

THE EARLY BIRD

By ELIZABETH NOLAN.

(Copyright, 1933, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Get up, for goodness sake, Beth Moore. This is the third time I've called you. You said we should go in bathing every morning before breakfast, and here a whole week of our vacation is near gone and we have not been in the water once."

"All right," groaned Beth, as she sleepily rubbed her eyes. "I'll get right up. You go ahead and I'll be down in a minute."

"Now, be sure," said Jennie, as she ran downstairs, out onto the beach and to the water's edge, where she comfortably seated herself to await Beth's arrival.

The two girls had planned months past for this big vacation—the first two weeks of August. Hunting through vacation books and time tables they finally had settled upon Salisbury Beach. Of course, the bathing was to be their greatest amusement as both were expert swimmers. Quite contrary to their plans, however, dancing and bowling had occupied most of their time up to the first week's end.

Jennie waited for nearly half an hour and then decided that Beth must have turned over, only to fall asleep, on the other side, as she had so often done before. Knowing that it must be near breakfast time she thought she would take one plunge before returning. At first the water seemed icy cold, but after a few minutes she was wishing that she had longer to stay, the water was so invigorating. Just one more good swim and then she would go and dress for breakfast, she said to herself. But alas! It was one swim too many for Jennie Dever. Carried out by the mighty waves and held by the strong undertow, she could not swim an inch nearer the shore. To scream would be of no use as there was not a soul on the whole beach, so courageously she fought the waves, still hoping to be able to make some progress. To her great surprise and relief she could now see the form of someone in the distance hastening toward her. Oh! thought Jennie, will they ever get here?

Tom Hurd, clerk at the "Castle Mona," had been watching the "early bird," and now, convinced that she was in distress, ran down the beach and hastily seized the life-saving boat, dragged it into the water. Rowing out as quickly as possible, he was just in time to rescue the prostrate form from sinking. Others had now gathered round the shore ready to receive them, with all things necessary to make the victim as comfortable as possible. Tom deposited his burden in the great warm blankets and hastily they carried her to the hotel.

Poor Jennie, too exhausted to speak, soon found herself resting comfortably in her own bed, while Beth, eyes brimming over with tears, lamented the fact that she had fallen asleep again almost immediately after Jennie left her.

"How nice that fellow was who rescued you. I've seen him around here all week," continued Beth. "I think he must be employed here." Gaining no reply from Jennie she did not enquire further over the hero of the day. Noticing that Jennie was dozing she quietly took a magazine and tried to interest herself in it. Presently a gentle knock on the door announced the arrival of Miss White, the proprietress, with breakfast for the two girls. "Gracious," said Beth, "how kind of you. I had completely forgotten that it was past eating time."

Jennie roused herself sufficiently to take a few sips of coffee while Beth fairly devoured the delicious corn muffins.

A good sound sleep greatly improved Jennie, and the afternoon found her seated in an easy chair on the spacious veranda, while Tom Hurd occupied the chair by her side.

After supper that evening Jennie retired quite early, and Tom found himself wondering how he had spent other evenings. Tonight there seemed to be no place to go, or nothing worth while to do. But tomorrow evening she would be able to stay up, and possibly to go to the dance, too. The thought alone was consoling to him, and in idle dreams he spent the evening until locking up time arrived.

Jennie rested all day, and finally yielding to Tom's coaxing, she agreed to take a short stroll along the beach after supper.

Was it to be wondered at that Dan Cupid completed his errand in that one evening? What more powerful weapons could there be than the "silver moon," combined with the enchanting "sad sea waves" to work successfully on two loving hearts. "Just as soon as I finish medical school," added Tom, "and how glad I am this is my last year."

Arm in arm they returned to the "Castle Mona." Jennie too happy for words, and Tom convinced that he had won the sweetest girl in the whole world.

When Jennie returned to her home how surprised were her friends to see a sparkling diamond on the third finger of her left hand, for as Beth explained to her acquaintances that was the morning that "the early bird caught the worm."

Seemed to Be Both.

Maid—There's a gentleman calling, sir.

Man of the House—In person or on the telephone?

"Yes, sir; he's calling in person on the telephone, sir."

DAIRY

"STARTERS" TO RIPEN CREAM

Technical Work Should Not Be Undertaken Unless Butter Is Made on Commercial Scale.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In creameries it is customary to control to some extent the ripening of cream by means of "starters," which are pure cultures of lactic-acid-producing bacteria grown in pasteurized milk. The making of starters is technical work that should not be undertaken unless butter is made on a commercial scale. If the milk and cream are produced under proper conditions, there is no need for using starters. If handled under those conditions and protected from contamination, cream will develop the desired flavor when allowed to ripen or sour naturally at the proper temperatures.

When butter is made on a commercial scale, it may be advisable to control the ripening and thus make a product that is more uniform from week to week.

Commercial cultures for starter making may be obtained from culture manufacturers and from dairy supply houses. Directions for using accompany each package and should be followed carefully.

A natural or homemade starter may be made as follows:

1. Clean thoroughly and boil for five minutes three pint jars and tops. After boiling keep the jars covered to prevent the entrance of bacteria.

2. Take a pint sample of milk freshly drawn from each of three cows, place in the jars, cover, cool to 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and keep at that temperature until curdling occurs.

3. Curdling, or coagulation, should take place in about 24 hours. An ideal curd should be firm, smooth, marble-like, free from holes or gas bubbles, and should show little or no separation of the whey. It should have a clean, sharp, sour or acid flavor.

4. Select the sample that most closely meets those conditions and propagate it, discarding the others. The selected sample is propagated as follows:

(a) Clean thoroughly and boil for five minutes a quart jar, the top, and a teaspoon.

(b) Fill the jar with freshly drawn milk, cover loosely, heat slowly to boiling, and pasteurize by boiling gently for 30 minutes.

(c) Cool the milk to 75 degrees Fahrenheit and add a teaspoonful of curdled milk described in section 3 and set away to curdle at that temperature.

(d) Propagate the starter from day to day in the same manner described in a, b and c. The starter described in c is the one to use for ripening the cream, and should be added in such quantities as to be one-tenth to one-fifth of the cream to be churned.

GENERAL KINSHIP WITH SEA

Fondness for Salt Water Seems to Be a Characteristic of the Whole Human Race.

A kind of kinship with the sea is in every one of us, says Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine. Noah built the ark as a matter of religious duty, we are told. But if old Noah could have written a few lines to go with the half dozen paragraphs of the Bible narrative—not for religious effect but as a man to man, to let us know just how he felt about the job—what a story it would have been!

A landsman, getting ready for his first voyage! Big and important responsibilities to carry, but back of all the study, all the labor, and the "kidding" of his friends, that ecstasy of anticipation that grips your throat and makes you want to yell for joy.

Noah was a "regular fellow." You can tell that by the way he "carried on." You bet the fact that he was performing a religious duty didn't make him feel like some folks look in prayer meeting. You bet that when he put aboard the ark one pair of worms, per order, he put in an extra few for bait. You bet he had that same hankering for the sea that you and I have.

It's in the very blood of every man.

Remember how, when you were a kid, you put your finger in your mouth after cutting it with your first jack-knife? Didn't the blood taste salty? Ask any doctor what they put into a man's veins to fill them when he has lost a lot of blood. He will tell you "salt water." Doesn't that prove our kinship to the sea?

Did you ever know even a grown-up to pass a gang in swimming, or a kid with a string of fish, or even a picture of a ship, without stopping a minute to look? It can't be done. We all love the water.

Germany's Labor Army.

"Our growing labor army" is the description applied by the Huns to their prisoners of war. According to a communique in the latest Berlin papers, Germany and her vassals between them now hold 3,575,000 prisoners. For the first time the German military authorities lay stress on the supreme value of their prisoners as man power for industry and agriculture. They are so numerous, it is asserted, that they go far toward compensating Germany for the men she has had to withdraw from peaceful pursuits for active military service. "The longer the war lasts," the communique adds, "the more adaptable these prisoners become to the work assigned them, and the more useful to us."

Huns have a majestic awe of big figures. Thus it is explained for their edification that the "labor army" in prisoner camps is numerically greater than the whole male working-class population of Denmark, Norway and Sweden combined, "and is equivalent to one-fifth the total number of working men in Germany before the war."

Cherries From Russia.

That the cherry world has its bolshéviki is explained by Frank A. Waugh, in the Country Gentleman. Speaking of the supremacy of certain American varieties, particularly the Morello, Montmorency and Early Richmond, he writes:

"Their supremacy has been often challenged. Other varieties have been offered by dozens and almost by hundreds.

"The greatest competition arose through the introduction of the so-called Russian cherries. These came along with the other Russian fruits, mainly in the importations of 1870 and 1883, and were exploited mainly in the Northwest states.

"Prof. J. L. Budd propagated several of these sorts and recommended them highly. In this company were included Vladimir, Lutovka, Sidanka, Ostheim, George Glass, Double Natte, Lithauer, Brusseler, Braune, Bessrabian, Bunte Amerelle and Spaete Amerelle. There were some others also, bearing the same flavor of north-east Germany and southwest Russia."

Pure Water for Men in Trenches.

Filtered and sterilized water for the men in the trenches at all times is being provided by water trains, the war department announced.

Under the direction of the surgeon general's office sections held by the American forces where permanent waterworks have not been established will be fully supplied by these trains, which are in reality miniature waterworks that chemically treat, filter and sterilize all water used for drinking purposes. Each unit carries an expert chemist, bacteriologist and pumpman, and the water tanks are mounted on motortrucks equipped with powerful lights so that the work can be carried on at night.

Women for British Pulpits.

Women preachers for Great Britain are a possibility if the government's drafting of men between forty-five and fifty causes a much further shortage in the crop of clergymen.

Already three clergymen have enlisted rather than be put in a noncombatant corps.

That women will make good preachers is the opinion of many of the British clergy.

"Women can deal with many questions that men cannot deal with," says the Rev. N. of the City Temple.

Saving Wool Rags.

The answer to the question, "Why should we save wool?" is that a fully equipped soldier uses 13 times as much wool as does a civilian. Also that there are not enough sheep raised to meet the needed wool supply.

LITTLE CAST ASIDE

How Military Stores on Mexican Border Are Salvaged.

Nothing That It Is Possible to Repair, or in Any Way Make Useful, Is Ever Thrown Away as Worthless.

The most extensive dealer in junk on the Mexican border wears an olive drab uniform, two bars on his shoulders and a serious look, for business is always rushing with Capt. Fred Fe-

lix, Uncle Sam's junk man in the cavalry division here, writes the Fort Bliss (Tex.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

As head of the salvage and reclamation department of the general quartermaster depot here, Captain Felix and his force of enlisted men are repairing and salvaging supplies which have been discarded by the United States army in the border district. Three warehouses, a part of the fort machine shops, and the yard downtown, are used for this work.

Tents which have been torn by the winds are repaired by men who have been sailors or who have experience in repairing canvas. Canvas cot covers which have been torn are cut up into small pieces and made into clothing bags. These cot covers were formerly discarded. A tailor shop has been established where worn and torn uniforms are repaired, buttons sewn on, the uniforms steam cleaned and pressed and returned to the owners.

Army shoes which have been worn by many marches over the desert sands near the fort are half-soled by machinery, ripped pieces stitched, new laces inserted and the shoes sent back for further wear. Not a scrap of leather is permitted to be wasted by the reclamation and salvage department. Shoes too badly worn to be repaired, and cavalry boots, are ripped to pieces and the leather used for repairing other boots and shoes. The scraps are then sent to market for use in the manufacture of composition belting.

Recently 15 meat grinders for preparing meat for cooking were condemned and sent to the reclamation department to be sold for junk. Instead, the parts were separated, reassembled and five good grinders obtained, while the remaining parts were stored for repairing other grinders. Broken parts were sold for junk.

Wagons, automobiles, tank wagons, soup kitchens and every other kind of field equipment is received by this department. Wagonmakers replace worn parts of transport and ammunition wagons with new ones. All automobile parts are classified and a crew of garage men repair the cars as they come to the shops. Even tracks for caterpillar trucks are kept for repairing those big trucks which haul supplies over the desert.

Broken spurs, rugged guidons and many articles from warrent outfits,

harness, saddles, the ropes and even "bull whips" used by the army mule drivers are salvaged in Uncle Sam's big junk shop here, and the government is saved thousands of dollars by repairing army property which otherwise would have to be replaced with new.

Potash From Cement Dust.

Extraction of potash from dust is claimed as a possibility. James D. Rhodes, a Pittsburgh manufacturer, claims to have made the discovery, and at his own expense has arranged to erect a large experimental plant adjoining the plant of a cement company at Castalia, O., for the purpose of experimenting for 120 days.

The Castalia plant is in the hands of a receiver and it was necessary to get permission of the United States district court before Mr. Rhodes could enter into any agreement with the receiver. This was granted.

Mr. Rhodes said he could extract large quantities of potash for fertilizer from the dust and waste of cement mills that will be of great benefit to the country in increasing the supply. It is understood that the United States government is watching the experiment with interest.

Dogs on the Battlefield.

Experiments made in the training of dogs as messengers with the armies in the field have, it is stated, given satisfactory results. The dogs which have proved most receptive under instruction are chiefly half-bred collies and retrievers. A rather poor breed of bob-tailed sheep dogs has also done well. All have been trained to perform their errands during heavy firing, both rifles and guns. They can be fired over as easily as the ordinary sporting dog, and, what is quite another thing, they will face fire at close range. Many have shown amazing skill in getting over, under and through all sorts of obstacles, including wire.

Glory for the Conqueror.

The more famous the vanquished the more famous the victor—Don Quixote.

Optimistic Thought.

Suffer not your faith to be shaken by the sophistries of skeptics.

Trains into Monmouth

L've Portland 7:15, a. m.	Gerlinger 10:20, Independence 10:32, Monm'th 10:50
" Salem 9:35, " "	" " " " " " " "
" " 1:40, p. m.	Dallas 2:45, " " " " " " 3:10
" " 3:45, " "	Gerlinger 4:24, Independence 4:37, Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00, " "	" " 6:45, " " 6:57, " " 7:10
" Portland 3:30, Connects with above	
" Corvallis 6:45, a. m.	Independence 7:35, Arrive Monmouth 7:45
" " 1:15, p. m.	" " 2:14 " " 2:30
" Dallas 7:00, a. m.	Arrive Monmouth 7:25
" Airlie 8:30, a. m. and 3:45, p. m.	Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a. m. and 4:13 p. m.
Leave Independence, 6:50 a. m., 7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:30, 1:30, p. m., 2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:00	

Trains out of Monmouth

L've Monmouth 7:05 a. m.	Independence 7:35, Gerlinger 7:49, Ar Salem 8:30
" Same as above	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p. m.	" 2:14, " 2:27, Salem 3:10
" Same as above	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05, " "	4:40, " 4:55, Salem 5:20
" " 9:05, a. m.	Dallas 10:00 " " 11:00
" " 4:30, p. m.	" 4:45, " 5:35
" " 9:05, a. m.	Independence 10:32, Corvallis 11:20
" " 4:55, p. m.	" 6:57, " 7:45
" " 7:25 a. m. and 3:10 p. m.	Arrives Airlie 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a. m., 8:15 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M, 1:45, p. m., 2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:10	

If you have pride in the farm that gives you a home and a living why not show it by naming the farm and doing your corresponding on printed stationery? Ask us about it.

Good Printing is the Product of the Herald Print Shop

Let a man once get the pure clean taste of Real Gravelly Chewing Plug—and he bids ordinary tobacco good-bye.



Peyton Brand
Real Gravelly
Chewing Plug
10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravelly lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. B. Gravelly Tobacco Company
Danville, Virginia