

Bellefonte, Pa., August 24, 1923.

THE VALUE OF DAIRYING TO THE FARMER.

In these times the "dirt farmer" is suffering from the depression of prices on farm products, especially on wheat, corn and other grains. Many men who have been raising these crops are getting discouraged, and it is said that there are in Centre county a great many farms and farm implements which are soon to be offered for sale at auction. Men are trying to get a living at other work than in plowing and cultivating the soil.

With the price of labor on the highways and the mills as high as it is, and the apparent returns from farming being so nearly on the wrong side of the ledger, it is not to be wondered at that the courage of men on the farm is on the wane.

When prices are low it is usually said that it is a good time to buy, but not all men have the courage of their convictions at such times. They hesitate and thus many good opportunities are lost.

In the stock market it is a well known fact that men are crazy to buy when prices are going up. When prices begin to drop men lose their enthusiasm and the market drops still lower for lack of buyers. At this time the men with courage to act against the popular tendency, buy up the low priced stocks which their reason tells them are good, and then sit tight till the prices go up again.

It is well known that during the war, when the prices of food products were abnormally high, there was a rush to get hold of farms and the prices paid for them were almost fabulous at times. Wise men sold at this time and waited. These are the men who will take advantage of the present selling panic, if it gets to be a panic, and will buy up the farms thrown on the market.

At such times it is well to stop and think. So few of us really do think. We know that the basis of all true prosperity in this or any other country, is the soil on which we live. Without this there can be no wealth acquired. All other kinds of business may languish and disappear. Manufacturing of particular kinds of goods may stop, because conditions change, thus rendering the product unneeded and therefore uncalled for. But farming must continue, for without it people cannot live at all.

So we can see, or we ought to see, that the most sure thing to hold to is agriculture. It is bound to come in to its own again. We may have to change the methods of farming to meet changed market conditions from time to time, but the raising of farm products is as sure to be always a basic business as it is sure that men are to continue to be born and to live by eating.

Farm products which depend upon export conditions for their high prices are bound to drop to a lower level when trade currents across the sea stop or become sluggish. Those products for which there is a home demand, however, are least likely to be affected when Europe and other parts of the world find that they cannot buy our products.

The conditions following the war being such that Europe cannot now buy our surplus grains, of course the prices are bound to drop. Especially is this true now that Russia is getting somewhat on her feet again, and is becoming a producer of grains for consumption outside her own borders.

But Europe has never been a great consumer of our dairy products. During the war the tide of trade in cheese was across the Atlantic as it never was before, but the cheese was largely used to feed the fighting men. Now the foreign trade in cheese is almost nothing at all, and it is likely that there will never be a great export trade in dairy products. But the home markets are increasing all the time. Cities are growing, and whenever men and their families go to the cities or towns, they become active agents in increasing the demand for butter, cheese and milk. Not only this, but the amount of these products which the people are using per capita is increasing. People are learning to use more milk, especially for children. Nothing has been found which so benefits children who are stunted or slow in growth, and who are mentally deficient, as a larger diet of milk. There never was such a great demand for ice cream as there is at the present time.

There is this, also, to be said in favor of dairying. There are few if any farm products which take so little from the soil in proportion to the prices obtained for them as does milk and milk products. Corn, wheat and other grains do take a great deal of material which must be replaced, sometimes at great cost. Most such products are sold when dry, so that all the material hauled from the farm is solid matter. When milk is sold, at least 87 per cent. of the product for which you obtain good money is the water which the cow naturally puts in the milk, and which costs you nothing. Nature puts this back in the soil. You do not have to buy it. Also, the other material in the milk, such as fat, the sugar and the casein, are hydrocarbons which do not impoverish the soil to any great extent. At the same time the fertilizer which the cattle produce and which you put back onto the land, is enriching the soil and the farm is getting better and better. As a result it can produce more and more food which is demanded by the cows in order to make more and more milk.

"This class comprehends the meaning of words very quickly," said the Boston teacher to her visitors. "You noticed we spoke of the worm 'ransom' a few minutes ago. How many—turning to the children—"can think of a sentence containing the word 'ransom'?" Every one. Yes, Harold. Harold arose proudly. "My sister's beau ran some when Pa—"

And the children wondered why the class was dismissed three minutes early.

A PLEASANT RETROSPECT AND CONGENIAL CONTROVERSY.

By L. A. Miller.

"Do you remember this evening five years ago?" Mr. Elmo said, half meditatively to his wife, who sat gazing reflectively into the glowing, yet blazeless fire.

"Just what I was thinking about, and was in the very act of asking you the same question in the same identical words. Until you had almost finished the sentence, I was not certain that it was not myself speaking. Wasn't that funny?"

"Rather," replied Mr. Elmo, as he changed his position to accommodate Mrs. Elmo, who had left the comfortable rocker in which she had been reclining to nestle down beside her husband, on the ottoman. "Only rather!" returned Mrs. Elmo, half poutingly. "I think it was real funny. I don't mean funny to laugh at, but funny to—well, you know what I mean."

"Yes, Flo, I know what you mean by it, but 'funny' is not the word to express it," said Mr. Elmo tenderly.

"Oh, yes, now I know; it was a coincidence," exclaimed Flo gleefully, looking up into her husband's face for approval. He seemed to be absorbed in deep thought, and did not appear to notice her until she placed her hand under his chin and turned his face toward her. "Isn't that it, dear—a coincidence?" she repeated, quizzically.

"I suppose so," he replied mechanically.

"You may suppose so," she exclaimed, on mock astonishment.

"Yes, dear, 'coincidence' is a good word—better at least than 'funny,' yet it does not express it clearly," he answered cheerfully.

"Then my dear, wise, critical Freddie, what is the word that expresses it?" said Flo, with an air of one piqued.

"I don't know, my dear."

"Don't know! Why, I thought from the way you talked you knew some big word that would just fit it. I think I got it right and you don't want to admit it," she exclaimed tauntingly, at the same time snuggling the closer to him.

"It isn't the word that I am thinking about," observed Fred, arousing from the mild abstraction in which he had been since the conversation began, and, in fact, for some time before.

"Then what is it?" she asked beseechingly, as she drew his face toward her again.

"Just thinking of New Year's eve, five years ago. It marked a most important epoch in my life, and now as I recall how narrowly I escaped wreck and ruin, I shudder. It was you who swung the danger signal across my path when I was on the very verge of the declivity bordering the desolate, dismal vale in which misspent lives are dragged out. Oh, no, you needn't turn your face away, because you did it with your winsome ways. Besides, it is not a thing to be ashamed of."

"Did I really save you from all that?" interrupted Flo, her big round eyes turned full into Fred's face.

"Did you? You know you did," replied Fred, patting her cheek affectionately.

"Yes, I believe I had something to do with it. And, do you know, I often wonder why I look so much interested in you. Father had you marked down among the utterly worthless young men, and my brothers were ashamed to be seen in your company. They said your family was good enough for anybody, but you, individually, were a black sheep. I knew that you were reckless, wild and dissipated, but some how there was something about you that interested me, yet I could never tell what it was. Mother used to look so surprised when I would happen to refer to you in connection with anything decent and respectable."

"The dear old soul," murmured Fred. "She thought you didn't know what you were talking about."

"I didn't love you then. No, indeed, I never thought of it; but somehow I couldn't help thinking what a great pity it was for a handsome, young talented man like you to go to the bad. When I would tell mother so she would look so worried, and all I could say wouldn't convince her that I had not more than a platonic interest in you. She often told me that you lacked some of the essential elements of manhood, and that you never could take yourself up and be a man."

"Did you think I could?"

"No, I did not. Like all the rest, I supposed you would keep ahead until your money was all gone, and you would be kicked out of good society, and, like thousands of others, go to the dogs. Yes indeed, that is just what I thought."

"Then why did you retain an interest in me?"

"I don't know, unless it was because I was a silly goose. That's what you used to say."

"Goose isn't the right word, little darling. Angel is better."

"It's all the same; they are a bit alike when in the guise of woman. They both have wings but there the semblance ceases."

"I don't care now what I was. This night five years ago, you came to our house with a party of young gentlemen, and father set out the wine, as he always did on such occasions. He said that any one who couldn't resist temptation when set before him, had not will power sufficient to keep from seeking it. Something prompted me to put you to the test that evening; although I did not expect you to pay any attention to me."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I don't know, but when you handed me a glass of wine and proposed my health, I let on that I did not hear what you said, but asked you to take a pledge with me. You gladly assented, but I thought you would back out when you heard it."

"But I did not, did I?"

"No, but I think you hesitated a little in repeating the words after me. Do you remember them now?"

"Do I? Scarcely a day passes that I do not repeat them, and bless the inspired tongue that gave them utterance. Remember them! ever."

"What were they?"

Lifting Flo to her feet, and drawing himself to his full height, Fred placed his left hand on his heart and

extending his right as though holding a glass, began: "Standing within the departing shadows of the old year, and looking upon the misty dawn of the new, I join with you in a solemn pledge that I will taste no intoxicating drinks henceforth except those proffered by your fair hands."

"Then you started to put the glass to your lips and I took it from you and placed it upon the sideboard."

"Yes, and I said that this one does not count; but you insisted that the pledge was binding from the instant it was uttered, and I graciously accepted your decision. Something told me that it was right, and, do you know, that from that moment forth I saw myself in an entirely different light. For weeks and months I felt ashamed to walk the streets."

"Ashamed for having taken that pledge with me?"

"No, no, darling! Ashamed of myself for having been such a fool as I had been for years before. Previous to that time I could not bear the least bantering from my associates, nor resist an invitation to drink; but after that I rather enjoyed being bantered, as it gave me an opportunity to show that I had some manhood left. The victory was not won, however, without a struggle, because the fiends had a good hold on me, but the thought of you was sufficient to drive them off, even when they came in force. My high regard for you grew into sublime admiration, then into love; I don't know how, but it did."

"Say, Freddie dear, you are squeezing me awfully hard," exclaimed Flo, between gasps for breath.

"Pardon me, angel, but I couldn't help it. In fact, I didn't know that I was holding you so tightly as that," Fred replied, as he released her from his embrace.

"Oh, no, I don't mean that. Put your arm back again, but don't be quite so energetic," said Flo, tiptoeing to nuzzle her crumpled bangs with her crisp side-whiskers.

"Oh, what long years were those four that followed that evening, and

what a short one this has been, missed Fred, as he toyed with the vagrant locks of brown hair that persisted in curling around his fingers as he patted his new angel on the cheek. "Let's not bother about the past, but look hopefully to— Bang, goes the big bell. "Happy New Year dear Fred," "dear Flo another coincidence."

NEW GAME LAWS.

Under section 603 and 703 of the new game code. In the trapping furbearing animals and vermin, the spread of jaws of all steel traps is limited to 6 1/2 inches, was formerly a standard of 3, or the same size, all traps must have attached to the trap or the min a metallic plate or tag giving in plain English the name and address of the owner, and must be visited at least once every thirty-six hours unless prevented by sickness or storm. At the end of the season all traps must be taken up or sprung.

Following places where the tags may be obtained: Harr-Wright Co., Inc., State street, Bangor, Maine; Triumph Trap Co., Onedia, N. Y.; Harrisburg Stencil Works, 132 Locust St., Harrisburg, Pa.

The blue heron, the green heron and the night heron are now protected. Every hunter must first secure a resident hunter's license before he or she can hunt any game or birds of any kind or to take a gun into the fields or woods.

All game excepting wild turkeys may be hunted one-half hour before sunrise and one-half hour after sunset.

Persons purchasing or receiving raw furs for commercial purposes—will hereafter be required to procure a fur-dealers license costing one dollar.

Male ring necked pheasants only may be killed 2 a day bag limit. Bounties. Section 1001.—Wild cats, \$15.00, gray foxes, \$4.00, red foxes, \$2.00, weasels, \$1.00.

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NOTE CHANGE OF DATES. Great Milton Fair. MILTON, PENNA. August 28, 29, 30, 31, 1923. Running and Harness Races DeDeas' Dog and Pony Circus. Large and Attractive Midway The Flying Wonders. Free Acts Before the Grand Stand Several Small Acts. Jazzie Orchestra on the Grand Stand and Eddie Calhoun's Band on the Band Stand. Open Day and Night .....Everybody Welcome. Look for the Cattle and Hog Exhibit.

Here's Good News for the Man who needs a Royal Cord. ROYALS are the only tires in which you get the benefit of the three new U. S. discoveries—Sprayed Rubber—Web Cord and the Flat-Band Method of building a Cord Tire. Made in all sizes 30 x 3 1/2 and up. United States Tires are Good Tires. Where to buy U.S. Tires. P. H. McGARVEY, Bellefonte, Pa. BLANCHARD AUTO SERVICE, Blanchard, Pa. BREONS GARAGE, Millheim, Pa. STUCK & KLINE, Pine Grove Mills, Pa. J. A. COOPER & SON, Snow Shoe, Pa. C. J. McQUIGG, Unionville, Pa.

Spend Labor Day at the Seashore. The Hall Mark of Service. A HOLIDAY WORTH WHILE. Where in all the world can you so pleasantly spend your holiday season? Where find the same recreative pleasures? Where obtain such a maximum of happy, restful holiday hours, with a minimum loss of time or minimum expenditure of money? Atlantic City. Wildwood—Ocean City—Cape May—Stone Harbor—Avalon—Sea Isle City—Beach Haven—Island Heights—Seaside Park—Seaside Heights—Bay Head—Sea Girt—Spring Lake—Bradley Beach—Ocean Grove—Asbury Park—Long Branch and many other intermediate resorts. PRESENT SPECIAL FEATURES OF ATTRACTION LABOR DAY HOLIDAYS ARE BEFORE YOU THE END OF THE SUMMER SEASON AT THE NEW JERSEY SEASHORE RESORTS DRAWS NIGH. GO! WHILE YOU MAY. The seashore is at its best—The season at its height—Fishing, bathing, sailing, all the delights of seashore life are yours to command. Enjoy a real vacation over Labor Day at the seashore. The direct, convenient route to all New Jersey Seashore Resorts. Pennsylvania Railroad System. THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF THE WORLD.

Where else, outside of very large cities, has a store gone into such Varieties and Values in. Boys' School Suits? Mothers and Fathers who have seen this display have been astonished—and, sinking our modesty—we will say that if you have always purchased your boy's clothes in Bellefonte you have no idea of the size of this new stock or what it offers. This season we set out to upset every boys' record—the result is that today or any time up until school begins you'll see here, not only clothes piled to the ceiling but Values you will laud to the skies. No obligation to buy, except for the obligation you owe your own pocket. See them. Two-Pants Suits ....\$8.50 to \$15. Single Pants Suits...\$5.00 to \$8.50. A. Fauble.