

Bellefonte, Pa., June 23, 1922.

#### A PRAYER.

By Beron Bradley.

Lord, let me live a Regular Man, With Regular friends and true; Let me play the game on a Regular plan, And play it that way all through; Let me win or lose with a Regular smile, And never be known to whine, For that is a "Regular fellow's" style, And I want to make it mine.

Oh, give me a regular chance in life, The same as the rest, I pray, And give me a Regular girl for a wife, To help me along the way; Let us know the lot of humanity. Its Regular woes and joys. And raise a Regular family

Of Regular girls and boys. Let me live to a Rgular good old age, With Regular snow-white hair, Having done my labors and earned my

And played my game for fair; And so at last when the people scan My face on its peaceful bier. They'll say, "Well he was a Regular man, And drop a Regular tear.

### "ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE."

"What's she doing here? That's what I should like to know!" Mrs. Chamberlaine, engaged in that

delicate and fastidious process known among women as "drawing a thread," paused suddenly, lifted her still fine eyes to the face of Mrs. Wallace who was having tea with her, wrinkled her high-bridged nose, and contorted her eyebrows. "My dear!" murmured Mrs. Wal-

lace, not so much by way of reply as to love you. I didn't want you to love to show her complete agreement with me. It's all the most hopeless muddied of," answered the girl beside him whatever Mrs. Chamberlaine meant. need of personal rumination. She finished vaguely, "The modern young girl, of course-"Modern young fiddlesticks!" retort-

ed Mrs. Chamberlaine briskly. "She'll never see twenty-five again. "You really think so, Annie? She

has a lovely, fresh skin.' "A little cold-cream and ice, that's all. Her manner is outrageously confident, and her clothes are entirely too

"She says she's going around the world," suggested Mrs. Wallace meek-

"Alone!" commented Mrs. Chamberlaine with enormous disapproval. "Why doesn't she go on, then? She's been here nearly a month. "She says she was in France with

the army for over two years." "Why didn't she stay there?" Something in the harried sharpness of the thread-manipulator's query

penetrated the gentle bosom of her friend, who inquired with timorous anxiety: "Has Sydney-of course he wouldn't be apt to-still-young men are so susceptible! Do you think he—"

Mrs. Chamberlaine folded up her work and attacked the tea-table which stood at her elbow. She said, handing a steaming cup across the exquisitely appointed tray-Mrs. Chamberlaine was famous throughout Honolulu for the perfection of her housekeeping-

'I think he's hopelessly infatuated, Julia. No question about it. And I am exceedingly distressed. I need not tell you that this Miss Van Dorn— Van Dorn, I believe she calls herself-" (in a tone to cast sharp suspicion upon at least six generations of Van Dorn forebears)—"is not the sort of girl I should have selected for my only son. However, one is not apt to be consulted in such matters, being

only a mother!' "Oh, Annie!" cried Mrs. Wallace in horrified protest. "How can you

"I brought him into the world," concently disregarding any part in the cycle of her son's life, in which the late Mr. Chamberlaine might have been concerned. "I gave up my whole life to him from the time he lay in his little white bassinette till the day he went off to college—and this is the result! A girl sails in here one day on a Pacific Mail boat, with a letter from somebody he knew in his Freshman year-I got that much out of him. She isn't the kind of girl he's been accustomed to. She's too conspicuous and too clever and too everything else to be really good form. And inside of a week he's flat at her feet. He knows nothing at all about her except what she chooses to tell him herself. The man who sent him the letter admitted he knew her very slightly. And a man in Sydney's position—" ney's mothr thus delicately referred to the family holdings in lucre and real estate—"owes a certain something to his name, in considering the mother of his children."

"But young people in love don't always look upon each other as the mother and father of their children," pleaded Mrs. Wallace confusedly.

"Don't talk to me about children!" said Mrs. Chamberlaine. She put aside her cup and groped in the recesses of a beautifully-draped corsage for her handkerchief. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "When they are little they step on your toes. When they are big they step on your

heart." Poor Boswell consoled her, panicstricken at sight of that strong soul melting at the edges.

She offered hopefully, "Perhaps it's just a young man's fancy turning spring-time, you know, and all that sort of thing.

"Sydney has always been exceptionally cool-headed," his mother replied with mournful grimness. "Spring by itself, would not have the slightest effect on him. Have another cup of tea, Julia—unless you're reducing

At the moment at which Julia, who was happily not reducing just then, accepted a second cup, Sydney Chamberlaine turned from the contemplation of a lacy young waterfall shim
At the moment at which Julia, who was happily not reducing just then, if you'll let me. I'd like to give you nila, Yokohama, Tokio, Kobe, Shanghai, Peking, Delhi, Singapore, Simla!"

She strung cities like beads upon a string her voice broke with the surge of an and you won't be able to help it."

No—I didn't mean to say it! As you santed within my reach—almost! Manila, Yokohama, Tokio, Kobe, Shanghai, Peking, Delhi, Singapore, Simla!"

She strung cities like beads upon a string her voice broke with the surge of a surge of the thing Ive aways.

Wanted within my reach—almost! Manila, Yokohama, Tokio, Kobe, Shanghai, Peking, Delhi, Singapore, Simla!"

She strung cities like beads upon a string her voice broke with the surge of the

ly steep and greenish cliff, to look at the eyes of a gipsyish creature in olive-drab shirt and khaki riding breeches, with soft, dark hair pushed back from a flushed and laughing face.
"Will you," he was asking stubborndom?" he asked, unsmiling, frankly

from a flushed and laughing face.

"Will you," he was asking stubbornly, "or won't you?" That's what I want to know!"

She falso

A certain likeness between mother and son was apparent even conversationally. The waterfall was high and barred one way of exit. On either side of it rose walls almost equally precipitous, masked in swinging, thickleaved vines, swathed in treacherous, velvety grasses. Back of the two, the could call it a trail, the bed of a chuckling stream sprinkled with giant boulders.

Will I-or won't I-what?" inquired Meg Van Dorn with impish gravi-ty. She straddled a fallen log, folded her bare, white forearms across her breast, and gave him back his look, unflinching. Her eyes were splendid, twilight-soft and full of a gallant defiance. But there were little lines about them as if that defiance had grown by what it had fed on. Also, her mouth was lovely, a warm and curving sweetness—but it could

laine simply. His voice shook with

the word.

It was a nice voice, as his were nice eyes and compelling hands, just now doggedly busy with stripping the bark from a twig. Even a girl who didn't love him might have ached to hear him. Meg looked at him once and looked away again. Looked back, and suffered his arms about her with a curious little cry that was half surrender, half exasperation.

was going to mean. I wanted to get your mother. Did she die when you away from here—free! I didn't want were a little girl?" riage. I came out "for to admireand for to see-"

fresh, smooth cheek.

to be-'old this world so wide-' And you want to spoil it all." "We'll go together, darling!"

"It won't be the same at all. New runks, rolled-up rugs and umbrellas, shiny, formal hotels, porters bowing and for adventure—just irresponsible, star spangled adventure—after that nightmare over in France!

"Isn't marriage the biggest adventure there is?" "Used to be, in the nineteenth century limited—not any more!"
"What about love?"

breathed against his shoulder. "That's blasphemy!" he said

period to my fun."

toil and trouble!""

her very close. "Bless you! It's life I want! That's

why I'm fighting you off." "Fighting me, are you?" The eternal masculine suddenly tightened its

"Oh-h, let me go, Syd—now, at once! I mean it! Please, Honey!" She wrenched herself free with a rue-ful laugh. "How can I talk sense to you-like that!" "I don't want you to talk sense to

me. I want to kiss you." "The final argument so far as the man's concerned. Bien!—Kiss me!—I don't mind.'

"I don't want you not to mind. vant you to want to be kissed."

"Oh, you do!" she jibed sweetly.
"Your majesty's rather fussy about it
—no? Well, how can I tell, dear old
thing, until \* \* \* \*"

She made her apology a moment later, misty-eyed and shaken. "Oh, Syd-I never-dreamed-I could care -like that! My heart's pounding me to pieces!"

He begged her huskily: "Say there never was any one—but me! Say there never will be." At which, like the fine, chill spray

of the waterfall just beyond them, reason touched and steadied her. "Let's sit down here," she said, drawing him by both hands to a big, black rock embroidered with fairy-like mosses, "and talk it all over, once again. Oh, if life were only all high C's and sunrises, how simple it would

They sat there together, swinging their booted feet above the tumble and swish of the stream. She pushed his hand away and frowned on his yearn-

ing arm.
"Don't touch me. No, I mean it! want to talk to you. Do you think I don't know that you know that your touch confuses my values, and all that? You've got me at a disadvantage then. I can't use my head—and my heart—at the same time, and you wife—" his ardent voice caressed the coaxing gesture. Just as suddenly her know it. Be a good sport, Mr. Chamberlaine! All I ask is an even

He said a bit moodily, shoving his

mapped out for myself."

mering down the side of an exceeding- were!-I know you would-but sup- of the wanderer's desire. "You can't said Mrs. Chamberlaine with a touch pose what I want you can't give me! cage me any more than you could Suppose you couldn't give me any- cage a frigate-bird, the black-winged thing without taking away the imme- ones that follow in the wake of a ship

> She folded her arms, a characteristic gesture, curiously implying a sort of aloneness. "Because I've never had as much as I want of it. And I was born with a hunger and thirst for it.

school in a little town in Tennessee, didn't I?" trail they had come lay waiting—If one an incredible gentleness in all he said "Yes," he said gently. There was and did, a sweetness of nature solidly

rooted in strength. "Well, she married the minister of the Presbyterian church there. And, my dear, to the end of her days she stayed put-if you see what I meanwhen all of her except the merest smiling shell screamed to be out and away. I was her only child. I know. It was in me before I was born, to be terrified of being bound. I'm choked with memories of places she wanted one of those little cottages, you know to see—and never did; music she wanted to hear-things she wanted to She's not like other girls." straighten into a line as unyielding as had a passion for the sea—and she died out of sight, out of sound, out of she might be forgiven. Mother and died out of sight, out of sound, out of she might be forgiven. Mother and she died out of sight, out of sound, out of she might be forgiven. smell of it, shut in by big, blind, moun- son were sitting together after dinner tains with their heads smothered in on the screened and lamp-lit veranda the clouds!"

"My sweetheart—are you crying?" She dashed the back of her hand across her eyes like a boy. "Yes—I am. No-don't touch me, please! I'm all right."

She would not even let him have her hand to hold. "I'm afraid of you. You're the

thing I always knew would get me, some day—and I'm not ready yet."
"I won't touch you," said Sydney "I knew when we came up here, this afternoon," she stormed, "just what it quietly. "Tell me some more about were a little girl?"

dle. I'm not a marrying person-yet. bitterly. "Starvation. She made me She had served for a number of years Didn't I tell you that from the first? promise, when she knew it was all up as Boswell to Mrs. Chamberlaine's I'm busy. I've got things I want to with her—they called it anemie, the Johnson, and now no longer felt the do. I haven't got time to marry you two local doctors—to get out of Pine now. I loathe the thought of mar- Tree Gap before I was grown-and I did. My father sent me to his sister life, a precision of statement most imin Boston. I went to school. Then to "Don't quote poetry while being a business college. I was secretary proposed to," he said against her for a while to the head of a big publishing house back there. It was he She finished in spite of him, "For who helped me get over to France when we went into the war. You know, Syd-"

He interrupted her to ask, "Your father—what became of him?" "My father died when I was seveny, formal hotels, porters bowing teen," Meg told him simply. "He scraping all over the shop. I didn't mind the Gap. He liked it. He wanted to go by myself! I wanted to belong to myself! I wanted a lark and made of. Long line of it back of him a bat and a spree—to do crazy, ro-mantic things—to do dangerous things of thing—you see? Self-sacrifice was —to do all sorts of things you'd never almost an obsession with him. He let me do in this world! I'm starved died a very happy man." She added mordantly. "—Having sacrificed my

mother among his other possessions."
"Don't Meg!"
"All right, I won't. But, Syd, can't you see it all? She went there to teach for a year. She was just out of school. He had a reflection to the second the second to the sec school. He had a profile like a stain-"There ain't no such animal'—I an adoring congregation in a little mean I wish there weren't!" she white church for romance. She was all white muslin and apple-blossoms. They fell in love. It must have been en idyll while it lasted-white fire at She whispered: "I know it. But I the steps of the altar. They were don't want to love you. I don't want married. I was born, and she almost to marry you. You're trying to put a died. But she didn't die-no, she stayed there the rest of her life, going to "I'm not. I want to double it." church, sewing on fusty flannel petti-She cocked a level eyebrow, smiled coats, holding mothers' meetings, wry, small smile. "Double, double, cooking, scrubbing, washing, ironing, and going to church again. All her "I wish you cared more for life and dreams and she had a raft of themless for books," he told her, holding fell to pieces, unlived. She hadn't much time to read, she never saw a play, never went to a concert again. High price to pay, wasn't it—for one midsummer's madness!"

"Meg, darling, you shan't talk like that! You're distorting things, deliberately. She may have been a very happy woman.

"So he used to say. I know better."
"He—your father? What was he like, Meg?

"He was like you in a way," said Meg rather low. She knew the blow "Like me! How?"

"Oh, he was very gentle, as you are. And very strong at getting his own way. And utterly honorable. He even looked a little like you—tall and slender-with wonderful eyes.' "Meg, do you think that, honestly?"

"Do I think what?" "Are my eyes wonderful—to you?"

She leaped down from the rock and stood, one hand about the silver mot-tled stem of a young kukui. The look she threw over her shoulder was full of a wistful mockery. "You see, it means nothing to you. You don't get me at all. I might just as well have been reciting 'Paradise Lost.' All you care for is-Me and You-isn't it?"

He was beside her, his arms relentlessly about her. "It's all there is in and instantly he was another creature, the world. I'll show you.' "After which I shall choke to death pleasantly and lingeringly, in the bosom of your family. No, dear boy!"
"I say yes, dear girl!" (The feel of

his arms about her slim, young shoulders!) "You'd want me to pay calls, and give smug little dinner parties, and

play bridge and talk servants to other women. church and making flannel petticoats

and all the rest of it?" "It's worse. There's an object in going to church." "Isn't there an object in being a

word, sank to a diffident, deeper note -"and-and a mother, perhaps?" Meg steeled herself to a semblance of impersonality: "Of course there's

hands into his trousers pockets to keep them neutral, "You sound as if you were fighting for your life, Meg." an object, a very lofty one—if that's the preliminary of a compact. "Madre," he whispered, presently. There was a rapier-gleam in the flat of one hand lightly against his eyes she lifted to him swiftly. "I am chest, resisting with every fiber of her -in a way. Fighting for the life I'd body the tender compulsion of his arms. "I've got the thing I've always

-remember? You'd only break both "Only, Sydney, my dear-don't you our hearts and set this tidy little town really think you might bring her to by the ears. Better let each other go

-and forget—while we can!"
"Suppose we can't!" he said stubbornly and stooped to kiss her.

She had not feared his touch for nothing. She knew herself. Words row afternoon." fell away from her. All her sharpedged, glittering defense crumbled and sank. As his lips touched hers Syd I told you my mother once taught again, she shut her eyes; her hands crept up around his neck. She caught her breath in a sob that hurt. It was more in that moment than surrender: it was abandonment.

"I'm my mother's daughter-both ways!" she murmured. He didn't hear her. She hadn't meant he should.

That night he told his mother that he was going to marry Meg Van Dorn, and asked his mother to go to "She's at the beach," he said, "in

-and, Madre, be sweet to her, please! of the big, white house on Wyllie Street, and something in Mrs. Chamhad just been dealt a mortal blow by the hand of a beloved traitor. Which was probably about what she felt. She was always one to make her implica-

tions clear. She leaned back in a large, chintz-cushioned armchair of Bilibid wicker and folded her white, capable hands in her embroidered linen lap. Sydney stood against the railing, a fine, dignified figure of a young man, with his clear hazel eyes tenderly deferential upon his mother's face, and smiled down at her, waiting.

"I will not pretend," said Mrs. Chamberlaine, who had, through long acquaintance with parliamentary usage as chairman of one committee or another, acquired, even in private pressive— "I will not pretend that this comes as a surprise to me. I have feared it for several days. She is a young woman traveling alone, is she not?"

"If you want to call her that," replied Sydney, amiably, "which I hope you won't-to any one but me-in that especial tone of voice, Madre."

"I have not seen her," said Mrs. Chamberlaine, ignoring the filial olive-branch and keeping her chin well

up.
"I know it. That's why I ask you "Have you known so few girls of your kind in the Islands-and elsewhere—that you must lose your head over this-ah

"Young lady," suggested Sydney, equally the velvet glove upon the hand of steel.

mother with an intonation incredibly disdainful. how many I have known—or haven't?" Sydney lit a cigarette with steady fingers. "I've told you, Madre, that I'm going to marry her. I hope

you'll be friends. She's a very unusual girl."
"So I should judge!" An endearing boyishness showed for a moment through Sydney's controlled courtesy. "She makes all the other women look tame as house-cats!"

"Indeed?" "See here, Madre," he begged winningly, "don't make up your mind be-fore you meet her! You can be such a peach when you want to-and this means a lot to me. Don't let vourself be influenced by anything a lot of gossiping old women-

"Ah—then there is a certain amount of gossip about her? You admit it?" "She's young and good-looking and going around by herself." Sydney

stiffened slightly. "Young women of our class do not as a rule go about alone, in all parts of the earth."

"Oh, Madre, you can't use the old yard-stick any longer! The war changed a lot of things. Girls go pretty much anywhere they please.

"A certain sort of girl." Sydney folded his arms with a brusk gesture of controlled resentment. Don't say anything you'll be sorry for. She's going to be your daughter, remember!"

"Oh, I bow to the inevitable," said Mrs. Chamberlaine. "Is she-ah-expecting me?"

"Naturally." In the dusk, the two faces so curiously alike in modeling and contour, so curiously unlike in play of expres-sion, showed palely composed and courteous. Then Sydney leaned forward in a way that brought the light from the open door across his eyes,

full of ardent younth.
"Madre," he said winningly, "you don't want to ruin everything for me,

"That has not been the object of my life so far," said Mrs. Chamberlaine, grappling desperately for her accustomed serenity "Do you think I can be happy if you

don't like my wife?" "Since you are so determined to "Is that just as bad as going to make her that, I see no reason why you should stop to consider my views

in the matter."

Sydney dropped down upon the arm of the Bilibid chair and encircled his mother's shoulders with a sudden steely calm relaxed. She drooped toward him, leaned her carefully-coiffed gray head against his sleeve. Caresses were rare between them; this one

"Yes, my son." "It's going to be all right, isn't it?"

For the second time that day Mrs. Chamberlaine's eyes were wet. "Have I ever denied you anything?"
"But I want you to like her—to love

of reluctant humor. She wiped her

eyes furtively.
"That's a lady!"

see me, instead of sending me forth to see her? After all, I am the older woman."

"Of course, I will," said Sydney soothingly. "I'll bring her out tomor-

"While the iron is hot," commented his mother with tender sardonicism. "Exactly!" said Sydney, bestowing a kiss on the top of the silvery-netted

He was, as Meg herself had said of him, amazingly strong at getting his own way-and generous after he had got it. He went off, half an hour or so later, to Meg, of course, leaving his mother almost reconciled to the interloper; satisfied at least, of the untouched depth of her son's feeling where she herself was concerned. Which was in its way a considerable achievement.

## (Concluded next week)

Potato Growers Building State College Hospital.

The movement instituted by potato growers of Pennsylvania to erect a! hospital at The Pennsylvania State College as a part of the college development program, has swept through the State during the past week, reberlaine's manner suggested that she ceiving unanimous support from all who hear of its purpose and of Penn State's need for health and welfare

buildings. A feature of the commencement celebration at State College a few days ago was the presentation of two \$5000 subscriptions from the Somerset and Cambria county potato growers' associations. The Somerset organization sent to President John M. Thomas a one pound potato last Friday. It had been cut in two and hollowed, and upon opening was found to contain a subscription of \$5000, making the potato worth fifteen times its weight in gold. The Cambria growers sent county agent H. C. McWilliams with a crate full of subscription cards totaling \$5000.

Potato growers of Potter, McKean and Luzerne counties had previously joined the movement with large donations, Centre, Lehigh and Berks following in very commendable style. Other counties are to take similar action this and next week.

Plans for the hospital indicate that it will be one of the most attractive pletely. Shade Tree Insects: Worms buildings on the campus. It will cost on shade trees are very abundant and approximately \$200,000 fully equipped, and will replace an old frame infirmary where only eight beds are available for a student body of 3200 men and women. The potato industry of the State is the first to help put over Penn State's plans for a \$2,000,-000 emergency building fund, and the hospital will stand as a monument to

"Young-lady-" accepted his their achievement. the future of State College were taken heard and approved every detail of the campaign for buildings and devel-Kern, head of the botany department, is to become dean of the new school.

# Farmers Used Ground Limestone.

Many Centre county farmers, who realize the need of lime on their soils are prevented from the extended use that they would like to make of this material, because of the necessity of hauling it long distances. How one farmer, Mr. Henry Oakes, of McAlevey's Fort, Huntingdon county, solved this problem for himself and his neighbors, may be of help to local farmers who are facing the same diffi-

Mr. Oakes, at the instigation of his county agent and an extension specialist from State College, clubbed with three of his neighbors in the purchase of a lime pulverizer and started in grinding the limestone on his farm. During spare time last fall, he pulverized 30 tons at a cost of \$1.50 a ton for fuel and labor. Applying this at the rate of two tons per acre Mr. Oakes gets excellent crops of clover where little would grow without the

use of lime. A neighbor last fall paid \$12 per ton for hydrated lime, hauling it 12 miles from the nearest shipping point. Figuring one ton of hydrated equivalent to two tons of home ground lime-stone, Mr. Oakes got his lime for less than one-quarter what his neighbor paid. Even granting that the cost of grinding in this case was unusually low, many farmers would do well to investigate the possibilities of pulverizing local limestone. Farmers who the Secretary urged that the farmers plan to visit State College during of this State raise more horses. He Farmer's week, June 15th and 16th will have an excellent opportunity to compare several different make of farm-size pulverizers and see them in of the State and that yearly, in Pennaction at that time. This will give them a chance to judge the possibili-ties for grinding the home supply of limestone.

### Sees Presidency Candidates Campaigning by Radio Phone.

The next Presidential campaign will be conducted largely by wireless telephone, enabling millions of voters actually to hear the appeals of candidates. Professor G. O. Aubrey, of Swarthmore preparatory school predicted in an address before the Radio club at the school recently.

"Better acquaintance with the various candidates for the Presidency in 1924 is almost assured with the increasing use of the wireless tele-phone," he said. "Voters, millions of them most likely, will hear the messages sent by the candidates by wireless, for receiving sets will be found in homes and meeting places throughout the nation."—Ex.

## FARM NOTES.

-Spraying-Potatoes: Time for first application in northern tier counties; second in central counties. Grapes, second spraying in mountainous sections.

-Nature's Vitamine Sources-Nature's supply of vitamine-carriers is plentiful. Fresh, green vegetables, fruits and dairy porducts are all rich in these essential constituents of food. Eat more of them.

-Pigs that are turned out in pasture after weaning will be stronger, healthier, and growthier, if shelled corn is scattered in the pasture, and only a thin slop is fed. Make sure that they have plenty of clean, fresh

-Those who attended Farmers' week at State College, June 15th, had an excellent opportunity to pick up a good bull calf at the dairy husbandry epartment's sale in the judging pavillion. Each calf is backed by good breeding.

-The best method of control for borers in apple trees is to put carbon bisulphite in each borer hole and plug the hole tight with a little mud to keep the gas in. It is best applied with the aid of a spring bottom oil can is the advice of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

-A curious diseased condition of honey bees known as "pickle brood" has been sent into the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture for identification and advice. The nearly mature larvae are yellowish in color and lift out of the cells easily. The method of control is the same as for European foul brood, requeen with a young vigorous Ital-

ian queen. -The inspection of apiaries for the season of 1922 has started but the work will be limited for lack of funds. Four apiary advisors are now working in the southwestern, central and northern counties of the State. The Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture will assist without cost so far as possible all apiarists who are troubled with disease among their bees or have oth-

er difficult problems. -Insect Control-Rose Bugs: Common pests attacking wide variety of plants. Best spray; five pounds dry lead arsenate, ten pounds confectioner's glucose, 100 gallons water. Molasses is not as attractive to the pests as is the glucose. Millipedes: Blue black caterpillars; use one part "Black Leaf 40" to 200 parts water. Soak ground around plants. In greenhouse or cold frames, drench the beds comcan be controlled by using two pounds dry arsenate of lead to 50 gallons water. Spray trees very thoroughly. This can be used for all insects feed-

ing on leaves. -Cherry leaf spot causes a heavy loss to unsprayed trees and but few growers realize the loss from this source. In order that this disease may be successfully controlled the Buheir achievement.

Some important actions concerning Department of Agriculture recomds that cherry trees be given a "Does it make any difference, now, Monday. The alumni reunion classes dormant spray as for San Jose scale. Plow the ground to bury all diseased leaves there may be on the ground or rake them up and burn them. Make opment into the State University. At three sprayings of 3-3-50 Bordeaux their meeting on Monday the college mixture or 1 to 40 lime sulphur wash; trustees approved the establishment (1) When the petals fall, (2) two of a graduate school, which is a sig- weeks later and (3) just after the nificant first step towards university crop has been harvested. This will inrating for the college. Dr. F. D. sure clean, healthy foliage all the season and a good set of fruit buds. A 90-10 sulphur dust can be substituted for these three sprays with good re-

-That the dog owners of Pennsylvania are showing a decided willingness to comply with the provisions of the Dog Law of 1921 is shown in figures compiled by the Bureau of Animal Industry, which has the supervision of the Dog Law in charge.

During the first four months of the

vidual dog licenses issued and 1,714 kennel licenses. Up until June 1 of this year it was found necessary to bring only 736 prosecutions, an average of only slightly more than ten prosecutions per county. The Bureau of Animal Industry, between January 1 and June 1 acted on 343 claims for damages arising from losses inflicted by dogs on live-stock and poultry, the sheep

current year there were 284,513 indi-

losses being the heaviest. Washington county, the principal sheep raising county of the State, presented the largest claims for damages, the 27 claims from this county total-

ling \$1,040.
Westmoreland county leads in the number of dogs licensed, having issued 13,064 individual and 44 kennel licenses up until May 1. Cameron county, with 303 individual licenses and five kennel licenses stands at the foot of the list.

-Secretary of Agriculture Fred Rasmussen is out as a campaign for the farm horse in Pennsylvania. In an address delivered several days ago, of this State raise more horses. He pointed out that at the beginning of the present year there were 505,966 horses and 54,678 mules on the farms sylvania 50,000 horses and mules are required to replace those that die off

or are incapacitated. "Without question many of the farmers of this State could profitably raise their own horses" said the Secretary. "A pair of mares when properly handled and fed can raise their own colts and do almost their full share of work. The idea that a mare, if she raises a colt, should be turned out to pasture all summer, is entirely wrong. The average farmer cannot afford to keep a mare just to raise a colt, but many farmers would find it profitable to raise at least their own horses, and where conditions are fa-

vorable, a few horses to sell. "The idea that the tractor will replace the horse on the farm is an illusion. The tractor is here to stay and become even more useful but it will never do more than supplement the horse in agriculture. This is especially true in a State where the farms,

on the average are small."