

BRUSH, OUR NATIVE VALE.

The following splendid verse song of memories of Brush Valley was written by one of her most distinguished sons: C. C. Ziegler Esq., secretary and treasurer of the American Brake Co., at St. Louis, Mo. It will be read at the reunion of the Ziegler, Moyer and other clans which is to be held at Rebersburg on Friday of next week, August 22nd, and is so exceptional in its theme, expression and local color that we publish it feeling sure of its general interest.—Ed.

The preciousness and power of Holy Grail I re-discover in my native vale. That mystic chalice, sung by bards of old, Was fabled Christ's sacred blood to hold, And by its potency, as warranted, To cure all human ills and raise the dead.

With everlasting mountains rimmed around, Our valley-chalice holds within its bound A charm of beauty and a hallowed spell No other spot on earth can parallel. For us who know it there is greater worth Than golden harvests of the fertile earth Or all the panorama of the year; The star of our nativity shines here; Here are our kindred; here our fathers strong And mothers kind fulfilled their labors long; Their honest strivings and their trust in God Outlive the things that mingle with the cloud; In the old-fashioned goodness of their lives Our valley's glory ever more survives.

My years do now somewhat exceed the span Of three-score-ten allotted unto man; And so, under the privilege of age, I may in reminiscences engage.

Impressions—o'er all landmarks towering high Stood the old church, for which I often sigh. How noble and melodious was its bell! (Twee Weber best knew how to ring it well).

Far out—as far as Wolfe's Store—you could hear Its wind-borne billowy music, faint but clear. Sometimes in mournful tones its tolling spoke Of ended life—for every year a stroke— And listening farmers tally kept to know Whose death was signaled; was it so—and-so?

When came that day of days—Fourth of July— Soon as the sun lit up the eastern sky We boys to church and school-house hied away And rang their bells throughout the glorious day. The little school-bells dingly replied To the big church-bell's donging dignified, And now and then in one united clang They emphasized the righteous theme they sang.

They sang and rang for liberty amain— God grant their ringing has not been in vain! O men and brethren! are we very sure Democracy is now at last secure? I tell you, Nay! The wily tyrant keeps Setting his crafty traps and never sleeps. And freedom dare not sleep until the beast In human nature, gradually deceased, Dwindles and shrinks at last to nothingness.

And how long will that take? I cannot guess. Within that dear old church by old and young Those soothing pennyroyal tunes were sung That like the gentle movement of a swing Peace and contentment to the soul did bring.

Die alte Lieder losst uns d'halte:— "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," "In Sel' getren' bis in dem Tod," "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebet," "Mein Gott, das Herz bring ich dir,"— So Lieder, O ihr Singer, webet Zum herrliche Kranz melodisch mir.

Mei Kindheit's Karrieh is abgerisse, Die alte Schimme sin verahlt, Doch dar'ch mei Seel noch immer fiesse Die lieve Lieder—nie net alt. Schimmet ei, ihr Schweschtere un ihr Bruder! En alter Sundaag noch e'mol! Un singt die gute alte Lieder, So heilig un so Sabatvoll.

And there my mother—faithful and devout In Christian worship joined, year in year out; She never questioned what the preacher said: Wichtig it was—weighty, momentous, dread, And in that simple faith she lived and died, Obscure on earth—hereafter glorified. To her and all good mothers, still unung, I pay this tribute in our native tongue!—

Es geht on Scheehet vun de Seel, En liebliche Gerechtig Keit, Das sich verschemmet mit de Zeit Un is vun wahre Gott'n Dheel. Sel is die Hauptsach; in d'r Dhat Sel is es eneschtig Ding as b'schicht Wann Aerd un Himmel mol vergeht, Un sel hot as die Mammli g'wart.

In ribbon long behind him, soon displayed Huge characters which into words he made, And presto! there appeared to every eye The two words, "LUCKY STRIKE," across the sky. Business ambition never higher went— Making a sign-board of the firmament!

Though storms and quakes the populace affright, Though wars may devastate and plagues may blight, Man by his wits will overcome them all— He rises stronger after every fall.

One question still remains: What shall be done When earth's petroleum and coal are gone? What though our black and faithful servant coal In sweltering toil shall waste away his soul,

The wildest horse no terrors had for him! The fractious horse, brought forward to be shod, Soon found that Melchior was no molycod; He knew he surely would be shod or die, And when he heard the man's stentorian "Wha?"

He shook in every limb, it scared him so. One time—I don't know when—the rumor spread That Melchior, king of blacksmiths' all, was dead. I did not comprehend—still hardly can— How death could overcome that iron man.

When I was here a dozen years ago I saw an exquisite arboreal show At Stovers—at the valley's Eastern gate— Which shines in memory's sanctum consecrate.

The laurel, rhododendron was in bloom And filled the air with subtle sweet perfume; The birds made music and the sky was blue, And one special tree stood out in view— A deep green-leaved and vigorous young pine.

Its shape so perfect that it seemed divine. Is it still there? I hope again to see That fine unrivalled model of a tree; Its cooling shade I want to feel once more And breathe its healing fragrance as of yore. Or is it gone?—cut down by some dumb runt? I'll take it as a personal affront: Upon his head anathemas I'll heap Until he sinks to the infernal deep. Of poverty in trees let us beware; They bring us treasures from the sea of air; Without our forests, wants would soon obtrude— Sans rain, sans springs, sans streams, sans fish, sans food.

(If on this subject you are doubting me, Ask one who knows exactly: E. A. Z.) The past grows vivid—memories multiply, Yet must I overpass them with a sigh, Lest our historian voices the reproach: That I on his domain too much encroach, Returning therefore to the here and now, It is agreeably surprising how My native town improves its heritage And onward marches with the present age. The present Age! when these brief words are spoken

There rises, like the specter of the Broken A giant form in which we easily can Cognize the features of collective man. We think of Mars, the god we most abhor, And of his master work, the great World War— A work so self-demolishing and blind That makes us lose our faith in human kind. Yet the same giant who in rage destroys, Builds up again by way of equipoise; He pours with one hand poison down the throat

Our wise successors, knowing well each law, From falling rivers heat and light will draw, And, where no streams obligingly do run, Will hitch their engines to the rolling sun, Or, following Nature to her secret source, Will tap at will the vast atomic force.

When we consider well how multiplied Our blessings are, there is no room for pride. All that we are and have has come about Through complex forces by a devious route; But the main traits of individual man Have been bequeathed by family and clan; And the best part of all received from them—

Crowning the "cake of custom" like a gem, Forming the keystone of the arch success— Is the supreme desire for righteousness. Our learning is in vain till that we learn, In that the core of wisdom we discern— The old-fashioned goodness of our native vale, To us more precious than the Holy Grail.

CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER. NO SUCH THING AS "DOG DAYS" AND "EQUINOXIAL STORMS."

Dog days bright and clear Indicate a good year. But when accompanied by rain We hope for better times in vain.

But what is a Dog-day, and why? That's what the weather man wants to know. He says there's no such thing. It is merely one of the many fallacies or remnants of superstitions that have come down by word of mouth from generation to generation.

According to Old-timers, we're right in the midst of dog days now. But the question still arises concerning the origin of the term "dog days." An inspection of the weatherman's book on Weather Folklore reveals nothing but the above rhyme and a note in parenthesis—July 3 to August 11.

But George W. Bliss, the forecaster of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Philadelphia, who says when it's going to rain and all that, declares that the rhyme, from the standpoint of truth, is very far off.

"NO RAIN, EVERYTHING BURNS." "Because," says Mr. Bliss, "if we don't have rain during this season of the year, everything burns out, and causes serious conditions among the agriculturists, the mills, and anything that has to do with the weather. So far as an official recognition goes, dog days are not on the list. There are some of the more common terms that people talk of, which we accept, but not dog days.

"For instance, we recognize Indian summer—rather it is a semi-official term. With the first cold rain there comes a turning point in the seasons. After the rain there is usually a sudden warmth, and a hazy atmosphere. But a genuine is not a condition of the weather at all. It is caused by grass and fields being burned all over the country for the sake of cultivation.

"Personally—but not officially—I have an idea that the term dog days is applied to intense summer heat. People believe that dogs go mad, or have rabies on account of the heat. But that is not so. During the summer dogs are not on the list. Dogs enough water to drink. The animals go about with their tongues hanging out looking for water. And because people have an inherent fear of dogs in hot days, they cry "mad dog!" at the first sign of such an animal.

"I don't believe any more dogs have rabies in the hot weather than at any other time. Rabies is a disease caused by a germ—and a contagious disease, and is not caused by heat in particular. People don't know what rabies is, or they wouldn't think that every dog they see has the disease.

"This year the summer months have been pretty warm, and the rainfall light all through July. Of course we had a wet May and June. Though through July there were some heavy local rainfalls. But the State's average of rainfall is below normal this year.

"Is that due to the fact that it didn't rain on St. Swithin's day this year?" "Well, St. Swithin hasn't much to do with the weather so far as I'm concerned," he declared loftily. "As a matter of fact, I don't think it did rain on the 15th of July, commonly known as St. Swithin's day. But I looked that up at short time ago, and took an estimate of 40 St. Swithin's days, and nineteen times when it rained on that day it didn't even rain the day afterward. So that's just another bit of superstition.

"ALL FOOLISHNESS." "Like the equinoxial storms. Some people swear by them. In fact, about a year ago a magazine carried an article that the equinoxial storms were one thing in the weather upon which one could depend. It's all foolishness. The Autumnal Equinox, caused on September 21, 22 and 23, when the sun crosses the equator moving southward, is said to create storms. That is not true.

"But many persons believe it. We used to have hundreds of persons calling us up at that time, asking which way the wind was blowing. From the direction of the wind it was believed that a forecast could be made of the coming winter. That is, if the wind came from the north, it would be a cold winter; from the south, a warm one, and so on.

"The breaking up of the summer heat is apt to cause storms, but not the Autumnal equinox. The storm is apt to precede or follow the equinox, and if it depended upon the equinox it would come at a regular time, and not vacillate.

"There are plenty of such superstitions—the weather folk-lore is full of it. And dog days are just another such superstition of which we hear plenty, but do not recognize."

—There are 2,700,000 employees on the pay rolls of the Federal and local governments in the United States, and 700,000 former employees drawing pensions. Every group of twelve citizens is supporting one citizen in government capacity.

—The average annual damage to livestock and game is estimated to be \$50 for each coyote and bobcat and \$1,000 for each wolf and mountain lion.

Worms Found in Vast Numbers on Glaciers

The snow worm is not familiar to the general public. These little creatures have been called snow eels and they are frequently found on the snow-clad slopes of the ranges of mountains in Oregon and Washington.

According to the well-known ichthyologist, Dr. E. W. Gudger, they are not eels, but true worms. They are scarcely more than a half-inch long and only one-sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter and are jet black in color. Since they are sometimes found in vast numbers upon beds of snow, they present a rather startling spectacle.

Upon making a study of the matter Dr. Gudger found that the best account of the phenomenon was given in 1899 by Dr. J. P. Moore of the University of Pennsylvania, from specimens collected by H. G. Bryant upon a glacier in Alaska. The notes of the latter quoted in Natural History contains this interesting passage:

"During the month of June and the early part of July, while the snow is comparatively dry, they appear about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the surface and move sluggishly about, remaining during the night; but when the sun appears in the morning they again burrow into the snow. As showing their sensitiveness to heat I frequently observed their active wriggling as soon as a piece of snow containing them was taken in the hand."—Detroit News.

Origin of Expression of "Mind Ps and Qs"

No very satisfactory explanation has ever been given for the origin of the expression, "Mind your Ps and Qs." Some say the admonition originally referred to children learning the alphabet, or to printers setting type, from the fact that "p" and "q" have a similar appearance and are easily confused, especially in a font of type.

An odd origin of the expression is given as follows: In the old-time barrooms it was customary to do a credit business. In the accounts "P" stood for pints and "Q" for quarts. Naturally when it came to settling up it was advisable for the customer to "mind his Ps and Qs."

Still another explanation is ventured. In France during the reign of Louis XIV, huge wigs were worn and curls and bows were made with great formality. In making the bow a short step was taken forward. Hence dancing masters would tell their pupils to mind their "pieds and queues," "pied" being the French word for foot and being pronounced almost like our letter "p."—Detroit News.

Flour Production

There are approximately 265 flour mills in Palestine ranging from the most primitive kind to some with the most modern installations, according to consular advices to the Department of Commerce. Of these 265, it is estimated that 135 are of primitive construction driven by man, animal, and water power and that the remaining 130 are operated by steam or oil engines.

There has been an increasing tendency toward the adoption of modern methods and the equipment of many mills with simple machinery during the past few years has operated to reduce the cost of grinding flour that the Arab population which was accustomed to rely upon the simple grinding stone manipulated by hand or by animal, is being induced to transport wheat for comparatively long distances in order to avail themselves of the power mills.

Got Off Easy

The town bum had been arrested on suspicion, as he always was when a minor crime had been committed in Hickville. On the most recent occasion Zeke was defended by a young lawyer who was making his maiden speech. The case was lost and Zeke was sentenced to ten days and fined ten dollars. "Thanks, Mr. Judge," said Zeke with a relieved countenance and better courtroom presence than was usual. "Thank me," belowered the judge, suspecting sarcasm. "What do you thank me for?" But Zeke was innocent of witticism. "I sure thought my character and that boy's pleadin' would hang me."

One of the Meanest

The mean man ate a good meal at a restaurant and then, when he had finished, dropped a half dollar on the floor. "Walter," he said, as he paid his bill, "I just dropped two half dollars. Find them for me, will you?" The waiter disappeared under the table and in a short time emerged very red in the face. "I've found one of them, sir," he said. "Thanks," said the man as he pocketed the coin and rose. "When you find the other keep it for yourself—tip, you know."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Palatable "Object"

It was the "object" drawn: lesson when the boys are supposed to bring some article—a hammer, a top, a box, or what not—with them to school to serve as model.

One boy presented himself at the master's desk with the fearful announcement, "Please, sir, I've swallowed my object."

"Swallowed it!" cried the master, in alarm. "Whatever was it?" "Please, sir," with a gulp, "a banana."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. No real life is measured by days or months or years, but by deeds of helpfulness to those in need and of Christian kindness to all.

White shoes and white stockings have been divorced, says a Paris correspondent. But, like many social leaders in similar cases, neither has lost popularity, although they are seeking new companionship. That is an important fact, in taking on deeper significance from the continued announcement in Paris that skirts this fall are to be shorter—much shorter.

Paris mentions 14 to 15 inches as the proper hiatus between the hem and the floor. On a moderate-sized woman, a skirt cut 15 inches from the ground would assume for all practical purposes the pattern of a Scotch kilt. It is more than doubtful, however, whether American fashion leaders will adopt these lengths or lack of length. "Them as has 'em wears 'em," may be true of diamonds, but when it comes to "legs" them "as has" pretty ones do not always show them—in public.

But if skirts are as short as kilts, they will not have the voluminous qualities of those garments. The Paris couturiers now are in the throes of reworking new fall models to the taste and the majority of these, according to reports from abroad, are as tight as a sausage casing. Social buds this fall may seem about to burst out of their clothes, but they will not, for both the buds and the clothes are proof against surprise except when the bills for the latter are received.

Waist lines of the new fall models shown prove that the more prominent French designers have either returned to the natural waist line or waist lines are placed very low. Few women, however, care whether their waist lines are up or down so that they are not greater around.

Colors, so far as frocks are concerned, promise to take on slightly more somber hues, but this does not apply to hosiery. Practically every smart shop will have on sale at least 100 shades of stockings and shoemakers must keep pace.

There are several things that can happen to your face in summer, and none of them is very nice. Sunburn is sunburn—painful, colorful, and not too good for the skin. Tan is a boon-erang. You may fancy it for awhile. But it has a terrible back-kick of retribution. Along about fall, when it begins to fade out in a slow yellow way, you'll wish you'd never been so flippant with it. Freckles—oh, well, what's the use of talking about freckles? Personally, I've never felt very much upset by an old freckle on a turned-up nose. But I know that the average girl considers freckles a death-blow to romance, and I agree that they are not a decoration to be encouraged in great numbers, writes Hazel Rawson Cades in the Woman's Home Companion. They're like danglers. One in the early spring makes you want to write a poem, but repeated ad infinitum, they spoil the lawn.

The best protection against sunburn that I know is an application of witch-hazel before you go out. This hardens the skin and makes it less vulnerable to the sun's rays. Life-savers and other people whose skins are exposed continuously to the sun often use vinegar in the same way, but it has a tendency to tan as well as harden the skin; so I don't recommend it.

I hurry to add also, that witch-hazel is not a defense against tan. People who know say that if you don't want to be tanned it's well to treat your skin first to a layer of cream and then to a layer of powder. This protects the skin also against dirt, and is a good preparatory measure when you motor or train-travel.

Theoretically, of course, there shouldn't be any sunburn cures because we should protect our skins so that they never come to need. But as a matter of fact, we just don't do it. So most of us spend the latter part of the summer running about with a red or peeling nose and a bottle of remedy under one arm.

The good old potato is a handy thing to have around in the first stages of sunburn. Did you know that? Just any potato will do, provided it's raw. Cut it lengthwise and draw its cool wet surface slowly over the sunburned skin. It's refreshing, and it helps take out the sting. Don't try using a poultice, though, or leaving the potato on till it dries. The taking off would be painful.

Don't buy the ground meat that you find piled on big steak plates in the local meat shops," is set forth in a warning to the housewife from director Foust, of the Bureau of Foods and Chemistry. He added "select a piece of meat to be ground, and see that the butcher grinds it in your presence. Take no chances."

During the quarter of a century of activity in food control in the State, director Foust says he has never encountered a more iniquitous practitioner than that of the occasional, unprincipled butcher who adds dope to waste meat. He said that the meat scraps are sometimes treated with chemicals to make them appear as fresh meat. The scraps, he said, sometimes taint and turned black, are chopped up, dusted with sulphites and run through a grinder by some irresponsible butchers. The sulphites cause the meat to take on the bright red color of fresh butchering.

There is no beverage in hot weather more refreshing than properly made iced tea. The common method of making an extra strong infusion of hot tea, on the theory that the melting ice will dilute the drink to the right strength, is unsatisfactory. Through experimentation it has been ascertained that three minutes is the average proper length of time to infuse tea. The aroma and the caffeine, for which the tea is used, are then developed to their best point, and there is a minimum of tannin. After three minutes the amount of tannin increases, but only a trace more of caffeine is available. Bring water to a boil; pour it on the requisite amount of tea; allow it to remain covered for three minutes; then decant or strain into another receptacle. The spent leaves should never be used again.

FARM NOTES.

—If only a small quantity of silage is left for the fattening of cattle, reduce the amount they are getting and feed more hay. Try to make the silage last until the end of the feeding period.

—Farm work in Pennsylvania is from ten days to two weeks late in the southern counties, three weeks late in the middle belt, and a month behind the schedule in the north tier counties.

—Late blight, one of the most destructive potato diseases, has made its appearance in Pennsylvania. The first occurrence in the State was noted recently in a field near Johnstown in Cambria county.

The season thus far, with its abundance of moisture and cool weather, has been ideal for the spread of the disease. It is probably present in many localities of the State at the present time. Plant pathologists at the Pennsylvania State College are urging continuous and efficient spraying, especially in wet weather, as the one means of warding off a destructive epidemic. More than 23,000 acres were sprayed last year with an average increased yield per acre of 58 bushels. About 4,000 farmers in the State found spraying the most effective means of lowering their cost of production and thus increasing their profits from "spuds" in 1923.

—More than 2,000 pounds of tree seed were sown in the large nurseries operated by the Department of Forests and Waters and four co-operative nurseries located at State institutions, it has been announced. A total of 1,173 pounds of seed were sown in State nurseries at State institutions. The Mont Alto nursery, located in Franklin county, ranks first with 542 pounds of planted seed. The co-operative nursery at the western penitentiary ranks second, with 495 pounds. The other nurseries are Carlisle with 456 pounds; Huntingdon reformatory with 385 pounds and Greenwood with 172 pounds.

John W. Keller, who has charge of the nursery and tree planting work of the department states that this is the largest quantity of seed sown in any one spring. White pine, pitch pine, red pine, Scotch pine, Norway spruce, and larch are the principal kinds of seed produced. It is estimated that this amount of seed will produce more than 18,000,000 small trees that will be planted on the idle lands in all parts of the State.

—Pennsylvania apple growers estimate their production this year will average 34 per cent. of a normal or full crop, according to a statement issued by L. H. Wible, director of the Bureau of Statistics. Last year, on the corresponding date, the orchard prospects were 66 per cent. of normal. Early varieties fared best this spring having bloomed and "set" before the excessive moisture conditions brought on the serious scab infestation that occurred early in June. On July 1 there were prospects of a 56 per cent. normal crop of early varieties, as compared with prospects of 67 per cent. last year.

The average for all orchards reporting estimates for Adams county was 39 per cent.; Franklin, 26 per cent.; York, 48 per cent. The July prospects of the 50 orchards in that section, comprising the principal commercial apple counties of the State, average 33 per cent. as compared with 68 per cent. normal crop prospects in July of last year.

Varieties reported below the average condition of 34 per cent. in the orchards covered were York Imperial, Ben Davis, Baldwin, and Northern Spy. The first two mentioned are particularly hard hit by the unusually prolonged wet weather, which prevented proper fertilization, fostered an unusually heavy outbreak of scab, and caused a heavy June "drop." The weather was so unfavorable that spraying was virtually out of the question as an effective check.

Staymen and orchardmen were in slightly better condition than the average run of the orchards, while Grimes and Rome Beauty varieties were only a trifle lower than the prospects in July 1923. Greenings and Ganos were two varieties indicating a better outlook than one year ago.

—Many Pennsylvania farmers could increase both feeding value and the market value of their hay from \$3.00 to \$6.00 per ton by harvesting it at the proper stage of maturity and giving more attention to curing it in the field, according to George A. Stuart, of the Bureau of Markets, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

Investigations show that the farmer who cuts his timothy when well advanced in bloom secures 200 pounds more digestible matter per acre than the farmer who cuts when the seeds are in the rough stage and 350 pounds more than the farmer who cuts when the seeds are ripe.

Cutting hay late in the day rather than in the morning is also suggested by Stuart as a means of improving its quality. If the hay is cut early in the day and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, the leaves die first and become brittle so that many break off and are lost in the handling. When the hay is cut late in the day and allowed to lay over night, the leaves dry less quickly and remain tough the next day so that less loss results in handling. Leaves act as a pump, drawing water from the stems. When kept fresh, even though the plant is cut off, leaves continue to do this. When the plants are cut early in the day, leaves dry quickly and do not draw the moisture from the stems.

When cut early in the day, a tedder should be used from two to six hours after mowing depending upon the sun's heat. When cut late in the day, the tedding should be done the next morning after the dew is off.