

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

PINT NOT FOUND SAY DAIRYMEN
Cornell Milk Specialists Point Out That Even a Quart of Water Weighs More Than 16 Ounces.

A pint is not a pound the world around, declares dairymen at state college of agriculture at Ithaca. Even a pint of water weighs more than a pound, and milk is heavier than water.

The standard quart of milk of average composition weighs 2.153 pounds, and a forty-quart can of milk weighs forty times 2.153, or 86.12 pounds.

In some plants where milk is bought by the can and later converted to a weight basis, 2 1-8 pounds is used as the weight of a quart and a forty-quart can is credited at 86 pounds.

In no case, tho, say the dairymen of the college, should anyone take the old adage at its face value, and accept payment for a forty-quart can of milk on the basis of 80 pounds for the full can.

Around Our House

MAKE IT A GAME

To make a game of everyday tasks is one way of teaching children to like what must be done. Getting dressed may become pure fun if it is turned into a race; and going to bed is quite natural for the child who is quieted by a well chosen story or two.

Homespun Yarn

Campfires and roasting-ears help solve the entertainment this time of year.

Cold meat goes farther and looks more appetizing if cut in very thin slices.

A potato-ball cutter takes cores out of pears and leaves the halves in good shape for canning.

Friday's child is fair of the face if she eats her two vegetables and two fruits daily and gets plenty of milk.

A glass of water, or of lemonade or orangeade before breakfast may help to clear up that sluggish feeling.

If the family likes cheese send to the college of agriculture at Ithaca for its new bulletin on unripened soft cheeses. Just ask for E 107.

Aunt Ada's Axioms: More good looks come from good food, fresh air, and exercise than from all the cosmetics and beauty doctors.

Agrigraphs

Early to molt, and poor to lay; These are hens that never pay.

When tillage begins, other arts follow.—Daniel Webster.

God made the country, and man made the town; What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts That can alone make sweet the bitter draught

That life holds out to all, should most abound, And least be threatened in the fields and groves? —Cowper.

Uncle Ab says: The best educated men I know, educated themselves, either with the help of college or without.

Every farmer should save his own seed by selection from the best producing strains on his own fields. He thus insures a supply to be suited to the region in which it is to be grown.

Growing the stuff is only half the job; the other half is to market it well. New York farmers have the chance to take free correspondence courses in marketing and co-operation from the state college of agriculture at Ithaca.

If plans for a change in the farm buildings include the dairy barn, write to the state college of agriculture at Ithaca for its bulletin on dairy barn rearrangement. Just use a postal and ask for E-111.

Farmer Now Sees More Than Woods In His Forests

Syracuse, Sept. 8.—In the early days forests were just woods. Today forests are still just woods, to most everybody outside the forestry profession. But the largest owner of forest land, the farmer, is beginning to see into his woodlands and looking them over with the same idea in mind that he does his wheat field.

Many farmers have found their trees have been cut from land not suitable for raising anything but trees and that with intensive agriculture more farm products can be raised on less ground and more economically.

There are 168 million acres of woodlots in the United States and more than four million farmers own their own woodlots. This is a big factor in our economic and agricultural activities.

Rude Rural Rhymes

Praise and Blame

Observing men, I find the same right slow to praise but quick to blame. When anything goes wrong in life I'm very prone to blame my wife—alho it's only fair to state Hannah, to the present date, has managed to reciprocate, and when the house has been divided has talked as much as I did.

GOITRE REMOVED

Syracuse Lady Tells How She Was Saved an Operation.

Mrs. Hattie Church, 215 Putnam Street, Syracuse, N. Y., says she will tell or write how she was saved an operation with Sorbol Quadruple, a colorless liniment.

Manufactured by Sorbol Company, Mechanicsburg, O. Sold by all drug stores. Locally at Brundage Drug Co.

Buried City Revealed in Wilds of Nevada

Los Angeles.—Far back in the untraveled recesses of Nevada a new buried city has been discovered, one which will probably prove among the greatest archeological finds in North American history, according to Gov. James G. Scrugham of Nevada.

Governor Scrugham visited the little town of St. Thomas, Nev., nearest village to the ruins, after conferring here with Governor Hunt of Arizona regarding construction of a road from the Grand Canyon of Arizona to the new discovery.

"We believe we are about to open up the largest pueblo ever found on this continent," Governor Scrugham said. "The ruins seem to stretch for six miles, 50 feet or so above the high water mark of the river. They are about a mile wide. The town's population was probably 15,000."

"Thus far, we have excavated 40 houses and 11 bodies, 10 of them women. Ancient pottery, estimated 2,000 years old, was found with the remains."

"Walls of the houses were of adobe, plastered on woven rushes. The clay still retains the mold of tulle leaves. The floors were paved with stones."

"Necklaces of carved turquoise were found on the women. The jewels were highly polished and shaped like grains of corn. We found squash and corn seed in vases and jars of red pottery."

Read the Special Ad.



SALLIE—Beautiful and vivacious leader of the debutants set. ANNE CODDINGTON—Who had gone to school with Sallie and was her best friend until she made up her mind to marry. CURTISS WRIGHT—A brilliant young architect who has achieved an international reputation. He disapproves of the "jazz" type. TED BILLINGS—Whose main objective in life is arranging "petting parties" with pretty girls. ELLIE MITCHELL—Whose finishing-school education has taught her the latest and most effective, if unconventional, methods of combating ennui. WARREN FISHER—A gay philanderer of Wall Street whose time is occupied chiefly in avoiding his wife. MARJORIE and BOB CHENOWETH—Of the married set and Sallie's staunch friends.

A Costume Ball and a New Anne.

Of course the story told by Anne was whispered about town. There were various interpretations put to the episode at the Camp. The consensus of opinion, however, seemed to be that if the story had been true, Anne would not have told it herself and thus started unnecessary talk.

The story went the rounds and forbidding dowagers at the Bridge clubs shook their heads over their cards. "Still water runs deep," they said with knowing nods. I do not know how I analyzed Anne's description of the way she had broken off with Curtiss Wright. It was impossible at times not to feel moments of ecstasy because there had never been the slightest doubt about my love for him.

Then came the night of the opening of Jacksonville's most beautiful Country Club in Ortega on the St. Johns. It had been decided that a costume ball would celebrate the event and because father was the president of the club, he and I had been asked to lead. Costumes had been planned weeks ahead and the members were on tip-toe of expectation for more than one reason. It was said that Anne and Curtiss would both be there.

With flutters of pleasurable excitement, I dressed for the dance. Days before they had sent my costume from an importer in New York. It was Oriental in felling and very lovely. The Mandarin jacket was softly pink like the first shy clouds of dawn and the rich satin trousers were copies of those worn by the Royal Chinese family. Bizarre and vivid jewels for my body and hair made the tout ensemble one of unsurpassed brilliance and the many gems flashed fitfully as I moved about.

"De Lord have mussy on ma' soul," exclaimed Mom Nellie, when I passed in review, "if dat lam ain't zackly lak a boy chile in dem lil' pants. You'll sho be knockin' de eyes plum outer dey heads dis night."

"Thank you, Mom Nellie, but remember what I've told you before. It makes a difference when you see people thru eyes of love. Your little Sallie's not so great!" Father was almost boisterous in his approval and so after turning me around several times for a final inspection, we were off.

Upon arriving, we found the spacious club had been transformed into a Chinese palace suggesting the magnificence of the dynasty of Ming. Silks and rare tapestries, handsomely embossed in gold dragons and heavily-padded chrysanthemums, covered the walls. From the ceiling were hung myriad lanterns of color-

ed glass, the glow of which danced to the far corners of the room, bathing all in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. Suddenly the muffled sound of an orchestra played a Chinese march and the room was invaded by six small figures in Oriental attire. They waved their fans and tottered two tremendous tea boxes patterned in motifs grotesquely bright. They struck the tea boxes and the room was thronged with Chinese subjects garbed in robes of great splendor, each being original in its design.

Then, up flared the lights and now, indeed, did the room, with its fine trappings, take on a festive air. While their escorts were in the tea boxes, the fair ladies of their choice had stood attentively around the walls intrigued with the elaborate ceremonies being performed. To lend variety to the event, they had been asked to bedeck themselves in fancy array and now as they moved over the floor to a twentieth century tune, the scene was one of kaleidoscopic delight. Here were Sicilian maidens, baloon girls, Alsatian peasants, bewitching nomads, Dutch flower vendors, Alpine beauties, Colonial ladies in bouffant satin and powdered coiffures piled high on their shapely heads, Night in her resplendent glory, whirled by and proud Castilian belles with mantillas of costly black lace.

Everyone was sweet and cordial to me as if they had long ago grown tired of trying to make gossip about anyone who had been as uninterestingly orthodox in their behavior as I had been during the last few months. Besides, as far as scandal went, tonight Anne occupied the center of the stage.

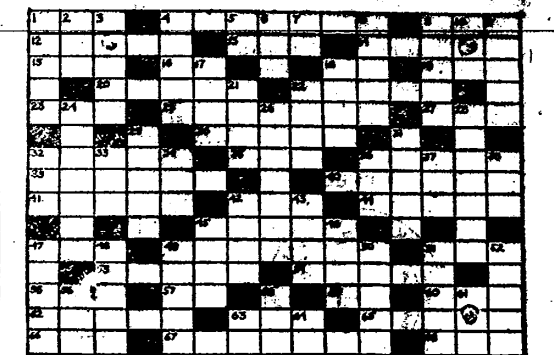
She seemed to be everywhere and for the first time in her life was wearing black. With Anne's cleverness for effect, one would have thought that tonight of all times, she would have chosen a sweet and simple costume, like her frocks, which always gave one the impression that she was the fresh and innocent type. But no, it was a new Anne who came to this dance—a daring Anne who wore the most sportive costume of all the gala throng. I heard someone ask her what she was supposed to represent. "A good time, for a change," she said and threw back her head.

Indeed, she might have been described as Vice. A brief frock of black satin came just above her knees from her waist line were innumerable ribbons of red that fluttered as she moved. From these fell miniature cards, cigarettes and tiny bottles of liquor that had probably been used as samples in the days of saloons. On her head, poised at a rakish angle, was a "put and take" top with each of its sides cleverly marked. Her crowning achievement however, was a pair of square earrings made of enormous dice. In some way, they had been made electrical and twinkled intermittently with light. Slippers of black satin with heels of brilliant red, and chiffon hose completed her conspicuous attire.

More than ever, I had the presentiment that within the next few hours many startling things would come about. (To be continued)

THIS WEEK'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

This crossword puzzle was arranged by William Dowdle. He hopes that you will like it—and we are sure you will. We will admit that the one you are going to have a little more trouble with this one than with some of the easier ones we have been sending you. We are not generous when we give you just twenty minutes for this one.



- Horizontal: 1. Legal Science, 2. Darkens, 3. A vegetable, 12. Make ashamed, 13. Negative, 14. To accumulate and save, 15. A color, 16. Similar, 17. Toward, 18. Name of an automobile, 20. Relating or belonging to the eyes, 22. Storehouses for hay, etc., 23. Pronoun feminine possessive, 25. To misrepresent wilfully the character of a person, 27. Below, 30. The Moon's age at the 1st of every month, 32. Fruit of ferns, 35. To piece out, 36. Jumps, 39. Tree bearing fruit resembling the orange (plural), 40. Principal island in Malay Archipelago, 41. Two-footed, 42. A little at a time, 44. The last measures of a song, 45. Test or trial, 47. Guiltless, 49. A day on which Counts are not held, 51. Especially (Abbr.)
- Vertical: 53. Propelled, 54. Steeps, 1. A cone bearing tree, 2. Nickname of a famous President, 3. Long-legged wading bird, 4. A passage for light or air, 5. Indefinite article, 6. Spot, 7. Conjunction, 8. The coast, 9. Analyze, 10. Before, 11. To worship, 17. A father, 18. Diplomacy, 21. The back of the neck, 22. To butt, as with the head, 24. Corrosive, 26. Old barons or Japan, 28. To rescind, as a law, 29. A pistol (trade name), 31. A cruel king (Bib.), 32. Cry, 33. Knock, 34. Sometimes written for "said", 36. In the place cited (Abbr.), 37. Conjunction meaning "in addition", 38. Distress signal, 42. To bear, 43. A measure of weight (plural), 45. Pastry (plural), 46. Nourishment

BABCOCK THEATRE WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

Sunday and Monday, September 13-14

Tom Mix in "THE RAINBOW TRAIL" Sequel to "The Riders of the Purple Sage."

Hear the new \$16,000 mammoth Wurlitzer Organ. Matinees Daily at 2 P. M. Evenings at 7 and 9 P. M. Admission for this Picture Adults 30c Children 15c

CUBA'S BIG FAIR OPENS TUESDAY, SEPT. 15 4 Big Days--Sept. 15-16-17-18

AMUSEMENTS, EDUCATION and INSPIRATION A Mommoth Combination of the Best That Can be Secured.

A Better Baby Contest on Wednesday, an Address by a noted State Grange Speaker on Thursday. Premium Stock Parade and County Athletic Track Meet on Friday.

Burleigh's Band of Olean on Wednesday and Thursday and the Boys' Band of Olean on Friday. Friday will be Olean Day and we have arranged for the entire city to be present.

The Mid-Way has been covered with cinders. Wet or dry it cannot be anything but fine.

The half mile track is in the best of condition. We are assured of a large field of racing horses, if you enjoy good races, do not miss this opportunity.

A reunion of friends where all will be entertained with comedy, music, thrills and fun—something doing every minute. This is your Fair. Be one of the jolly crowd and see the racing by racers.

Special rates on the Erie Railroad between Dunkirk, Hornell, Jamestown and intermediate points Sept. 14 to 18 inclusive.

The Ad That's Worth a Dollar to You may be in this issue of the News and a search of one minute may reveal it to you. And there may be ads printed today that are worth a good many dollars to you. Make the search as an experiment!

Your Fall Hat--Which Will You Have?



Above, three stunning American designed models, two of felt and the third of velvet and ribbon. Below, the Paris designed chapeaux, showing the attempt to bring back the picturesque motif.