

Bellefonte, Pa., May 16, 1924.

### A MISTAKEN ESTIMATE.

When Willie was five he kicked his mother Whenever she washed his face, And his conduct went from bad to worse 'Till the kid was a hopeless case. He fought and struggled when put to bed And his grandfather said, "He's sp'iled! "He isn't at all," his mother said, "It's the temperament in the child."

At school the lad was a skulking sneak, Who vented his petty spite On boys who were undersized and weak, But never would stand and fight. When home at last was the urchin sent, Excuses he shrilly whined,

Was proof of a gifted mind. When Bill grew up he was set to work-He was healthy and big and strong, But he loved to soldier and loaf and shirk, And his jobs didn't last for long. His grandfather, sour and hard-boiled

But his mother said that his temperament

Declared, "I would lick him good!" But his mother observed, "It's his temper-

That makes him misunderstood.'

Now Willie resides in a steel-lined cell-His home for the coming year-And his work is done extremely well When the guard is standing near. And nerhans his doting parent knows What his grandfather long has seen, That excess of temperament often shows, That a youngster is merely mean!

#### IN THE LAST MILE.

With head erect, arms up, Bob Shirley swung at an easy, but ground-devouring pace down the road in the rear of the Topham Academy, in per-fect condition at the end of his tenmile practice jog. Between the road and the brick school house which stood on a knoll among great elms, was a long sweep of greensward, with here and there one of the monarch trees.

Bob slowed down as he came near the school, and at a trot approached the half dozen boys on the bench beneath one of the trees not far from

Bill Kent, the young physical director, arose as he came up and looked over his lithe glistening body, clad only in running pants. He noted only in running pants. He noted everything about Bob, his brown handsome face, fresh and full, his broad chest rising and falling without labor. He took Bob's hand and felt

his pulse.
"O. K.," he said curtly.
Four of the boys on the bench were runners, but, despite the warmth of the late May day, they were swathed in their long dressing robes, and their brown faces were beaded with moisture. All were quiet in their efforts

to gain their breath. Dick Stewart, a pale-faced, under-sized chap with gold-bowed spectacles, dressed in a neat blue serge, moved up and made room for Bob, clapping him on his broad shoulder as he sat down. Dick was the dude of the Academy, and because of his puny form he never engaged in any athletic games. But he was a fine scholar ing to him—although he was sorry. and a good fellow, and he was much The winning of the race meant honor, respected among the boys for his and just because he himself was the learning and had great influence in son of a man in comfortable circumthe school because of his enthusiasm stances was no reason why the monand ability as an organizer.

Bob," he said, in his snappy, cock-sure way. "Tom here"—he indicated He parted good nature one of the other runners—"is running in good form all right, but he isn't good for better than a second—or third—several miles behind. The only fellow who can give you a shave is Sid Ashley. He'll be mighty near

your heels, old man." "Sid's out, isn't he?" asked Bob, looking to the left. From the bench he could see a mile of straight road blazing in the sunlight and disappearing in a patch of woods in the distance like a brown snake. He valued Dick's opinion, and already knew that Sid was formidable.

"Yes," answered Ed Towne, the boy next to Bob.

"Say, Dick," asked Tom Davis, in frank ignorance, but with a rather sheepish grin, "what is this Marathon business, anyway? I remember reading something about it, but I can't think of it now." Dick leaned forward with his little

grin looked all along the bench. His bright eyes twinkled behind their lenses, for he saw that all the runners were curious to hear his answer. You fellows make me tired," he

I'm-surprised at your igno-"Well, what is it?" demanded young was too strong.

thousand Athenians, defeated one ing robes thrown about their shoulhundred and ten thousand Persians at ders, whirled away in automobiles Marathon and drove them aboard from in front of the Academy, cheered their ships and thus preserved the lib-erty of Athens. It's one of the most tic boys and girls. At two the great famous battles in the history. Mara-thon was about eighteen miles from densely packed with the Academy stu-Athens and a soldier ran to Athens dents and men and women and chilthat day and told the news of the great victory. I believe the soldier of Marathon died after telling his yarn in Athens—done up. But," he added drily, "you runners don't have to fall down dead. In fact, the 'dead ones' will end before they see the end."

one runner after another, exchanging

had planned a Marathon race for the one side with a revolver in his hand. last Saturday in May, and it was an event heralded far and wide. The course was made fifteen miles only, starting in Clareton and ending before the green in the rear of the Acadin cash—an amount sufficient to make leap, waited with straining ears. the race of real importance. Both the town and the Academy were at fever heat over the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly and the coming event, and the coming event, and there forms came upright and flashed away are strongly as a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event, and there is a strongly and the coming event are strongly and the co were eleven entries in the race. To down the road.

only in the school, but also throughout the State, and, of course, the first prize seemed worthy of the race. This first prize was the only money prize, the second and third prizes being

cups.
"There's Sid!" exclaimed Tom Da-

At this announcement, everybody looked up. Far away on the highway was a glistening white speck in the sunshine, and very soon the speck grew into a figure coming along at an easy lope. Bill Kent and Dick Stewart arose and went down the slope to the road.
"That fellow can run," asserted

Most of the runners looked at the athlete with envious eyes, but Bob leaned back in his robe and watched his dangerous rival with generous ad-

miration. "You're right," agreed Bob, at length, and he arose when Sid came walking up the slope with Mr. Kent

Sid was a tall, well formed lad, with a dark, manly face. He was sweating freely, of course, but his breath came easily and he was in fine condition.

"Hot work, Sid," said Bob, as Sid caught the robe Ed Towne threw him and put it about his naked shoulders. "You bet," responded Sid, smiling

"You've improved a whole lot," declared Bob, in a frank, friendly way that made Sid flush with pleasure. "I'm going to give you a close shave, Bob," returned Sid with a nod, his firm jaw was setting. He and Bob

were not chums, but they liked and re-

spected each other. Everybody now arose and went in to the Academy. The runners, laughing and talking about the coming race had a shower bath, then dressed and left the building, going out to the village street in a body and there sepa-

Bob and Tom Davis went up the street together while the rest of the boys went towards the center. "I'm going to buy a new piano with the prize," asserted Bob, with a little

laugh, as he and Tom went on. Tom was silent for a moment, and then said, with a slight stammer, think you're the best runner, Bob, but

I'd like to see Sid get the first prize." Bob looked quickly at his friend in astonishment, red coming into his bronze face. Tom lived next door to him, and they had been chums all their lives. Tom's words hurt a little, for he did not at that moment understand. He closed his mouth grimly and determination showed in his clear cut, handsome face.

"Sid's a good fellow," he said, soberly, "but-so are you and the oth-

"Well, you see, Bob, Sid's father is hard up." Tom's father was the leading lawyer in Topham, and Tom's kind heart had allowed him to repeat something he had casually heard in his home. "Between you and me, I know the Ashley's are going to lose their house unless they pay their interest pretty soon. And that prize would mean a whole lot—a whole lot."

"I wish you hadn't told me." Bob ey prize should be despised. Three "I guess it's an easy victory for you, hundred dollars of his own meant a lot

> He parted good naturedly with Tom in front of his house and went in to

During the next few days he ran as he had before, gaining strength and speed and confidence all the time; but he never forgot what Tom had said about Sid. The knowledge that Sid was in trouble and running under a handicap—as his trouble must bemade him uneasy and uncomfortable, so much so that he almost wished he was not so good a runner. But pride was strong in him, and with all his heart he desired to win the great fifteen mile race. At times he was tempted to speak to Sid, but there was something about Sid Ashley that made broaching such a subject a very difficult matter. He fancied he saw trou-ble in Sid's face, but he kept assur-ing himself that there was no such thing as pity or magnanimity in a race. A race was a trial of speed and bullet head on one side, and with a endurance, not of kind acts. In his heart, however, he knew that he would not suffer if he lost the prize—except perhaps a twinge of the pride—and that really and truly the honor of winning was an empty thing compared to said, frankly. "You've all read about it. I'm—surprised at your ignogive an excuse for not running. Pride

Davis, challengingly.

"Well," began Dick in a provoking drawl, his air paternal, "don't you remember that Miltiades, with about ten their running pants, with their dressing robes thrown about their shouldren of the village—a vast garden of rioting color. A judges' stand had been erected at the foot of the green by the roadside, just opposite the and there was a crowd around the strong three flew. stand and a fringe of spectators for a

"Oh, I remember now," exclaimed mile or more along the highway.

The race started in front of the shamefaced grins.

Dick, for his part, leaned back and boys, lithe and white, crouched on the Claretown High school. The eleven put one leg over the other, looking whimsically at his fellow students. tape there amid a waving, excited crowd, and Kiles Stock, the jolly, ath-The Topham Athletic Association letic principal of the school, stood at "Ready, boys?" he said warningly. "Get set!" he commanded, in clear, sharp tones. "Ready!"

The eleven boys, all trembling with the green in the rear of the Acad-The first prize was big—\$300 like a line of white bullfrogs about to

# Giant Wreath of Scarlet Poppies Woven to Hallow the Unknown Soldier's Tomb at Washington.

A giant poppy wreath, the national tribute of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, will be laid on the tomb of the Unknown American Soldier in the National Cemetery at Arlington on as well as he knew how and laughing Memorial Day as a special feature of the Poppy Day program of the V. F. W. observed in connection with its annual poppy

Fittingly two of America's Gold Star mothers intertwined the final poppies into this wreath symbol of a nation's reverence, Mrs. Charles Berger of Pittsburgh, whose son, Elmer M. Berger of the 111th Infantry, gave his life in France, and Mrs. Lydia Regelman of the same city, whose son, Hall, a member of the same regiment, was also killed in action.

All the poppies used in the official observance of Poppy Day are "Buddy Poppies," made by disabled American ex-service men in a specially equipped V. F. W. poppy factory in Pittsburgh, Pa. To date more than 3,000,000 poppies have been completed, each bearing the label, "WEAR A BUDDY POP-PY," and the entire proceeds from their sale will be devoted to relief of war-disabled.

All the men employed in the poppy factory are men suffering from wartime disabilities, who cannot be rehabilitated by the Veterans Bureau because their disability was not contemplated by the War Risk and Vocational Training laws when passed and who are designated by the government as "non-feasible." The poppy making not only affords these war veterans a livelihood which the majority of them, because of their crippled condition, would be helpless to earn in their former occupations, but in addition helps to renew their self confidence and rebuild their morale.

President Coolidge, who has signified his warm accord with the V. F. W. Poppy Day plan, himself wears the first Buddy Poppy, a specially made blossom in whose making every disabled boy in the factory had a hand.

Professional organizations and representative trades associations covering practically every branch of the country's professional and industrial life have signified their cordial official indorsement of the movement by also strongly commended it.

blossoms is laid on the tomb of the war by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. American Unknown Soldier a dupliwill be laid on memorial monuments ored heroes.



Reuel W. Elton, adjutant general of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, exhibits the giant poppy wreath to be laid on the tomb of the American Unknown Soldier on Memorial Day as the national tribute of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in the observance of their annual national Por py Day movement.

throughout the country during the formal resolutions and letters to Memorial Day services by the various Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett, local V. F. W. posts. In still further commander in chief of the Veterans significance of tribute to the World of Foreign Wars, and prominent indi- War dead on Memorial Day in Paris viduals, and the outstanding national a second giant replica of the Arlingwomen's patriotic organizations have ton wreath will be laid on the tomb of the Unknown French Soldier at the At the same time that the mam. Arc de Triomphe in accordance with moth wreath of scarlet memorial a custom annually observed since the

"With their poppies in their helmets cate will be laid by the Veterans of the front files hold the line," wrote Foreign Wars on the Soldiers' and John Mills Hanson, and to the boys Sailors' Monument in New York, and who were "over there" no other flower thousands of smaller similar wreaths could be more symbolical of our hon-

their terrible disappointment. They all slowed down to a walk and | in the last mile. returned to the tape for a new start, more excited than ever before. Bang! Again they were off-this

time perfectly. They flashed in the sunlight like an- in fancy he drank the sweet draught imate marble figures, and for fifty feet ran almost in a line.

Bob Shirley and Sid were elbow to elbow and each eyed the other from himself and swept on and on with the the corner of his eye. They loped eas- speed and strength of a Bengal tiger. ily, lithe as tigers, breathing easily, The road spun beneath his feet. The clear-eyed, determined.

The eleven still well together, came to the village outskirts and there ran into the open country, leaving the great crowd behind them, although the roadside was dotted here and there with spectators. Several automobiles followed from the village, but they were unconscious of them.

In the open the sun was scorching, and a cloud of dust arose from twenty-two pattering feet. Bob and Sid, grinning, slowed down and went on easily, but swiftly enough to keep well up with the other racers.

On and on went the eleven, now and then from the roadside by straggling groups. On and on, they went, up hill and down hill across open stretches of country, through patches of woods. The pace was terrible, but Bob and Sid, elbow to elbow, kept their distance behind and waited, each knowing that his race was with the one at his side.

At seven miles George Carson turned to the roadside and sat down under a tree and watched the others run on and on till they were lost to sight in their own dust and in the distance. Ed Towne fell out next, then Harry Loomis, then Bill Rood.

On and on, and still on, went the rest, the leaders still keeping up their gueling pace, Bob and Sid holding their relative positions clear of the

dust. Ten miles were gone. Now came the test! Few could pass this mark very far. One by one the runners in the lead slowed down to a walk or

get a ride in. The twelve-mile mark came and runner still in the lead. Tom was a surprise. He seemed to run easily, ing, he imperceptibly slowed down, seemed to be more than holding his even while boys and girls and men own, and Bob and Sid glanced in sur- stood up by the track and roared his green tape pegged across the road, prise at each other. On and on the name again and again and urged him

> Sid increased his speed in superb They overtook Tom, and before they was run off his feet.
> "It's between us," thought Bob, and

he gathered his reserve strength and | mighty surges of the sea. sped on like a deer. He had run the whole course several times. Never without the slightest distress, sure of ward the tape. himself.

saw that Sid ran strongly, but felt win this great run meant honor not "Come back!" roared Mr. Steck, to sure that he had little or no reserve second place, and Sid, proud and al- been held in the hatcheries.

for the spurt he was going to make In this moment he thought of the prize tendered to him and heard his name thundered in acclaim by the thousands waiting at the finish. And

of victory. As a vision of his triumph came, thrilling his whole being, he gathered country flashed away behind him. His breath was free and easy. His strength was superb, glorious; never had he felt so fit. His heart thrilled with the joy of his strength and the foretaste of his great victory. He

seemed to fly! On and on! He came to Sid's elbow, passed it like a new-shot arrow. Away and away he went, faster and faster.

But Sid's feet pattered, pattered behind him-he could not lose that sound. Again Bob gathered himself, and faster and faster he sped away. They came then, running like deer,

to the patch of pine woods. They dashed down the road into the grateful shade and went on and on, Bob leading, but Sid gamely following, grim as death and never yielding in spirit.

Now they emerged from the woods, and the last mile lay before them. The broad highway, a dusty ribbon, stretched before, and they saw the green slope, the Academy among the mighty trees and the crowds along the road and by the school. A roar like thunder came to their ears as they shot into the open, and they knew it was a mighty cheer of welcome and encouragement.

In this instant, with triumph almost within grasp, Bob Shirley thought of the nobler thing, and, strangely, the joy of winning did not thrill him "I will be wild," he determined. through and through as it had when he passed Sid's elbow.
"Sid needs the money, needs it!"

That thought ran through his mind, jogged on to a dog trot or swerved but on and on he ran, faster still fast-suddenly to the roadside to tumble on er. He was like a glorious machine the grass in a bit of shade, content to now as he sped away in the last spurt -and he lost the sound of Sid's feet. A queer disappointment, something he passed, and Tom Davis was the only could not understand, shot through him, and conscious of what he was do-

Half a mile away—a few feet—was form, and Bob kept with him easily. the judges' stand-triumph-and still he slowed down, although no one were far away they heard him grunt | could know the truth. And then a and give a little cry of dismay. They white figure, spotted with 'est, shot did not look back, but they knew he past him, and the thunder of hundreds and hundreds of wildly-excited voices rose and fell again and again like

In this very instant Bob stumbied and fell sprawling prone in the duct. had he gone at this racing gait, He waved aside assistance, arose by though, but his splendid body was in himself and with a very slight smile perfect condition, and he went on about his lips went like lightning to-

He looked forward. Sid was cross-

most deliriously happy met him and gripped him by both hands and praised him in warm words.

Sid's bubbling joy was so fine and great and his happiness was so clear in his face that Bob had no bitter taste of defeat. He was glad for him,

supremely glad. After congratulating his opponent gamely with those who came and gave him words of encouragement and consolation, he pushed his way through the crowd on the slope and went into the dressing room, bathed, rubbed down, put on clothes and went out to the street.

He was happy enough, but he did not want to see any one. He slipped away from the crowds outside and

went quietly off homeward.

That night Tom Davis, his chum, came over to his room, bringing the der given, are the five leading counsecond prize, a beautiful cup. And ties in Tom, in his understanding of Bob, State.

knew the truth instantly. "It was a great race, all right," said

"It certainly was," agreed Tom, looking at the other with eyes glist-ening with admiration. "The greatest race you'll ever run, old fellow." "And perhaps I can win the one next year," said Bob, quietly, looking

at the cun with moisture in his eyes. Tom, the kind-hearted, could not restrain demonstration. jumped up impulsively and put his arm about his chum's shoulder. "I know you can, Bob," he said, in

queer earnestness. Then there was a short silence between them, each looking the other in

"But don't ever tell, for heaven's sake!" burst out Bob, suddenly, seeing that Tom knew. "Promise-on

your honor!" "I promise!" said Tom, quickly, and with glistening, sparkling eyes, they gripped hands in that honorable compact.—The Boys' Magazine.

### FARM ACCOUNTS.

Under the present conditions of farming, according to R. C. Blaney, county agent, many crops are produced on a very small margin of profit and many with no profit at all. Farming is a business and must be managed as such, this necessitates a complete system of farm accounts.

Last year ten farmers in Centre county secured farm accounts books through the Farm Bureau office. The men who kept these books up to date feel that it was time well spent and they found out the crops that were paying and those that were not.

By this system of accounting in Lancaster county last year some startling conclusions were drawn. The following figures were taken from eighty-two farms. Wheat gave a return of 13c. per hour of man labor, being the lowest of all crops reported. Alfalfa 36.1c, corn 36.4c, potatoes 36.2c and hay 34.3c per hour of man

Farmers should put more thought and time to the business side of their farming activities and know where each dollar goes and where it will

bring the biggest returns.

An account book has been drawn up by the agricultural economic departkept with a small amount of time. These books can be secured any time at the Farm Bureau office.

#### 1000 Freshmen to be Admitted at "State."

The next Freshman class at The Pennsylvania State College will be limited to 1000 according to action by the college trustees.

For many years past large numbers of applicants have had to be refused admission due to lack of facilities to handle more in certain schools and departments, and there has been no increase in these facilities during the past year. W. S. Hoffman, the college registrar, announces that as usual the full class will be admitted during the month of July, after all high school commencements have been held. No priority of application will be considered, admission to crowded courses being granted entirely upon a scholastic basis. Assurance is given at this time that practically all qualified applicants for admission to the schools of agriculture and mines can be admitted.

# Very Strange.

It is related that a young magazine editor of New York took a trip to California and happened in upon Hollywood. He was invited to a motion picture party and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occa-He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young

will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is

He did his best, but suddenly, as that. Therefore, if the garden was he was playing the role to the limit of his spaded or plowed last fall it his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept. The editor asked the cause of her distress, and with tears cause of her distress, and with tears seed to germinate and many seedlings in her eyes she looked up and said: can be killed even before the garden you're the first fellow that's acted to me like a gentleman."

Streams are Well Stocked with Trout.

Harrisburg.—Streams in 26 counties were stocked with fish during March, according to a distribution table made public by the Department of Fisheries. Brook, brown and rainbow trout and a few minnows com- course, not produce a second. prised the kinds used for the stocking. of unpolluted water and are most pou- weed, the same as one of the crop ular with trout fishermen were centers of the March stocking. In a ma- Every particle of food material and jority of those counties low water last every ounce of water that goes into fall prevented the usual autumn stock- the weed robs the garden crop of just

ing.
Fifteen streams in Potter county

Fish Commissioner Nathan Buller used in stocking were much larger Bob ran gamely across the tape in intended for that use last fall had garden crops but of farm crops as

#### FARM NOTES.

-The seed corn situation seems to be serious in many localities. Careful testing is highly desirable.

—The average acreage per farm in Pennsylvania increased from 84.8 to 87.3 during the decade 1910 to 1920. -On Pennsylvania farms there were 136,942 turkeys in 1910. Ten years later the total dropped to 87,-

-Very often vegetable seeds are covered with too much dirt when planted. Celery and lettuce should be covered very lightly.

-The farmer needs clean, sober, industrious help. They go into his hame, eat at his table, lodge in his house, and associate with his family. -York, Lancaster, Berks, Adams and Cumberland counties, in the orties in the number of mules in this

—When planting beans discard all the spotted or discolored seeds. They Bob, easily, placing the cup on the ta- are likely to carry the anthracnose disease into the new crop, if they are planted.

> -If docked when a week old lambs will not suffer much from bleed-Docking will increase the quality of the lamb and the market value considerably.

-Do not put nicotine in the pink spray as it does not hit the apple red bug. Extension specialists are advising putting the nicotine in the "petal fall' spray to control this pest.

-The census gave Clinton county 68 acres of tobacco in 1919. According to J. B. McCool, county agent, there were 216 acres given to that crop in 1923, with an average yield of 1358 pounds per acre. -Milk is one of the highest foods

in mineral content. Minerals are necessary for proper body growth and the development of a strong, healthy child. Diseases are also frequently traced to a lack of minerals. -When painting this spring, be

sure to burn all rags which are soaked with linseed oil and turpentine. They may cause fire from spontaneous combustion. Don't store paint materials in the cellar. The fire risk is great.

-Tile drainage pays in many instances. The best land on a farm is often wet due to spring water from the higher land. Often a single line of tile will relieve this condition. Iowa farmers have spent half as much for tile drainage as the cost of the Panama canal.

-Pennsylvania ranks first in buckwheat, last year producing about 4,-449,400 bushels. This was more than 32 per cent. of the entire country's production. The country at large looks on Pennsylvania as a great industrial State. We admit it. At the same time we direct attention to the fact that it is a wonderful agricultural State as well.

-Be sure to thin the vegetables in your garden this spring while they are small. Thick sowing does not mean a large yield; in fact the reverse is true. The following distances between plants should be maintained: Peas, two inches; beans, four to six inches; beets, four inches; carrots, three inches; lettuce, ten inches; spinach, one inch; radishes, two to three

inches. -The telephone is finding a more important place in Pennsylvania farm life each year. Reports for 1923 point out that 60 per cent. of the State's agriculturists enjoyed the convenience of telephone service. In 1922, 57 per cent. of the farm houses were connected by wires with the outside world. Last year more than 121,000 rural subscribers were listed, as

against 116,000 the preceding year. -The Oriental peach moth, which caused considerable damage to the peach crop last year, is not out as yet. It looks now as though the eggs will be laid about the time the shucks are dropping. This is the effective time to control the pest. Unless the eggs are destroyed, the moth can not be prevented from working in the twigs. Formerly, spraying for the peach moth has been advised when the petals were dropping but the cold spell this spring made control ineffective at this time.

-Encourage early growth of weeds. They should appear before crops are planted or before the crops are so large as to make it difficult to fight them. An hour's work on the weeds early in the spring may save days of labor later in the summer. This advice is suggested by Dr. E. M. Gress, botanist of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

Garden soil contains many weed seeds. Some of these have been in the soil for a number of years, others only from last year's crop.

Most gardens are allowed to grow

up with weeds in the latter part of the summer and fall. These, of course, scatter an abundant crop of seeds. The best time to give this attention was last fall before the weeds matured their seeds. It is too late now to think about

"I've been here almost a year now and crop is planted. Every seedling that is destroyed this spring means one less weed during the summer. The best time to kill a weed is in its seedling state. It has been using the food stored in the seed and has

In addition to the saving of labor Counties which have large reaches there are several other advantages. A plants, needs food material and water.

that amount of food and water. Weeds harbor insects and diseases were stocked, 21 in Schuylkill, 17 in Which often give trouble during the summer and which reduce the yield of the garden crops. Also the margin of said that the majority of the fish profit is often lost in the extra labor and the decrease in yield caused by than usual because those which were weeds. This is true not only of the