

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 20, 1920.

## HOE OUT TO THE END OF YOUR ROW.

In this world of affairs, if success you would win,  
Be your life-toil the speedy or slow;  
One motto you need, though a mere commonplace,  
But charged with the pep and vim of the race,  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

Things done by halves have a sham, shadowy look,  
And the faults of the shiftless man show;  
Advice may be cheap, but his instant, great need  
Is this maxim to which he should ever give heed:  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

If the bee's in your bonnet, and Congress your aim,  
Though in honor like Rose or a \*Lowie;  
Don't think that the voters are just standing pat;  
Get busy and find out just where you are at—  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

If you are a farmer and live on a hill,  
Where you want finest products to grow;  
Don't think that the soil will do a fine stunt,  
The hens, cows and pigs do their best, if  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

The teachers who think that their knowledge and skill  
Are sufficient their pupils to show  
The way highest honors and place to attain,  
Must practice this tried old precept and plain:  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

No class is exempt from the challenge so true;  
And the thing to put pep in your go,  
Is the purpose that finds the song of its soul,  
This Excelesior cry, as it strives for its goal:  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

Then if summits you'd reach and high ends achieve,  
Within time's limits below;  
Rouse to action and make—as the right thing to do—  
This motto your creed and practice it through:  
"Hoe out to the end of your row!"

\*Candidate in Third Massachusetts district.

—By I. P. Patol, D. D.

## THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

Brownie Anderson stopped in his four step plunge down the front stairs to adjust his tie in the mirror on the landing, and heard, not for the first time in his life, his family arraigning for him. "He's a young fool," came his father's voice, followed by the crackling of newspaper; "if he would come home at night and not trapse all over the country with some silly girl."

"The boy has to take the girl home when he takes her to a party, John," came his mother's voice next. (Good old scout, Mother!)

"I know that, but why the —" Brownie could picture his mother's reproving hand. "Why doesn't he pick someone nearer home?" (Humph! As if where a girl lived mattered, when you cared for her.) "Where was he last night, anyway?"

"Out at Hainesville with Myra Reed," piped in Andy's falsetto. Andy was just waiting to break into long trousers. "And he didn't catch the last car in, I know it." (Last time Andy got any of Myra Reed's fudge, the little sandspile!)

There was a silence. Brownie could imagine the looks exchanged between his father and mother. He hesitated long enough to assume an air of complete nonchalance, and sauntered whistling into the dining-room.

"Mornin' everybody!" His greeting was met with a suspicious silence. He watched his mother bustle back and forth with his breakfast without comment, answered Andy's question idly, and sighed with relief when his father left the table.

"Irving," his mother began when the front door slammed on his father's heels—Irving was his dress name, so you can't exactly blame him for wearing his nickname whenever possible—"Irving you must try to get in earlier at nights. You father's very cross about it. He heard about your falling asleep at the bank yesterday. Who was the girl last night?"

"Myra Reed. Mother, she's a peach and she can't help it if she lives so far away."

"But, Irving, your girls always live far away."

"My bad luck; I pick 'em that way. What else did father say?"

"He threatens to take you away from the bank, and send you down to Uncle Bill's."

Uncle Bill's feed store! Christmas, what a blow! Uncle Bill was one of the few older people that Brownie did not call friend; and this was more because of Uncle Bill's store as an ultimate scene of Brownie's endeavors than for anything personal. Older people liked Brownie Anderson. They liked him for his deferential ways, for his good nature, for the humorous twinkle in his brown eyes, and for his readiness to listen to anything, from politics to pickle recipes.

The nicest thing about Brownie, though, was that he did not realize all this. He would have told you that he was "too darn good-natured, that's all," when his popularity was mentioned. Hostesses always bracketed at least two girls opposite Brownie's name on their party lists. He called the interurban conductors by their first names, and wore out an "owl-line" time-table once a month. Fate had so entangled him with damsels from a distance that on hearing of a new girl he was known to say, "Tell me where she lives! The farther they live the better I seem to like them!" Which was true, but sad.

"Yes, Irving," his mother was saying (to come back to the conversation), "you will have to stop these parties if you want to please your father and me. Try and find some girl nearer home. Which reminds me, Coralie Adams, is back."

"Coralie Adams? Who's she?"

"Irving, don't be foolish. You know Coralie Adams, next door."

"Well, where's she been?"

"Why, you act as if you had never heard of her, and you've played with her for years. Don't you remember her Mother Goose party?"

Brownie nodded reluctantly. "I'd sort of forgotten her, there have been so many girls since Coralie."

"Yes," sighed his mother, "there have. But why don't you call on her this evening? She'll be lonely with just her father."

So Brownie did call, partly to please his mother, and partly because he had called off a date with Myra and had nothing else to do, and partly out of curiosity to see what Coralie would be like. Memories of the girl next door had been coming back to him all day, of pigtailed that never stayed braided, of stolen holidays together, of her anger when he bragged about her as "his girl." She had been a good sport then.

He found her very different, almost a stranger, a wistful, dainty bit of a thing with eyes that reflected her emotions like a mirror. Still a good sport, though, for when he asked her if she wouldn't like to run downtown to the movies, she was ready in a minute. No fussing, like the other girls, for half an hour. He liked the pretty way she demurred about stopping for sundae, and the way she said, "Same as you, Brownie," when he ordered an extra chocolate nut marshmallow split.

Brownie turned into bed that night at ten-thirty with a comfortable feeling not entirely of a disagreeable duty done.

He got into the habit that fall of dropping over after dinner for a short chat in the Adam's cozy living room. Some of Coralie's shyness wore off. She could retail him bits of gossip, could always tell him where he had been last night, began to fix her hair like the other girls, and Brownie guessed that she was finding a place in the younger set of the town. Somehow, though, he could not bring himself to ask her to the parties to which he was still being invited. Coralie was made for fire-sides and summer rambles rather than jazz and joy rides.

One night, however, the thought occurred to him that it wasn't fair to take her hospitality without asking her somewhere. Coralie was kneeling by the fire roasting an apple on a long pointed stick. The light played with her hair and threw a pink glow on her arms, from which her loose sleeves had fallen back. Brownie caught himself wondering how she would look in a real evening dress.

"Say, Coralie, have you got an evening dress?" he asked idly.

"No; why?" she countered, as she turned an expectant face toward him.

"Well, if you could rig up something I might take you to an affair or two this winter, and we might run down to Springfield some night to a good show, what'd you say?"

What did she say? Nothing. But the look of gratitude she turned on him spoke volumes.

The next day when Brownie waved to the figure in the Adams bay window as he passed—he had grown into this habit of late—she held up something blue and shiny to him, and that night he watched the metamorphosis, magical it seemed to his absorbed eyes, of a real evening dress from four yards of sky-blue satin. He was so interested in whether the tiny puffed sleeves should be silk or lace that he broke an engagement with Myra Reed, and was promptly cut by that young lady the next day on High street.

Twenty-four hours after the episode, Brownie's crowd knew all about it, and that he had apologized to Myra over the phone, and that she had said, "Why don't you take the girl next door? She's so handy!" to his conciliatory invitation. Twelve hours after this the story reached Coralie, and that night when Brownie dropped in there was a hurt look in her eyes and all the eagerness had gone from her. She sewed quietly while Brownie expatiated on the advantage of the home basketball team over the Springfield five, biting off her threads with a quiet viciousness that passed unnoticed by her caller.

"There, it's done!" she said at last, snapping off her thread from the last hook. "I'm not so sure I like it, either."

"It's a beauty, Coralie," assured Brownie earnestly. "Just in time for the Thanksgiving dance out at the Country Club. Gee, I'm anxious to see you in it! Go try it on!"

"Thank you, Brownie, but I don't think I want to go," came in thin but decided tones to Brownie's astonished ears.

"Come now, I'm not that bad a dancer. I can't shimmy and all that, because—well, I haven't been going around with the crowd much lately and I've sort of lost out. But I can do a good plain trot."

It isn't that.

Well, what's the trouble? Something in the pink of her cheeks and the downcast eyes as she smoothed the blue satin on her lap must have given him an inkling. "Say, who's been talking?"

"Well, isn't it true?"

"It is not. Just because I used to fall for those Janes who knew I was easy, doesn't say I can't care for a girl next door. Coralie, you don't really believe that, do you?"

"Well, it must be true. Andy told me long ago how your father fussed about your being out late, just about the time you started coming here, too; but I didn't think much about it until this morning."

"I'll brain Andy," said Brownie, striding across the room. Then he stopped suddenly and tried to tilt Coralie's face upward by the tip of her determined little chin. "Come on Coralie, don't be nasty. Honest, I never in all my life wanted a girl to go anywhere as much as I want you."

Coralie raised her gray eyes, full of the reflections of the blue satin. She caught the "you're the only girl in the world" look in Brownie's eyes, but bit her lips and shook her head as if refusing herself something. "No, Brownie, I wish I could believe you, but I'm afraid I can't. I thought you were sorry for me at first, and then I thought that maybe you really enjoyed coming; but now I know, it was only because I was convenient."

There was no patch of light from Coralie's window to wink its good night to Brownie that night. His first resolves of "he would show her" dwindled into weary wondering of how he could make her believe in him. His first intention of asking another girl to the dance was discarded in favor of not going at all. Maybe that would convince her. But before he had a chance to make this supreme sacrifice, Fate stepped in and sent him to the city for an intense course in accounting. His early hours had begun to show in his work at the bank. Maybe back of his application were dim, half-acknowledged dreams of a fireside of his own, with someone opposite sewing on pretty blue things all the time. At any rate he had been selected by the president as a "likely young rascal," worth holding on to. It was opportunity with a capital O. He went scurrying over to Adam's so full of the news that he had forgotten the quarrel which was keeping him away. Coralie was "not at home," though he would have sworn that he saw her through the bay window curtains. She had not forgiven him, he believed.

Spring was laggard, even in the small town to which Brownie returned one night in early April. He had added about a hundred new financial words to his vocabulary and a newer cut to his suits. There was a straight line to his mouth, too, and his eyes were sober, too sober for two marshmallows split.

As he drew near the Adams house, he found the windows blinking at him through the misty darkness of the April night. The wheezing of a new jazz record jarred on his ears as he neared the gate. This was why Coralie had not answered his letters. She was doing this sort of thing now every night, and going to dances in her blue dress with other fellows. He did not see the figure at the gate until he almost upset.

"Coralie," he gasped, backing off apologies.

"Humph!" was his answer. "Think nobody else can live next door to you, Brownie Anderson, but Coralie Adams?"

"Myra! But you don't live here?"

"I most certainly do. Hope you don't mind?"

"But Coralie—where did she go?"

"Oh, her father bought a farm way up in Cooper County somewhere. If I were Coralie I'd die up there alone. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks, no!" he stumbled on followed by Myra's "Come over later!"

He received his family's surprised greetings listlessly, not even waxing enthusiastic over Andy's long trousers, worn with an imitation of the slouch Brownie had left in the city.

"Why didn't someone tell me Coralie Adams had moved away?" he exploded finally.

"We thought you knew it, of course," answered his mother, with a curious glance at his serious face. "Don't you want some cake and preserves, Brownie?" she added, and smiled to see the little-boy look come into his eyes again.

Andy was the richer next day by two gorgeous striped neckties just a little worn, and a red sweater with only one tear in the elbow. In exchange he divulged detailed information concerning Coralie's whereabouts.

"I went up to Adam's once in the fall for Mother and you take the trolley out to the Junction. Then you have to wait about forty minutes for the Springfield train and tell the conductor to signal them to stop at Cobb's Crossing. Then maybe you'll get the wagon, or maybe you'll have to hoof it over the hill and down in the valley about a mile and a half off the main road to their farm. Gee, it's some trip! I left here about three o'clock and I didn't get home until nine, and I only stayed long enough to eat half a cream pie Coralie gave me."

"How did she look?" queried Brownie with magnificent unconcern.

"Oh, 'bout the same I guess. Say, Irv, she asked me if it was true about you going around with her last year because she lived so near."

"I suppose you told her it was, like you do the time you queried things," answered Brownie, with a ferocity that startled Andy.

"Oh, no, I didn't. I said it might have been true once or twice, but that I guessed you'd turned down a good many party bids and things to go over and sit with her evenings."

"What did Coralie say?"

"Nothin'; only she gave me nuther piece of pie, and some doughnuts to eat on my way home."

Tuesday, the day of Brownie's return, to Saturday's half holiday was a long time to wait; but at last in a dreary April rain he started forth with a suspiciously oblong package not very well hidden in his newspaper. His brown shoes with their holiday shine were unrecognizable after he tramped through lanes almost ankle deep in spring mud. His hat, bought for the occasion, drooped in a limp scalloped brim. He did not look the romeo he felt in his heart.

Coralie herself opened the door, a slight frown widening her eyes before the lamp she shaded with her hand as she saw the slouching figure without. Then the figure stepped inside, took the lamp from her hands and deposited it on the wet doorstep, where it sputtered and went out. A pair of wet arms gathered Coralie into a close embrace and a husky voice murmured:

"Coralie, little sweetheart, it's Brownie!"

And though Brownie had never so much as held her little finger before in his life, Coralie laid her head quite naturally on his shoulder and said, as she must have said over and over in day dreams, "Brownie, it's so good to have you."

"I'm coming up every Saturday and Sunday, and if I save up my lunch hour through the week I think I can get off early on Wednesdays too."

"But wouldn't you rather I lived next door?" There was just a hint of mischief in Coralie's voice.

"The next place you live, young lady, is going to be right in the same house, and it's going to be ours. Cor-

alie, if I come up three times a week will you believe that—that I mean—that it wasn't just because you lived so handy?"

And because Coralie was almost a woman and very, very happy, she just buried her head deeper into Brownie's wet coat sleeve. Then they shut the door, and left the lamp in the rain and went in to open the oblong box and talk it all over in the fire-light.

## FARM CALENDER

Sprays.—Red mites are causing severe damage to apple orchards in southern counties. Control them and the second brood codling moth at the same time with lime-sulphur and lead arsenate.

Immediate application of Bordeaux 3-4-50 will check bitter rot of apples in southern Pennsylvania. Repeat in 3 or 4 weeks unless weather conditions make an outbreak improbable.

Cool weather and frequent rains make an epidemic of late blight of potatoes very probable. Keep vines thoroughly covered with 4-4-50 Bordeaux, spraying every 10 to 14 days until vines are dead.

Poultry.—Begin to cull the flock at once. Every molting hen should be eliminated. Early molting hens are poor layers. It pays to cull regularly.

Farm Crops.—Now is a good time to start that field of alfalfa. Sow 15 to 20 pounds of inoculated seed per acre. Have field well drained, fertilized and limed.

Orchard.—If plums and peaches need thinning, and it has not been done, it is best to do so at once.

Canning.—Fruits and berries will keep whether canned with or without sugar, if the product is completely sterilized, and the jars perfectly sealed. Proceed exactly as when syrup is used.

Hogs that breathe with difficulty should be culled out and sold at this time; there is little chance of their surviving the August heat.

Four Waterfalls Could Turn the World's Wheels.

The electrical engineer who is able to insure the transmission of electricity for hundreds, possible thousands, of miles without losing the force of the power has a fortune waiting for him.

Why? Because he will have made it possible for us to cease worrying about the possible or probable exhaustion of our coal (it has been calculated that fuel will be exhausted within one hundred years if the present rate of increase of consumption continues) and allow us to harness and use the waterfalls. There are four waterfalls alone that can supply far more than enough power to turn all the wheels in the world. These are the Victoria Falls, of the Zambezi; our own Niagara; the La Guayra Falls, of the Parana River; the Igassu Falls, of the Igassu River, both of the latter being close to the frontier of Brazil and Paraguay.

The total horse power derived from burning coal and oil, direct and indirect, is not more than 30,000,000. The Victoria Falls alone is capable of furnishing 35,000,000 horse power.

The difficulty in the way of utilizing the giant falls is that most of them are miles from the points to which power would have to be carried. When we can carry that power we will cease to use coal to generate power.

## Groundhogs Disappearing.

Hunters of groundhogs have not been able to find much game and it is an unusual thing when the hunter returns with a single specimen. As the farms are being worked closer year after year the home of the groundhog is being destroyed and it now looks as if there will be a final extinction. Several years back it was comparatively easy to shoot several groundhogs on one trip.

The prejudice against eating the groundhogs has saved the animal for a long time, but soon there will have to be a closed season. It furnishes a delicate dish if properly prepared, even better than rabbit, but its rat tail makes it impossible to attempt to eat by the average gunner. Many who gun for them do so for the sport alone, giving away all they shoot.

To shoot a groundhog requires patient waiting, watching for them at the entrance of their burrow. The animal is wary and has a sharp sight, and before emerging from the hole looks all around to see if the coast is clear. The hunter must shoot quick, as it retreats quickly, generally seeing the hunter as soon as he sees it.

At this time of the year the animal is living on the fat of the land, sleeping as long as twenty-four hours after a full meal and accumulating fat for the long winter months of all sleep and no food.

## Knew His Business.

The inhabitants of a certain small village in the South were given a post-office. Their pride in the acquisition was at first unbounded. Then complaints began to come in that letters were not being properly sent off. The department at Washington then ordered an inspector to go down and investigate these complaints.

The postmaster was also the grocer. "What becomes of the letters posted here?" demanded the inspector of him. "The people say they are not sent off."

"Of course they ain't!" was the startling response, as the postmaster-grocer pointed to a large and nearly empty mail sack hanging in a corner. "I ain't sent it off because it ain't anywhere near full yet!"—Harper's Magazine.

## Marriage Licenses.

Harry W. Raymond and Mary F. Dunlap, both of Bellefonte.

Ellsworth Roosevelt Hosterman and Susan Mable Renner, both of Woodward.

Charles R. Thompson and Catherine W. Holt, both of Howard.

Luther C. Kline, of Philipsburg, and Jennie Miller, of Houtzdale.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

### DAILY THOUGHT.

The soul that realizes its identity with the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence of the Universe has gained absolute freedom and boundless power.

For the porch, the living rooms, for picnics, for boating—for innumerable purposes in summer time plenty of pretty cushions are required.

Women who like to make their homes as attractive as possible and girls who like canoeing are now busily engaged making summer cushions. These few hints may be of value to them:

Java kapok floss—next to down, which is hardly ever used nowadays, being so expensive and hard to procure—is about the best pillow filling available. But it's rather costly. It will be found much more satisfactory if it's cut into small squares and thoroughly heated in the oven. It should be placed in a baking pan and watched to prevent scorching. The little cotton cubes swell to twice their size and are as fluffy as down.

Old silks if shredded very fine make excellent pillow "stuffs," as they're soft and fluffy and cool and "comfy."

Pillows or cushions for the porch swing may be made from old blankets or quilts—folded to the required size and covered attractively.

Pillows for the porch or canoe may be first covered with oilcloth—then have their slipcovers put on. This makes them rainproof—and the slipcovers can be very easily washed if they're caught out in a shower.

The stores are full of gay cretonnes for porch coverings, crashes and other fabrics. An exceptionally large roomy pillow can be made from a square yard of material if the four points are brought together as in the four points of an envelope. A hem two inches wide around the edges makes the cushion seem much bigger than it really is and helps the slipcover to fit the pillow more snugly.

If the porch needs a fundamental "fixing up" such as a new floor or new pillars, these suggestions should be interesting:

A cement floor marked off in "tile" squares, or a floor of any of the so-called "tile" floorings, which are easy on the feet and very durable, would be a paying proposition. It's much easier to clean, very attractive, and if properly laid will last virtually forever.

New pillars in square effect, with heavy square box railing to harmonize, permit the placing of flower boxes on the railings in summer time and flat removable tops can readily be well lined and allow for proper drainage.

A shelf placed inside the porch railing about a foot from the floor and a foot wide makes a great hit with the men as a footrest—and is mighty handy for books, needlework, magazines, newspapers, etc. A shelf placed along the house wall or railing at convenient height is very useful for holding flower pots, books, etc.

If you like to have a reading light on the porch, your handy man can arrange to drop a one-bulb electric cord at the place desired and you can easily make a pretty shade for it from cretonne or some fabric to harmonize with your porch cushions. Instead of purchasing the wire holder for the shade you can cut a piece of cardboard in round shape, large enough to hold the shade, and remove enough from the middle of it to allow it to pass over the top of the electric bulb. You'll find it holds the shade very securely—and, of course, at no cost.

If you plan to inclose your porch this fall, give thought to using case-mated porch cushions. They do not need to be removed in the summertime—just opening them wide allows sufficient air and they're mighty handy when a sudden shower or a chilly day comes along.

The back porch can conceal its unsightly garbage pail, hose and kindred appliances in an attractive box seat, which the man of the house can easily make.

Toasting is the most common method of making stale or partly stale bread attractive, but it is by no means the only one. If partly stale bread is put into a very hot oven for a few minutes it grows softer, probably because the heat tends to drive the water from the crust back into the crumb, food specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say. Such warmed-over bread is not as soft and springy as fresh, but most persons find it very appetizing.

A good plan, therefore, when bread has lost its freshness, is to cut off what will be needed at a meal and place the slices in a hot oven for a few minutes just before serving. In this way bread can be used on the table which would ordinarily be considered too stale.

"Twice-baked," bread which is cut bread placed in the warming-oven or in a pan on the back of the stove and allowed to dry out slowly until it is slightly brown and crisp throughout, offers still another way of making stale bread attractive. If desired, this twice-baked bread may be crushed with a rolling-pin and used like the ready-to-eat breakfast cereals. In some localities this dish has long been known under the name of rusks.

The little fried cubes of bread called crotons, which are served with soup, may be made of odds and ends of bread. To save time, bread simply broken into small pieces may be fried either in deep fat or in a pan (sauteed) and used for the same purpose. Sometimes bread crumbs fried in a pan are used as a seasoning or sauce for meat. French cooks frequently put pieces of stale bread in soups just to soften; the well-known one, "crust in the pot" (croute au pot) is simply in thin soup with bread in it.

There are many ways of using stale bread in cooking. Almost every good cookbook gives directions for preparing soft and dry crumbs for use in scalloped dishes, bread puddings, etc. The soft parts of the bread may be used in place of flour or cornstarch for thickening soups, sauces, gravies, stewed tomatoes (either fresh or canned), etc. Bakers often use stale bread and dried, finely ground cake in place of part of the flour in making fancy breads, cakes and cookies.

## FARM NOTES

—Reports of great damage by grass hoppers have been received during the past two weeks by agriculturists at the Pennsylvania State College especially from the southern and western parts of the State. The college recommends a poison bait for their control, made as follows:

Make a liquid of two quarts of cheap molasses, six oranges or lemons (rind, pulp and juice) and three and one half gallons of water. Make a dry mixture of twenty pounds of bran with one pound of paris green or white arsenic. Combine the two mixtures, working until a fairly moist mass results, but not too wet. Scatter in grass land in the cool of the evening. This amount will do for three acres.

—Almost any green crop can be made into silage successfully. Much care, however, must be taken to expel the air from such hollow-stemmed plants as the small cereal grains by cutting fine and packing firmly. Other crops, of which legumes are examples, are deficient in the fermentable constituents needed for palatable silage. On the other hand, a few crops, such as the saccharine sorghums, have so much sugar that unless cut at a more mature stage they have a tendency to produce sour silage.

In most parts of the United States more food material can be obtained from an acre of corn as silage than from an acre of any other crop that can be grown. Corn is more easily harvested and put into the silo than crops like rye, clover, cowpeas, or alfalfa, and when cut for silage the maximum quantity of nutrients is preserved. Experiments have shown that corn, when silaged, lost 15.6 per cent of the dry matter, against 23.8 per cent when cut for fodder and cured in the field. Moreover there is less waste in feeding silage than in feeding fodder, since good silage properly fed is all consumed.

When corn is cut for silage the silo is cleared and left ready for another crop sooner than when the corn is shocked or is husked from the standing stalk. Corn can be put into the silo at a cost not above that of shocking, husking, grinding, and shredding. Farmers' Bulletin 578 on The Making and Feeding of Silage may be had by addressing the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

—As profitable egg producers, guinea hens cannot compete with ordinary hens, but during the latter part of the spring and throughout the summer they are persistent layers. The eggs are smaller than hen eggs, weighing about 1.4 ounces each while eggs of the common fowl average about 2 ounces each; consequently guinea eggs sell at a price somewhat lower.

There is no special market for guinea eggs, and they are usually graded by dealers as small hen eggs. Owing to the natural tendency of the guinea hen to nest in a patch of weeds or some other well-hidden place many of the eggs are not found until they are no longer fit for market. The shells of guinea eggs are so thick and often so dark that it is difficult to test them by candling. For this reason, and also because the eggs are small, dealers do not like to handle them. For home use, however, guinea eggs can be made to take the place of hen eggs, and many regard them as superior in flavor. In composition the greatest difference is that the shell is thicker and the yolk makes up a slightly larger proportion of the total egg contents than in the case of hen eggs, poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say.

—Squabs are usually killed in the same manner as poultry—by cutting the arteries in the back part of the neck of the mouth and piercing the brain; but if sent to market without plucking they are usually killed by pressing the thumb against the neck where it joins the head, until it is dislocated. In sticking, the squabs are hung by their legs on nails or hooks, with their wings double-locked. After they are stuck, the feathers, with the exception of those on the head, are immediately plucked clean, using a dull knife for the neck, and the birds are cooled either by placing them in cold water or by hanging them in a cool place. If the crop contains any feed, it should be cut open and thoroughly washed.

Squabs should be washed, cleaned, and graded according to size and quality, as dark-colored and small squabs tend to lower the price paid for an entire shipment of mixed squabs, market experts of the United States Department of Agriculture say. They are usually packed for shipment in a good supply of cracked ice with paraffin paper between the layer of ice and squabs. The box or container should have holes in it for drainage.

—The advantage of wool pooling and cooperative selling may well be outlined as permitting the growers to sell their wool collectively in a large volume, thus attracting a large number of buyers and making possible the payment of the full value of the wool. The larger buyers are not attracted by individual clips unless they are of considerable magnitude such as some of those produced by the larger ranchers in the West. Nor is the local buyer able to pay the full price for wools which must be purchased a few fleeces at a time and carried at his personal expense and risk until sufficient volume has been accumulated to permit his shipment to some central wool market.

Volume handling such as is possible where the entire clip of the community is sold collectively reduces the cost per pound of buying and handling and will permit the purchaser whether a local wool merchant or some outside buyer, to pay a higher price per pound than is possible where it is necessary to purchase the wool in small lots.

The Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, is constantly giving assistance to cooperative organizations in the way of organization practices and selling methods and will be glad to extend similar service in the cooperative marketing of wool.