

A MISTAKEN ESTIMATE.

When Willie was five he kicked his mother... Whenever she washed his face...

When Bill grew up he was set to work... He was healthy and big and strong...

IN THE LAST MILE.

With head erect, arms up, Bob Shirley swung at an easy, but ground-devouring pace down the road...

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...

Dick Stewart, a pale-faced, undersized chap with gold-bowed spectacles, dressed in a neat blue serge, moved up and made room for Bob...

"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...

"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."

"Oh, I remember now," exclaimed one runner after another, exchanging shamed faces.

only in the school, but also throughout the State, and, of course, the first prize seemed worthy of the race.

"There's Sid!" exclaimed Tom Davis. At this announcement, everybody looked up. Far away on the highway was a glistening white speck in the sunshine...

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

"You've improved a whole lot," declared Bob, in a frank, friendly way that made Sid flush with pleasure.

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 separating.

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.

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.

"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.

"He parted good naturedly with Tom in front of his house and went in to supper.

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.

"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."

"Well, what is it?" demanded young Davis, challengingly.

"Well," began Dick in a provoking drawl, his air paternal, "don't you remember that Miltiades, with about ten thousand Athenians, defeated one hundred and ten thousand Persians at Marathon and drove them aboard their ships and thus preserved the liberty of Athens. It's one of the most famous battles in the history. Marathon was about eighteen miles from Athens and a soldier ran to Athens that 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 are liable to fall down dead. In fact, the 'dead ones' will end before they see the end."

"Oh, I remember now," exclaimed one runner after another, exchanging shamed faces.

"Come back!" roared Mr. Stock, 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 Memorial Day as a special feature of the Poppy Day program of the V. F. W. observed in connection with its annual poppy sale.

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 POPPY," 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 contracted 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 endorsement of the movement by formal resolutions and letters to Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett, commander in chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and prominent individuals, and the outstanding national women's patriotic organizations have also strongly commended it.

At the same time that the mammoth wreath of scarlet memorial blossoms is laid on the tomb of the American Unknown Soldier a duplicate will be laid by the Veterans of Foreign Wars on the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in New York, and thousands of smaller similar wreaths will be laid on memorial monuments

throughout the country during the Memorial Day services by the various local V. F. W. posts. In still further significance of tribute to the World War dead on Memorial Day in Paris a second giant replica of the Arlington wreath will be laid on the tomb of the Unknown French Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe in accordance with a custom annually observed since the war by the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

"With their poppies in their helmets the front files hold the line," wrote John Mills Hanson, and to the boys who were "over there" no other flower could be more symbolical of our honored heroes.

for the spurt he was going to make in the last mile. 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 in fancy he drank the sweet draught of victory.

As a vision of his triumph came, thrilling his whole being, he gathered himself and swooped on and on with the speed and strength of a Bengal tiger. The road spun beneath his feet. The 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, on, 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 through and through as it had when he passed Sid's elbow.

"Sid needs the money, needs it!" That thought ran through his mind, but on and on he ran, faster still faster. He was like a glorious machine now as he sped away in the last spurt—and he lost the sound of Sid's feet. A queer disappointment, something he could not understand, shot through him, and conscious of what he was doing, he imperceptibly slowed down, even while boys and girls and men stood up by the track and roared his name again and again and urged him on.



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 Poppy Day movement.

most deliciously 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 as well as he knew how and laughing 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 home.

That night Tom Davis, his chum, came over to his room, bringing the second prize, a beautiful cup. And Tom, in his understanding of Bob, knew the truth instantly.

"It was a great race, all right," said Bob, easily, placing the cup on the table.

"It certainly was," agreed Tom, looking at the other with eyes glistening 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 cup with moisture in his eyes.

Tom, the kind-hearted, could not wholly restrain demonstration. He 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 the face.

"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 one who kept these books up to date felt 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 labor.

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 department at State College which can be kept 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 occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young film actress.

"I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the role to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept. The editor asked the cause of her distress, and with tears in her eyes she looked up and said: "I've been here almost a year now and 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 comprised the kinds used for the stocking. Counties which have large reaches of unpolluted water and are most popular with trout fishermen were centers of the March stocking. In a majority of those counties low water last fall prevented the usual autumn stocking.

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 87,404.

—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 home, eat at his table, lodge in his house, and associate with his family.

—York, Lancaster, Berks, Adams and Cumberland counties, in the order given, are the five leading counties in the number of mules in this State.

—When planting beans discard all the spotted or discolored seeds. They 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 bleeding. 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 that. Therefore, if the garden was not spaded or plowed last fall it should be done as early as possible this spring. This will induce the weed seed to germinate and many seedlings can be killed even before the garden 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 not yet developed a root system, therefore, a little injury or disturbance of the soil will kill the young plant. The seed having spent its energy on producing one plant will, of course, not produce a second.

In addition to the saving of labor there are several other advantages. A weed, the same as one of the crop plants, needs food material and water. Every particle of food material and every ounce of water that goes into the weed robs the garden crop of just that amount of food and water.

Weeds harbor insects and diseases which often give trouble during the summer and which reduce the yield of the garden crops. Also the margin of profit is often lost in the extra labor and the decrease in yield caused by weeds. This is true not only of the garden crops but of farm crops as well.