

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Have a wire screen for each crock so as to "air the cream" and keep out flies and insects.

Give your neighbor a lift when you find a good chance, and you will find he will be glad to help you out sometime.

The farmer who is always finding fault with the weather has a most uncomfortable time of it, and it doesn't help him in the least in overcoming the conditions.

Provide shade for the chickens. And be sure that they have fresh water at all times. Do not let their drinking dish be so placed as to catch the hot sun all day, and do not let it become foul.

Better lighted farm houses, music and inviting reading matter on the sitting room table have done much to solve the problem of keeping the boys on the farm. Make home attractive, and don't crowd the work too hard.

It is safe to say that in every dairy where record is not kept and the farmer does not know what the individual cow is doing that there are cows which are robbing their owners right along. It will pay the farmer to know what each animal is doing for him. Why milk and feed an unprofitable cow?

A one-quarter-inch rope is large enough in throwing a cow if it is used properly. The animal to be thrown is confined by the head, one end of the rope tied to the horns or about the neck, a half-hitch taken about the animal's body just back of the fore legs, and another just in front of the hind legs. Then by simply pulling on the rope and tightening the half hitch, the animal will go down. Try it once and see how easy the cow falls.

The practice of dipping animals to rid them of vermin is coming to be more general on the farm. Sheep dipped as often and as thoroughly as they should be, are very little troubled by scab, mange and like diseases. The external parasites are much more easily combated than are the internal ones. In general, keeping the sheep under the most sanitary conditions, and in the best state of health possible, and applying externally and internally, medicines detrimental to the growth of parasites, will even in this day and age when parasites are numerous, result in keeping a flock free enough from them so that good profits can be made. The man who is willing to exert himself a little along these lines need not fear to enter upon the sheep business nor continue in it. Indeed, in spite of its drawbacks, there is no other business that can be conducted upon a similar capital that will return as large profits if only it is properly handled. If willing to wage your share of the conflict, let not the fear of invading hosts of parasites deter you from sheep growing.

The method of a New Zealand dairyman, Mr. John Saxon, expert in raising calves, will prove of interest to American dairymen. He says: When calves are put on half new and half factory milk they should then have a small allowance of boiled linseed when boiled for half an hour the seed should be strained away before mixing the liquor with the milk, as the seeds tend to irritate a young calf's intestines. Boiled linseed was much used in England 60 years ago, and the calves reared on whey and boiled linseed grew into first-class cattle. But they must be carefully attended to when young, and be sure they have a paddock of clean grass to run in. This I consider one of the chief things in rearing calves. My reason for advocating careful attendance is this: If I see any tendency to bad scour I scald one teaspoonful of dried blood for each calf and mix the same with the milk. Usually a marked difference is seen after the first dose, and they seldom require more than the second dose. But should the scour come on again, I repeat the dose. I am a believer in dried blood, and always keep it on hand.

Here are some rules to remember in the care of cream. Keep the separator in a clean place, free from dust and odors and where there is good circulation of air. It goes without saying, of course, that the separator itself must be kept scrupulously clean. Cream testing to 30 per cent. of fat will keep better, that is, not sour as quickly as thinner cream, and will be better from a butter-making standpoint. There is the further advantage that more skim milk will be retained on the farm. The cream should be cooled to at least 50 degrees immediately after separation, and then kept cool until called for by cream hauler, or until time for churning, when of course temperature should be raised to 60 degrees. The cream from each milking should be thoroughly cooled before being added to that from previous milkings. The cream should be delivered to the creameries in a sweet condition. If the preceding cannot be strictly enforced, it is advisable to have the cream delivered in an individual can. The buttermaker would then have the opportunity of rejecting cream unfit for the making of first-class butter, or of giving instructions for its improvement, and in that respect be placed on even terms with his brother buttermakers in a whole milk creamery.

Know what your cows are doing and then get rid of the unprofitable ones.

You cannot afford to stint the ration as long as there is good market for the products.

The silo enables the farmer to carry more head of stock than he otherwise would be able to do.

Look ahead and remember to provide wife with plenty of help for harvest time which is surely coming.

The manure heap is not the farmer's bank unless he gets it out on the land. Then it returns good interest.

Keep the cultivator going in the corn. The yield will be increased, and when the drought comes it will not easily affect the crop.

With the garden well started, the outlook is bright for the family table this summer. Glad now of the work you put in on it, ain't you?

In the presence of high-priced wheat it is comforting to remember that "rye and injun meal" isn't at all bad and makes good bone and muscle.

Have a place for the tools and see that they are put in their places after you have done using them. Many a precious moment is wasted on the farm by failure to observe this good rule.

Make successive plantings of corn up to the last of June to keep a supply of green food for the cows, and so you will not have to break into the silo supply until the winter is fairly on us again.

If the little chicks appear mopy, look for head lice. If you find them infested apply coal oil to the head—not too much—and you will find that your chicks will brighten up and prove more thrifty.

Tie-drained soil is more profitable, being more quickly gotten into condition for crops and insuring a better condition all through the growing season. It is also true that crops in drained soil do not suffer as much from drought as do crops in undrained soil.

If you have much clover hay to handle, provide yourself with a supply of hay caps made of canvas and use them in covering the hay during the curing process. This will enable you to put the hay into the barn in perfect keeping condition and will more than save you the price of the hay caps.

Smear the noses of the sheep with tar to prevent the attack of the fly which lays the eggs from which the grubs that cause all the trouble are hatched. The sheep will tar their own noses if you take a log and bore two-inch auger holes in it. Place in the holes salt and smear the edges with tar. When the sheep go after the salt they will get the tar on their noses.

You can get rid of plant lice that suck the juices out of the plants by syringing or sprinkling them with tobacco water, made by soaking the stems or leaves till about the color of strong tea. Apply it just as the buds are coming. Dust the rose leaves on the under as well as the upper side with ashes or air-shaken lime, to destroy the green worms which skeletonize the leaves.

Manure of the udder and hind quarters of the cows is not only unsightly but unsanitary both for the cows and for those who use the milk produced from such animals. There are several devices for preventing a cow from lying down in her own filth. The most common is the gutter behind the animal for receiving the droppings. Another plan is to place a two-by-four plank across the stall at the rear about even with the cow's hind feet. When she lies down she will always lie in front of this board where the droppings fall. The floor should slope from front to back.

The Tennessee experiment station is the latest institution to make a test of what the milking machines will do, and the following is the summary of its investigation: 1. Under the conditions existing during the test at the station, machine-milking has been at least equal, if not slightly superior, to hand-milking. 2. Under average conditions a cow is milked as cleanly with the machine as by hand. An expert operator can milk cleaner with the machine than the average man will by hand. 3. If the teat-cups and mouth pieces are properly adjusted, the machine is not injurious to the teats and udder or objectionable to the cows, some even preferring it. 4. The machines are not difficult to keep clean and a high grade of milk is secured when machines are used. If neglected, however, they soon become filthy and are a serious source of contamination. 5. One man running two machines is nearly equal to two hand-millers. There is a great difference between the number of cows different men will milk per hour. To secure thorough milking and rapid work, the operator should follow the machines closely to see that each cow is milking properly. 6. Successful milking with machines depends upon the proper fitting of cups and mouthpieces, the operator being sure that each teat is milking before going to the next cow, and thorough manipulation of the udder before removal of the machine. In many cases it is necessary to use a smaller sized teatcup during advanced stages of lactation than when the cow is fresh. 7. The operator should be above the average farm laborer in intelligence and mechanical skill. 8. Troubles that occur in operating are due more to misuse than to any fault of the machine. 9. Some cows give more milk by machine-milking and others less. Present knowledge indicates that machine milking is as efficient as hand-milking under average conditions. A great deal better yields by machine could be secured if the herd were selected for uniform seats of good size.

The VANISHING FLEETS

By ROBERT NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets" a story of "what might have happened" opens in Washington with the United States and Japan near war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. Japan declares war and takes the Philippines. Guy Hillier starts for England. Norma Roberts leaves Washington for the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet and whole world becomes convinced that United States has powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to American waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suppose is a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is sent with a message. Fleet mysteriously disappears. The Kaiser is missing. King Edward of England is kidnapped by Admiral Bevis of the United States. The Dreadnaught, biggest of England's warships, is discovered at an impassable point in the Thames. The story now goes back to a time many months before the war breaks out, and inventor Roberts visits the president and cabinet, telling of and exhibiting a metal production. This overcomes friction when electrified and is to be applied to vessels. Roberts evolves a great flying machine. The cabinet plans a radioplane against Japanese. The start is made for the scene of conflict. The Japanese fleet, believing Nippon supreme, suddenly discerns the radioplane fleet. After maneuvering the airships descend, and by use of strong magnets lift the warships, one by one, from the sea. The vessels are deposited in a mountain lake in the United States to await peace. The British fleet accepts American hospitality and is conveyed to the United States by wingless terrors. To show the Kaiser their wonderful invention, that ruler is taken on a long trip to the United States—this accounting for his mysterious disappearance from Berlin. The radioplane breaks down. King Edward is brought to America on a radioplane.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

The waning moon lighted up the quiet reaches far beneath, and outlined in diminutive spectral shapes the fleet of anchored ships. The great machine swooped lower until they could descry the telescoped funnels, from whose ragged mouths came no curl of smoke, and the bare decks whose lengths were paced only by men of the watch. Aside from these there was no sign of life. A mighty squadron, bereft of power, floating on still waters beneath a dying moon! If America wished to prove her supremacy, the lesson was complete. The royal shoulders outlined against the light of the port gave one great shudder of sorrow, and turned away. When the shutters closed and the lights returned, the king was resting his brow upon his hand, the lord of the admiralty was standing with tightly clasped hands, and the prime minister was leaning with folded arms against the polished frame of the port through which he had viewed Britain's vanquished pride.

"If your majesty please," the voice of the American admiral broke into the quietude, "I have promised to land Miss Roberts and Admiral Fields before our return. With your consent we shall stop in the place chosen for all our visits to Washington, in the outskirts."

The monarch still thinking of the silent fleet, assented, and the radioplane swept downward at a tangent to the lonely field. Again the lights went out, the port opened, and the great sheet of landing was felt. Almost instantly a man in uniform stood before it and saluted the admiral, who started back in surprise.

"A message for you, sir, from the president and secretary of the navy, with requests that it be opened and read immediately," the officer announced.

Bevis returned to the light of hood and read:

"Kindly report to the White House immediately upon arrival. In case his majesty, the king of England, has returned with you, which we earnestly hope is the case, present to him the hearty good will of the president and people of the United States of America, and extend to him our urgent invitation either to accompany you, with those who may be his companions, or await the return of a committee of invitation and reception which will wait upon him as soon as it becomes definitely known that he is with you."

"In case he did not accompany you on your return, it will be necessary for you to return to London at once, inviting him to a conference of great importance, which is occasioned by the exigencies of events which have taken place to-night. In any case you will report to us immediately for instructions."

Puzzled by this explicit message, Bevis paused for a moment, with his brows drawn down in thought, and then returned to the drawing room, where a shaded light rested in the center of the table round which his guests were seated. With a brief explanation he handed the order to the king, who calmly placed his glasses upon his high, fine nose, leaned across the table, and perused it.

Everything of the night was strange and unusual. A few hours ago he had gone to a theater to rest his nerves, and here he was across the Atlantic, informally, and astounding revelations with each beat of time. He had gone thus far, and would go through to the end, and would go informally.

"We prefer to accompany you," was all the reply he made, and the party filed out into the night, where two big automobiles brought for this very emergency were in waiting. They whirled away to the White House, where they were met in the blue room by the president; and his immediate advisers. The king himself established the basis of etiquette by extending his hand to the president and his companions. He assumed no department of royalty; but as the first gentleman



"A Message for You, Sir, from the President and Secretary of the Navy."

of England greeted the first gentleman of America.

"Your majesty," the president began, "the time is at hand when the United States has no further object in concealing the power at her command; the sole cause of concealment, that of meeting the Chinese fleet, having been nullified by the action of that country itself. China has broken her alliance with Japan, is ready to make such overtures as we wish for peace, and is dispersing her fleet."

The president paused for a moment, and looked at those around him. The king, steadily watching him, was impressed with his simple dignity, and read aright the great and high purpose that shone in his eyes. Once more he resumed:

"It has come to this issue, your majesty; much sooner than I had expected; but events which make for war and peace move fast. They are in the hands of God Almighty, and not of rulers. I desired this interview, because you can assist me in what I have to do, and for which I believe I am a mere instrument in the hands of a power before whom all must bow."

"And I am honored," the sovereign instantly responded.

With his officials he was conducted to the president's private apartments, where they were followed by the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy.

The king looked round the room, which he had entered on but one other occasion, long years before, when as a prince and without hope of a throne he had been received by a former president of the United States. How many men had occupied it since then, and how few of them had left any great individual mark on the world's history! He took the proffered seat and waited for the president to speak, only half comprehending that he was entering upon one of the most important conferences that the world had ever known.

"Your majesty and gentlemen," the president began in his low, finely modulated voice, "I told you I wished your assistance. I need more than that; I want your advice. I have been a man with a dream, and that you may know how much it has meant to me, I must tell you something of myself. I come of a race that for generations has given its blood for country. It was almost obliterated in the wars of the revolution and of 1812. In the great civil war there were five men in my family, a father and four older brothers, the youngest a mere lad, who went to war as volunteers. Some of them never returned. My father, who brought back shattered by suffering to die in my mother's arms. The lad that had gone out with his drum came back to drag out only a few wretched months of suffering."

"My home was on the borderland, where men fought backward and forward across our fields." He paused for a moment as if the memory of his childhood was too bitter for recaptulation, then went bravely on: "In those years the sight of ghastly wounds and cruel death was before me sometimes daily, but never far removed. When peace came there was nothing left to my mother but her ravaged farm, her bitter poverty, and her one boy. Oh, it was a nightmare, gentlemen, that never dimmed. It was a memory that never left me, as, hard working, poorly clad and sometimes hungry, I grew to manhood. My mother went, as did thousands of other widows made by war, to an

early grave, prematurely worn out by work and grief."

The floodgates were going, and he rose to his feet behind his desk trembling in every fiber, and with white, quivering lips. In the stillness of the room he stood thus for an instant; then his teeth suddenly came together with a click and his fist came down upon the table in one quick, hard blow of emphasis.

"Do you wonder," he said, "that I swore to give my life to peace? It is strange that I who have suffered have taken unusual means to keep others from suffering as I and mine have? I have invited you here not as the president of a nation, but as man to man to help me put—an end—to—war!"

Every word of his final declaration was bitten off with sharp emphasis and accentuated by a fist which beat time. The king was suddenly conscious that he had leaned forward in his chair so far that nothing but the tense grip of his hands upon the arms had held him down. In all his years he had witnessed no such scene of emotion as this, nor heard a more earnest appeal.

The president, as if regretting his lack of control, settled wearily into his seat. He had said things in a way that in any other man would have been unadvised; but he, inspired by the grandeur of his purpose, failed to realize that an angel with a flaming sword could scarcely have been more impressive. He had been addressing no ordinary audience. Before him was an august ruler, but more than that, a great man. And in the hush which followed, the sovereign rose from his seat, stepped across to the desk, and for one of the few times in his life gave untrammelled vent to his feelings as a man. He put his hand out across the polished mahogany top as the tall form of the president straightened up. Their hands met in one strong grip of understanding, and they looked squarely into each other's eyes, reading, comprehending, and binding themselves together in a common purpose for humanity.

It was not the etiquette which demands that all men shall stand when a king is on his feet that brought the others from their chairs, erect, breathless and motionless. It was rather the impulsive respect and veneration due to two great minds which before their very eyes were entering an unwritten compact for a high and noble cause.

Once more they took their seats; but now by the subtle alchemy of humanity they drew their chairs together. They were no longer rulers and subjects, Englishmen and Americans, but men inspired with magnanimity toward all their fellow beings. They were on a Godlike plane reasoning out momentous plans involving the nations of the world and all mankind. From their combined fund of knowledge they evolved methods which were to strengthen the weak and put in leash the strong. All reckoning of time was lost in this review of what had been accomplished and what was to be done.

The night paled, the sun crept up, the lights of the darkness were extinguished, and the day advanced without their heeding it. The last tentative clause was signed, and each knew the part which his country must play. Again they were all upon their feet, looking into one another's faces and abruptly conscious of wear-

ness and relaxation. Too overcome to resume their homeward journey, the visitors accepted the hospitality of the White House for a few hours' rest, and staggered to their rooms.

Once, more than a hundred years before, an unwise king had caused a war between brothers which had sent them on diverse paths. Each had prospered but held aloof. And now after all this time a wiser king had proffered his hand, and the brothers were to be friends again in truth, and were to travel side by side into the end.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lights in the Night.

That night for the first time a radioplane flew through the air from Washington to New York, where it came to earth in a portion of Central Park adjacent to one of the most exclusive hotels. It was not late in the evening; but while it did not court discovery neither did it use any great endeavor to avoid it. Those aboard had only one wish, which was to avoid the gathering of a crowd. The machine was the Roberts, conveying the king and his counselors for a short interview with the higher officers of the British fleet. They had bade good-by to the man in the White House, who was henceforth to hold a place in their strongest admiration and friendship, and were now preparing for their homeward journey.

The park entrances had been closed in advance, and the public debarred from its paths, hence there was no demonstration when the party stepped out of the craft and took seats in a motor car which had been awaiting their arrival. Only the secretary of state and Bevis accompanied them as escorts to the glaring entrance of the hotel, and even the august clerks were unaware of the identity of their visitors. With polite insolence the party was directed to a parlor until the manager could be summoned, and he on being informed that the king wished to meet his officers at once, conducted them to the elevator which carried them upward.

By requisition of the government the entire top floor had been given up to the accommodation of the British guests, and with them on that night as entertainers were many of the higher officers of the American navy who throughout the war had been forced to rest in idleness. The realization that their days of seafaring were nearly at an end had not come to them with full force, and all within the extemporized naval club were simply awaiting and hoping for orders which would put an end to inactivity.

Beneath the shaded lights of the ceiling were many tables, at some of which men in fatigue uniforms were being initiated into an American game which seemed to find favor, while at others spirited discussions were being held. Wreaths of smoke curling up to meet the lights added to the air of informality, and a burst of laughter in one corner of the room indicated the success of some raconteur. The door swung open noiselessly, and on its threshold stood one who looked smilingly at the idle veterans of two nations. He stood thus for an instant before the crusty old Scotch admiral known to his fellows as "Jimmy" Barr lifted his eyes in the direction of the door. His mouth opened in astonishment beneath its bearding of red, and his sharp eyes frowned as he peered across the shoulder of the man opposite, and then, with one hurried leap he gained his feet, upsetting his chair in his haste. His heels came together, and his arm was raised in salute as he exclaimed loudly:

"Gentlemen, the king!"

Instantly those in the room looked at the admiral and then at the entrance. There was the muffled sound of chairs hastily shoved across the carpeted floor, startled exclamations, and a hurried rising. Two score of hands came to the salute, and a dramatic moment followed in which their owners strove to gather their wits. It was almost unbelievable that their sovereign was before them.

The king looked at them gravely, and then took a few steps forward, and his companions followed. He stopped almost in front of Barr, and slowly raised his hand, with open fingers in a gesture which combined greeting and a demand for attention. He wasted neither time nor words.

"My men," he said, "I have come from a conference with his excellency, the president of the United States. Its results will be made known to you within the course of a few days at the most, or hours at the least. I have come to say to you that in submitting yourselves to an invincible power for reasons which you could not fathom you acted wisely and now have our full approval."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Keep Flies Outside.

For those who object to wire netting in the windows during the summer, a new idea has been found to prevent flies and such annoying pests from entering the house. This new preventative is a window-box of mignonette. It seems that the insects do not care to face the odor of this charming flower, so that it is an effective barrier against their invasion. It sounds like a very pretty idea, and we may expect to see ugly wire screens entirely discarded and the windows decorated with dainty boxes filled with the sweet blossoms.

SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO HER

Wife of Sick Man Thought She Had Reason for Appealing to Locomotive Works.

One day last winter a feeble Irish woman called upon us for aid. The case sounded urgent, so I went with her at once. Everything was just as she had stated. Her husband was very ill, she was too old and feeble to work, their children were dead, there was no fire and their only food was bread which their neighbors, almost as poor as they, had given them. I asked her why she had not come to us before and she replied that she had appealed to the church and to several individuals without success.

"Thin," she went on, "O'it will be 'big place' 'round the strate." The only "big place" near was a plant for the manufacture of steam engines, and I wondered.

"But what made you go to the locomotive works?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, shure an' ain't no old man got locomotive taxes?"—New York Telegram.

ASK FATHER.



Clergyman—What would your father say if he saw you digging for worms on Sunday?
Willie—I don't know; but I know what he'd say if I did not dig for them. That's him fishing over there."

No Butler for Pneuritch.
"We'll have to get a butler, you know," said Mrs. Pneuritch.

"What for?" asked Mr. Pneuritch.
"Well, to look after the wine cellar, and—"

"Not much, Priscilla! I'm capable of looking after the booze myself."
"A butler lends dignity to an establishment, too."

"Well, when I get so hard up for dignity that I have to borrow it from a butler, I'll quit and go back to the retail grocery business. You manage the hired girls, Priscilla, and I'll attend to running the man part of this shebang."

Laundry work at home would be such more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Many Seekers of the Pole.

Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, England, Russia, Sweden and the United States were, in 1908, represented among the 12 expeditions which were struggling toward the pole. Eight leaders were veterans—Peary and Cook of the United States, Bernier of Canada, Eriksen and Haasmussen of Denmark, Charcot of France, Shackleton of England and Geer of Sweden.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It gives strength as a stiffener, makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Dodging Responsibility.

"Why should a man pay rent when he can own his own home?" said the thrifty citizen.
"I don't know," answered Mr. Meekton, "unless it's because you'd rather have your wife speak her mind to the landlord than to you when the place gets run down."

Nebraska Directory

KODAK FINISHING Mail orders filled. Send for free price list. All supplies for the Amateur sent fresh. Send for catalogue and finishing prices. THE KODAK SAFETY FILM CO., Box 1197, Omaha, Neb.

PLEATING Dyeing and Cleaning. Re-dyeing, Re-cleaning, Re-cleaning, Re-cleaning. IDEAL PLEATING CO., 232 Douglas Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

THE PAXTON Hotel European Plan Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE.

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