

Belletonte, Pa., November 26. 1915.

SEEING THE WORLD.

"The world is wet," said the little frog, "What isn't water is mostly bog." "Oh, not at all!" said the little fly!" "It's full of spiders, and very dry!" "The world is dark," said the moth so white, 'With many windows and arcs of light." "My poor young friend, you have much to

The world is green," said the swaying fern. "Oh, listen, dears," sang the little lark, "It's wet and dry, and it's green and dark. To think that's all would be very wrong; It's arched with blue, and it's filled with song." -Jubilee Gems.

THE GIVE DAY.

The two of them, old Jonas Tucker, white-bearded veteran, one-negged ever since Gettysburg and Edward Haverford Randall, aged ten, wearing an iron brace on one leg, sat, as they were generally to be found in the afternoon after school. before old Jonas's tobacco-shop. Jonas was tilted comfortably back in a chair, his leather stump unbuckled and propped up beside him close at hand. Eddie, known in all thoughtless boydom as "Limpy" Randall, faced him from the top of an upturned drygoods box. Ever since the first day of their acquaintance the boy had had the habit of coming to old Jonas with all his troubles. Somehow their mutual misfortune seemed to the boy to deepen and strengthen the understanding between them.

Eddie had just been complaining be cause his mother would not let him go off with his brothers, Tom and Richard, on a fishing trip the next day. "You see," he explained,

"it's only a mile or a mile and a half to Edlow's when you make them." Pond, and I can walk that far easy. I've chief offender. often walked that far. Mother said Tom and Richard could go, but she wouldn't Richard. "Say, Dick," he announced.

let me go." "What do you s'pose she's keeping you home for?" asked Jonas quizzically. "Just to be mean?"

"Oh, no! It's nothing like that," Eddie replied quickly. "I suppose she's afraid I'd get tired or get hurt or something." er, "you don't mean it!" I don't want it." Well, what of it? Maybe there'll be

want it.'

"What!" exclaimed his delighted broth-

"Sure," said Eddie. "You can have it.

"You mean just for today or for

In his satisfaction at the auspicious

way in which his "give day" had begun,

"Run away, chile," she ordered; "don't

me do them."

ing.

asked.

she passed on into the house.

how that came there!" "May I have it?" Eddie asked.

of the pail of peas." "Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall with well-simulated surprise. "I wonder

His heart aglow with all the sudden

more fun in staying than going." "I don't see how that could be."

"Well, you see," explained Jonas, "fun is all in the way you look at things. There's a lot more happiness in giving than in getting; yet most people are so busy trying to get things for themselves willows for you, an' I'll show you how to cut a whistle." that they never find it out."

"But don't you like to have people give you things?"

'Yes and no," said old Jonas. "Fact is, I'd rather do the giving myself." 'How do you mean-giving? I don't

understand." "You can't understand till you try it. Did you ever think how much other peo-ple give you? Your father and mother give you a home, and lots of good things to eat, and clothes to wear, and a bed to understand. sleep in, and toys and things. Your teacher gives you an education. And what do you give them?"

"No - nothing," stammered Eddie thoughtfully. "I haven't anything to give.

"Don't you be so sure of that," Jonas asserted. What could I give any one?" queried Eddie, still dubious.

you've got yourself, for one

some other gift when bedtime came. As to a boy is always spelled in capital let-ters. He gazed for a moment into the deriet's window. He could, to be sure, got broke," added Richard. "I don't care." said Eddie, "If you broke to Eddie. He felt that every day was a to Eddie. He felt that every day was a haps he could prevail on the florist to a hundred blades.' "give day" with mother. She was always split a bunch of lilacs and give him five Something in his give day with hother. She was always spirt a bunch of macs and give him nive giving up her time to do things for him. "Say, Mother—" he began. "Yes, Eddie dear, what is it?" she ask-er who gave him most of all. He would

ed, quite accustomed to her youngest's spend all his money for her. bedtime confidences. His mind quickly made up, he went

"I'm glad I'm not going tomorrow. I'd hurrying back home, carrying a great bunch of the fragrant blossoms. rather stay here with you." "I'm so glad," she answered. "Mother

would be very lonesome with all her boys in surprise, as she heard his footsteps on gone all day." "I don't mind a bit," said Eddie. "It'll

the porch. "Yes'm," cried Eddie, "and look what be a lot of fun staying at home." "You're a dear boy to say that," said Mrs. Randall, giving him an extra hug as be hede him good night them.

she bade him good night. An unwonted sense of peace and com-fort filled Eddie's soul. Old Jonas was Only mothers, mothers delighted beyond measure at unexpected appreciation right; it did make you feel good to say from those dearest to them, know how nice things and do nice things. And as Eddie fell asleep, he had almost decided to give the knife to Richard. But still

there was Tom—what could he give spread through his whole being a sense of peace and satiety that all the ice-A breakfast-table conversation the next cream in the world could not have pro-"Tom," said Mr. Randall sternly, "you duced. And while he and his mother sat

there in one of those rare moments of promised that if I would let you go promised that if I would let you go fish-ing today, you would cut the grass of the front lawn would cut the grass of the tered, unexpectedly come home to lunch-"I forgot," was Tom's truthful reply.

eon. He was carrying all sorts of inter-"I've half a mind not to let you go," esting-looking and mysterious packages. said his father. A gleam of pleased delight came to Eddie's face. Here was a chance to do something for Tom. "I'm not going to-day, Father," he said, I'll cut the grass. It'll give me comething to here. Eddie, you open them."

Il give me something to do." In the look of surprise in his father's ed each new discovery. "Macaroons!" "Candy!" "Ice-cream!" "Oh, good!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall. face at his unusual activity and in the

expression of gratitude in his brother's countenance, Eddie felt well repaid. "Well," said Mr. Randall, "I'll let Tom "We'll have a picnic all to ourselves out on the back porch—just the three of us. of Eddie's wonderful tale. off this time as you agree to do it, but It's quite warm enough to eat outdoors." all you boys must keep your promises "That'll be fine!" cried Mr. Randall.

"Great!" said Eddie. "Yes,sir, we will," answered Tom as the

"And Eddie's to have all the ice-cream he can eat," announced his mother. "He has earned it. He cut the grass, and he A little later, while lunch was being packed, Eddie found a minute alone with shelled the peas for Maggie, and with ten cents he found he bought me all these wonderful lilacs, the very first I've seen this year. See!" "here's my knife you can have if you "My, but they are pretty!" exclaimed

> after the picnic we'll all go to the 'movies.'

keeps?" "For keeps," said Eddie bravely. "Gee, Eddie," said his brother, "that's spent was swinging idly in the hammock Late that afternoon, Eddie, tired out after the "movies," yet thoroughly hap-

great! I wish you was going with us. But never mind, I'll bring home a lot of on the front porch, wondering how soon spent, was swinging idly in the hammock his brothers would be back from their

fishing-excursion. It did not seem possi-Boys get funny notions. ble that so many pleasant and interesting things could have happened in the Eddie felt hardly a pang of disappoint same day—and to think that only yes-ment as his brothers started off. As soon as they were out of sight, he got out the lawn-mower. He pretended he content in pleasant retrospection, an odd afternoon.

the edge of the wark and under the shell ter of the shrubs, it was quickly van-quished. Almost before he knew it, the task he had undertaken in his brother's behalf was done. "It wasn't any work at all. It was just first aeronlane he or any one else in the fun," he said to himself as he put the town had seen, he recognized it at once

lawn-mower away. Made thirsty by his labors, he invaded from pictures. As he looked, the whirring ceased the kitchen for a drink of water. Black Maggie, the cook, was out on the back Maggie, the the biplane glided on and on.

Something in his jubilant tone attracted the attention of both his brothers. "What's happened?" they asked suddenly suspicious.

"Oh, nothing much," said Eddie, struggling to restrain his impatient tongue. "Oh, go on, tell us," demanded his "Home so soon?" his mother called out in the faces of all three of the homebrothers, now reading something unusual

stayers. "I cut the grass," began Eddie slowly, feeling that his narrative was entirely too exciting to tell all at once, "and then I shelled the peas, and what do you think? I found ten cents in the pail."

"Is that all?" asked Richard disappointedly.

"No, that's not all," said Eddie triumphantly. "Dad came home to lunch with macaroons and candy and ice-cream, and we had a picnic on the back porch, and then Dad took us three to the movies-" "Pooh! That's nothing," said Tom, al-though his face showed sad regret at having missed the fun.

"But wait!" shrilled Eddie, his voice rising in his excitement. "There was a great big aeroplane came sailing through front lawn yesterday afternoon. Why tween mother and son, Mr. Randall en- right in Tucker's back lot, and I was the the sky, and it came down and landed and the man asked me to watch it while he went and got some oil, and I watched "I don't know why those two lazy boys it, didn't I, Dad? And then he let me should have all the picnics in this fam- take a picture of him and it with your A delighted shout from Eddie announc-witness; nobody else but me, didn't he, Dad? And here's the pictures we took." Quickly his brothers grasped the photographs, even their hunger forgotten in entry.

Eddie's wonderful tale. "Oh, gee!" said Tom sadly, "I'd a lot of Animal Industry, which is in charge of the meat-inspection service, has disrather 'a' stayed at home."

"Sure," said Eddie happily, "a give day is lots more fun than a fishing day."

In the excitement of looking at the out to Tucker's back lot to show them the only known safeguard against this

"Wasn't Eddie a dear to spend all his

busy with the evening paper. "A 'give day.'" Mrs. Randall repeated. "I don't know," he replied carelessly. pork for the detection of trichinæ has been abandoned, as the usual methods

So Mr. and Mrs. Randall never did

"And you were right, Mr. Jonas," he concluded. "Giving is lots more fun than getting. I'm going to try to make

An Absurd Law.

Guarding Meat Supply.

More than 58,000,000 meat animals were slaughtered in establishments under Federal inspection during the fiscal year

ending June 30, 1915. Since approximate-ly from 58 to 60 per cent of the animals killed in the country are slaughtered in establishments where Federal inspection is maintained, it appears that about 100.-000,000 meat animals are now being kill-ed each year in the United State.

Of the animals subjected to Federal inspection, 299,958 were condemned as unfit for human use and 644,688 were condemned in part. Thus a little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of all the animals inspected were condemned either in whole or in part. These figures include only cattle, calves, sheep, goats, and swine.

Tuberculosis was the chief cause of the condemnations. More than 32,644 carcasses of cattle and 66,000 carcasses of swine were entirely rejected on ac-count of this disease, and in addition parts of 48,000 cattle and 440,000 swine. Hog cholera was responsible for the next largest loss, nearly 102,000 swine being

condemned entirely on this account.

The annual appropriation for the Federal meat-inspection service is now about \$3,375,000, so that the cost to the people would be between 5 and 6 cents per animal if the service was confined entirely to the inspection of the animals and very first person there when it got there, carcasses. In addition, however, great quantities of the meat and products are

reinspected. In this item there was a very considerable increase during the last fiscal year, the reinspection resulting camera, Tom, and then he took a picture in the condemnation of a total of nearly of me sitting right in the aeroplane, and he got me to sign his report as an official or another. Furthermore 245,000,000 or another. Furthermore 245,000,000 pounds of imported meat or meat products were inspected and more than 2,-000,000 pounds condemned or refused

In the course of its work, the Bureau

covered a new method of destroying trichinæ in pork, which is an additional

safeguard to human health. Refrigeration at a temperature of 5 degree F., or photographs nobody noticed Eddie's re- lower, for a period of 20 days will destroy these parasites, which occasionally

the exact spot where the aeroplane had disease has been thorough cooking of all Mr. Randall in proper appreciation, as landed, Mrs. Randall said to her hus-Eddie flushed with becoming pride. "And band:

money for those lilacs for me, but he does say such queer things. I wonder what he meant by a 'give day?'" "A what?" asked Mr. Randall, who was

ed. The microscopic examination of

have proved inefficient.

know about their youngest son's first

ing, the demand for labor this fall, both

skilled and unskilled, is constantly grow-

The U.S. Government Employment and Labor Distribution Branch, located off feed 12 hours before a It is getting to be almost a misdemean-

FARM NOTES.

-One drop of gasoline will kill a wasp instantly, but if applied to a bee or a fly it will be ineffective.

-Dogs live 15 to 25 years; cattle, 25 years; the horse, 25 to 30 years; the ea-gle, 30 years; the stag, 35 to 40 years; heron, lion and bear, 50 years each; the raven, 80 years; elephant, turtle, parrot, pike and carp, 100 years each.

-An entirely new use for sugar beets is being considered and experimented with, and is reported successful in France -that is the making of flour. This sugar beet flour is estimated to contain something like 82 per cent. of pure nutriment.

-The dairy cow is a great food producer. It is not at all necessary to kill her to utilize the feed she produces. A beef steer must be slaughtered to get the benefit of the feeds he consumed, but the dairy cow produces milk and butterfat and a calf every year during her life. We need more dairy cows.

-Millet leaves the soil in shape to produce a better crop of wheat. At the North Dakota Experiment Station it has been found that the three crops of wheat following millet produced 164 bushels more wheat than the three crops of wheat following wheat. When the millet was manured the next three crops of wheat were increased 26¹/₄ bushels or 10 bushels of wheat for the manure.

-Frequent and abundant rainfall has resulted in a good celery crop in all parts of the country. Quality will be better than usual, and this will be helpful in the disposition of a large crop. Our American markets demand a well-blanched product. In England green celery finds ready sale, but our consumers ex-pect white stalks. If well-blanched stalks also possess high quality, consumers are pleased and consumption is increased.

-Hats off to the American hen! Statistics show that the egg crop of this country for one year amounted to \$280, 000,000. The total value of the gold, silver, wool and sheep produced in America during the same year amounted to but \$272,434,315, being \$7,656,685 less than the earnings of the poultry industry. The same year the entire sugar production reached but \$20,000,000; the wheat crop, \$229,000,000; the oats crop, \$78,984,900; swine, \$186,529,033; tobacco, \$35,579,225; cotton, \$259,161,640 The poultry earnings, too, are many millions greater than the combined results from the hay, straw, flax, millet, cane, broom corn and castor beans.

-One of the most effectual means of keeping a herd free from worms is to keep the surrounding conditions sanitary, It is in fostering filth in the barn, yard or pasture that these parasites breed. But if cleanliness is observed, and an ef-fort made to keep the place dry, and if the pastures are frequently changed, there will be less danger of the pigs becoming seriously affected.

Worms seem to be a pretty general affliction in young pigs. They measure from 4 to 10 inches in length, and keep the intestines of the pigs in a constant state of irritation. It is food lost to endeavor to fatten such pigs as long as the worms remain, as the latter consume, practically, all the nutriment in the food. A simple remedy is a teaspoonful of

turpentine daily, to every 100 pounds of live weight, fed in slop or milk. The treatment should be continued for three days in succession. This remedy will prove more effectual if the pigs are kept -Philadelphia Record.

note that more swine were slaughtered in the past year in establishments under give day and how it turned out, but Ed-die told old Jonas all about it the next total of 36,247,958 were inspected at the time of slaughter, and approximately 35,900,000 passed for food.—U. S. Dpt. Agr.

every day a give day as long as ever I

give rise in human beings to the serious isease known as trichinosis. Hitherto

pork and pork products, and those persons who neglect this precaution have always been more or less exposed to the danger. Unless pork is known to have

been subjected to refrigeration as above indicated, it should be thoroughly cook-

thing. Now here's your mother that likes all of you boys and never sees much of you week days, because you're in school. Now, when Saturday comes, you all want to go fishing, and she wants one of you to stay at home. Just think how lonesome she'd be all day with you all away. You could give her yourself the whole day tomorrow.

"I never thought of that," Eddie confessed

"Tell you what, Eddie, s'posing we call tomorrow a give day and just see how much you can give other people and see offer to shell the peas for her. "Let me shell 'em," he suggested. how it goes. Whenever you get a chance to give your services to any one, you just up and do it. Here you are, ten years old-" bother me.

'Nearly eleven," interrupted Eddie. "Nearly eleven years old, and all these years you've been getting without giving. Try it the other way 'round for a chang

"I'll do it," said Eddie with conviction. "Tomorrow's going to be my give daymy very first give day."

All the way home and all that evening he was ransacking his brains for ways and means of giving. "What could he give to his father, his mother, his brothers?" The more he thought about it, the more he realized how heavy the balance stood against him. All of them were always giving him things. What had he ever given to any of them?

But what had he to give any of them? After supper that evening he went off up-stairs to his own room and overhauled the trunk in which he kept his treasures. He knew there was nothing there that would be of much interest to either his father or mother, but perhaps he might find something that would appeal to Tom or Richard. In his enthusiasm over his first "give day" he was deter-mined that it should include every member of the family.

As his brothers were going to make an early start on their fishing-trip and were to be gone all day, he decided he must those peas. find something for them before he went to bed. One by one he went over his it?" "You may do what you like with it; you found it," his mother said. essions. There was his stamp-album. Both his brothers had albums already and newly acquired wealth, Eddie grabmuch more complete than his. Eddie's in fact, was made up largely from the specimens they had discarded as duplibed his cap and started down the street. cates. There were his beloved books. It ing any more fun than me," he solilowould be useless to offer them. Tom and Richard cared little for books. No, there was nothing in the trunk that would do for either of them. As he put back the articles, he stood meditating with his hands in his pockets. Instinctively his fingers closed on his dearest like that. A give day's lots of fun." ession, his knife, the wonderful knife that uncle George had given him only a week before, with four blades and a file thought of the "give day," that thus far he had given nothing to his mother-to and a screw-driver. Richard wanted that, he knew. Hadn't he offered to trade him all sorts of things for it? So far he had refused all offers. He just couldn't give up that wonderful knife. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to keep it. All the blades in it were ever so sharp. He wanted it, too, for carving out a boat. He was going to begin just as soon as he succeeded in finding the right kind of a piece of wood. He must discover something else for Richard. He just couldn't get along without that knife.

Thout that knife. He was still racking his brains for Eddie was only human, and ice-cream

coming down! "I don't see why we got to have peas "Oh!" he cried. "It's going to stop on the day I's got ma sweepin' and dustin'," she complained. here.

As fast as his lameness permitted, he Eddie's condition of self-satisfaction headed for Tucker's back lot, arriving received a sudden and severe jolt. In there before any one else, just as the his "give day" plans he had forgotten to great aeroplane settled slowly and graceinclude Maggie, and she did lots of nice things for him. She saved him hot rolls when he was late for meals. Often, too, she made the gingerbread and cookies he "Here, young fellow," he said, extend-

liked. Had he ever done anything for ing his watch, "make a note of the time. her? Had he ever given her anything? I'm in the intercity race, and I've got to He could not remember that he had. have a witnessed record of how long I stop. Where can I get some oil?" Here was his opportunity. He could

stop. Where can I get some oil?" "There's a garage just two blocks down the street," said Eddy, pointing excitedly; "down that way. Can I go for it?" "Til get it myself," said the aeronaut, triding canidly away. "Watch her till I

"No, I mean it," Eddie persisted; "let striding rapidly away. "Watch her till I come back." Amazed beyond further protest at such

Eddie quickly found himself the censurprising and unusual consideration, ter of an interested crowd eager to in-Maggie relinquished the huge bowl of peas and with a doubtful shake of her spect the aeroplane, and he proudly explained to all of them about the race. As head vanished to attend to her sweepthe aviator returned and began putting There on the porch, industriously in the oil and tightening up the braces, a splitting the never-ending supply of pods, Mrs. Randall found Eddie on her return sudden daring resolve came to Eddie. "Would you mind very much," he asked

from market. "What's mother's boy doing?" politely, his voice almost sinking away in she his throat as he did so, "if I got my brother's camera and took a picture of "Shelling the peas," he answered

you and your air-ship?" Unobserved by her son, Mrs. Randall opened her purse and then made a pre-tense of fumbling among the pods. "My, "Go ahead," said the man, "I'll be here at least ten minutes longer."

In a jiffy Eddie was back with Tom's camera and tremblingly squeezed the what a lot you've got done," she said as bulb while the obliging aviator posed be-A few minutes later Eddie followed her side his machine, and the crowd looked with a delighted shout. "Oh, Mother!" he cried, holding up a bright, shining on enviously.

"Now, wait a minute," said the aviator dime. "Look what I found in the bottom as Eddie carefully turned the film. Taking the camera from him, he lifted Eddie into the seat of the aeroplane and snapped a picture of him sitting there holding

the wheel. "There you are, kid," he said, returning "Why, certainly! Finders, keepers. You deserve it surely for shelling all the camera. "Now you've got two pic-tures worth having. And here, sign this record-twenty-two minutes for a stop. "May I go and get an ice-cream with You are the only one that was here when landed."

Feeling more important than ever be-fore in his life, Eddie, turning the pre-cious camera over to his father to guard, grasped the aviator's fountain-pen and wrote his name-not it must be con-fessed, in his best handwriting-but his "I'll bet Tom and Richard aren't havfull name, Edward Haverford Randall.

quized, more jubilantly than grammatical-A moment later the engine was start-ed, the propeller-blades began to revolve, the whirring sound increased in volume, ly, thinking how much he would enjoy telling them about the finding of the mysterious dime among the peas, and of for a few yards the great machine glided over the turf, and then, rising slowly and how surprised they would be. "I'll bet neither of them ever found any money gracefully above the fence, above the nouses, it mounted up and up and sped Just then it came to him, with the farther and farther away until finally it was lost in the distant sky, and the

miracle was over. At supper that night Eddie and his father were still discussing the wonderfar he had refused all offers. He just had ten cents to spend as he liked. Why the pictures which Mr. Randall had had ful event and looking again and again at

"We didn't get a bite," said Tom cross-

or to possess an American flag in Massa chusetts; and Boston, with memories of Paul Revere and Bunker Hill and Lexington and Concord, is the chief exponent of a most absurd law. It is ruled that the use of the American flag as any part of the illustrated front cover of a magazine is a debasement of the flag to purposes of advertising. Even a glass paper weight, devoid of a single word, cannot be sold or given away, if it contains the flag. During the past three months three

excellent magazines, of national reputation, were barred from circulation in Boston, under penalty of heavy fines—and what was the "offense?" On one a group of aged women were portrayed in the diabolical act of sewing an American flag; in another a Fourth-of-July girl had two small American flags in her hair, and the third showed the flag with patriotic quo-tations from the President of the United

States printed below. In each instance the flag was used in a dignified manner. What more impressive than the bent form of white-haired mother-hood fashioning with trembling fingers the stars and stripes? What more beautiful than young womanhood, with all the charm of grace and beauty, espousing the flag which has given more to daughters and mothers than any other fag on earth? What more appropriate than that the momentous words of the commander of the Army and Navy should find expression beneath Old Glory, to honor and protect which he has taken his solemn oath?

At heart we are sound, but in our desire to avoid the semblance of devotion to royalty we have gone to the other extreme.

For fear of appearing sentimental, we reluctantly arise when the national anthem is played; we see its folds break from the peak with covered heads and faint applause. Must we have another scourge of shot and shell to teach us the lesson of its worth? What we need in this great melting

pot of nations is not less American flag but more of it. Let it fly from every school-house, in every State; let it unfurl when our courts of law convene; let its folds drape our pulpits; give it a place in every shop, and office, and home. Let

our girls wear it in their hair, and our boys wear it on their breast. Let it not be the emblem of a holiday, but let it find its response from the first words of first-born all the way through life, and with his last breath let him praise its grandeur and bequeath its trust to children's children.-H. H. Windsor, in the December number of Popular Mechanics

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age.

Estimates made by the bureau of statistics of the State Department of Agriculture, from reports made by its igents in every county, are that the ape crop of Pennsylvania will run about 14,000,000 bushels this year, against 22,-000,000 bushels in 1914. Not one county reports a full crop, and some of them report less than 30 per cent. of the aver-

age for the last ten years.

-They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

at No. 135 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa., has on file hundreds of opportunities for workmen in various lines, and comparatively few applicants to meet the demand.

In this connection it is interesting to

Golden Era for Labor.

Commissioner of Immigration, E. E. Greenawalt, under whose supervision the Federal Employment Bureaus in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are operated, and who for the past thirty years has been closely identified with labor affairs, says that in all his experience he has never known a condition that could be compared with the present industrial activity. "The year 1915," he declared. "with all its frightful calamities, will nevertheless go down in history as marking an era of golden opportunity for labor in the United States of America."

The invaluable service rendered by this Government Labor Bureau to both employers and those seeking work, is absolutely free of charge. The following live opportunities are now on file in the office of the Commissioner of Immigration, Philadelphia, Pa. Persons desiring to make application for any of these po-sitions can obtain full particulars con-

cerning same by applying either in per-son or by mail to the U. S. Labor Distribution Branch, at either No. 135 South Second street, Philadelphia, or Berger Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Unlimited number of first-class ma-

chinists, tool makers, etc., good pay, for various sections of Pennsylvania. Laborers for foundries, stone quarries,

sewer work, railroad workers, furnaces, cement workers, painters, etc. First-class sheet metal workers for

Philadelphia. Miners, mine laborers, machine run-ners, etc., for coal mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Unlimited number wanted.

Machinist's helpers, carpenter's help-ers, quarrymen, moulders, etc., for Western Pennsylvania.

Farm hands for Pennsylvania, New lersey, Delaware and West Virginia. Have a large number of calls from different sections for domestics at good pay.

Potatoes Shrink in Storage When Held for High Prices.

A potato storage house should have good ventilation and be dry. If it can be maintained, a temperature of 32 to 40 degrees is best. With a higher temperature there is a greater loss of moisture by evaporation and more danger of loss from rotting, in case diseases affecting stored potatoes are present.

Growers contemplating holding pota-toes for higher prices should bear in mind the inevitable loss from shrinkage

the stored product, even when disease absent. This loss, depending upon onditions, may range from 8 to 15 per cent or more, from digging time to March or April.

Interesting figures on potato shrinkage were secured by the Pennsylvania Ex-periment Station at State College in an experiment conducted last winter. It

-The housewife who makes her own vinegar may be assured of both its purity and strength if she follows certain specific directions, according to Miss Carrie Pancoast, of the Missouri College of Agriculture. Good vinegar can be prepared from cider. Fill the barrel or cask half or two-thirds full. A considerable surface of the liquid must be exposed to the air. For this purpose bore two-inch holes in opposite sides of the barrel-one near the surface of the liquid and one near the top of the barrel. Cover the holes with wire netting to prevent the entrance of flies. One of three methods may be pursued in the formation of vinegar from the cider: (1) Allow the cider to stand until souring occurs: (2) add a little vinegar of good quality, or (3) hasten the process by the addition of the "mother" of vinegar previously prepared. Part of the vinegar may be drawn off and the loss made good with fresh cider, using care not to break the film. The added cider will rapidly be converted into vinegar, and the process may be repeated in three or four When drawn off the vinegar should be strained and placed in tightly-stoppered vessels-otherwise it will lose its strength.

-Now that the cold and dreary days are about at hand, it is fitting that the farmer turn his attention to the comforts and discomforts of the young animals in his care.

If the lots, floors or beds become wet, and the pelts of lambs, pigs and calves gather moisture indoors and out, the feeble animals become chilled, and the body warmth of even the robust is taxed, so that a part of the feed goes only as so much fuel to maintain the normal temperature. This increases the food of support and lowers the amount to be directed to increase of growth.

Dark, damp days and dark, damp pens or beds are not only a tax on the vitality of the young animals, but also on the feed bin.

The dark, damp pen not only breeds discomfort and taxes vitality, but it improves the conditions in which disease germs multiply and thrive. Dampness and darkness favor the rapid increase of microbes, a prolific source of disease. Dryness checks the development of these microbes, but it does not destroy them. They only lie dormant, ready to renew their increase as soon as the need-

ed moisture arrives. The dreaded cholera germ may lie dormant for months in a dry place. Sunlight destroys disease germs. It is essential to life and health.

So it ought to be clear to every farmer that the best method of keeping live stock in a healthy condition during the winter is to allow plenty of sunlight to enter the stables and pens, and allow the animals to be out in the open air enough to invigorate and cleanse them.

There are rainy periods during which there is very little, if any, sunlight, and was found that in twenty-six varieties of potatoes stored under the same condi-conditions favorable to microbes and distions there was an average shrinkage of 10 per cent from October to April. The that some powerful disinfectant be used, least shrinkage was 7.88 per cent and the such as zenoleum, a coal-tar product, greatest 14.32 per cent. The mean tem-perature of the storage room by months, except for the first and last months, ranged from 33.3 degrees to 39 degrees F.

"Well, boys, what luck?" asked Mr. Randall as they entered.