

## LIVE STOCK GROUPS' SESSION IS CALLED

Farm Board Invites Co-Ops to Meet October 23.

Washington.—For the purpose of planning a national organization in which the various live stock co-operatives may participate, a call has been issued by the federal farm board for a conference of co-operative live-stock marketing associations in Chicago on October 23. In view of the fact that there are competing co-operatives at some of the large terminal markets, the board has been advised that co-operative control can be correlated more effectively through a national group.

"Of the live stock sold at terminal markets in 1928, \$280,142,930 worth was handled by the co-operatives," the board said. "This represented 181,850 carloads composed of 1,751,599 cattle, 8,483,413 hogs and 1,686,889 sheep, or approximately 18 per cent of the live stock sold at the terminal markets of the country, and ranges from 9 per cent on some of these markets to 35 per cent on others."

Those invited to the Chicago conference are officials of the National Livestock Producers' association, which operates sale agencies on 12 of the large terminals; the Farmers' Union group which operates on nine of the terminal markets; the Farmers' Livestock Commission company at St. Louis; the Central Co-operative association at South St. Paul, the Peoples' Co-operative Sales agency at South St. Paul; the Equity Co-operative Livestock Sales association at Milwaukee; the Producers' Livestock Commission association at Springfield, Ill.; the Missouri Farmers' Association Livestock commission at Springfield, Mo.; the Cattle Raisers and Producers' Commission company at Fort Worth, Texas, and the Western Cattle Marketing Association of San Francisco, Calif.

In addition to these operating agencies, the presidents of these national farm organizations have been invited: American Farm Bureau federation, the National Grange, the National Farmers' union, the National Equity union and the American National Livestock association.

Principles of operation for the Farmers' National Grain corporation \$200,000 marketing organization for wheat co-operatives of the west were also agreed on at a conference attended by the members of the board and the organization committee named by the growers. This leaves only the settlement of the details of incorporation before the machinery is finally set up.

Progress in the organization of the grain group was noted by Alexander Legge, chairman of the board, who expressed the hope that the corporation would begin functioning by November 1. If it does, he said, some assistance might be extended for the marketing of the spring wheat crop. The corporation plans to maintain a central sales organization with offices in all grain-buying centers of the country, Mr. Legge said.

## New National Wool Co-Op Committee Is Announced

Chicago.—An organization committee headed by L. B. Palmer of Columbus, Ohio, has been chosen to form the new national wool marketing co-operative which will be established under the new federal farm board law.

Representatives of the wool marketing agencies met here with Chairman Alexander Legge and other members of the farm board, and at the conclusion of the session a committee of 15 to organize and incorporate the new wool marketing association was selected.

In addition, an advisory committee of seven will be chosen from a list of 21 names of leaders in the wool producing sections of the country submitted to Chairman Legge.

The new central selling agency will start with a capital of \$500,000, according to plans adopted at the two-day conference which was attended by representatives of 35 co-operative wool and mohair marketing groups.

## Wisconsin Indians Make Claim on 2,000,000 Acres

Stockbridge, Wis.—A claim for 2,000,000 acres of Connecticut land will be filed in the courts, it was decided at a conference of the Stockbridge, Brotherton and Munsee Indians of Wisconsin. The Indians insist that the land, belonging to them by tribal heritage, was taken away wrongfully.

**Banker Gets 15-Year Sentence**  
New York.—Charles Delos Waggoner, Telluride, Colo., banker, who "sliced" six of New York's largest banks out of \$500,000, pleaded guilty in the United States court to using the mails to defraud. He was sentenced to Atlanta prison for 15 years.

**Rebuild New German Liner**  
Berlin.—The Europa, sister ship of the liner Bremen, is being rebuilt after being badly damaged by fire and is expected to be ready to make her first trip to the United States next March.

**Chicago Death Rate Falls**  
Chicago.—Records in the health department revealed that there were 782 fewer deaths in Chicago during the first nine months of this year than during the corresponding period of 1928.

## PRINCE OF WALES PILOT



The Prince of Wales.

London.—The prince of Wales passed his final test as an air pilot when he made several perfect landings, ascents and turns. The test was made after a morning of final practice at the Northolt airfield.

## MAY MAP U. S. IN 18 INSTEAD OF 80 YRS.

Will Add Million to Budget to Finish Surveys.

Washington.—Steps to expedite mapping the topographical features of the entire surface of the United States have been taken by President Hoover. At the direction of the President, the secretaries of commerce and interior have ordered a program under which the topographic coast and geodetic surveys of the nation are to be completed within eighteen, rather than eighty years.

The new arrangement is to be effected by providing additional appropriations for the topographical and geodetic surveys. According to present plans, \$1,000,000 will be added to the 1931 budget.

When the surveys are completed, the United States will have maps showing the exact configuration of the entire surface of the United States, including positions of streams, lakes, roads, and cities. Hills and valleys, as well as lesser changes in elevation and depression, will be recorded.

The President acted after receiving a special report from Secretary of Commerce Lamont and Secretary of the Interior Wilbur which disclosed that the topographical work was lagging. Although the first work of this kind was begun seventy years ago, only 43.6 per cent of the nation has been mapped. At the present progress, which is less than 1 per cent a year, it is estimated that eighty years would be necessary to complete the project. Work on the mapping has been so slow. It was revealed that much of the work done twenty or thirty years ago is now out of date.

Under the present plan, the government pays the cost of work on the public domain and 50 per cent of the expenditures in states. At present several of the eastern seaboard states are mapped. Few of the surveys in the central and western states are as much as 50 per cent completed. The work in Ohio has been completed and the Illinois project is 53 per cent finished. New York state is now completely mapped. The topographical surveys in Indiana are 10 per cent completed; in Iowa, 23 per cent; Michigan, 22 per cent, and in Wisconsin, 31.8 per cent.

## WASHINGTON BRIEFS

The internal revenue bureau decided that the Illinois motor vehicle gasoline tax is deductible in income tax returns.

The senate foreign relations committee favorably reported the nomination of Harry F. Guggenheim to be ambassador to Cuba.

At the first session of the fall term the United States Supreme court received motions and had 259 petitions placed formally before it.

Plans have been completed for what is expected to be the most important meeting of the National Grange ever held, to be convened at Seattle November 13 and to continue through November 20.

President Hoover authorized the announcement that Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury, has given his pledge to remain at the head of that department for the duration of the present administration.

**Proposes Sugar Consumption Tax**  
Havana.—A proposal to place a tax of one-fourth of a cent on sugar consumed in Cuba has been recommended by the national economic defense commission.

**Killer to Pilot Browns**  
St. Louis, Mo.—Bill Killifer, a former manager of the Chicago Cubs, has signed a three-year contract to manage the St. Louis Browns. He served as assistant manager during the season just closed.

## THOSE LIBRARY VAGRANTS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

HALLIE MARRIOTT'S soft blue gaze wandered from the books on the desk before her to the carnation-cheeked children romping through the city's most exclusive square, a pleasant retreat of old trees, tinkling fountains and scented shrubs in mild weather, bordered by tall apartment hotels, smart shops and clubs. A spired church and the mellowed brick convent of Notre Dame lent a spiritual atmosphere; the extension library, where she served as an assistant, a cultural note.

"Miss Marriott," the head librarian's voice lowered to meet library requirements, sounded shrill and rasping. "It is your duty to see that men don't sleep in the back of the room, I hope I won't have to remind you of this again," the pale eyes colder than the snowflakes mantling the benches and walks of the square.

"I'm sorry, Miss Giltson." Her prettily curved lips trembled at the deserved rebuke. "I'll go right down." She had neglected her duty, but she hated to disturb the nodding men. They looked so comfortable until she spoke to them; then so unhappy and embarrassed when she told them to go out. Not hurting anyone, just taking little quiet naps. Tired from hard work, she supposed.

That big, bronzed, outdoor looking fellow with the dark, ruffled hair that made her think of characters out of her favorite adventure books was back there—she had seen him coming in a little while ago. Sleeping, perhaps; he couldn't seem to keep awake. She would have to wake him again, tell him to take his hat and go out. That was Miss Giltson's pet phrase—"Take your hat and go out—you aren't allowed to sleep in the library." It sounded silly, Hallie Marriott thought, that part about taking your hat. But Miss Giltson was head librarian and had influence with the committee—this was not a municipal library. If she suggested the dismissal of an assistant, the heads approved.

If Hallie had studied, was really a trained worker, she would not have been so anxious about her position. It was through a former member of the committee—they had romped together in the old square before the Marriott fortunes, never sky high, sunk sadly low—that she managed to obtain this post seven years before. The former playmate no longer was on the committee; she must watch her post vigilantly. From the first one she had a feeling that Miss Giltson did not care for her. At thirty-five, when one has had training in old-fashioned household arts and graces only, positions are not easy to find and hold.

Her slender figure unnaturally rigid, soft brown braided head stiffly erect, she left her desk, left the view of the laughing, skipping, snowy children and moved daintily down the bright, book-filled room.

The bent, gnome-like man who pored over books on travel was chuckling gleefully over an account of life in the frozen North; the scarlet-nosed scholar-looking patron with the latest monthly, the tortoise-spectacled young man reading for his thesis, perhaps, all wide awake. No need to speak to anyone at that table. But two aises over! Why did he have to fall asleep every afternoon!

Did he work at night, perhaps? Feel weary during the day? Even sleep, a drastic test, failed to rob him of the attractive romantic quality she had become aware of the first afternoon he entered the library. Just a week ago. Maybe it was the heat—ghost-gaunt and bloodless, Miss Giltson insisted on full steam ahead—or reading, that made people drowsy. She dipped into frivolous books some nights when she had difficulty in gaining dreamland or felt too lonely to stay awake in her tiny third-floor room.

She felt Miss Giltson's icy stare directed from the main desk; she must speak. But he looked so comfortable, like a big, tired boy. He wasn't a boy, of course, any more than she was a girl, although she never felt old. He would stay young in mind, too. She felt as she stood looking at him, her blue gaze softly caressing. A shame to wake him, to send him out like a naughty child. Maybe he had nowhere to go, no warm place to spend the evening. So cold and the wind starting to howl. No overcoat either—his suit looked thin.

Suddenly he opened his eyes. Her cheeks burned at the glance of those darkly intense eyes, the eyes of the adventurer, pirate, knight. Her whole being flamed. This was terrible. She had never felt like this before. Frightened, heart beating wildly, scarcely knowing what she did, Hallie Marriott flew back to her desk. The woolly warm children were darting in, in the care of nurses to love—bright homes, their cheeks scarlet and snow-flaked. But she scarcely saw them; her eyes were filled with the bronzed, adventurous face of the man in the rear of the room.

"Miss Marriott," that voice colder than the snow in the twilight hushed square, "I am amazed at your conduct this afternoon. Not five minutes ago I reminded you of our rule about men sleeping in the library. You seemed to understand what I said. I saw you leave your desk and walk down the aisle. Just this moment I glanced down and saw that big fellow still asleep."

"I—there was no one asleep—he wasn't asleep—"  
"Very strange. Are you quite sure that your eyes are strong enough for library work, Miss Marriott?"  
"Oh . . . I can see perfectly. . . I'll go down again."  
"Send him out. Instantly. He's nothing but a nuisance."  
"Yes, Miss Giltson." A delicate pink glow in her cheeks as she started toward the rear of the room. Resolutely, all the elasticity gone from her step, she passed through sections H. and J., lips set in a firm line. She must perform her duty, must satisfy Miss Giltson and retain her position. But why did he have to fall asleep every time he came in!

"Take your hat and go—you aren't allowed to sleep in the library," she stood beside him, her voice lowered for his ears alone. She used Miss Giltson's phrase but into the soft rebuke she poured all her sympathy, all her womanly gentleness, all her heart. The tone of a woman addressing her beloved, although she was unconscious of it. "I hate to disturb you, but if you wouldn't go asleep every time!"

"If I didn't," his shaggy head raised from the table, "you wouldn't come and wake me." His deep voice exactly right for a hero out of adventure tales. "The only reason I came in was to see you—I saw you through the window last week. Then I found I had to pretend to be asleep to get you to notice me."

"I hate to tell men to go . . . Miss Giltson insists . . ."  
"Miss Marriott!" Thunder as well as ice in her tone. "I am painfully astonished at your conduct today. All week, in fact, I have given you every opportunity to remember your duty. Much as I regret it, I feel obliged to ask you to leave the library at once."

"You too," withering scorn in the look she gave the bronzed man who had risen to stand beside Hallie Marriott like a towering protector. "This is no place for vagrants."

"I'll wait for you outside," he ignored Miss Giltson's dark glance deepening the color in her assistant's oval face. "We'll be vagrants together." His richly amused laugh rang through the high room, fluttered the dry leaves of the volumes on the shelves.

"I only pretended to fall asleep to have you notice me, to hear your voice," he told Hallie as they moved slowly through the violet dusk toward the spired church. "But this afternoon I nearly drifted off in earnest. I've been working like the deuce getting ready for my next trip—the lady struck it mighty close," he laughed. "I am sort of vagrant. Ever been to Zanzibar, honey?"

"I've never been anywhere—except in dreams," she murmured.  
"With your training in writing so neatly you ought to be no end of a help to a fellow like me. My notes are always in a horrible mess, but the people at the university don't seem to hold my scratching against me. They're chasing me off to dig up more ruins." They had passed the brick walls of the Convent of Notre Dame, were close to the big stone house adjoining the spired church. "I've been staying here with my old friend Doctor Holt since I got back from Egypt," he explained.

"Egypt," she repeated, blue eyes wide. "Egypt . . . why . . . you're . . . Dirk Forrest!" The man she had long ago set up as her hero. But . . . Dirk Forrest! So popular . . . sought after . . .  
"Yes—that fool explorer. We'd better go in right away, I think, and talk to Holt about marrying us. I have to sail—we have to sail—in two days."

## Terms of Admiration

That Are Overworked

There are words in the English language, says an article in Popular Knowledge, that the average person uses to distraction. Poor, defenseless words—they are pumped to the point of exhaustion, while slow-witted human beings look on.

Like fat, sleek, weary Angora pussies, such words as dainty, exquisite, lovely, charming, dear, drag out dull lives on idly smart, flippant tongues.

After the manner of prisoned panthers, marvelous, wonderful, magnificent, even adorable, are made to parade before the public eye. Refreshed in speeches, they are frittered to the point where nothing matters, where a doughnut is called marvelous and where there is no refreshing common thing. Wonders become as trite as polish, and magnificence is ascribed to the tiniest of acts. A box of candy is "simply adorable."

Luckily not all spoil the same words. One person pets innocent "beautiful" to the point where this adjective, once coy, obtrudes itself into every conversation. Like a tabby who does not know her place, she clambers upon the mental chair of every sentence.

Another strokes "lovely" with such sweetness, often repeated staccato notes that the little thing is nauseated.

And so it goes. School girls and socializing women are not the only linguistic sinners. In almost every one's conversational lexicon there are unfortunate words whose tragedy it is to be petted.

These mascots of speech, these hearth-side word-tablets, unlike their better equipped namesakes, have no last resort of claws that punish. They are helpless. Only their spotters can save them. But their spotters, in an unbusinesslike ignorance of their mental estate, cannot function as savers of words. Sorry is the outlook for the race of linguistic tabbies.

## DADDY THE DAIRY

GENTLE TEMPERED BULL IS TREASURE

Proper Handling of Calf Helps Animal Later On.

From time to time press reports tell of another "quiet" bull which went wrong and somebody was hurt, or killed. A really good-tempered bull is a treasure (and there are a few), but only a herdsmen of 20 or 30 years' experience can be reasonably sure he knows a quiet bull. Proper handling of the calf which is destined to become a herd sire is the only known method of producing an animal which will be easy to handle when mature. Many a good bull has been sent to slaughter, and many a man met his death through careless handling or rough treatment when a bull was young.

Miss Tucker, the experienced manager of a large herd of Red Polls in Worcester, England, offers some sage advice on this subject in a recent issue of the "Journal of the Red Poll Breed." Kindness should always be the keynote of the training of young bulls. They can be very aggravating, but on no account hit a bull, for he will remember it and sooner or later try to pay you back. If the bull has been frightened sooth him quietly, always aiming to maintain his confidence in you. The same person should always handle him, at least during his schooling. When old enough, see that the ringing is done properly and that the ring is well back. Never attempt to handle a bull with blood or any offensive smelling materials on your hands or clothes. Wash such things off or cover them with disinfectant. Teach him to let you handle his legs.

If he has a tendency to kick let him hit the bristles of a wire broom. Never let him think that you fear him. If the bull persists in a surly mood, a sharp twist of the ring, and tying his head higher than usual for a while should mend matters. Persistent kindness will always win, while ill-treatment will only make matters worse.

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## Cow Must Have Protein for Production of Milk

Practical experience is in accord with research work done at a number of experiment stations. In a comparison between linseed meal and ground soy beans when fed with corn and oats, ground beans produce fully as much milk and fat as when linseed meal is fed. This indicates that dairymen who must purchase a protein supplement may well consider the use of soy beans when the ground beans are as cheap or cheaper than linseed meal. The dairy cow must have protein to produce milk. As this is the most expensive ingredient in the ration the cheaper it can be procured the lower the feed cost is likely to be.

## Remodeled Dairy Barns Render Better Service

Old barns made new by being properly remodeled or repaired will render good service to many dairymen who are now struggling along with poor equipment. Even a shed which is rebuilt so as to provide good floors, stanchions, ventilation, sunshine and warmth will be worth while. Dairy cows will pay better returns for improved conditions than practically any other type of live stock on the farm. In addition, the owner spends more time with the cows than with most other types of live stock, so that he will share in the added comfort and convenience.

## Silage for Calf

Silage is not very good for calves under four months of age and then only the leafy parts should be fed in small amounts. Very often young stock is neglected and not kept in a growing condition. A heifer must be well fed with a light feed of grain. A cow in order to be able to consume large quantities of feed must be fed while young all the good roughage she will take so as to develop a large capacity for feed which will be needed when she comes in milk.

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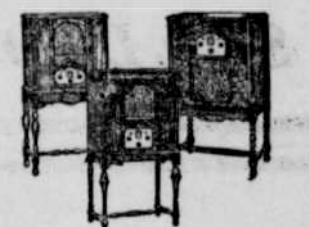
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**IN CABINETS—The best of American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio in fine cabinets like these.**



## But Have You a Fiance?

"An unfortunate chance prevents my fiance from taking me out in his Rolls-Royce."  
"But has your fiance a Rolls-Royce?"  
"No, that is the unfortunate chance."

## And No Refunds

"How did you get on in the matrimonial lottery?"  
"I drew a blank, but my wife drew a winner."—Pages Gales, Yverdon.

## Monsters

The rent monsters abroad today, as always, are prejudice and intolerance.—Woman's Home Companion.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

## Iowa Motto

"Our Liberties We Prize and Our Rights We Maintain," is the state motto of Iowa.



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Nowadays, people take Bayer Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

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