TO-DAY.

Be swift to love your own, dears, Your own who need you so; Say to the speeding hours, dears, "I will not let him go Except thou give a blessing: Force it to bide and stay. Love has no sure to-morrow; It only has to-day.

Oh, hasten to be kind, dears, Before the time shall come When you are left behind, dears, In a lonely home; Before in late contrition Vainly you weep and pray, Love has no sure to-morrow;

It only has to-day. Swifter than sun and shade, dears, Move the fleet wings of pain; The chance we have had to-day, dears, May never come again. Joy is a fickle rover,

He brooketh no delay. Love has no sure to-morrow: It only has to-day. Too late to plead or grieve, dears Too late to grieve or sigh,

When death has set his seal, dears On the cold lip and eve. Too late our gifts to lavish Upon the burial clay: Life has no sure to-morrow; It only has to-day.

INDEPENDENCE.

The Reverend Stephen Hopkins Chaplin was passing through the kitchen. It seemed to his wife that he was always passing through the kitchen and stopping to make suggestions

on the way.

To-day he noted the confusion of utensils on the table, the two sweetsmelling brown layers of cooling cake, the gas stove burning full-head and the moist beads on his wife's forehead as she stepped quickly around in the

pantry.
"I should think," he commented, you would plan to get your cooking done in the forenoon when it is cooler and not bake in the very hottest part of the day."

"I do plan, but what do you suppose happens to a plan when old Mrs. Whipple comes and stays an hour and a half? She wanted to see you, but I told her you were preparing your prayer-meeting topic, so she stayed on with me. Then that agent came and talked and talked and the telephone has rung every five minutes all day with somebody asking a question about the church sale."

"Of course everyone is liable to have interruptions; you have to allow for them when you plan your work."

It was on the tip of her tongue to

as he stood in her path to the oven, ed perplexity; now it spelled rebellion. wiped her fair flushed face and only answered placatingly, "I'll be through here in a little while," hoping he walked down the elm-lined street.

would move on. The Reverend Chaplin held his ground in the middle of the floor. He His face was always white and his regular features were dominated by out some theory, to the hardness of tion rarely occurred because he had about of an age and all full of livelian almost hypnotic way of making people believe that he was right. bound to be considerable latitude for However, the effects of hypnotism are each one. not permanent and after eleven years of married life Isabel Chaplin was pretty well out from under the spell. She knew that quite frequently Stephen was wrong, but she kept the knowl-

edge to herself.
"The trouble with you," went on Stephen, the omniscient, "is that you lack system. If you worked with more system you would not get so far be-

Her mind leaped to his own system, which he never seemed to get perfected. When he first came to families and addresses, so that in the not find its way out. exact impartiality, but unfortunately the A's had not grouped themselves into one neighborhood; they were scattered all over the village. When he went to see Mrs. Adams it seemed very foolish not to call upon Mrs. Minot, who lived next door. Besides, Mrs. Minot might feel hurt. The sensible thing was to call on both but it | House. worked havoc with the system. Some day he was going to do the whole thing over by districts and try that, but he had not got around to it yet.

"Housework is different every day," argued Isabel. "It doesn't seem to fit into a system. You see, you are baking on one day and mending on the next and the interruptions are never twice alike; some take more time and some less."

She stopped, realizing that she had tried, quite futilely, to explain this to him at least once a week for a long time. She might as well save her

She might, indeed, for he was not

half listening.
"It would help some," he continued, pan is dry," he lifted it from the stove placed one way each one would be easier to pick up. You ought to have separate places for spoons and knives. As it is, you are likely to cut yourself with a knife trying to find a

"I was going to use that pan for frosting. Then I'll be through here and I am due at the Women's League meeting, the last for the summer. Perhaps I'll stop a minute at Mrs. Spicer's on the way home. She has a book for me to read."

He had started toward the hall, but that arrested him. "If I were you I wouldn't go to Mrs. Spicer's to-day," he called back. "You are going there pretty often and you don't want to run one place into the ground."

Sudden hot tears sprang to Isabel's eyes, partly from indignation and partly from disappointment. She had been looking forward to the refreshment of a few minutes with Julie Spicer. She loved Julie; they were warm, congenial friends and she could drop in at any time, sure of a welcome, a good laugh or an understanding which included, as a matter of course, absolute loyalty to any confidence.
"The next time I wish to go any-

where I will keep the idea to myself and just go," she thought, but she immediately yielded all intention of the Spicer visit that day. It would be wildly imprudent in the face of Aunt Libby's coming. Stephen would be provoked if his wife deliberately gings." ignored his expressed opinion. With She could not understand how Zoe, Stephen, "If I were you" was just as effective as "Thou shalt not." He dedid not say unprincipled but downclared his views with apparent mildness but if Isabel did not promptly act in accordance with them it aroused his anger. His temper was not of the flashing variety, quick and crashing and soon over; it was still and cold and unyielding. Perhaps a more phlegmatic temperament than Isabel's could have battled it out on the same lines, but to her, lively, loving and companionable, an impregnable silence was a torturing thing.

To do him justice, Stephen Chap-lin did not realize that he was afflicted with a temper of any kind. He was simply right and when his wife deliberately ignored that rightness he was astonished, grieved, hurt, and he managed to convey the impression to the culprit across the table. There was unconscious histrionic ability in the Reverend Mr. Chaplin. He could put his feelings "across" beautifully. Perhaps that was why he was a good preacher. He was no hypocrite; he always meant what he said but any thoughts that happened to lie too deep for words could be expressed wonder-

fully with a gesture, a shrug or a sigh. Isabel had tried to harden herself against his disapproval and to learn not to care when these times came but she did not seem to make much progress at that. The best she could do | ful husband and one with a promiswas to avoid trouble, to guard her tongue and watch her step, but even there she was not too brilliant a success. There was a good deal of spontaneity left in her yet.

Isabel was an attractive little woman as she trudged off to her meeting. She was rather short and prettily rounded, with crinkly brown hair retort, "You don't have them because and a pink skin which flushed easily I save you," but she kept the words back. She did not want to say anything that might upset him, because managed to have a stylish and becom-Aunt Libby was coming the next day, ing hat. This afternoon its summery Thursday, to stay over Sunday, which brim shaded a tiny pucker in her was also the Fourth, and she wanted brow, a pucker which was growing to Aunt Libby to have a pleasant visit. be a more and more frequent occur-So she quietly dodged around him rence. At first it had merely indicat-"Here I am, thirty-six years old, and cannot say my soul is my own! I cannot even do the work in my own house was unusually tall, a slender grace- in my own way! I cannot go where full figure topped by a sleek black I like or see whom I like nor do what head a trifle too small for his height. I like and I am sick to death of it!" It seemed to her that she would gladly exchange several years of her large dark blue eyes which ran the life for a taste of freedom. As Belle whole gamut of expression from Pike, she had been of a large family vague vacuity, when he was dreaming and had had a delightfully carefree girlhood. Where there are five girls agate when he was opposed. Opposi- and two boys coming and going, all

> Perhaps it was the law of opposites which had attracted her to the serious, conscientious young preacher. She was proud of his ability and he was proud of her gay charm. Then, after their marriage, with apparent unconsciousness, he had gathered the reins into his own hands and guided both his affairs and hers undisturbed by any doubts as to his own compet-

> ness and sociable habits, there is

It left Isabel bewildered. It was as though a gay yellow butterfly, accustomed to sunlight and warm caressing Rockton he had made a complete card airy breezes, had flown through an catalogue of his parishioners, their open window into a room and could matter of calls he might deal with all was not broken; it still flew around in evident activity but always within walls and now it seemed as though the walls were closing in, like those in a nightmare.

"I am getting older and older and there is nothing different ahead of me," thought Isabel, wildly, as she mounted the steps of the Community

The speaker of the day had already begun her address, "Sociological Prob-lems in America." It seemed a big subject to be handled that warm afternoon, just as they were about to adjourn for July and August and could not attempt much in problems before fall anyhow, and Isabel did not give full heed to the earnest lady who had come from out of town to start them untying sociological knots. After a while, however, she realized that they had arrived at point three, which was Marriage, and she sudden-

ly sat up.
"Statistics show," declared the earnest one, "that more separations occur after eleven years of married life than at any other period either before or "if you would always put things back after. When a man and a woman into their right places as soon as you have been married eleven years the have finished with them. Now this first illusions have worn away, the have been married eleven years the first romance has passed, charm is and put it up on a shelf, "it ought to likely to have been buried in routine be put back and if all the handles were and life begins to seem like a treadand life begins to seem like a treadmill. This truth is most vividly por-trayed in Pinero's 'Mid-Channel,' that realistic drama of married life. The fact that so many separations take place during this vital period would

bel fiercely finished the sentence for herself:

"It would seem to indicate that after eleven years women have had about all they can bear and they can't stand it a minute longer! I am an eleven-year woman and I know!"

She slipped out before the program was over. On the way home she stopped at the library and took out "Mid-Channel" and so far had her desperate defiance advanced that when the hour came for mid-week prayer meeting she announced that she was not equal to going. Then, when her hus-band was safely on his way, she sat up in bed and read realistic drama of modern life.

Her sympathies were all with the poor heroine. To be sure, it seemed foolish to quarrel so fatally over which hotel they should patronize on their pleasure trip but with sisterly insight Isabel realized that with matters at such high tension it would have been something else if it had not been the hotel.

"Now if I should leave Stephen," she reflected, "it would not be on account of the knives or spoons but ter!

gings."
She could not understand how Zoe, right crazy enough—to become entangled with another man. All she herself would ask would be never to have anything to do with any of them! him, so she cleared out."

Intoxicating independence! Yes, poor Isabel was silent for a minute. Intoxicating independence! Yes, poor Zoe had certainly blundered there. Also it seemed more sensible to walk out the door than to jump out the window but that only went to show that it was better to get away when one could, before one was so thoroughly entrapped that any exit was impossi-

thought again, "this would be the time to do it, before we are both too old to be able to make the adjustments."

Adjustments would be harder for Adjustments would be harder for Aunt Libby. Occasionally she has to Stephen than for herself, she realized. do what she wants." To be deserted would be humiliating for him but, on the other hand, he would have some compensation in public opinion. Opinion would be entirely on his side, of course. She would be sorry to be misunderstood because she liked Rockton and its people and she knew that they liked her. Really, her popularity was one of Stephen's assets but she could not hope to keep anyone's approval after doing such a wild, inexplicable thing as to run way and leave a good faithing future, at that.

Thursday morning was always a busy one in the parsonage, for it was then that Mr. Chaplin retired to his study to prepare his sermon for Sunday morning and it was then that Isabel breathlessly hurried through any especial performance upon which she wished to avoid comment. It was astonishing how many of them accumu-

lated during the week.

She was briskly stirring up some of the spiced cookies which Aunt Libby loved when Stephen appeared in the

"I had to come down for a drink of water," he explained, sauntering about, tumbler in hand. "This is a say your soul is you stand tany longer." fearfully hot day. Anything in the

Absorbed in measuring baking powder in the pantry, Isabel absently murmured, "Not now," without turning.

Mr. Chaplin stepped over to the stove and turned off the gas. "I am going to take for my text Paul's statement, 'But I was free born.' Of course, the Fourth falling Of course, the Fourth falling on Sunday, they will expect a patriotic and historical sermon and that makes a good starting place to review the incidents which led up to the Declaration of Independence. I shall point out that it was not so much any one act as a succession of petty tyran-nies. We owe a great debt to our ancestors for throwing off the yoke and allowing us to be free born.

"There is one thing I wouldn't say," cautioned Isabel, over her shoulder..
"I wouldn't tell them that Stephen Hopkins signed the Declaration of Independence.

You think it wouldn't be modest?" "I think they can remember it from last year," returned Isabel, a trifle dryly.

"Well, perhaps." He started slowy toward the front hall. He always left the kitchen with apparent reluctance, as though he felt that he ought to stay to regulate the dampers and point Isabel to more efficient methods. "You'd better put the milk away as soon as it comes," he added. heat will be likely to sour it."

Isabel, beating eggs, caught only a part of his speech. She had to stop beating to ask, "What did you say about milk?"

It annoyed him to have to repeat. He spoke very distinctly now, as one might to a child or a deaf person. "I -said -you'd -better -putthe- milk- away."

"But it hasn't come!" "I— said— when— it— does—come." He nobly controlled his ex-

asperation at her density and passed from her sight. Isabel gave a hysterical little laugh, then she came out of the pantry with her cookies ready for baking and discovered the cooling oven. She stared at it and her pretty mouth took a grim

"Now it is settled. I'm through. shall go back with Aunt Libby Sunday night. That is the way I shall celebrate the glorious Fourth! I was free born!"

As she struck a match and began again on her oven, she realized perfectly why women left their husbands. They had simply reached the limit of human endurance. Well, soon she would be one of them, one of the vast army of sufferers nagged into separations. It only remained to tell Aunt Libby. To-morrow would do for that. Aunt Libby should have her first evening undisturbed.

Fortunately Stephen had an errand which took him across town the next

She paused for emphasis and Isa- bedroom for an uninterrupted visit. Even then it was not easy for Isabel to break the news. She put it off and was glad to listen to all the bits of gossip which Aunt Libby had brought from the home town.

Aunt Libby was built on ample lines. Her face was full, her figure was full and her skirts were full. She was well over seventy, an aunt of Isabel's father, and she surveyed the world with the same steady, keen outlook that her forbears had turned upon the seas they sailed.

"Yes, you'd hardly know Broad street. The new post office looks real well now it's finished and the Riggs boys have put up a gasoline place that looks for all the world like the pictures of one of those summer houses and seek in. But it's nice and white and has vines running up it and the boys are making money. Elsie Riggs, though, hasn't turned out very well." "Why, what about Elsie?"

"Well, you know she married young Milbrook and now she's gone off and left him.' Isabel's heart leaped. Another sis-

"Tell me about it. What was the trouble?"

"There didn't seem to be any trouble, as far as I heard. She just said war. He certainly came home wild enough looking. She said he wasn't what she expected when she married

Paul Milbrook's thin face and haunted expression, as she had last seen them, came vividly back but she hardened herself against their appeal. "He probably nagged her," she frowned.

"I wouldn't wonder," agreed Aunt e.
"If I should leave Stephen," she to some sewing she had brought along. "Then why do you say that Elsie hasn't turned out well?" Two pink spots began to burn in Isabel's cheeks. 'A woman must have some freedom,

"To be sure she has," concurred Aunt Libby. "The only thing she has to decide is what she wants the most. It's just a matter of choice. Now the Pikes-I can't speak for the Riggses, we all know that the Riggses came from pretty poor stock and land knows what they'd want-but the Pikes always wanted to do as they'd agreed. As far as I know, there never was a Pike whose word wasn't as good as his bond." Isabel picked up a fan and waved it

before her face. "Aunt Libby, did you ever hear that statistics show that more women leave their husbands after being married eleven years than at any other

"Why, no, Belle. I don't know as I ever did happen to hear that." Aunt Libby waxed her thread and snipped

"Well, it is true. You see, after eleven years the first illusions have worn away and the first romance has passed and life has begun to seem like a treadmill. Then if you happen to have a husband who doesn't let you say your soul is your own, you can't

"Oh, I see," said Aunt Libby, looking up over her spectacles. Elsie Riggs was married about nine years ago but I expect the war may have given her an extra h'ist. I was just wondering how the men begin to feel after about ten years. Got any figures on them?"

"They seem to feel as though they

owned the earth!"
"Hm," said Aunt Libby again.
"Well, maybe all this eleven-year pressure was too much for Elsie Riggs, but if 'twas I, I'd try to have more independence."
"Independence?" Isabel's voice rose on the word.

"Why, yes. You wouldn't catch me leaving a comfortable home and saying I had to do it because a whole parcel of other women had. But I never was one to run with the herd." "Auntie," Isabel began, slowly, "did you ever happen to read a play called 'Mid-Channel?"

"I guess not, Belle. Is it something about boats?"

"In a way. It seems that in crossing the English Channel—" she was very earnest-"there is a place about halfway over where boats have a hard time. They are apt to hit on the rocks -or is it a sand bar- -anyway, they are apt to hit something and be wrecked. It is meant for an illustration of married life. After you have gone about so far, you cannot seem to go any farther," she ended sadly. Aunt Libby stopped rocking and sat

gravely thinking.
"Belle," she announced, finally, "that isn't any mid-channel, that's the doldrums."

"The doldrums? What are they?" "Isabel! And you a Pike! I'm glad your grandfather isn't here to listen to you. The doldrums is a place down by the equator where there isn't any wind and if a sailing vessel once got in there it was all up with it for nobody knew how long. Every sailing master used to know about the doldrums; that was one of the things they used to call to him when he started around the Horn. 'Don't forget the doldrums!' Why, when a boat got in the doldrums it might have to stay for weeks! Sometimes there were little squalls, but the winds would be light and not strong enough to move I the boat.

"The doldrums is just where the married people are that you describe. They've got into a place where nothing seems to be moving or else they are tossed around and don't get anywhere or have a worthless, tormenting little squall. The trouble with them is that they expect to sail comfortably along and then when they get to a bad spot they haven't got life enough, or spunk enough, or courage enough to face the situation and begin whistling for the wind! There is something sort of poetic and nobodycould-help-it about going on a rock that you don't get in talking about the doldrums; but the doldrums is where morning, so the two women settled most of these people are and the next themselves in the cool, shaded front thing for them to do is to get themselves out as soon as they can." 'Why, Aunt Libby," hesitated Isa-

"Now, there's all this talk we hear about personal liberty. There isn't any such thing on this earth and there never will be! That is, not for decent people. We are all mixed up together and we might as well admit it and do as well as we can under the circumstances. But your own freedom, that's another thing! Why, Belle, no-body in the world can take that away from you. There's nobody can keep you from being just as fine and true and kind as you're a mind to be. You may not like what you give in about, but what you give out, that's your own affair. Now, there was my own father. He wasn't any too agreeable that French kings used to play hide to live with after he got beyond going out with his boat. He wasn't used to being around home and instead of settling down and making the best of it he fretted and took it out on everybody else. But Ma always managed to keep calm. You see, she thought it out like this: if she let herself get stirred up it might spread to the next one and so on, with no end to it. So she decided that the only thing to do was to put a period right after Pa and stop it there. She always could seem to look at things from a distance. I've often thought that Pa, who had been that he'd been irritable ever since the all over the seven seas, ended by being land-locked; but Ma, who never set foot outside the country, Ma sail-

> In such homely language did Aunt Libby picture the freedom of a soul. To Isabel, listening, it seemed as if strong, fresh breeze had blown through the room, sweeping out everything little, everything petty, and leaving only large vistas and generous breathing places. It was as though the yellow butterfly, a little tired of beating its frail wings against the walls, turned at last and saw the open window and began to fly toward the light.

Stephen's step sounded below. was time to return to the familiar routine, but on her way to the door Isabel stopped to throw her arms around Aunt Libby and silently press her young cheek to the older one. Aunt Libby gave her a loving pat and then called after her, a twinkle in her kind, keen eyes: "Don't forget to sing a little, Belle. You know when Paul and Silas sang in prison their chains

fell off.' Isabel laughed and skipped down the stairs. She could not do much singing or thinking that afternoon because they were all going to the annual fair that was the big summer event of the ladies' society, but she lay awake a long time after all was quiet for the night.

The next morning she viewed her husband across the table with a singular new detachment. "I am free inside," she thought,

happily, and watched Stephen helping Aunt Libby to omelet. "What nice manners he has and how good he is to her," she noticed gratefully. A wave of tolerance and renewed affection swept over her. When they rose from the table Stephen followed her into the kitchen.
"I am not at all satisfied with my I am not at all satisfied with my sermon for to-morrow," he confessed, pacing uneasily up and down. "All I could get from that text was exactly what I said last year. I do not seem

to have any new ideas.' "Well, now, let's think a minute." bert Beerhohm-Tree said Isabel, kindly. "Did you want it Elizabeth Schirmer. to be on the order of a national ora-

"I don't care so much for that. Of course it ought to be about independence, but I want something more than politics-I want it to help people.' What is the use of preaching,' he ended wistfully, "if you don't help people do right?"

Isabel looked over at his tall figure as he stood staring anxiously out the window and suddenly she seemed to see him in a new light. Had she, perhaps, overlooked an important key to Stephen's dominating character? Was his imperiousness, his dictation, just his own queer way of trying to help people do right? It made her want

to help him too. She hesitated, wondering if she could share with him the ideas that had come to her during the wakeful

hours of the night.
"Stephen," she began timidly was hard to bring out the new, tender little thoughts not yet a day old-"I was thinking last night that the most independent person that ever was in the world was the Lord Jesus. Don't you remember what He said about life, 'I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again.' Why, he could do anything he wanted to and he chose, he preferred, to lay it down because he saw something so much bigger, so much finer."

Stephen's face was full of light. "Why, that's a wonderful text." he

At the door he stopped. "Isabel," he said, gratefully, "per haps you don't realize what a help you are to me. I don't know what I'd ever do without you."

Isabel's eyes shone. "Then isn't it lucky you have me!" the cried in her old gay way. When he was nearly at the top of

the flight, he turned. "If I were you," he called, "I wouldn't make any dessert to-day. You have a nice time with your aunt ings throughout the territory urging and when the time comes I'll step down to the store and get some ice cream."

Isabel stood where he had left her. She could hear Aunt Libby stepping briskly around upstairs. As she worked she was singing in a deep full tone, steady and true except for an occasional elderly quaver, and what she sang was the age-old hymn of emancipation.

Isabel listened a minute, then her young soprano joined glady in the emphasized chorus and retarded end:

'The year of jubilee has come, The year of jubilee has come, Re-turn ye ran-somed sin-ners— home!"—Sarah Fletcher Milligan.

-If you want quality job work it

"THE MIRACLE" AT THE SESQUI.

Presentation of the Morris Gest Max Reinhardt production of "The Miracle" at the Metropolitan opera house, Philadelphia, beginning Octo-ber 4, promises to be the most outstanding art gesture of the theatre that Philadelphia has ever known.

Mr. Gest is taking "The Miracle" to Philadelphia at the bequest of a committee composed of Philadelphia's leading citizens and promoters and lovers of art.

"The Miracle," sought, nation-wide. by countless spectators, described and debated through numberless columns: and ever endless pages, is the outcome of three passions, each held in-dividually by one of "The Miracle"

Cultivating through a lifetime every art of the producing stage, Max Reinhardt may reasonably have wished to drain them for once to the full. Vowing a lifetime to adventure in the theatre, Morris Gest may plausibly have resolved to undertake the vastest exploit of them all. Ambitious to prove himself inventive master of scenic amplitude and exaltation, Norman-Bel Geddes may eagerly have set to the designing of settings spacious beyond imagination, and of costumes and appurtenances beyond reck-oning. Each of the three, in their respective departments, has succeeded in the American production of "The

The preparation and the construction of "The Miracle" cost a vast sum of money. The performance of "The Miracle" employs hordes on the stage, before it and behind it, and the expense is tremendous. Hundreds of thousands have seen "The Miracle." Showings in New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, always in the largest available building suited to the purpose, have broken all records for a dramatic attraction. Mr. Gest hopes to make the Philadelphia production the grandest of all. He estimates the cost of the

showing there at more than \$400,000. It required many years of negotiating before Mr. Gest succeeded in inducing Max Reinhardt, creater of "The Miracle" to come to America for the first time in order to stage the music-drama-pantomime spectacle in this country. This brought about the epoch-making production of "The Miracle" at the Century Theatre, New

York, nearly three years ago. Not within the memory has the auditorium as well as the stage of a theatre been transformed to a particular purpose and illusion. Not within recollection has an American public sat under three hours of pantomime with only music of an orchestra, the occasional intervention of a chorusand the recital of the Lord's Prayer by a single personage, to break the silence.

The same principals in the cast of "The Miracle" during its showing elsewhere will be seen when the production is offered at the Metropolitan opera house, including Lady Diana Manners.

Lady Diana is England's most famous and loveliest titled woman. She will appear in the role of the Madonna, which she created in America, and she also will appear as the Nun, alternating with Elinor Patterson, Chicago beauty and heiress: Iris Tree, daughter of the late Sir Herbert Beerhohm-Tree; and Madame

Grand opera is the music side of "The Miracle," for its musical score has been pronounced by leading music critics throughout the world as the finest composition of the late Engelbert Humperdinck, composer of the grand operas, "Haensel and Gretel" and the "Kienigskinder." Additional music was composed by the late Friedrich Schirmer.

The Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial production of "The Miracle" will be the only presentation of the spectacle in the east this season, and the only one, so far, with the exception of the one in Boston, without a guarantee fund. In Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, the showings were in the nature of civic enterprises.

For those of Centre county who will visit the Sesqui during October to miss "The Miracle" would be unfortunate. It will be the one outstanding feature to carry in the memory for years to come as the artistic triumph of the Sesqui.

Increase in August Milk Prices.

Announcement by the Dairymen's League Co-Operative Association, Inc., of a net pool price of \$2.36 per 100 pounds of 3.5 milk as the August price was a substantial increase over the pool price of the previous month and for August of recent years.

This is the first pool price under the Dairymen's League new system cried. "That ought to make a beautiful sermon, I'll go right now and think it out."

cried. "That ought to make a beautiful sermon, I'll go right now and think it out."

cried. "That ought to make a beautiful sermon, I'll go right now and the local sermon of figuring the price on a basis of 3.5 per cent. If figured on the old 3 per cent. basis the price would be \$2.16 or 20 cents less, but even that would be a high price. In July the pool price was \$1.95, the August 1924 price was \$1.63 and a half, in 1923 \$2.08 and a half, and in 1922 \$1.75.

In this substantial August pool price many farmers see hope for satisfactory prices during the autumn and winter months for which they have been asked to increase their production. The League has held meetproducers to increase the flow of milk one pound per cow per day to assure sufficient milk for the metropolitan markets during the fall and winter. While no promises of high prices have been made by the League officials for this increased production, some producers think that the August price indicates good prices for coming

months. To assure adequate production the League is about to institute another series of meetings to be held throughout the next four months. Feeding for quality and breeding for produc-tion will be subjects discussed by experts at these meetings to explain to producers how they can feed to increase quality of their milk and breed to raise the fall and winter flow of