

COOPERATIVE EXPERIENCE.

Plan of Illinois Farmers Might be Dupli- cated Locally to the Profit of Investors and Community.

The experiences of others is always well worth considering when an individual, a company, or an organization of any kind is considering a business venture. True it is that where one succeeds another fails, but if by experience it is shown that a plan is feasible it remains only for those interested to apply good business methods and results will be similar.

At Centre Hall there is a creamery plant about to be closed on account of the owner removing to another point to accept an attractive position. There is abundant evidence on all sides that these small creamery plants bring to their owners large returns in net profits, and it is also conclusively shown that the banding together of producers of milk make it possible to conduct a co-operative factory. It would be an easy matter to pick a dozen farmers in this immediate vicinity whose farms would support ten to fifteen cows; whose bank accounts could be checked on to purchase this plant, and whose business skill would be amply to successfully conduct such a plant, the only remaining requirement being to put into action their money under their own direction.

The possibilities of co-operation is well demonstrated in many sections in the west and northwest, where farmers prefer to direct their own funds. A brief history of a co-operative creamery plant in the village of Hebron, in McHenry county, Illinois, is here reprinted from the Country Gentleman:

In the Elgin dairy district the majority of the milk farms sell whole milk to several large companies who contract by the month for the product at so much per hundred pounds. The average farm price of milk per quart under this system of disposal ranges under three cents. All this milk is produced subject to the requirements of the Chicago Milk Commission, which necessitate that the barn in which the milk is produced be equipped with a concrete floor, a dust-tight ceiling, adequate ventilation and about four square feet of window area per cow, while the animals must be maintained in a healthy, vigorous condition and there must be no disease among the families of any of the milkers.

The silage must be fed after the milking process is completed, and the milk house must be located from six to ten feet from the barn. The milk must be immediately cooled below 65 degrees Fahrenheit after it is drawn and it must be delivered to the factory in a clean, wholesome condition. In a word the conditions under which this milk is produced are rigid and expensive, so that the dairymen make little money at less than three cents a quart. In addition the farmers that contract their milk to these companies must decrease the number of young animals and swine that they maintain on their farms, as they have no skim milk or buttermilk to feed to young stock or hogs. They are annually selling considerable fertility from their places in the guise of whole milk.

It was due to these two factors—the low price paid for whole milk, and the fact that little young stock or hogs could be raised under this system—that the Farmers' Cooperative Factory, of Hebron, Illinois, was organized. Six of the leading farmers of that rich dairy region met and formulated plans for their private factory. At a central location near the six farms that were to supply cream to the butter factory the manager of the project purchased two acres of land, upon which he erected a small concrete-block factory and an ice house as well as a pleasant dwelling house for the butter-maker.

The countryside predicted the complete failure of the new project within the first six months. The failure never materialized. The factory has been successfully operated for three years and at present the demand for the butter, which is marketed in the neighboring town of two thousand inhabitants, is at a maximum. Were the daily output five times as large all the butter could be readily marketed at a premium above Elgin prices. The remarkable feature of this cooperative factory is that its promoters and owners have never had to invest any of their private funds in building and establishing the project. The factory has not only paid its way from the start but it has also accumulated a sufficient surplus to settle all the expenses of establishing and managing the plant.

In every sense of the word this is a private farmers' factory. The six countrymen who own it milk about 120 grade and purebred Holsteins, an average of 20 to the farm. Each man owns a hand separator and separates his milk on the home farm. This permits of feeding the skim milk to the young stock and hogs when it is in the best condition—that is, still warm from the cows. This method of separating the milk on the farm and hauling the cream to the factory assures the butter maker of a clean, high testing cream of a uniform quality. There has never been a cause for complaint at this factory regarding

quality.

All the cream is paid for on the basis of its butterfat test, the price paid per pound of butterfat always being two cents above that quoted on the Elgin market. At present about four or five hundred pounds of cream are daily delivered to the factory from the six farms and approximately 150 pounds of butter are made. The largest daily output of the factory during the year ranges around 500 pounds of high-quality butter. The butter sells for four cents a pound above Elgin prices the year round.

"I wonder if you could let me have a couple of pounds of this butter to take home with me?" I asked the butter-maker.

"I should like to accommodate you," he replied, "but each day every pound of our output is sold before it is even made. There is a big local demand for our butter, and even if we were daily turning out five times as much as we are right now we should meet with little trouble in disposing of it."

This six-farm factory sold about 20,000 pounds of butter during 1911 and the current sales promise to be even greater. If the plant included a large separator many of the other local farms would like to market their cream there; but as it is their owners' object to maintaining hand separators and separating the milk on their home farms. The owners of the factory are not bemoaning this lack of appreciation of the project by their neighbors; the factory is efficiently serving the purpose for which it was designed and at least six farms of this Northern Illinois region are realizing an attractive profit from their dairying operations, as well as retaining their skim milk and buttermilk for use in the calf and swine menus.

The land, house, factory building and equipment cost approximately \$2000. The factory is a concrete-block structure about 40 by 35 feet. In addition to the churn room it includes a small engine room which contains a six-horse-power gasoline engine that furnishes all the power for operating the machinery as well as separate cooling and storage rooms. The cooling room is supplied with an abundance of spring water that is clear as crystal. This spring furnishes so much cold water that the amount of ice that otherwise would have to be used is measurably lessened. The wooden ice house has a capacity of 120 tons and is filled once a year.

The churn room is equipped with modern machinery which makes the production of superior butter an actuality rather than a possibility. The equipment includes a large rotary churn, two cream vats, a large wash box, scales, printer, a Babcock testing outfit and similar paraphernalia of the up-to-date creamery. A notable feature of this factory is that it is operated and managed by only one butter-maker.

The buttermilk is equally divided between the six farmers each day; they carry it back to their farms, where it is fed. The butter is packed in fancy cartons or in jars and sold to private trade or to the local hotels, restaurants and grocery stores.

That sprouting Scotch peer, the Earl of Levon, who rebuked a snip news reporter who approached him by declaring that "no gentleman ever speaks to another without an introduction; it simply isn't done," is an old friend of James Francis Dwyer, the Australian novelist—that is, Dwyer doesn't actually know the Earl of Levon, but he knows his sweetly British sort.

"I ought to," said Dwyer. "I was broke in London and I learned to know the true Briton. Once I answered an advertisement for a literary secretary. To make certain that my letter would be read I wired the advertiser as follows:

"Do not engage a literary secretary until you have read my letter of application."

"That letter was a gem. I thought I would land the place with it sure. I was certain of it when a large, square letter directed me to appear at a named address at a given hour. It was a four penny bus ride, but I didn't care. My fortune was opening out before me. I squandered the fourpence without a miserly thought. A pompous butler ushered me into a black oak library, where the original stuffed model of John Bull sat at a table. I sat down meekly and waited to be spoken to.

"Blam! He hit the desk with his clinched hand.

"You cannot dictate to an Englishman," said this old image.

"No, sir," I said.

"I tell you," he shouted, "you cannot dictate to an Englishman!"

"Certainly not," I said.

"But you tried to," he said. "You sent me this impertinent telegram. No Englishman would have done that. It was an American trick."

"I tried to soothe him, for I wanted that job. But he got hotter and hotter. Finally he told me outright that he had hired a young man who once had worked for a lord.

"I have sent for you," said he, "and you should be grateful to me in order to teach you a proper respect for the traditions of England and for the British flag."

"You old fossil," said I. "If I had a British flag here I'd tear it in two and choke you to death with it."—Chicago News.

"What on earth made you buy that comfortable when we have more now in the house than we need?"

"I guess it was because I saw it marked 'down.'"—Exchange.

FUN FOR THE ROWDIES.

Revelries of the Mohocks in London in the Old Days.

Some curious particulars of the dangers of London streets in the old days are given in an article on "The Scowlers and the Mohocks" in a British magazine. The favorite practice of the Scowlers was to invade some tavern in the evening, drive out the customers, wreck the premises and his attendants, wreck the premises and, above all, "roar." Steele tells of the Mohocks, one of whose pastimes was to "inclose women in casks and roll them down the street." In 1712 a royal proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any Mohock.

Soon after the accession of George IV. to the throne in 1820 there was a recrudescence, though in a milder form, of Mohock rowdiness, and attacks on the watch—"boxing the Charles," as the phrase went—once more became fashionable among the wilder spirits of London. These revelries, however, were rudely disturbed by the establishment in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel of an efficient body of police.

Yet again in early Victorian days there was another Mohock outburst under the auspices of the Marquis of Waterford, and once more knockers and bell handles were wrenched off, public monuments injured, lights extinguished and crockery smashed. This form of humor, however, was quite wasted upon the local authorities, the marquis being promptly knocked down by a watchman and taken up half dead. The same authority tells us that in the following year he and some other men of fashion were convicted at Derby assizes of trying to overturn a caravan, screwing up a toll keeper and painting houses and people red. For these recreations they were fined £100 apiece.

SHADOW OF THE MOON.

Its Rapidity of Motion as Shown in a Solar Eclipse.

Probably the fastest motion that man can perceive with his eyes is that of the shadow of the moon across the earth in a solar eclipse. This rate is practically that of the moon in its orbit, which is about 2,000 miles an hour. This is roughly half a mile a second. Now, if a person were to be stationed on a mountain whence he could see for some miles he could actually watch the approach of the shadow and keep his eye on its edge. Of course the shade would cover the whole landscape for any one person.

From the testimony of many men who have witnessed the phenomenon in such circumstances it is a terrible and awe inspiring spectacle. Thus Forbes of Turin: "I confess it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the case of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse." Another view is described by Langley: "The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow and the intensity produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."

There are, of course, many velocities greater than this that occur on the earth, which, too, are measurable, such as the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second, and the speed of molecules of hot gases, but they are not directly perceptible to the human vision.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

Transit of Venus.

The transits of Venus came in pairs, with an interval of eight years between them. A pair occurred in 1761 and 1769 and again in 1874 and 1882. The whole of the twentieth century will pass without another transit. Not until the years 2004 and 2012 will posterity have the opportunity of witnessing it. It was long supposed that transits of Venus over the sun's disk afforded the only accurate method of determining the distance of the sun, but latterly the speed of light has become the more favored method for that purpose.—New York American.

How He Lost His Dog.

"I've lost me mine dachshund," said a German resident of Brooklyn. "Those dog catchers got him." "Maybe dey have got him by der pound. How did they come to took him?" asked his friend. "They took him by der yard," replied the loser sadly.—New York Press.

Perhaps She Was Skeptical.

"Just my luck." "What's the matter now?" "I promised my wife I'd be home at 10 o'clock last night." "And couldn't make it, I suppose?" "No; I got in at just 9:45, but she was sound asleep, and I failed to get credit for it."—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Way.

"If I were younger," said the rich old man, "I believe I might win you for my wife." "Yes," replied the cold beauty, dreamily considering his sixty years. "Or, say, fifteen or twenty years older."—Philadelphia Press.

Continuous Performance.

Wigwag—My wife is a suffragette. She is going on the lecture platform. Henpecker: Huh! My wife doesn't need any platform.—Philadelphia Record.

This world belongs to the energetic.—Emerson.

Advertise it in the Reporter.

THE CHINESE JUNK

A Curious Craft It Is, With Eyes Painted on Its Masts.

SOME TOSPY TURVY METHODS

The Crew's Quarters Are Aft, Not Forward, and John Blandly Sets His Course East South and Tells You the Wind Is Blowing From West North.

The origin of the ancient old world junk, like all things Chinese, is involved in some obscurity, but its first model seems to have been a Chinese conception of some huge marine monster. The teeth which are usually shown in all the terrors of ferocity on the bow denote the mouth. Long boards running aft from the bow, both to port and to starboard, represent the awe inspiring jaws. The sails are fins, while the tall waving aloft, an appendix which all properly constituted dragons of the sea must certainly have, is denoted in the high stern. But most of these characteristics have lost much of their significance in recent years, with the one exception of the eyes, which are always painted on the masts. Captain John is loath to part with them, for, as he warily explains: "No have eye, no can see; no can see, no can go."

John Chinaman, shipbuilder, when he takes a notion to build one of his junks does not bother himself much about plans and specifications. Give him the model. Then he will lay his lines off on the floor or on an open space of ground and build his ship as he goes along by the simple rule of thumb. Considering the result he has attained, he is no doubt convinced of the superiority of his method over every other. Fir, teak and pine are the woods he uses in his construction.

The seams of the hull are caulked with rattan shavings and "payed" with a cement of oil and gypsum. The whole of the hull is well tarred, while the upper works are smeared with wood oil. Then comes a final coat of paint—green, blue, white, red—in fact, any color but yellow, which must be reserved for the many flags the completed ship will carry to proclaim her nationality.

When it comes to equipments, they seem antiquated compared with the ones we employ. The windlass is an elongated, barrel shaped roller extending across the broad bow, on either side of which is arranged a series of fixed spokes bearing a strong resemblance to a wheel without a tire. From this is hung great tenkwood anchors with iron bound flukes and cables of coil or bamboo rope. This ingenious contrivance is capable of being operated by either hand or foot.

In the way of sail the style depends on whether you are in north or south China. Among the northern Chinese a long mainmast carrying short lug sails is found. In the southern country the sails are generally of woven mat strips sewed into a single sheet and provided with yards at the top and bottom. The bamboo ribs crossing it serve to keep the hoops on the mast in place and enable the boatmen to haul the sail close on the wind. This mainsail is the chief dependence, though sometimes a "driver" is placed on the taffrail and a small sail near the bow. But bowsprits are not considered at all necessary by John Chinaman.

In the matter of rigging we find John quite familiar with everything he requires. Halyards, sheets and braces are used as with us. His blocks, though larger, are not as shapely and are fewer in number. Clumsy as the rudder appears, it is so contrived as to require little effort to manipulate it, for wily John has understood the principles of a balanced rudder and centerboard for centuries. The inboard end resembles just what it is intended to represent—a huge ear handle—and is so cunningly rigged with guys and whips that it makes our own stiff jointed wheel and short helm a poor alternative.

His compass card is stationary. The needle swings on its pivot and points contrarily to the south pole. With twenty-four divisions and some 2,000 minor points or degrees on this faithful guide, John insists on referring to his course as E. S. or the wind blowing from the W. N. How he would disarrange such complex compass bearings as E. by N. 3/4 E. or N. W. by N. 1/4 N. can be left to an imagination sufficiently vivid to embrace such a calamity.

In the arrangement of his ship John again exhibits his consistency by beginning wrong end foremost—that is, considering the matter from our viewpoint. His provisions are carried above deck and aft instead of forward and below. The crew eat and sleep near the stern. The passengers are accommodated in the forward end.

In China there is no Pilsmoil mark and no government inspector ready to check off the number of passengers as they go aboard. Neither is there any instance upon such requirements as life belts, fire appliances and lifeboats. When everything is ready John starts forth on his voyage feeling safe in the happy possession of his pratique or clearance papers, whereby he is commanded to refrain from many practices. These include about everything from smuggling to the carrying of stinkpots. This pratique also commends his soul to the gods and bids him an affectionate farewell and wishes for a safe passage.—Norman W. Browne in New York Post.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely allied.—Goethe.

Centre Reporter, \$1 per year.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the Forty-ninth Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept bearing date the 21st day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphan's Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY being the 24th day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, with their records, inquiries, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE, sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Jan. 14, 1913.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts will be presented to Court for confirmation FEBRUARY 26TH, 1913, and unless exceptions be filed thereto on or before February 24th, 1913, the same will be confirmed, to-wit:

The 2nd account of John Flack, guardian of Jonathan W. Bradley, helpless child. The 4th account of Ezekiel Conder, committee of Harry Taylor. The 4th account of Dorsey E. Woodring, committee of Jesse Newton Cowher.

D. R. FOREMAN, Prothonotary.

Jan. 24, 1913.

Farm Machinery Gasoline Engines Fertilizers Binder Twine Repairs for Machinery

The undersigned is prepared to furnish anything in the above, lines at most reasonable rates. Farm machinery includes a full line of hay tools, etc.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

H. C. SHIRK Centre Hall, Pa.

When in need of good MEN'S FOOTWEAR We sell the Ball Band Heavy GUMS and ARCTICS at the lowest prices. Hood Rubbers-first quality Light weight rubbers, the best to be had. Also the best makes of Men's, Boy's and Children's Shoes at lowest prices Winter is here; you will need good footwear. Don't forget that the best is to be had at the store of C. F. EMERY, Centre Hall

LADIES' "FITZ-EZY" SHOES will cure corns! SOLD ONLY AT YEAGER'S SHOE STORE BELLEFONTE

Here is a message of hope and good cheer from Mrs. C. J. Martin, Bone Mill, Va., who is the mother of eight children. Mrs. Martin was cured of stomach trouble and constipation by Chamberlain's Tablets after five years of suffering, and now recommends these tablets to the public. Sold by all dealers. adv.

Winter is here and we have on hand Good Heavy Underwear Extra Heavy Hose Rubbers -Light Weight and Heavy -Also, a few more Bed Blankets in Cotton and All Wool, in Fancy Plaids Robes and Horse Blankets Dress Goods in all the plain and fancy weaves for Coats, Suits; Ser- ges for Coats. All Overs and Laces and wide insertion to match. Call and see. We will save you money. H. F. Rossman SPRING HILLS, PA.

FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE Consult us before placing your risks. W. H. Bartholomew & Son Centre Hall, Pa.