

# DAIRY TALES

## TEST DAIRY COWS FOR PRODUCTION

### Eliminates Unprofitable Animals From Good Ones.

"The herd improvement test advances the breed in two ways," said H. V. Norton, speaking at Cornell university. "It gets rid of the low-producing, unprofitable cows, and discovers those animals capable of high production, the real seed stock of the breed."

Mr. Norton, who is superintendent of advanced registry for the Holstein-Friesian association, says that the herd improvement test meets the requirements of hundreds of breeders who have not felt warranted in undertaking advanced registry testing. Unlike the advanced registry test, in which the individual cow is the unit, this test includes the entire herd and is designed to furnish the owner a definite knowledge of the production of each individual member of the herd. It began January 1, 1928, and for the first year 269 herds including 6,318 cows representing 36 states were on test.

"The improvement test will also furnish valuable information regarding sires. Improvement of the breed must be effected largely through the sire; and since heavy production is the chief consideration, it follows that the selection of sires having ability to transmit high production is a matter of the utmost importance," said Mr. Norton. "In the past we have selected sires with a long line of high-producing dams, but this is not an absolute guarantee that the sire will transmit heavy producing ability to his daughters. The only real proof that a bull possesses this much desired characteristic is the fact that his daughters are heavy producers. Such bulls are commonly called proven sires. To date, we have few of them. Advanced registry testing, as commonly practiced, does not prove the sire, because only the best daughters are tested."

"Testing all the daughters of a bull is the real check of his ability to transmit the factor for high production, and this will be one of the outstanding features of the herd improvement test. Herds which continue with this test year after year will show the influence of the sire by comparison of the productions of dams and daughters. As a result many valuable sires will be saved for service, and not slaughtered before their real worth is discovered."

## Careless Handling of a Bull Always Dangerous

Careless handling of a bull is dangerous. Safety demands that the simple principles of good herdsmanhip be used, without fail, every day of the year. First, every bull should be dehorned as a calf. Second, every bull should have a strong ring put in his nose when he becomes a yearling. And whenever it is necessary to handle him, a strong bull staff should be attached to the nose-ring. Third, every bull in service should be confined to his exercising pen. Never under any conditions should anyone "trust" a mature animal. Even the bull with the habit of holding his head near the fence to be petted—the so-called "gentle as a kitten" bull—should never be trusted. When he displays his skill at butting in an attempt to catch and crush a hand or object, it should not be looked upon as mere "playing." Instead it should be looked upon as a warning.

## Dairy Facts

Salt should be added to all grain mixtures in amounts of 1 to 2 percent by weight.

Potatoes may be used with success although a heavy allowance of them to a cow will produce milk of poor flavor.

The farmer who has a dry pasture should not hesitate to cut some green corn or sorghum and throw it over to the milk cows.

After the heifers are safe in calf gradually increase the grain ration up to three months before calving and then feed besides alfalfa hay and silage, six to ten pounds of grain a day until a week before calving.

Any feed which is relished by the cow, such as corn, oats, bran, and linseed oil meal, is palatable. We must cater to the cow's appetite if we are to get most milk out of her.

Some farmers like to milk so well that they keep ten poor cows rather than five good ones.

The dairyman who wants a good milk cow must raise her himself. Good milk cows are not for sale except in case of death or divorce.

Stubble or stalk fields are all right for ordinary cattle, but they are not good enough for the dairy cow. If she uses her energy roaming the fields she does not have much left for milk production.

# POULTRY

## RAISING POULTS DIFFICULT JOB

### Sanitation Essential to Prevent Dread Blackhead.

That the new methods of raising turkeys are about to revolutionize the industry is indicated by the success adventurous turkey enthusiasts have experienced in many parts of the country during the last season.

Word has gradually spread around during the last two or three years that the dreaded disease of blackhead could best be controlled by raising the poults under conditions where the sanitation can be carefully controlled. This has given rise to experiments with incubator hatching and artificial brooding and to keeping the growing poults on restricted range, says a writer in the Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman.

As the result of considerable experimenting, the new method has gradually taken the form of a rather definite program. Hatch the eggs in incubators; brood under artificial covers; range on fresh, clean ground, and feed an all-mash starting and growing feed. This is a summary of the modern method now being tried with considerable success in many different places.

The writer has had the pleasure of being enabled to visit three turkey raisers in three different states who have been remarkably successful in raising turkeys by the method outlined above. These places were located in three different states—Michigan, Kentucky and Kansas, yet the methods followed were surprisingly similar and the results were uniformly satisfactory. The Michigan man has been using the same methods for two or three years and is specializing in turkey farming. He has a fine flock of more than 1,000 birds, and claims that his losses have been very low.

The Kentucky grower lives in the famous blue grass region not far from Lexington, and is a general farmer. He raises tobacco and other field crops, and in addition to the turkeys has a flock of more than 500 White Leghorn hens. It is worthy of note, however, that the turkeys and chickens are kept entirely separate.

There was nothing at all elaborate about his equipment as he used cheap portable brooder houses with small coal-burning brooders, and had homemade troughs for feed. He has about 250 turkeys left out of about 340 hatched. He claims that the losses were heavier than normal because the poults were chilled when he had some trouble with his brooder stove.

The Kansas flock was found at the Kansas experiment station at Manhattan. This was an experimental flock, and the birds had been kept in close confinement without outdoor range, until they were sixteen weeks old. At that age they were transferred to a two or three-acre alfalfa field, and at the time of my visit, after four weeks on range, they were as fine and sturdy birds as could be wished for.

During their period of confinement, these poults were fed plenty of lawn clippings for green feed, but otherwise they had the same rations as growing chicks. This flock contained approximately 100 birds out of 135 that were started.

## Sufficient Range for Success With Turkeys

A range of one acre or sod is considered sufficient for 100 turkeys from the age of eight weeks to marketable age. This area should also be divided into four sections and then each section used for only one month. The secret of successful turkey raising rests largely in providing fresh ground and the hopper feeding of all feed. In the selection of range it should be one which has not been frequented by chickens and should not be situated where drainage from the poultry yards may result in infestation. It is, of course, desirable to have all the turkeys of the same age. There is no question but that turkeys can be successfully raised in confinement and that it does not pay to allow turkeys to range for their feed.

## Separate Turkeys

Keep turkeys entirely away from chickens because the excrement from chickens may contain the worms which are believed to harbor the germ that causes blackhead, the most deadly enemy of the turkey family. There is always more or less trouble from lice and mites with hen-brooded poults. The best stock you can buy will pay the largest profits. Experiments over a long range have shown there is no money in scrub turkeys.

## Material for Eggs

Feeding affects the texture of the egg shells. It usually is necessary to supply layers with materials from which they may make the shell for their eggs. Crushed oyster shell is kept in hoppers so the birds may eat it at will, as it contains a large percentage of lime. Grit also is kept in hoppers, as it helps in grinding up the feed in the gizzard. Some kinds of grit also contain a certain amount of lime that helps the birds in the manufacture of egg shells.

## -Shavertown-

The Mother-Daughter banquet held at the M. E. Church Friday evening, May 17, was a very successful event. The meal, which was cooked and served by the men of the Dr. Place Bible Class, was pronounced by the women to be excellently cooked and seasoned.

This might mean that some of the men have so distinguished themselves with their wives, that they will be expected by their wives to show what they are capable of at home.

Mrs. Stephen Johnson, the toastmistress, introduced the following entertainers in an interesting manner: Mrs. Allan Sanford, who led the singing and gave a few songs to the delight of the audience.

Mrs. Daniel Warmouth, who welcomed the mothers and daughters.

Mrs. Vester Vercoe, who gave selections on the piano.

Mrs. Lillian and her mother, who gave a few vocal selections.

Mrs. Wm. Starr was the speaker of the evening. Mrs. Stang impressed upon the daughters the remarkable opportunities in social life that the daughters have. She did this by contrasting the social life of the girls of a generation ago.

The response given by people who attended showed that this is appreciated by the mothers and daughters of the community.

The many friends of Russell Rice are sorry to hear of his death. Russell attended the school in this vicinity and will be long remembered as an amiable companion and altogether fine fellow. Our sympathies go out to his family and relatives. An account of his death appears in the columns of this week's issue.

Mrs. Stephen Johnson is on the sick list.

The banquet committee for the Kingston township high school alumni held its meeting Tuesday evening. It was decided to hold the annual banquet at the Colonial Tea Room, Fernbrook, June 6.

The roast beef supper held at the Lutheran Church, Tuesday evening was largely attended.

The Sunday evening services at the M. E. Church are proving so attractive that more and more people are attending the evening services. Mr. Kelley, an out of town minister, gave the address last Sunday evening. His subject was "Playing the Game." Mr. Vester Vercoe sang.

Willard Garey attended the senior dance at College Misericordia Monday evening.

**They're Morally Wrong**  
Somebody declares that most diets are wrong. We agree that they're wrong in principle.

## -Noxen-

Albert Casterline, who is troubled with lumbago is trying to cure it by riding a bicycle.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spencer, a baby boy, last Tuesday evening.

Eighty cans of trout arrived at Noxen last Monday morning and were distributed in the streams by C. A. Boston, N. W. Whitaker, eGeorge Stitzer, Rev. Yiengst, Lewis Hackling, Gomer Thomas, Richard Crosby, James Strohl and several other helpers. Many of the trout were of good size.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casterline motored to Drums last Saturday, taking with them their daughter, Susie, who remained with her grandmother, Mrs. Young, who has been on the sick list.

Rev. W. F. Miller and family motored to Guilford, N. Y., last Friday. Mrs. Miller and the children remained with Mrs. Miller's parents for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Laux spent Sunday at Noxen. Mrs. Laux remained with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Bogart, both of whom are very feeble.

J. K. Mosser Tanning Company is installing a furnace in the bungalow occupied by Ira Kresge, one of the foremen at the tannery.

Mrs. L. B. Avery and son, Paul, of Alderson spent Sunday at Noxen visiting relatives.

Mrs. William Allen of Mehoonpany is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Space, Jr.

The State Highway Department is oiling the road between Tunkhannock and Noxen this week.

Ellsworth Fields left last Sunday for Langley Field, Virginia, where he is stationed with the Aviation Corps.

Miss Mary L. Turrel entertained several of her Wyoming Valley friends at her summer home at Noxen last Saturday.

Mrs. Sallie Keiper is visiting her son, Nathan Keiper at Binghamton, N. Y. A baby boy arrived recently in Nathan's home.

Miss Jessie Thomas, who has been very ill with influenza, is much improved.

At the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Lillian Avuil, president; Rev. W. P. Miller, vice president; Mrs. Lulu Gilmore, secretary; Glen Smith, treasurer.

## The Dark Variety

Husband in an assault case at Dinnington, Yorkshire, England: "The truth is that he made eyes at my wife, and I made eyes back at him. One was a black one."

# Beware of Bachelors

by Arline de Haas

### SYNOPSIS

*Dr. Davis, recently married to May Davis, is having lunch with Joe Babbitt and his friend, Myra Pfeffer, when Babbitt is called away. May happens into the same hotel and is furious at seeing her husband with a girl. She drops her gloves and they are returned by Claude Beranger de Brie, a perfumer, who presents his card. Davis, trying to explain the situation, invites the first man he sees, de Brie, to lunch, and leaves him with Myra. Davis and May finally make up, Davis promising to buy his wife some perfume. By accident they enter de Brie's shop.*

### CHAPTER V—Continued

"Oh, Ed, don't be rude," May entreated.

"Ah, Madame understands, I see," Beranger, or rather, de Brie, bowed again. "You would like some perfume? Allow me!" He reached for an atomizer that rested on one of the velvet cushions and sprayed first May's fur and then Davis' coat.

"I say," Davis began, trying to brush away the odor with his handkerchief.

"Isn't that lovely, dear?" May smiled up at her husband, sniffing the scent. "What do you call it?" She turned to de Brie.

"That? That is a little creation of my own, Madame. A poor thing, but mine own. Ha, ha, ha!" He was becoming more himself, now.



He found it in the Orient.

that he realized that these people had come to buy. "I call it Tombs dans Nuit—Tombs at Night. Doesn't it make you think of all the tombs you've ever seen—tombs glistening in the moonlight, white like pale ghost hands? It came to me in Greece—the 'lought. As I stood there on the hill looking out over that glorious town of ancient dead—"

"All right if you want that, May, take it and let's—" Davis began, anxious to get away from the smells and the conversation.

"Oh, Ed, I haven't even started yet," May pointed. "What else have you, Mr. de Brie? I like that one very much—such a quaint name—Tombs at Night. But perhaps you have something I might like better."

"Ah, Madame, it is a real joy to show you my creations. It is not everyone who has what you call, perhaps, the simpatica—sympathy—that you have." De Brie smiled delightedly and picked up another spray.

"Now this," he began, once more sending a shower of perfume through the air, "is what I call l'Orient dans Aurore. My creation also. It has all the opalescent fire of an Eastern morning. Ah, well do I remember how those little dancing girls came tripping in—like little, bright-plumaged birds they were." He executed a pas seul and flashed a batik handkerchief from his pocket. "And those odors—those glorious odors—"

"Well, if it's anything like this there'll be no Orient on my vacation schedule," Davis muttered, holding his handkerchief to his nose.

"Now don't be disagreeable, Ed," May ordered. "I think it's a beautiful perfume, Mr. de Brie."

"Ah, Madame, I thank you," Beranger caught hold of her hand and raised it to his lips. "It is exquisite—but only an exquisite person like you can appreciate it."

"Tommy-rot!" Davis muttered. But a sharp, reproachful glance from his wife cut short any further remarks he might have been on the point of making.

"Or perhaps madame might prefer this," Beranger climbed up on a chair to bring down an atomizer from a shelf above. The chair wobbled precariously. Beranger caught hold of the filmy shelf to steady himself. Down came the pieces. The atomizer broke, send-

ing up thick waves of perfume. Beranger brushed off his coat.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Are you hurt?" May ran to the perfumer's aid and began wiping the bits of broken shelf and the drops of perfume from the velvet jacket.

"With your tender hands to minister unto me, Madame, I can feel no pain," Beranger murmured. "Do you like that odor?"

"Listen, May," Dr. Davis drew his wife aside and whispered in an undertone. "You decide what perfume you want and let's get out of here. If we don't, I'm liable to take a crack at that idiot."

"Ed, you're a brute! He's trying to be as nice as possible, and you say that!" May turned her back on her husband and smiled at Beranger.

"I really think I like that l'Orient dans Aurore best, Mr. de Brie. Just let me try it again."

"With more than pleasure, Madame," He sprinkled the air lavishly with the perfume.

"Well, if I can manage to live after this performance," Davis began.

"It's a lot better than all your old antiseptics," May retorted. "And you suggested perfume yourself."

"Yes, but I didn't know it was going to take all day to buy it. If you want that let's have it. How much is it?" Davis turned to Beranger.

"My dear sir, that is one of my most exclusive creations," Beranger shook his head sadly. "I make no money on it whatsoever. The bottle alone is worth more than the trifling price—fifty dollars an ounce."

"What! Fifty dollars an ounce! You're crazy!" Davis's jaw dropped.

"Ed, all really good perfumes are expensive," May informed him severely.

"Well, I call it highway robbery." He reached into his pocket and slowly began to count out the necessary number of bills. "Fifty dollars an ounce," he repeated scornfully. "I wouldn't give you a dime for a luke full."

Beranger looked from Davis to May and then at the money. Once more he shook his head sadly and dabbed at his forehead with the batik handkerchief.

"Ed, I'm ashamed of you," May hissed, sotto voce. "Can't you see he's really an artist. You've hurt his feelings terribly. All artists are sensitive."

"I'd like to break his neck." Deliberately May turned her back on her husband. "Pay no attention to him Mr. de Brie," she soothed. "He doesn't understand."

"Understand, well! Get your perfume and get out of this place," Davis thundered.

"Don't speak to me like that," May countered.

"ALL RIGHT!" Davis bellowed. He jerked his hat down on his head and made for the door, opening it and slamming it after him.

"Ah, Madame," Beranger breathed. "You are wonderful—wonderful! But your husband," he shook his head, "he knows nothing of the finer things of life. May I have the honor of naming a perfume after you?"

### CHAPTER VI

May left the perfume shop walking, so to speak, on air. She was delighted with the idea of having a perfume named after her, not because she was unusually susceptible to flattery or even tributes paid to her charms or that it pleased her vanity, but, like every normal woman from time immemorial, it gratified her to be able to let her husband see that other men considered her attractive, lovely, even desirable. Yet not with the idea of provoking jealousy. It is, rather, a subtle way of handing a husband a compliment, of commending his good taste in the choice of a wife—though there have been innumerable cases where husbands have entirely misunderstood the motives.

And so it was now that May found herself hurrying towards the office of Dr. Davis, humming a little as she walked. All the resentment she had felt over the luncheon episode had disappeared. And she wasn't really angry because Ed had rushed out of the shop so unceremoniously. He had been annoyed by Beranger's attentions to her, and that in itself was a form of stating that he loved her. She wanted to go and apologize and be fussed over and revel in "making up."

But even as she hurried from the one direction a taxi-cab, coming from the opposite direction, stopped in front of Dr. Davis' office and Myra Pfeffer jumped out, paid the fare and ran up the steps. She rang the bell and waited. The click of an electric button releasing the lock, and she opened the door and entered the office.

"May I see Dr. Davis, please?" she demanded of Miss Calahan.

"I'll see if he's free." Miss Calahan rose and started towards the door to the private office. "What name shall I say?"

(To be continued)

### INSTALLMENT NINE

draws BOILS to a natural head

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