The COAST of CHANCE

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CHAPTER I.

The Vanishing Mystery.

Flora Gilsey stood on the threshold of her dining room. She had turned her back on it. She swayed forward. Her bare arms were lifted. Her hands lightly caught the molding on either side of the door. She was looking intently into the mirror at the other end of the hall. All the lights in the dining room were lit, and she saw herself rather keenly set against this brilliance. The straight-held head, the lifted arms, the short, slender waist, the long, long sweep of her skirts made her seem taller than she actually was; and the strong, bright growth of her hair and the vivacity of her face made her seem more deeply colored.

She had poised there for the mere survey of a new gown, but after a moment of dwelling on her own reflection she found herself considering it only as an object in the foreground of a picture. That picture, seen through the open door, reflected in the glass, was all of a bright, hard glitter, all a high, harsh tone of newness. In its paneled oak, in its glare of cut-glass and silver, in the shining vacant faces of its floors and walls, there was not a color that filled the eye, not a shadow where imagination could find play. As a background for herself it struck her as incongruous. Like a child looking at the landscape upside down, she felt herself in a foreign country. Yet it was hers.

She glanced over the table. It was set for three. It lacked nothing but the serving of dinner. She looked at the clock. It wanted a few minutes to the hour. Shima, the Japanese butler, came in softly with the evening papers. She took them from him. Nothing bored her so much as a paper, but to-night she knew it contained something she really wanted to see. She opened one of the damp sheets at the page of sales.

There it was at the head of the column in thick black type:

AT AUCTION, FEBRUARY 18
PERSONAL ESTATE OF
ELIZABETH HUNTER CHATWORTH
CONSISTING OF —

She read the details with interest down to the end, where the name of the "famous Chatworth ring" finished the announcement with a flourish. Why "famous"? it was very provoking to advertise with that vague adjective and not explain it.

She turned indifferently to the first page. She read a sentence, re-read it, read it again. Then, as if she could not read fast enough, her eyes galloped down the column. It was the most extraordinary thing! She was bewildered with the feeling that what was blazing at her from the columns of the paper was at once the wildest thing that could possibly have happened, and yet the one most to have been expected.

For, from the first the business had been sinister, from as far back as the tragedy—the end of poor young Chatworth and his wife—the Bessie, who, before her English marriage, they had all known so well. Her death, that had befallen in far Italian Alps, had made a sensation in their little city, and the large announcements of auction that had followed hard upon it had bred among the women who had known her a morbid excitement, a feverish desire to buy, as if there might be some special luck in them, the jewels of a woman who had so tragically died. They had been ready to make a social affair of the private view held in the "Maple room" before the acution. And now the whole spectacular business was capped by a sensation so dramatic as to strain credulity to its limit. She could not believe it; yet here it was glaring at her from the first page. Still—it might be an exaggeration, a mistake. She must go back to the beginning and read it over slowly.

The striking of the hour hurried her. Shima's announcement of dinner only sent her eyes faster down the page. But when, with a faint, smooth rustle, Mrs. Britton came in, she let the paper fall. She always faced her chaperon with a little nervousness, and with the same sense of strangeness with which she so frequently regarded her house.

"It's 15 minutes after eight," Mrs. Britton observed. "We would better not wait any longer."

She took the place opposite Flora's at the round table. Flora sat down, still holding the paper, flushed and bolt upright with her news.

"It's the most extraordinary thing!" she burst forth.

Mrs. Britton paused mildly with a radish in her fingers. She took in the presence of the paper, and the suppressed excitement of her companion's face—seemed to absorb them through the large pupils of her light eyes, through all her smooth, pretty person, before she reached for an explanation.

"What is the most extraordinary thing?" The query came bland and smooth, as if, whatever it was, it could not surprise her.

"Why, the Chatworth ring! At the private view this afternoon it simply vanished! And—and it was all our own crowd who were there!"

"Vanished!" Clara Britton leaned forward, peering hard in the face of this extraordinary statement. "Stolen, do you mean?" She made it definite.

Flora flung out her hands.

"Well, it disappeared in the Maple room, in the middle of the afternoon, when everybody was there—and they haven't the faintest clew."

"But how?" For a moment the preposterous fact left Clara too quick to be calm.

Again Flora's eloquent hands. "That is it! It was in a case like all the other jewels. Harry saw it"—she glanced at the paper—"as late as four o'clock. When he came back with Judge Buller, half an hour after, it was gone."

Flora leaned forward on her elbows, chin in hands. No two could have differed more than these two women in their blondness and their prettiness and their wonder. For Clara was sharp and pale, with silvery lights in eyes and hair, and confronted the facts with an alert and calculating observation; but Flora was tawny, toned from brown to ivory through all the gamut of gold—hair color of a panther's hide, eyes dark hazel, glinting through dust-colored lashes, chin round like a fruit. The pressure of her fingers accented the slight uplift of her brows to elfishness, and her look was introspective. She might, instead of wondering on the outside, have been the very center of the mystery itself, toying with unthinkable possibilities of revelation. She looked far over the head of Clara Britton's annoyance that there should be no clew.

"Why, don't you see," she pointed out, "that is just the fun of it? It might be anybody. It might be you, or me, or Ella Buller. Though I would prefer to think it was some one we didn't know so well—some one strange and fascinating, who will presently go slipping out the Golden Gate in a little junk boat, so that no one need be embarrassed."

Clara looked back with extraordinary intentness.

"Oh, it's not possible the thing is stolen. There's some mistake! And if it were"—her eyes seemed to open a little wider to take in this possibility—"they will have detectives all around the water front by to-night. Any one would find it difficult to get away," she pointed out.

"Of course; I know," Flora murmured. A faint twitch of humor pulled her mouth, but the passionate romantic color was dying out of her face. How was it that one's romances could be so cruelly pulled down to earth? But still she couldn't quite come down to Clara. "At least," she sighed, "he has saved me an awful expense, whoever took it, for I should have had to have it."

Mrs. Britton surveyed this statement consideringly. "Was it the most valuable thing in the collection?

Flora hesitated in the face of the alert question. "I—don't know. But it was the most remarkable. It was a Chatworth heirloom, the papers say, and was given to Bessie at the time of her marriage." The thought of the death that had so quickly followed that marriage gave Flora a little shiver, but no shade of the tragedy touched Clara. There was nothing but speculation in Clara's eyes—that, and a little disappointment. "Then they will put off the auction—if it is really so," she mused.

"But there must be something in it, Clara. Why, they closed the doors and searched them—that crowd! It's ridiculous!"

Clara Britton glanced at the empty place. "Then that must be what has kept him."

"Who? Oh, Harry!" It took Flora a moment to remember she had been expecting Harry. She hoped Clara had not noticed it. Clara always had too much the assumption that she was taking him only as the best-looking, best-natured, safest bargain presented. "He will be here," she reassured, "but I wish he would hurry. His dinner will be spoiled; and, poor dear, he likes his dinner so much!"

The faint silver sound of the electric bell, a precipitate double peal, seemed to uphold this statement. The women faced each other in a moment's suspense, a moment of expectation, such as the advance column may feel at sight of a scout hotfoot from the field of battle. There were muffled movements in the hall, then light, even steps crossing the drawing room. Those light steps always suggested a slight frame, and, as always, Flora was re-surprised at his bulk as now it appeared between the parted curtains, the dull black and sharp white of his evening clothes topped by his square, fresh-colored face.

"Well, Flora," he said, "I know I'm late," and took the hand she held to him from where she sat. Her face danced with pleasure. Yes, he was magnificent, she thought, as he crossed with his light stride to Mrs. Britton's chair. He could even stand the harsh lines and lights of evening clothes. He dominated their ugly convention with his height, his face so ruddy and fresh under the pale brown of his hair, his alert, assured, deft movement. His high good nature had the effect of sweetening for him even Clara Britton's flavorless manner. The "We were speaking of you," with which she saw him to his seat, had all the warmth of a smile, but a smile far in the background of Flora's immediate possession. Indeed, Flora had seldom had so much to say to Harry as at this moment of her excitement over what he had actually seen. For the evidence that he had seen something was vivid in his face.

She shook the paper at him. "Tell us everything, instantly!"

He gayly acknowledged her right to make him thus stand and deliver. He shot his hands into the air with the lightening vivacity that was in him a sort of wit. "Not guilty," he grinned at her.

"Harry, you know you were in it. The papers have you the most important personage."

"Upon my word! But look here—wait a minute!" he arrived deliberately at what was required of him. "If you want to know the way it happened—here's your Maple room." He began a diagram with forks on the cloth before him, and Clara, who had watched their sparring from her point of vantage in the background, now leaned forward, as if at last they were getting to the point.

"This is the case, furthest from the door." He planted a salt cellar in his silver inclosure. "I come in very early, at half-past two, before the crowd; fail to meet you there." He made mischievous bows to right and left. "I go out again. But first I see this ring."

She Read It, Reread It, and Read It Again.

"What was it like?" Flora demanded.

"Like?" Harry turned a speculative eye to the dull glow of the candelabrum, as if between its points of flame he conjured up the vision of the vanished jewel. "Like a bit of an old gold heathen god curled round himself, with his head, which was mostly two yellow sapphires, between his knees, and a big, blue stone on top. Soft, yellow gold, so fine you could almost dent it. And carved! Even through a glass every line of it is right. I couldn't seem to get away from it. I dropped into the club and talked to Buller about it. He got keen, and I went back with him to have another look at it. Well, at the door Buller stops to speak to a chap going out—a crazy Englishman he had picked up at the club. I go on. By this time there's a crowd inside, but I manage to get up to the case. And first I miss the spot altogether. And then I see the card with his name; and then, underneath I see the hole in the velvet where the god had been."

Flora gave out a little sigh of suspense, and even Clara showed a gleam of excitement. He looked from one to the other. "Then there were fireworks. Buller came up. The detective came up. Everybody came up. Nobody'd believe it. Lots of 'em thought they had seen it only a few minutes before. But there was the hole in the velvet—and nothing more to be found."

"But does no one know anything? Has no one an idea?" Clara almost panted in her impatience.

"Not the ghost of a glimmer of a clue. There were upward of two hundred of us, and they let us out like a chain-gang, one by one. My number was 193, and so far I can vouch there were no discoveries. It has vanished—sunk out of sight."

Flora sighed. "Oh, poor Bessie Chatworth!"

Harry stared at her. He had the air of a man about to give information, and the air of a man who has thought better of it. His voice consciously shook off its gravity. "Well, there'll be such a row kicked up, the probability is the thing'll be returned and no questions asked. Purdie's keen—very keen. He's responsible, the executor of the estate, you see."

But Clara Britton leveled her eyes at him, as if the thing he had produced was not at all the thing he had led up to. "Still, unless there was enormous pressure somewhere—and in this case I don't see where—I can't see what Mr. Purdie's keenness will do toward getting it back."

Harry played a little sulkily with the proposition, but he would not pick up the thread he had dropped. "I don't know that any one sees. The question now is—who took it?"

"Why, one of us," said Flora flippantly. "Of course, it is all on the Western Addition."

"Don't you believe it!" he answered her. "It's a confounded fine professional job. It takes more than sleight of hand—it takes genius, a thing like that! There was a chap in England, Farrell Wand."

The name floated in a little silence.

"He kept them guessing," Harry went on recalling it; "did some great vanishing acts."

"You mean he could take things before their eyes without people knowing it?" Flora's eyes were wide beyond their wont.

"Something of that sort. I remember at one of the embassy balls at St. James' he talked five minutes to Lady Tilton. Her emeralds were on when he began. She never saw 'em again."

Flora began to laugh. "He must have been attractive."

"Well," Harry conceded practically, "he knew his business."

"But you can't rely on those stories," Clara objected.

"You must this time," he shook his tawny head at her; "I give you my word; for I was there."

It seemed to Flora fairly preposterous that Harry could sit there looking so matter-of-fact with such experiences behind him. Even Clara looked a little taken aback, but the effect was only to set her more sharply on.

"Then such a man could easily have taken the ring in the Maple room this afternoon? You think it might have been the man himself?"

His broad smile of appreciation enveloped her. "Oh, you have a scent like a bloodhound. You haven't let go of that once since you started. He could have done it—oh, easy—but he went out eight, ten years ago."

"Died?" Flora's rising inflection was a lament.

"Went over the horizon—over the range. Believe he died in the colonies."

"Oh," Flora sighed, "then I shall have to fancy he has come back again, just for the sake of the Chatworth ring. That wouldn't be too strange. It's all so strange I keep forgetting it is real. At least," she went on explaining herself to Harry's smile, "it seems as if this must be going on a long way off, as if it couldn't be so close to us, as if the ring I wanted so much couldn't really be the one that has disappeared." All the while she felt Harry's smile enveloping her with an odd, half-protecting watchfulness, but at the close of her sentence he frowned a little.

"Well, perhaps we can find another ring to take the place of it."

She felt that she had been stupid where she should have been most delicate. "But you don't understand," she protested, leaning far toward him as if to coerce him with her generous warmth. "The Chatworth ring was nothing but a fancy I had. I never thought of it for a moment as an engagement ring!"

By the light stir of silk she was aware that Clara had risen. She looked up quickly to encounter that odd look. Clara's face was so smooth, so polished, so unruffled, as to appear almost blank, but none the less Flora saw it all in Clara's eye—a look that was not new to her. It was the same with which Clara had met the announcement of her engagement; the same look with which she had confronted every allusion to the approaching marriage; the same with which she now surveyed the mention of the engagement ring—a look neither approving nor dissenting, whose calm, considerate speculation seemed to repudiate all interest positive or negative in the approaching event except the one large question, "What is to become of me?" Many times Clara had held it up before her, not as a question, certainly not as an accusation; as a flat assertion of fact; but to-night Flora felt it so directly and imperatively aimed at her that it seemed this time to demand an audible response. And Clara's way of getting up, and standing there, with her gloves on, poised and expectant, as if she were only waiting on oportunity to take farewell, took on, in the light of her look, the fantastic appearance of a final departure. "I'm afraid," she mildly reminded them, "that Shima announced the carriage ten minutes ago!"

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!" Flora's eyes wavered apologetically in the direction of the waiting Japanese. Clara's flicker of amusement made her hate herself the moment it was out. She could always depend on herself when she knew she was on exhibition. She could be sure of the right thing if it were only large enough, but she was still caught at odd moments by the trifles, the web of a certain social habit into which she had slipped, full-grown on the smooth surface of her father's million's. Clara's fleeting smile lit up these trifles to her now as enormous. It took advantage of her small deficit to point out to her more plainly than ever to what large blunders she might be liable when she had cut loose from Clara's guiding, reminding, prompting genius, and chose to confront the world without it.

To be sure, she was not to confront it alone; but, looking at Harry, it came to her with a moment's qualm that she did not know him as well as she thought she had.

CHAPTER II.

A Name Goes Round a Table.

For to-night, from the moment he had appeared, she had recognized an unfamiliar mood in him, and it had come out the more they had discussed the Chatworth ring.

She wondered, as he heaped her ermine on her shoulders, if Harry might not have more surprises for her than she had supposed. Perhaps she had taken him too much for granted. After all, she had known him only for a year.

She herself was but three years old in San Francisco, and to her new eyes Harry had seemed an old resident thoroughly established. So firmly established was he in his bachelor quarters, in his clubs, in the demands made upon him by the city's society, that it had never occurred to her he had ever lived anywhere else. Nor had he happened to mention anything of his previous life until to-night, when he had given her, in that mention of a London ball, one flashing glimpse of former experiences.

Impulsively she summed up the possibilities of what these might have been. She gave him a look, incredulous, delighted, as he handed her into the carriage. She had actually got a thrill out of easy-going, matter-of-fact, well-tubbed Harry! It was comradeship in itself. Not that she would have told him. This capacity of hers for thrills she had found need always to keep carefully covered. In the days when she was a shoeless child—those days of her father's labor in shaft and dump—she had dimly felt her world to be a creature of a keen, a fairly cruel humor, for all things that did not pertain to the essence of the life it struggled for. The wonder of the western flare of day, the magic in the white eyes of the stars before sunrise, the mystery in the pulse of the pounding mine heard in the dark—of such it had been as ruthless as this new world that looked as narrowly forth at as starved a prospect with even keener ridicule. Instinctively she had turned to both the hard, bright face they required.

Fatherless, motherless, alone upon the pinnacle of her fortune, she had known that such an extraordinary entrance, even at this rather wide social portal, would only be acceptable if toned down, glossed over and drawn out by a personality sufficiently neutral, sufficiently potent and sufficiently in need of what she had to give. The successive flickers of the gas lamps through the carriage window made of Clara's profile so hard and fine a little medallion that it was impossible to conceive it in need of anything. And yet it was just their mutual need that had drawn these two women together, and after three years it was still the only thing that held them. As much of a fight as she had put up with the rest—the people who had taken her in—she had put up the hardest with Clara. Yet of them all Clara was the only one she had failed to capture. Clara was always there in the middle of her affairs, but surveying them from a distance, and Flora's struggle with her had resolved itself into the attempt to keep her from seeing too much, from seeing more than she herself saw.

Their dubious intimacy had created for Flora a special sort of loneliness—a loneliness which lacked the security of solitude; and it was partly as an escape from this that she had accepted Harry Cressy. By herself she could never have escaped. The initiative was not hers. But he had presented himself, he had insisted, had overruled her objections, had captured her before she knew whether she wanted it or not—and held her now, fascinated by his very success in capturing her, and by his beautiful ruddy masculinity. She did not ask herself whether women ever married for greater reasons than these. She only wondered sometimes if he did not stand out more brilliantly against Clara and the others than he intrinsically was. But these moments when she was obliged to defend him to herself were always when he was not with her. Even in the dusky carriage she had been as aware of the splendor of his attraction as now when they had stopped between the high lamps of the club entrance, and she saw clearly the broad lines of his shoulders and the stoop of his square-set head as he stepped swiftly to the pavement. After all, she ought to be glad to think that he was going to stand up as tall and protectingly between her and the world, as now he did between her and the press of people which, like a tide of water, swept them forward down the hall, sucked them back in its eddy, and finally cast them, ruffled like birds that have ridden a storm, on the more generous space of the wide, upward stair.

From here, looking down on the current sweeping past them, the little islands of black coats seemed fairly drowned in the feminine sea around them—the flow of white, of pale blue and rose, and the high chatter, like a cage of birds, that for the evening held possession.

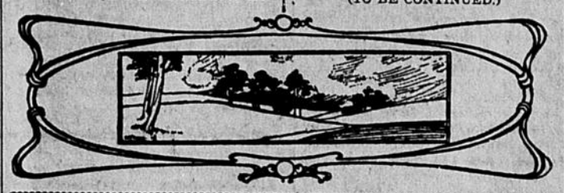
"Ladies' Night!" Harry Cressy mopped his flushed face. "It's awful!"

Flora laughed in the effervescence of her spirits. She wanted to know, teasingly, as they mounted, if this were why he had brought two more to add to the lot. He only looked at her, with his short note of laughter that made her keenly conscious of his right to be proud of her. She was proud of herself, inasmuch as herself was shown in the long trail of daring blue her gown made up the stair, and the powdery blue of the aigrette that shivered in her bright, soft puffs and curls—proud that her daring, as it appeared in these things, was still discriminating enough to make her right.

She could recall a time when she had not even been quite sure of her clothes. Not Clara's subdued rustle at her side could make her doubt them now; but her security was still recent enough to be sometimes conscious of itself. It was so short a time since all these talking groups, that made a personage of her, had had the power to put her quite out of countenance. The women who craned over their shoulders to speak to her—how hard she had had to work to make them see her at all!

And to-night it was not the picture exhibition, nor the function itself that elated her, but the fancy she had as she looked over the moving mass below her that the crowning excitement of the day, the vanishing mystery, hovered over them all. It was fantastic, but it persisted; for had not the Chatworth ring itself proved that the most ordinary appearance might cover unimagined wonders? Which of those bland, satisfied faces might not change shockingly at the whisper "Chatworth" in its ear? She wanted to confide the naughty thought to Harry. But no, he wasn't the one. If Harry were apprehensive of anything at all it was only of being caught in too hot a crush. He saw no possibilities in the mob below except boredom. He saw no possibilities in the evening but his conventional duty; and Flora could read in his eye his intention of getting through that as comfortably as possible. His suggestion that they have a look at the pictures brought the two women's eyes together in a rare gleam of mutual mirth. They knew he suspected that the picture gallery would be the emptiest place in the club, since to have a look at the pictures was what they were all supposed to be there for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Truly a Remarkable Bird

Wonderful Magpie Described by Oliver Goldsmith in Work on Natural History.

Brander Matthews, the brilliant critic, said at a dinner in Brooklyn of a dramatist:

"His success is due to his knowledge of melodrama, not to his knowledge of the human heart. His knowledge of the human heart, in fact, is no profounder than Oliver Goldsmith's knowledge of natural history was.

"Goldsmith's ignorance didn't prevent him writing a very popular natural history. In one part of it—a part will give you an idea of the whole—Goldsmith described an intelligent magpie belonging to a publican named Whiteingstall.

"One day while Whiteingstall's kitchen floor was being cleaned the magpie was considered in the way, and was ordered into his cage, which hung against the wall. He retired obediently.

"But he had no sooner been shut up than a cock from the neighboring farmyard entered the kitchen and strutted proudly about. This so angered the magpie that he vociferated:

"'Let me out, Mr. Whiteingstall, let me out; I'll do for him presently!'

"Mr. Whiteingstall let him out and a combat immediately ensued. After a few goes the magpie was completely worsted. He lay helpless on his back, one leg broken. Then, cocking his eye at his master, he said, calmly:

"'Take me up, Mr. Whiteingstall, take me up, for he has broken my leg.'"

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

From 200,000 to 400,000 children in the United States die every year from preventable causes. The chief statistician of the federal census bureau is the authority for that statement. Nearly a fifth are infants under one year of age, and more than a fourth are children under five years of age. It is the conclusion of an eminent medical authority that the deaths of 47 per cent. of the children may be prevented and that 67 per cent. of the deaths of children between two and eight years are also preventable. There is, therefore, a veritable slaughter of the innocents by ignorance, inattention, neglect and poverty. Society is not as well organized as it should be when its infants are thus condemned to death by the wholesale.

"Excuse me for looking grouchy this morning," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but a fellow I owned $75 to has just recovered from pneumonia."

Romance of the Missionary

Nothing in History Finer Than the Work Done by These Civilization Pickets.

About the missionary of to-day—and I have ridden with him, boot to boot, in a score of lands—there is scant reminder of the somber-garbed, psalm-singing, nasal-voiced, narrow-minded proselytizer who has been made the butt of jokes in comic supplements from time immemorial. The American missionary of the present, clean-cut and college-bred, comes from another mold. He is as carefully trained as the consul or the commercial traveler, though on broader and more comprehensive lines. When he starts for his new field, he is something more than a theologian and a preacher. He has had an agricultural course and can plow and sow and reap after the most approved fashion; or he knows something of manual industry and can use a plane, a saw, or a lathe, the tools of a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a mason; possibly he understands the elements of electricity and of hydraulics and can install a dynamo or set up a ram; or perhaps he is going out as a medical missionary, in which case the preaching and teaching will be subordinated to the care of the sick, the healing of the lame, the halt, and the blind.

History shows nothing finer than the way in which these pickets of civilization, scattered over the strange portions of the globe, have distilled a grim humor out of their desolate situations, turning not only a bold but a laughing face upon the perils which their lives may bring. There is, indeed, something approaching the divine in their power to rise above hard conditions, and to use their minds for the purpose of mocking at the miseries of their bodies. In all the world there is no more thrilling romance than that of these pioneers of progress who have carried the gospel of the clean shirt side by side with that of salvation even to the very Back of Beyond.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Virginia Casabianca.

"The boy who stood on the burning deck," often is found in different sections of the country, and the famous Casabianca is emulated by men who are told to do certain things and never vary their instructions. President Taft had that experience at Richmond, Va., on the last day of his trip, when the gate-keeper at the famous Hollywood cemetery refused to admit the president and his automobile party, though he was accompanied by Gov. Swanson of Virginia, by Mayor Richardson of Richmond, and the chief of police of the city. "It is against the rules," said this gate-keeper doggedly, and it was only after the trustees had given him orders to admit the presidential party that he relented. Probably for the first and last time in his life he got a little notoriety by strictly obeying orders.—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Star.

The DAIRY

GOOD HOUSE FOR DAIRY COW

Provision of Airy, Sanitary Buildings Must Be Matter of First Consideration for Success.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)

In dairying the first consideration is a race of healthy cattle, but inasmuch as sanitary accommodation is inseparably linked with robust constitution and proper feeding in maintaining the health of the animals the provision of airy, sanitary buildings must be a matter of the first importance.

It is a positive certainty that a healthy race of cattle cannot be maintained indefinitely in circumstances favorable to the propagation and development of disease germs, and consequently, the condition of the sheds in which the dairy cattle are accommodated is a very proper subject for thorough inquiry and systematic inspection.

The subject is an important one from the point of view of the general public, but it is of even greater moment to farmers.

The first essentials in the proper housing of cows are sufficient ventilation and sanitary arrangements that will facilitate the thorough cleansing of the buildings.

In the housing of cows, as indeed, of all classes of stock, it is essential to discriminate between air space and ventilation. The two terms are not synonymous as every practical farmer knows. Fresh air is essential to the maintenance of health but large cubic area is as little a guarantee as it is an essential of good ventilation.

Now, it is a fact that those who should know better, make their demand, in respect to fresh air in cow sheds, for air space, rather than for frequent air renewal, and by way of showing the mistaken value of this idea, it may be pointed out that it is quite conceivable that the air of a cow barn containing 600 cubic feet of air space, and imperfectly ventilated, may receive less fresh air than that of another of half the capacity that is well ventilated, and at the same time be colder and less comfortable for the cows.

The ventilation in many of the existing farm buildings is admittedly defective, but instead of constructing spacious new buildings at heavy cost it would be much more reasonable and equally effective to devote attention to the subject of ventilation.

In the present knowledge of such matters the imperfections of the existing buildings could be rectified at comparatively little expense, and the sanitary conditions made to comply with the regulations necessary to maintain health and to prevent the pollution of the milk.

MILK STOOL FOR HOUSEWIFE

Seat Arranged to Overcome Difficulty of Holding Pail Securely as Men Can Do.

I have found a way to overcome the difficulty in holding the pail as men do. My milk stool is oblong and the front end is made concave, writes Mrs. L. Bond in Farm and Home. An iron hoop completes the circle for

Milk Stool for Women.

the pail to sit in the opening. A hoop from a cask has about the right bevel to fit the flare on the pail. The accompanying drawing shows how the stool is made.

Mow-Burnt Hay.

Heated or "mow-burnt" hay is also easily recognized, a great deal more readily than its deleterious properties. A certain amount of fermentation is useful for the development of sound hay, but when it is carried too far it becomes injurious, and has a specially bad effect on the urinary organs. Smith, dealing with the most important points in the curing of hay from a veterinary point of view, says: "Hay when stored undergoes further changes of the nature of fermentation. This improves its flavor and digestibility. If the heating is carried beyond a certain point, as in hay stacked before being properly dried, there is a great loss of proteids and soluble carbohydes, while aldehyde and acetic acid are formed. At the same time there is a change in color, the hay darkens, and if carried to an extreme point turns a dark brown color, known as mow-burnt, due to the temperature within the mow."

Cost of Keeping Cow.

It will cost about 150 pounds of butter to keep a cow in good production a year, and a cow that gives no more could not pay her way. She will not get in the profit class, all expenses considered, until she yields 200 to 240 pounds of butter fat a year. After such an amount is reached every additional pound will be practically all net profit. These extra pounds are what should be striven for.

Marketing Feed.

A farmer living any great distance from market can better afford to make his feed into butter than to haul it to market. He should study why the successful men are successful and find whether it is the better stock, better care or feeding that makes this success. If we keep the best cows they will not eat up all of the profits.

Clover for Hay.

Cut clover for hay when the majority of the heads have begun to turn brown. If the ground is dry, haul in and put in the mow as soon as it is wilted. Peas and beans next to clover are the best fertilizing crop we have.

Clover Hay.

No hay used for dairy stock, which is free from clover, is as valuable as that which contains a good proportion of clover. Clover is one of the best dairy feeds we have. On old fields it can often be brought in by sowing the seed onto the turf in early spring and by the application of lime or leached ashes.

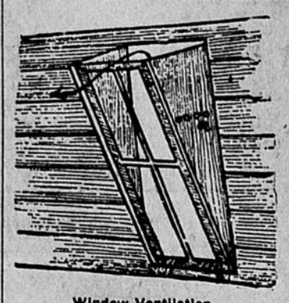
The Hand Separator.

When you buy a hand separator, insist upon giving it a good trial before accepting it.

VENTILATING A COW STABLE

Window Arranged So That Air Is Kept Reasonably Fresh and Prevents Draft on Animals.

By using a full sash, hinging the window at the bottom and allowing the top to open inward, air can be



Window Ventilation.

admitted without making a draft on the cows. When these windows are open an inch or two, the air can be kept reasonably fresh.

HARNESS FOR SUCKING COWS

Device Shown Has Been Found Satisfactory in Preventing Animal From Milking Herself.

The harness illustrated in the accompanying cut has been found satisfactory in preventing cows from milking themselves, says Orange Judd Farmer. A smooth pole extends between the fore legs to near the udder, and is suspended by two straps over the back, one around the flank and by

Harness Prevents Sucking.

a light chain to the halter. The cow wearing such a device will find it impossible to reach back far enough to cheat her master.

Why Cabbage Decays.

The recent government publication dealing with the causes of decay of cabbage in storage states that soft rot and leaf blight are the immediate causes of this decay. The organisms which cause decay gain access to the leaf through bruises and injuries due to the careless handling and through leaves infected with black rot. Careful handling in harvest and sorting out of all bruised or infected heads will do much toward removing extensive loss during storage.

Clothes for Milking.

Clothes which have been worn in the fields during the day are not suitable for milking purposes. Every milker should be provided with a clean white milking suit. Such clothes can be bought ready made for less than a dollar and if frequently washed will add in securing clean milk. Milkers should also wash and dry their hands before milking and above all, should keep them dry during milking. To wet the hands with the milk is a filthy practice.

Destroy the Weeds.

Weeds are great moisture consumers, but they do not act in conjunction with the tile drains. To grow a pound of weeds requires twice as much moisture as it does to grow a pound of any cultivated crop. For this reason they should not be permitted to grow anywhere where they will be cumberers of the soil. Weeds should not be permitted to perfect their seeds.

The Right Temperature.

A creamery should be kept to secure best results at 40 or 48 degrees. In 12 or 14 hours we will get, practically, all the cream from ordinary herds or cows. Be sure to hold the temperature at the lowest point at least six hours.

Selecting Hired Man.

There are many communities where the farmer pays as much attention to the man who is to take care of his stock as to the man or the woman who is to enter the public school to teach his boys and girls.

DAIRY NOTES

There is no wisdom in keeping poor cows.

Usually the good milk cow is a comparatively lean one.

The reliable milker is not likely to be without a job any time soon.

Never cover milk while warm in the cans as it will produce a musty odor.

A neat butter package is a pretty good indication of conditions back of it.

Milk or skimmed milk should be fed sweet, especially when the calf is very young.

A cow should always be watered at night just at feeding time and before lying down.

If the milker's hands and clothes are filthy germs are sure to get into the milk pails.

It is better to let a calf feel hungry, after fed with skimmed milk. If hungry it will eat hay to which it has access.

If you have not already set apart some space for field pumpkins or mangel wurzels, you have made a serious mistake.

The flavor and texture of cottage cheese may be improved by adding cream or soft butter to the curd on the strainer.

Cleanse the stable daily, ventilate perfectly, screen doors and windows, remove manure piles from the vicinity of the stable; feed fresh food each meal.

While it is some trouble to strain the cream before churning but when that is done there will be no white specks in the butter.

It is easier to keep the cows from getting out by fixing the fences beforehand, than it is to break them of the fence habit after they once get it.

The first year of the calf's life is the period upon which depends the question of whether he is to be a source of profit to his breeder and owner or not.

Perhaps one reason why milk and cream are so often not cooled enough is because of the work required to pump the necessary amount of water.