

# His Woman-Proof Heart

By JOANNA SINGLE

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Things began to happen in John Dorr's hitherto quiet life. He had been head draughtsman ten years. Then, one June morning, Foster, the senior partner, called him to the inner office. Tauton, the other firm member, was grinning in his happy fashion.

"You're junior partner, Dorr, from this time forth! How do you like it?" Both older men rose and shook hands with him. Their friendliness was personal as well as in business.

Dorr's steady dark eyes lighted happily. He was probably thirty-three or four, of the slow-going but absolutely sure sort. He said nothing could be better. And then they discussed the financial side. An hour later he was leaving them, when Tauton stopped him jocularly.

"We've only one fault to find with you, John. You're not quite human with that woman-proof heart of yours! You seem never to even see a girl—and they all see you! Marry and be one of us, and have some real life in that little cottage of yours. Eh?"

Dorr laughed, but his reserve was not broken. "Some marry, like you; some, like me—do not. I consider myself a successful bachelor." He left them, not saying that love had seemed to pass him by. He would marry, if ever, because love came and found him, not because other men married.

The next astounding thing happened the next morning. Miss Gray, always at her desk early, was waiting for him. No one else was down yet, and she followed him to the inner room and closed the door. In the year she had been in the office she had spoken to nobody there save on business, and almost never to Dorr. Now she laid a shining handful of jewelry on the desk before him, and stood, tall and slender, her face grave, her gray eyes serious. She spoke as if conferring rather than asking a favor.

"Could I get—\$200 on these? I know nothing about pawing things."

Through his amazement he noted the depth of her clear eyes, the way her fine, smooth brown hair framed her face, the little lines at her temples. She could not have been much under thirty. He examined the heavy old watch of fine gold, two diamond rings, one very good; a little sapphire, like a blue eye, and other trinkets.

"I—should think so. Why not let us—the firm—advance the money?"

She shook her head firmly. "That would not do. And I need the money this afternoon, too. I thought you could tell me the best place to go."

"They are all—horrible places. Properly managed, some of them might lend it. I'll—go for you. You couldn't go to a place like that."

She turned as if the matter were settled. "Thank you very much," she said pleasantly and went back to her desk.

He liked it that she did not explain, that if she had troubles she did not mention them, and that, whatever it was, she came to her own firm. But it set his thoughts upon her. How came she to have such expensive things? Had a good salary, lived very quietly, and inexpensively—he knew where she boarded, and had a vague idea that all her people were dead. He thought he would—why, he would quietly keep her jewels and give her the money himself! Then he knew she would not accept it. He was driven to deceit. He pawned the watch only, as less personal, and when he gave her the envelope of bill merely showed her the ticket, explaining that he would keep it and get the things when the 60 days were up.

But the matter disturbed him, and he wished it had not occurred. He furtively studied her. She was a lady. The quietness of her dress and manner, the perfection of her toilet, above all, her reserve, showed that. Her voice was cultivated, and her work showed the grasp and accuracy of a trained mind.

As the hot June days passed he saw a change in her. Miss Taylor, the bookkeeper, had gone on her vacation, and as business was light, Miss Gray did her work in her absence. Was it too much for her? Dorr noted that for the first time since he had known her, she seemed worried. Her eyes were shadowed, her face pale. He spoke to her about it one Saturday noon after the others had left and were not to return. She was bending over a ledger.

"Miss Gray, it's pretty hot in here. You'd better not stay—let it go until Monday. Shall I work at it for an hour? I can."

She seemed to shrink from him, and protested.

"No," she said, "let me do it. I'm learning—you know I'm not an experienced bookkeeper—I'll get along all right."

He left her, but he thought her manner strange. Was anything wrong? Surely not. But when Monday morning came, she was there at the office when he entered, bending over the ledger with a little frown on her brow. He walked straight up to her.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he asked in his steady, elder-brother manner.

Her eyes met his almost gratefully, in a sort of resolve or relief. She asked a strange thing of him.

"Could you stay and—help me a moment tonight—when the others are gone?"

If it had been any one else, any one less perfectly dignified and impersonal, he would not have liked the request. Just then Foster entered, and Dorr knew something had happened to him—he had a hot desire to shield her from Foster's look—from even the thought of any one else. It was a protective impulse that sprang up to defend her, and set a seal upon him. He never forgot how she looked at that moment. Her eyes were like flowers.

That evening she went straight to the point. She put the books before him.

"Please go over everything since Miss Taylor left," she said. "She'll be back in the morning, and I can't find—all the money. I missed it the day after she left. It has frightened me to death."

He began to go over the figures with her, his voice reassuring.

"Don't worry—we'll find it. It often happens." He went over all the figures once—then twice.

"H-mm! Two hundred short—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at her.

"Was that why you got me to—"

"Pawn my father's things, and my mother's. Yes. If it was my fault I was going to make it good. I was afraid I hadn't watched when the safe was open, or something—"

He laughed outright. "I am sure it can't be Miss Taylor's mistake—she is so accurate, and I wanted her to find everything all right."

Again he laughed to see how little



"Couldn't I Get \$200 on These?"

of a business woman she really was, how feminine, how helpless, and still how self-reliant she was! The wave of protectiveness that had seized upon him that morning came back—and with it another thing—the knowledge that he loved this woman. It came like light, in an instant. And before he could steady his thought the door opened, and Nina Taylor, sunburned and happy, breezed in upon them.

"Well, old business plodders—though you look more like plotters—what is up? Figuring how much I embezzled?" She laughed.

"Well," answered Dorr, "for a fact, we can't seem to locate \$200 that isn't on the bank book, and ought to be. It's been lost ever since you left."

The girl came to lean over Sylvia's shoulder, running a practiced eye over the books. Her face was serious, and she bit her lip. Then, with a whirl, she turned to the safe and opened it. She rummaged a moment, and brought out a little canvas bag.

"There's your cash—didn't you hear me tell you to bank it the day I left, Miss Gray?" She laughed. "I was too late for the bank, you will remember."

Sylvia did remember, then. The younger girl snatched something she wanted from her desk and was gone again in a moment.

John Dorr rose from his chair, and looking at Sylvia Gray saw how pale and tired she looked. All sense of anything but her and her loneliness left him. He reached out for both her unresisting hands.

"Sylvia," he said, "if only you could—love me. Could you? Could you love me—and marry me?"

There was still much of her old reserve and dignity left to her, but it was the dignity of yielding what one longs to give. She looked quietly at him.

"Do you love me?" he insisted.

"Oh," she answered, "I do! Of course I do!"

"The Frankfort University."

The proposed creation of a university at Frankfort is receiving a great deal of discussion. The city authorities have proposed to combine a number of scientific academies and institutions of learning already existing into a university. These institutions dispose of large endowment funds, and funds necessary to complete the university organization would, according to the proposal of the city council, be secured by voluntary contribution, in order to avoid increasing tax burden. The proposal has been submitted to the Prussian government. Considerable opposition to the "Frankfort university" has arisen, particularly in smaller university towns, such as Marburg and Giessen, which claim that students would be drawn away from the smaller colleges in this part of Germany by the creation of an important, well endowed seat of learning at Frankfort.

# FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

## THE RANCH WOODLOT.

By George W. Peavy, Professor of Forestry, Oregon Agricultural College.

It is one of the trite sayings that of all people the rancher is the most independent. With advancing civilization, and its accompanying specialization, however, people come to be more and more dependent upon each other. We no longer know the tallow dip but we buy Standard Oil. Homespun gives way to the products of the woolen trust. We sell our livestock and buy meat of the beef trust, and so on to the end of a long chapter. Finally, the independent wood supply of the farmer is threatened by the exhaustion of the ranch woodlot.

One renders himself liable to be looked upon as visionary when he undertakes to warn people of the danger of a timber shortage west of the Cascades. Yet a shortage there will be, in spite of any precautions which may be taken. The writer very well recalls from his younger days the jeers which greeted any suggestion that the magnificent pine forests of the Lake states would soon be exhausted. Yet, at the end of 25 years, the people are cutting off stump tops for shingles and digging up the roots for the manufacture of wood alcohol, charcoal and turpentine. The farmers are paying the prices exacted by the lumbermen's association for the lumber they need, and are hauling coal from town for fuel at such prices as the railroads are willing to sell it.

In this state, fir wood is selling in Portland for \$6 per cord. In the smaller towns, from \$4 to \$5. Fence posts, hop poles and other farm timbers are proportionately dear. Not only that, but as time goes on these prices will increase, for the supply of timber the country over, is constantly decreasing and the demand will be more and more centered upon the timber products of the Northwest.

By a little wise management a large part of the ranchers west of the Cascades may make themselves independent in the matter of a supply of fuel and farm timbers for domestic use. Nearly every ranch contains a tract of land which, owing to the character of the soil or the situation, is better suited to growing timber than for regular ranch purposes. If the rancher does not possess such a tract, it would be good economy for him to buy some cheap land just for woodlot purposes.

Recent investigations show that second growth Douglas fir, 40 years old, will, in good situations, grow over two cords per acre per year. When one knows the character of his soil and the amount of wood he uses each year, he can easily calculate the acreage he will need to supply his wants.

While forest trees are not as exacting in their demands for light, soil, moisture and care as the fruit trees are, yet there are certain rules which can be observed with profit in managing an ordinary woodlot. First of all, stock should not be allowed in the woods, except in small numbers. They get but little forage if the lot is properly cared for and they trample down the young stuff and pack the soil so that air and moisture do not circulate freely through it. If shade is needed for the stock it will pay to fence a small portion of the woodlot for that purpose.

Fire should never be allowed to run through the woodlot, since it destroys the young growth as well as the litter and humus which increase the fertility of the soil and serve to hold the moisture. As far as possible, young growth should be kept on the sides from which the severest winds come, to protect the soil from the drying effect of the air. The forest floor wants plenty of litter and humus, shade and a good supply of moisture, for the production of the largest amount of timber.

To illustrate by use of a special case, suppose one has a 20-acre woodlot and that he uses 20 cords of wood per year. Suppose also that the stand is about 40 years old. He should begin on the lee side of the tract and cut a strip containing a half acre each year.

All material, except very young stuff, should be removed. These successive strips will be quickly seeded up, for the fir produces an immense amount of seed, which the wind will distribute over the cut area. Nearly everyone is familiar with cases where nature has seeded up cut over lands. When the area has been completely cut over the different strips will present the appearance of huge steps with the youngest stuff on the windward side.

Of course, if one starts with an even-aged stand, the last cuttings will contain a larger amount of material as well as larger stuff. The amounts can be equalized by cutting larger areas at first.

In considering this whole proposition it might be well to state that material of no higher grade than 60-year-old Douglas fir is being sold in Germany for \$23.00 per 1,000 feet

### Result of a Fad.

Poverty came in at the door. Love immediately flew out of the window.

"Ah," said those who observed, "this is what comes of being fresh-air faddists!"

### Meddling With the Market.

"Was your husband a bear in Wall street?"

"I think so," replied young Mrs. Tokins. "He certainly acted like one when he got home."

board measure, on the stump. Some of us will live to see the day when the second growth Douglas fir will command prices not now dreamed of. It is a wise man who locks the stable when the horse is still inside.

## MILK AND YIELD OF CHEESE.

By O. G. Simpson, Assistant Dairyman, Oregon Agricultural College.

The relation of the composition of milk to yield of cheese is a subject of special interest among dairymen of the cheese producing districts. It is often maintained by many dairymen that milk containing more than 4 per cent of fat failed to produce any more cheese than milks of 4 per cent or less of fat. This view was prevalent until Van Slyke, by extended experiments, proved that the yield of cheese was nearly proportional to the per cent of fat in milks of normal composition. This view was so general, that, until 1892, no thought was ever given to paying for milk on any other basis than by the 100 pounds. There was complete ignorance regarding the milk constituents and their influence on the yield of cheese.

The amount of green cheese produced from 100 pounds of milk is influenced by three factors:

1. The percentage of fat and casein in milk.
2. The percentage of fat and casein lost in cheese making.
3. The amount of whey retained in the cheese.

The amount of whey retained in cheese can easily be made to vary 19 per cent. When we consider the amount retained we find that it bears no relation to the amount of water in milk, but that it is entirely dependent upon the methods of the cheese-maker. Therefore, when we discuss the yield of cheese from milk of different composition, it is necessary to have a fixed standard for the amount of water present in the cheese. The average amount of water in factory cheese is 3 per cent. This is the amount usually taken in comparing yield of cheese from milks of different composition.

It is not far from the truth to say that the fat and the casein are the only constituents of milks prominent in determining the yield of cheese. The production of cheese depends on the ability of rennet to coagulate or make a solid mass of the casein. When casein coagulates it surrounds and holds the fat globules. Other conditions being the same, the yield of cheese varies as the amount of fat and casein vary. As a rule, as the per cent of fat increases the per cent of casein increases also. However, the casein does not quite keep pace with the fat, as is shown in the following table:

Per cent of Fat in Milk.	Per cent of Casein in Milk.	Parts of Casein for One Part Fat.
3.00	2.10	1:0.70
4.00	2.50	1:0.62
5.00	2.90	1:0.58
6.00	3.35	1:0.56

We would not expect then to get twice as much cheese from a 6 per cent milk as from a 3 per cent milk, which is borne out in practice. It is a matter of interest to know the extent of the variation of yield of cheese as influenced by per cent of fat.

Per Cent Fat.	Yield of Cheese Per 100 Pounds Milk.
3.0	8.39 lbs.
4.0	10.60 lbs.
5.0	12.90 lbs.
6.0	15.20 lbs.

(The cheese in each case containing 37 per cent water.)

It is noticeable that the yield of cheese per pound of fat decreases as the percentage of fat increases. The less rapid is the decrease as the percentage of fat increases.

In making milk into cheese some of the fat and some of the casein in unavoidably lost. The fat being held in little pockets by the casein, falls out when these pockets are broken or cut open during the process of manufacture. It was for some time thought that with an increase of fat in milk there would be an increased loss of fat in the whey. Under normal conditions it is found that the per cent of fat in the whey is fairly constant. Also that the loss of fat is quite independent of the amount of fat in the milk. In the handling of the curd during the cheese making process small particles of casein are broken off and lost in the whey. The average amount of fat found in whey is about .33 per cent. The amount of casein is about .10 per cent.

Other conditions being about the same, the yield of cheese will vary according to the per cent of fat and casein in the milk. As has been pointed out, milks rich in fat are more valuable for cheese making because of the increased amounts of casein. A 5.0 per cent fat milk is not twice as valuable from the standpoint of yield as a 2.5 per cent milk. But it is maintained by such an authority as Babcock that the increased quality in the cheese will make up the deficiency in yield.

### And Then It Happened.

"What is the matter with Jinx? He looks as if he had had a tussel with a barbed wire fence."

"His wife asked him the other night what excuse he had for remaining out until midnight."

"And he didn't have a good excuse, eh?"

"Oh, his excuse was a good one. He took Mrs. Jinx by the elbow, and, leading her to a mirror, pointed to her reflection."

## PREHISTORIC MAN IS FOUND

Fossil Remains of a Briton 170,000 Years Ago Discovered in the Thames Valley.

London.—Back in a time that no man knows, 170,000 years ago, there lived in England a race of men, whose stature and physical characteristics did not differ materially from those of the Englishman of today—a race that had shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature and body, and whose brain cavity was larger than is often found in highly intelligent people of our modern age. This has recently been proven by the discovery of the



The Ancient Briton.

bones of a prehistoric man buried 170 feet deep under a terrace, which is regarded, and with good reason, as the ancient bed of the Thames river.

There is no reason to believe that the elevation or depression of the land, which leads to the rise and fall in the level of the river, has not been uniform. The past must be judged from what we know of the present, and on this basis the land movement which formed the terrace, and which has scarcely changed since the Roman period, has been deposited at the rate of one foot in 1,000 years, this assigning a period of at least 170,000 years since the high-level terrace was laid down at Galley Hill, and the ancient Briton was entombed in the river bed.

This ancient Briton was five feet one inch in height. The neck was enormously thick and the chest was narrow and protruding.

## FINDS SECRET OF EGYPTIANS

Art of Hardening Copper is Rediscovered by Railroad Fireman of Kansas.

Newton, Kan.—The process of hardening copper to the temper of steel, an art known only to the Egyptians hundreds of years ago, has been rediscovered by a Kansas descendant of a long line of metal workers, it is declared. John Stipp, a Santa Fe fireman of this city, is said to hold the secret for which scientists of many countries have sought for many ages.

In a tiny laboratory of a neat, well-kept cottage near the railroad shops,



John Stipp.

looking for all the world like other cottages of the average laboring man, the lost art was recovered. John Stipp's father, grandfather, great-grandfather and how much further back he does not know and does not care, were metal workers. For eight years he has been experimenting in his laboratory for the secret buried with the ancient Egyptians. Recently his years of discouraging failures culminated in success, and he holds a process for tempering copper until it defies the hardest file, he says.

## House of Lords.

London.—The house of lords is composed of lords spiritual and the lords temporal. All the peers were not originally entitled to a seat as a matter of right, but only those who were expressly summoned by the king. Every peerage of the United Kingdom which is conferred now gives the right to a seat in the house of lords. The number is indefinite, and may be increased at the pleasure of the crown which, however, cannot deprive a peer of the dignity once bestowed. The upper house at present comprises about 580 members. By the act of union with Scotland, 16 representatives of the Scottish peerage are elected by the Scottish nobility for the duration of each parliament, and 23 are elected for life by the peers of Ireland.

## Are You Poorly?

If your digestive system is weak, the bowels clogged, the liver sluggish, you cannot wonder that you feel "half sick" all the time; but listen—

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is a good remedy for such ills as well as Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it today.

## Makes You Well Again

### Wouldn't Be a Preacher.

J. H. Libby, the cement contractor, was discussing the future of his little grandson, Harry Hoffman. "We haven't any parson in the family," he said. "I guess we'll just make a minister of Harry." "No, sir," the boy stoutly protested. "No preaching for me. I'm going to be a ball player!"—Cleveland Leader.

# SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but It Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—she said it was not good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am glad I did, for it has cured me."

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANET KELLY, 2903 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs has been the standard remedy for all female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

### Experience Boy Will Remember.

While exploring one of the big disused Martello towers, near Waterford harbor, Ireland, which was formerly used for military purposes, a young boy named Charles Cummins had a terrible experience a few days ago. When he pushed open one heavy iron door it suddenly banged and shut off his fingers. In agony, he shouted for help, but he was kept a helpless prisoner all night, and till late next morning, when he was rescued by a passer by.

### The Lengthy Lobbies.

"Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "The cause," answered the office-seeker, "is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."

# A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it. Then do as he says.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—