Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 18, 1919.

THIS IS THE LAND.

This is the land where hate should die—
No fueds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country best when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's faith a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should cease
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the State we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of the great land in which we live!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

AN ELDER SON.

The youngest Morton boy is studying medicine now and the middle one is going to take up law in the fall. But the elder son, Tom, seems to be an easy-going stay-at-home. No special ambition, you know. Industrious enough, but he doesn't seem to have any of the large Morton spirit.

As the speaker casually turned himself about in his seat, Tom Morton, some distance behind in the nearly empty railroad car, hastily ducked under a newspaper for fear he should be recognized and suspected of listening. Without intending to act the part of an eavesdrooper it was rather interesting to hear himself sized up by the world.

"'Plain, good-enough fellow, but never will amount to much, I expect.' Humph!" Tom thought over the words as the two passengers ahead left the train a station before himself. "I wonder do they think since Ben and Jim have taken up medicine and law that I ought to go into the ministry to make something of myself?" He smiled dryly at the idea of himself trying to preach.

But then the smile gave place to a little frown and a slightly heightened color of injured self-respect. "There are other ways a fellow can amount to something besides the professions, I guess," he muttered; "and I can't help it if I don't have the ambitious nature my family seems to be famous for."

Reaching into his pocket he drew out a letter and began to study it with something of the interest one manifests in vacation folders. Glancing across his shoulder one might have seen that it was a communication anent a two or three-acre tract of land with a small wagon house on it.

"You couldn't do better with your savings than to buy this tract," the letter said. "You could make it earn enough to buy more land from year to year and eventually build yourself a house when you got married. Then you would be an independent and free farmer."

Tom nodded his head in satisfied approval for the hundredth time. "All but the getting married," he chuckled; "I haven't thought that out yet. But the rest is good. By the time Ben is famous as a physician and Jim is beginning to yell out arguments in the higher courts, I'll have a farm. Farming is good enough for me; But I want a farm of my own."

Leaving the train at the home station, he struck back into the country, dreaming meanwhile of a future independence. He had been to look at the tract of land and was delighted with it. The letter anent it was from a wise and disinterested friend; and his father had approved of his intention to buy and work the place. Now it was only a matter of form to make the purchase.

Happily enough he trudged on through the summer dust of the country road, his bent head taking in the good-sized feet which sturdily kicked their way along and the stout limbs that could follow a plow for a long while without getting tired.

"I should think I had the largeness of the Morton family in physique, if not in spirit," he ruefully commented to himself, with another accession of color as he remembered the implication that he was in nature of commoner clay than his brothers.

His father's farm came into view a half mile farther on. It was only a rented farm, to be sure; but even at that Tom's heart stirred pridefully as he glanced toward it. The fine old house, the maple-lined avenue, the broad and splendid fields, the big and excellently built barns and outbuildings—"Ah; that's what I want some day, a farm like that. I guess it will take some largeness of makeup to get it, too."

The very fact of the farm being only rented was one thing that prompted Tom to begin acquiring land of his own. The Morton farm took it's name from Tom's uncle, the original owner. He was dead now. Besides a thousand dollars as a legacy, Tom's father had been left the privilege of renting the farm at a very small and purely nominal figure during his life. Then, as Tom understood, Brookhurst was to be sold and the proceeds divided among relations. In the event of anything happening to his father, Tom had long ago realized that he and his mother would be without a home. He wanted to forestall that condition.

"I hope it doesn't come soon," he murmured now, with a dubious shake of his head as, turning into the drive, he glanced toward the porch of the house and saw a listless figure reclining in a chair. "Poor Dad; this breakdown is hard on him."

The invalid seemed to be more than usually depressed as Tom came with heavy form up the steps and greeted his father affectionately. A couple of letters lying on a near-by table led the young fellow to a quick guess that one of them had troubled the sick man.

"Here is Jim now," Mr. Morton said, when another son, of graceful and intelligent make-up, came around the corner of the house. "Oh, Jim; I want to talk with you."

Mrs. Morton came out at the moment. Tom could see the reflected depression on her face as his father picked up one of the letters and turned toward the wondering Jim, who took a seat on the top step of the porch and nursed his knee with clasped hands.

The trouble was quickly made plain. Mr. Morton had from time to time invested a little money toward the future education of his boys. Ben had already been started off and was nearly through college now. But the ever-possible mischance of investments had finally overtaken Mr. Morton. An industrial company had failed just as he was about to turn his holdings with it into cash to help another son of the family into his chosen profession.

"There now, Dad," the generous Jim quickly insisted, after a little gulp of disappointment; "don't you worry for a minute. Maybe the best thing in the world for me is to stay right here on the farm for a couple of years more. I'll build up my physical strength while I'm earning my own way. Been studying too exclusively as it is. And I—er—like farming."

It was brave talk; but in spite of the bad news Tom, on the step beside his brother, could not repress a chuckle. "You like farming, eh?" he whispered to Jim, whimsically. "Why, you don't know a turnip top from a hay rake. But you've got the right spirit, old man. You have the large nature of the Morton's all right. I'm proud of you."

It was no easy matter to comfort the invalid however. Rendered naturally gloomy by his sickness this further blow called for all the skill and spirit of the family to mitigate it. Tom insisted that matters had shaped themselves providentially. While he was working his own little farm Jim could take his place on the home acres. What would his father have done without Jim under the circumstances, anyway? he demanded. And hard, out-door work would do Jim no harm. The responsibility of being second in command would, moreover, be a splendid training.

"Why, Dad," Tom enthusiastically declared, "Jim will get into things with such interest that after a year or so if you mention his giving it up and going to college he will break down and cry." And somehow the smiles were won back again into the father's face as the family courageously readjusted itself to altered conditions.

"Only we figured on having Ben and Jim fixed prosperously before Mother and I got too old," Tom's father chaffed, a bit lamely, at supper that night. "We reckoned on Ben being able to support me and Jim your mother. Now I am afraid Mother will have to starve, eh, Mary?"

Tom bit his lip and fell silent. He knew it was only their way of saying that they expected big things from their professional sons. But the farmer son went to his chores a little later with a frown on his face. "Evidently they don't figure on my ever being able to do much," he meditated, with a little bitterness. "Ben and Jim have all the family spunk; and the family hopes rest on them. Perhaps I don't line up strikingly in family virtues." He sighed absently.

The next morning, while it brought no more disturbing letters, did have its own anxiety. Just before noon Mrs. Morton espied the doctor coming up the drive in company with a distinguished looking stranger.

"The specialist," she murmured, a little, anxious catch in her voice as if maybe she feared that the specialist could at will pronounce some terrible sentence on her husband.

"Tut, tut, Mother," Tom deprecated, with an affectionate arm thrown around her shoulders. "In an hour you will feel more cheerful than you have felt for weeks. Dad is all right. We invited this consulting engineer just to make ourselves prominent in the local paper this week."

As a matter of fact, after the hour's conference was over, Mrs. Morton came forth with the tears and smiles fighting for victory in her countenance.

"Father is not dangerously ill at all," she assured the boys; "but"—she restrained their whoop of joy—"the expert says he must give up work for two or three years at the very least, maybe longer."

Tom's face had lighted up with jubilation at the news that there was no tragedy hanging over the family. Then his jaw dropped far down at the idea of his father being incapacitated for work during all those recurring seasons of planting and harvesting. Who was going to look after the farm in the meantime?

"Jim can't possibly run it without father," he told his mother. "Mind how we lost him this morning?"

Jim had gone up stairs to get ready to help with a job of harrowing after breakfast. He had failed to return for an hour or more and then Tom found him hard at work studying out the law points involved in the failure of the company that swallowed up his school money. He had completely forgotten the work on hand.

Tom suddenly went fishing that afternoon, contrary to his usual industrious habits. He didn't catch anything, although his cork bobbed eagerly time and again before his unseeing eyes. He didn't really care about catching anything, however. He had a lot of thinking to do and he could do it best on the quiet river bank. When it was done he went home; and that night after supper he invited Jim out into the barn.

"It's all settled, baby," he declared. "I have simply got to stay on this farm, maybe for three or four years. Buying that other place is out of the question now. So I won't need the seven hundred dollars I have in the bank. You get ready for school and I'll tie that up in the old stocking for you to take along."

Jim demurred. He declared up and down, sidewise and crosswise that he would starve to death before he would take his brother's savings.

"Take off your coat then," Tom grimly ordered. "You'll take the money or take a licking."

Mrs. Morton coming into the barn unexpectedly, was startled to see her elder son in a belligerent attitude with sleeves rolled up and fists doubled. She gave a little cry of fear. Tom burst into a laugh.

"It's all right," he declared, after explaining to his mother what he wanted Jim to do. "I'll defer the licking for the present with the understanding that it will be worse the longer it is put off. You can have it any time you like, Jim, the sooner the better for you; or you can dodge it by taking the money."

Something like a mist seemed to come before Mrs. Morton's eyes as she let her elder son lead her back to the house. But she endorsed his purpose. So did his father, under the circumstances. Jim was slowly prevailed upon to accept the sacrifice for his own good and his family's.

"You'll have to support your mother eventually, you know," Mr. Morton argued. "You must get ready for that."

"Yes," Tom agreed, with a little grimace; "and me too, maybe. I'm only looking out for my own interests, you see."

But no one lacked a deep appreciation of Tom's action. His father one day caught his hand as it was adjusting a pillow in the porch chair of the invalid.

"You remind me of the elder son in the Bible, boy," he said. "You are ever with me; and I am glad of that. I feel sure of things on the farm with you here. And I wish I could say, 'All that I have is thine,'" he added, as his glance strayed around the finest farm in all the countryside. "I'm sorry I have very little in a material way; but you know I think every whit as much of you as of any of my boys. You are my elder son; and I am proud to say you have what I think are the finest of the Morton virtues."

Through the long summer days thereafter Tom worked with spirit and satisfaction. After the joyous Jim had departed for school in the softening September days, he took hold of life again with gladness, though for just one day, perhaps, he did feel a spark of self-pity.

That was his birthday, a glorious morning, as he saw the moment he leaped from bed and took a look at the fruitful earth.

"Another milestone, though," he muttered, gloomily. "Ben and Jim both on the high-road to professions and a definite career, while I—I don't know where I am coming out. I suppose when father gets strong again I'll still be young enough to earn me a farm."

He came down into the sunny, cheerful dining room to find that his father, mother and brothers had all remembered the day. Beside his plate were several packages prettily tied up. And it was a joy to open them after his father had included in the morning's blessing his thanks for having such a sturdy son to lean upon, and after his mother had just smiled and kissed him.

"But what's this?" he demanded, as he picked up and began to open a long envelope. "Jim must have been graduated already; and they have sent his diploma to me by mistake."

He read the enclosed letter halfway through, rising from his seat in his excitement. But dropping back he finished it and glanced at his father and mother to see from their happy faces that they knew what it was about. They had been let into the secret a bit ahead of time, they confessed.

Tom read the letter again. It was from his uncle's executor; and it set out the fact that his uncle had in mind a special purpose in making the rent of the handsome farm so little that his brother would surely hold on to it.

"Hoping that one of my brother's boys might be sufficiently gifted with the Morton spirit to love the country best, I have arranged that any one or all of them still living and at work on Brookhurst farm the tenth anniversary of my departure from it, shall own it free and clear thereafter."

"And it's all mine now,—mother,—Dad?" Tom unbelievingly queried, his glance involuntarily turning to look through the window out upon fields and orchards that reached as far as the admiring eye could go. A half-fearful but exultant tone was in his voice; his questioning look as he repeated the demand, "All mine?" found confirmation in the nodding, smiling faces of his father and mother.

He breathed heavily for a moment. Then, laying the document down, he got up and crossed over to where he could put his arms around both his father and mother at once.

"All mine!" he repeated; "all that ever I want, too. And all that I have, Dad, is thine—and mother's."

But as Mrs. Morton pulled down her elder son closer one might have seen that her mother heart wanted nothing from him more than she wanted himself.—American Boy.

Free Trucks from Uncle Sam.

More than $45,000,000 worth of motor-trucks, we learn from The Weekly News Letter of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, are about to be distributed by the Secretary of Agriculture through the Bureau of Public Roads to the State Highway Departments. We read:

"These trucks have been declared surplus by the War Department and are being distributed to the States under the provisions of Section 7 of the Postoffice Appropriation Bill. They must be used by the States on roads constructed in whole or in part by Federal aid, for which $200,000,000 in addition to the former appropriation was given to the States under the same bill. All that the State must do to acquire the use of these 20,000 trucks, which range in capacity from two to five tons, is to pay the loading and freight charges. Ot the 20,000 motor-vehicles to be acquired practically free by the States, 11,000 are new and 9,000 have been used, but all are declared to be in serviceable condition. The motors will be apportioned to States only upon request of the State Highway Departments on the basis of the requests received from the respective States, and in accordance with the apportionment provided in the Federal aid law approved in 1916. The requirements of the law are such that the Bureau of Public Roads can not distribute any trucks to counties or individuals."—Literary Digest.

Doubted It.

"Lend me a tenner, will you, old chap? I'll pay you back tomorrow."

"If you're going to have $10 tomorrow, why not wait till then?"

A BIT ABOUT BEARS.

In the days before settlers came into the West in numbers sufficient to have an influence on the wild animal life, the grizzly bear was a great traveler. By "grizzly" I mean also the bears called "silvertip" and "cinnamon," as they are all one and the same animal, the difference being simply one of variation in individuals of the same species. The grizzly and black bears are the only bears found in the United States despite wild tales from hunters and others who think there are possibly a dozen kinds.

The black bear is a clown pure and simple; he is like a big, fat, happy and contented child who thinks everything that isn't made to eat is made to sleep on or play with. He is an omniverous eater, devouring ants, bees, grasshoppers, green grass, leaves, wild onions, all kinds of berries, fresh meats, fish, carrion, honey, grubs, bark, and a long list of other things, all with the same happy-go-lucky abandon and disregard for his stomach, and he is always hungry.

He is eternally playing when he is not eating or sleeping, and he has as good a disposition as any animal I know. I have never heard of a black bear attacking a man, though it will fight back right well and heartily if cornered and attacked. The black bear is just a fat, good-natured joke to men who really know the mountains where he lives all over the West, and I do not know of a single old-time mountain man who will kill a black bear wantonly or unless he needs meat or a robe—and he'll have to need either of these pretty badly before he shoots a black bear at that, for he likes the fat, furry rascals much as he likes a neighbor's dog.

The grizzly is an entirely different proposition. In the old days—no longer back than 1890, even—grizzlies were rather plentiful pretty much all over the mountainous West from Mexico to the Arctic. They roamed about through all the mountain ranges from the Black Hills to the Pacific and reached their greatest size in Alaska. They used to cross the country regularly from the Rockies to the Black Hills of Dakota, a matter of several hundred miles, and they thought nothing of living for days at a time far out among the "Bad Lands" or almost anywhere in the rougher sections of the plains country where they found feed conditions good.

The grizzly ate much the same food as his cousin, the black bear, but he moved on very quickly whenever any section of the country was "fed-up." Both species "denned up" in the fall about the time of the first cold weather and they hibernated until spring. Decidedly they did not "suck their paws," but lived in a state of suspended animation until the next spring, a wise provision of nature for taking care of her own through bitter weather.

The grizzly was short-tempered and frequently attacked men in the old days. It was only when he learned to fear man as a species that he gave up attacking him and gave up the habit of traveling far and wide by day for the safer and much more conservative program of sticking close to a given "range" among the mountains and of hiding during the day. The grizzlies learned through contact with the cattlemen who shot them and even caught many with lassos (called "roping") in the days of the open range.

Because the bears, as a species, could and did work out this idea of a limited "range" and practice living on it they are alive and quite plentiful today, whereas they would have been exterminated long ago if they had stuck to their original roaming habits. They carry the keenest noses of all the wild animals, I firmly believe, and every man who has lived in the wilds for long, myself included, believes that the whole bear tribe can reason and think things out in a way that is as near human as any animal ever gets.

A short article can only give the merest outline of the habits and ways of these happy wilderness denizens who love life and a good time as well as any of us, and are entitled to it, for they destroy a lot of vermin as they go along every day and yet they do not now harm man in any way and will make friends with him if given a chance, even to the short-tempered grizzly. The grizzlies alive today are in the mountain ranges, mostly the Rockies and outlying spurs, where they do not injure or even bother people or crops or stock.

The black bear is a timber dweller and more adaptable than the big grizzly, so he still survives to some extent in Maine and the eastern mountains and among the swamps and cane-brakes of the South and is quite plentiful in the Pacific Northwest even as far east as the Rockies of Montana and south to the Oregon line. In the Cascade mountains of the coast he is as plentiful as ever, and probably will be for years on account of the rough and very heavily timbered country.

All bears should be protected from killing by law nowadays as they are no longer a menace to humanity and there is no reason why they should be killed for "sport" or any other cause.

The Indians never killed bears unless they had to for self-protection or under peculiar religious (called "medicine" and really meaning "magic") conditions. The Blackfoot tribe of Montana called the grizzly Omuk-u-kyaiu or "Sticky-mouth," and the black bear they called Sik-u-kyaiu. These Indians were very much afraid of the "medicine" power of bears and would not sleep on a bear skin robe or touch a bear if they could help it except as a religious rite connected with their "medicine" beliefs.

BRUIN'S FATAL MISTAKE.

The fat, sleek bear with the furry ears and the sharp, light-colored snout shading to the black of the rest of his coat scuffled along on his sturdy legs looking for a promising breakfast place. It was very early summer, the rivers were high and muddy, fishing was poor, the berries were not ripe and the best food was found in tender roots, or from bugs and grubs from in and under rotting tree-trunks and logs. Once a passing porcupine drew a glance of interest, once he sat up on his round haunches and gazed long and soberly at a ribbon of faint smoke that arose lazily above the trees some distance away. The sound of a hunter's axe caused him to grunt in some haste, but with no sign of fear or nervousness, and bury himself deeper in the thick underbrush. Then, without warning he came into a little clear space where a tent stood alone, with flaps closed. This was interesting. The year before he had ventured into such a place and found it full of wonderful sweets, juicy hams, luscious bacon. This place smelled exactly as the other had, and he swaggered as he slipped along to the canvas walls. At one end, where the odor of molasses was particularly strong, he found that there was an opening, and he thrust his head in and followed with his body. It looked just as the other place had—there were boxes and bags and tin cans. He took another confident step—when cruel, jagged steel teeth buried themselves on his left foreleg. In a frenzy of pain and fear he turned to escape and found he could make progress though his advance was hampered by the pain of the crushed limb and a short piece of small log that was chained to the trap. Into the timber he plunged until in a mass of fallen trees the drag caught and held him.

The man who had set the trap came along and was pleased to find his trap gone and a broad trail left by the dragging log. He followed, with gun and kodak, and in time came to the tangle of tree-trunks where the trapped bear looked first into the eye of the kodak and then, for a final moment, into the smaller eye of the sinister rifle.—Our Dumb Animals.

WHAT'S A COW? 'TIS ONLY A MILL—A MILL FOR MILK.

"A cow is a milk mill that changes grasses which folks can't eat into the greatest food for humans the world has ever known.

And what E. LeRoy Pelletier, of Detroit, Mich., does not know about cows isn't worth knowing. He has been the breeder of one world's champion and six State champions. He is one of the consigners at the Holstein Friesian sales in the Bull's Head Bazaar, Thirty-seventh and Market streets.

"And that old milk mill is just as sensitive as the inside of a rare watch. And it's under as great a strain when the milk is being generated, as a horse is in a thundering race. I've seen my own cows standing in a tremble with the strain, while the machinery inside of them works up the masticated grasses into milk. It is very wonderful—and it's pitiful, too. Because their mills are always working over-time, whether they want to be or not.

"Of course, the record cows are specially trained cows. And the training is just as careful and scientific as is the training of athletes. Ten years ago the Holstein-Friesian breed was producing but twenty-five pounds of butter fat. Today Rolo Mercena De Kol has doubled that. It's a triumph in breeding and training.

"These record cows must be guarded from any unnecessary excitement. Their food must be delicately proportioned, their bodies must be thoroughly examined every day—and I tell you it's no small thing to be training cattle.

"Of course, in the end it's worth it, because we are doing humanity a service—there's no milk for babies like the Holstein milk.

"Holstein milk is the only milk that can be drunk whole. And that's because it has in it solids which are almost perfectly proportioned.

"It has less butter fats than other milk, but butter fats are not the most desirable solids in milk. Butter fats are only fat-builders. The other solids are probably more important than butter fats, but people can't understand that. If butter fats were the solids of greatest desirability in milk, folks ought to use goat milk, because goat milk contains more fats proportionately than does any other kind of milk, but goats don't produce as much milk, and consequently not so much bone, nerve and tissue builders."

FARMS SHOULD HAVE NAMES.

The practice is growing of giving farmsteads individual names which will add distinction to the farm itself and define it as a home and as a business organization, instead of an unnamed piece of land that does not deserve a description.

With the growing need of advertising farm products and of identifying farms in connection with community enterprises, the New York State College of Agriculture, at Ithaca, suggests that farms should have distinctive names. It points out that the identities of persons and even of farm animals are recognized by names, and that farmsteads, inclusive of the whole, are equally deserving.

Possibly the commonest type of name is one which is derived from some topographic feature of the farm, such as Riverdale, Brookdale, Lakeside, Hillcrest, Shady Valley, and the like; and many farms take their names from trees. Names of this character are Woodlawn, Shady Lane, Maple Grove, Pinecroft, Birch Farm, and so on.

A favorite form of name is made by combining the old English words hurst or croft, which mean homestead, with the name of the owner. This practice gives rise to such names as Bensonhurst and Allencroft. Sometimes the name of the owner is suggested in a fanciful way, as in the case of a farm once owned by former Dean Bailey, of Cornell, the farm being known as Bailwick. In another instance, Stonefarm denoted the name of the owner and the character of the land. In still another instance, a man who had looked forward all his life to acquiring a farm in his own right finally celebrated his ownership by naming his place Iona Farm.

The college points out that a name should not be fanciful, but should be dignified and descriptive. In a majority of cases, it says, the simpler and more commonplace the words that are used, the better the result may be.

THE CUPBOARD UP-TO-DATE.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To feed a hungry waif;
The meat was gone,
The butter strong,
And the egg was in the safe.

—Los Angeles Times.

FARM NOTES.

—The step-uncle of one of the bulls bought by the Tioga county Bull Association recently sold for $65,000.

—The dairy cow is a factor in general farming ,and the proper selection and management of cows is important. Business methods must be adopted to make the dairy a success. Every farm needs dairy cows of high grade. "Boarder" should not be tolerated, especially during these times of scarcity and high cost of feed. Animals that do not turn a profit over and above the cost of maintenance must not be tolerated; such animals should be consigned to the butcher without delay.

—Spreading fertilizer in circles beneath the spread of branches of the trees has returned greater profits than applying an equal quantity over the entire squares of ground occupied by the trees in orchards of co-operators of the Ohio Experiment Station. An annual gain of three barrels of apples per acre hes resulted as an average of four years by confining the fertilizer to the tree circles in the section kept under tillage with cover crops, and in the section kept in grass mulch the gain has been six and one-fifth barrels over the yield obtained where the fertilizer was spread over all the ground in the orchard.

—The importance of the relation of the bull to the herd cannot be overestimated. He can raise or lower the standard of the herd according to his value. A bull superior to the cows will increase the milking standard, while an inferior bull will lower the milking qualities of the calves. For this reason high-grade bulls should be selected.

The ancestry of the bull is of value; but that is not always the case. Therefore, to introduce new blood the safest rule is to buy an animal that has been tried and whose service is sure. But there is more importance attached to a bull's pedigree than one may imagine. It is the evidence showing that the animal descended from a line of individuals all alike and of one kind. The number of heavy-milking dams and sires that in turn were from heavy-milking dams, is highly important. Frequently tried bulls may be purchased from farmers who wish to replace them with new blood to avoid the bad effects of inbreeding.

—The Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture has revoked the livestock regulation (Circular No. 50) which has been in force since January 6th, 1919. The regulation was adopted and enforced to prevent the further spread of glanders among horses and mules in Pennsylvania. It required that all horses and mules and asses coming into Pennsylvania from other States should be examined and tested with mallein to determine if the animals were healthy before they could be sold in the State.

The histories of all previous wars show that army horses and mules were largely responsible for the spread of this serious disease which is a menace to human beings as well as causing great losses among animals. In referring to records of tests on thousands of horses there have been remarkably few cases of glanders found during the past two months. Several thousand army horses and mules were sold at demobolization camps, to be shipped into Pennsylvania, all of which were mallein tested and found to be healthy.

—As the reduction of the cost of producing milk and butter is a matter that is important, the farmer should be careful in the selection of the breed as well as the individuals of that breed. Shall it be Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayrshires or Guernseys? There are special points of merit in each of the above-named, but they will not all fit special conditions. The location in regard to markets, feed, etc., must be considered. For example, the Holstein is a very economical producer of milk, but not generally considered as valuable along butter lines as the other mentioned breeds. Of late years, however, the breeders of Holsteins have been improving their animals in cream and butter production. In butter fat it is now about 1¼ per cent. lower than the fat per cent. of the Jersey. The Holstein is a large, vigorous cow; there is occasionally objection made to her size, claiming she consumes too much feed. But were she not large and vigorous it would be impossible for her to possess the digestive capacity to enable her to consume and convert sufficient feed to maintain her heavy milk flow.

The Holstein is particularly adapted to farms where large acreage of roughness is grown, and made into silage and cured into fodder. She is likewise suitable where there is an ample acreage of pasture to meet her needs during the grass-growing season. In short, where milk or cheese is the main product, the Holstein has no superior.

—The Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture is making every effort to hold the 1919 losses from hog cholera at the minimum and with the help of the hog owners will make a decided cut in 1920, says Dr. C. J. Marshall, State veterinarian.

The chief reasons for our continued hog cholera losses are (1) the purchase of shipped pigs and shoats, (2) the practice of not properly disposing of the carcasses of animals that die, (3) the failure of hog owners to properly clean and disinfect their infected premises before bringing new hogs or pigs on the place, and (4) the failure of owners to secure veterinary advice as soon as sick hogs or pigs are observed. Every hog owner is urged as follows:

(1)—Thoroughly clean and disinfect your hog pens and lots.

(2)—Properly dispose of all animals that die or are destroyed on your premises either by burning the entire carcass or burying it at least three feet deep. Before the carcass is covered with dirt, it should be covered with lime to a depth of about three inches.

(3)—Consider that any sick hog or pig might have cholera. Unless the animal recovers at once, call a qualified veterinarian. Only prompt action will save those that have been exposed to cholera.

(4)—Breed and raise your own pigs. Better not buy hogs at public sales unless you are satisfied that the premises are free of hog cholera infection.

——Subscribe for the "Watchman."