

WHICHEVER WAY.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock;
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds that wait for me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me—trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Thro' storm and calm and will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me—every peril past—
Within His sheltering haven at last.

Then whatever wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Selected.

WILL GETS A RAISE.

(Concluded from March 13.)

Then once in a while I'd get irritated at Will, when he bought things that even on our income seemed downright silly. We had a real quarrel over a correspondence course in parlor magic that he subscribed to. I said it was silly and selfish and was thinking of sleight of hand, when we could have bought things we really needed for the fifteen dollars. Will said he'd like to see anything sillier or more selfish than my spending fifteen dollars on one party, just to impress Betty Bartell and Mrs. Stevens, Betty's chum, who is also in the Harvester crowd. I reminded Will that he made very nearly as much as even Mr. Stevens—I think Mr. Stevens does get over two thousand; but that's not so much more—and that if the Stevenses could afford to give that kind of party, so could we.

But there were no two opinions about what we did a few days before Christmas. We were coming home on the train with Mr. and Mrs. Burris, and Mr. Burris asked Will if he was in a position to swing a second-hand roadster. Mr. Burris's son had bought a new car and shipped his old one home to his father. What he wanted a new one for, I'll never tell you; the old one was a knockout. But Mr. Burris didn't want another open car, and he said he'd let Will have it cheap and pay for it as he liked, so much a month if he'd rather. He likes Will an awful lot.

Will and I sat up till two o'clock discussing it that night. Of course we were both mad to get the roadster. Will is just crazy about engines and said that one was a marvel, said he could teach it to come to the sound of his voice and eat out of his hand. There was room for another car in our garage, and the idea of having two cars—when our silver sedan had all cars seemed rich beyond compare to me—was enough to dazzle anybody.

"After all, the two together won't cost any more than the Stevens's one," I reminded Will. "And you make about the same as Mr. Stevens does." "I've got to decide right away," said Will. "Because—this is a funny one—old Pete Jensen wants to buy it if we don't. Seems he's been saving for ten years, and he's going to get an automobile this spring." Well, that really decided us. If a man who mows lawns and tends furnaces could buy that car it was a funny thing if a couple that went around with the Harvester crowd and came home from church in the Scoggins's limousine couldn't. We decided to pay for it, month by month, with the MacAllister money, and that it should also be our Christmas present to each other.

So we were really at the very peak of our prosperity that last day of December, as I sat embroidering happily in the afternoon. It had been a grand Christmas; the new roadster was in our garage; the Burrises had invited us to go into the city the next day to the New Year's maizine; and I was feeling peaceful and prosperous and content. It is strange how you can sit and embroider on the edge of a great chasm in your life, without even knowing there is a chasm there and that your rocking chair is edging constantly closer to the edge.

As I looked out of the window and saw Betty Bartell hurrying up the snowy path to the door, I was just pleased to see her coming. I didn't know that her knock marked a turning point in my whole life.

She looked kind of strange and wild as she came into the living-room, and without a word of preliminary she said:

"Dorothy, can you lend me a hundred dollars?"

"A hundred dollars!" I gasped. "Why, Betty, I haven't got a hundred dollars."

"Can you get it?" she asked. And her eyes looked so wild and her voice was queer and tense.

"Why, I don't see how I can," I faltered. "Will and I agreed we would never borrow from our people unless we were sick and absolutely starving. And all that we have saved, Will's been buying some farm land over by Verblen with."

Betty kept unbuttoning and unbuttoning her fur coat frantically.

"I've got to get it somewhere," she said in the same tense voice. "It means my whole future with Harry. I owe it at the grocery and other stores here, and yesterday a credit man was up and threatened to garnish Harry's salary. I put him off, telling him I could pay it today when we got the bonus. Harry and I quarrel all the time about money, and I did promise him I wouldn't run any bills, but—" she shivered; "Oh, I'm afraid to tell him!"

"Will he give you some of the bonus?" I asked.

She stared at me, her eyes getting dark and tragic.

"Dorothy," she said, "Harry had

just telephoned me. There isn't any bonus this year!"

I just stared in helpless sympathy. Betty began to cry.

"I'm afraid to tell Harry," she repeated.

"Maybe you could borrow some from Mrs. Stevens," I suggested.

"Mrs. Stevens!" she sobbed contemptuously. "Mr. Stevens doesn't get any bonus, either."

"But out of their savings, I mean—" "Their savings—they've got as much as we have. They'll have to let their sun-room furniture go back; they're buying it on time. They're as far back in their rent as we are—their car is mortgaged, too."

I just stared at her. After a few minutes she buttoned up her coat and wiped her eyes.

"Well, I'll have to try Mrs. Curtis then," she said in a hopeless tone. "She lent some to me once, and didn't tell Harry; but she said she never would again. Maybe—oh, she'll have to—I can't tell Harry—he's always cross about money, and this time he'll be so worried besides—I'm afraid to tell him—oh, I hate Mrs. Curtis—but she'll have to lend it to me—I'm afraid to tell Harry—if they garnish his salary he may lose his position."

She went at last into the cold December snow, holding the fur coat she hadn't paid for tight around her.

I went back to embroidering, feeling shocked and sorry. I wasn't as sorry for Betty as I would have been if I hadn't been pretty sure Mrs. Curtis would lend her the money. Mrs. Curtis is stingy and sharp-tongued, but they say that underneath she is awfully good-hearted. But I was certainly shocked. I suppose sooner or later the knowledge has to come to everybody, but the first shock of it is fearfully upsetting. I had always heard that society was corrupt, but I had never taken much stock in it. And now it had suddenly come home to me, right among my own friends.

I could scarcely believe it. That you could belong to the Harvester crowd, and yet owe money to the grocery and the butcher shop! Like the low Hunky families down along the tracks. That you could keep a maid and have dinner at night, and yet be shiftless, have to borrow money, something which Will and I have always thought was downright disgraceful, unless you're sick or something. That you could have a six-cylinder car, and still be buying a wicker bird cage on time.

It was enough to shock anybody, and I switched on the kitchen light and started to get supper, feeling half dazed by the revelation. I heard Will's step crunching up the walk and looked over my shoulder at him as he opened the door. Before he had time to take off his coat or stamp the snow off his shoes, I knew something was wrong. Bad news was stamped all over his open countenance.

"What's the matter, Will?" I demanded.

"Will did not beat around the bush any, either."

"Mr. MacAllister is coming back."

"Coming back?" I echoed.

"Yep. Had a letter today. He doesn't like California. Says he likes a place you have some weather you stay in the house for. He's coming back."

"And he'll take care of his own buildings then?"

"Yep. My job's gone. And my twenty-five per."

"Oh, my soul!" I sat down limply in a chair by the kitchen table.

"Isn't that the limit?" Will asked.

For a few moments we just stared at each other. Then the real meaning of what had happened began to percolate through me.

"Why, we won't be getting a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month any more," I said.

Will shook his head gloomily.

"What hits me hardest of all," he said, "is that we won't be able to keep the roadster."

"Oh, Will!" I fairly wailed. It is one kind of shock to learn that society is corrupt, but quite another to realize that you are going to drop out of the two-car class yourself. "Unless," I said suddenly, hopefully, "we should just take money enough out of what we've saved and pay for it outright."

"That's a fact," Will said. "Let's look at the check book and see how much we can raise."

I set the teakettle back on the stove and we spread the check book out on the kitchen table. We'd both made out the last few checks when we were in a hurry, and hadn't carried forward the balance. So it took a few minutes of subtracting before we could tell how much we'd have. And as Will subtracted the last check, I stared at the check book in horrified amazement.

We had a balance of ten dollars and twenty-five cents.

"That can't be right!" I gasped.

"Why, we had over two hundred dollars when you got your raise—don't you remember? We were almost ready to make a payment on the Verblen land."

Will went back over the figures, while I watched him in fearful fascination. There were a lot of stubs. Before he got the raise we hadn't made out hardly any checks, paying for almost everything in cash, except the rent and payments on the land. But there had been so many things since that we had had to send a check for—theatre tickets, Mrs. Scoggins's cats, the subscription to the golf magazine—rafts of check stubs. And not a mistake could we find!

"Maybe there's a bunch of money left in the budget box," said Will hopefully.

We got out the tin box and unlocked it. Dust had sifted in a little. But there was no bunch of money. There was a fifty-cent piece in the "Doctor and Dentist" cubby-hole, a nickel and two pennies in the "Labor and Service." And that was all. Not a single dollar bill. And ten dollars and twenty-seven cents in the bank.

The truth dawned on us both at once. In four months, getting twenty-five dollars a month more than we had ever had before, and feeling as rich as Croesus, we had been going backward all the time. We had spent two hundred and thirty dollars more

than we had made. It didn't seem possible; but there were the figures. I simply stared at them.

"Well," said Will, "you see where you've brought us with your fancy parties."

"Where I've brought us!" I gasped. "Where I've brought us! I didn't buy a stop-light or take an idiotic course in sleight of hand, did I?"

"No; you've just been trying to live up to Betty Bartell's ideas every way you turned," said Will. "Pink satin bedspreads!"

"Well, I guess—" I began indignantly. But to my disgust, my voice caught and broke and I could feel tears smarting in my eyes. I was awfully mad at Will, to be blaming me like that; but I couldn't seem to stay just mad—I couldn't choke back a just, forlorn feeling. It is a terrible thing to have your husband turn against you. Some way, I kept seeing Betty Bartell afraid to tell Harry about the hundred dollars * * *

"Well, I guess I wasn't the only one that w-wanted to subscribe to Mrs. Scoggins's c-c-cats!"

Will just stared gloomily at the check book. The forlorn feeling swept over me, choking back even madness, in a great sick wave. Will standing there beside me seemed a million miles off. It was as though we were people who had never liked each other at all. There was a long silence. Then Will said slowly:

"I was the one, though, that wanted to get the roadster."

"No, you weren't," I said honestly.

"I wanted it just as bad as you did."

Suddenly Will pushed back the check book, sat down beside me on the one kitchen chair, putting his arm around me to keep me from falling off.

"Doll," he said solemnly, "we've been a pair of fools!"

Oh, the unexpected, heavenly sound of that sentence!

I dropped my head on Will's shoulder and sobbed in sheer relief. I did not mind that it was true! Will's arm was tight around me and he said we

The next morning we went down to Pete Jensen's before ten o'clock and sold him the roadster. Then, before we went to Mother's for New Year's dinner, we dusted out the old budget box and divided up Will's hundred dollars. Honestly, it seemed a pretty good way to be starting the new year, after all—the good old budget that we knew would work. After the first shock, we didn't seem even to mind. We agreed that it's better to live on a hundred a month, and know just where you're at, than on fifteen hundred a year—or even more—and think that you're the Vanderbilts, while you're really just eating up your old savings. Why, at the rate we were going, one more raise would have put us on the town!

As a matter of fact, Father Horton has hinted pretty strongly that Will is going to have a regular raise before long. We don't know how much it will be, or anything; but we don't have to worry about that any, don't have to decide what social set it will put us into. That New Year's Eve Will and I picked out our social set for life.

It's a pretty big set, right here in Montrose. Judge Burton and the Scogginses and the Burrises belong to it, and most of our young crowd. And so does Pete Jensen and the night watchman at the Harvester plant! It's all the people that earn their money before they spend it, that plan ahead and save something, whether it's much or little. It's old ladies who know they can afford to support homeless cats before they set out to do it, fur-nace men who send their girls to college. They may not get a big car or a wicker bird cage quite as soon as the Betty Bartells, but when they do there's no mortgage on the car, and there's money enough left over to get a little bird seed for the bird.

We've had our fling at prosperity. It nearly ruined us, but we aren't either of us sorry. It is something to have learned that there isn't any income you can't spend more than. No matter what we may ever have, we'll never feel so rich again. And it was fun to soar socially. We aren't sorry. But we've had our last soar. Will and I have picked out our social set for the rest of our lives.—By Fannie Kilbourne, in American Magazine.

GROW PLANTS in GLASS HOUSES DURING MARCH.

Many farmers and gardeners of Centre county already have plants started in small greenhouses or hotbeds. These plants are likely to be in various stages of growth depending on the vegetable. For example, cabbage and lettuce are likely to be two to three weeks in advance of tomatoes, pepper and eggplants.

Remember that the growing of plants is no guess work. It is an exacting business, which often requires hourly attention. Much of your success later in the season will depend upon the kind of plants you set out in the spring. Good, early head cabbage, cauliflower or lettuce, or good crops of tomatoes, peppers or eggplants never come from poorly grown, stunted or spindly plants.

Pay strict attention to ventilation and watering during the day and proper protection during the cold nights. Night temperature should be 45 to 60 degrees, cloudy days, 55 to 60 degrees; and sunny days 60 to 75 or higher. Water plants on sunny days in the forenoon. The plants should not be allowed to be stunted by temporarily stopping growth. Keeping the plants growing steadily and not too rapidly when they are very small is the best practice he states.

Crowding young plants will produce slender or spindly plants that will not give good results. Such plants are hardly worth transplanting. The best plants are raised by planting the seed in flats or soil in the hotbed and when they are small seedlings, transplanting them to other flats several inches apart each way or transplanting them to other hotbeds or to cold frames.

Remember that plants require room for proper development. This is more than the number of transplantings they receive. Well grown stocky plants with good root systems set in the field mean that the crop is one-half made. The fact depends upon proper fertilizer and good culture.

INOCULATE ALFALFA SEED TO INSURE RESULTS.

Alfalfa does not work along in its nitrogen gathering campaign. In fact, the bacteria gathered by inoculation are the agencies for taking nitrogen from the air and changing it to nitrate, so valuable in plant growth.

Neglect of proper inoculation is a very frequent cause of alfalfa failure. Unless alfalfa, or sweet clover, which uses the same bacteria, has been grown on the same field before successfully, the proper bacteria will not often be in the soil. Without these bacteria to produce nodules on the roots and supply the crop with free atmospheric nitrogen, the alfalfa must depend entirely on the nitrogen in the soil. Without them it will be yellow and unthrifty, will not produce a large yield or a high protein forage (protein is another name for nitrogen) will soon be choked out by weeds and will leave the soil poorer rather than richer.

The bacteria of alfalfa and sweet clover differ from those of the common clovers. If manure from stock-fed alfalfa hay is applied to the field or if dust is blown or washed upon it from old alfalfa fields artificial inoculation is not always necessary but it is invariably safer and involves little labor or expense.

The easiest method of inoculation is by the use of pure cultures of inoculation, which may be secured through the county agent for 25 cents per acre. If these cultures are well made and fresh, and if used according to directions results are ordinarily satisfactory.

A sure method is to broadcast evenly on the new field 500 to 1,000 pounds per acre of soil from a place where thrifty alfalfa or sweet clover is growing.

The soil should be taken from a healthy field, free from noxious weeds to prevent the spread of weed seeds and alfalfa diseases. The county agent will be glad to give further information on inoculation methods.

MANY POINTS IMPORTANT WHEN STARTING ORCHARD.

Selecting a site is one of the important steps in the fruit grower's march toward success. Among the points which prospective orchardists in Centre county may well consider in choosing an orchard spot are: Land value, availability of transportation and storage facilities, of fruit product establishments and of labor supply, and the social conditions and educational advantages of the community where the fruit farm is to be started.

The overhead charge due to cost of land should never exceed 10 per cent of the value of the product of the orchard and should not amount to more than one-half of that figure. Kinds and varieties should be selected to obtain the closest adaptation to the farm or parts of farm used. This will permit taking advantage of the environmental differences due to different slopes.

Air drainage and proximity of water are of great importance in determining danger from late spring and early frosts. Often small variations in elevation, 25 to 50 feet, make a difference in danger from frost injury. This influence is also important in determining the amount of damage from midwinter freezing.

In general, fruit crops demand the same qualities in the soil as cereal or forage plants. On account of their growing habits, the depth of soil, character of subsoil and general physical conditions are of more importance to the fruit trees than to the crops. The character of the vegetation growing naturally on the soil furnishes one of the best indications to the kinds of fruits that may grow on it.

USE TOOLS TO WORK IN ORCHARDS IN TIME.

Proper tools, preparation of soil, and natural drainage all contribute to successful orcharding in Centre county.

Speaking about the former, R. S. Snyder, fruit extension specialist of State College says, "Labor-saving tools and machinery are of vital importance in fruit growing because of the necessity of doing all the work on time. Such a demand warrants the purchase of up-to-date equipment."

Thorough preparation of the soil before planting is very necessary if the apple orchard is to be well started. It is the best in nearly all cases to anticipate planting by a year or two in order to subdue the soil by growing tilled or cover crops. Soils depleted in fertility and low in humus content should be built up by growing legumes.

Deep plowing should precede planting in every case, this same specialist states. Dynamiting is recommended when hard pan or a thin layer of rock occurs near the surface. Ordinarily it is not advisable to use such soils. If planting is to be done in the spring plow in the fall. In case of a heavy sod land it is best to plow and cross-plow in fall, working it up with a disc and harrow in the spring. Where cover crops have been grown to improve the soil, plowing should be deferred till spring.

Natural drainage is essential since the apple tree does not thrive with wet feet. A subsoil depth of at least 6 to 8 feet is necessary to insure proper root development and a sufficient water reservoir.

—For all the news you must read the "Watchman."

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