# Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 7, 1921.

### DREAMER AND DOER.

A dreamer and a doer Were born the selfsame day. Grew up and dwelt together In comrade work and play.

The dreamer sent his fancy On classic fields to roam, The doer fashioned temples From common clay, at home

The dreamer saw a kingdom Where right ruled everything, Where justice dwelt with liberty And every man was king.

The doer sought triumphant Through hatred, pain and dearth. To bring the Kingdom nearer Or peace, good will on earth.

The dreamer saw his Master, Compassionate and mild. The doer toiled and suffered-Lifted the crippled child.

Led forth the blind and erring Till in his face men saw The Master's spirit shining

And touched his robe in awe

How could that mystic dreamer Such wondrous visions see? How could.the toil-worn doer Rise to such mastery?

How could the dreamer triumph? How could the doer plan?

Ah! You have read the answer! They were the selfsame man!

Fare forth, my valiant doer.

Where storm-tossed pennons gleam. But lose not, in thy striving,

The vision and the dream

-Bartlett Brooks

### SHORTY AND THE SOUL LIGHT-ERS. no mah.

Ah-ha! So you pulled samething out of the Christmas grab bag that you ain't ashamed to sport, eh? Come off! Ain't that a new pearl stickpin? Thought so. Oh, I know all about the rest of it, too. You're finishing the festive season with a crimp in your bank roll and a fresh box of indiges-tion tablets; but think of the fun you've had!

No? Well, say, then you've been tryin' to run through on a grown up basis, leavin' out the youngsters? Don't come around here lookin' for sympathy in that case; for, unless you can produce credentials from some kid delegates, you ain't got any more right tryin' to butt in on the Santa Claus stunt than a monkey has at a cat show. No wonder you look like the Grand Grouch of the Bilioustine Brotherhood! Get in line! that's my

tip. Me? Well, there's little Sullivan McCabe, ain't there? Course, he's some young to get all the joy out of it that he will later; but I don't believe in savin' such things up. This is a shifty world, and my idea is to give him all the fun that's coming to him while it's on hand to pass out.

So when it begins to get along to-

"Fine," says I. "You're getting behind 'em clear up from the station, they tells me, in one of the small ban-long fast. It's on the first finger; so watchin' 'em swing hands all the way quet rooms, and the head promoter Christmas. along fast. It's on the first finger; so that means it begins with A. Is it apples orthey got inside their gate.

"Attison!" shouts Sadie. "Their Now me and Sadie get along more or less smooth. We don't heave the wire was out of order when I called them up yesterday, and I haven't breakfast crockery at each other, or thought of it since. You must run chuck the sarcastic harpoon across the breakfast crockery at each other, or right over, Shorty, and tell them to have little Mallory here by seven o'clock, when we light up the tree." "Huh!" says I. "Can't you send..." "No you can't," says Sadie. "And it won't take you ten minutes." dinner table; but we don't feel called on to give any mushy exhibitions in public. That's been the Attisons' specialty, though; so this sudden bulletin about a clean break-away leaves me up in the air.

"Catch me working out any more clues!" I grumbles gettin' my coat on.

ain't such a heavy loser, after all; but Not that I minds the walk. What I something seemed to tell me that objects to is this making an afternoon wouldn't be such a soothin' reflection call on folks that I'd got through try-in' to be chummy with almost before to put out just then. And yet, somehow, I couldn't get wildly sympathet-ic. I don't know how I'd behave if I began. Curse, livin' so near each other, we always passed a nod or the such a proposition was batted up to time of day when we met; but that's me; but it don't strike me I'd sit very as far as it had ever gone. I'd made long with my head in my hands, letas far as it had ever gone. I'd made up my mind soon after they moved out here that the Attisons wa'n't extin' out the groans. Either I'd want to celebrate the event proper, or else I'd feel like rushin' out and qualifyin' actly our kind; and I expect, if you'd asked them, they'd said the same of some one for the accident ward. But Attison, he acts just as soft as he looks, and the best I can do is give You know how it is, no bill of par'ticlars ever framed up, only just a case of stand-off on both sides. him an openin' to rehearse the details All I had against him was that he of the tragedy. Is it one of them thrillin', redhedi-

always wore baby blue neckties and yellow chamois gloves. That and his tary, Robert Chambers souse scan-stiff-kneed way of walkin' would have dals," says I, "or just a casual fam'ly made me hold out for conviction in riot?" the first degree if I'd ever been called on a jury against him. He's one of these big kind of pie faced ducks that Our interests are no longer common seems tryin' to hide how soft they are ones. She is very intellectual, you by lookin' solemn and actin' pompous. If I hadn't heard he was second

"You don't say!" says I. "I never vice president of a big bonding comwould have-er-that is, she's a highpany, and that Mrs. Attison had more brow, eh?" or less dough of her own, I'd thought their livin' in that swell stucco cottage with the tile roof was just part of his then Buddhism; but she's been worse

bluff; but, so far as cash and fam'ly connections went, there was no denyin' they was the real things, her being one of the Rye Neck Spinners. Course,

"Souls of Light!" says I. "That's a new one on me. Branch of the Edi-son General Electric?" old man Spinner went batty on the

Souls of Light."

know.

"I-I don't know," says he. "We

have been drifting apart for months.

Our interests are no longer common

than ever since she became one of the

crowd, just the same. All Sadie would ever say about 'em was that Mrs. Attison was rather cute

ned ash blondes, with a lot of wheat colored hair, dark eyes, and a well plumped out figure that looks stylish

in any old costume she happens to in any old costume she happens to throw on. Sadie finds her pleasant enough at times; but never twice freaks, and the first thing Attison freaks, and the first thing attison in a hen flyin' through a window, hauls off and lands a flat handed smack right across his face. gush all over her, and the next she'd hand her the chilly stare, a line of business which don't work up any enthusiasm on our side of the fence.

When it comes to making a kid branch. round-up of the neighborhood, though,

road wearin' my best good-will-to-all that way now and then; but maybe grin, and prepares to request the priv- you'll get over it sooner'n you think. grin, and prepares to request the priv-ilege of havin' young Mr. Mallory Atilege of havin' young Mr. Mallory At-tison assist on a Santa Claus reception the youngster come over to our nicely under way before Billy Donotion committee. And the first jolt I Christmas tree racket? He's here, gets is when a scared lookin' maid | ain't he?" opens the door a few inches and an-nounces that Mrs. Attison ain't to home. "Mallory!" says Attison, startin' up kind of wild. "Why, I—I believe so. I hope to heaven she hasn' taken him! the women have been shoeed into an

and go to a Romeo clinch the minute has a suite on the 'steenth floor. "You'll find some of his admirers

waiting for him now, over by the elevator," says Billy Donovan, the foxy house detective.

Sure enough, they're lined up on the gilt chairs, about a dozen of 'em. And on the further end of the row is Mrs. Attison, all got up in her swell regalia, holdin' a bunch of orchids in her hands. As there wa'n't any time Course, my first thought is that he

to lose, I waltzes right over. "Mrs. Attison," says I, "I've just been having a session with your husband.' "Indeed!" says she. "I fear I'm

not in the least interested." "Maybe not," says I; "but there's a

youngster out there who's a lot int'rested in you. When I left he was bustin' his little heart, cryin' for his missin' muvver."

She bites her lip at that but ends by shruggin' her shoulders. "The mari-tal state is certain to produce many sordid tragedies," says she. "Pardon my not continuing the discussion, Mr. McCabe," and she turns her back on me square. There was I, too, with all them cuttin' sentime at still bottled up inside of me.

"But look here, Mrs. Attison!" says I.

"I want you to know that—" "Main floor!" sings out the elevator boy, and out steps a flossy gent in five o'clock tea uniform,-silk faced frock coat, carnation in his buttonhole, and curly iron gray hair all shampooed like a French poodle. Also there's a rush for him from the female delegation, with Mrs. Attison joinin' in right near the head of the procession.

For a minute it looked like a Paderewski reception, and the gent bows and smiles right and left; but all of a sudden his grin fades. A black eyed, shabby dressed little woman pushes to the front, shakes her fist under his nose, and hisses out, "Wretch!"

spook business, so they say, and son General Electric?" Next a fat middle aged woman would have left most of his pile to my guess wa'n't among the also- grabs him by the left arm, whirls him some freak slate writin' medium if rans. According to Attison this was around, and remarks real passionate, 'Deceiver! Villian!"

He hadn't any more'n gasped twice and begun to stammer out something, than two more perfect ladies pitched in with spicy conversation along the same lines. One yanks the flower off his coat and stamps on it; another gives a savage pull at his puff tie; and the fat party, with a squawk like

That starts the riot for fair. Some of the ladies screamed, some tried to pull off fatty, and the little black eyed one, grabbin' a bunch of long stemmed roses from one of the admirover the head like she was beatin' a "Well," says I, kind of uneasy that parlor rug.

Say, almost anywhere else than in the Perzazzer this muss would have developed until it would have taken a squad of reserves to have straightenvan and three of his rubber heeled assistants is on the job. In two shakes

Uncle Sam's nephews are strong for Christmas trees and they use about five million every year, says the American Forestry Association, which is conducting the national voting campaign to find what those nephews think should be our national tree. Votes are coming in from every secbut it is larger than the number used by any country on earth. The profiteers were badly stung last year when the public refused to pay high prices for trees and thousands of them were

thrown away in large population centers. The question of cutting Christmas trees comes up every year and the association receives many letters in regard to this practice. Intelligent cutting of the smaller trees really aids the growth of the more mature trees.

To New York and New England are sent more than a million trees. Black and red spruce are very commonly seen in celebrations in these parts of the country. Illinois and Ohio nurse-rymen partly supply the local demand with nursery-grown Norway spruce. Pines are in great demand for Christmas trees when fir and spruce are not available. Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia use the scrub Lodge Pole pine is almost the only species available.

Some favor the hemlock, but its slender, springy branches are better adapted to the manufacture of so-States and is much used in Tennessee and Pennsylvania. In California red cedar and incense cedar are not uncommon.

New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, and the Adirondacks and Catskills in New York furnish this supply for there will be less "bleeding" from the New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and even for Baltimore and Wash-ington. The swamps of Michigan, not to prune when the canes are froz-Wisconsin and Minnesota furnish the markets for Chicago, St. Paul, Minne-apolis and the cities of the plains States. Christmas tree ships bring greenery from the upper peninsula of Michigan to Chicago and Detroit. In the Northeastern and Lake States balsam fir furnishes the bulk of the Christmas tree trade. In the South the Fraser fir is the favorite. In Colorado and other Rocky mountain States fir, though abundant, is difficult of access, and the Lodge Pole ers, begun thrashin' the flossy gent pine and occasionally the Douglas fir and Engleman spruce are used. On the Pacific Coast the Christmas tree is often the white fir.

In the national vote being taken by the American Forestry Association, the elm, the oak and the walnut maintain a position among the first three in popular esteem. The hickory and the apple find many friends .- Ex.

### Only Three Grades of Milk.

Three grades of milk only, may be and for the first time in history has ennsy posed legislation endorsed by representatives of the milk producers and milk dealers, the Pennsylvania State Grange, the Department of Agriculture and the State Department of Health. Meeting in conference in Harris- come in contact with livestock to be burg, December 22nd, they further de- on the lookout for any sign of this cided that no persons having communicable diseases shall be permitted to suspicious cases coming under their have anything to do with the produc- observation. tion and distribution of milk in the State. The producers and dealers for some months past have been at loggerheads on the question of milk control, but have reached an agreement by which the control of milk after it leaves the cow and is distributed to the con-

## FARM NOTES.

-Black knot can be controlled only by cutting out all infected wood-cut back to good, healthy wood and burn all prunings.

-Lat fall or early winter spraying of peach trees for San Jose Scale and peach leaf curl yields larger dividends than spring spraying.

-Every farmer should keep some tion of the country. When we consid-er a population of 110,000,000, the number of trees used is not so large, loss of all his operations.

> -Wart immune potatoes for seed purposes, grown under the direction of the State authorities, will be tag-ged, sealed and distributed to the growers in the infected areas, for use in growing next season's crop.

-Remove all cedar trees from the vicinity of the apple trees so that there will be no more damage from the cedar rust on the fruit trees. Onequarter mile is the shortest distance advisable between cedar trees and apple trees.

-Pruning grape vines is absolutely essential in order that the best size of fruit and cluster, as well as flavor, be attained. If the vines are not pruned they will produce smaller bunches and fruits, the berries will lack flavor and color, the bunches will not ripen evenly and the wood will not ripen proper-When too great amount of wood is left there will be a large crop that pine, while in southern Wyoming the year but, due to the wood failing to ripen there will be a short crop the

following year. Definite directions for the pruning of grape vines cannot be given, however, because the conditions vary so called fancy greens. Some arborvitae you must decide for yourself just how are shipped among firs and spruce to much wood to leave. You will be gov-New York and Philadelphia. Red ce- erned by such local conditions as clidar is often shipped to the treeless mate, soil, adaptability of variety, tillage or lack of tillage, fertilization, yield and wood growth of the previous year and the system of training.

Pruning the vines can be done at any time after the leaves fall until the buds start in the spring. The sconer the pruning is done the better because there will be less "bleeding" from the en because at that time they are as brittle as pipe stems.

-The Bureau of Animal Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, have issued a warning to veterinarians, stock dealers, stock yard officials and others to keep a sharp lookout for the appearance of the hoof and mouth disease in this State. The disease is raging in Europe and has invaded the Jersey Island for the first time.

While there is no evidence that the disease is present anywhere in this country yet, Dr. T. E. Munce, head of the bureau of animal industry, believes that with the cattlemen of Pennsylvania on the alert, the malady will have little chance of gaining a stronghold should it appear in the United States. The letter, which is being sent

broadcast throughout the State, follows:

"Foot and mouth disease is raging in a number of European countries, the Island of Jersey 'Federal officials are taking every possible precaution to prevent the introduction of this dreaded disease into our country. Therefore, it is very essential that veterinarians, county agents, stockmen and others who disease and to report promptly all "Cattle, hogs, sheep or goats with sore mouths or feet should be regarded as suspicious and reported promptly to the nearest agent of the Bureau. "Please pass the word along and thus help to keep Pennsylvania and the country free from this devastating disease.

they hadn't bust up the will; but the a collection of free and fancy thinkfam'ly was still in the dinner dance ers that had the Sunrise Club looking like a Mothers' Congress. The things them Souls of Lighters didn't believe in left the Ten Commandments as full lookin'. She's one of these fair-skin- of holes as a Swiss cheese, and what they did believe would have raised a blush on a brass monkey. Seems that Mrs. Attison had got in

alike. One day Mrs. Attison would knew she was handin' him some views on matrimonial slavery that gave him chills down the spine. Being a plain, everyday sort of chap, with most of his ideas mixed up with the bondin' business, she had Attison out on a top

we don't play any favorites. So I I couldn't feel any worse about it, turns up my collar and hikes down the "women will give you the double cross

"How about Mr. Attison, then?" I I wonder if— Come on, McCabe, help me look for him!" elevator and distributed on diff'rent floors. All there is left of the disturbsays, on a chance. Yes, she says he's in; but she don't Sadie starts in plannin' how we'll do think he's seein' anybody. "Shavin', is he," says I, "or shakin' down the furnace or something like when he takes to the stairs, bug eyed and down the furnace or something like when he takes to the stairs, bug eyed and down' anybody. With that he starts tearin' through the house, callin' for Mallory, and when he takes to the stairs, bug eyed anybody. It wa'n't anybody. things this year. Now, we ain't great on the social splurge act; but we like to have comp'ny around as well as the next ones, and we're as glad to have that? Oh, that'll be all right. I'm and desp'rate, I follows. It wa'n't a our friends run out to dinner unexonly one of the neighbors, you know. long search. Up in one of the front pected on corned beef nights as when I'll just shout up the stairs at him," we've laid in turkey and trimmin's on a three day's warnin'. Also we don't take any pride in stickin' to one par-"I don't think he—that is— Well, tic'lar set. If it's the Purdy-Pells, he's in there! You can see for yourwell and good; but they're liable to be paired off with Snick Butters, or Rus-ty Quinn, or Mr, and Mrs. Hank Merself "All right," says I, and then lets out a real cheery hail. "Hello, Attirity from out Bedalia way, and if anyson! All by your lonesome, eh?" It's gettin' kind of late in the afterone wants to tuck his napkin under the top button of his vest, there won't noon, and the room is sort of dark; be any asparagus cast on his table but there's a little blaze in the fireplace, and in front of it, sunk down in himself to sleep. His first remark is an easy chair, I can make out Atti- aimed straight at the bullseye. manners. And especially we plans to make our Christmas Eve doin's free for all. son. Before he can come back with In gettin' up the list of invited guests the frosty greetings I'm there with the hearty follow-up. we don't have any more use for the social register than we do for the tel-"Excause me for breakin' through ephone book or a seed catalogue. Litwithout sendin' in a card on the tray,' tle Sully, he don't show any signs of bein' exclusive yet, and this is his parsays I; "but Mrs. McCabe sent me around to say how-" ty, from Ab to Zuni. "Let's see," says Sadie, "there'll be Pinckney's twins, and the three Tid-Then, I got a better look at him and see the slump to his shoulders and how his chin is down on his chest, I well children down the road, and the two Olsens from the gardener's cot- begins to suspicion something has tage next door." "And I'll tell Pasquale to have his gone wrong. "Well, well!" says I. "Having a little whirl with the grip, are you? Or is it a hang-over head from last wife bring over little Shorty McCah-by Paggliocini, my namesake," says I; "you know, the one that's the same age of Sully." "Certainly," says Sadie. "And we night's fraternity dinner? Ah, cheer up and poke the fire!" Say, you've got no idea how light that youngster's mother back to him?" and frivolous I can converse when I try real hard. It don't take me long, must'nt forget to invite that cute little Attison boy, over on Cliffside though, to find I ain't makin' any first Ave.' "Just as you say," says I. Well we had the tree brought in and night hit. After one glance up to see who it is, Attison drops his chin again, set up, and we hung holly and roping without favorin' me with a single reand wreaths until the house looked mark. It wan't what you might call like a Ben Greet stage setting, and a boisterous welcome. "Huh!" I grunts. "Maybe you think we'd filled candy cornucopias and pop-ped corn and cracked nuts until I had blisters on my fingers and a crick in I ambled over here to indulge in merry monologue! Say, Mr. Attison, I don't know what your partic'lar grouch is, and blamed if I care a my neck. I'd come home every night for two weeks luggin' packages of every diff'rent kind of toys I could hoot; but this is Christmas Eve and find, and I'd been roasted good by all the women folks because I'd brought I'm prepared to overlook a lot!" "I beg pardon," says he, rousin' up, "but—but I have just had a severe blow. A—a dreadful thing has hap-pened, Mr. McCabe." Then I notices out a set of tools and an air rifle for Sully; but I couldn't expect to get through without making some break, the sheet of notepaper he's holdin' could I? limp in his hand. However, things was shapin' up fine for the grand celebration, and I was "What!" says I. "The cook ain't handed in her resignation, has she?" takin' a day off to put the finishin' touches to the decorations, or get in -it's a personal matter, Mr. McCabe.' the way tryin', when I notices Sadie says he, "something I cannot talk about. I—I— Oh, I must tell some stickin' out one finger tied up with a piece of baby ribbon and lookin' kind one! It's about Mrs. Attison. She's of wild at it. -she has gone!" "Eh?" says I. "Skipped off on a "Now, what on earth is that for?" says she. visit?" "Is it a new fad?" says I. "Or may-"No, no!" he groans, puttin' his be you thought you was bandagin' up hands up to his face and rockin' back a sliver." and forth. "She has-has left me for "Silly!" says sne. not forget something." not forget something." Great scheme! "Silly!" says she. "It's so I should -forever!" "Whe-e-ew!" says I. "That is some of a jolt, ain't it?" "Oh!" says I. What was it?" 'Just as though I should be asking I expect there was other words that if I knew!" says she, and she stares might have fitted the case better; but I couldn't think of them. And it's hard at the finger. "Try turnin' around three times it with a surprise, too! Why, whenever I've seen the Attison's together any-where it's been nothin' but swappin' "Oh, deary darling," and "Yes, sweet-heart," or "Honey pet." I've walked it was a session on for that evenin', it is a set of the set of t with your eyes shut and then see what it aims at," says I. "No," says she. "It was something -something-"

us.

With that he starts tearin' through rooms, that I guesses must be Mrs. Attison's by the drygoods thrown around, and sound asleep on the bed

women will give you the double cross

with his head wrapped up in one of her dresses, is the kid.

And say, for a five-year-old he's about as cute and cunnin' a youngster as you'd want to see, with that light hair and them big, round, dark eyes of his. The lids was all red, though, when Attison wakes him up, and by the tear stains you could see he'd cried

"Where's my muvver?" says he. "There, there, Mallory!" begins Attison. "You mustn't ask about your

-your—" and then he chokes up. "I want my muvver!" insists Mallory. "She goed away and wouldn't tiss me, not once. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" And say, right there is where I

starts to get interested. "Attison," says I, leadin' him out into the hall, "this begins to look like a mighty punk Christmas for the kid, don't it?" "this Attison only leans against the wall

and groans. "Ah, cut out the emotion," says I "That don't help any. Now what move are you going to make to get

"I-I don't know," says he. "How long has she been gone?"

says I. "Since noon, the maid tells me," says Attison.

"Huh!" says I. "Know where this light souled bunch hangs out?"

He says they have headquarters in the Hotel Perzazzer. "Well," says I, "then it's up to you

to chase yourself down there, hunt up And just as if he had his cue, little

Mallory breaks loose with more sobs. "Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" moans Attison. "I-I wouldn't know what to say to her."

"You wouldn't, eh?" says I. "Well, I would, and hanged if I ain't got a mind to try it, just on account of the kid!

"But suppose," he begins,--"suppose

"Ah, quit supposin' and get busy!" says I, startin' down the stairs.

It was more or less of a bluff, or my part, I admit; but by the time I'd sketched out the situation to Sadie, and had her agree and pat me on the back a few times, I was worked up to any kind of darin' deeds. "She's so rattled brained and mul-

ish," says Sadie, "that I doubt if you can make her listen to anything sensible; but at least you can tell her just

what we think of her." "Just can't I though!" says I. "And while you're gone I'll have the

little boy brought over here," says she. 'Now hurry!"

I had luck catchin' a train; so inside

ance is a few rose leaves on the carpet and a little group of sheepish lookin' females who take one glance at each other and then begin beatin' it for the fresh air by separate exits.

Now I don't know any more about the Souls of Lighters than I did before, or what the flossy gent had done to bring on the rough house committee; for there wa'n't a word in the papers next day. All I know is that me and Mrs. Attison gets the six-three express out to Soundmere and lands

at our front door just as Pinckney turns the button that lights up the Christmas tree. "Is my darling here?" demands

Mrs. Attison. "Oh, yes," says Sadie, pointin' over

to a corner of the room, "both of your darlings are here, Mrs. Attison."

How did they fix it up? Don't ask me. I was too busy doin' fool stunts for the kids to keep track of the Attisons; but every time I noticed 'em they seemed to be looking mighty pleased and contented, so I guess the light souled business is off the cards for good.

Anyway, we had a full house at little Sully's second Christmas party, and if it helped boost the peace-onearth game any, then so much the better.-By Sewell Ford, in Sunday Magazine.

Spraying Old Orchards Brings Great **Results.** 

Prior to this season two Carbon county farmers had to go to their neighbors to obtain their family apple supply. Both had ancient apple orchards on their farms which they count-ed as so much dead wood. But last spring they were persuaded to use the ordinary sprays for the control of insect pests and diseases. As a result, A. M. Diehl harvested a crop of 1850 bushels from a fair sized orchard, and

C. A. Sensinger marketed 950 bushels of first class apples from a fifty year old orchard. County Farm Agent Nicholas Rahn and H. E. Hodgkiss, plant insect specialists at The Pennsylvania State College, who supervised the experiment, are just as

much pleased by the results as these Lehighton farmers.

Another Carbon county farmer, Q. E. Hahn, of East Mauch Chunk, had an orchard that was 35 years old with a five year average yield of only 125 bushels. He also sprayed and gather-ed 2250 bushels of 95 per cent. perfect apples which netted him a clear prof-it of almost \$2000. Professor Hodgkiss asserts that there is much money to be obtained from old Pennsylvania orchards, and in the near future will be able to announce the results of similar experiments conducted last year in 25 orchards in 12 counties.

A Winner. but-

"Hello, old man. Been in an airplane smash?"

sumers, shall be directly under the State department of health. Previous to that time it was under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture.

Certified milk, grade A raw, and pasteurized milk were settled upon as the classifications to be used.

Certified milk was defined as the product of dairies operated in accord-ance with the "Methods and Stand-ards for the Production and Distribution of Certified Milk" adopted by the American Association of Medical Milk Commissions, May 1, 1912.

Grade A milk is that milk which comes from a herd each member of which is free from communicable disease as determined by complete physical examination and tuberculin test. Such examination and test is to be

made by a veterinarian whose competency and reliability must be certified by the Pennsylvania Bureau of Animal Industry.

Pasteurization, after differences of opinion on the part of dealers, was defined as the heating of milk to a temperature of approximately 145 de-grees and not less than 142, and keeping it there for not less than thirty minutes.

Final action on the proposed legis lation was postponed until January 5th, when the Department of Health and the Department of Agriculture met to draft the Act of Assembly to be definitely acted upon at that conference.

The following men attended the meeting:

The Hon. Fred Rasmussen, secretary State Department of Agriculture; M. S. McDowell, Department of Agriculture Extension, State College; Dr. Frederick Van Sickle, representative from the State Medical Society; W. S. Wise, director of the Dairyman's Co-operative Sales company; F. P. Willits, president of the Inter-State Producers' association, and R. W. Balderston, also of the Inter-State Milk Producers' association; John A. McSparran, of the State Grange; Ralph E. Irwin, of the State Departonions—any named variety. Premi-um: first, \$5.00; second, \$3.00. Class 7. Commercial package of ment of Health.

Colonel John D. McLean, Deputy Commissioner of Health, presided.

We hear several citizens bragging about fine, fat hogs they have been butchering, but it takes backbones and spareribs to make us believe such tales. Bring on your evi-dence, gents.—Arkansas Plain Dealer. first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

-An extensive exhibit of Pennsylvania grown vegetables will be one of the features of the fifth annual farm products show, which will be held in Harrisburg, January 24-28. The vegetables will comprise the choicest from every section and the exhibits receiving first honors will be entitled to all State championship honors.

Following are the rules governing the vegetable exhibits, the classes and prizes:

Entries are open to all vegetable growers in Pennsylvania, and all ex-hibits must have been grown in Pennsylvania by other exhibitors.

No more than one entry in any one class will be accepted from the same individual.

Marketable value will be given preference in judging. In classes 2 to 9 inclusive, the

judges will give attention to the type of package, its attractiveness and general adaptability to local market or shipping purposes; and to grading and packing as well as to the quality of the produce itself.

All exhibits must be in place January 24, 1921, so that they may be set

up and judged Tuesday night. Apply to W. B. Nissley, State College, Pa., or to your county agent for entry blanks and shipping tags.

Class 1. Best collection exhibit of all kinds of vegetables. Premium: first, \$25.00; second, \$15.00; third, \$10.00.

Class 2. One dozen stalks celery, any named variety. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$3.00.

Class 3. Commercial package of Witloof Chicory-not less than three pounds. Premium: first. \$4.00: second, \$2.00.

Class 4. Commercial package of greenhouse tomatoes-not less than Premium: first, \$4.00: five pounds. second. \$2.00.

Class 5. Commercial package of

three pounds. Premium: first, \$3.00;

Class 6. Commercial package of

carrots—any named variety. Premi-um: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

turnips-any named variety. Premi-

um: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 8. Commercial package of

Class 9. Commercial package of

beets-any named variety. Premium:

greenhouse lettuce-not less

second, \$2.00.