WHERE IS YOUR FLAG?

I see that a flag von have floating Outside of your window today, Your patriotism denoting In quite the conventional way. You feel big and brave In making it wave,

But whisper to me, here apart D'ye wear it around your heart, my boy. D'ye wear it around your heart?

A pin in your coat you are wearing Of red and of white and of blue, So every one will be staring To see an American, you! That patriot pin Is beautiful in Its place in your neat buttonhole. But is it within your soul, old top?

D'ye wear it within your soul? The flag in your talk you are waving; It flies in the wind of your speech; Its folds you forever are saving:

But say! would you fight as you preach With fire on your tongue You cry to the young Fore'er to the flag to be true. But, then, would you fight for it too, good sir? But, then, would you fight for it too?

On top of your many skyscrapers You, Plutus, are flaunting it now, And making quite sure that the papers Print cuts of your patriot brow. You cry, "Never sleep. A watch we must keep To save our dear flag from assault!" But, say! is it kept in your vault, old man! Is it safe with the gold in your vault?

THE KEEPER OF THE WELL.

-John O'Keefe, in N. Y. World.

It was high noon on the desert. A wagon was crawling in the yellow, shimmering heat of the distance. It came nearer. It was a squat, irontired wagon, pulled by two lean horses. Two men sat, silent, under the dirty canvas top. Their sweaty clothes stuck to their bodies; big, dirty drops dripped slowly from their faces and hands. The horses stopped, blowing, near two big cacti.

The reins dropped from Bill's listless hands and he swore thickly. Lengthy gulped before he could answer. His tongue felt like a piece of dry, crackling leather. "Bill, we'll walk and drag 'em." The sound of his words seemed to come, not from between his lips, but through the top of his head. He climbed down stiffly. "When they stagger—we'll cut 'em loose. They'll find water somewheres; horses allus do."

They lurched on, dragging the horses. The sands burned through the thick soles of their shoes. The desert was like a heated mirror; everywhere was dazzling, shmmering heat, above, around, beneath.

After a mile the mare whinnied. gasped, and quivered down to her knees, her eyes bulging with terror. The other animal stood still, the harness drawn tight about his outspread,

harness silently "Pore old Mol!" Lengthy ran his took off the bloody bit carefully, pried her mouth open again. "Sprue, by God! The water 'll cure it, though, dreds of them, I want to say the control of the control of the carefully, pried tailed and her usefulness is nil. "To such women, and there a dreds of them, I want to say the control of the carefully, pried tailed and her usefulness is nil. for ye, Mol, old gal."

The horses stumbled to the waterbox in the end of the wagon. Mol shoved her nose under the loosened lid. She sniffed in each parched corner. Then she stood looking at the two silent men near the cactus and whinnied brokenly.

Bill straightened his cramping shoulders. "They-Lengthy looked at the blue, swollen tongue, hanging like a dead something from the man's mouth. He turned his head quickly. "Yes, they'll We'll have to go on to Josh's; it ain't

ders huddled over. Bill had not spoken for an hour. His swollen lips were splitting open, and the fresh blood trickled down and dripped on his wet shirt. Suddenly he pointed, straining forward "Water, water! Hear it trickle, trickle." He made a gurgling sound with his mouth. "Pretty water

-pretty." Lengthy shook him. "Bill, Bill! It ain't but five miles to water. Stand up, Bill!"

Bill staggered on listlessly a few steps. He stopped, his knees quiver-He raised his head slowly and looked straight into the red-glazed sun. "Pool—clear pool—deep pool; water—water—"

Tears trickled helplessly down Lengthy's blistered cheeks. "Bill, lisen—listen. I'm going to leave you, Bill, sabe? I'm comin' back."

Bill's bloodshot eyes stuck out. "See—see! The little silver fountain. See the slender, clear glasses of water; bubble, bubble, see it bubble.' Lengthy pressed his hands hard on Bill's heaving shoulders. "Bill, I'm comin' back—comin' back."

"Coming back--coming back." Bill said it listlessly. "Pretty water, coming back—coming back"—the words trailed off; he spread out his arms on the soft, hot sand; his lips were still moving stiffly, though no words came

"Bill, here's some more-" Lengthy poured the cool water on the blue, puffed face, on the sweaty, sodden shirt. "Drink it, Bill." He wedged the canteen mouth between Bill's lips. Bill opened his eyes; a blue film had formed over the pupils. A sort of consciousness crept into the motion of his hands; a light glimmered in his face. He grabbed the canteen; some of the water gurgled down his chin and made streaks on his shirt, which dried almost immediately.

Lengthy sat on the ground beside him. Stiff clots of blood were on his clothes. A burro near him, its streaming sides heaving.

The canteen dry, Bill stared around stupidly for a minute; then he collapsed. Lengthy straightened the

body and covered it with the burro

When Bill opened his eyes again Lengthy stood near a small mesquite, scraping his clothes with a stick. It was cooler. The burro was grazing quietly. Lengthy gave him the other "Feelin' better, Bill?" canteen.

Bill put the empty canteen on the ground. He looked at the other man a long time, then: "Lengthy, you're all bloody. It is all on your legs." Lengthy raised his head slowly. "Killed a man, Bill."

"Killed a man"—dully— "killed a man?" He sat up with a jerk, his face eager, intense. "Killed who?" "The old man that keeps the well." "Poor old divil." Bill's face tightened. "He was a pretty good man, Lengthy. What for did you kill

Lengthy shifted and looked over at the distant sky-line. "He wouldn't give me any water." A new look came into the Irish-

man's eyes. "Why? Why?" "No-sabe. And you was here-a a-dying." Lengthy turned his back. "Lengthy—Lengthy"—an odd, half-abashed love was in the tone of his voice-"Lengthy, did you walk all them miles and bring back water to

Lengthy did not answer; and a silence hung between them. Suddenly Lengthy said quietly: "I wouldn't have killed him, but when I went down in the little hollow for water he went in his tent, brought out his shot-gun. He shot at me twice—

hit me right here." Lengthy's ear was clipped; the blood had formed a hard crust around it. Bill looked at him a long time. "Where did you hit him?"

"Struck the jaw; it was a soft-nosed Bill bent forward. "And that tore

all the head off'n him?" "No; just made a hole in the top." Bill looked at the smooth, distant ine of the sky. His voice dropped a little. "Where is he, Lengthy

"He's in the little tent over there. I washed him up—some. Bill got up to his feet dizzily. The sun was sinking. "Come on, Lengthy." He drew in his breath heavily. "We've got to go and dig the hole—and put him in it. Poor old divil."

Lengthy stretched his arms slowly. You ride there on the burro, Bill; you is tired and most sick."

"Sit on him yourself, Lengthy; you is tired. But they led the burro those six It was a tired old thing; Lengthy had nearly killed it when he returned with the water to Bill.—By Jane Anderson, in Collier's.

iConserving Food—A Woman's Duty.

"Many a woman who is patriotic at heart and has every desire to serve her country feels that she is prevented from doing so because she must stay at home and continue to do her own housework and care for her little children," says Mrs. Jean Kane Foulke, adviser on household economics and home sanitation for the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. "She has rightly felt that this was her special business and duty in the past and she steaming legs, his head hanging down. has been happy and content to meet The men's eyes met. They cut the demands of the average woman's life by 'making a home,' but now when the air is full of calls 'for servshe feels that her sphere is cui

"To such women, and there are hundreds of them, I want to say a word of encouragement. The service you do in home building is the best today, as it has always been, that any woman can do, and the problems of keeping and making a home will be more and more difficult as time goes on. Therefore, every woman should set herself at once, as never before, to study the business of her home; the business and care of her family, not only for her family's sake, but for the service she will be rendering to her country. Every potato and pound of a homeland and a nationality of their flour, every egg and ounce of cereal own. The national dream that has find water; horses allus do. They'll she can save, or put to its best use, is sustained them for a score of centu-find one of the old tanks, maybe. that much service rendered. The ries and more will have been fulfillwoman who plans and studies to save ed.' but five miles to there. But they'll to use what even careful housekeep-find water, horses allus do." And they ers have heretofore overlooked as ers have heretofore overlooked as in New York and Chicago broke out stumbled on hopelessly, with shoul- things of little value, will be setting into "poster-type" headlines. At last

a standard and example that of itself will be of untold value to the country. "In most households too many varieties of food are served at one time, which is waste and unnecessary, and greatly increases the difficulties of putting the household budget on an economic basis, to say nothing of saving food. Food values and food combinations should be worked out, and after due consideration has been given to the individual tastes and peculiarities of the family, when sufficient amount and variety is placed on the table, more should be withheld for future use. It is in little matters that much waste occurs, and often from habit and a dread of seeming 'mean.' For instance, over-large pieces of cake are cut, and the plate on which it is served may be over-loaded. Pie is also cut in such quantities that much of it is not eaten. Bread too is cut in large slices and baked in loaves of such size that only large slices can be cut. These seem small matters, but they represent the 'leaks' that total an enormous waste. It has been stated by the United States Department of Agriculture that over seven hundred million dollars is wasted in

rance or carelessness of the women who are responsible for them. "Here is a kind of 'service' that the most 'tied down' domestic woman may give, and it is 'up to her' and her alone, to control these intimate matters of her own home."

American homes through the igno-

—The custom of lifting the hat is traced back to the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in armor. It became a custom, however for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century. but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced to its influence none is more direct in its origin than the lifting of the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman." waste and scraps from the table.

A Jewish Republic in Palestine.

The adoption of a resolution by the Mein Gott, vill you mein partner bee? Kehillah, the organization which represents the sectarian and educational interests of three-quarters of the 2,-500,000 Jews of Greater New York, expressing confidence that the United States, together with its Allies, will use its best efforts toward the realization of the hope and aspiration of a Jewish people for the re-establishment of a free and publicly recognized Homeland in Palestine," is, says the Provisional Zionist committee, indicative of the eagerness with which the Jews throughout the whole world are waiting for the word which may come from either Washington or London, or from both capitals simultaneously, that their twenty-century long aspiration has at last been realized. So certain and so imminent does this appear that every day the Zionist movement gains new and notable con-Israel Zangwill, the noted verts. English writer, was the first of these. He had held aloof from the movement, doubting its practicability; then Jacob H. Schiff, of the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., came forward in advocacy of a Jewish spiritual center in Palestine; Adolph Lewshon, the copper magnate, came next. And every day new names are added to the roster of those who are prepared to work for the upbuilding of a Jewish Republic in an independent Holy Land, set free by General Sir Archibald Murray's army, which is fighting its way through Palestine to the conquest of Jerusalem.

Twenty years have rolled by since the organization of the Zionist movement with its slogan "the establishment of a publicly recognized, legally secured homeland for the Jews in Palestine"—a movement bringing into the realm of the practical what for the past 2,000 years, from the very day that the overwhelming Roman le-gions swept the Jewish Nation off its native soil, has been a pious wish, a devout prayer. During these two decades the movement has been busy establishing colonies, schools, libraries and other institutions of a national character in the Holy Land. On Christmas day of last year General Murray's army invaded Palestine. Two months later Norman Hapgood, the gifted American journalist, proposed that the United States establish a protectorate over Palestine and invite the Jews to establish themselves there on an autonomous basis. Hardv has the interest in Mr. Hapgood's plan subsided when again there comes news from Palestine—that the British army had overwhelmed the Turks at Gaza, were building a railroad and driving the Turks before them. The Jews began to see visions of the Un-

ion Jack floating over the Holy City. Then came the Russian Revolution, making it possible for the Zionists of that country, for the first time in history, to make a propaganda for Zionism without fear of arrest and imprisonment. Within a week after the downfall of the autocracy, the Russian Zionists had held their first con-

vention. Hardly had the ink dried on the press reports of the first Zionist convention ever held in Russia, when the first substantial token of the early realization of the great Jewish hope was given to the world in the semi-official proclamation by Gen. Sir Archibald Murray of the intention of Great tablish a Jewish lic in Palestine.

"What should we do with Palestine thus liberated from the century-old Turkish grip?" General Murray asks this question and answers: "There this question and answers: can be little doubt that we should revive the Jewish Palestine of old, and allow the Jews to realize their dreams of Zion in their homeland. All the Jews will not return to Palestine, but many will do so. The new Jewish State, under British or French aegis would become the spiritual and cultural center of Jewry throughout the world. The Jews would at least have

Now the Yiddish daily newspapers a definite word had been spoken by one in authority to speak definitely. Sir Archibald Murray, it was felt, would not have uttered such momentous words unless the British government had sanctioned them-unless the establishment of an independent Holy Land was part of the program of the Allies. This was quickly followed by an editorial in the "Manchester Guardian," the organ of former Premier Asquith, also favoring the project,

and an article by Sir Harry Johnston in the London Evening News (a Northcliffe paper) in the same strain. The greatest climax to date in the Jewish drama is the announcement that came from Washington, hard upon the arrival in this country of Britain's High Commission to the United States, that President Wilson and Arthur Balfour had uniformly discussed this project, the realization of which would be the fulfillment of prophecy

Up-to-Date Battle Cry.

We'll rally 'round the hoe boys, and join the ranks of toil, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" We'll train the crops to grow, boys, as tillers of the soil, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" Where there is work to do, boys, we'll gather on the spot, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" To duty we'll be true, boys, and till the vacant lot, shouting the battle cry 'Feed 'em!" Nature, kind mater, will aid in our need. Down with the tater; up with the weed; So we'll rally 'round the hoe, boys, and train the crops to grow, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"-Boston Post.

Keep Pigs the Latest Advice.

Keep pigs instead of chickens, is the British government's latest advice to householders bent on maintaining the food supply at the least possible expense. It appears that it costs less to feed a big pig than it does to feed a little chicken. Chickens eat too much corn for want of which horse racing is about to be halted in England, while pigs will clean up all the

DER KAISER'S PRAYER.

You don't know who I am? Ich been der German Kaiser. Der, Emperor, well, I am.

You know I vipped dem Belgians, Unt mit bullets filled Russia full, Unt I'll vip France unt Italy, Unt plow up Johnny Bull.

For all dem odder nations I vouldn't giff a damm, If you'll chust be mein partner.

Unt I'll vip dot Uncle Sam. You know I got dem submarines All Europe know dot vell, But Edison's got a patent now Dot plows dem all to Hell.

Now Gott, if you do dis for me, Den you I vill always luff, Unt I'll be Emperor of de Earth, Unt you be Emperor Aboff.

But Gott, if you refuse me dis. Tomorrow night at leffen I'll call mein Zepplins all out. Unt declare var on Heffen.

But I vouldn't ask dis all from you, But it iss plainly seen, Ven Edison pushes dot button. I got no submarine.

American Commission to Italy.

Sending of an American commission to Italy to ascertain how best to establish political and commercial relations between the United States and this country has been advised by the American Ambassador, Thomas Nelson Page, it is stated. Mr. Page has been studying the opportunities for the development of trade between the

If the United States does not now improve the political and business relations with this country, it will not be Italy's fault. Indication of the eagerness of Italy to meet the United States more than half way has been shown in the large number of articles printed in the newspapers lately, not only urging but demanding that the Italian Government seize the opportunity presented by the entrance of the United States into the war to cement these international relations. Italy was not more than three weeks later than the English and French Governments in appointing a commission to go to the United States to confer regarding the war help to be extended, particularly in the way of new loans, and during this period important newspapers like the Messagero of Rome, and the Corriere della Sera of Milan printed series of articles attacking the Ministry for its slowness in creating this commission. These articles were not mere political attacks, but written by patriotic men who desire closer relations with the United States and feel that the entire prosperity of Italy depends on these relations. Writers in the Corriere della Sera pointed out that Italy formerly had been under German domination, was now threatened by English exploitation, and that her future as a nation depended upon new and free relations with the United States

In this connection the American financier, George B. Page, who has spent his entire business life in Italy, and who appreciates the business op portunities of the Nation, said to the Associated press:

"The success of establishing lastng and profitable relations between the two countries depends entirely upon the personnel of the commission sent here by the United States and the trouble it takes to look into the

business opportunities here. David Lubin, of California, who established in Italy the International Institute of Agriculture, said:

"Italy and the United States were never so close together as during the past few years. This situation came about first through the Italian immigration and then by the business following hard upon that. There's a big chance now for Americans to trade here and sell here clothes, all the things sold in mail-order houses, machinery, machinery parts and manufacturing outfits. The Italians have got started, the war has waked them up, has forced them to do things well and quickly, and all they need is a little more help. What they can do has been shown in the glove industry. It used to be thought that the French were the only people who could make gloves. In the needlework industry they have already begun to supplant the Jews around New York and they are showing up well in that line in their own country. Italy has a big and sober population. All she needs is to put it to work, to teach it how to work, and for that reason American business organizers are neces-

What is a Kilowatt?

A watt is a unit of measure for electricity just as the quart is a unit of measure for milk and the bushel as a unit of measure for corn. Kilo is a Greek word measuring 1,000 and a Kilowatt is 1,000 watts. The watt takes its name from James Watt, the famous physicist. Here are a few things a kilowatt of

electricity will do: It will light 3,000 cigars. It will run an electric clock for ten vears.

It will heat a curling iron three minutes every day in the year, Sunday included

It will heat the bedroom for an hour in the winter, or keep the room cool for 21 hours in the summer if a small ventilating fan is used. It will propel an electric automobile three miles, knead eight sacks of

flour into dough, or operate an electric piano for ten hours. It will light an old 16 candle power Edison lamp for 15 hours. Or a 25 watt Tungsten lamp for 40 hours.

hours. Or a 60-watt Tungsten lamp for 25 The energy produced by a kilowatt hour of electricity should keep a

Or a 40-watt Tungsten lamp for 25

small motorcycle at small speed for The energy produced by a kilowatt hour of electricity running through a motor will raise twenty-two tons of coal in an hour.-Ex.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman".

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

There is a way to do everything, even if it be but to boil an egg .- Emerson.

Strawberry Ice Cream.-For strawberry ice cream, boil together two cupfuls of sugar and four of water for half an hour. Then add two quarts of strawberries and cool for a quarter of an hour longer. Freeze, and when the dasher is removed fold in a pint of whipped

To set delicate embroideries, doilies, waists, etc., soak them before washing for ten minutes, in a pail of cold water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of turpentine.

A little sugar added to oatmeal while it is cooking improves the flavor.

To remove yellow stains from the margins of engravings carefully sponge them with a solution of hypochloride of calcium.

A piece of sandpaper is of great help in removing stains from cooking

Never roll up children's socks, as this stretches them so badly at the ribbed tops that they wrinkle and fall down when worn.

To clean white leather bags or belts, use oxide of zinc.

There are many aids to the home dressmaker nowadays. One is a clever little net bodice foundation that comes by the yard. It is simply white net about seven inches wide, edged on both sides with narrow lace. It is boned every five or six inches. So when you wish to make an evening or afternoon frock, you cut off a length of this net sufficiently long to reach around your waist—and you fit hooks and eyes along the edges, which you securely turn under. And there you have a bodice foundation.

To the woman who knows the full value of dress the question of whether she will wear a straight or a barrel skirt is rather secondary, after all. A woman who really has the trick of being always stylish and well groomed is much more troubled as to whether she will succeed in finding all the necessary accessories of her costume so they will harmonize with one another. Most women have been through the enlightening but discouraging experience of a selection of hats, veils, sunshades, shoes, etc., buying these according to the fancy of the moment or because of their individual beauty.

The day she assembled them with ner dress or suit she found that, beautiful in themselves, they did not go well together at all, and she wore them uneasily and unhappily, feeling that perhaps she looked like a patchwork quilt!

It is very difficult to go shopping and buy coldly and with forethought -to plan a wardrobe so that everything will be in relation. Yet it must be done with as good grace as possible, for it is the only way to be really

Don't be led into the dismal mistake of thinking that your "favorite" color must of necessity, become you. By some perversity of fate quite the reverse is often the case.

What's your best color? Well, pull your dressing glass into a north light (the most cruelly truth telling light of all) and try first one and then another shade until you are really sure. Here are a few general hints that may help you to select the colors to be tried:

White suits almost any one-unless she has a yellow skin. Ivory white is the best and most becoming shade. Tans and browns go with brown eyes and russet locks. Turquoise blue imparts its color to light gray eyes.

Dark crimson, maroon and claret color all demand color in the wearer, while dark green brings out any pink tint in the cheeks. Pearl gray makes a good skin look fairer and dark blue should not be worn by the pale or sallow complexioned lassie.

When occupied in such pastimes as eading, writing or sewing, or in fact when in any sitting position, it is very easy to slouch in one's seat and as a result curl the spine up in some outandish and unhealthy attitude.

This naturally is injurious to the spine. It impairs the breathing and s generally weakening. Not only this, but it will, if done continually, cramp the muscles of the abdomen and cause indigestion and intestinal

trouble. Sometimes the results of this constant sitting in an unnatural manner proves fatal. To sit correctly and comfortably is the easiest thing in the world if once

the habit is acquired. The feet should be placed flat on the floor, heels together, toes slightly apart. Crossing the ankles while seated often appears awkward, and aside from this it will deform them if one places them in this position

continually. The back should be erect, though not rigid, and the head held comfortably high. Whatever the work on hand may be, it should be raised to the level of the eye. This avoids strain, both of body and of eye.

This correct attitude should be practiced constantly and one will note readily how much better one feels and how truly restful it is. Far more so than the lounging position. If this is remembered, there will be more bright faced women and more attractive per-

There is nothing so distinguished as a dignified and at the same time unassuming bearing. This is not out of reach of any one of us.

Over 400 women are fighting alongside the men in the Russian army.

For the first time in history, the wife of a President participated in inaugural ceremonies, when Mrs. Woodrow Wilson stood by the side of her husband while he took the oath of office for his second term.

New York State has more working women than any other State in the

FARM NOTES.

-It is estimated that seventy-one per cent. of the spring plowing was completed in this State before May 1. -Tennessee is the largest strawberry producing State with an estiproduction cf 25,000,000 mated quarts.

-It is estimated that almost four per cent. of the ground sown to wheat last fall has been plowed down on account of the severe winter killing.

-The condition of wheat compared with an average in Pennsylvania on May 1 was 87 per cent. while it is only 73.2 per cent. in the United States

-The average yield of maple sugar and syrup per tree in this State is estimated at 3.5 pounds as compared with 2.2 pounds last year and 3.3 ponds in 1915. -The condition of timothy and clo-

ver in the State indicates a crop of about 1.26 tons to the acre as compared with 1.64 tons per acre for the number grop of last year. -The winter losses of honey bee colonies in the State is placed at 11.8

per cent. during the past winter as compared with 17.1 per cent. in 1916 and 15.7 per cent. in 1915. -The prospects for a big peach crop from the peach belt of the State remain exceedingly bright. In the western end of the State the peach

buds were winter killed in many sections. -The average production per acre of both wheat and rye in the State this year is expected to be below the average for the past ten years. Present indications are that the average yield of wheat will be 15.6 bushels per

acre, and of rye 15.2 bushels per acre. -Ants are industrious workers, but they are so industrious that they become a nuisance for they will infest houses, particularly the pantries, hunting sweets. They are also to be seen climbing trees where they find aphids. The aphids secrete a honey dew on their abdomens of which the

ants are especially fond. There are ants which carry aphids to the roots of corn, others carry aphids to the roots of strawberry

plants To control ants one must follow them and find the nests. Pour in each nest a little carbon bisulphide, and immediately cover the nests with damp cloths or clay to prevent the fumes from escaping. The fumes being heavier than air will sink to the bottommost portions of the ants' nest,

smothering them. -When you find that your garden or lawn has been plowed by some subterranean animal that leaves ridges all about, you become peeved. The moles do this work. They are hunting for earth worms, and all kinds of larvae which infest soil, and so are really your aids because they help to get rid of insect pests. They do not eat vegetable matter, so that even the choicest bits of apple or potatoes that have been poisoned for them remain

untouched. The only way to catch them is by means of traps specially made for this purpose, and which can be purchased at hardware and agricultural supply stores. They are sometimes dug out, but as they are very sensitive to all vibration of moving objects overhead they retreat immediately when danthreatens, and so are

-Why the Turkey is Disappearing from Pennsylvania.—There is a good deal of evidence to show that the turkey, which at one time had representatives as part of the poultry flock on every farm in the State is only now occasionally found there and has in fact as a commercial crop disappear-

ed from the State. The turkey, being without question the king of all domestic poultry, as a table bird, it seems too bad that farmer, producer and city consumer both are nearing the stage where they no longer can enjoy turkey for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

All of which is mostly unnecessary in the opinion of W. Theo. Wittman, poultryman of the Bureau of Farm Advice, Pennsylvania State Department of Agriculture. He says that if turkeys are a crop that is getting more and more difficult, then it is mostly due to the grower himself. The turkey is a native of Pennsylvania, throve here prodigiously and will continue to do so if given the chance.

These chances are: First, a relentless culling out of the breeding stock, anything that is small or weak, or that was slow growing or that was ever sick, etc. Among our wild turkeys Nature attends to this unceasingly and unsparingly. Second, keeping the breeding stock roosting outdoors and keeping it lean. If it gets fat in October and November, it must begin to get thin by January and must be thin when breeding season comes. Every turkey grower should hang these first turkey rules in his home or office until they are so impressed upon him that he can never forget them, for, while what follows is also of importance, these first ones are altogether of prime importance. Third, avoiding as much as possible incubating turkey eggs in any way except by the turkey herself. Several generations of chicken reared turkeys and the turkey refuses to live. Fourth, when the poults or young turkeys hatch let them alone with the turkey hen and do not feed them anything Allow them range and freedom but no man fed food. Fifth, feeding young turkeys "to keep them at home" as so many think they must do lest they trespass, has largely made turkey growing the failure it now is. Turkeys must roam, must find their own feed if they are to live and while it is true that trespassing turkeys may do some slight damage to farm crops all the damage they ever do is entirely offset by the tremendous amount of harmful bugs and noxious weed seeds they destroy over the land they are trespassing. Probably not a single bird that we have and that we protect and invite can equal a growing turkey at these things. Sixth, the turkey rules to live, seem simple enough; are very simple, the only trouble seems to be that the horse sense they embody is rarely employed. As to turkey diseases, there are none under this method.