

THE JOURNAL OF THE YEAR.

How fair into our hands it came. Snow white was every separate page. Whence each day we were to keep. The record of our pilgrimage.

THE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

"Am I going to make New Year resolutions? Well, I guess not," said Leonard Hamilton, with emphasis, answering his sister's question.

"Yes, but," said his golden-haired twin doubtfully, "somehow it always seems more respectable to make some."

"O, sister Sylvia," began Bobby, reproachfully, in attempted protest; but Sylvia was warming up to her subject, and went on eloquently without heeding Bobby.

"No, sir; it's no use. Didn't I make a string last year as long as your arm, and how did they work? Now listen! My first was a desperate resolve not to slam the doors."

"Leonard laughed at the remembrance in spite of Sylvia's seriousness and rueful tones. 'Go on; tell us about the others,' he exclaimed joyously."

"Well," said Sylvia, smiling in spite of herself. "I decided that I wouldn't count breaking them until I had them all written, to begin fair with. My third one was not to do anything crazy or unexpected in school, to make Miss Long worried."

"Oh, please, please, sister Sylvia, let's make resolutions," broke in Bobby, seizing the moment when Sylvia paused for breath. "I never made any in my life. I can't remember a single one."

"Oh, I'm going to keep mine, mother, sure," vowed Bobby. "See here, then, Bobby Hamilton, it must be something easy," declared Laura, jealously.

"No, it isn't, honest Laura," returned Bobby. "It's the very hardest thing I could think of."

"Such goodness as reigned in the Hamilton household for two days after that! No one knew exactly what the good resolutions were, but they seemed somehow to have ciled the machinery for the entire family."

"Yes, I'm the first one," announced Laura, bravely. "You know I promised Aunt Hannah I would dust every single morning, because she doesn't like to have Betty touch her things, and she knows I'm careful."

"The very next day, however, Sylvia herself and Leonard both fell victims to temptation; and one meeting served for both confessions. Sylvia had resolved that she would do at least half an hour's practicing every day, no matter what happened; and she knew that, if she did, the half-hour was likely to be an hour without any trouble."

Leonard's resolution was truly a needed one. He had resolved not to lose his temper. He did not like to be beaten at games, he objected to open criticism, and he hated to be teased. Now, when all three of these disagreeable things happened to him at once, it was too much.

He lost the game of hockey for his side, his friends criticised him, and his opponents criticised him, or he thought they did. Mad? Yes, I am afraid he was. He tried his resolution to the winds, which seemed particularly ill-tempered themselves that afternoon and he said some very angry words; and, if he had been only a few years younger, he would have liked to stamp and howl. Of course he was ashamed of himself afterward; and he owned as much frankly when he told about it later at the N. Y. G. R. C.

Bobby was left alone in his glory of fidelity, and Sylvia proposed that he should have the prize at once. His mother, however, chose to wait.

"Don't you see, children," she said, "Bobby deserves a better prize if he keeps his resolution a month, provided it is really something worth doing, than if he keeps it only a week?"

"A month!" scoffed Leonard. "Nobody could keep one a whole month." But she only smiled and waited.

"Then went on. Again and again, Sylvia, Laura or Leonard would say coaxingly, 'Bobby, are you perfectly sure you haven't broken your resolution yet?'"

"Yes, perfectly sure," was always the steady, honest answer, which no one could refuse to accept. When January had given way to February and February was just slipping into March, when the children had almost forgotten to question him, Mrs. Hamilton showed them one day a bright gold dollar, and asked if that would not be a good prize for the well-kept resolution.

"Are you sure you haven't broken it yet?" asked Sylvia, gently again; but Bobby was not offended at the question.

"Yes, perfectly sure, and I can keep it forever and ever and ever," said Sylvia again.

"Mother can read it off the paper," said Bobby, suddenly abashed, when he found that Aunt Hannah had entered the room and was listening.

So mother took from her pocketbook the tiny envelope, opened it, and read from the folded slip the famous resolution, printed in straight up and down letters—

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

By Robert Hamilton.

I am going to keep on a trying. A moment's silence, and then everybody applauded; while Bobby with flushed cheeks went on putting together his dissected map as if he had nothing to do with the affair.

Greetings of the Nations.

Every nation has its own peculiar mode of salutation. In the United States the characteristic salutation is "Hello."

The Arabs say at meeting. "A fine morning to you!" The Turks say, with dignified gravity. "God grant you His blessings!"

The Egyptian is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes by toil under the burning sun, and accordingly when he meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you perspire?"

The good Chinese loves his dinner. "How are you digesting?" he kindly inquires when he meets his friends.

The Greeks, who are keen men of business and close bargainers, ask one another, "How are you getting on?"

The national salutation of Naples was formerly "Grow in grace!" At present, in most parts of Italy a phrase equivalent to "How are you?" is used.

The Spaniards say "How are you passing it?" The French "How do you carry your self?"

The German "How goes it?" "Never mind," said Sylvia, consolingly. "Though I wish it had lasted just a little longer."

The Swedes, "How can you?" meaning "Are you in good vigor?" The Russians, "Be well."

The English speaking nations, in addition to the telephonic "Hello" say "How are you?" and "How do you do?" There are other methods of greeting such as embracing and kissing each other in use in Italy and France, but these are the principal ones.

WHAT YOU CAN SEND BY PARCELS POST.—Postmaster Harry C. Valentine recently received an official zone map of the United States to be used in computing the rates on matter sent by parcels post, which new law went into effect on January first.

The first zone is within a circle or radius of fifty miles for which the postal rate will be five cents for one pound and three cents for each additional pound. There are eight zones, the latter being eighteen hundred miles or over, for which the rate is twelve cents for one pound and twelve cents for each additional pound.

Postmaster Valentine also received official orders governing the entire parcels post system, giving a list of mailable and unmailable matter, as follows:

No intoxicants of any kind can be sent through parcels post, and neither can fire arms nor ammunition, matches, explosive oils, etc., but practically everything else can.

Liquids, oils and pastes can be sent providing they are securely wrapped in such manner that should the contents spill, they will not run out of the package and damage other mail matter.

All parcels that contain millinery, articles consisting in whole or in part of glass, etc., must be marked fragile, and every possible care will be taken by the postoffice employees in handling these packages.

Articles containing foodstuffs of a perishable nature, such as berries, butter, lard, etc., must be marked "perishable," and these packages will be transported as rapidly as possible.

Any farmer residing along a rural route in the United States, at Bellefonte, may pack butter, eggs, lard, fowls, etc., he can pack the articles loosely, but in such a manner that they cannot spill out on other mail matter, but when the goods are to be shipped over a railroad train, the articles must be enclosed in a heavy wrapper.

No package will be sent unless the name and address of the sender is placed on it.

Meat, fresh and cured, can be transported, and in fact everything that will weigh less than eleven pounds, even down to a hive of bees.

In shipping eggs, each egg must be wrapped in cotton, excelsior, or other suitable material, and packed in a container, made of double corrugated pasteboard. No package will be sent unless the name and address of the sender is placed on it.

Look Ahead.

It's only a trifle now, that little touch of stomach trouble. But look ahead. Every dangerous disease begins in a trifle, just as the destructive avalanche begins, perhaps, in a rolling pebble.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

All aboard for Happyland. All aboard for Happyland. All aboard for Happyland. Fast as we can race. Where everyone is pleasant. It's a glad and joyous place. No clouds darken Happyland. Place of pure delight. And to this land all may come. Start today on your flight. One of its ways is to smile. No cross word is heard. Everyone laughs in Happyland. Kindness is its word.

Making the Most of the Window Spaces.—There is something very humorous about the outside of a house. It invites the passer-by and, if you notice, this is due in great measure to the arrangement of the windows.

The Victorian influence is everywhere, and a pretty novelty is the Early Victorian sleeve opened almost the whole length of the outside seam to let in a wide, soft frill of lace or chiffon. The frill is continued round the wide cuffs, falling in billowy folds over the wrists and hands.

There should never be any undue pressure on the throat, especially for full-blooded persons. Anything that retards the circulation in the large artery that carries the blood to the head should be avoided. Dress the throat loose enough to allow free movement of the head.

When trimming a hat always put a piece of muslin round the band underneath the ribbon or silk. This saves the hatpins from breaking the straw.

Beef-Juice—Chop and broil slightly lean meat from the round. Squeeze by means of small hand-press or lemon-squeezer into a warm cup. Salt and serve immediately. One pound of round steak usually yields from two to three ounces of juice.

In the Appellate court in Chicago recently Harry F. Good, of Lock Haven, but well known in Bellefonte, won his case giving him possession of his ten year old daughter, by his first wife. About eight years or more ago Mr. and Mrs. Good separated and in 1909 the latter got a divorce and also possession of the child.

Later she was killed in an automobile accident at Buffalo, N. Y., and her entire estate of five hundred thousand dollars was left in trust for her daughter. The child was taken by her grandmother, Mrs. Mary J. Hoxie, who refused to give her up to her father. Later the father kidnapped the child and then brought legal action to establish his right to keep her. The case has finally been decided in his favor.

A physician always in the house; a physician whose knowledge comprehends the whole of medical science and experience from the day of Galen down; that is practically what is offered in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This work containing 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free, on receipt of stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Now, Willie, promise me you won't fight any more. "Can't you wait till tomorrow, mother? I've only got one more boy to lick an' then I'll be through."—Life.

A Man to Be Avoided. "Harduppe makes me think of a busy bee." "Industrious, is he?" "Oh, not in that way—nearly every one he touches gets stung."

An Unusual Order. "Johnnie, do you wish the stork would bring in something?" "You bet I do." "A brother or a sister?" "Neither; a ketcher's mitt."

The Usual Thing. "I see where a man in New York is complaining of being railroaded to prison." "Why did he want them to take him in an automobile?"

Intangible Fortunes. "You say you lost a fortune on Wall street?" "Yes," replied the philosophic person. "But it's the same fortune my broker told me I had made the week previous, so I don't know that I ought to feel any different from what I did before."

Big Ones. "How do you make your living, my lad?" "Picking up pins, sir." "Dear me! What an odd occupation. Where?" "In a bowling alley, sir."

Amazing Ignorance. "Dibble doesn't seem to know much about business matters." "No?" "When I told him to look me up in Bradstreet he asked me what number."

A Fertile Field. "Great Scott, man, I didn't expect to run across you in this village! What is a fellow of your ability doing among all these boobies?" "The boobies."

Vindictive. "This show cost the producer \$50,000." "I'm glad of it."

FARM NOTES.

Develop a Retail Market.—Some people don't like rabbits as a regular food, but the game need not be thrown away because of this fact. There is always a demand for dressed rabbits in the cities and towns at fairly good prices. Butchers will take them and pay you from ten to fifteen cents each for them, or you can sell them to restaurants and hotels or to private customers at a quarter apiece, the price at which the butchers usually retail them. So if you bag more of the little animals than you can use at home, either dress them yourself or give them to some boy who would like to make a little spending-money.

A dairy cow should always receive a variety of feeds, and be fed at the regular times. The feeder soon learns to adjust the feeds for the particular cows in the herd. Grain should always be ground before fed. This is especially true if the owner has no hogs running after the cows. As much as 20 per cent. of the grain is wasted by passing through the digestive tract undigested when fed whole. Besides it takes energy to grind up the feed. It is better to save that energy for milk production and do the grinding for the cow. Also we want a good dairy cow to last as long as possible. If we compel her to be daily chewing the hard dry grain her teeth and stomach are likely to give out early. These are the two organs of a cow that usually give out first. By grinding the feed we can get more out of the grain, save the cow some energy and prolong her life.

When rabbits are very plentiful in any section, they are sure to do much damage during the winter and spring months to young fruit and shade by gnawing the bark from the trees. Consequently the trees must be protected from their ravages. Even a very few rabbits in an orchard or in adjoining fields make necessary the work of protecting the trees. Now no lover of nature would recommend a measure to exterminate the rabbits completely, as, for instance, the wild pigeon has been exterminated. It is good to have a few of them around, especially if one wants to take a few hours' hunt now and then, but it is not good to have them make their headquarters in the orchard. These need to be exterminated, if possible. A good dog and gun is all that is necessary to clean them up around the orchard until another season has increased their numbers.

The kind of grain that a dairy cow should receive to a large extent depends upon the kind of roughage at hand. By taking it for granted that most dairy farmers have wild hay, corn fodder and silage as roughage, the grain fed should be such as oat bran and oilmeal. All of the roughages are rich in the heat and fat-producing substances (fat and carbohydrates), while the grain mentioned is rich in the milk and muscle-producing substances (protein). This will then give the cow that which we call a "balanced ration." If the owner has roughages, such as alfalfa hay, clover hay and silage, then he can feed corn and a little oilmeal. The grain ration corn is a fat and heat producing substance, while clover and alfalfa hay are milk and muscle-producing feeds. When a cow starts to put on fat then she should take away a little of the corn and add a little oats instead; while, if a cow tends to become poor and is milking heavily, it is best to increase the corn a little and take away a little of the oats or bran.

Bloating of the paunch, or rumen, of the cow would be less common, if owners would remember to make no sudden changes of feed and to retain the same animals on clover or alfalfa pasture when wet with dew or rain. There is also less tendency to bloat when cattle are fed on dry hay before allowing them to graze rank green growths, and if they are allowed free access to rock salt and an abundance of pure water.

Bloating is due to fermentation of feed which becomes yeasty in condition and gives off gas in large quantities. The paunch, when greatly distended with feed and gas, becomes paralyzed, losing its natural muscular motion (peristalsis). Chewing of the cud (rumination) ceases, and the bowels refuse to move normally. The animal may scour at first and then become constive, or from the start of the worst cases no action of the bowels takes place. The bloating is noticed high up on the left flank. In the horse the right side is distended when gas fills the stomach. To prevent bloating on alfalfa or clover, it is well to let the pastured cattle lick a mixture of equal parts of salt and slaked lime at will and to graze but a short time when becoming accustomed to such feed.

Treatments and Remedies.—Cut green clover or alfalfa should not be fed wet, but should be allowed to wilt before use. It is best to cut supplies one day ahead. Alfalfa, damaged, heated, fermenting or moldy feed should be withheld from cattle. If bloating is noticed, simple measures of relief should first be tried. Place a piece of fork-handle or broom-stick twice in the cow's mouth, and keep it in place by cords fastened to the horns or halter. This "egg" will prevent suction. Another good plan is to elevate the forequarters of the cow by building up the stall floor. Cold water dashed upon the abdomen is helpful, and rectal injections of soapy warm water and glycerine should be given once an hour. Many simple remedies have been suggested for bloat. An excellent one is an ounce or two of turpentine shaken up in a pint of raw linseed oil or new milk. A still better mixture is composed of one or two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, a dram each of fluid extract of vomica and ginger root, and four ounces of granular hypophosphite of soda in a pint or so of water. If of such remedies are at hand, half a pint of whisky and two teaspoonfuls of essence of Jamaica ginger may be administered in a pint of strong coffee. Soda bicarbonate (baking soda) and ginger root, and sometimes is mixed with sour milk. Such a mixture is apt to prove detrimental, as soda tends to effervesce on meeting the acids of the stomach, and so may aggravate bloating.

In extreme cases the gas should be withdrawn by passing a long, smooth, rubber hose down the gullet, or tapping the distended paunch at the most prominent place, on the left side, in the triangle between the point of the hip, last rib and spinal column. This is done by means of a trocar and cannula, made for the purpose, and to be thrust inward, downward and forward. Its timely use will prevent suffocation. Remember that chronic bloating often is due to tuberculosis, so that in such cases the tuberculin test should be supplied.

DR. A. S. ALEXANDER.