Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 13, 1924.

"I'M SORRY: I WAS WRONG."

There may be virtue in the man
  Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan,
  And seek for future light:
But I like more the chap who sings,
  A somewhat different song
Who says, when he has messd up things,
  I'm sorry I was wrong.

It's hard for any one to say,
  That failure's due to him,
That he has lost the fight or way,
  Because his light burned dim.
It takes a man to throw aside
  The vanity that's strong,
Confessing, that's my fault, I know,
  And I'm sorry I was wrong.

And so I figure those who use,
  This honest, manly phrase,
Hate it too much, their way to lose
  On many future days.
They'll keep the path and make the fight,
  Because they do not long,
To have to say, when they're not right,
  I'm sorry I was wrong.

Have you ever helped another?
  Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother
  In to ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
  Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't, then you've really
  Missed the greatest joy of earth.

Has a thrill of pride possessed you?
  Have you felt your pulses run,
With sweet memories arising anew,
  For some good that you have done
Have you seen eyes start to glisten
  That were sad before you came
If you haven't, stop and listen,
  You have missed life's finest game.

—The Square Deal.

CLIFFORD.

I can see him now as he used to hurry acroos the yard, his body bent forward as if it wouldn't wait for his short legs to carry him to the meeting over which he was to preside. There was always some meeting or other—"very important," he would assure you, with a solemn nod of his long head. He was a member of every college organization, and the manager of every sort of enterprise, from the varsity crew to the Christmas present for Billy, the postman. From the day he arrived at college he had set his feet toward success, solid success, the kind that can be vouched for by a white letter on an athletic cap, by a club hat-band, a trophy, or mention in the class album. And he had achieved it.

Not that he was really popular. We never quite got over the first distrust of something a little sinister which seemed always to be lurking in the depths of the little vertical furrow that kept those straight, black eyebrows of his, which almost hid his beady eyes, from meeting over his nose. But he had identified himself so closely with all the activities of the college that we felt almost as if friendship for Charlie Clifford and admiration for his nearly proverbial "executive ability" was a necessary part of our loyalty to the college. So we called him our friend, and greeted him with a smile whenever we met him. All except Billy Conant. Billy never tired of telling a story about what he called "Clifford's yellow streak."

"You fellows can laugh," he would say, "but I tell you that doctor's certificate didn't have anything more to do with his getting off the varsity squad than my grandfather's diploma. 'Member how he played right end that day against Groton? 'Member how that big half-back came dodging down the field with the ball, like a Knickerbocker Limited trying to do the snake-dance? Well, Clifford could have nailed him easy, I tell you, if he hadn't been so slow in getting started. I saw the whole thing. He missed his man by a good six inches. When they got their touchdown, I was mad clean through. 'Were you afraid of him?' I asked. 'Afraid?' And you should have seen the scared look in his eyes. 'Good God, Conant, you don't think I was afraid?' 'Well,' I said, 'you acted darn like it.'"

At this point some one would always protest.

"Come now, Billy, you don't really think—"

"That he was afraid of that half-back? Not a bit. But he was afraid." And Billy would nod that genial moon-face of his mysteriously.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of me."

We would laugh again.

"I tell you," he would continue, hotly, "he was afraid of me thinking he was afraid."

"Billy, my boy"—this is an exaggerated drawl from the depths of a morris chair—"What I'm afraid of is that that exam in psychology has gone to your head."

"Well, how do you explain it?" Billy would retort. "Didn't he slip away without a word; didn't he drop off the squad two days later with no excuse but a piking 'pendicitis operation three years before? Hasn't he been looking at me out of the corner of his eye ever since, as if I was the ghost of his dead past come back to haunt him? I tell you"—and he would pound the desk until the lamp shook—"he is one of those fellows that live on other people's good opinion of them—breathe it instead of air. And if they can't get it—well, it's good night, that's all."

We didn't put much faith in that story. Billy was too clearly prejudiced against the man. I remember the very first time they met. Clifford, in reply to somebody's inquiry, had told us that his father was "in the—er—produce business;" and Billy, who had been watching him closely, whispered in my ear, with profound conviction: "Grocer. His old man is just a common tin-can-and-sawdust grocer." Yet he couldn't have known anything about it. It was one of those deep-rooted college antipathies that are almost as common as college friendships, though much less talked about.

Besides, Clifford had proved often enough that he was no coward. There was a rescue from drowning down at the boat-house float, a particularly plucky thing, I was told. Clifford impressed you as a man who could give a good account of himself anywhere; and whenever we would all sit around some open coal fire during the last year, and wonder which of us would get to be famous in the big world outside, some one would be sure to mention his name. We pictured the world as a sort of magnified stadium in which we were all to engage in a long-distance obstacle race, with Success on the other side of the tape. And I always had a vision of Charlie Clifford reaching the goal just a little ahead of the rest of us.

After graduation I lost track of him for half a year. Then one day I ran across him on lower Broadway. He was hurrying along, important as ever, ignoring the business men, stenographers, and errand-boys who hustled about him, ignoring the skyscrapers that loomed above, his eye fixed on the white building two miles above, where Broadway begins to yield to the seductions of Fifth Avenue, as steadily as if that patch of whiteness has been Success itself.

He seemed genuinely glad to see me. He had gone into the bond and banking business, he said, and had managed to push his way in the office of Barlow & Company—one of the best on Broad Street. From the hints he dropped, from the cut of his clothes, from the metallic click with which he now ended his sentence, I gathered that he was well on the way to financial success. But socially his career was not quite all that he wished. Certain rather broad hints finally left me no choice but to offer to put him up at the club to which I then belonged.

I took him to see Arthur Minturn, of the membership committee, a couple of days later. The visit was hardly more than a formality, yet Clifford bucked and reared like a sensitive stallion being put through his paces at the horse show. His indignant eyes asked Minturn. "Can't you see I'm all right?" Apparently Minturn did see it, for soon he stopped trying to draw Clifford out, and talked entertainingly about his own prospective trip to Mexico for some railroad in which he was interested.

I took Clifford to the club for dinner that evening. And afterward, sipping our coffee out of diminutive cups in the comfortable leathery dimness of the lounging-room, we talked about how the men we knew were getting on in the big world. Clifford had nothing but kind words for everybody. Yet you could not help feeling, as each man's name was mentioned, that he was jealously comparing that man's chances of success with his own, and that it was the combined results of those experiments that had evoked that complacent, close-lipped smile. When we had exhausted the subject of Success, there seemed nothing left to talk about. I called to Billy Conant, who happened to be passing through the room, but he pretended not to hear.

Clifford and I both became embarrassed. After staring for a while in silence at the flickering reflection of the wood fire on the chocolate paneling, I rose, saying I had to write some letters. Clifford asked permission to do the same. He sat at the table opposite me, and I couldn't help seeing that he was using paper with the club seal on it. I noticed, too, when he dropped the letters in the box, that one of them was addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Clifford, Pellagria, Ill.," and that his other two correspondents lived in a fashionable neighborhood in New York. It looked almost as if he were trying to make an impression with that club of which he was not yet quite a member.

The elections were held six weeks later. The next morning, to my amazement, I received a formal notification that Clifford's name had "not been voted on." Blackballed! I couldn't understand it. I inclosed the committee's formula in a note to Clifford, asking him to dine with me and talk it over next evening. Then I telephoned to Billy Conant. No, he had not written the committee a letter objecting to Clifford's election. I called up Arthur Minturn at his office. He had left for Mexico, they told me, three days before—a week earlier than he had intended.

I hung up the receiver with a long sigh of relief. Next evening I waited, impatient to tell Clifford that an introduction or two was all that was necessary to get him into the club at the next election. But he didn't come. He didn't telephone. He didn't send a letter of explanation. I wrote him a rather curt three-line note, asking for another appointment. I received no answer. If the man didn't take enough interest in his own affairs to be decently civil, I concluded, there was no reason for me to worry about them. So for five months I lost sight of him completely.

Then one night at a dinner I met Mr. Barlow. He is a fine old Tory, impervious to ideas, but susceptible to impressions as a girl of fifteen. I asked him how Clifford was getting on. He looked at me queerly.

"Are you a friend of his?"

"Well—" I began, dubiously, then nodded assent.

"Strange fellow, Clifford," he mused. "Why, when he began with us I thought he was the most promising green man we had ever taken on. Went at the work like one of your football-players tackling the man with the ball. And then, all of a sudden—I don't know"—the old man shook his head in a bewildering way—"he slumped. Seemed to lose interest. Sometimes he would sit for half an hour at a time, staring at the walls in front of him, and then give a jump, just like a crooked clerk we once had, who knew he was being watched by a detective, and finally killed himself. Yet Clifford was honest, absolutely honest. What was it?"

"I—I really don't know. And so," I asked, "you dismissed him?"

"Couldn't very well keep a man in my office who was making the most childish sort of mistakes. Toward the end you couldn't trust him to add up a simple column of figures."

"Do you know what's become of him?"

"Gone out West, I think. Spoke of joining his father. Produce business, or something of the sort."

The more I thought over that conversation, the harder it became to rid myself of the notion that, incredible or not, that incident at the club was in some way partly responsible for the change that had mysteriously come over Charlie Clifford. Clifford was the most single-minded social star-gazer I had ever known. Now if the one constellation in which he was interested had become dimmed, or if he had thought it had become dimmed, there was no telling what might happen.

Then one day I met him.

I happened to be sauntering through that part of the down-town business district that was once covered by the East River and is now covered by dinginess, when I caught sight of him, entering a dilapidated brick building just ahead.

"Oh, Charlie Clifford!" I called.

He gave me a quick glance, then plunged through the doorway. I hurried after him and seized his sleeve.

"Why, Charlie!"

"Oh, is that you?"

He looked up the flight of steps as if meditating escape, then looked down at me very pale. "Well," he said, dully, "I suppose you'd better come up."

On the second landing I turned to speak.

"Just one more flight," he interrupted, hurrying on ahead of me.

As he stopped in front of a dirty ground-glass office door I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Now look here, Charlie—"

"Come in," he said, opening the door. "I want you to meet Mr. Hodgkins."

Mr. Hodgkins was a shabby dealer in small quantities of—I've forgotten just what. There are thousands in New York just like him—unsuccessful, middle-aged men, meanly competitive in business, because they have to be in order to support their families, sleepy and irritable at home, because that is what their business has made of them. And it was for this social cipher that Charlie Clifford was working—on a commission so small that his own clothes were beginning to look almost as shabby as his employer's.

"But," I protested, as I sat down on a slightly lame chair next to Clifford's desk at the dark end of the room, "I thought you were going out West—home."

He flushed very red. "Did old man Barlow tell you that?" he demanded, looking away toward a last year's calendar that hung on the opposite wall. It was clear that he had been ashamed to go home and confess to those to whom he had made—Heaven knows what boasts.

I talked to him about the men we knew, and he listened as eagerly as an exile listening to news from home. But most of our classmates were more or less successful. And there was his failure, like an ugly jack-o'-lantern, grinning at us from the corner of that ugly office, refusing to be ignored.

"Do you know," he said finally, "I'm perfectly satisfied here." Then, looking at me a little suspiciously, "Perhaps you can't understand that?"

"Oh, of course I can," I lied, sympathetically; "you're very nicely fixed."

"Yes," he went on eagerly, "there's none of the perpetual rush that you got in Barlow's office. There's no hurry here, no worry, no infernal ticker." The rest was drowned by the rumble of the Elevated train.

"Don't you ever get tired of that infernal racket?" I asked.

"No," he said in a low voice; "I like it."

I stared at him in silent contempt. Then I noticed his eyes. They were asking a favor of me—a favor that his tongue couldn't bring itself to ask. He hated all this, even more than I hated it. But there was no way out—or so he thought; and his eyes, desperate, appealing, were begging me to help him pretend that this dingy, reverberating twilight was not quite intolerable.

"Yes," I said. "Oh yes, there are a good many who'd envy you."

He flushed and rose from his chair. I had evidently overdone it.

"Good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-by, and look me up soon."

He nodded silently. The sight of him standing there, very stiff, his white lips pressed together as if to force back some emotion, determined me to make a last effort.

"And, Charlie," I said, quickly, "about the club; it was—"

"Good-by!"

I turned, and without a word left the office.

It must have been a couple of months later that I was walking up to the club-house late one afternoon, when I noticed some one who seemed to be watching me from the steps of one of the near-by houses. As I peered at him he hurried away down street. The light was dim, and I couldn't be sure of him. Next evening Billy Conant danced into the club, grinning from ear to ear.

"Guess who I saw outside?"

"Not—?"

He nodded. "I thought it was a tramp first, but there was no mistaking the way he slunk away, like the day of the Groton game."

I frowned. "Why should Clifford be hanging around here?"

"Why should ghosts be hanging around the living?" he retorted. "Oh"—and his grin broadened—"maybe you haven't heard the latest. Your friend Charlie now holds the responsible position of salesman at Osgood's."

"Not the clothier?"

"The same."

"I don't believe it, Billy," I added, turning to him suddenly; "you're a bad sort ordinarily. Why are you always such a mucker where Charlie Clifford's concerned?"

"Mucker! Because I let his friends know what he is doing?" He stared at me for a second in mock indignation.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said.

"Go see for yourself, then," replied Billy. So I went.

Some one once said that you have your clothes made by a tailor or you buy them at Osgood's, or you are no gentleman. That air of gentlemanliness—a subdued, slightly passe gentlemanliness—hovers like a perfume about the salesmen who loiter, absurdly self-important, between the tables neatly piled with clothing. And the terible thing about Charlie Clifford, when I caught sight of him leaning against the blue-serge table at the rear of the spacious store, was that he looked so very much a part of it all. His face had the yellow pallor that comes of living too much in artificial twilight. The patches of gray that had begun to appear in his hair at the temples, the loose droop at the corners of his mouth—everything about the man was submissive and genteel, much too genteel. He came toward me bravely.

"Didn't expect to see me here, did you?" he asked, with a queer grimace, apparently a smile of welcome.

"Well," I ventured, "I had heard that—"

"I'm—I'm learning the business," he hurried on, in a stuttering, nervous accent that caricatured his business-like briskness of the year before. "You see— there are chances—big chances in this sort of thing. For a man with big ideas, of course— A chain of stores like this—all over the city—what do you think?"

I could think of nothing. Nothing, at least, that I could say to Clifford. I was wondering why he had come here. Had he been in actual need of money? Or had he felt the need of meeting again, at whatever cost, the sort of people he used to know?

"Why not?" he went on, very quickly, as if silence was the one thing to be avoided. "They've done it in drugs, in tobacco, in—"

He stopped, staring past me, open-mouthed. And a deep voice from somewhere behind me exclaimed, "Something in blue serge for the gentleman." The next moment I received a stinging slap on the shoulder.

"Why, hello, old man!"

I turned and faced Minturn, very brown and animated. "Just got in this morning," he cried, "and—"

"You remember Mr. Clifford?" I interrupted.

Minturn went over to Clifford, who had walked a couple of steps down the aisle, and shook his hand heartily.

"Here's a pleasant surprise," he said. "Let's all drop over to the club and have a drink."

"My duties," said Clifford, in a low, hoarse voice, "make it quite impossible for me to leave the store."

"You don't mean that you're—working here?"

"Why not?" He fairly spat the words into Minturn's face.

"Oh, of course," apologized Minturn. "Well, some other time, then."

His pity was more than Clifford could stand.

"Do you think"—and his voice was raw with sentiment—" that I'd ever set foot in your damned club again?"

Minturn turned to me in astonishment.

"You see," I told him, watching Clifford out of the corner of my eye, "in your absence there was no one on the committee who knew Mr. Clifford, so his name was postponed."

"What!" shouted Clifford, clutching my shoulder and staring into my face with a kind of horror. "Do you mean that it was—only—that?"

"Why, yes. What did you think?"

"I thought," he said, in a low voice, "Conant—ever since Freshman year."

"Well, it'll be all right now," broke in Minturn, cheerfully. "We'll put you through at the next election."

Clifford stared at him for a moment as if he hadn't understood. Then he shook his head very slowly.

"Oh, no," he said in a tone of profound conviction.

"But I promise you," said Minturn, eagerly, "that there won't be the slightest trouble. You've got to give me a chance, you know, to redeem myself." But his pleasant smile died away as he saw the look of utter weariness at the bottom of Clifford's eyes.

"No," said Clifford, dully; "it's too late."

"But look here," protested the other, "that was just a mistake—"

"It's too late," repeated Clifford, in exactly the same tone. Then he turned to me appealingly.

"Can't you see it?" he cried. "Can't you see that I'm—that I'm"—he tossed both arms out and let them drop at his side in a vague gesture of utter helplessness—"well—that I'm a failure?"

"Nonsense!" I said, with a nervous laugh. "That's ridiculous."

He looked at me eagerly for a moment, as if half ready to be convinced that perhaps it was ridiculous.

Minturn stood his ground stubbornly. "But, but—" he began. Then his voice trailed away and he stared at the other, awed, as if suddenly he realized that you can't come between a man and his own soul.

Slowly Clifford looked up at him.

"Can't I," he asked—"can't I show you something in blue serge?"—By Gilbert Hirsch, in Harper's Magazine.

Bees Less Productive.

The 110,675 hives of bees in Pennsylvania in 1923 produced 1,328,230 pounds of honey valued at $317,212, the annual report of Charles N. Green, chief apiary inspector, State Department of Agriculture, made public showed. The total value of the bees was estimated at $645,117, an average of $5.75 a hive, while the average price of the honey was 24 cents a pound.

The report revealed a decrease of 2,601 in number of hives, compared with 1922, while the production decreased 64,376 pounds, compared with 1922. The reduction in the number of hives was attributed by Mr. Green to the averages of the American foul brood disease, for the control of which the 1923 Legislature enacted a law now being enforced by the department.

British Graft Eyelids on California Patient.

A wonderful piece of surgery has been accomplished by surgeons at the Liverpool hospital, London, who have successfully grafted two eyelids onto a man's face with skin taken from his arm.

Even eyelashes have started to grow, and the man, a Californian, who wishes to remain anonymous, is able to close his eyes and blink as well as any ordinary person.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

Odd Words Are Found in Criminals' Dictionary

There is slang in the Old World as well as in the New, and the cockney lingo, we are told, changes so frequently that a convict, on being released after five years, might easily be excluded from a conversation by his pals through the use by the latter of words newly come into fashion.

Take the phrase "Tain't 'alf taters, guv'nor," which Edwin Pugh quotes in John o' London's Weekly. When he heard it he expressed surprise, and was met with this explanation: "'Taters in the mold," which he knew meant that it was extremely cold, for "potatoes in the mold," was a way of saying that it was wintry and the tubers had to be protected. A "stiff-pitcher" he found was a person who wrote begging letters by profession.

Gypsies have enlarged slang dictionaries with such a word as pal, but the cockney needs no aid from outsiders. A face is a "dial"; a "fly-flat" is a simpleton who thinks himself extremely shrewd; a "spark-prop" is a diamond chain; a "shyster" a cheat, and "dinner for tea" means a bountiful piece of good luck.

Crime circles are responsible for many creations, doubtless because some form of concealment of acts is thought necessary in that life.

Burglars are "cracksmen" or "screwsmen." A "gonoph" is just any kind of thief. "Poge-hunter" means pursethief; "broadman," card-sharper; "smasher," a maker of bad coin, and "snidesman," a passer of bad coin; "fence,' receiver of stolen property; "lag," convict; "drak," three months' imprisonment; "chuck,' acquittal; "fullied," fully committed for trial; "squeeze," silk; "wedge," silver plate; "red clock and slang," gold watch and chain.—Toronto Globe.

Tons of Food Served at Feasts in Olden Times

Menus of olden times, when kings and robber knights served tons of food and wine to their castle party guests during feasts which sometimes went on for weeks, have been appearing recently in German newspapers, which marvel at the capacities to eat and drink of individuals living 300 or 400 years ago.

An example of a feast at the court of Hanover in the Sixteenth century, when thirteen different meat dishes were served, has been published recently. The menu, compiled from old court records, follows:

First section—Two kinds of wine soups, baked singing birds, meat pie, venison, mutton breast, wild pork, veal, roast chicken, boiled beef, two kinds of fish, vegetables and wine. Second section—Lobster, trout, carp, pickled meats, lamb chops, roast deer, young roast pig, ox feet, artichoke, fig cake, dessert, wine and brandies. In those days it is claimed that even in the homes of persons of the middle class the dinner usually consisted of six courses, each course constituting seven to nine different dishes.—Detroit News.

Earliest Patriotic Song

The earliest patriotic song in America which L. C. Elson has been able to unearth is a "liberty song" advertised in the Boston Chronicle of October 16, 1763. Mrs. Marcy Warren, wife of Gen. James Warren of Plymouth, Mass., wrote the words. The tune was Boyces "Hearts of Oak." Mrs. Warren began the old American custom of setting patriotic verses to an English melody. "Yankee Doodle" antedated this song, but, says Mr. Elson, not as an American patriotic work, for originally it was a song in derision of the Americans. The Americans admired the tune, even though it was used against them. Early in our national career Americans appropriated the tune of "God Save the King." As early as 1779 the melody was adapted to American use, a set of patriotic verses having been written to it and published in the "Pennsylvania Pack." An "Ode for the Fourth of July" was written to the same tune, and became very popular. During the last quarter of the Eighteenth century "Washington's March" was the leading instrumental work of the American repertoire.

She Knew Sheep

A young city woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said:

"Now, children, if there are ten sheep on one side of a wall and one jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped a little tow-headed daughter of a farmer:

"No sheep, teacher; no sheep."

"Oh! oh!" cried the young city woman reproachfully. "You are not so stupid as that! Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left. Don't you see that?"

"No! no! no!" persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over all the others would jump after. My father keeps sheep."

Then, seeing the puzzled look on the teacher's face, the little tow-head explained apologetically: "You know 'rithmetic, but I know sheep."—Charleston News.

Interesting Book

A Berkeley coed was asked by her English instructor what she had been reading during her summer vacation. After a visible, desperate effort to awaken a recalcitrant memory, she said: "Why, ah, now, I've read a fine book called 'Edgar Allan,' by Poe."

FARM NOTES.

—If laying hens become paralyzed, they usually need more exercise and green food. A dose of epsom salts at the rate of one pound to 100 birds is a good measure.

—Do not tie fleeces with binder or any kind of twine except the especially prepared paper twine. Wool that is prepared in attractive form for market brings greater profit.

—The open winter has made the job of pruning the apple and peach trees less difficult than usual. This should give the orchardist the time to put in a few braces in the weak crotches of the apple trees which may have been neglected last year.

—Self-feeders are very useful in feeding hogs and chickens. They are great labor savers and are especially valuable when there is a rush of farm work, for they can be filled at odd times and field work can go ahead with less interruption.

—The cream layer is not all that is contained in a bottle of milk. Milk contains on the average, about nine per cent. of the solids not fat. A milk that is clean and high in total solids, both milk fat and solids not fat, is the cheapest milk as a rule for the consumer.

—There is much imported red clover seed on the market. Experiments at The Pennsylvania State College indicate that as a rule foreign clover seed is not as good as home grown seed. The Italian red clover seed especially has not proven hardy in severe winters.

—Now is the time to order lime for your crops. Don't wait until the last minute and expect to get it on on time. Experiments at The Pennsylvania State College show that medium applications of any form of lime once during each rotation are more economical than a heavier application at longer intervals.

—Drain tile is lower in price than it has been at any time since the war. The wet spring has given farmers an opportunity to locate wet spots on their farm. While expenditures for drainage on a large scale are not to be recommended, it is an opportune time to eliminate the wet spots that break up the fields.

—All young, growing animals should be given additional feed in creeps or pens adjacent to the pens or pastures in which they are running with their dams. The creeps should be so constructed that the old animals can not gain entrance to them. The size of opening should be regulated by both width and height.

—The importance of alfalfa or red clover in the ration of the dairy calf has long been recognized. In addition to supplying protein and a liberal supply of calcium to meet the heavy demands of the growing calf, these hays when cured with little bleaching are very rich in vitamines which are necessary for the proper storage of calcium in the calf's body.

—As soon as you can distinguish the young cockerels, separate them from the pullets. The marketable broilers should be selected and placed on the market. As a rule, the early broilers bring the highest prices and should be sold as soon as they reach the broiler stage. The remaining pullets will thrive better and will come into laying sooner if this practice is followed.

—Considerable damage to cabbage, radishes, turnips and cauliflower from the cabbage maggot has also been reported. The injury to radishes seems especially bad. Hodgkiss urges the second treatment for this pest if the first was not entirely effective. He recommends the use of one ounce of corrosive sublimate in eight gallons of water, applying one cupful to each cabbage or cauliflower plant and pouring along the row of radishes and turnips. The striped cucumber beetle is also at work. Dusting with a two per cent. nicotine dust will control this insect.

The cool spring has been very favorable for decreasing the infestation from the angoumios grain moth. Hodgkiss believes that with early threshing and thorough fumigation of the grain in the bins, the loss sustained by wheat from the grain moth can be reduced lower than ever before.

—Seventy-five per cent. of Pennsylvania soils or the equivalent of 9,000,000 acres are in need of lime, according to J. W. White, in charge of experimental work in soils at The Pennsylvania State College.

Farmers of the Keystone State, he says, are now using about 300,000 tons of agricultural lime annually. However, he states that they should be applying 1,500,000 tons a year for the hay crop alone. In addition, 1,500,000 tons should be used annually as a top dressing for the rejuvenation and maintenance of the 4,000,000 acres of permanent pastures in the State.

"Nature has given to Pennsylvania an abundance of limestone," White declares. "One-fourth of the limestone used for all purposes in America is quarried in this State. Over 1,200,000 acres of farm land is under-laid with high grade limestone and all our great limestone valleys have an abundance of this valuable soil-building material."

—Insects are exacting their usual toll on the farms, gardens, and orchards of Pennsylvania, according to H. E. Hodgkiss, extension specialist in insect control work at The Pennsylvania State College.

Severe local infestations of the red bug, leaf-eating caterpillar and codling moth have been reported, especially in orchards where spraying has not been practiced regularly. The cluster apple spray to control these pests has been applied in southeastern Pennsylvania and is under way at the present time in the remaining counties.

Hodgkiss reports that a great many adult oriental peach moths have gone into the peach orchards and he expects twig injury from this pest to show up soon. Any dying back of the peach terminals should be reported to the college or the county agent. An injury quite similar to that caused by the oriental peach moth is being done by the peach twig moth. This worm resembles the oriental moth but is reddish brown instead of white.

—Get your job work done here.