

RELIGION AND FRIENDSHIP.

By Edgar A. Guest.

"What's his religion?" quick says I As we observed him walkin' by...

THE LOST FILMS.

Can a woodchuck climb a tree? Before we had our experience on Prospect Hill both Rodney Blake and I would have answered that question in the negative...

Rodney and I had set out on an afternoon stroll, with the birch flats and a swim in the river as our objective.

"That dog has cornered something," I said; "sounds as if it might be a bear."

"A chipmunk, more likely," Rodney replied. "She'll make as much fuss over two ounces of game as she will over two hundred pounds."

He whistled shrilly again and again, but the barking continued unabated. The terrier was making so much noise that she could not possibly have heard anything less than a thunder-clap.

We followed the old road until we came to what is left of the quarry buildings. They had been empty for at least fifteen years and are in a ruinous condition.

The excavation is nearly three acres in area, and is almost a hundred feet in depth down to the surface of the water. Just how deep that water is I do not know, but old residents assert that the quarry was two hundred and fifty feet in depth when it was abandoned.

As soon as the machinery had been removed the pumps were stopped, and immediately the water began to rise. Within a month or two it had obtained its present level, where it has remained with little variation ever since.

"Gyp!" said Rodney sharply. "What's the matter? What are you making all this row about?"

The terrier wagged the stub of a tail, to show that she heard, but kept on barking. Crawling up to the verge and looking over, I saw a sight that made me beckon to Rodney to join me.

Fifteen feet down the almost vertical precipice was a narrow shelf, marked with drill holes at least eighty years old. On that porch squatted a huge gray woodchuck, a veritable patriarch of his race, with one eye fixed on the barking dog and the other warily taking note of the sheer fall beside him.

Then we noticed a burrow entrance almost at our feet. Gyp, by a rush, had cut the marmot off from his home and had forced him to take shelter over the edge of the quarry.

Rodney made a futile clutch at the dog's hind quarters, while I, in turn, grasped the back of his coat. "If they get to fighting, they'll both

tumble into the water and drown!" he cried; but the woodchuck showed no disposition to stay to fight.

A seed had found lodgment in a crevice of the rock and had sprung up long ago, probably soon after the quarrymen had worked down to the next level.

"Will you look at that!" said Rodney, staring with open mouth. Now, if we should tell what we've just seen, nobody would believe us!

"No-o-o." "And didn't everybody say, or at least hint, that he was an old line; just as soon as his back was turned?"

"Why, I guess a good many didn't believe him." "No; and a good many wouldn't believe us. I'd give a dollar for a picture of that fellow up there!"

"Will you wait here and keep him treed till I can get it?" "You hurry, and Gyp and I will keep him here."

He set off on a run for his home, and I was left to seat myself on a slab of rock and listen to the barking dog. Gyp seemed to have all the will in the world to climb the tree herself; all that she lacked was the necessary skill.

The woodchuck, looking alternately down at the dog and across at me, swayed back and forth on the slender bough to which it clung. After a little more than a quarter of an hour, Rodney came back, panting heavily, but waving his camera in triumph.

"You got a good one that time," I hold him, after the second film had been exposed; for I had been looking over his shoulder into the focusing chamber, where the animal's image was very clearly outlined.

"Yes; but it will look as if I were up another tree when I took the picture. I ought to be down at the level of that ledge, so as to take in the chuk and the whole tree from below. I'm going down there, too."

"You'd better not, Rod," I warned him. "How'll you get back?" "Oh—climb back! Let me take your hand."

Rodney never was easily dissuaded from carrying out any plan, however hazardous, once he had made up his mind to try it. I was still arguing when he slipped over the edge, tightly gripping my fingers with one hand and holding the camera at arm's length in the other.

"Look out, Gyp!" he shouted as he saw that his feet were aimed straight for the foot of the tree and let go. In a fraction of a second he struck heavily against the trunk and threw his free arm around it to save himself from falling farther.

The stunted elm, although in full leaf, had a yellowish, unthrifty appearance; but that it was insecurely anchored had not occurred to either of us. The instant Rodney's weight came against it, however, it toppled outward, and with a sharp crackling of roots and with the fall of splintered fragments of stone, dropped down the face of the cliff out of sight.

Gyp yelped and leaped to one side just in time. Of course the woodchuck went with the tree, and so, to my horror, did Rodney, turning heels over head and shooting out even beyond the branches of the elm as he fell.

I do not think that he uttered a sound, but I cannot be sure, for I was shouting like a lunatic. The sound of a faint splash came up to me a second later, and in a moment I saw a line of ripples circling toward the opposite side of the pool; but nothing else was to be seen or heard.

A dozen times or more I shouted Rodney's name without getting a response. The shelf on which the whining terrier was running back and forth was wide enough to prevent me from looking straight down into the quarry, so I sprang to my feet and hurried round the edge of the quarry to a point where I could get a view of the place into which my friend had fallen.

"Rodney! Rodney!" I called and my shout echoed back dimly from the walls of the quarry. When the reverberations died away, I thought that I heard a faint shout in reply. As I could still see nothing, I ran along the edge still farther, and then in a niche, almost in line with the place from which the elm had fallen, I saw Rodney seated, with his legs in the water. And now, well above him, I could also see the woodchuck, laboriously ascending the precipice along a ragged seam in the rock.

"Are you hurt?" I shouted across. "I've lost my camera," was the seemingly inconsequential reply. "But are you hurt?" "Not much, I guess. I had the breath knocked out of me so I couldn't make a sound for a minute or two, that's all."

Suffrage and President Wilson.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, immediately after Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby had signed and proclaimed the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment, called on President Wilson for the purpose of personally thanking him, on behalf of the women of the United States who desired the franchise, for his steadfast and loyal support of their cause.

Part of her purpose in calling on the President was to present him with an album in leather bearing the greeting and appreciation of forty-eight State Associations which she represents.

In the preface of the book the women of the country say: "In 1916 you told the National American Woman Suffrage Association at their convention that you, too, had caught the suffrage contagion. You had come to fight with us, you said. From that day, through crisis after crisis in the suffrage struggle, you have proved an able ally and a wise adjutant, and stood loyally by us."

The women who lead the Suffrage movement to final success know best who were their real friends and advocates and in making this public presentation to President Wilson have proclaimed to the world that to him more than any other man living they are grateful.

"Can you hang there till I get help and a rope?"

"Yes; it's just like sitting in a chair. But I can climb out, if that woodchuck can—and he's doing it!"

"Don't you try any such foolishness!" I called and started at my best speed for the village. When I reached the other side of the quarry I found Gyp up on the bank again.

With the aid of half a dozen men and two hundred feet of rope, the task of getting Rodney out of his predicament did not prove so difficult as I had feared it would. When he reached the top, however, he could hardly stand, for he had struck the water flatwise, and one side of his body was bruised and sore from head to foot.

No one seemed to doubt our story, especially as by that time the woodchuck had reappeared on the shelf and Gyp had to be held back from making a second attack; but Rodney persisted in asserting that no one really believed us. I know that he mourned the loss of the two films much more than he mourned his injuries.

PLEASANT GAP.

Millard Schreffler, of Altoona, visited his parents here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Mulfinger, of Akron, Ohio, are visiting among relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hantman, of Williamsport, are visiting with Mrs. John Herman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Twitmyer, of the city, are visiting with Mrs. Henry Twitmyer.

Roy Barnes, of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending a week with his mother, Mrs. R. P. Barnes.

Mr. Hoover, wife and daughter Ethel, of Altoona, were visitors at the home of Robert Corl.

Miss Dorothy Mulfinger is spending a week's vacation at Williamsport with friends and relatives.

Bruce Harrison, wife and daughter, of State College, were visiting their friends and relatives here for the past week.

Our registration assessor, Ward Showers is having the time of his life the past few days. He things registering women is not a very desirable task, as about three-fourths of the newly made voters defy the registrar to register them. The tax collectors

OAK HALL.

Miss Esther Raymond visited from Friday until Tuesday with friends at Millmont.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Lauder spent Sunday at the Henry Sents home on the Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. David Krebs, of State College, were recent visitors at the W. E. Homan home.

A new engine and air compressor were installed by the Oak Hill Lime and Stone company recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Korman and daughter, of State College, spent Sunday at the I. C. Korman home at this place.

Miss Sue Peters, of Pine Grove Mills, and Miss Miriam Stamm, of Chicago, visited last week in this vicinity.

Mr. J. J. Tressler had the misfortune to have one of his fine cows fall and break its shoulder Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Lizzie Wibley, of Altoona, and Miss Annie Kline, of Harrisburg, spent a few days recently at the home of their sister, Mrs. Wm. Bohn.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hazel and family and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Houser and Mrs. Adam Wagner, all of Bellefonte, took supper at the Harry Wagner home Sunday.

Fair Warning.

"You are sure to enjoy yourself here," said the glib-tongued hotel proprietor. "There are lots of pretty girls to make love to."

"That's fine," returned the young salesman on vacation, "but there's one thing I wish to impress upon your mind."

"And what is that?" "I am not one of those chaps who would rather make love than eat."—Boston Transcript.

The Main Question.

"Will Lefthook or Plexus win that prize fight?" "Lefthook should have the best of the argument."

"I'm not interested in who has the best of the argument. How about the fight."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

A cowardly or barks more fiercely than bit—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Men as well as women can help reduce the high cost of clothing. A little care on the part of the wearer will do much to preserve clothing already on hand and thus eliminate the necessity of spending large sums frequently to replenish the wardrobe.

Immediate attention to rips, sewing on loosened buttons and hooks, reworking worn buttonholes and "preventative" darning are recommended as means of prolonging the life of a garment.

To keep clothing looking "as good as new" as well as actually preserving and lengthening its life, it is necessary to keep it clean. Brushing with a stiff brush for woolen clothing and a softer brush for velvet or silk, is necessary to remove dust, and spots and stains should be carefully treated with cleaning preparations as soon as possible.

Preserving the shape of a garment lengthens its service. Almost anyone can learn to press clothing neatly. Woolen clothing should be covered with a thoroughly dampened cloth and pressed with a moderately hot iron until nearly dry.

Woolen clothing should be covered with a thoroughly dampened cloth and pressed with a moderately hot iron until nearly dry. If the cloth becomes absolutely dry, shine is likely to appear on the garment.

Shoes, more than many other articles of clothing, need to be thoroughly aired after wearing, to prevent perspiration from rotting the lining. Keeping shoes on shoe trees stuffed with paper when not in use preserves their original shape, and is especially necessary if the shoes have become wet.

The care and attention which the State as such can and will give is greater than the care and attention a private individual or corporation can and will give.

The timber development of the State affects every other industry and is, therefore, a people's question; The State as such must supervise the cutting of trees if the forests are to continue;

Privately owned timber must have protection from fire and careful supervision to protect it from devastation. The present timber and wood pulp shortage has developed out of the existing practice of lumbering, which is based on the careless assumption that "we have timber enough to last."

Under past and present lumbering practice, mature crops of native timber have been harvested wholly without regard to succeeding crops. No provision has been made for the starting of new forest growth for protecting it from fires which followed lumbering, nor for the care of young timber.

One method of cleaning kid gloves is to rub the soiled parts with corn meal moistened with enough gasoline to keep the meal from scratching the gloves, then dry thoroughly in the air. Washable gloves should always be washed on the hands to preserve their shape. It pays to mend small rips in gloves as soon as the rip appears.

The bulletin mentioned treats also of ways of economizing in the selection of clothing, how to test textile goods, and gives other suggestions of value.

It gives one a very warm feeling of security when starting on a trip to be surrounded by the parting gifts of stay-at-home friends, but often these same gifts prove later to be an embarrassment of riches. Too much fruit will spoil, the flowers will wilt and the books prove dry or read before. There are the white elephants of bulky gifts, too, which are apt to be given to the first chambermaid or left in the stateroom.

Bon-voyage gifts should be chosen with an eye to their practicality to make them truly welcome. One of the most thoughtful gifts and one which took up no room at all was a subscription to the home paper, mailed with a careful regard for the itinerary of the friend who was traveling.

Another gift which will prove itself as welcome as the friend it represents is a small leather identification case to be carried in the man's pocket or the woman's purse. In it can be carried full details of whom to notify in case of illness or accident, the bank where funds can be had, and so on. If this is inclosed in an envelope of oiled silk it can be hung around the neck.

The writing portfolio that is not bulky makes a good gift. Some very artistic ones can be made of rich printed linen or tapestry stiffened with card board or the frame of an old cigar box. The edges are finished with gilt braid. This style is shaped like a small overnight bag with two sides hinged to an oblong bottom and tall triangular side pieces.

Two straps of the gilt braid overlap and snap into place for a handle. One side is fitted with pockets, the other with a blotter slipped into straps of the braid at the corners.

FARM NOTES.

Duck farms are usually located on light sandy soil, generally on sloping land, where the droppings will leach freely into the soil, so that the land keeps sweet and clean.

The farm should have good shipping facilities to aid both in shipping products and in buying supplies. The arrangement of the buildings should be planned to economize labor and to allow for future increase of the equipment.

The incubator cellar should be convenient to the brooder house, the brooder house to the growing house and pens, and these buildings to the killing house. The pens in the houses, the outside yards, and the arrangement of the buildings should be planned so that the ducks may be easily driven from house to house if desired.

Convenient watering arrangements are essential where large numbers of ducks are kept, as they require a large amount of drinking water. While ducks may be kept successfully under very intensive conditions, it is advisable to allow a moderate amount of yard space.

Double yards, which may be rotated, and planted to quick-growing crops, such as oats, wheat, and rye, are good for intensive duck farms.

It is advisable to have a pond or stream for the breeding ducks, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, as they usually give better fertility under these conditions, although on some successful duck farms the ducks are always kept dry land.

The young, green ducks on some farms which have a pond are not allowed to go into the water except to bathe and clean their feathers before marketing. Other growers, however, allow the green ducks free access to ponds or streams until they are marketed.

There are many reasons for rotating crops. Some are more important in one section, some in another. Among them may be mentioned the following: (1) Rotation increases the total crop yield.

(2) It distributes the risk of crop failure, since conditions injurious to one crop frequently do not affect other crops. (3) It gives better distribution of farm labor throughout the year.

(4) It allows the keeping of more live stock, which favors a better use of farm crops and furnishes farm manure. (5) It allows the use of green-manure crops and the satisfactory application of farm manures, thus maintaining the fertility of the soil.

(6) It insures a better control of weeds, injurious insects, and fungous diseases of crops. (7) It uses soil moisture more completely, as different crops use water differently.

The crop of the chicken sometimes becomes overloaded with feed, and its thin muscular walls become distended and partially paralyzed, so that the organ can not be emptied, or the opening into the lower esophagus may become clogged with a feather, a straw, or some other substance which the bird has swallowed.

The crop is greatly distended and the mass of feed is rather hard and firm. In both cases the symptoms are the same, and treatment should be conducted on the same principles, United States Department of Agriculture specialists say.

For treatment, pour one-fourth to one-half ounce of melted lard or sweet oil down the throat and manipulate the contents of the crop with the hand in such a way as to tend to break up the mass. Unless the passage is closed the contents of the crop will usually pass away within a few hours. For a few days feed should be limited in quantity.

If the foregoing method is ineffective and an operation becomes necessary, clip away the feathers from a part of the crop, and with a very sharp knife, lancet, or razor make an incision about 1-2 inches long through the skin and the wall of the crop. Then carefully remove the contents of the crop with the finger, the handle of a spoon, or some convenient object, and wash out the crop with warm water. Pass the finger, well oiled, into the esophagus to see that there is no obstruction.

Sew up the wall of the crop first, then the outer skin, using white silk or linen thread and being careful not to sew the two membranes together. In a few days the wound will be healed. Feed sparingly on whole grains until the wound heals, and do not give any water for 24 hours.

Dipping fowls in a soap solution made by dissolving 1 ounce of laundry soap in a gallon of water will destroy all chicken lice, but a second dipping 10 days later is necessary in order to destroy the lice that have hatched from eggs which are not killed by the treatment.

The head of one of the large packing plants in Chicago recently asserted that in late years the quality of the hogs received at Chicago has depreciated, and he gave as a reason that more hogs are being shipped off grass. While the grass-fed hog will not dress out as profitably as one that has been fed, or at least finished on corn, it is gratifying to observe that the cornbelt farmer is waking up to the economic necessity of growing his hogs on grass.

The packer referred to stated that of recent years tankage has found a broad and increasing demand from hog growers, who realize its protein value as a balance for the heavy corn ration fed to many hogs, especially those that are fattened in the winter.

Broom grass is one of the best pasture plants. Its good points are that it has a good root system; therefore stands tramping well, starts early and grows late, is leafy and makes a fine pasture. It does well on poor as well as on good soil, but responds splendidly to good soil and manuring.