Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 16, 1917.

THE CONSCIENCE.

I sold my conscience to the world;
The price I thought was good,
The conscience—'twas a useless thing;
I needed clothes and food.

But when 'twas gone my joy went, too,
And peace had flown away,
The things the world gave in their place
Were broken in a day.

And then the way grew steep and dark,
My feet began to slide,
I did not know which way to go,
For I had lost my guide.

I bought my conscience back again—
My conscience worn and old!
The world demanded thrice the price
Since I to him had sold.

Just all I had I paid for it,
And took the poor thing back,
And turned me to my empty home,
Yet did not flee alack.

It nestled in my heart,
And held my life as true,
And showed me right and wrong as clear
As if I had been new.

I have my conscience back again
The world may keep its gold,
For peace and joy have flown back, too,
And never shall be sold.

—Unknown.

"FINE FEATHERS."

Eighty-three cents out of balance.

Mary Brown leaned back in her office chair and eyed the ledger page before her with profound distaste.

Figures were accursed things. She whole-heartedly hated them and everything connected with them, hated addition and subtraction and multiplication and division, hated ledgers, hated with particular vigor the man who had first invented systematic book-keeping.

Presumably the wretch was dead, and she hoped that, somewhere, he was trying to strike a balance that would eternally elude him. No; she could not wish for any one so frightful a punishment as that. After all, thousands of men and women were making their living out of his silly old system, and that ought to be counted in his favor.

She was making her own living by book-keeping, taking care of Jimmy and her mother by book-keeping. It was not gay, but it was better than working in a shop or a factory. She had a fair salary and every one was decent to her. A girl was safe in Robert Faulkner's office.

The look of distaste in her pale, tired face deepened. Safe; of course she was safe. She would be safe anywhere. Who would ever look twice at her. Why should anyone look at her? It was humiliating to be as safe as she was. Even when she stayed late at the office, as she was staying tonight, and went home alone through shadowy side streets, no one paid the slightest attention to her. She was glad, but—

Now Flossie and Mayme and Katherine and Rose and the rest came in every morning with exciting tales of adventure on their homeward ways the night before. Apparently they had not been ignominiously safe for a moment between the office building and home. "Stunning looking" men had smiled at them in the elevator, spoken to them on the street, followed them in smitten swarms. They had taken refuge in convenient drug stores, only to find the young men of the soda fountains over-ardent; and at last, having won past many dangers, they had run the last half blocks of their homeward ways to escape from amorous and audacious male beings.

Mary Brown smiled a little as she remembered some of the morning's chatter of the mannequins. Even when she was very tired and more than a little rebellious her sense of humor was not dead, and she had a fund of common sense that made her appraise the beauteous beings of the show-room and their tales of conquest at something like their face value. Still—She pushed the meekly parted brown hair back from her frowning brow and sighed the smile from her lips. Being sensible was lonesome business. The show-room girls were a good sort, even if their favorite magazines had made them believe in Salamanders and other fabulous creatures, and they had a great many more thrills out of life than she had.

They worked; but their work meant taking care of their complexions and figures and being marcelled and manicured, and trailing around in gorgeous clothes and seeing everyone who came in, and getting boxes of candy and flowers, and invitations to dinners and theatres. They had smart clothes of their own, and their evenings, even allowing for highly flavored tales from their dressing-room accounts, must be tremendously diverting.

"I'd rather have a good time than be sensible."

The girl at the office desk hurled the remark at the back of an empty chair across the room from her.

"If I wasn't so sensible, maybe you would know I worked in the same office with you," she added.

There was anger in her voice, anger against things as they were. Poverty and worry and hard work, one could stand them all if only life were not dull, hopelessly, drearily dull, if there were happiness, or even excitement, to look forward to at the end of a gray day, if a thrill occasionally shot a shaft of rose color through the day's grayness.

Suppose,—supposing was no sin—suppose that a broad-shouldered back with which her imagination was filling the chair across the office from her were actually there. Suppose the imaginary head bent over the papers on the desk were real. Suppose the man should whirl the chair around, look at her, as if she were a girl and not a piece of office furniture, and should say—

"Oh, Miss Brown! Thank heaven you're not gone! Just come here for a minute, please."

The crisp voice brought her to her feet, flushed, startled, one hand nervously clasping her throat. Summoning genii from the outer void was awesome work.

Robert Faulkner was standing in the doorway looking at her, and not as though she were a piece of office furniture.

She could not warm her heart at the look, could not feel flattered by it; but at least he saw that she was there and that she was feminine. That was more than his eyes had ever acknowledged before in the three months she had worked in his office.

He eyed her appraisingly, speculatively, as she went toward him across the room, and a little doubtful shake of the head indicated that he was not satisfied with what he saw; but he spoke like one making the best of a bad situation, and courteously. Robert Faulkner was always courteous to his employees in his impersonal, preoccupied way.

"We're in trouble, Miss Brown, and I want you to help me out. Whatzler from San Francisco is here. He's had a telegram calling him home in the morning—sickness in the family. Only this evening here, you see. I picked him up at the Waldorf and brought him over. We can't afford to lose him; the girls all left two hours ago and the stuff doesn't show for what it is in the hand. You look like a thirty-eight. Will you show the line? Start with the high-priced evening gowns and coats. That's the grade he handles. I've hung them out. You'll find what you need in the dressing-room, I suppose. I'd suggest rouging and dragging your hair up high some way."

Evidently he was not hopeful. The neat, subdued young person in the cheap blue serge was not the stuff of which visions that will sell five hundred evening frocks are made; but she was a thirty-eight, and his need was dire.

He hurried back to his customer, while behind him a curious thing was happening.

Mary Brown came out from the office, across the hall into the dressing-room, walking as though in her sleep; but, standing there before the long triple mirror under the rose-shaded lights she wakened, wakened from the tips of her ill-shod feet to the top of her plainly dressed head.

Stars were set glowing in the serious eyes, the drooping mouth curved into smiles, unsuspected dimples followed in the wake of the smiles, and siwft little waves of color came and went about the dimples.

The girl who unfastened the blue serge dress, allowed it to slip from her white shoulders, and kicked it scornfully aside along with her worn shoes, was young as Mary Brown had never been young, blithe as Mary Brown had never been blithe. She picked up a pair of pink silk stockings, drew them on over the feet whose arched narrowness the old shoes had hidden, put on pink satin slippers over the stockings, and sat for a moment eyeing her outstretched feet with ineffable satisfaction. Then she brushed her hair up from her face and coiled it in a loose high knot, after the fashion of Mayme and Flossie and the others, dabbed a little rouge on her cheeks, powdered her smooth skin, and reached, rapturously, for a cloud of pink and silver that hung, first of a long line, against the walls of gray and ivory.

Five minutes later, Robert Faulkner, talking against time and uneasily watching the dressing-room door, stopped in the middle of a sentence and drew a long breath that was almost a whistle.

Through the door came a girl in pink and silver, a girl he had never seen.

She was tall and slim and radiant and sweet. Her chin was tip-tilted audaciously above throat and shoulders that melted like snow into a roseate mist of pink tulle. Downcast eyes gave the lie to the chin's audacity, but red lips curled into endorsement of the chin, and above a low white forehead a shining mass of brown hair waved up into a coiffure sophisticated to its topmost strand.

Forward she moved, slowly, indolently, in true mannequin fashion, setting one foot across before the other with each step, swaying slightly, trailing clouds of glory with a superb indifference to the cost of tulle and silver lace.

Half way across the room, she paused, turned a graceful back to the two men, posed with negligent self-confidence in one attitude after another to display her frock from all angles. Then she came close to the man from San Francisco, and stood at ease.

"Number 84," she drawled softly.

Not for nothing had she in idle moments watched half quizically, half enviously from behind dressing-room curtains.

"One like the model and one each in orchid and blue," ordered Whatzler, sternly sinking the natural man in the business man; but when she that had been Mary Brown had swayed and glided from the room and the order was correctly booked, he smoothed his fat chin and looked thoughtfully at Mr. Faulkner.

"Some peach. Your stenographer, you said?"

"Book-keeper" corrected Faulkner, with as much curtness as one shows to a valued customer, and with an unreasonable feeling of irritation.

"Oh, . . . Yes? . . . Well—"

There was a type of man Robert Faulkner loathed. This man, he decided hastily, was the type, though he had never noticed the fact before. He wished they had been anywhere else. He would like to have told old Whatzler exactly what he thought of him. Yet the man had done nothing. It was his tone.

The late Mary Brown reappeared in a wonderful evening coat of rose-lined ermine. Evidently she was used to ermine, wore it regally, as it should be worn. As she came forward, she allowed the coat to slip until her shoulders rose, softly gleaming, above the fur that was not so white. Then, with a swift movement, she gathered the soft flowing folds and drew them upward until they swathed her clingingly and the great collar rose high against her hair, hiding her chin, her mouth, her ears, but leaving her great brown eyes looking out indifferently across the wealth of fur, and over the empty room as if it had been a great hall lined with family portraits, all her own ancestors.

Mayme, in spite of weeks of practice, had never done the thing so well.

That was an expensive evening for the man from San Francisco. Before he went away, he looked over his order list, footed up the prices and shook his head.

"Loaded to the muzzle," he said ruefully. "Girl like that sells goods—makes you feel as if you couldn't afford to miss a number; but, believe me, the dames that buy won't look the way she does in the dresses. Gee! I should say not!

"I suppose . . . How about it, Bob? Any objection to my suggesting a little dinner—bottle of fizz—show—all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Forget it. She's not that kind."

Faulkner's voice was cold, positive, and again he was conscious of a feeling of irritation, of a pronounced dislike for one of his best customers. He wished he did not have to deal with such men.

"Oh, well, of course—no offense. Didn't see the no trespassing signs."

The man from San Francisco went his way, heavy-jowled, cheerful, unoffended. At the elevator door he turned for an instant to wave a ringed hand and wink knowingly.

"Beast!" snapped Faulkner, as he folded the order carefully and carried it to the office safe.

He was still standing before the safe when Mary Brown went back to the office, and he turned to watch her as she came.

She wore a shabby blue serge frock and shabbier shoes. Her hair was smoothly parted and coiled low. Her mouth drooped a little at the corners. The rouge was gone, and the audacity with it.

She gave one swift shy glance to the man across the room from her, and moved toward her desk, while her employer stared incredulously at the figure that was hazily familiar to him, seen with an office background, but that had nothing in common with the girl for whom he had unconsciously, been waiting, a girl in pink and silver whose clear eyes and well-poised gleaming head had added dignity to charm.

The book-keeper slipped quietly, self-effacingly, into her desk chair and opened the ledger.

Still eighty-three cents out of balance.

Mary Brown sighed, then smiled. Being out of balance was not so tragic a thing as it had seemed an hour earlier. She had had her coveted thrill at the end of a gray day.

(Concluded next week).

Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association—November Bulletin.

Forty ninth annual convention of the Woman Suffrage Association to be held in Pittsburgh, November 20, 21, 22, 1917.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Morning and afternoon—Meeting of State Executive Board.

Evening—Reception, eight thirty—eleven o'clock—tendered to the delegates, alternates and visitors, by Mrs. John O. Miller, at the Twentieth Century club.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Morning—Formal opening of convention, Chamber of Commerce building. Reports of officers.

Noon—Primaries for nomination of officers for 1918-1919.

Afternoon—Reports of officers, continued. Patriotic address, Miss M. Carey Thomas. Discussion—Future Policy of State Association.

Evening—Banquet, William Penn hotel. Ball room speakers: Mrs. Nellie McClung, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Morning—Executive conference on Federal Amendment for delegates and alternates only. Address—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Noon—Election of officers for 1918-1919.

Afternoon—Report of chairman of Finance. Address—Mrs. J. Willis Martin. Address—Mrs. Charles M. Lea. Report of elections committee. New business.

Evening—Public meeting, Soldiers Memorial hall. Speakers: Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt; Countess Laura de Gozdawa Turczynowicz; Mr. Charles Edward Russell or Hon. James W. Gerard.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Morning and afternoon—Meeting of State Executive Board.

Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton, who will speak on Wednesday evening, November 21st, is the foremost suffragist of Canada. To her belongs a large share of the credit for the suffrage victory in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Ontario. She is a brilliant and persuasive speaker.

Countess Laura de Gozdawa Turczynowicz is the author of "When the Prussians Came to Poland." The Countess lived in Poland during the two Prussian invasions, and Von Hindenburg and his staff were quartered in her home for five days during the second invasion. Her three children were ill with typhus at the time and Countess Turczynowicz and one servant were nursing them. She will relate her experiences and what she saw during those trying days.

State Headquarters, 1606 Finance Buildi-g, Philadelphia, Pa.

Alligator Eats Twins. Reptile is Cut Open and Infants Recovered.

New Orleans.—A newspaper received here tells of an alligator near Belle Isle, British Honduras, swallowing twin babies as the mother washed clothes on the bank of the river. The babies were in a basket, when a huge alligator came out of the water and swallowed them. The mother called the father from a nearby farm, and he killed the alligator. The babies were taken out of the alligator almost unmarked.

Some Use for It.

"Willie, Willie, cried Miss Despairing Schoolma'am, "whatever do you think your head is for?"

The small pupil scratched his head, thought long and replied: "Guess it must be to keep my collar on."

PARADOXICAL PETE.

Arise my countrymen! To arms!
Indignity must cease.
Is manhood shackled by the charms
Of craven, shameless peace

In such a strain, bloodthirsty Pete,
From morning until night,
In offices, upon the street,
Declared we ought to fight.

One evening Pete shouted: "Hark!
The time for talk is past.
With lead we'll back the war dog's bark,
I've got him up at last."

Selective service! Pete was called,
And, unencumbered, fit,
He had the chance for which he'd bawled
To do his meager bit.

"Conscription is a crime," said he.
"This number-drawing plan
Is foolish! Why, they've drafted me!
I'm not a fighting man!"

The U. S. Army Rank of General.

The revival of the rank of general in the United States army, primarily with the purpose of raising the grade of the commander of the American expeditionary force in France, Major General John J. Pershing, to correspond as nearly as possible with that held by the chief commanders of the British and French forces, and, secondarily, to bring the grade of the chief of staff, Major General Tasker H. Bliss, to equality with that of a technical subordinate, recalls the fact that, from its beginning, the Republic has been chary of the bestowal of high military honors, comments the Christian Science Monitor. The Nation has never before, in like circumstances, conferred such honors as those now held by General Pershing and General Bliss. In the Revolution, the Continental Congress made no attempt to grade the commanding officers. It simply accepted as their titles those conferred by the different States. George Washington was designated commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. Not until 1798, when war with France was apprehended, was the title of lieutenant general created and conferred upon him. On March 2, 1799, a law was enacted which declared that "a commander of the army of the United States shall be appointed and commissioned by the style of 'general of the armies of the United States.'" This abolished the office and title of lieutenant general, and gave Washington the higher rank.

After Washington there was a decided reaction from militarism. The act of March 16, 1802, made provision only for a single general officer of the army, and that one a brigadier general. In the war of 1812-15 numerous general officers were necessarily appointed, but none was made to rank above a major general. With the return of peace, and public confidence in its indefinite continuance, Congress, on March 2, 1821, provided that the command of the Regular Army should lie with one major general and two brigadier generals. There was little, if any, change from this until the Mexican war, when, in 1848, the President was authorized to add one major general, Zachary Taylor, to the single incumbent of that rank, Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott. In 1855 the grade of lieutenant general, by brevet, was revived by Congress, with the purpose of acknowledging "the eminent services of a major general in the late war with Mexico." This had reference to General Scott.

From the beginning to the close of the Civil war, of course, there was much making of general officers. It became at once necessary to raise lieutenancies to captaincies, captaincies to colonelcies, and to give brigade and higher commands, with corresponding titles, to scores of West Point graduates and volunteers who could prove their fitness for such responsibilities. Grant, it will be remembered, was a retired captain at Galena when the war broke out. On March 2, 1864, the grade of lieutenant general, never before conferred upon any American officer save Washington, was voted to the silent soldier. The war was over, and the Nation had begun gratefully to settle down to the ways of peace, when, in 1866, Grant was given a rank equal to the highest conferred upon Washington. This the Union commander held until he became President, when the title passed to General William Tecumseh Sherman, who had, in the meantime, been made a lieutenant general, along with General Philip H. Sheridan. The title of general of the armies of the United States passed to Sheridan on June 1, 1888, and on August 5 of the same year it went out of existence. Lieutenant generalships continued longer, and major generalships, with a short intermission, have been continued down to the present day.

There are remarkable phases of the career of "Black Jack" Pershing. Although he had distinguished himself in Cuba and in the Philippines, there appeared to be little hope of his advancement, because of the great number of seniors in his way. In 1906, however, President Roosevelt, in characteristic fashion, in defiance of all usage, and without fear of the long string of seniors and their friends, jumped Pershing from a captaincy to a brigadier generalship. He would have made him a colonel by preference, but the law would not permit him to do this. If he jumped Pershing at all it must not be to a colonelcy. The law said nothing to prevent a captain from being jumped to a brigadiership, and President Roosevelt found pleasure in taking advantage of the neglect, or oversight, of the law-makers.

Nothing seemed more unlikely, 10 years ago, or five years ago, for that matter, than that John J. Pershing would ever be able to rise to a high rank in the army, for no opportunity was in sight. But now we find him with a rank equal to that borne by Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, not so much because of what he has accomplished as because of the great things expected of him.

While General Bliss, by virtue of his position as the directing head of the entire United States Army organization, takes precedence of General Pershing, nevertheless it is upon the achievements of the man at the front, rather than upon the work of the man at headquarters, that the attention of the Nation will be centred.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.—J. Petit-Senn.

The introduction of colored velveteen coats as a substitute for the expensive silk sweater lowers the price of one open-air garment. Velveteen has suddenly leaped into fashion along with the new autumn hats. It is frequently chosen in green, lapis lazuli blue, burnt orange and black. Its use is not confined to sport coats; it is also worn by smart women for sport skirts.

Fine Turkish toweling has recently been given a place. Ingenius women have found out that the bathroom can be robbed for the tennis court. Two extra large towels with a good-looking colored border serve for a blouse with elbow sleeves and a colored cotton sash. This makes a more commendable sport garment than voile or silk.

Scarfs and collarettes of tulle in maroon, beige and all colors are now worn with thin frocks. Purely decorative are most of these airy trifles, which are altogether transparent, forming a sort of cloudy frame for the face. Half ruche, half collar, with picturesque floating ends, these bits of tulle are more than worth their weight in gold. Very effective is a cache-nez of vivid red crepe heavily embroidered with gold thread. It is worn with a white frock.

The fashion editor of the Woman's Home Companion says in the last issue:

"Fashion has appropriated the hat that our boys in khaki wear. And now the girls are going to wear it, too. It is called the 'Sammie.' It is satin, however, instead of felt, and black is the color. There are dents in the crown just like the real military hat. Around the crown is a gold cord.

Waistcoats of metal brocade, of lace, of braided satin are all the rage. The darker the tailored suit, the gayer the waistcoat.

All the shops are showing new neck ribbons. Some about one-half inch wide are of silver ribbon finished at the ends with three shaded ping rose petals. Others are of black satin embroidered in beads in Chinese colors and finished with bead fringe.

From all indications it would seem that this will be a fur season. Separate scarfs, coats and wraps, with muffs to match, seem to be offered in an unending array of startling designs. There seems to be no two alike. Aside from the unlimited display of fur garments, it will be noted too, that suits, coats and dresses fashioned in velour, serge, duvetyn and mohair are also generously trimmed with fur. Huge convertible collars, elbow-length cuffs and knee-deep borders are not at all unusual.

Here is a household hint, presented by a man to the readers of the Christian Science Monitor. He is interested in his wife's housekeeping, just as she is interested in the pictures he paints.

"Out in our back yard, under the plum tree," he began, "we have a large block of granite. Whenever we empty a tin can in the house, we rinse it well and then I take it out on this block of granite and flatten it with one stroke of the sledge hammer, which we keep standing near by. Then we put it in a box and, when the box is full, send it away.

"You know how large a box it takes to hold two dozen cans of tomatoes. Well, that will hold nearly a six months' supply of tin cans, flattened out this way, and it does not take more than a second or two to smash them flat. Treated in this way, they cannot hold water and, as they are rinsed well, they do not attract the flies and do not give out any odor. And, as I say, they take up so much less room as trash, which is an item when you live in the country and do not have your rubbish collected for you and carted off daily. Even in the city, if one could flatten out the cans before sending them off, it might prevent some of the ugliness of the dumps so often found in vacant spaces."

When you are very, very tired and have other tasks still ahead, try taking a lavender bath. Have ready a bottle of the following preparation:

Ammonia water .... 4 ounces
Alcohol .... 16 ounces
Oil of lavender .... 4 drams

Put a couple of teaspoonfuls of this in a bath of warm water. Bathe in a leisurely manner, letting the muscles relax under water. Dry the body briskly, put on a warm bathrobe and inhale eight or ten breaths of fresh, cool air at the window. Lie down twenty or thirty minutes, again relaxing the body luxuriously. Have plenty of fresh air in the room as you rest.

At the end of that time you will be ready to arise, dress and go on to meet the duties ahead with fresh courage. Ammonia is stimulating and has a tendency to make the flesh feel firm and refreshed.

Several recipes for the use of stale bread are suggested by Miss Pearl MacDonald, in charge of home economics extension work at The Pennsylvania State College, as follows:

Steamed Bread—Put slices of stale bread in a steamer. Cover tightly and steam until bread is freshened. Serve at once.

Toast—Cut bread into one-third inch slices. Toast to a golden brown on both sides preferably over a slow fire so that bread may be thoroughly dried out. Serve with or without butter.

Milk Toast—Allow one cup of milk to one large slice of toast. Heat milk almost to the boiling point; season with salt, pepper and butter. Just before serving dip slices of toast in the milk until moistened, then remove to serving dish and pour the milk over.

Broiled Oysters—Select large oysters and wipe dry, dip in a little melted butter and sprinkle lemon juice over them. Arrange on an oyster broiler and cook over a clear fire. Serve on strips of hot toast with brown butter sauce.

FARM NOTES.

—The mole is about six inches in length and has no tail. Its body is large and cylindrical, and its snout strong and cartilaginous. It has a very thick skin, covered with a fur, short, but second to no other animal in fineness. It is claimed to hear with particular acuteness, and has eyes which it is stated to be able to withdraw or project at will.

The mole's principal food is worms and insects, and it is extremely voracious and fierce. It abounds in soft ground, from which it obtains a great supply of food.

The mole is misunderstood. It is a much-abused animal. It is charged with knawing the roots of fruit trees and garden crops, when in reality mice are the guilty ones. The mole is almost exclusively insectivorous in feeding habits, and burrows through the ground in pursuit of insects.

We talk much about our bird friends and wish them protected, but we often neglect or kill our animal friends. Among these by far the best, is the mole. The white grub is one of the most expensive and destructive pests we have, and unless their number can be reduced they threaten to take the earth. They are the progeny of the June bug, which comes thumping against your windows on summer evenings. They will take possession of a piece of ground and destroy everything on it. Sometimes large patches of corn, in the richest grounds, will be destroyed. They will often infect sod grounds and lawns. You have seen grass lands where the hogs were turned in and they ripped up the sod like torn blankets to get the grubs which they destroy by the thousands. Sometimes they get into the nurseries and they never stop to count the cost, but destroy plants by the thousands.

Referring to the damage done by the white grub, Professor C. S. Harrison, of the Nebraska Experiment Station, said that he was ambitious to have one of the best collections of perennials of the country. He raises thousands of phloxes, and is engaged in raising new varieties which are the joy of his life. He noticed that some of the choicest ones were being killed by grubs. It was next to impossible to dig them out. They would take a row of the best, where the plants were 50 cents apiece, and when they killed one a sort of instinct told them to keep right on in the same row, and so plant after plant was destroyed. Presently, he noticed those little ridges thrown up which indicated the presence of moles, and he said, "Now the avenger has come." You could see how they zigzagged around and caught the destroyers.

It is supposed that moles eat the roots of plants. This is wrong; they are after the grubs and worms. They do not eat the roots at all, but they are after the rascals that do, and they do love the white grubs. When Professor Harrison came to dig the phloxes he found grubs in the rows where they had made their blind furrows. A friend called on him while he was digging. He saw a mole at work. "Here, quick, dig him out and kill him." He had the prevailing spirit which says, "Kill him, kill him" —the spirit which invents mole traps. But the Professor said: "No; that little fellow is one of my best friends. He is worth a $5 bill." Complaint is made against him that he ridges up the lawns and destroys young plants, but he never goes where there are no worms or grubs. First, he prefers white grubs, and next he takes the angle worms.

Now, naturalists may say what they will regarding the angle worm and how much good he does in passing great volumes of earth through his maw, but in some sections he is one of the worst pests. When soil is generally light and friable, after the angle worm has worked in it a while it becomes tough and hard. When dry your hoe will ring on it as if you were striking a brickbat. Such land dries out very rapidly and its value is reduced one-half. Sometimes moles will damage young plants by lifting them up so they dry out, but it does not take long to follow the ridges and tread them down. What birds are above ground to the insect pests the mole is to the hidden ehemies in the earth.

—That the draft horse is not a back number is attested by Dr. H. H. Havner, of The Pennsylvania State College, who quotes figures to support his claim.

"The draft horse," predicts Dr. Havner, "will not be put out of business by the tractor or motor truck for some years to come. Transfer and draying companies prefer horses for city work for short hauls and frequent stops through the crowded districts; the market price for the proper type of draft horse has increased in the past ten years; the increased amount of farm products in the United States for the next twenty years will demand more work horses; and the rolling character and stony soil of a large area of Pennsylvania and similar sections require the use of the draft horse.

"The demand for horses for war purposes is another important factor in the horse business in this country. Prior to January 1, 1917, more than a million head of horses and mules were shipped to Europe, and an even greater demand must be met now that the United States is one of the belligerents."

He declared that horses and mules were an indispensable part of the war equipment. The horses that have been exported since 1914 have improved rather than retarded the future development of the draft horse. The United States got rid of a goodly number of medium weight horses by this exportation. Horses of this type can easily be spared, for the reason that the type adapted to the farm is a much heavier horse than was exported. The draft horse, because of his strength, his pulling powers, his temperament and his marketable offspring is without any question the proper horse for the farm.

—With the advent of cooling weather comes the necessity for warning dairymen against laxity in cleansing, cooling and sterilizing of dairy utensils. Even though milk does not show the lack of attention as quickly in cold weather as in the warm summer months.