last a min-

ute. It wasn't much, for I had managed, seeing the truth, to seize Jacob from behind. We found the glasses in his pocket, and a large number of bank notes which he had won that night. At the headquarters of the police, where we brought him, he was told that his cousin, the hotelkeeper, had confessed to the whole business. This was an untruth, but it served, for in his anger our prisoner round-ed on the cousin and told how he had

disposed of the jewels. He also rounded on Rosalie, the girl who had begun by stealing the antique watch as a present for Coudoyer, and who ended by assisting M. Jacob in his plans-the girl who had not given him away simply because she would have had to give herself away too, and who had taken her condemnation and sentence without a word, knowing that she would do herself no good through freeing Coudoyer. Perhaps, too, she could not endure to have Coudoyer escape while she had to suffer. Women are strange things!

The result was that both Jacob and his cousin received life sentences .- By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

-The Watchman prints all the news fit to read.

-The "Watchman" gives all the news when it is news. Read it.

cream can often be traced to the practice of carrying buttermilk in cream cans from the creamery to the home," says Harold Macy of the division of dairy husbandry, University of Minnesota. Cream cans, he believes, should be used only for the transportation of cream. Mr. Macy says: "With the facilities available at the

average creamery, it is a difficult task at best to clean and sterilize the cream cans properly. The process is much more difficult where the buttermilk is transported in the cans.

"It is exceedingly hard to keep the buttermilk tank in such condition that the product does not sour or decompose, particularly in the flush of the summer season. Such buttermilk has a high bacterial and moldy content of many undesirable types which contaminate the cream so badly that one cannot expect to get a good product from the patron who fails to wash or sterilize his cans after they are emptied.

"On many farms the cream can never receive the attention which it deserves. Many times the buttermilk is

simply poured into the barrel in the hog pen and the can rinsed out in cold water. In this condition the can rerator spout. This sort of thing goes

"The best way to solve the buttermilk problem is to contract with the individual for the whole batch. This takes it off the operator's hands and makes cream grading much easier. The powdering of the sweet cream buttermilk is also another outlet and often very profitable. If the farmers insist upon having their buttermilk, it is well for the operator to influence

"Eliminate this practice of placing buttermilk in cream cans and creamery operators will be one more long step nearer the standard which they wish to reach-all first-class cream.

-Composted pine needles make a good fertilizer, and were quite extensively used by southern truck gardeners during the war when the fertilizer situation was so acute. Needles of the short-leafed pine were found to contain 0.26 per cent. potash, which is equivalent to twice that amount of muriate of potash.

The organic matter in the pine straw is also valuable; it may be made to serve as bedding in cattle pens, where it will be still further improved by the absorption of manure. If the gardener does not wish to compost the pine straw it can be applied to the land as it is gathered from the woods, and plowed under.

Hotbed sash are no longer cheap to replace, therefore during the off season it pays to store them under cover. Never let them rest on the ground, where they are sure to rot in short order. If there is no shed available make a pile of the sash, elevated slightly, and cover them with boards or roofing material of some sort. Treating the sash with a good wood preservative is an excellent investment.