

Beliefonte, Pa., July 29, 1927.

THE ONLY UTOPIA.

There's many a man in the quiet old place, And there's many a woman too; Some old and some young; some married some not;

And the children are not a few.

A doctor is there, but he never is called. To go out in sunshine or rain, To visit a patient, for no one is sick, And there's no one who suffers pain.

A lawyer is there, but his books are laid by He neither disputes nor debates: He's never consulted on matters of law, For nobody litigates.

The preacher is out of his pulpit, too; No longer he turns the page Of the sacred book; and he has not made A pastoral call for an age.

The youth and maid are there, side by side The roses of June fill the place; But no word is said that will kindle his

eye, Nor bring the sweet blush to her face.

The women who're there never gossip or scold.

Nor wish for new gowns in their pride; And they never are older than when they first came

And none are dissatisfied.

The wives are as placid as mornings in May, And they never complain of their state;

The tempers of husbands are always serene And never a man is out late.

And so many children are found in the place!

But no baby frets or cries; And every small boy is as still as a mouse,

And each little girl is likewise.

The soldier is there, but his fighting is done,

The sailor remains on the shore, The laborer rests every day in the week, The merchant has shut up his store.

There sickness and sorrow and pain are unknown:

There all men are equal; there rest

Has come to the weary, and no other place In all the wide earth is so blest.

Would you know what this place of all places is?

Where discords of life find sure rest Then go to the graveyard, and there you may walk

In the streets of this City of Peace. -New York Sun.

STOP THIEF.

Accidents happen to the most careful persons. No one had more exquisite table manners than Jim Crandall; I mean to say that at the table, as everywhere else, his deportment attracted attention, which is the sure

proof that it was perfect. It was no fault of his that the meringue of the lemon pie, with which he had finished a very satisfactory luncheon at the Charlton, had spotted, stained, and irrevocably ruined his scarf. Crandall did not berate the waiter whose lack of dexterity had caused the hideous blot upon an otherwise impeccable get-up. Instead, he smiled pleasantly. "Considering the number of people you wait on each day, and the number of dishes you place on each table, I can only marvel at the few mishaps that occur," he said. "There," commented the waiter, as Crandall, having left behind his scarf, departed, "is a read gentleman. One of the quiet kind that doesn't expect a waiter to be any more perfect at his trade than the patrons are at theirs." The girl in the check-room smiled gaily at him. The starter outside grinned cheerfully and hastened to summon a taxi. "Never mind, thank you," smiled Crandall. "I've an errand to do, so I'll walk." The starter saluted and beamed upon the sinewy figure of Crandall as he moved toward Fifth Avenue. "A swell guy," said the starter to a porter. "You'd never think, from the easy way he acts, that he's richer than mud." "The real thing," nodded the porter sagely. "Don't never put on no airs. It's the phony ones that bull around and make a racket and want people to notice them." Crandall, unaware of the friendly comment his mere passing aroused, turned up the Avenue. More than one woman cast a second glance at this personable man whose blond hair and bright blue eyes made him seem a bit younger than he really was. But, twirling his stick gaily, Crandall looked neither to the right nor to the left. The very directness of his progress seemed to indicate an aloofness not without attraction. He turned in at the door of a department store.

brows indicated that the hair would could pawn for money enough to keep be dark. And Crandall liked brunet- you another day or sa" She looked tes. Her eyes were black; or perhaps they were deep violet; the curling lashes prevented certainty as to that. Her face was oval and Crandall was Her face was oval and Crandall was sure that the redness of her lips was

He meant it. Not prone to acting

"I'm a perfect fright," she said,

Crandall, his heart thumping as he

room.

bill.

not entirely due to art. It was a mobile, expressive mouth, and the curcan see a way out." ling smile that now adorned it was Suspicion crept into her eyes. you think I'm that kind-" proof of the steadiness of her nerves. It was, he told himself, a distinctly kissable mouth. The nose above was high-bridged, intelligent, hinting at daring.

If the girl of his dreams, the girl with whom he could fall in love, had stepped right out of the land of imaginings, she would look like this girl. Figure, face, and that indefin-able quality which he termed "aliveness"-she had these. dow beside which their table was

And this incarnation of his dreams was a petty thief, a cheap shoplifter She dabbed at her eyes with a hand-who stole stockings from department kerchief. placed reflected faintly her features. who stole stockings from department stores. That such dexterity of hand and such coolness of nerve should be applied to such miserable ends!

things to me, I'm going to powder my He glanced at the salesgirl, but she was oblivious to the theft that had occurred while her back was turned: no floor-walker or store detective seemed to have noticed the offense. counter, the dining-room at this mid-And there was not the least sign of hurry in the pilferer's gait as she sauntered through the store. Close behind her followed Crandall.

He noticed now that the girl's coat was worn and out-moded; there was a darn just above the bed a darn just above the heel of her left instead, she swayed toward him. Her head was tilted back, and he breathed stocking; her shoes were a bit worn. Crandall felt a welling of sympathy in his heart. Who knew what exably. the red lips, sweetly parted now, tremities of fortune had driven her to brushed his own. this recklessness?

At the revolving door that led to speech, and as advance payment for the luncheon," she laughed. "But Fifth Avenue, Crandall looked back over his shoulder. There was still pretty speeches should have a pretty none of that noise or bustle which object; I shall try to beautify myself." would have characterized discovery of the girl's crime. Assured, he stepped out upon the sidewalk and followed had not believed it could, watched her till she disappeared toward the cloakthe girl. He could not withhold admiration for her cool demeanor. room.

Cross-town traffic halted her a block from the store. Crandall, standing right beside her, could observe none of that tensity which should be part and parcel of the manner of one who had turned to suspicion. He told the waiter that his companion was not feeling well; but inquiry developed the just committed a serious violahad fact that no one answering the girl's tion of the law. description had been seen in the cloak-He touched her on the elbow.

And now that easy looseness, that live grace, left her. She seemed to Abashed by the waiter's meaning grin, Crandall asked for the check grow an inch in height as she wheeled. Her face was deathly white and and reached for his pocketbook. It in the violet eyes lurked sudden fear. should have been in the inner pocket of his jacket. It wasn't there, nor

"I saw what you did in the store," said Crandall quietly. For a moment, as rigidity left her

body and she seemed to sag, Crandall thought she would faint; then, as the furious red rushed back into her cheeks, he thought she'd scream. But she did neither; instead she looked

him up and down. "Bull?" she asked. "If you are they're getting fancy downtown. You don't look like nobody trying to be somebody. How long have they been getting their flatties imported from Oxford ?"

He shock his head. "A Harvard accent does sound like Oxford, some-times," he admitted. "But I'm not a detective." The sweet mouth hardened in a sneer that ill became its gentle con-tours. "Then what's the big idea? Are you one of the partners in the joint, or are you one of those people that are always burning up with a sense of duty?"

"Ella!" it called. The girl started. "Is Ella your name?" asked Cran-

"It's the name they give me here," she answered. "It's as good as any not judging you, or criticizing. But for a maid." after you've had luncheon, maybe we Nearer and Nearer and louder came the voice:

it was that of Mrs. Curtis, his petulant hostess, Crandall knew. you think I'm that kind——" of the room. Ignoring Crandall, sne "I'm going to surprise you," he of the room. Ignoring Crandall, sne said quietly. "I think you're the glared at the girl. "You thief!" she cried. "But this is the goes to jail."

is one time a thief goes to jail." Crandall looked at her. "What do on impulse, this was the exception you mean?" he demanded. that proved the rule. This, he knew Mrs. Curtis laughed. "

Mrs. Curtis laughed. "You're like instantly, was the only woman in the world. Before his eager gaze she blushed, averted her eyes. The winone of the servants that's been on this floor this morning, and there's a necklost seven hundred dollars, and all the "and before I let a man say pretty other guests have lost something." "But that doesn't prove this girl

nose." She pushed back her chair and rose. Crandall rose too. Save for a waiter gossiping with the clerk at the cigar counter the diving room at this mid "Come along with me to my room. afternoon hour was deserted. Cran- I'll get help and search you.

dall stepped closer to her. "When you come back," he said, Crandall. But, his face hard, he ignored her unspoken plea.

'You're perfectly right, Mrs. Curtis," he said. He stood aside while the girl meek-

ly followed her captress out of the the perfume of her breath; unbelievroom and down the hall. Half an hour later an excited group

She stepped swiftly away from him. "In payment for the pretty gathered in the living-room downstairs.

Crandall was the only one present who preserved a judicial calm. When the others had exhausted their stores of angry phrases, he made himself heard.

"Has everything been recovered?" he asked.

"Everything is on my dressing-table up-stairs," replied Mrs. Curtis. Ten minutes later the waiter arrived with the soup; fifteen minutes "Then what's to be gained by hav-ing the girl arrested?" asked Cranafter that Crandall's smiling patience

dall. "Of course, I understand there's a duty toward society involved in the ward yourself, Mrs. Curtis, and your paper notoriety that follows an afpacking. It's the part of common sense and also the part of charity." Mr. Curtis nodded agreement. Others fell in line. Ten minutes later the thief walked down the driveway, car-

Humiliated, bruised even in his rying a shabby suitcase that held her spirit, he left the hotel. The oldest poor effects. trick in the world? As she had lean-Crandall cut out of a rubber of ed against him, her deft fingers had bridge. "Think I'll go for a little ride," he announced. "Guess I'll put robbed him. And, confound it all, he not only had been going to say pretty

on a sweater; there's a bit of a fog coming in, and it's chilly." Where the driveway, having wound through the trees that hid it from the

house, emerged into the main road, He shook his head. "A Harvard disgruntled, miserably unhappy. He his dreams looked over her shoulder, without that in his wallet had been a fright in her glance. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

"How much joy and comfort You can all bestow, If you scatter sunshine

Everywhere you go. Scatter sunshine all along your way, Cheer and bless and brighten every pass-

ing day."

-When babies cannot get breast milk it is safer to feed them upon dried milk rather than dilution of cow's milk. Fresh clean, pure cow's milk is a very good food for a baby when mother's milk is not available, but, unfortunately, the milk ordinarily sold in towns is often far from clean and contains large numbers of germs. Such milk, especially in summer, will not keep a day without becoming sour, and is apt to cause di-gestive troubles. Dried milk contains fewer germs than ordinary town milk, and is less likely to contain the germs of infectious diseases. Also germs do not multiply in dried milk as they do in ordinary milk.

Dried milk keeps well so long as it is kept dry. Only as much should be made up at a time as is required for cne feed, and there need, therefore, be no waste.

Dried milk has been largely employed in connection with infant welfare centres in England, particularly in Leicester and Sheffield, and Dr. F. J. H. Couths, in his report to the local government board says that the experience of the last 12 or 14 years shows that dried milk is one of the most satisfactory forms of cow's milk for the feeding of infants.

Pasteurized, sterilized or boiled cow's milk are useful foods if properly prepared, but they have disadvant-

ages as compared with dried milk. Unsweetened full cream condensed milk is also good for baby feeding, but when mixed with water in the

proportions some times recommended it is too weak for satisfactory nourishment. Sweetened condensed milk is often used for baby feeding. Dried milk has the advantage, when made up with the proper proportion of water, of containing the essential food elements in a proportion more suitmatter. But there's also a duty to- able than full cream sweetened condensed milk. The latter, if made up guests. Everyone here will have to so as to give the right proportion of appear in court as a witness. Every- fat, has a very excessive amount of one will receive that unpleasant news- sugar. The baby usually becomes fat and flabby, and is liable to suffer from fair like this. The girl probably is diseases, such as rickets. These risks scared to death. I'd simply send her attach to other infant foods containing excess of sugar. So-called "malt-ed" milks, like sweetened condensed milks, contain much too low a proportion of fat as compared with sugar. They differ from sweetened condensed milk in the nature of the sugar. In condensed milk this is mainly sucrose; in malted milk it is largely maltose

derived from the malted cereal. The ordinary patent infants' foods, containing large quantities of unaltered starch, are worse than sweetened condensed milk or malted milk. They are not fit for use for a baby older than seven months.

It is not surprising, therefore, that at official infant welfare clinics dried milk is becoming used to an increased extent as, on the whole, the most convenient and most suitable food when babies cannot get breast milk. In feeding babies on dried-milk, the full cream variety should alone be used. Commencing with one teaspoonful of dried milk in three tablespoonfuls of water in the first or second weeks of life, it can be rapidly increased to one and a half or two teaspoonfuls of dried milk in from four to five tablespoonfuls of water by the end of the

FARM NOTES.

-A chicken incubator never feels worried when it hatches duck eggs and its offspring go in swimming.

-Keep the cultivator going in the young strawberry bed. The next two months determine the 1928 strawberry crop.

-What have you in the way of meat on the farm that will bring 40 to 50 cents per pound? Early broilers will do it.

-Bulbs for the fall planting should be ordered now. Procure a supply of catalogs and study them carefully for your favorite varieties.

-To hatch a desirable chick, hatching eggs should weigh between 24 and 26 ounces per dozen, and should be uniform in shape, size and color.

-Because of their insectivorous nature, guineas require a large proportion of animal food, also green food, and they must have plenty of water to drink.

-Trapnesting is the only accurate method of determining the exact egg production of the hen. It is economical only for poultrymen doing careful, accurate pedigree work.

-Beware of June hatched chicks, They never pay for their feed, and are more liable to gaps and cholera. Pen the settlers up in the shade with food, water, and a vigorous young cockerel.

-Sometimes a flock is slow about laying, even when everything seems right for eggs. If yours is lazying around that way, try a wet mash once daily for a week or two. It often does the work.

-Many an automobile is being

time.

bought on the farm and paid for with the profits from the farm flock. -In feeding poultry the heavy grain feed should come at the even-ing meal. The birds should have all the grain they will clean up at this

-Primary reliance on the preventive serum treatment is advised by veterinary officials of the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, to prevent a recurrence of the serious hog-cholera losses encountered late in 1926. Though sanitation, local precautions, prompt quarantine and other aids in preventing the disease are helpful, the most dependable safeguard is immunity obtained by the preventive serum treatment.

-In discussing the care of pigs newly born, Professor Morton of the Colorado Agricultural college says: 'Pigs should be taken out into the sun just as soon as the weather will permit, and the sow should be compelled to come some distance for her feed, so that she will keep up her exercise. If she starts eating pigs at birth or shortly after, it is prohably due to probabl extreme constipation, and feverish condition as a result of improper feeding or lack of exercise. A dose of salts will do much more good than feeding raw pork or meat of any kind. "Where a sow has too many pigs some of them may be transferred to another sow, as many as she can handle, provided this is done within a few days after the sow with the smaller number has farrowed, so that the extra pigs put upon her can develop teats for themselves."

At the men's neckwear counter Crandall selected a rust-colored scarf and walked to a mirror, before which he could arrange it in place of the ruined ore he wore.

He was giving to the knot the final deft pull when in the mirror he noted something that made him forget the matter of his grooming.

A girl before the ladies' hosiery counter was deliberately stuffing several pairs of silk stockings in the sleeve of her coat. Crandall pursed his lips; there was no possible mistake. He was looking upon a shoplifter who was plying her profession with a sure dexterity and coolness that was marvelous. And now the salesgirl turned around and handed to the pilfering customer a small package. The customer nodded her thanks and turned carelessly away. So far, in the mirror, Crandall had been able to glimpse only the curve of her throat and the line of her jaw; now, fleetingly, he caught a glimpse

of her full face. Perhaps, according to classic stand-

ards, she was not beautiful, but she was certainly lovely as measured by the eyes of Crandall. He turned that thing you own, where you're behind he might see the face itself and not in your room rent and haven't eaten its reflection. The wide-brimmed hat hid her hair, but the jet-black eye-

"I'm just a man who sees a girl in trouble," he told her.

"So that's your lay, is it?" she demanded. "Well, listen, some can be made by money and others by tossing a scare into them, but I don't belong to either class. There's just two things you can do-holler for the cops or meander on your way."

But her bravery was feigned; even as she glared defiantly at him the sneer left the sweet lips and they trembled. Her body swayed, tottered, and she would have fallen but for under the brim of every wide-brim-

The cross-town traffic halted in obedience to the officer's whistle. A taxi, bound up-town, veered in to the curb in response to Crandall's quickly lifted stick. Too weak to resist, the girl permitted Crandall to urge her into the machine. "Straight up the Avenue," said

Crandall to the chauffeur. The girl shrank into her corner.

What're you going to do?" she ask-

ed. Crandall leaned forward and call-lel to the driver. "Take us to the Blenmore," he ordered. He sat back is dreams. and spoke to the girl. "Get you a meal first," he replied.

He had seen hungry people before; now that he looked at the girl he saw that her face was drawn and there was an almost transparent quality to her skin that could only mean lack of proper nourishment.

She huddled in the corner now and hid her face in her hands. All the careless courage had evaporated from her bearing. Crandall felt a wave of pity that was almost tender sweep over him. He patted her hand reassuringly.

"Don't cry," he said. "Nothing's going to happen to you." Her hands came down from her

face and she looked at him. "I'm not crying," she declared. "At

least I'm trying not to. But when you're half starved-" "Not another word," he command-

ed, "until you've eaten something." They were at the Blenmore and Crandall, feeing the taxi man, proceeded with the girl into the main dining-room. A head waiter bowed them to a table and Crandall, realizing that this was no time for epicurean choice, ordered soup, a steak, potatoes and a salad. Lest the girl e embarrassed, he ordered for two, despite the fact that he had lunched sufficiently half an hour ago. "You seem pretty white," said the girl

"Don't care to tell me all about it,

do you?" he inquired. She shrugged slim shoulders "What's there to tell? You get to a point where you've pawned everycommunicate with him. But this was silly; she wouldn't repent.

was it anywhere else about his per-

son. Fortunately, a trousers pocket

contained enough money to pay the

things to her, but he had been intend-

ing to ask her to marry him. Silly,

In the apartment which he main-

insane, but a fact.

He gave up hope of ever seeing her again, but though hope had died, he knew that the fierce flame of desire told him. would never die. He had always scoffed at love at first sight, but it had come to him, and that the girl they start looking for us." had treated him shabbily, to put it mildly, made no difference to that love.

But when, several weeks later, he accepted an invitation to spend the week-end with some recent acquaintances at their country place in Connecticut, he had lost the frantic nervousness that had first led him to peer med hat he passed. Something had entered his life and then passed out of it; he was enough of a philosopher to accept the fact and cease repining over it.

It was the usual dull week-end party; Crandall played no golf, but the swimming was good and the afternoon and evening bridge games were pleasant. He had arrived on thing to do, wouldn't it?" he laughed. Friday night and it was Sunday morning when, returning unexpectedto his room-his host's cigars, while excellent, were a bit too strong for him-he encountered the girl of

There, in a maid's uniform, arranging the toilet articles on his dresser, she stood. Crandall half leaned, half

fell against the wall. She spoke first. "I suppose you'll tell about me," she said. He smiled. "Do you know, I hadn't

expected that your first words, if ever we met again, would be of fear." "When you're in my line," said the irl, "you have to be afraid."

girl, "Then you're still in the same line?" demanded Crandall.

She flushed. "Somehow-maybe because I gave you a raw deal-I don't

feel like lying to you," she replied. "Are you working at it in this house?" he asked.

Despair crept into her voice. "Will you turn me up?"

He shook his head. "I wouldn't do that." His voice broke queerly "My His voice broke queerly. "My Lord, for years before I met you, I dreamed of you. And since I did meet you, I've thought of nothing else. And you ask if I'd give you to the police. That's as crazy an idea

as the one that's in my own head this minute." "What's that?" she asked. "I'm wondering if, this time, I should let you get away, on any pre-text. I'm wondering if I shouldn't take you straight to a minister and marry you."

"You'd marry a thief?" she asked. "Why not?" he countered.

Slowly the flush left her face until she was as deathly pale as on that occasion when he had half shoved, half lifted her into a taxicab.

"I'm a thief, all right; but I'm not rotten enough to marry an honest man

From the hall outside came an ir-

mile walk to the station," he told her.

'Jump in.' Meekly, she obeyed him. He turned to the right.

"The station's the other way," she "Sure thing," he agreed. "And

that's the first place they'll go when "What d'you mean ?" she demanded. "Mean? I mean that they piled all the stuff you'd carefully collected in a heap on Mrs. Curtis's dressing-table and that I have it. It may be ten minutes and it may be two hours before the stuff is missed. We have a little start, but not too much. But it's the chance that I've been waiting for for six months, ever since I came East and managed to break into mon-

eyed circles." "For the love of heaven, are you on the crook too?" she cried.

"Surest thing in the world," he laughed.

"Then why didn't you tell me so the first time I met you?" 'Now that would have been a wise

"Say, what's your name?" "Ellen Daley," she answered.

"Ellen Crandall it's going to be," he declared.

With perfect love and trust, she snuggled closer to him; his free arm and of the educative influence of conwent about her waist. "I fell for you | tact with other native fellow-citizens the minute I saw you," she said, "but I thought you were way over my head."

"I fell for you the same way," he said, "and if you hadn't been so hasty

said, and if you hadn't been so hasty that day at the Blenmore, we'd have fixed it up that very afternoon." She sighed happily. "Ain't it won-derful when two people are so—so— congenial?" she said. For love has no rules. Morality, honor, virtue-these count for little.

If it only existed among the perfect, how soon the race would die .- By

1500 Edwin Way 1470 Nolan Bros. 1773

Boone Bros. Claude Bechdel

and disgrace him," she stated.

rascible, almost hysterical voice. air and gives instant relief.

second month, and so on to five teaspoonfuls of dried milk in 10 tablespoonfuls of water at the age of 5 or 6 months. Fears were at one time expressed that the use of dried milk might result in scurvy or rickets. Prolonged experience at infant welfare centres has refuted this; but as an extra precaution to avoid the possibility of scurvy, particularly if dried milk is to be used for a long time, a grape juice, may be given once or twice a week. Dried milk is also a valuable food for nursing mothers. One of the distinct surprises of our

vital statistics here in the East in recent years was the discovery that the 84 days than did the lambs fed on foreignborn mothers raised a larger corn and cottonseed meal. Corn silage proportion of their children than the and clover hay were fed in addition native-born mothers. Almost needless to say, the native-born mothers, in a very large proportion of cases, live hay is essential in feeding lambs on in rather comfortable circumstances and all of them have the advantage of our public school educational system who have intellectual advantages. The foreign-born mother, on the contrary, in the vast majority of cases, lives in crowded slums; she has often lacked the educational opportunities afforded to the native-born woman as she grew up, and until comparatively recent years she depended, in the care of her children, on the age-long family traditions which had come down from generations and the origin of which was often sunk in the greatest obscurity.

In spite of this difference, with so many details of it apparently to the advantage of the native-born mother and the serious disadvantage of the foreign-born mother, in both New York and Boston, the foreign-born vealed by the statistics in New York of the neighboring Eastern city that it would be quite credited. Of course the principal reason for the difference in the survival of the two classes of children is that the foreign-born mother almost invariably nurses her 57.0 infant, while the native-born mother almost invariably does not. This fact 54.9 alone is probably sufficient to account 54.8 for the difference in the mortality.

NUT SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM.

Boil together two cups water and and sugar for fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and stir in three-

fourths cup thick maple syrup and -Egg white is a good remedy for one-half cup chopped hickory nuts. and it is claimed that the hard parts slight burns or scalds. It excludes the Serve on individual portions of ice make no trouble in the later manufac-

-Purdue university and the federal bureau of animal industry, in casting about to find new uses for the oats crop, conducted an experiment at Lafayette to determine the value of oats in fattening Western lambs during the past winter. Previous lamb-feed-ing results had indicated that oats was not equal to corn for the fattenlittle fruit juice, such as orange or ing process, but in this case, with cottonseed meal added to the ration, very satisfactory results were obtained.

The lambs fed on oats and cottonseed meal gained 1.2 pounds more in to the other feeds named. It has been definitely demonstrated that a legume the dry lot, although the amount fed may be small. Two feeds of clover hay every five days are enough to keep the lambs in good condition, according to the results of this experi-Compared with the lot fed ment. clover hay daily, the lot receiving a limited amount of this feed made cheaper gains and finished just as well. The oats lot required less hay than the corn lot.

--Cornstalks, the largest single item of waste of America's largest industry, farming, have had their challenge answered not by an American scientist but by a Hungarian. Dr. Bela Dorner, head of the laboratories of the Royal Hungarian railways, has recently come to this country with a process which he states is commercially practicable for the utili-zation of the stalks in the manufacture of paper, rayon, auto finishes and many other products for which wood pulp at present is the only sat-

isfactory basis. A number of New York capitalists nave become interested in the possibilities of Doctor Dorner's method, and a prominent consulting chemist retained by them has reported favorably on it, after a series of largescale tests.

It has long been known that cornstalk substance is chemically and physically suited for the needs now met only by wood pulp, but certain practical difficulties prevented the development of a stalk-pulp industry. One of the chief obstacles in processes hitherto tried has been the necessity for cutting out the hard cross-plates three-fourths cup each, chopped figs at the joints, which made too great an expense for commercial development. In the Dorner process, however, the whole stalk is ground up, turing stages.

70; over 1,200 lbs milk, 36. terfat for month: Lbs milk Fat Ward Krape 1461 3.4 A. C. Hartle & Bro. 3.8 3.8 3.1 Paul Bradford 2031 2.7 Clyde Bechdel 1371 3.9 1419 3.7 1513 3.4 B. A. Sampsel 1209 4.5 Claude Bechdel 1131 4.5

Arthur Somers Roche. Monthly Report of Cow Testing Association. Cow testor Harold Brumgart sub- mother raises one in seven more of her children than does the native-born mits the following report for the mother. When this fact was first remonth of June:

Herds tested, 2; cows in milk, 239; it was very seriously doubted, and it

cows dry, 24; No. cows producing over was not until they had been confirmed 40 lbs. fat, 39; over 50 lbs. fat, 9; No. by the vitality and mortality records cows producing over 1,000 lbs. milk, The highest producing cows in but-

Lbs 49.6 55.8 53.4

52.5

51.4 51.4

50.8