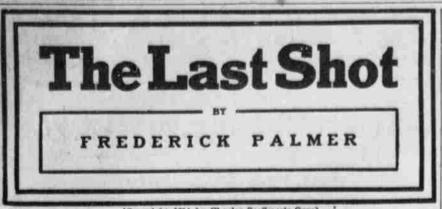
DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD; DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.



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grip of her greeting, "why, you will

find that tea is, as usual, at four-

He had found the women of his high

official world-a narrower world than

minds, he thought, in a single evening.

Then he passed on, unless it was in

the interest of pleasure or of his ca-

128th of the Grays had started for

going to new scenes, the 53d was re-

turning to familiar ground. It had de-

from which its ranks had been recruit-

Meanwhile, an aged man was ap-

into a kind of trot that ended, after a

few steps, in shortness of breath. He

was quite withered, his bright eyes

twinkling out of an area of moth

patches, and he wore a frayed uniform

"Is this the 53d?" he guavered to

coat with a medal on the breast.

"Come and join us, veteran!"

SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Wester-ing of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, hured by a fail in his seroplane. Ten years later. Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La the Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La the who is visiting in the Gray capital westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to pre-vent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the shall be a stay at-home; and if my children win," she held out her hand in parting with the same frank, earnest thirty." he realized-much alike. Striking certain keys, certain chords responded. He could probe the depths of their

CHAPTER III-Continued.

"You think I am joking?" she asked. "Why, yes!"

reer to linger. This meeting had left "But I am not! No, no, not about his curiosity baffled. He understood how Marta's vitality demanded action, such a ghastly subject as a war to-She was leaning toward him, which exerted itself in a feminine way day!" hands on knee and eyes burning like for a feminine cause. The cure for coals without a spark, "I"-she paused such a fad was most clear to his masas she had before she broke out with culine perception. What if all the power she had shown in her appeal for the first prophecy-"I will quote part of our children's oath: 'I will not be peace could be made to serve another a coward. It is a coward who strikes ambition? He knew that he was a first. A brave man even after he re- great man. More than once he had wondered what would happen if he ceives a blow tries to reason with his assallant, and does not strike back un- were to meet a great woman. And he til he receives a second blow. I shall should not see Marta Galland again not let a burglar drive me from my unless war came.

house. If an enemy tries to take my land I shall appeal to his sense of justice and reason with him, but if he then persists I shall fight for my home. If I am victorious I shall not try to take his land but to make the most of my own. I shall never cross a frontier to kill my fellowmen."

Very impressive she made the oath Her deliberate recital of it had the quality which justifies every word with an urgent faith

"You see, with that teaching there can be no war," she proceeded, "and those who strike will be weak; those who defend will be strong." "Perhaps," he said.

"You would not like to see thousands, hundreds of thousands, of men killed and maimed, would you?" she demanded, and her eyes held the horstation, and of the changes in the town ror of the sight in reality. "You can was mingled talk of the crisis. prevent it--you can!" Her heart was in the appeal.

"The old argument! No, I should not like to see that," he replied. "I only do my duty as a soldier to my country."

"The old answer! The more reason why you should tell the premier you can't! But there is still another reason for telling him," she urged gently. Now he saw her not at twenty-seven

the nearest soldier. but at seventeen, girlish, the subject of no processes of reason but in the ell of an intuition, and he knew that something out of the blue in a flash was coming. "For you will not win!" she declared.

bread-why, it ain't bread! It's chips! "Taint fit for civilized folks!" try! "But I sort of got used to their ways," said Tom. "Eh, eh?" Grandfather looked at grandson quizzically, seeking the cause of such heterodoxy in a northern man. "Say, you ain't been failing in love?" he hazarded. "You-you ain't going to bring one of them southern girls home?"

"No!" said Tom, laughing. "Well, I'm glad you ain't, for they're naturally light-minded. I remember 'em well." He wandered on with his questions and comments. "Is it a fact, Tom, or was you just joking when you wrote home that the soldiers took so many baths?"

it is in the soil of your three acres. I love to feel the warm, rich earth of our "Yes, they do." own garden in my hands! Hereafter I "Well, that beats me! It's a wonder

you didn't all die of pneumonia!" He paused to absorb the phenomenon. Then his half-childish mind, prompted by a random recollection, flitted to another subject which set him to giggling. "And the little crawlers-did they bother you much, the little crawlers?'

"The little crawlers?" repeated Tom

mystified. "Yes. Everybody used to get 'em just from living close together. Had to comb 'em out and pick 'em out of your clothes. The chase we used to call it."

"No, grandfather, crawlers have gone out of fashion. And no more epidemics of typhoid and dysentery either," said Tom.

"Times have certainly changed!" grumbled Grandfather Fragini. Interested in their own reunion, they had paid no attention to a group of Tom's comrades nearby, sprawled around a newspaper containing the latest dispatches from both capitals.

"Five million soldiers to our three million!" "Eighty million people to our fifty

"Because of the odds, they think we are bound to yield, no matter if we are The 53d of the Browns had started in the right!"

for La Tir on the same day that the "Let them come!" said the butcher's son. "If we have to go, it will be on a South La Tir. While the 128th was wave of blood." "And they will come some time,"

said the judge's son. "They want our trained in the capital of the province land." "We gain nothing if we beat them

ed. After a steep incline, there was a back. War will be the ruin of busiwelcome bugle note and with shouts necs," said the banker's son. of delight the centipede's legs broke "Yes, we are prosperous now. Let well enough alone!" said the manufac-

apart! Bankers', laborers', doctors', valets', butchers', manufacturers' and turer's son. judges' sons threw themselves down "Some say it makes wages higher." on the greensward of the embankment | said the laborer's son, "but I am thinkto rest. With their talk of home, of ing it's a poor way of raising your

relatives whom they had met at the pay." "There won't be any war," said the banker's son. "There can't be without

credit. The banking interests will proaching. At times he would break not permit it." "There can always be war," said the judge's son, "always when one people

determines to strike at another people -even if it brings bankruptcy." "It would be a war that would make all others in history a mere exchange of skirmishes. Every able-bodied man

in line-automatics a hundred shots a "It certainly is!" some one answered. minute-guns a dozen shots a minute

By this time the colonel commandno more than that of any other coun-"Hold on! The flag is sacred!" cried the banker's son. "Yes, that will do!"

"Shut up!" Other volces formed a chorus angry protest. "I knew you thought It; now I've caught you!" This from the sergeant, Stransky's collar, a capable and inwho had seen hard fighting against

a savage foe in Africa and therefore was particularly bitter about the Bodiapoo affair. The welt of a scar on the gaunt, fever-yellowed cheek turned a deeper red as he seized Stransky by the collar of the blouse. Stransky raised his free hand as if

company's boyish captain, slender of figure, aristocratic of feature. His indignation was as evident as the sergeant's, but he was biting his lips to keep it under control.

"You heard what he said, sir?" "The latter part-enough!" "It's incitation to mutiny! An exam ple! "Yes, put him under arrest."

The sergeant still held fast to the collar of Stransky's blouse. Stransky could have shaken himself free, as a mastiff frees himself from a puppy,

but this was resistance to arrest and he had not yet made up his mind to go that far. His muscles were weaving under the sergeant's grip, his eyes

glowing as with volcanic fire waiting on the madness of impulse for eruption.

"I wonder if it is really worth while to put him under arrest?" said some one at the edge of the group in amiable inquiry.

The voice came from an officer of about thirty-five, who apparently had strolled over from a near-by aeroplane station to look at the regiment. From his shoulder hung the gold cords of the staff. It was Col. Arthur Lanstron, whose plane had skimmed the Gallands' garden wall for the "easy

bump" ten years ago. There was something more than mere titular respect in the way the young captain saluted -admiration and the diffident, boyish glance of recognition which does not presume to take the lead in recalling a slight acquaintance with a man of

distinction. "Dellarme! It's all of two years

since we met at Miss Galland's, isn't have had education, opportunity, posiit?" Lanstron said, shaking hands with the captain.

"Yes, just before we were ordered south," said Dellarme, obviously pleased to be remembered.

"I overheard your speech," Lanstron continued, nodding toward Stransky. 'It was very informing."

A crowd of soldiers was now pressing around Stransky, and in the front rank was Grandfather Fragini.

"Said our flag was no better'n any other flag, did he?" piped the old man. 'Beat him to a pulp! That's what the Hussars would have done " "If you don't mind telling it in pub-

lic, Stransky, I should like to know your origin," said Lanstron, prepared to be as considerate of an anarchist's private feelings as of anybody's.

Stransky squinted his eyes down the bony bridge of his nose and grinned ardonically.

ing the regiment, who had noticed the excitement from a distance, appeared, forcing a gap for his passage through the crowd with sharp words. He, too, recognized Lanstron. After they had shaken hands, the colonel scowled as he heard the situation explained, with the old sergeant, still holding fast to sistent witness for the prosecution; while Stransky, the fire in his eyes dying to coals, stared straight ahead. "It is only a suggestion, of course," said Lanstron, speaking quite as a spectator to avoid the least indication of interference with the colonel's authority, "but it seems possible that to strike, but paused as he faced the Stransky has clothed his wrongs in a garb that could never set well on his nature if he tried to wear it in prac-

tice. He is really an individualist. Enraged, he would fight well. I should like nothing better than a force of Stranskys if I had to defend a redoubt in a last stand." "Yes, he might fight." The colonel

looked hard at Stransky's rigid profile, with its tight lips and chin as firm as if cut out of stone. "You never know who will fight in the pinch, they say. But that's speculation. It's the example that I have to deal with."

"He is not of the insidious, plotting type. He spoke his mind openly," suggested Lanstron. "If you give him the mit of the law, why, he becomes a martyr to persecution. I should say that his remarks might pass for barrack-room gassing."

"Very well," said the colonel, taking the shortest way out of the difficulty. fice of corn investigations of the "We will excuse the first offense."

"Yes, sir!" said the sergeant mechanically as he released his grip of the offender. "We had two anarchists in my company in Africa," he observed crete basement and flue. Warm air in loyal agreement with orders. "They fought like devils. The only trouble was to keep them from shooting innocent natives for sport." lators.

Stransky's collar was still crumpled This house was constructed at a on the nape of his neck. He remained ost of \$500, and in one year returned stock-still, staring down the bridge of to the farm \$1,500 in profit, due to a his nose. For a full minute he did not five-bushel increased acre yield on 740 vouchsafe so much as a glance upward acres planted with seed corn dried over the change in his fortunes. Then and stored in it. These figures were he looked around at Lanstron glowerobtained as the resulted 17 separate ingly. ests. The owner of the farm on

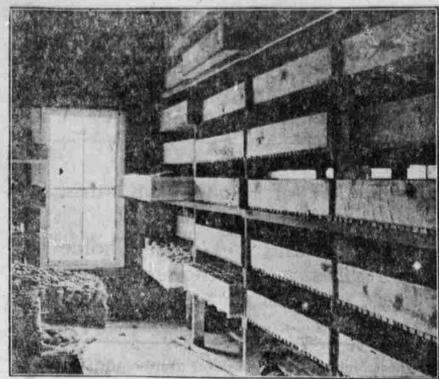
"I know who you are!" he said. "You were born in the purple. You tully satisfied with it because it was made on small plats, and he theretion-everything that you and your kind want to keep for your kind. You are smarter than the others. You would hang a man with spider webs bushel in the seed-corn dry house. instead of hemp. But I won't fight for you! No, I won't!" n the spring with a two-row planter

He threw back his head with a determination in his defiance so intense and 3% feet apart with the seed kept n the dry house; then four rows with that it had a certain kind of dignity that freed it of theatrical affectation. "Yes, I was fortunate; but perhaps nature was not altogether unkind to you," said Lanstron. "In Napoleonic times, Stransky, I think you might even have carried a marshal's baton in your knapsack."

est time four rows yielded a wagon oad of ears, which constituted a "You-what rot!" A sort of triumph weighing. From the seed kept in the played around Stransky's full lips and his jaw shot out challengingly. "No, pounds, while from seed kept in dry never against my comrades on the oth

er side of the border!" he concluded, dogged stare returni

PROFITABLE SEED-CORN DRY HOUSE PLAN



Interior View of Seed Corn House at Piketon, Ohio.

ment of Agriculture.)

he seed kept in the crib. This he re-

peated seven times, making eight

with the other lot of seed. At har-

Seed Corn House at Piketon, Ohio.

house there were produced 16,255

pounds. Each row of the latter pro-

duced uniformly more than each row

The experiments emphasize the fact

a good yield cannot be obtained.

fuctivity as well as number must be

Stirring Milk to Cool It.

The importance of stirring milk

while being cooled has been demon-

of the former.

stand of stalks.

considered.

Propared by the United States Depart- | from nearly 90 degrees F. to 60 degrees F. in about three hours. Un-The profits to be derived from the stirred milk did not reach the lower good preservation of seed corn have temperature until four hours and been put to practical tests by the offifteen minutes had elapsed. The stirring was done at intervals ci United States Department of Agrififteen minutes. A period of even culture. The cuts show a building three hours, however, is regarded as constructed solely for the purnose of too long time to cool milk, and the preserving seed corn. It has a conspecialists of the department consider that the tests demonstrate the necespasses from the basement through sity of employing some suitable form openings in the floor, ascends through of milk cooler that is more efficient the corn, and escapes through ventithan running well water. Where ice is plentiful it is easy to cool the milk

to as low as 40 degrees F. by running it over some form of cooler around which cracked ice or a mixture of ice and salt is packed. To Improve the Farm Egg of the

Middle West.

If the farmer, the country merchant and cash buyer, the railroad which this test was made was not and the car-lot shipper will give special attention to certain points in the marketing and handling of eggs in the ore made more extensive tests. At middle West, the farm egg of that corn-gathering time in November he section may be greatly improved, acselected two bushels of seed, placing cording to the United States Departone bushel in a crib and the other ment of Agriculture.

Here are some suggestions which each individual factor in the process he planted four rows 1,280 feet long may follow with profit to the whole:

Suggestions for the Farmer. . Improve your poultry stock.

2. Keep one of the general-purpose ests in all in which four rows planted breeds, such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Orpington or Rhode with one lot of seed were compared Island Red. with the adjoining four rows planted

3. Provide one clean, dry, verminfree nest for every four or five hens. 4. Conclude all hatching by June 1 and sell or confine male birds during

the remainder of the summer. 5. Gather eggs once daily during ordinary times and twice daily during

hot or rainy weather.

CHAPTER IV. million! Times Have Changed.

This struck fire. Square jaw and sturdy body, in masculine energy, resolute and trained, were set indomitably against feminine vitality.

"Yes, we shall win! We shall win!"

he said without even the physical demonstration of a gesture and in a hard, even voice which was like that of the machinery of modern war itself, a medal on! Stand off there, Tom, so voice which the aristocratic sniff, the I can see you. My word! You're big-Louis XVI curls, or any of the old gallery-display heroes would have thought wast utterly lacking in histrionics suitable to the occasion. He remained rigid me over. They say it's the lead in the after he had spoken, handsome, self- blood. I've still got the bullet!" The old man's trousers were threadpossessed.

There was no use of beating femi-The force of the male was supreme. loosening of the lips. She spread out herited. her hands with fingers spart, as if to let something run free from them into got to serve?" asked grandfather. the air, and the flame of appeal that had been in her eyes broke into many lights that seemed to scatter into space, yet ready to return at her command. She glanced at the clock and rose, almost abruptly.

hobby against yours, wasn't 1?" she ex- uniform. Why, I don't see how a giri'd claimed in a flutter of distraction that be attracted to you fellows, at all!" made it easy for him to descend from his own steed. "I stated a feeling. I kind of soldiers there are nowadays made a guess, a threat about your Not as gay as in your day, that's sure. winning-and all in the air. That's a woman's privilege; one men grant, isn't it?"

"We enjoy doing so," he replied, all urbanity.

"Thank yor," she said simply. must be at home in time for the children's lesson on Sunday. My sleeper is engaged, and if I am not to miss the train I must go immediately."

With an undeniable shock of regret he realized that the interview was over. Really, he had had a very good time; not only that, but-

Will it be ten years before we meet again?" he asked

"Perhaps, unless you change the rules about officers crossing the fron-

tier to take tea," she replied. "Even if I did, the vice-chief of staff the Grays.

might hardly go." "Then perhaps you must wait," she warned him, "until the teachers of

tiers." "Or, if there were war, I should the 53d had just been garrisoned. come!" he answered in kind. He half wished that this might start another lot of friends," admitted Tom. "They're argument and she would miss her very progressive." train. But she made no reply. "And you may come to the Gray capital the people of the southern frontier was cialist. again. You are not through traveling!" | only less conceivable than liking the he added.

was back in her eyes.

"Yes. I have all the memories of my lot! Why, if they'd done their part journeys to enjoy, all their lessons to in that last war we'd have licked the classes to keep down the proletariat. study," she said. "There is the big Grays until they cried for mercy! If There won't be any war! Why? Be any further inquiries as to his ability world, and you want to have had the their army corps had stood its ground cause there are too many enlightened breath of all its climates in your lungs, at Volmer-" the visions of all its peoples yours.

"So you've always said," interrupted Then the other thing is three acres | Tom.

and a cow. If you could only have the "And the way they cook tripe! I there are thousands upon thousands a world of good .- Worcester Post. solidarity of the Japanese, their pub- couldn't stomach it, could you? And like me. They march, they drill, but lic spirit, with the old Chinese love of if there's anything I am partial to it's when battle comes they will refuse family and peace, and a cathedrai a good dish of tripe! And their light to fight-my comrades in heart, to the intercollegiate they certainly in act-hy on a bill! Patriotism? Why, beer-like drinking froth! And their whom the flag of this country means like a lion?-New York American.

"Is Tom-Tom Fragini here? The answer came from a big soldier, who sprang to his feet and leaped toward the old man.

"It's grandfather, as I live!" he called out, kissing the veteran on both cheeks. "I saw sister in town, and she said you'd be at the gate as we marched by."

"Didn't wait at no gate! Marched right up to you!" said grandfather. "Marched up with my uniform and ger'n your father, but not bigger'n I No, sir, not bigger'n I was in my day before that wound sort o' bent

bare but well darned, and the holes in nine fists against such a stone wall. the uppers of his shoes were carefully patched. He had a merry air of >-She smiled with a strange, quivering timism, which his grandson had in-

"Well, Tom, how much longer you

"Six months," answered Tom. "One, two, three, four-" grandfather counted the numbers off on his fingers. "That's good. You'll be in time for the spring ploughing. My, how you have filled out! But, some-"I was very strenuous riding my how, I can't get used to this kind of "They have to, for we're the only when you were in the Hussars, ch?" "Yes, I was in the Hussars-in the

Hussars! I tell you with our sabres a-gleaming, our horses' bits a-jingling, our pennons a-flying, and all the color of our uniform-I tell you, the girls used to open their eyes at us. And we went into the charge like that-yes, sir, just that gay and grand. Colonel

Galland leading!" Military history said that it had example of the vainglory of unreason- to the others, his rather thick but exing bravery that accomplishes nothing, pressive lips curving with cynicism. but no one would suggest such skeptiimagination in hearing of the old man the public square of the town when he as he lived over that intoxicated rush said:

of horses and men into a battery of "Well, didn't you find what I said | hedgerows of the world are my home!"

was true about the lowlanders?" asked grandfather after he had finished the peace have done away with all fron- charge, referring to the people of the eyes would light with a feverish sort southern frontier of the Browns, where of fire which shone as he broke into and hubby was soon snoring and en-

"No, I kind of liked them. I made a "Eh, ch? You're joking!" To like

people of the Grays. "That's because This aroused her afresh; the flame you didn't see deep under them. They're all on the outside-a flighty

work. We of the 53d are a pro-

"That was hardly to the purple!" observed Lanstron thoughtfully. "No, to the red!" answered Stransky savagely. "I mean that it was hardly inclined to make you take a roseate view of life as a beautiful thing in a well-ordered world where favors of fortune are evenly distributed," continued Lanstron. "Rather to make me rejoice in the hope of a new order of things-the recreation of society!" Stransky utphant pride of a pupil who knows his text-book thoroughly.

"But I Won't Fight for You!"

and aeroplanes and dirigibles!" said the manufacturer's son. "To the death, too!"

who live on the frontier will be fighting for our homes." "If we lose them we'll never get

them back. Better die than be beaten!" mock, and in a few minutes he was Herbert Stransky, with deep-set sound asleep. eyes, slightly equinting inward, and a He had slept about an hour when he

heavy jaw, an enormous man who was the best shot in the company when who came out to see if he was sleepbeen a rather foolish charge, a fine he cared to be, had listened in silence ing all right. Being assured that sleep His only speech all the morning had cism of an immortal event in popular been in the midst of the reception in over an hour before his wife once

> "This home-coming doesn't mean much to me. Home? Hell! The time over being aroused from a good

He appeared older than his years, and hard and bitter, except when his could be expected in the sleep line.

a lull in the talk. "Comrades," he began. "Let us hear from the Socialist!" a Tory exclaimed.

tiptoed out onto the rear plazza and. "No, the anarchist!" shouled a Soafter rousing hubby from his sleep for the third time, sweetly inquired if he

"There won't be any war!" said Stransky, his voice gradually rising to offer any explanation or deign to rethe pitch of an agitator relishing the ply, but, crawling out of the hammock, sensation of his own words. "Patriotism is the played-out trick of the ruling the door, tumbled into his bed and men on both sides who do the world's out-of-door sleeping stunt and wifey

says she can't understand why, bevincial lot, but throughout our army cause she just knows it will do him

Columbia's badge is a lion, and in

Now the colonel gave the order to "That won't take long," he answered. fall in; the bugle sounded and the cen-My father, so far as I could identify

tipede's legs began to assemble on the him, died in jail and my mother of road. But Stransky remained a statue, his rifle untouched on the sward. He seemed of a mind to let the regiment go on without him.

"Stransky, fall in!" called the sergeant.

Still Stransky did not move. A comrade picked up the rifle and fairly thrust it into his hands.

"Come on, Bert, and knead dough with the rest of us!" he whispered. "Come on! Cheer up!" Evidently his comrades liked Stransky.

"No!" roared Stransky, bringing the tered the sentiment with the triumrifle down on the ground with a heavy blow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKES HIS REST INDOORS TOOK AWAY HIS APPETITE

jection to Sharing the Delicacy derstand Why. With Restaurant Cat.

Until recently Detective Sergeant Tim Bailey was a lover of mince ple. Today if anyone offered him a bakery full of mince pies he would turn on his heel and do a quick countermarch. The first night his wife made up a Figuratively he has had his fill of the nice little bunk for him in the hamgood old pastry.

At dinner time one day not long ago Bailey went into a little restaurant near the Hall of Justice. "Three was awakened by his anxious wife, boiled eggs, a cup of Java and a 12 by 14 wedge of mince pie," he told the

waiter. Bailey polished off the eggs and and the man were bosom friends, the wife withdrew and once more the man coffee in great shape, and then atstrated in experiments conducted by slept. This time he rested a little tacked the pie. He had just begun the United States Department of Agriwhen a big black cat that had been culture. When the cans of milk are reposing on the counter a few feet more appeared on the scene and anxmerely set in cold water the cooling lously inquired how hubby was sleepaway awoke, stretched, struck at a process is very slow, much too slow. ing. Hubby was a little sore by this vagrant fly with a chubby paw, and then leaped into the display window in fact, to be at all satisfactory to a of the place. The window was inden progressive dairyman. In particular solid sleep twice, and curtly informed the milk at the top of the can above the wife that he was doing all that with delicacies to allure the hungry nasserby. the level of the water is hardly af-

fected at all. The cold milk, being The first thing that Tabby made for was the remains of the pie that had beavier than the warm, will remain at the bottom of the can, while the been cut for Bailey. Kitty's first bite He dropped his warmer and lighter milk stavs at the was Bailey's last. top. Ultimately, of course, the entire but shortly before midnight she again fork with a bang, reached for his hat and rushed up to the counter. canful will acquire the same tempera-

ture, but this will require such a long "Sa-a-y," he cried, "what are you period of time that for practical purrunning here, a restaurant or a kenwas sleeping all right. Hubby didn't nel club?" He paid his bill, and was poses stirring is now regarded as indispensable. away down the street before the dazed keeper of the place could catch betook himself to his bedroom, locked his breath .- New York Times.

Sharpens the Appetite.

Jokeleigh (visiting Subbubs)-"And you have a grindstone, too. Will it put an edge on a dull appetite?" Subbubs-"Certainly! If you turn the handle long enough."

On the other hand, with eggs at one the intercollegiate they certainly ro'd cent a dozen, the ordinary shad would be a millionaire?



7. Use all small and dirty eggs at home 8. Market eggs frequently, twice a

week if possible, during the summer. 9. In taking eggs to market protect them from the sun's rays.

10. In selling, insist that the transaction be on a quality basis, for if care has been given the eggs, this system will yield more money to the producer.

Suggestions for the Country Merchant and Cash Buyer.

1. Candle and buy on a quality baris.

2. Allow the farmer to see you candle his eggs.

3. Pack carefully in strong, clean cases and fillers.

4. Do not keep eggs in a musty ceb lar or near oil barrels or other odor iferous merchandise.

5. Ship daily during warm weather. Suggestions to the Railroad.

1. Provide a covered portion of sta tion platform where cases of eggs can be stacked, and see that the agent stacks them there.

These results are the same as in 2. Provide refrigeration for the eggs on the local freight. he tests of the department where the rows were thinned to the same

3. Where refrigerator cars are used on local freights, see that the doors are kept closed when not loading.

4. If refrigeration cannot be supthat the productiveness of the stalks is more important than the number. plied, provide stock cars for this purpose during the summer. Full stands can be obtained by the

heavy planting of weak seed. Good 5. Where box cars are used for eggs yields cannot be obtained in this do not allow freight which may hurt their quality, such as oil barrels, to be way. The most expensive seed to plant is that from which a stand of loaded in the same car. stalks can be obtained but from which

Suggestions for the Car-Lot Shipper. 1. Buy strictly on a quality basis, The stand of stalks bears the same 2. Encourage the smaller buyers to

relation to the grain yield as the numtrade on a quality basis. ber of trees in an orchard bears to 3. Join the State Car-Lot Shippers" he amount of fruit produced. Pro-

association. 4. Co-operate with other shippers and with the state officials in bringing

about this system of buying. 5. Keep the subject agitated and before the people; in other words, educate them.

PICKED UP IN THE ORCHARD

Bad Packing or Unsuitable Conditions in City Storehouses Given as Reason for High Price.

One reason why the retail price of fruit is so high that at least onethird of the entire crop rots either in the hands of the wholesale or retail dealers. And this is due to bad packing or unsuitable conditions in the city storehouses.

If you have a bit of rocky land not too steep, and which has lain idle for years, you may have a valuable appletree site. It would not cost much to try It.

In one experiment it was found that the milk at the top of the can above Do not be afraid to put plenty of the level of the surrounding water stable manure upon the orchard. was from five to six degrees warmer Wood ashes applied to stiff clay than the rest of the canful. In consoils have a fine effect upon orchard sequence, bacteria developed at a lands. higher rate at the top. When the

It is a mistake to cultivate the milk became mixed later the inorchard late in the fall as it keeps the creased number of the bacteria in the sap running and the trees are apt to warmer portion resulted in hastenbe injured by early cold weather.

ng the souring of the entire canful. Trees exposed to the direct rays When the water in the cooling tank of the sun on a billside should be as 60.6 degrees F. the temperature projected or they are likely to be in--the was reduced by stirring | jured by sun scald.



Lover of Mince Pie Had Decided Ob-

Hubby Has Given Up His Porch Bunk and Wifey is at a Loss to Un-

Wifey again retired into the house,

Wifey stood it as long as she could.

managed to finish the night without

to sleep. Now he refuses to try the

joying his rest.

A man living on the West side has not been feeling very well recently,

drink."

and after much urging from the wife "And not for glory! We of the 53d consented to sleep in a couch hammock on the rear porch of the home.