Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 12, 1912.

BECAUSE OF HER.

With bare brown legs and faded gingham gown,
I saw her first, a lovely little girl.
Her slender fingers clasped within my own,
With low sweet laughter, set my heart awhirl.
From out her wondrous eyes of darkest blue
Shone forth a soul all pure and undefiled.
And all things young and beautiful took on
An added charm because she was a child.

Again I saw her as a maiden grown,
A half-ope'd blossom, whose rare grave fulfilled
The promise of the bud, and yet gave hints
Of greater glories, when, if God so willed
The half-blown rose should ope' to fullest flower.
I brought my gift of frankincense and myrrh
To lay them at her feet; and evermore
I reverence Womanhood, because of her.

And now I watch her rocking to and fro,
And crooning low within the dimming light;
A tiny head is pillowed on her arm,
A tiny form is cuddled warm and tight.
A glow is on her face—a light, methinks,
That never on the land or sea did rest,
All Motherhood is sacred now to me
Because it is my baby at her breast.

—Mabel Stevens Freer, in *Ainslee's Magazine.*

THREE FLIGHTS UP AND BACK.

She could not endure it a moment longer. She looked around the little shabby room helplessly, and, as if compelled, mechanically reached to the bed for her hat and its pins. She would not suffer such loneliness. It filled her with dread. The ticking of the tiny clock was an insistent torture. She shuddered, and stabbed the pins through as if the hat contained the stony heart of solitude.

The little shabby room held a speaking silence. Solitude cried out from every corner of it. The cracked mirror and the cheap print on the walls were mockeries. She had studied them night after night, and had been very patient. But from the distance came to her the hum of crowds. She knew it was to be a merry night; that the lights were glowing bravely and the horns sounding outside the music filled cafes. She had longed for the life and the song of life's happiness. It all seemed very alluring and called to the shabby lodging, three flights up and back.

Life—that which she lived—was gray. The dull, cheerless mornings, the rattle of the L., the stuffy work room poorly lighted, the long monotonous day, and then the twilight so like the cheerless morning, the rush of the trains again—and three flights up and back. Those who have tired of life may endure this a long time; but she had not tired. And that of which many were tired. And she would go at it. When the door closed behind her, and the purer air of the street kissed her cheek, her steps quickened. She forgot the stale hallway, and the little shabby cloister of loneliness. The first gleam of an eager expectancy came into her eyes.

Through Times Square, with its towering pallid shaft, all down the crooked lane of lights called Broadway to where the blunt edge of the Flatiron poked warily out of the haze, the crowd rioted aimlessly. There was no formality on this carnival night. Freed from the nervous stuttle of existence, the warp and woof of the city tried to outweave the pattern of their daily routine. She was but one of many.

Excepting her eyes, everything else about her marked that mediocrity which is of women—the tragedy of lonely women. She had always been lonely. She had never appealed to anyone that she could remember, and had begun to think that there was in her no appeal.

The faint waver of a smile came to her face as confetti drifted down over her hat. A little throb of delight was in her heart when she thought that she would be a part of the crowd despite timidity and lack of spirit; but the quick sting of the sensitive followed swift on this, as she noticed that the first favor had come to her second hand, flung at another woman. She sullenly brushed the confetti off her jacket. She could not help seeing that the women were confetti strewn, their dresses and furs covered, the little sprites of paper clinging mischievously in their hair. These were the laughing, flush-cheeked women, who were not alone; and in their eyes she saw a light which was not the light of her eyes. She laughed, mirthlessly. Then a whirlpool of the crowd swept her into the street. A current of heedless humanity plunging south had broken in disorder before a northern moving phalanx. There was a half-sobbing confusion; men were turned though they wished to stand still; women gasped and cried out. A car thrust its bulk down the street and menaced them. A hoarsely growling terror lived for a moment, and she was caught in the crowd's grip, swept along, helpless. At this moment, the man saw her for the third time.

He had first noticed her at Fortieth street, and had idly thought her a sad little spirit to be abroad alone. He had caught another glimpse of her at Thirty-second street as they drifted, and the queer impression had recurred. Now he found her again in the crush of Herald Square. She was flung against him. He tried to force outward his elbows so that she might have a breathing space. He was very tall, a raw-boned giant, with a gaunt face and patient eyes. He seemed a trifle bewildered, too, as little of the crowd as herself.

"Rough!" he jerked out breathlessly, when she looked up at him in a mute appeal. The feather of her hat whipped his cheek.

"Are they hurting you?" he asked. "Come! Follow the car."

He brushed along the side of it, sending off the crowd with his shoulder.

"The crowd rules tonight, but we don't seem to belong," he said.

"I'm afraid," she replied.

He had secured a grip on the car end now, and was tramping with it, she half curled in his arms. Suddenly there came another heave of the throng. A fresh current had swept upon them. There was just enough mad power in this rabble to make one tremble.

"Get up on the car," he called out.

"I can't," she gasped.

He pulled himself up until his feet were firm on the bumper. To do this required the help of both hands, and on releasing her he heard a little sob. Instantly flashed into his mind her belief that he would abandon her. Why not, he thought, since women were deserted every day, when the street were quieter and the multitude as uncaring. Had he not had trouble enough with her?

But she was a frail little creature, and he looked down into the large gray eyes to see again the appeal. All these things occupied a very brief measurement of time as he swung to the car above. Then he lifted her up, his arm around her.

"I can hold you," he said grimly. "We'll be all right in a minute."

The car crawled out of the the whirlpool, seeming half-weakened, into a less congested space. Soon they stood apart from the crowd in the dimly lighted center of a cross street. Gasping from the buffets, there was now an enjoyment in the perfect sense of freedom. As two people rescued from a momentary danger, they turned and surveyed each other closely. Men would have shaken hands, but as it was, they smiled.

The thought came to the man that this was novel and good. She was not of the crowd and neither was he. Thousands of women, angels, devils perhaps, had rushed past him and had gone on, gloriously merry, hellishly indifferent, and unknown to him. But he seemed to have known this woman in a vague way, as if he had dreamed of her. There was an almost haunting expression in her large gray eyes.

He watched her effort to readjust the much wrinkled jacket.

"Tore some buttons off my coat, too," he said ruefully. "Well, you're not going into that again?"

"I must."

"I'll follow to help you out, if you're that foolish."

She had brushed shoulders with this multitude when in its deeper moods, and her gray eyes surveyed him searchingly. There was a question in them, and he felt it. She would have hurried off had he not caught her arm, and he walked with her, making apology, if it was not argument.

"I didn't mean to take advantage—but say! you're alone, and they'll crush you up again. I guess I'm out of the right habit of talking to women. Haven't seen any for more than two years, and a feller kinda forgets. That's the straight truth; I've been up in the Yukon country for close to thirty months. But say—" He stopped and looked over the crowd contemptuously: "I don't know that the Yukon is any worse'n this. A million people in that street, and I don't know a soul of 'em. I'm lonely as I'd be in heaven. Then you came along—and it just seemed that you were flung against me for a last word 'fore I went dumb."

The plea he made was curiously pathetic. He was like a child astray, and she stopped to laugh aloud, a cheery heart laugh.

"I know how that feels," she said.

"Do you?" he eagerly questioned. "It's hell, ain't it?"

She made no reply, although her eyes twinkled sympathetically.

"There! I knew I'd most likely say the wrong thing."

"No," she agreed frankly. "It's a fairly good description of being lonely."

"Well! Do you know, off where I was, a fellow gets to talkin' to himself, an' expects answers. Solitary—only ice, snow, a few naked birches, stale fish an' Indians. I buried my pardner, an' then I just felt that I had to see people, hear 'em, smell 'em again. But say, that place I left is warm to this. New York is as cold as nails. A million people in the street and no one to slap on the back. I feel that I ought to grab somebody, an' say: 'Are yeh sure you've got a heart? Show me! I want to hear it beat!'"

She laughed again, a low understanding laugh. The man shook his head plaintively, as if the problem was too big for him.

"It's all gone out of them," she said. "And me too."

He looked at her inquiringly, half puzzled.

"Heart," she explained tersely.

"No! You can find anything if yeh stick to the trail long enough. Yeh get heart back when you try. It's big game, an' yeh mustn't get cast down. What d' yeh say; shall we go after it?"

"I couldn't," she began in refusal; but there was in her voice a certain wistful tone. She had a momentary glimpse of that cheap room, three flights up and back, with the cracked mirror and the leering print in the battered gilt frame. The cold gray shudder it brought trembled her over the brink, though she did not know, and unconsciously her hand slipped onto his arm. "We couldn't find one," she continued, the tone changing to the hope of a listless spirit. He looked down at her, and said bluffly, as he probably had many times to failing partners, "We must."

Life's gravest stories sometimes have trivial roots. A crowd's surge and the appeal of frightened eyes, a shabby room haunted by a cracked mirror and a longing to be gay; these are fine materials for a sordid end, unless other tritely important things deflect it. Yet, while there is a heart in the desert, comedy may stumble on it unawares. Chance has a part to play, however dressed in motley, and those who drift its way often go far to find themselves at home.

Down in the dark of the street burned a cafe's sign.

"Never start over the trail without food," said the man gently. "That place looks good and quiet. We want to get away from bedlam, and this bunch of lunatics. After that we can make our plans, eh?"

She did not venture a reply.

Mellowly lighted windows draped with lace permitted a hazy view of the interior. They were greeted by the low hum of conversation and the timorous tinkle of silver. A waiter regarded them with a studied insolence of manner until told to get busy.

The place was not ornate; the lights were just a little more than dim; and the few pictures on the walls appealed in color to both of them, because of their very gray lives. With all the nervous riot left outside, their secluded corner of the dining room seemed to have an almost hallowed quiet. Sometimes, when the door opened and someone entered from the street, the faint din could be heard following, clamoring for recognition, but with the shutting of the door again the noise of the crowd mellowed away into nothing.

She glanced across the table at the man, who had not been of the crowd's spirit, and into whose arms she had been tossed as some wing-riven bird. The unpleasant thought that she had been safer with the crowd and alone would intrude, and out from shadowy backgrounds of the solitary life she had led peeped sordid pictures of others who had drifted away with the current, to be heard of no more. Then she would catch a vision of a cracked mirror, three flights up and back, and it would blot out all the rest.

Despite her little objections, he insisted on their ordering such a dinner as is only dreamed of in the shabby back rooms of lodgings. And with the coming of the soup, he began to explain as one not used to extravagance.

"You know," he said, "we used to sit o' nights and just name over the sort of things we'd eat whenever we got back home. That pardner o' mine—a game chap, well brought up, an' educated, but not steady a bit—he used to say what a fool he'd been to cut the white lights and the big crowds down there. Well! I can't quite see the allure myself. He was different. He always wanted to get back to the wine, an'—well, he didn't get away with his luck, poor devil. He's the fellow I spoke about before—the one I said I'd buried.

"That's why I'm here now—tryin' to settle up some business for him. I've had no luck with it so far; can't strike the trail of his folks. They must have shifted about a good deal—but then, I've only had one clue. It's not goin' to be a pleasant job for me."

There was a note of hesitation in his voice. He glanced about the place as one who fears he may be overheard. So little had she to say in reply, and so little of interest did she display that he seemed to believe he must tell the whole story of it. A sentence here and there during the meal's course, and he had betrayed the fact that he had come a long way on a lagging mission, an enforced duty, and he seemed as one bursting with confidence. He leaned on the table and began again eagerly:

"You see, little woman, one day we struck it. It wasn't the biggest strike ever made in that country, but it was our strike. We had only heard of the rest of them gettin' rich, an' this was our turn. Chums we were, men that had seen the rough end of it—I'd met him in a tough joint when he was gettin' the worst of a row, and we went into the street that night with the pack hanging to us. Well! After all the times, mostly bad, we'd struck it fair. We sat out planning what we'd do, now that the squalls were over. He was going back to make his splurge with the big crowd under the lights. To the folks?—not a bit of that for him—they had gone their ways, good or bad, without him, an' he guessed he could get along too. About an even pair we were, 'cause I was planning to get back what a gambler had taken away from me in 'Frisco.

"But that night the weather shuts us in, and there was no chance to break away for ever so long—we didn't know when we could—an' so there wasn't anything for it but to wait, an' growl, an' grow ugly. Then we got goin' with the cards—and, well! you see, he lost. He never was a hand at cards, no ways—an' he lost the pile out-right. It was a good joke to me, 'cause I had no idear he'd take it so, an' it was my game to call it off when the weather opened up. I thought I'd get some fun out of him, but no, he wouldn't have it that way. He walked outside the cabin one night, after which I heard a shot. It got on my nerves, that shot. You see, I found him, and then I had to bury him. It was tough."

Mechanically he picked up his fork as if to go on eating; then a stealthy glance at her face, and he dropped it again with a little gesture of dismay. It was as though the large gray eyes had for the first time reminded him of something horrible, and his face grew white. He caught his breath with a half-smothered oath. His suspiciously narrowed eyes suddenly grew wide and fearing. He leaned forward and grasped out:

"Don't look at me like that. What's—what's it to you? I was only tellin' you because—" The words came slower and slower from his lips. Like a man questioning a ghost, he quavered:

"What's your name?"

She was so startled that she told him the truth.

"Barbara—Fetre!" he repeated; then he laughed boisterously. "I beg your pardon—there are not many names like that."

At that moment, as he stared across the table, like one fascinated, the doors of the cafe that had been opening so meekly, crashed inward. The man quivered at the noise as though he had received a blow. The quiet atmosphere of the place was gone in an instant, for a part of the street's riot had entered. Crowding about the tables until every available space was filled, they introduced a period of revelry and song. The cafe's quiet dignity disappeared. A piano sounded the tune of a cheap ditty, and a dozen noisy voices began it.

"I think we will get out of this," said the man, glancing about. He was plainly nervous and the color had not returned to his face. She gathered her gloves and veil with apparent indecision, as women do these things.

"You're not going?" cried out an unsteady voice.

It was the wrong time for a jest. The man swung about, his face livid, his lips snarling. The reply he made lingered long in their ears—the answer of a barbarian.

It was an episode of seconds. A moment after and he was walking down the darkened street beside her.

"Where do you live?" was all he said. She told him. At the corner he called a cab.

"Good night," he muttered in a tone of apology. "I'm sorry I made a mistake." Then he had gone his way, a gaunt, lonely figure in the dark.

Three flights up and back received a note and a draft next day. The first read:

"I am sorry that I came near making another big mistake, for you see, I buried him and I couldn't know who you were in the crowd. I found your letter in his pocket. We were on a bad trail, but I hope you'll forgive me, and take the dead man's chance. You'll get back heart if you try."

The draft fluttered to the floor. She threw herself sobbing across the bed. Chance sometimes stumbles on three flights up and back.—Leo Crane, in *Literary Magazine.*

There are people who still carry a patato or a horse-chestnut in the pocket as a charm against rheumatism. But for the most part men and women have been educated to believe in the scientific fact that rheumatism is a blood disease and must be cured through the blood. The many cures of rheumatism credited to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are due to the fact that it is probably the greatest blood medicine of the age. It cleanses the blood from contaminating impurities, increases the blood supply by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands, and pours through vein and artery a supply of rich, pure blood, which is like a river of health to the diseased body.

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get all the news in the WATCHMAN.

Population in Terms of Water.

According to W. J. McGee, the possible population of our country ought to be measured, not according to the amount of land we possess, but, according to the amount of water—in other words, according to the amount of rainfall. By his estimate, the country can comfortably support one person to five acre-feet of water (one foot of water spread over five acres surface). Now the annual rainfall of mainland United States—the sole original source of our fresh waters— is barely 5,000,000,000 acre-feet; it averages hardly two and one-half feet (thirty inches) over our 2,000,000,000 acres. So our greatest possible population, measured by our highest standards of primary production, would not exceed 1,000,000,000—a number which at the current rate of increase will be reached in three centuries, or when the span since the landing at Jamestown is doubled.—World's Work.

Box Was Fastened.

Lieutenant John Corrigan had the sidewalk on the Washington street side of D. Sommers & Co.'s store roped off Sunday, because he feared the wind would blow a big, heavy box off a scaffold that had been left by painters Saturday evening, three stories up the side of the structure. The box, evidently a tool chest, was more than half way over the edge of the scaffold, and the lieutenant thanked fortune he had seen it before the wind got a free sweep and sent it over. He put up ropes to keep pedestrians from under and ran for a telephone. "Naw that's all right," said a sleepy voice to the officer over the phone. "That box is nailed down to the scaffold. It won't fall—we made the scaffold fast last night." The lieutenant went back and removed his ropes.—Indianapolis News.

Bold French Apache Captured.

A daring outrage was committed by a one-legged hooligan in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, early one recent morning. Two policemen found a young woman lying on the ground with two knife wounds in the back. She told them she had been attacked by a man with a wooden leg, who had gone away in the direction of the Avenue Kleber. The police hurried after the apache, and near the Arc de Triomphe caught sight of a one-legged man hobbling away as fast as he could. He was ordered to stop by the police, but pulled out a revolver, and, standing with his back to the wall, shouted to a policeman who was only a few yards away, "Stand back or I fire." The policeman knocked the revolver out of the apache's hand and secured him.

Couple's Many Separations.

A matrimonial record of a curious kind has been created by a well-to-do farmer of Aaran, the capital of the canton of Argovie in Switzerland, who has just married his "wife" for the fourth time, divorcing her on four separate occasions. The man married another woman during one of the intervals, but divorced her some months after the wedding. The woman returned to her parents, and lived quietly until her former husband came to ask her to remarry him. The couple, who are in love with each other and are still young, are now on their fourth honeymoon during eight years.

Most Crowded City.

In a report to the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, Prof. Elgin Gould, a sociological expert, says New York city is the worst crowded metropolis in the world. "The greatest evil in New York is overcrowding," he says. "There is no city in the world that compares with it in that respect. There are many blocks here 800 by 200 feet, in which from 2,500 to 4,800 persons are living. In one block in the negro district 5,000 persons are living. Bombay, next worst in this respect, is more than half behind New York, and London is only one-third as bad off."

Trout Find New Home.

Thousands of trout were freed when a dam went out at Sherburne Four Corners, N. Y., the other day, and the stream below and its tributaries were thus automatically stocked. Trout had congregated in this dam and grew to great size, and except in few instances resisted the attempts of anglers. The water was clear and there was little cover to approach from, and a vegetable growth covered most of the surface of the pond, preventing the successful use of flies.

Hatpins Must Be "Protected."

So frequent have been the injuries sustained in public places recently by projecting hatpins that the city council of Sydney, N. S. W., has issued an ordinance, compelling the use of "protectors" for the points. Among those injured severely was the federal attorney general. He received a deep gash on the cheek only half an inch away from the eye.

Glad Anticipation.

"O, do come in tomorrow afternoon, Mrs. Gudgeley! Mrs. Gobbson, Mrs. Stout and Mrs. Crossman are coming, and they know all about the trouble between Mrs. Wayland and her husband. We will have a perfectly lovely time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Like Dog in a Treadmill.

A young man in Cooper Union the other night complained that every day of his life he just rose, breakfasted, worked, lunched, worked, supped, and went to bed. That isn't life.—Dr. Luther H. Gulick.—New York Globe.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

The nind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

The newest patent leather pump has a flat heel; so has the high Oxford tie which has come back into fashion and which laces well over the instep with silk ribbon and is finished in a flat bow. These come in Russian tan, in calfskin and in patent leather.

The soft shoestring is considered "sloppy" and it is replaced by the wide ribbon of dull silk with a thick selvedge. The kind of pumps that are mostly worn today have short vamps, sometimes a tiny tongue and a small buckle of leather, but they are not really pumps. They are a modified Colonial slipper.

The other kind which has been the smart thing for years is made like a man's evening pump, with the exception of the heel, which is often high. The vamp is finished with a flat bow of corded ribbon.

In the early spring this pump was still fashionable, and it is worn now by women who like its smart proportions better than they did the large ones of the Colonial slipper, but the shoemakers will probably tell you that the latter has ousted the former.

The magpie slippers which were brought out last summer and worn by very few people, are now more popular. The vamp is of black patent leather, the buckle is black or cut steel and the body of the shoe is in black and white striped silk. In white shoes, canvas and buckskin lead, and they are made into Colonial slippers and Oxford ties.

These will be worn with colored stockings, as they were last year, when the costume is white or light. King's blue, Irish green, violet and elephant gray are among the colors that are most frequently seen in the new silk hosiery. Openwork and rich embroidery is not as much sought after as the plain, heavy clocking at the side. Very sheer stockings are not considered smart; there is a decided tendency toward the heavier silks, which do not let the skin show through.

Children's Clothes.—It is well known that children in America are better dressed than anywhere else in the world, and this is because simplicity rules. Our mothers well understand the value of healthful exercise, and therefore refuse to copy the French, who dress children like dolls, in frocks that are ruffled and frilled and bowed. On the other hand, they object to the English fashions that make the little ones appear like diminutive men and women. They strike a happy medium, and select suitable materials that are not injured by frequent visits to the laundry, and such goods are made in becoming, youthful styles. American mothers also appreciate the great advantage tub goods have over woolen weaves, which latter must be sent to a cleaner when soiled or washed at the risk of ruining the garment. Cotton or linen goods are almost exclusively for little folks' frocks. The heavier weaves such as rep, pique, duck, galatea and kindergarten cloth are quite warm enough for ordinary wear through the winter, and if during very cold weather additional warmth is required, an extra undergarment in the way of a flannel petticoat is added.

The everyday dresses are almost invariably of the one-piece style—that is, with body and skirt joined—which greatly simplifies the making and laundering. The chief charm about children's clothes is their freshness, and it is much better to have several dresses that will afford frequent changes, even though they are made without tucks or other trimmings, than to limit the number and put more work and expensive trimming on one or two.

Let us talk of the everyday school dress, that must be both useful and pretty. There is a question whether white or colored goods are the more desirable, and there is much to be said in favor of both. Colored goods do not soil so readily, particularly if of a plaid or striped design, and therefore may be worn much longer without laundering than white. But if one has a good laundress and can afford the extra expense white is very satisfactory, because no matter how soiled it gets or what stains are on it a good tubbing makes it equal to new, while if colors were given similar treatment they would fade. Therefore, each mother must decide for herself and select whichever seems most practical.

There are three popular models for school dresses that are most satisfactory—the sailor suit, which is also called a "middy;" the Russian blouse, that is not a blouse at all, but a plain, straight frock, made with pleats, tucks or perfectly plain, and fastened at the front or side front, and occasionally varied by a yoke; and, last, the little skirt and waist dresses. The latter style has the blouse ending at the normal waist line and tucked or gathered skirt or the long straight and very short skirt.

On all these dresses if trimming is used it must be very sparingly applied, and on those of the sailor or middy variety goods of a contrasting color for facings, collars, cuffs, etc., is all that is employed. On the other dresses band effects are given preference, and outline the collar, cuffs and front or side front closing. On frocks of the skirt and waist order the band trimming is sometimes used to conceal the joining in place of a belt of the goods.

As all of these styles are easy to develop, we will talk of them collectively. After the material is cut out, all tucks and box plaits must be basted, stitched and pressed in place before the pieces of the garment are joined. It will often be found when working with narrow materials that they will need to be pieced if there are many tucks or plaits on the garment. The piecing should be arranged so that the joining seam will be concealed under the fold of a tuck or plait.

This is very easy to arrange if one will watch when cutting out the materials to see that the piecing is made in the proper place. It is not wise to have it come on the edge, or at the seam of a tuck or a fold, because this interferes when ironing the garment, and is apt to make it appear drawn or puckered. When placed under the fold it will not be seen.

Cream for Filling the Puffs.—One coffee cupful of milk; one-half cupful of sugar, three eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour or corn starch. Beat sugar, eggs and flour together and stir into the milk over the fire using a double broiler or a pail set in a kettle of hot water to prevent scorching. When the cream is cold add vanilla. Pass a sharp knife around one side of the cream puff, tear it partly open and insert filling. Flavor the cream first with vanilla. It should be cold before it is seasoned and put into the puffs.

FARM NOTES.

—As soon as caterpillar nests are in evidence, burn them without delay before new colonies are formed.

—Fruit trees call for fresh air and sunshine. For this it is necessary to have wide spaces between the trees.

—Gather up dead branches and burn them, as they are apt to harbor bark beetles, one of the worst orchard pests.

—Blackberries should be given space in the garden, for there are few, if any, fruits that give quicker and better returns.

—One weed pulled up by the roots while the ground is soft beats a hundred cut off with scythe or sickle, for the latter are most persistent and will grow again and go to seed some day when one is not looking.

—The waste lands lying idle after the wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and corn are harvested are craving for something to produce. A good seeding of winter vetch, crimson or rape will improve the soil and give early pastures.

—No vegetable withstands severe drought and heat so well as sweet corn. It succeeds well in either hills or drills; probably in the latter plants do not blow over so much during wet and windy weather. The soil should be very rich for best results.

—Never make an open ditch if it is possible to drain the land with tile. A tile drain costs but little more than a properly constructed open ditch having sufficiently sloping banks, and, unlike the open ditch, it leaves the land perfectly smooth, without any waste for cultivation.

—It is well worth while to have a perfect fitting collar for each work horse. Collars should not be changed from one horse to another unless the collar is fitted to the second horse. A good method for fitting collars is to wet them until they become soft and pliable, then put the collar on the horse.

—Pigs intended for market should weigh between 250 and 300 pounds at 10 months of age or less. To make this weight they must be pushed from birth to market day. The pig that makes a good steady growth from birth to market gives a good steady profit. It would be better if you could keep all pigs of about a certain size together, though you cannot always do this.

—Four pounds of Dwarf Essex rape sown broadcast, or three pounds drilled in, will give a crop in six or seven weeks. This is one of the best feeds for sheep, which may be put on it without water, but with plenty of salt, at that time. This will sustain them till they go into the water quarters. All kinds of stock like it. Hogs get fat on it. Forty cents' worth of seed will cover an acre.

—Horses should be given food free from dust. Dusty hay has caused trouble with the breathing organs of many a horse. Timothy hay is a standard roughage for the horse; it is usually cut after the dust from the blossoms is shed. One should feed a bright and not a coarse and woody timothy. Far too much hay of this kind has been cut when over-ripe and when it is below par in nutriment.

—Lima beans should be picked and used or sold as soon as the least signs of yellow show in the pods. In this way they come from the vines green, but far enough matured to be of the best quality for table use. By picking all beans before they fully ripen the vines will continue bearing for a longer period. Pole bean vines will continue to bear till frost if the beans are regularly picked before they are ripe.

—The Washington Agricultural Experiment Station has been conducting experiments for several years with various remedies for the destruction of the coddling moth. In previous experiments it was shown that arsenate of lead was the most effective of the arsenicals tried in combatting the coddling moth and that four sprayings were as effective as twelve. During the past summer different brands of arsenate of lead have been tested on 125 acres of commercial orchards. The total cost of making four applications to one orchard of 20 acres was $116. All of the brands of arsenate of lead were found to be quite efficient. It is recommended that arsenate of lead be applied at the rate of one pound to 40 gallons of water. Four applications are recommended, the first just after the blossoms fall; the second three weeks later; the third at some time from July 15 to August 10, and the fourth about a month later. The first application is the most important, but the others are also necessary. Thorough cultivation is of much importance and the spraying must be done thoroughly and at times when the poison will be effective in destroying the larvae.

—In order that the farm shall be more profitable, direct profits from live stock are not absolutely essential. It is contended that the grain-and-corn-growing farmer can well afford to keep live stock at a loss and even then have his farm more profitable.

Thomas Cooper, secretary of the Better and More Profitable Farming Association of North Dakota, says that a very careful estimate of the effect of live stock in the farm profits can be sustained if necessary. From data now at hand it appears that the northwestern farmer now engaged in the growing of grains as a principal source of income can keep a cow at a loss of $8 to $10 annually and yet make more money than he could without the cow. The losses that may be sustained from other classes of stock affecting the farm profits are somewhat in the same proportion. If one will keep sufficient live stock on the farm to force into some good system of crop rotation and grant that the stock is so inefficient that they will only pay for the cost of producing the feeds they consume and labor—without profit—yet the farm will be more profitable than without the live stock enterprise.

Mr. Cooper evidently directs his remarks solely to those men who are now engaged in grain growing, be it corn or wheat. He goes on the assumption that continuous cropping of the land to grains, or even grasses, will eventually so rob the soil that further farming will not pay for the investment in machinery, horses and time necessary for the growing, harvesting and marketing of the crop; that some sort of manure must be produced on the farm.

—If you see it in the WATCHMAN, it's true. And not only true, but it's all here.