THROUGH THE YEAR.

January, cold and grim, Makes the sun look pale and dim; February, longer days, Pouring rain and snowy ways; March, the trees begin to sprout, Violets are coming out. April, bursts of shower and sun-Springtime really has begun; May, with sunlight bright and fair Blossoms hanging everywhere; June, with hardly any night, Happy season, warm and bright July, with the storm clouds gray, Often hides the sun away. August comes with burning heat, Scorching ground beneath our feet. September, with her yellow fields, Shows how earth her increase yields. October chills bring on the rime, Make us think of winter time; November, dark, dull and drear, Foggiest month of all the year. December brings us Christmas day, Every heart is blithe and gay. -Selected.

"LITTLE FELLER."

The fugitive breathed his horse on the summit of the Little Ten Pins. Through the heat-dance of the tenuous Arizona atmosphere his spy-glass revealed the five flat-roofed adobes of Escovedo, forty miles to the south. He had breakfasted there that morn-

No pursuers were yet in sight. But "Kentucky" Harrod had no illusions on this score. The four Tollivers were human bloodhounds when aroused, and they had sworn not to cut their hair or shave their cheeks or sleep in a bed or sit down to a table for meat until their murdered brother Larkin was avenged.

"A fool oath, too, as I look at it," soliloquized Kentucky. "Whisk won't help 'em none to ketch me." "Whiskers

He nibbled a cracker and took a swallow or two of tepid water from a bottle labeled "Old Bluegrass Pride." He then drew from its holster a revolver that resembled a baby cannon-a forty-eight-ounce Colt, with a sevenand-a-half-inch barrel—and slowly turned the cylinder. The six huge, blunt-nosed bullets which nestled in the chambers brought a glow to his black eyes. They were friends that would never fail him. So, too, was his Winchester repeater, and after inspecting it also he closed his dustcaked, broken-nailed fingers around the rusty-brown receiver with some-

"You and me air due to go some 'twixt now and night."

This habit of talking aloud to him self and his horse broke the oppressive silence of the fastnesses in which he spent a good share of his time. playing hide-and-seek with the minions of the law.

A mile long declivity let him down to the plain again, and he was adjust-ing his impedamenta for a canter when he suddenly gave the reins a pull that nearly set the startled Petey on his haunches. In the middle of the trail, all but under the horse's ho lay a baby, vigorously kicking its pink-socked feet, waving its fat hands squinting its blue eyes at the dazzling

cloudless sky. After emitting a sonorous and somewhat profane ejaculation Kentucky slowly dismounted, dropped to one knee, and stared blankly at his find. Not since leaving his old home back in Kentucky, twenty-five years before, when his mother stood at the gate with his tiny sister in her arms. had a baby been presented directly and imperatively to his attention. Therefore no monster, real or mythical, could have astounded him more than this atom of humanity, alone and yet alive, in the midst of this inhospitable solitude.

"Bah-bah!" cooed the little one, at sight of Kentucky's sharp, leathern face and drooping black mustachios.
"What's that?" demanded the startled man. "Bah-bah!"

Kentucky was speechless for a mo-

"Damme, if he didn't say 'papa!" Why, little feller, I ain't your papa! I ain't nobody's papa. I don't know whar your papa is, nuther. Nur your mommy. How come you hyer, anyway? Did you drap out of a wagon, unbeknownst? If you did, I reckon your mommy will be back-along soon to git you. I'll loaf around a spell, anyhow, to see. This is my busy day or I'd lope you down to Gentryville right off, where there's women folks that know how to take keer of small fry like you."

The trail through the Little Tens is a short cut from Antelope to Gentryville, seldom used on account of its roughness, however, except by gentlemen in a hurry, like Mr. Harrod him-Yet some one else had unquestionably used it, and that very recent- ful lot of time as it is.' ly. But what mother could be so careless as to lose her baby? Or was this bantling one of those shuttlecocks of cent face with quickened interest.

"Yes, little pard," he repeated, "I'll loaf around a spell, just as I said. Meanwhile, your folks 1. Ay come. If they don't, why— But pshaw! what's the use of borrowin 'rouble-

He led his horse behind a boulder the size of a house, a few rods aside from the trail. Here he waited an hour. No one came. In his heart he had expected no one to come. He had waited merely to salve his conscience and to decide upon which horn of this unexpected dilemma he should impale

"Little Feller," said he soberly, as if talking to an adult, as he again knelt by the foundling, "it's you or me. Ef I stay hyer, waitin' for your mommy to come, the Tollivers will git me sure. Ef I leave you hyer, and alack! no lights shone from the house, the Tollivers don't come before tomorrow mawnin' and find you, you'll that Petterson and his crew were out be dead from cold and starvation. Ef on the round-up and might be absent I take you with me, you'll die anyway.

little grains of rice in your upper goom air no good fer chawin.' Thar's nothin' below fer 'em to hit ag'inst."
He touched the child for the first time, gently pushing back its upper lip to take a look at the tiny teeth he had observed when it laughed.
"Bah-bah! Bah-bah!" it exclaimed,

in ecstacy.

The man drew back as if stung. "The little cuss thought I was goin' to pick him up!" he murmered, and wiped a sweat from his brow that no mere heat had produced.

As he arose his quick eye discovered a foreign object on the landscape, three or four hundred yards away. His telescope resolved it into a dead Indian. The mystery of the babe's presence immediately cleared. The red devils had attacked a party of whites; the whites had repelled them, but in

"Little Feller," said Kentucky, presently, "I've got a better plan for you.

I'll take you on a piece.' It was a strange sight that the burning Arizona sun looked down upon-Kentucky Harrod, cattle-rustler, horse-thief, three-card-monte sharp, and all-round "bad man," riding along with a babe in his arms. He held it gingerly, as if it were a case of eggs, fearful that the limp little body would part in the middle or the head come loose from the neck.

For a time he dared not let Petey move faster than a walk. But, gaining confidence in the stability of the little body and realizing that this slow pace was courting death for himself, tiently he presently spurred the animal into a canter. To his surprise Little Feller accepted the wave-like motion with a spread of his rosebud mouth into an unmistakable grin. Kentucky then ventured another touch of the rowels. whereupon the youngling actually gurgled with joy and, reaching out a fat little hand, fastened it upon Ken-

could have retch that fur!" And he bowed his head so as not to loosen the baby's grasp, for, strange to say, there was something soothing about

But finally the hand fell away; the white lids, with their long, dark fringe, slowly closed over the blue eyes; the lips met and formed a crescent. Little Feller was asleep.

The plan of which he had spoken was to deposit his charge at the crossing of the Patterson ranch trail. Charlie Patterson's factotum, Candi-Munoz, nicknamed Gallinito (Chicken-heart,) made almost daily trips to Antelope for the mail, or a strap, or a bottle of whiskey. He thing like affection.
"Gid-ap, Petey!" said he at last. strap, or a bottle of whiskey. He might come along that afternoon, or early the next morning, and thus find the babe in time to save its life.

On reaching the cross-trail, Kentucky slipped gently from his saddle and laid Little Feller in the shadow of a rock, close to the path, but not in it, lest the hoofs of Candido's pony work cruel havoc. Then he fumbled with his clumsy fingers at a couple of safety-pins until the babe's white quilt was snugly adjusted about its feet, hands, and head, for, though the days were hot, the nights were cool.

At this juncture Little Feller stirred and began to make a sucking sound with his lips. Kentucky pausin a jerky, uncertain fashion, and paternity, the sign was unmistakable. "He's a-dreamin' of his mother's breast!" he whispered.

The sight and sound were too much for him. He drew a cracker from his pocket, ground it to dust in his dirty palm, and added water, drop by drop, until he had a starchy paste. This he applied with his forefinger to the moving lips. But Little Feller turned his mouth aside and whimpered. 'Tain't no delicacy. I know, but it's

all I got," observed Kentucky, sadly. after a moment of silence: "Little Feller, I hate to do it, but I got to leave you. You're on'y a baby and I'm a man. Ag'in, life ain't passed over to the shed, emerged with nothin' much to you, while to me it a horse-blanket in his hand, and covair considerable sweet, though you mightn't believe it. You git my p'int? Now all you got to do is just to go to sleep ag'in. Maybe Candido or some one else will find you. And if they don't, the angels surely will."

He hesitated a moment. Then, as if fleeing from a plague, he leaped into the saddle, sank his spurs into Petey's flanks with a savagery which surprised that animal, and clattered away. At a hundred yards he stopped

short. His conscience was not a delicately adjusted instrument. Fleecing a tenderfoot with loaded dice or stacked cards was the pastime of a summer hour. Rustling a bunch of mavericks was merely a filip to his spirits—a kind of emotional cocktail. Larkin Tolliver was merely the last of several men whose souls he had hurled into eternity. Yet at this moment he heard a still, small voice speak from within.
"But I cain't take the little cuss

along!" he argued with the Voice. cain't feed him. Don't know as I kin feed myself. And I've lost a power-Again the Voice spoke, and again

the man listened. "Yes, it does look as if I war playmisfortune whom mothers are sometimes willing to lose? An outcast he admitted, slowly. "And when he wakes up it will be dark and cold, and he'll say 'Bah-bah!' and wonder where I've gone."

Tears suddenly filled his eyes; his heart leaped within him, and standing in his stirrups, with his hat removed and his eyes fixed upon a snowy cloudlet, he cried, "I'll take him to Patterson's if the coyotes pick my bones fer

Patterson's lay thirty miles to the west. The detour involved a delay and an exposure which might spell death for a man with a price upon his after the present supply of milk was head. But just one thought kept tap-tapping at his consciousness: Little He Feller had called him papa and clung

to his mustache. When he reached the ranch it was long after dark, with the lop-sided moon lifting an inflamed, dull-red face above the eastern horizon. and Kentucky bitterly conjectured

several days. You can't eat jerked meat. You ain't! One hope remained. Charlie Pat-

got no teeth to speak of. Them two terson, being of a luxurious nature, kept poultry and milch-cows, and somebody might have been left behind tion. Even Kentucky knew to take care of these—perhaps Galli-nito or the Chinese cook. Neither of delicate stomach. these gentlemen would make ideal

choosers. lustily, and tossed its legs and arms distance until he could ascertain the empty air and jerking his clenched advanced. No one was in sight. Doors and windows were locked. The bunkhouse was empty, and there were no horses in the shed or corral--conclusive evidence that the place was ten-

Candido was probably over at Crossman's playing chuck-a-luck. Yet he would certainly be back in the morning to milk, for Kentucky made out unforgiving Tollivers, spurring dog-the dark bulk of two cows in their gedly on toward the north, with a their hurried retreat had lost the corral; and if the little one were left in the right spot-say the kitchen, where milk-pails were doubtless kept

—he would almost certainly be found. Kentucky returned for Petey and Little Feller, and rode boldly up to the rear of the house. The kitchen door yielded to his weight. Lighting one of the half-dozen lanterns which hung on the wall, he proceeded to look ler, Little Pard, Skeesicks, Tadpole about, for of course the babe would have to be fed to stay him through the night. Luckily, the milk was right at hand, three pails of it stand- in grown men when the life-flame was ing in a cooling trough of water. Half filling a dipper, he laid Little Feller in the hollow of his left arm and tendered him a teaspoonful of the inviting fluid. But the babe impatiently rejected it as he had the

"He wants it warm, of course!" ejaculated Harrod. "I've forgot all I ever knew about nussin."

the resourceful Kentucky took down tucky's piratical mustache.

"Cuss me!" ejaculated Harrod.

"Who'd a' thought the little skeesicks while Little Feller, who, according to all traditions, should have been bawling lustily, merely whimpered in a subdued, minor key which strangely stirred the man's heart. It reminded the tremendous, wicked waste of him of the aftermath of a flogged food? It would be a sad comment on puppy's grief.

In five minutes the milk was warm, and Kentucky, with hands that fairly trembled-for the child was evidently too weak from starvation to cryagain filled the spoon. Little Felier had presumably not before been introduced to a spoon, and seemed not anxious to make its acquaintance. But presently, getting a taste of the milk, his lips began to work vigorously; he sucked and nuzzled like a little pig, one hand tightly clasping his nurse's forefinger, the other slowly opening and closing.

The feeding was a twenty-minute which fanned his cheek.

his identity, putting spurs to his waste. horse. For the fraction of a second ed. In spite of his inexperience with Harrod hesitated. Then realizing that he must have been recognized, and that the Mexican's escape would set upon his trail within a few hours, he drew his six-shooter and fired.

The light was very bad, but he aimed by instinct rather than sight, and Gallinito somersaulted from the saddle in ghastly simulation of an acrobat. For a moment the slayer watched the dark, formless object on the ground; then, when it remained motionless, he stepped inside again, apparently as unmoved as if he had ony put a period to a coyote's yapping. ered the dead man.

the price on a man's head requires a boldly in full confidence of what he is stiddier nerve than yourn was." He re-entered the kitchen and gazed

at the babe long and steadily, one-half is already spending and will expend of his thin face and hawk's-bill nose practically all go immediately into in deep shadow. Sadness rather than circulation here in payment for servbadness was the dominating expres-

So I'll take you, fer better or fer no thought of stimulated industry enworse, as the sayin' is; and God help tered into our decision to fight for your pore little soul, fer better will be universal freedom, the result will be a your pore little soul, fer better will be

bad enough.' He emptied the water from his bottle and filled it with milk. Next, foraging through the kitchen and adjoinng store-room, he collected a loaf of oread, a flitch of bacon, a can of corn. and several cans of sardines. Then blowing out the lantern, he strode off with his passenger and his plunder

He would have liked to ride all night to make up lost time, but it was imperative that Petey be rested and grazed. So he went into camp about four miles away, near one of Patterson's wells, tethering Petey and shar-

ing his poncho with the babe. Sleep, however, did not come as not himself; it was Little Feller. After care for the child. But en route, when he had to keep moving up to the limits of Petey's endurance, what then-

He rose at dawn, heated the milk with shavings and splinters from the well-curb, fed the babe, and was swinging rhythmically across the grassy plain before the Ten Pins had fairly shaken the mist from their peaks. With his glass he made out smoke in the west, which he supposed rose from Charlie Patterson's camp; but nowhere, not even in the south,

was a horseman to be seen. The day was hot, and about noon, when he thought another feed due his marines.

ward, the milk came from the bottle slowly, in a thick and lumpy condithan to put such stuff into a baby's

In the variegated course of his life nurses, but beggars must not be Harrod had never before suffered such a depression of spirits as at this mo-Leaving babe and horse at a short ment, with Little Feller sucking at the lay of the land, Kentucky cautio sly hands to and fro. A lump rose in his advanced. No one was in sight. Doors throat, and suddenly, he laid his weathered lips against the little one's velvety cheek, and murmered, thickly,

'My pore little pard!" The outlaw paused, swearing soft-ly at the tangled skein of his fortunes. —and then went into camp. It was only three o'clock by the sun, and by rights he should have ridden until midnight; for in his mind's eye he could see the Tollivers, the relentless, minimum of food and sleep for both

man and beast. He camped because he knew that Little Feller was failing-starving. He no longer cooed, dimpled, and laughed when Kentucky snapped his fingers and whistled and crowed like a rooster, and called him all the pet names he could think of-Little Feland se on. Also, in spite of the heat, there was a coldness about his nands and feet which Harrod had observed burning low.

(Concluded next week.)

Save, But Do Not Hoard.

When the word first went out to our people to stop wasting, it was repeated so rapidly and so often that in a few hours the message had lost that wer knew about nussin.'" original meaning. The necessity to husband our food supplies and exerthere was no time to fire it up. So cise every caution against needless the resourceful Kentucky took down waste still confronts us, and will unanother lantern, removed the globe, til one year after the war ends. But and twisted off the frame, thus converting it into an oil-stove. Mean- mal expenditures for other ordinary

> Will anything short of actual food restriction bring our people to realize the tremendous, wicked waste of our intelligence if so. The food waste, to which every one of us must plead guilty, is so great that every day in the city of Chicago alone 1,-250,000 pounds of foodstuffs are dumped into the city's garbage-cans, while the waste in the entire United States would sustain life for every man, woman and child in our thirteen largest cities. Here is where we can

all help, even the children. In the city of Philadelphia is a very wealthy man, now retired, who started life as a poor boy. His father had died, leaving the mother and several children. These children were allowoperation. Then Kentucky, with a ed to have sufficient food, but her consmile on his face that rivaled that on stant admonition was, "Never take the babe's for contentment, laid his onto your plate more food than you charge on the floor and rose to intend to eat." So thorough was this straighten his cramped back. As he did so there came simultaneously the report of a rifle outside and the crashing of a bullet through the window never takes upon his plate more than hich fanned his cheek.
Instantly extinguishing the lantern he is certain he will eat. Every boy and girl can help in this, and at the with a blow from his hand, Kentucky same time enlist their parents in a resprang to the door—in time to see form which does not restrict the quan-Gallinito, whose sombrero betrayed tity of food, but does stop a wicked

We should cultivate the spirit of saving, but not carry it to the extreme of hoarding, which, when general, upsets all the machinery of busthe whole Patterson outfit hot-foot iness life. Nor is there need of it, for never in the history of this country has so much money been spent in the same length of time as will go into circulation by reason of war preparation. Eevery farm, factory, industry, mill, shop, and railroad will be called on to exert its utmost efforts. Many establishments will run night and day and then be unable to keep pace with the demand. Everyone, man and woman, who is willing to work will

be employed at good wages. Just now we are in the position of the swimmer who has plunged into very cold water: It takes his breath away and for a moment he hesitates. "You made me call your hand, Gal-linito," he murmered. "Playin' fer conscious strength he strikes out

The billions which the Government ices and material, and extend to the most remote points. Markets for "I've tuck a life. The least I kin do now is to try to save one. Little Pard, there'll be no Gallinito hyer tomorrow mawnin' to milk and find you. will be alive with activity; and while period of unusual material prosperity. As the President very aptly says: It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient." We need more business, not less. Now is the time to open the throttle.

Don't waste; don't hoard; be normal; get busy.

-The area of the coal fields of the United States is put, by the Geological Survey, at more than 450,000 square miles. The estimated available supply exceeds 3,500,500,600,300 readily as usual. For almost the first tons. Thirty States of the Union are time in his devil-may-care, neither- underlaid with bituminous coal. In look-before-nor-after career he wor- 1915, the last year of which we have ried. But the source of his worry was complete reports, more than 530,000,-000 tons of bituminous coal were reaching his haven in the Wolf Den mined, at a cost ranging from \$1.08 a country and building himself a shanty, or sharing that of some other fu-Since then there have been advances gitive, he felt sure of his ability to amounting to 30 per cent. in the wages of the miners. Let us be liberal and make the total wage advance 50 per cent. and let us add this to the maximum cost of coal at the pit, that named for Oregon, which is extraordinary. When this is done the result cannot be reconciled with the price of \$12.06 per ton, which the city of Boston wos forced to pay, for 400 tons, a short time ago.

> -British admiralty chemists have have perfected a device for generating in a few minutes sufficient smoke to mask a vessel for hours. All vessels are being fitted up with the device as a means of escape from sub-

THE PIVOTAL QUESTION.

Said Joe to Sam in fierce debate Upon the woman question, You've answered well all other points, Now here's my last suggestion When woman goes to cast her vote

Some miles away, it may be Who, then, I ask, will stay at home To rock and tend the baby?"

Appear a little breezy. Suppose you put this question by, And ask me something easy. Yet, since the matter seems to turn She went to pay her taxes!"

Our Sacred Debt to Our French Friends.

A feature of the recent debate in the House of Representatives on the emergency bond issue of \$7,000,000,-000 was many expressions of kindly feeling by members for the Republic of France. Suggestions were made that the paragraph providing for the loan of \$3,000,000,000 to foreign govern potato and other plants ernments should be amended with restrictions instructing the President to whom the loans should be made, and some gentlemen favored authorizing a large loan to France without interest, in recognition of her loan to America have been attacked by cutworms. One during the Revolution. No such restrictions were included in the bill, although the pleas for them were Don't blame the trouble on earthstrong. Representative Montague, of Virginia, former Governor of that State, replying to an objection by Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, said:

"I repeat that if France had taken the ground that the distinguished gentleman from New York takes now, we never would have taken any assistance from France 145 years ago. The total land and sea forces co-operating with or auxiliary to our Revolutiona- dry mash, which barely holds together ry war was 45,289 officers and men. When the surrender of Yorktown took amounts in proportion. Scatter broadplace the French army surpassed in cast and sparsely in the evening over numbers the American Regular Army and surpassed the whole American Birds will not eat the mash containarm, if you exclude the militia that was then co-operating with the American forces; and when the Continental Congress met after that great victory, almost its first action was to provice that a monument should be erected at Yorktown to commemorate equally the achievements of France and America alike.

"Now it has been variously estimated that the cost of these expeditions, land and sea, was between \$350,000,000 and \$722,000,000. France has never asked us to repay that. We never have undertaken to repay it. I had hoped in these bond issues there might be some statutory recognition of the gratitude of this Nation to another great Nation for its deliverance in the hour of need. What France needs now are munitions and supplies and commodities from this country. She would rather have one barrel of flour upon her soil than one man standing on the face of the earth covered by that barrel.'

Representative George S. Graham, of Philadelphia, paid this high tribute to France:

"I would like to call attention to what the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Montague) advocated in such eloquent terms—our relations to agree with France. thought, and wish it were practicable to put an amendment in this bill so that we might at this time, when the situation is so exactly analagous to what it was in the Revolutionary period, say to France: 'We will make you a loan, the interest upon that loan shall be remitted, and that loan itself shall be payable at your pleasure.'

True, France was fighting England in those days; but we are fighting Germany. True, she loaned us money without interest. She gave us men. She gave us the immortal Lafayette to help Washington in the dark days of the American Revolution, and it would be but a small thing for us now to say and show that the old remark is without truth, that republics are ungrateful; to show to the world that America with her higher ideals is prepared to set a new standard of action among the nations of the earth."

In opposing an amendment to permit Congress to determine to whom money should be loaned by this Government, Representative Rainey, of

Illinois, said: "Today thousands of our friends and Allies are dying in the trenches of Northern France, and according to the theory of this amendment, before we can lend to France a dollar we must discuss the matter at great length here in the Congress of the United States. While this awful war is raging and the very life of the States who are our friends are in danger, we must permit all the members of both Houses of this Congress to determine how much money we are going to let them have in this, the hour of their national pevil in this hour when they are fighting our bat-

tle along the battle fronts of Europe. "France did not treat us that way 140 years ago, when our credit was gone; when it cost \$150 of American currency to buy a bushel of corn; when it cost \$2,000 of American currency to buy a suit of clothes. She loaned the impoverished young Republic of the western world millions from her Treasury at the request of the great Franklin without any discussion and without debate. And she sent her fleet and armies, which finaly led to the surrender over here at Yorktown and later to the end of that long war; and afterward she remitted the interest. The millions she expended when she sent her armies and her fleet here in the defense of this young Republic in its natal hour we have never repaid."

As It Struck Bobby.

An earnest teacher who sought to give her pupils an understanding of English words was describing the advantage of suffixes. "We know," she said, "what 'danger' and 'hazard' "We know," mean; now add 'ous' to each word and give the meaning."
"Dangerous—full of danger; haz-

ardous-full of hazard," said the class in concert, and Bobby raised his hand At a nod from the teacher he con-

"And 'pious-full of pie."

FARM NOTES.

-There is a shortage of spring pigs according to reports from farmers in all sections of the State, only about 89 per cent. of an average being raised.

-This country imports between 2,-000,000 and 3,000,000 pounds of Roquefort cheese each year. The price has risen since the beginning of the war from about 20 cents a pound to about 35 cents a pound, in France.

-About 20,000 acres of land sown to wheat last fall was ploughed down this spring on account of the poor stands through winter heaving. Many farmers left poor fields stand as they figured a good price for wheat would pay for raising half a crop.

-There has been a decided decrease in the prospects for a big peach crop, and fruit growers say that the cold weather indicates a large June drop. On June 1 the indications pointed to a crop of about 76 per cent. of normal, but this will be far above least year's yield.

-Reports of exceptional damage er, pepper, potato and other plants throughout Pennsylvania and in other States are received almost every hour by letter or phone.

Do not mistake the fact that plants cut off at the surface of the ground may not see them, for they hide during the day in soil or under rubbish. worms or slugs, as many persons are

Cutworms are easily controlled with a simple remedy, and with one application at this time. Make a poison bran mash by mixing dry twenty-five pounds of bran with one-half pound of Paris green, moisten with one quart of cheap molassas, the juice and chopped pulp of three lemons or oranges, and sufficient water to make a when squeezed in the hand. Smaller gardens or fields to be protected.

ing fruit juice. —In the thirty-five year fertilizer experiments at The Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture and experiment station, either slaked lime or carbonate lime applied alone in large amounts and frequently has given a small increase in crop yields. Burnt lime alone during a period of thirty-five years gave an average increase of 701 pounds of total products per acre in a rotation as compared with the untreated plots immediately adjacent to the burnt lime plots. Pulverized, raw limestone under the same conditions gave an average increase of 1,334 pounds of total products in a rotation as compared with the untreated plots nearest to the pulverized limestone plots.

The larger return from burnt lime has been where it was used in conjunction with barnyard manure. In this case there was an increase of 1,001 pounds of produce per acre in a rotation valued at \$6.38.

It is evident that lime is not a fertilizer, and that after the soil has been limed fertilizers should be applied in the usual way. Land plaster or gypsum has had no measurable effect on the crops grown. It has not prevent-

ed the soil from becoming sour. -Observers for the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture have started sending in reports of hens starting going into moult. As it is now universally recognized by poultry experts and trapnesters that the early moulting hens, 75 to 80 per cent. of them, are loafers as layers, the thing to do is not to waste precious grain and other feed on such hens the rest of the summer, all of next fall and most of next winter, but to let

them go to market at once. The new and better poultry knowledge the poultry people have today as the result of much painstaking and tedious trap nesting of many thousands of hens proves conclusively that it is the late moulting and not the early moulting hen that should be prized and kept over.

Late moulting hens, or hens that put off moulting until October or November in this State, 90 per cent, of these, prove out to be the persistent and the heavy layers.

Therefore, the hens to keep over are those that moult late. This year not a single hen that moults late should be killed when every good hen in the country, or every hen that is a likely machine to turn grain into eggs these next few years, will be needed. This does not apply to hens that moult late because they are diseased or because they were hatched out of season the year before.

-Chanticleer birds bid fair to rob the country again this summer of enormous quantities of good grain

and eggs. Or, the old rooster will again put in his deadly work at destroying good food this summer, mostly because the country won't rise up and smite him. So says the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture who in two previous years have announced a "Rooster Day" about this season as a day when every male chicken of adult age within the State should be either penned or killed.

It is too late now to set any more eggs this season because the chances are all against these extra late chickens being worth the much needed grain it will take to raise them.

Hens without the presence of the males will lay more eggs, will be in better plumage, moult better, be better content and lay eggs that will infinitely keep better.

In fact the latter is the great reason for this campaign against the rooster, for without him eggs will be sterile or infertile. Now infertile or sterile eggs stand heat much better, in fact under the influence of any temperature, hen house, depot platform, freight car en-route or corner grocery; above 90 degrees if the egg is a fertile egg the germ is quickened or life started. Later this dies and there is a spoiled egg. So many are spoiled that the summer's loss will amount to about fifty million dollars.

The Department of Agriculture wishes the hearty co-operation of every poultry keeper in the State in this year's campaign to swat the rooster. Get busy and kill yours now.