### THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam And followed her low and high, And the moonbeam fled and hid her head She was so shy, so shy.

The sunbeam wooed with passion, Ah! he was a lover bold, And his heart was afire with mad desire

For the moonbeam pale and cold. But she fled like a dream before him Her hair was a shining sheen, And oh, that fate would annihilate

The space that lay between. Just as the day lay panting, The arms of the twilight dim. The sunbeam caught the one he sought,

And drew her close to him. Out of his warm arms startled, And stirred by love's first shock,

She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid, And hid in the niche of a rock. And the sunbeam followed and found her And led her to love's own feast,

And they were wed on that rocky bed And the dving day was their priest. And lo! that beautiful opal, That rare and wondrous gem. With the moon and the sun blend into on-

#### JOHN JACKSON'S ARCADY.

Is the child that was born to them.

(Concluded from last week). There was so much to say and to tell that neither of them tried to talk, but only sat there holding hands, like two children who had wandered for a long time through a wood and now came upon each other with unimaginable happiness in an accidental glade. Her husband was poor, she said; he knew that from the worn, unfashionable dress which she wore with such an air. He was George Harland-he kept a garage in the village.

"George Harland—a red-headed boy?" he asked wonderingly. She nodded.

"We were engaged for years. Sometimes I thought we'd never marry. Twice I postponed it, but it was getting late to just be a girl-I was twenty-five, and so finally we did. After that I was in love with him for over a year."

When the sunset fell together in a jumbled heap of color in the bottom of the sky, they strolled back along the quiet road, still hand in hand. "Will you come to dinner? I want

you to see the children. My oldest boy is just fifteen." She lived in a plain frame house two doors from the garage, where two little girls were playing around a bat-tered and ancient but occupied baby

carriage in the yard. 'Mother! Oh, mother!" they cried. Small arms swirled around neck as she knelt beside them on the

"Sister says Anna didn't come, so nave any dinner. matter with Anna?'

A tall, tired man of fifty, who was reading a paper on the porch, rose was apparently a Sunday dress and

and slipped a coat over his suspenders as they mounted the steps. "Anna didn't come," he said in a non-committal voice. "I know. I'm going to cook dinner.

Who do you suppose this is here?" The two men shook hands in a friendly way, and with a certain def-

inside for another chair. "We've heard about you a great deal, Mr. Jackson," he said as Alice disappeared into the kitchen. "We

John nodded politely, but at the mention of the city he had just left a wave of distaste went over him.

much in love with your wife."
"Yeah?" Harland laughed. "Well,

she's a pretty nice lady, I find."

"I think I always have been in love with her, all these years." "Yeah?" Harland laughed again. That some one should be in love with his wife seemed the most casual pleas-

"You better tell her about it. She don't get so many nice compliments as she used to in her young Six of them sat down at table, in-

little girls whose faces shone from a hasty toilet. Many things had happened in the town, John discovered; the fictitious prosperity which had promised to descend upon it in the late 90's had vanished when two factories had closed up and moved away, and the population was smaller now by a few hundred than it had been a quarter of a century ago.

After a plentiful plain dinner they

all went to the porch, where the children silhouetted themselves in silent balance on the railing and unrecognizable people called greeting as they passed along the dark, dusty street. After a while the younger children went to bed, and the boy and his father arose and put on their coats.

"I guess I'll run up to the garage," said Harland. "I always go up about this time every night. You two just sit here and talk about old times." As father and son moved out of sight along the dim street, John Jackson turned to Alice and slipped his

arm about her shoulder and looked into her eyes.

"I love you, Alice."

"I love you." Never since his marriage had he said that to any woman except his wife. But this was a new world tonight, with spring all about him in the air, and he felt as if he were holding his own lost youth in his arms.

"A son." The fact seemed so far away now," said the man on the platform, bending his were quiet, listening, every man and head and staring down for a minute at the floor; "gone away suddenly, I have been asked —" His voice ing his own lost youth in his arms.

"He's gone away now," said the man on the platform, bending his were quiet, listening, every man and child.

"A sort of craziness, a wild illogic in the situation had communicated itself at the floor; "gone away suddenly, I understand. He seemed a little faltered. "My dear friends, I have bags are attached.

"I've always loved you," she murmured. "Just before I go to sleep every night, I've always been able to see your face. Why didn't you come back?"

Tenderly he smoothed her hair. He had never known such happiness be-fore. He felt that he had established dominance over time itself, so that it rolled away for him, yielding up one vanished springtime after another to the mastery of his overwhelm-

ing emotion.
"We're still young, we two people,"
he said exultantly. "We made a silly
mistake a long, long time ago, but we found out in time."

"Tell me about it," she whispered.
"This morning, in the rain, I heard your voice."

"What did my voice say?" "It said, 'Come home.' "And here you are, my dear."

"Here I am." Suddenly he got to his feet.
"You and I are going away,"
id. "Do you understand that?" he "I always knew that when you came

for me I'd go."
Later, when the moon had risen, she walked with him to the gate. "Tomorrow!" he whispered.

"Tomorrow!" His heart was going like mad, and he stood carefully away from her to let footsteps across the way approach, pass and fade out down the dim street. With a sort of wild innocence he kissed her once more and held her close to his heart under the April moon. IV

When he awoke it was eleven o'clock, and he drew himself a cool bath, splashing around in it with much of the exultation of the night

before.

"I have thought too much these twenty years," he said to himself.
"It's thinking that makes people old." day before, and as he looked out the window the dust in the street seemed more tangible than on the night before. He breakfasted alone downstairs, wondering with the incessant wonder of the city man why fresh cream is almost unobtainable in the gate. country. Word had spread already that he was home, and several men rose to greet him as he came into the lobby. Asked if he had a wife and children, he said no, in a careless way, and after he had said it he had a

vague feeling of discomfort.

"I'm all alone," he went on, with forced jocularity. "I wanted to come back and see the old town again."

"Stay long?" They looked at him curiously. curiously.

"Just a day or so." He wondered what they would think tomorrow. There would be excited little groups of them here and there the street with the startling along

and audacious news.

"See here," he wanted to say, "you think I've had a wonderful life over there in the city, but I haven't. I came down here because life had beaten me, and if there's any brightness in my eyes this morning it's because last night I found a part of my lost youth tucked away in this little town." "Mother'll cook dinner. What's the ice's house, the heat increased and sev- learn the truth about one man's the whole room like an ocean, eral times he stopped to wipe the "Anna's father's sick. She couldn't sweat from his forehead. When he turned in at the gate he saw her waiting on the porch, wearing what moving herself gently back and forth the sweltering train and walked toin a rocking-chair in a way that he re- ward the Civic Club hall. Numerous membered her doing as a girl.
'Alice!" he exclaimed happily.

Her finger rose swiftly and touch-

ed her lips. "Look out!" she said in a low voice. erence to John Jackson's clothes and hand, but she replaced it on the arm his prosperous manner, Harland went of her chair and resumed her gentle rocking.

"Be careful. The children are inside."

"But I can't be careful. Now that the date about a lot of ways you made life's begun all over again, I've for form just now."

them sit up and take notice over you gotten all the caution that I learned "Certainly, M in the other life, the one that's past." "Sh-h-h!"

Somewhat irritated, he glanced at her closely. Her face, unmoved and relief; and settling himself, looked "I'm sorry I ever left here," he answered frankly. "And I'm not just saying that either. Tell me what the years have done for you, Harland. I "I'm sorry I ever left here," he and asked him for a job. Since then curiously around him. Yes, the gathering was large, and apparently enthusiastic. Catching a glimpse of a you what his—his presence in this face here and there, he saw that he earth has meant to me. When he told

"I'm sorry."
"I realized about two o'clock or

He was struck dumb. He looked at her blankly for a moment, and then he laughed—a short, incredulous

"Never, never!" she went on, shaking her head passionately. "Never, never, never! When I thought of it I cluding an awkward boy of fifteen; what came over me yesterday even-who looked like his father, and two ing, John. When I'm with you, you can always make me do or feel or think just exactly what you like. But this is too late, I guess. It doesn't seem real at all; it just seems sort of crazy to me, as if I'd dreamed it, that's all."

John Jackson laughed again, not incredulously this time, but on a menacing note.

"What do you mean?" he demand-She began to cry and hid her eyes

behind her hand because some people were passing along the road. "You've got to tell me more than that," cried John Jackson, his voice rising a little. "I can't just take that and go away."

"Please don't talk so loud," she implored him. "It's so hot and I'm so confused. I guess I'm just a small town woman, after all. It seems somehow awful to be talking here with you, when my husband's working all day in the dust and heat."
"Awful to be talking here?" he re-

peated. "Don't look that way!" she cried miserably. "I can't bear to hurt you so. You have children, too, to think of—you said you had a son."
"A son." The fact seemed so far away that he looked at her, startled.

to him; and yet he fought blindly against it as he felt his own mood of ecstacy slipping away. For twenty hours he had recaptured the power of seeing things through a mist of hope

—hope in some vague, happy destiny that lay just over the hill—and now with every word she uttered the mist was passing, the hope, the town, the memory, the very face of this woman before his eyes.

"Never again in this world," he cried with a last despairing effort,

'will you and I have a chance at hap-But he knew, even as he said this, that it had never been a chance; simply a wild, desperate sortie from two long-beleaguered fortresses by night. He looked up to see that George Harland had turned in at the gate. "Lunch is ready," called Alice, raising her head with an expression of

relief. "John's going to be with us "I can't," said John Jackson quick-

ly. "You're both very kind.

"Better stay." Harland, in oily overalls, sank down wearily on the steps and with a large handkerchief polished the hot space beneath his thin gray hair. "We can give you some iced tea." He looked up at John. "I don't know whether these hot days make you feel your age like I feel mine.

"I guess-it affects us all alike," said John Jackson with an effort. "The awful part of it is that I've got had happened in a dream. It appear-to go back to the city this afternoon." ed that every year many hundreds of "Really?" Harland nodded with po-babies in the city owed their lives to

lite regret. "Why, yes. The fact is I promised to make a speech." "Is that so? Speak on some city

pushed themselves out-"I'm going to It's thinking that makes people old." speak on What Have I Got Out of It was hotter than it had been the Life."

Then he became conscious of the heat indeed; and still wearing that all. smile he knew so well how to muster, he felt himself sway dizzily against the porch rail. After a minute they were walking with him toward the

"I'm sorry you're leaving," said Alice, with frightened eyes. "Come back and visit your old town again."
"I will." Blind with unhappiness, he set off

up the street at what he felt must be a stumble; but some dim necessity made him turn after he had gone a little way and smile back at them and wave his hand. They were still standing there, and they waved at him and he saw them turn and walk together into the house.

"I must go back and make my speech," he said to himself as he walked on, swaying slightly, down the street. "I shall get up and ask aloud 'What have I got out of life?' And there before them all I shall answer, 'Nothing.' I sahll tell them the truth; that life has beaten me at every turning and used me for its own obscure purposes over and over; that everything I have loved has turned to ashes, and that every time I have stooped to pat a dog I have felt his teeth At noon, as he walked toward Al- in my hand. And so at last they will because the applause seemed to fill heart.

nearly five when he dismounted from cars were parked along the surrounding streets, promising an unusually large crowd. He was surprised to find that even the rear of the hall was thronged with standing people, and He sat down beside her and took her | that there were recurrent outbursts of applause at some speech which was being delivered upon the platform.

"Can you find me a seat near the rear?" he whispered to an attendant. 'I'm going to speak later, but I don't -I don't want to go upon the plat-

"Certainly, Mr. Jackson." The only vacant chair was half behind a pillar in a far corner of the hall, but he welcomed its privacy with

around the corner to see. Then he

in several years. "I've had many enemies in my life," boomed the loud voice over the hall, "and don't think I've had a change of began to tremble all over, right in my heart, now that I'm fifty and a little bed." She hesitated. "I don't know gray. I'll go on making enemies to gray. I'll go on making enemies to the end. This is just a little lull when I want to take off my armor and pay a tribute to an enemy—because that enemy happens to be the finest man I ever knew."

John Jackson wondered what candidate or protege of MacDowell's was in question. It was typical of the man to seize any opportunity to make his own hay.

"Perhaps I wouldn't have said what I've said," went on the booming voice, were he here today. But if all the young men in this city came up to me and asked me 'What is being honorable?' I'd answer them, 'Go up to that man and look into his eyes.' They're carried toward the platform, arriving not happy eyes. I've often sat and looked at him and wondered what went on back of them that made those They were all standing now, arms eyes so sad. Perhaps the fine, simple eyes so sad. Perhaps the fine, simple waving wildly, voices filling the hall hearts that spend their hours smooth- with tumultuous clamor. Some one ing other people's troubles never find in the back of the hall began to sing time for happiness of their own. It's "For he's a jolly good fellow" and like the man at the soda fountain who five hundred voices took up the air

ter here, but John Jackson saw won- nificence far beyond the spoken deringly that a woman he knew just across the aisle was dabbing with a just | words. handkerchief at her eyes.

His curiosity increased.

strange when I saw him yesterday; been asked to-to tell you what I perhaps he gave in at last under the have got out of life strain of trying to do many things for men. Perhaps this meeting many we're holding here comes a little too couragement and love and faith, turnlate now. But we'll all feel better for ed up to him.

him, I must call an enemy. But I'm going to say one thing more"—his voice rose defiantly—"and it's a stranger thing sitll. Here, at fifty, there's one honor I'd like to have more than any honor this city ever gave me, or ever had it in its power to give. I'd like to be able to stand up here be-fore you and call John Jackson my friend."

He turned away and a storm of applause rose like thunder through the hall. John Jackson half arose to his feet, then sank back again in a stupe-fied way, shrinking behind the pillar. The applause continued until a young man arose on the platform and waved them silent.

"Mrs. Ralston," he called, and sat down.

A woman rose from the line of chairs and came forward to the edge of the stage and began to speak in a quiet voice. She told a story about a man whom—so it seemed to John Jackson—he had known once, but whose actions, repeated here, seemed utterly unreal, like something that ed that every year many hundreds of something this man had done five years before; he had put a mortgage upon his own house to assure the children's hospital on the edge of town. It told how this had been kept secret "No; the fact is"—the words, format the man's own request, because he wanted the city to take pride in the hospital as a community affair, when but for the man's effort, made after the community attempt had failed, the hospital would never have existed at

> Then Mrs. Ralston began to talk about the parks; how the town had baked for many years under the mid-land heat; and how this man, not a very rich man, had given up land and time and money for many months that a green line of shade might skirt the boulevards, and that the poor children could leave the streets and play in fresh grass in the center of the town. That this was only the beginning,

> she said; and she went on to tell how, when any such plan tottered, or the public interest lagged, word was brought to John Jackson, and some-how he made it go and seemed to give it life out of his own body, until there was scarcely anything in this city that didn't have a little of John Jackson's heart in it, just as there were few people in this city that didn't have a little of their hearts for John

> Jackson. Mrs. Ralston's speech stopped abruptly at this point. She had been crying a little for several moments. but there must have been many people there in the audience who understood what she meant-a mother or a child here and there who had been the recipients of some of that kindness and echoed back and forth from wall to

Only a few people recognized the The meeting was at four, but it was short grizzled man who now got up early five when he dismounted from from his chair in the rear of the platform, but when he began to speak silence settled gradually over the house.

"You didn't hear my name," he said in a voice that trembled a little, "and when they first planned this surprise meeting I wasn't expected to speak at all. I'm John Jackson's head clerk. Fowler's my name, and when they decided they were going to hold the meeting, anyhow, even though John Jackson had gone away, I thought perhaps I'd like to say a few words" those who were closest saw his hands clench tighter-"say a few words that I couldn't say if John Jackson was here.

"I've been with him twenty years That's a long time. Neither of us had gray hair when I walked into his office one day just fired from somewhere rean—down the road a ways. I'm doing right well, matter of fact. Nothing you'd call well in the city," he added in hasty deprecation.

"You know, Harland," said John Jackson, after a moment, "I'm very much in love with your wife."

"I haven't slept as I slept last that several times I was a little boy, except that several times I woke up just for the joy of seeing the same moon we once knew together. I'd got it back."

"I didn't sleep at all."

"I didn't sleep at all."

"I'm sorry."

knew most of them, even by name; faces of men he had lived beside and worked with for twenty years. All the better. These were the ones he must reach now, as soon as that figure on the platform there ceased all right. If you knew how we fall right. three o'clock that I could never go form, and as there was another ripaway from my children—even with ple of applause he leaned his face and one of the other clerks and me that have sons named after John uttered a low exclamation—the speak-er was Thomas MacDowell. They us could think of anything better than had not been asked to speak together for a boy to have that name or that example before him through life. But would we tell him? Not a chance. He wouldn't even know what it was all about. Why"—he sank his voice to a hushed whisper—"he'd just look at you in a puzzled way and say, 'What did you wish that on the poor kid

He broke off, for there was a sudden and growing interruption. An epidemic of head turning had broken out and was spreading rapidly from one corner of the hall until it had affected the whole assemblage. Some one had discovered John Jackson behind the post in the corner, and first an exclamation and then a growing mumble that mounted to a cheer swept over the auditorium.

Suddenly two men had taken him by the arms and set him on his feet, and somehow in a standing position after

They were all standing now, arms never makes an ice-cream soda for himself."

There was a faint ripple of laughwere wet and the song assumed a sig-

> This was John Jackson's chance now to say to these people that he had got so little out of life. He stretched out

Five hundred faces, touched and smiling, every one of them full of en-

having said our say about him.

"I'm almost through. A lot of you will think it's funny that I feel this way about a man who, in fairness to his breast all the men and women and children of this city . His voice rang

At six o'clock, when he walked up his street alone, the air was already cool with evening. Approaching his house, he raised his head and saw that some one was sitting on the outer doorstep, resting his face in his hands. When John Jackson came up the walk, the caller-he was a young man with dark, frightened eyes-saw

young man in an uneasy way.

"I've got the key." John Jackson unlocked the front door and preceded his son inside. "Father," cried Ellery Jackson this purpose, and losses from bloat or quickly, "I haven't any excuse to make acute indigestion do not occur under -anything to say. I'll tell you all about it if you're still interested—if you can stand to hear ——"

young man's shoulder. "Don't feel too badly," he said in his kind voice. "I guess I can always stand anything my son does."

This was an understatement. John Jackson could stand anything now forever-anything that came, anything at all.—By F. Scott Fitzgerald, in Saturday Evening Post.

## SALVAGING HIDDEN WEALTH.

In the rivers of the Lake States there lies today millions of dollars' worth of wealth in the form of pine logs which became waterlogged and sank during the drives of fifty years ago. These timbers when reclaimed from the river bottoms are virtually as good lumber as the day they were cut from the living tree. The lumber is slightly brittle but its value is reduced very little. When the drives were on in the old days the lumberjacks and rivermen worked feverishly to keep the logs together that they might take advantage of the freshet water which was stored by means of a series of log dams in all the larger rivers and their tributaries through out the pineries of the Lake States. Logs were banked on the river during the winter and in the spring break-up they went tearing down to the mills far below on the main streams. During periods of extremely high water many of these logs became hidden from view in quiet backwaters. Becoming waterlogged they sank to the bottom where they have been pre-served throughout the long years. This timber is the property of several lumber companies, many of which have gone out of existence years ago. Each log, however, bears the stamp of ny which cut it and under the law it remains that company's property. An attempt to salvage these timbers would be, in the eyes of the law, theft, unless undertaken by the owners or their heirs, many of whom have died. It has been estimated that in the Menominee River alone there is more than 100,000,000 feet of lumber worth about \$25 a thousand feet today. The Muskegon, Manistee and Au Sable rivers in Michigan, the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, and many of the larger streams in Northern Minnesota have these golden hoards in their beds awaiting the inevitable day when the laws will permit the exploitation and utilization of their hidden treasures. In the meantime the timbers will keep indefinitely.—Ex.

# 1,458 Try for State Scholarship.

In the State scholarship examination held in 332 High schools of the State on May 2nd there were 1,458 candidates. Every county in State was represented in the examinations. Allegheny county with 176 competitors had the largest number. That county is entitled to six scholarships, one for each Senatorial district. Philadelphia county, which ranked second with 92 candidates, is entitled to eight while Luzerne county with 61 candidates is entitled to two scholar-

Fred B. Wilson, of Carnegie High school, Allegheny county, ranked the highest of all the competitors making a total of 282 points in the three sub-Constance Ziegler, of New Cumberland county, was second with 278 points. Ruth Graham, Mercer High school, was third with 276 points. Richard N. Thyer, Central Central High school, Scranton, ranked

fourth with 275 points. All candidates were required to take examinations in English and American history. Each candidate had to elect a third subject from the following list: Mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, German, French, Latin Spanish. The grades made by the majority in American history were low. The grades in English, on the other hand, were uniformly high. The grades in the elective studies ranged from low to high in individual cases.

Pennsylvania to Test the Old Oaken Bucket.

Analysis of drinking water along Health Department.

pert analysis, has started in this work way, and will travel over the entire length of that road in Pennsylvania.

As soon as the tests are completed the results will be forwarded to the field engineers, and placards stating that the water has been examined and found pure will be posted over the wells or springs.

airplanes in full flight by means of a hook winch seizes a rope to which the

### FARM NOTES.

-One of man's friends is one of the ground beetles known as Calasoma sycophanta, says Nature Magazine of Washington. It is a glittering green and gold beetle with a head and tho-rax of deep purple. It was imported from Europe among other natural enemies of the gypsy moth and browntail moth. Both adults and young of the Calesoma beetles are extremely voracious and feed on other insects, especially the caterpillars of moths.

-It is quite common for pigs to bloat and die quickly when suddenly turned into green clover when they are very hungry or not accustomed to such feed. That often occurs when pigs have been grazing grass and the pasture becomes so short that the owner decides a change is necessary, him and sprang to his feet.

"Father," he said quickly, "I got your telegram, but I—I came home."

John Jackson looked at him and lave the same effect, under similar circumstances. The modern method and so turns the pigs into a lush succession of green crops from early spring until late in autumn. Rye, oats and peas, rape, clover, alfalfa and corn are the crops most used for cried Ellery Jackson this purpose, and losses from bloat or this system of feeding, as the pigs become accustomed to the green feed early in the season, and take it daily John Jackson rested his hand on the without becoming inordinately hun-

> -A practical manner of reducing the production costs of market eggs consists in feeding fresh garbage placed before the flock as soon as possible after it has been rejected from the table. Used judiciously the United States Department of Agriculture says it will reduce the cost of egg and meat production from 25 to 30 per cent. The garbage must be fresh and free from all fermentation and sourness. The intrinsic value of garbage as a poultry feed is due to the fact that it provides a varied ration which fits all the needs and requirements of

> the flock. One explanation of why the small flock owner, with his backyard bevy of hens, secures heavy production of eggs, hinges around the fact that he emphasizes the use of table scraps in the ration. Similar results obtain where large commercial flocks are given access to daily allowances of sanitary, well-selected, and palatable garbage. Although the character of garbage varies throughout the year, due to the fact that more succulent vegetables and fruits are used during the summer, this refuse is also a valuable substitute for costly grains and

> concentrates in the hen menu.
>
> Unfortunate results which in some instances have followed the use of garbage are due to feeding a mixture of table scraps that was not carefully selected. Hens like fresh garbage, but are not able to digest scraps of tin, phonograph needles, and similar foreign material. Unless such substances are separated from garbage, disastrous results invariably follow and the poultryman soon abandons garbage feeding and condemns it as unsatisfactory. The Department of Agriculture recommends that fresh garbage be run through a meat or vegetable chopper, and mixed with a little ground feed before it is fed to

> As much of the table refuse should be fed as the flock will clean up with a relish in the course of an hour. feed which the birds reject should be removed from the feeding pens or yards as soon as possible thereafter. Otherwise, it sours and contaminates the premises and, subsequently, if the fowls eat it it invariably causes digestive troubles.

Where garbage is fed, it is also prerequisite to provide a light ration of grain twice daily, as well as to supply dry mash in a hopper before the flock. As a rule table scraps are rich in protein and only occasionally is it necessary to supplement the mash with approximately 5 per cent. of meat meal. During the summer garbage decomposes and ferments quickly and it must be fed before it reaches this stage. The feeding of garbage is favored during cold weather because in the winter the refuse keeps better. Suburban flock owners may often secure the garbage from neighboring families who do not keep hens. This source of feed may be so plentiful that the flock owner can expand his hen-keeping operations and even afford to pay a small amount for the

Experiments in feeding garbage at the government experimental farm at Beltsville, Md., indicate that ten hens will consume about one quart of garbage daily. A suitable dry mash as a supplement to this garbage consists of 3 parts by weight of corn meal, 1 part of bran, 1 part of middlings, and 5 per cent. of meat scraps. This mash is kept before the fowls all the time. The investigations demonstrated conclusively that where fresh garbage is properly fed a fair egg crop results, while economical and rapid gains in growth are secured by the judicious use of table refuse in the ration. Where the garbage is plentiful and rather watery it is advisable to mix in enough supplementary mash to give the mixture a desirable consistency. If the table scraps contain much fruit and vegetable peelings, more mash should be added, while if the garbage consists chiefly of potato peelings, bread, and meat less mash should be used. Care should be exercised to drain off soapy water or exstate highways, as a precautionary cess liquid from the garbage.

move to protect motorists, has been started by the Pennsylvania State Columbia, which handles about 1,000 fowls reports excellent results from An ambulance, converted into a field the use of well-selected garbage. This

laboratory and managed by two ex- material is hauled twice a day and fed to the birds about ten o'clock in at the eastern end of the Lincoln high- the morning and again during the middle of the afternoon so that the able to traveling motorists. Other highways will then be investigated.

As soon as the tests are the tests are led fresh only two or three hours after they are discarded from the kitchen. The feeding method of this poultry man is to contain the tests are led fresh only two or three hours after they are discarded from the kitchen. The feeding method of this poultry man is to contain the feeding method of this poultry man is to contain the feeding method. table scraps are fed fresh only two or garbage on the grass range in such quantities that the fowls will clean up all the refuse. He rotates these feeding spots in such a way that no contamination results. The outstanding feature of the success of this poultryman is centralized in his painstaking selection of the parbage and the elimination of all objectionable material.

-Read the "Watchman."