Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 24, 1922.

## THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.

Above the old brown homestead
The autumn skies are gray;
A few white snowflakes flutter
Through the leafless boughs today:
But in the wide warm kitchen
What hopes and memories wake,
While Deborah stones the raisins,
And Prudence stirs the cake!

The high-backed kitchen rocker
Sways gently to and fro,
As sweet Aunt Prue sits dreaming
Of Thanksgivings long ago
When she, a brown-eyed Prudence,
And Deborah, shy and dear,
Helped pluck the turkey gobbler,
And roll the pie crust here.

Then, just as now, the snow clouds
Above the hill were gray,
And the wind sang in the chimney
Just as it sings today;
But the whole wide house was fragrant
And the guest room, snug and warm
Beamed a welcome for the gathering
Of the home folks at the farm.

The snow of forty winters
Have fallen on the sod
Since the shy, sweet little sister
Went home to be with God.
And today another Deborah
(Loved better for her sake)
Stones raisins at the fireside,
While Prudence stirs the cake.

The high-backed chair sways slower
As the whirling snowflakes fall,
And old Aunt Prue sits gazing
At the firelight on the wall;
And she thinks that up in heaven
All the Father's house is fair
For the gathering of the home folks
And the great Thanksgiving there.

—Exchange.

## MAID MARIAN'S THANKSGIVING.

By Meta E. B. Thorne.

Judge Maitland sat in an easy chair drawn up before the glowing fire in his beautiful library, and grumbled and groaned. Rheumatic gout occasioned the groaning; it may in part have accounted for the grumbling. He was, however, of an irritable, overbearing temper, not modified by ten years of lonely and undisputed sovereignty in his elegant home since the death of his wife, a gracious, serene-souled woman, seeming almost more than human, who won from her entire circle of acquaintance a love bordering on adoration, and to whom even this proud, unyielding nature seemed to rejoice in humbly devoting itself.

The effort it had cost to write the letter he had just dispatched made itself manifest in mutterings even more crabbed than usual.

'Norman is so headstrong, so notional! A home missionary, indeed! All against my wish, he knows. 'His people need him,' so I have no claim, of course. I wouldn't have thought it of Edith, though. None of her family think of any one first, except themselves. The little maid is three years old today, and I have never seen her. There was always some excuse, but the truth is, I suppose, that the silly boy just emptied his pockets for his people, so never could come home and bring his family. But now I've sent the money there won't be that excuse, so I shall know, if they don't come, it is because they don't want to see a cranky old man. If my Marian had but stayed with me! Ah, this rheumatism!"

One looking into that silent, somber room just then might have beheld a pitiful sight—a gray head bowed on a tremulous hand, from under whose shelter dropped slow, painful tears, the sad, heart-wringing tears of an aged man. By and by, in softer tones, the muttering went on: "Is she like my Marian, I wonder? Bless her heart, I hope she is, I hope she is!"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Miss Eunice Maitland, who presided over her brother's household, and, indeed, for all within his influence, a speedy reply came from his son to the effect that, although he himself could not at that time be spared from his people—there was typhoid fever in the village, but this he did not write—his wife and child would be glad to come, if his father would accept that in lieu of his own visit.

"Humph, didn't he know that it was the child I was yearning for? If she is like my Marian—God grant she be!"

The weary travelers arrived too late to afford the longing eyes of the grandfather more than a brief look into the baby face framed in its wreath of soft golden hair, a moment's pressure of clinging arms about his neck, of rosy lips to his cheek, and the music of a sweet voice in his ear: "Me loves you, gampa. You glad me come?"

Glad? Ah, who shall say how glad? And what is this she is saying?

"Me bwing Fanksgiving you house, gampa." At that very moment it was entering the old man's heart.

On the morrow the little one from the first attached herself to her grandfather, and soon had him entangled in a maze of bewildered delight. She would not leave his side, although, child-like she wanted to explore the house. He had, fortunately, recovered from his rheumatism sufficiently to hobble about, and even succeeded in climbing the garret stairs. What a veritable elfland to the imaginative child, who danced about in glee, peeping into every shadowy corner and into every quaint old chest.

"Whose coat, gampa?" she asked, pointing to a row of cast-off garments hanging along the rafters.

"O, they were mine, but they're old now."

Regarding them with her head on one side and the wise look of a judicial robin, she remarked, "Papa give his coat to poor mans."

Knowing that though shabby there was still much wear in the garments, the judge felt conscience-stricken.

'What in vis, gampa?" indicating a large cedar chest.

The old man paused for a moment, trying to swallow a lump in his throat, then softly said, "Your grandmother's clothes."

"Gammuvver up in heaven, has booo-ful dwesses now," she commented. "Give vese to poor womans."

What an ague-like chill seized the aged frame at the suggestion! Could he do it? Yet was it not exactly what his Marian would have wished?

When they had returned to the library little Marian, with laden arms, came to her grandfather's side.

"My birfday yesserday, gampa."

"Last week, my pet, you were three years old."

"Me fee years old yesserday las week. Mamma give me vis doll for my birfday. Aunt Eunice give me vis pickserbook, and you give me vis pwitty muff and my new hood and my cloak."

"Well, dear, don't you like them?"

"Me like vem all vewy much, gampa. Me like my muff bestest of all, gampa. Me lay my cheek on it, 'most hear it sing like my kitty at home," and she nestled her face against the long silvery fur. Then she said again: "Me fank you, gampa, for muff. Me kiss you, too."

"Well, little maid, come up here and kiss me," and he gathered her up in his arms, and felt again on his cheek her sweet warm lips. Then she nestled down in his arms, still cuddling close her precious doll and muff, giving now to one, now to the other, an affectionate pat. "O you sweet, pwescious baby doll! O you darling, cunning little kitty muff!"

Then came another thought. "Tomowow Fanksgiving, gampa. You have Fanksgiving you house?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What for, gampa?"

"For you, darling, most of all."

"Who you give Fanksgiving, gampa?"

"Give Thanksgiving, Maid Marian? Give it to the Lord, of course."

"No, no, gampa. Can't give it to ve Lord. Mus give it to ovver folks."

"Aren't you a little crank, Maidiee?"

"Man say papa cwank. Me cwank, too."

"Ho, ho! I guess the man was right. If your papa wasn't a crank he'd have come home for Thanksgiving with you and your mamma."

"Papa couldn't come. He mus give Fanksgiving to ovver folks."

"Papa thinks too much of 'ovver' folks. He might think a little of me."

"Papa love you. Evwy night he pway, 'God bwess my dear faver.'"

What could Judge Maitland say after that?

Thanksgiving morning when Miss Eunice and her niece were ready for church, Marian refused to go "wivout gampa," and "gampa" assured them all that he was really well enough to go, and sent them along while he donned boots and great coat.

The pride on the face of Judge Maitland was quite pardonable as he kept pace with the steps of his tiny grand-daughter, one little hand clasped in his, the other hidden in the silver fur of her new muff.

"Me going Fanksgiving wiv gampa," she kept repeating in happy tones. Though very cold it was clear, and the distance was but short. Within a stone's throw of the church Maidie snatched her hand from her grandfather's and, rushing up to a girl perhaps double her age, shivering on the edge of the pavement, she cried: "Little girl, little girl, is you hands vewy cold? Vis will keep vem warm." And she thrust into the red, rough hands her treasured muff. "You have Fanksgiving you house?" she went on, heedless of the expostulations of her grandfather. Then, as the poor child, holding out the muff to Judge Maitland, shook her head in bewilderment, she pushed it away with all her tiny strength, and burst into tears, crying: "Gamfaver, gamfaver, don't take ve muff! Poor little girl's hands so cold. See, me have mittens," and she held up her small hands. "Give poor girl Fanksgiving, gamfaver."

"I will leave you with mamma at the church and go with this poor girl, if you will keep the muff; she shall have something more suitable."

"Me go too, gampa, me go too; give poor little girl Fanksgiving."

And so it came to pass, that in spite of his protests, the judge's lame feet and the tiny ones of his small granddaughter, by devious street car routes, and having stopped by the way for various purchases, at length ascended the steps of the wretched tenement where, in a miserable room, bare of every comfort, lay a seemingly dying mother and her famishing babe. Never had the eyes of Judge Maitland looked upon such misery, for the reason that he had always withheld himself from such scenes.

A kind but poverty-stricken neighbor was doing all that was possible without resources, and now, with brightening eyes, seized the basket of supplies that an errand boy carried at the behest of the visitor, and from a can of beef extract very quickly concocted a bowl of soup.

"Praise the good Lord!" she exclaimed. "Sure, it's just starvin' the puir crayter is," and, lifting the head of the sick woman, she held to her lips the reviving draught.

"Sure, an' she'd sune be well, an she had enough to ate," the good women remarked, and the judge, with keen self-reproach at his past indifference to the needs of others, determined that this family, at least, should suffer no lack while he had abundance. Somewhat awkwardly he managed to supply the little girl with a bowl of bread and milk, and turned to see little Marian, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and the expression of a pitying angel, bending over the pallid, emaciated babe.

"Niver moind him, darlint. He'll be all right whin Biddy O'Hara do be afther fadin' him," and she held to his blue lips some of the warmed milk, and delightedly watched him drink the nourishing food with the avidity of one on the borders of starvation.

"Have some of the soup yourself, Mrs. O'Hara," urged Judge Maitland.

"Indade, yer honner, it's not nadin' it I be. The good Lord gives me strength to be arnin' my own livin', praise be to His name! But I has me hilpless ould mither to kape, and thank the blissed Lord for that, or I'd be doin' more for thim that can't do for theirselves," which reminded the listener of the statement he had somewhere read, that the poor are the truly generous.

The little maid stood by the side of the good woman, whose care of the babe she eagerly watched, and, looking up into that honest face, she asked again the oft-repeated question: "You have Fanksgiving you house?"

"Ivvry day o' me life, darlint, bliss the Lord!"

"You give Fanksgiving ovver folks?"

"Sure, an' I thry, me darlint." The golden head nodded sagely. There was a perfect understanding between the simple-minded woman and the innocent child, and a strong though quickly-formed bond of sympathy, for both stood within that beautiful land into which none can enter "except they become as little children."

"Me like Fanksgiving! Gampa, make more Fanksgiving for ovver folks."

"We must go and make Thanksgiving for mamma and Aunt Eunice now. But hereafter you shall help grandpa try to make every day a Thanksgiving for somebody."

Yes, led by a little child, Judge Maitland was entering into that kingdom the spirit of whose King is love and service, for His whole life was lived for "ovver folks."

And that beautiful mantle of "charity which is love," which "his Marian" had worn, the secret of her lovely life and character, was it not descending upon her namesake? And yet might not its broad folds enwrap also him to whom her memory was so precious?

Poynette, Wis.

## WHERE THE TURKEYS COME FROM.

The great bulk of the turkey crop of general consumption on the Atlantic seaboard is produced in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Iowa. The adjacent States of Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee, Arkansas and Minnesota also contribute shares, but to a smaller extent. This supply is termed "western," a portion of which is "dry picked," while the remainder is scalded to enable the ready removal of the feathers. The latter presents the better appearance before cooking, but the former is plumped up and becomes attractively smooth and of unbroken skin surface under the influence of the heat needed in its preparation for the table. All choice or fancy turkeys and other poultry are dressed "dry picked."

There are several sources of production of ultra superior turkeys, for each of which it is claimed that it holds the palm of excellence. As the reputation for luxurious living in this country began in the south, it will be well to commence with a description of the rice fattened birds of Maryland. They are distinguished for delicacy of flesh and flavor which are imparted by their exclusively rice diet, and their skin is remarkably white, as compared with that of other poultry, which is also attributed to the character of feeding.

There are certain epicures who will partake of no other turkeys while "Maryland rice feds" are procurable. The next in order is what is designated as "Philadelphia," and this embraces turkeys, chickens, fowls, geese and ducks. Pennsylvania has been occupied by a thrifty class of German immigrants, who early provided good poultry, especially in Bucks county of this State, which furnished the supply of the citizens of Philadelphia.

Visitors to that city, attracted by the excellent poultry with which they were served, substituted for "Bucks county" "Philadelphia," and so it has become the term for all varieties of Pennsylvania poultry sent out of the State.

Northward progression of the description of famous poultry next halts at Rhode Island. There the poulterers have selected the largest of the cultivated strains, which attain the weight of twenty-five to thirty pounds the first year and fifty pounds and upward the second year. Massachusetts has its claim to the production of high class poultry also on file, and to turkeys it adds geese, of which in New York, where all qualities and standards are passed upon and determined, the excellence is conceded.

Large size, tenderness of flesh, palatableness of flavor, are all included, and, though Rhode Island, Philadelphia and Maryland each and all insist that their geese cannot be excelled, the city epicures decide for Boston's claim by their insistence for that supply to the limit of its extent.

## HOW COAL WAS FORMED.

What may be said to be the strangest period through which our earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as having been at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean and the land had not yet arisen from the swamps, and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with coal.

These plants grow as big as our largest trees, taking deep root in the morass and flourishing like the lush grasses in moist meadow land and developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forest looked, the sicentists assure us, like dense growths of weeds, rushes, and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of cacti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which is derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant weeds were buried by deposits of earthy material, and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process ceased with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.

——The "Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

## WOMEN GROWING UNSHAPELY.

By L. A. Miller.

I realize that I will be obliged to tread gently, when I attempt to give the frozen facts pertaining to this topic. You may criticise the style of a woman's dress, her general appearance, and even her eyes and nose without fear of any serious consequences, but when you begin to make remarks about her shape your head is in danger. To praise a lady who is considerably off in the matter of shape, leads her to the very rational conclusion that you are either making fun of her, or trying to flatter. This offends her. To say that she is too thin, too fat, or too tall, or too short may be the exact truth, yet it offends her also. No matter which side you may take you are sure to offend.

The part of discretion would be to say nothing about her shape at all, but tell her that she is generally lovely and is envied by half the women in the community.

Fair woman has heard too much of this sort of talk, one of the results of which is that she has grown, and is growing, very unshapely. No one can deny the fact that there is more unshapeliness among women of today than of twenty years ago, and it will be more apparent still when the young lady of the period turns her fortieth corner in life.

There are proportionately more fat women now than in the preceding generation, and fewer stout ones, while the decrease in buxomness is particularly noticeable. We have been, and are proud of the shapeliness of our women, but the indications are that we have less to be proud of in the future than in the past. The tendencies are to the extremes—too fat, and too thin— with the greater number in the latter class. It must be born in mind that a slender, petite form is not necessarily thin, nor a plump, rotund form necessarily fat. If the slenderness is due to smallness of bone, density of muscle and tone of nerve, it is in good form; or if the rotundity or stoutness can be attributed to large bone, volume of muscle and adipoise matter properly distributed throughout the body, the form will still be standard. Scrawniness is a less volume of muscular tissue and adipoise matter than the size and shape of the bony structure, or frame, requires to make the body symmetrical. In such cases the sharp angles of the frame are shown prominently, the skin either clinging to the bones or hanging loosely, giving the entire body an unsightly appearance. The fatness which is most uncouth and disagreeable is that which gives an individual a stuffed appearance, and destroys all the lines of beauty. It is different from the plumpness, or even stoutness, which emphasizes these lines and makes the figure more attractive to such as admire strength and weight.

In these the adipoise substance is deposited around and between the bundles of muscles in relative quantities, thus increasing the size of the various parts without destroying or materially changing their respective forms. The fatness that destroys shape is where the adipoise matter is deposited in layers between the skin and the muscles. It gives the limbs a stuffed appearance, is soft, and flabby, and entirely superfluous. Instead of adding strength or vitality to the body, it consumes both.

Among the characteristics of this sort of fatness is coldness and elasticity of the skin. It seems to have lost its tone, and instead of contracting and preserving the contours of the body, it hangs in folds and forms creases. It is held by some that the loss of tone in the skin is the prime cause of excessive deposits of fat between it and the muscles. That this is true to a certain extent is shown by the fact that if a fat, puffy limb is kept bandaged for some time it becomes smaller, and may finally be reduced to its normal size.

Ladies often try to reduce the size of their waists by means of tight-fitting corsets, and frequently succeed in forcing the fat to some other part of the body as long as the corset is kept on.

There are different causes for both fatness and thinness, but until quite recently there has been no special, or even earnest, effort made by medical scientists to determine them. Within a recent period, however, considerable attention has been given to the matter, and at present it is one of the topics of the day. So far, only the approximate causes are given, and these differ widely and essentially. It is not a very difficult matter to reduce surplus fat if it is gone about in the proper way. Drugs will not do it, although they are great aids at times. Neither can it be done in a day, nor without some sacrifice on the part of the sufferer. This is the rub. They do not like the idea of being limited to a non-fat producing diet, nor of being compelled to walk and exercise briskly instead of remaining quiet or riding leisurely from place to place.

The tendency of young girls to thinness is more alarming than a tendency to stoutness would be, because it shows a lack of vitality, or, at least, an unequal distribution of it. A visit to our schools where girls are required to study hard, will convince any one that scrawniness rather than plumpness is in order.

Not only is thinness of flesh noticeable, but also lack of color in the skin, sunken eyes, weary expression and elasticity of step. Hard study has consumed the vitality which should have gone to perfect the physical development. Impairment of indigestion, imperfect development of vital organs and lack of such exercise as tends to add quality to bone and muscle, are here combined and cannot fail to produce an imperfect body, if they do not make shipwreck of both body and mind.

It is clearly the fault of our education, habits of life and fashions in dress that our women are growing unshapely in form. These may be so regulated that the mischief will stop with the next generation, but there is little hope for the present.

Indeed there is little hope for coming generations, because our women are such slaves to fashion that they will dare disease and untimely death for themselves and misery for their posterity in order to keep in favor with the fickle, heartless goddess. They have been talked to, written to and preached to about the fate that awaits them, but it seems to have done no good. Now the men are beginning to talk about the increase in the number of scrawney necks, and prematurely old faces.

That which leads to imperfect physical development, whether it be excessive brain work, bodily exercise, or want of proper nourishment, is sure to produce nervousness. This is due to imperfect development, and is the bane of modern life. As a people we are growing more and more nervous every day. Many attribute it to smoking, to drinking alcoholic stimulants and fast living. Nervousness is undoubtedly at the bottom of our dissipation, and if it is not stopped dissipation will be the end of us. There is little use of crying halt to those who have already joined in the chase, but there is no harm in calling attention to the dangers which lie ahead of those just entering upon the active scenes of life. When women lose their beauty of form they become less attractive to men. They may possess the virtues of angels, yet they are not as lovable as if they were shapely. Call it sensuousness, characterize it as want of taste, or what you will, the fact remains.

What is to be done about it? That is further on. Here are the facts, and it is for you to figure out the remedy. If a mother can find out the causes which have led to her ills, she ought certainly be able to learn how to avoid them in raising and training her daughters. Will she do it?

Judging from the disposition shown by a great many, the average mother will not. But what is the use of arguing with a woman? She will have the last word, which in her estimation, clearly entitles her to the belt.

## THE DOLLAR BILL HANDSHAKE.

By Margaret H. Barnett.

An item in a recent issue of a newspaper, a party organ in one of the counties of the State, says, in part:

"It is alleged that several persons who have been given the 'glad hand' recently by this candidate, found a one dollar bill, in the palm of their hand, after the shake, and on Saturday night, after the carnival at ——— two one dollar bills were found on the sidewalk, after he had passed, these two evidently having been dropped, not having been noticed by the persons into whose hands they were put, or else the individuals were so disgusted at such an attempt at petty bribery, that they threw the money away."

The dollar bill handshake is not new. For years it has been a favorite method of influencing voters. It has been reported that a candidate changed a considerable sum of money into dollar bills, at a bank in a town in which he expected to make a canvass. Sometimes, it is said, the supply of dollar bills becomes exhausted, at some of the banks, during a political campaign.

On one occasion, when a candidate shook hands with a voter, a friend, who was standing near, saw a bill flutter down to the ground. The friend related the incident as a joke, merely as a joke. The transfer had not been skillfully made, that was all.

Voters talk very freely of the dollar bill handshake, sometimes giving names of candidates who have indulged in this pleasant practice.

Admiring party organs sometimes say of a candidate, "His heart goes out with his handshake." But the rumor persists that frequently the dollar bill goes along.

A dollar bill is a little thing. Its value is trifling. But the dollar bill handshake stands for a thing which is not a trifle. It stands for a practice which gives us public officials who must perjure themselves when they take the oath of office. The hand which passes a dollar bill to an elector with a handshake, cannot, without guilt, be held up to swear that money has not been used, directly or indirectly, to secure a noination or an election.

The candidate's dollar represents a practice which may give us law-makers who are also law breakers. It represents a practice which may give us judges who are themselves criminals when they pronounce sentence on their fellow men.

A dollar bill is a little thing. Its purchasing power is very small. Yet it is considered great enough to purchase a vote. The casting of a vote is the performance of one of the most important duties of American citizenship, the exercise of one of the highest privileges. Are we to conclude that American citizenship is a very cheap commodity?

Certain questions suggest themselves:

Do dollar votes secure us a high grade of public officials?

Is it because of dollar votes that we have officials who are so very careless of the dollars of the people?

Is it because of dollar votes that the State treasury is depleted, so that the State cannot support the public schools?

Should not any self-respecting voter regard it as an insult to be offered a dollar for his vote?

Should not such an offer be a reason for voting for another candidate than the one who made it?

The founders of this Republic fought through many years of hardship and privation, for the right of self-government. It seems to be very lightly esteemed, in these latter days, judging from the part which the dollar plays in elections.

Perhaps these reflections are just the foolish notions of new voters, who have an exaggerated idea of the importance of the right of suffrage, because it has been so recently granted them.

Let some more experienced voter give them some information on the subject.

—Get your job work done here.

## FARM NOTES.

—It is a good idea to make a survey of the damage caused in the orchard by scab and other diseases, and insect pests, so that control measures can be planned for next spring.

—Sort out the extra sappy and rotten ears of corn when cribbing by making a partition in the wagon box for soft corn. Separating the corn in this way greatly increases its keeping quality.

—How about your supply of high protein concentrates for winter feed? It will pay to get in touch with one of your neighbors and order a car load of cottonseed meal, linseed meal, or peanut meal through your local feed dealer.

—Start apple tree pruning early and if you wish to avoid damage to the trees by mice and rabbits allow the tree prunings to lie on the ground. The rodents prefer to eat the young tender bark of the twigs and damage to the trees is often prevented.

—The spots on catalpa leaves are due either to the fungus disease or to a small insect mining between the upper and lower leaf surfaces. The gathering and burning of all catalpa leaves as they fall to prevent a recurrence of the disease another year, is recommended.

——The rust of hollyhocks is carried over winter by the old diseased leaves, say the plant disease specialists of the Bureau of Plant Industry. Much to prevent the disease another year can be done they say by gathering and destroying by burning during the fall of all diseased leaves.

—Peony blight can be overcome to a great extent by gathering and burning each fall all peony foliage. All dead leaves, stalks and stubble must be removed clear down to the live roots. Never use fresh manure about the plants. Use only well rotted composts and commercial fertilizers.

—Present indications are that lambs will command a good price during the winter and spring. The best returns from a flock of breeding ewes can be secured only when they are properly fed during the winter. The ewes should not be allowed to get in a run-down condition at any time during the winter.

—When culling the flock or selecting breeders, do not be deceived by the hen with abdominal dropsy. She will have a full abdomen, but it will feel very much like a hot-water bag, and when opened will be found to contain yellow colored water. A hen of this type is invariably an internal layer, and is absolutely worthless.

—The horse-chestnut trees have had brown foliage for one-half the summer, part of this injury was due to sunburn, but much of it was due to a disease known as leaf blotch. It is suggested that all horse-chestunt leaves be gathered and destroyed so as to remove as much as possible the recurrence of the disease another year.

—Now that the crops have been harvested remove all cabbage stumps, melon and pumpkin vines, and other crop stubbles by burning in order that the diseases and insects with which they have been infested during the past summer may be destroyed. Crop remnants furnish quarters for winter hibernation of many plant pests, which perpetuate from season to season.

—The School of Agriculture at State College will conduct a series of meetings and demonstrations, on subjects of practical interest to farmers, during the two and one-half days of Farmers' week this winter. The opening meeting will take place on Monday evening, December 18th, and the last event, Thursday noon, December 21st. Programs can be obtained from your county agent or from Prof. T. I. Mairs, at State College.

—The crop report recently issued by the Bureau of Statistics, contains the following information relating to pasture in this State: "The unusually long drought affected all the late maturing crops adversely but none so severely as the pasture. The condition of the pasture on Oceober 1, for the State at large, compared with normal was 71 per cent. The average condition of pasture in the northern tier counties was 85 per cent., in the southern tier counties 66 per cent. in the counties bordering the Delaware river 86 per cent. and the counties bordering on Ohio 75 per cent. From this information it is apparent that the drought was most severe in the southern part of the State. The pasture was so short in many places that it was necessary for the farmers to put their cattle and other livestock on winter rations. This indicates that livestock will not go into winter quarters in as good condition as other recent years. The condition of pasture one year ago was 93 per cent. and two years ago 101 per cent."

—Farmers in southeastern Pennsylvania, stung into a realization of the danger of the Angoumois grain moth by the heavy losses they have suffered, this year, are appealing to the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and their county agents in large numbers. Representatives of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture have addressed more than a dozen meetings of farmers on control methods.

The Bureau of Plant Industry has sent out more than 8,000 colored posters dealing with the life history of the moth, together with control measures.

It is estimated that the loss in Pennsylvania from the moth this year will amount to more than two million dollars, while next year, unless the farmers take active steps to combat the menace, the loss may be even greater.

Heretofore the moth has been found only in southeastern Pennsylvania, but this fall it has been found as far west in the State as Mifflin county and it is believed that it will be only a question of a year or two until it is present in every wheat-growing section in the State.

Fumigation with carbon-bisulphide is the only method of killing the moth that has yet been devised, although Federal experts are hard at work in an effort to find some other means, as carbon-bisulphide is highly explosive and must be handled with caution.