

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER L—Introducing "So Big"
(Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his
mother, Selina DeJong, daughter of
Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman
of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but
generally enjoyable. At school her
chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of
August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is
killed in a quarrel that is not his own,
and Selina, nineteen years old and
practically destitute, becomes a schoolteacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a posi-tion as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selina's, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlenberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is insensible to the widow's attractions. For a community "sociable" Selina prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "suctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally securing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the schoolastic arranges to instruct the goodnatured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

Sketch, almost obliterated now, done on a torn scrap of brown paper and showing the Haymarket with the wag-ons vegetable-laden and the men gathered beneath the street-flares, and the patient farm horses—Roelf's child-ish sketch.

Chapter X

If those vague characteristics called (variously) magnetism, manner, grace, distinction, attractiveness, fascination, go to make up that nebulous quality

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selina (of Vermont stock, businesslike and shrewd) has plans for building up the farm, which are ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old now, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to become a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII.—Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truckoccasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago mar-ket. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon.

CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of the vegetables from her truck Selina is a flat failure, buyers being shy of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing altercation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes her.

CHAPTER IX.—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the business world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina gratefully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

"You want to drain and tile. Plant high-grade stuff. You got to have a man on the place that knows what's what, not this Rip Van Winkle we saw in the cabbage field. New horses. A wagon. I will get you the horses, a bargain, at the yards." He took out a long flat check book. He began writing in it with a pen that he took from his pocket-some sort of marvelous pen that seemed already filled with ink and that you unscrewed at the top and then screwed at the bottom. He squinted through his cigar smoke, the check book propped on his knee. He tore off the check with a clean rip. "For a starter," he said. He held it out to Selina.

"There now!" exclaimed Julie, in triumphant satisfaction. That was more like it. Doing something.

But Selina did not take the check. She sat very still in her chair, her hands folded. "That isn't the regular way," she said.

August Hempel was screwing the top on his fountain pen again. "Regular

way? for what?" "I'm borrowing this money, not taking it. Oh, fes, I am! I couldn't get along without it. I realize that now, after yesterday. Yesterday! But in five years-seven-I'll pay it back." Then, at a half-uttered protest from Julie. "That's the only way I'll take it. It's for Dirk. But I'm going to earn it -and pay it back. I want a-" she was being enormously businesslike, and

unconsciously enjoying it-"a-an I. O. U. A promise to pay you back just as —as soon as I can. That's business, isn't it? And I'll sign it." "Sure," said Aug Hempel, and unscrewed his fountain pen again. "Sure

that's business." Very serious, he scribbled again, busily, on a piece of paper. A year later, when Selina had learned many things, among them that simple and compound interest on money loaned are not mere problems devised to fill Duffy's arithmetic in her school-teaching days, she went to August Hempel between laughter and

"You didn't say one word about interest, that day. Not a word. What a little fool you must have thought me." "Between friends," protested August Hempel.

But-"No," Selina insisted. "Inter-

"I guess I better start me a bank pretty soon if you keep on so businesslike.'

Ten years later he was actually the controlling power in the Yards & Ranger's bank. And Selina had the original I. O. U. with its "Paid in Full. Aug Hempel," carefully tucked away with other keepsakes that she foolishly treasured-ridiculous scraps that no one but she would have understood or valued-a small school slate such as little children use (the one on which she had taught Pervus to figure and parse); a dried bunch of trilliums; a bustled and panniered wine-red cashmere dress, absurdly old-fashioned; a letter telling about the Infanta Eulalie of Spain and signed Julie Hempel Arnold; a pair of men's old side-boots with mud caked on them; a crude sketch, almost obliterated now, done

go to make up that nebulous quality known as charm; and if the possessor of that quality is accounted fortunate in his equipment for that which the class-day orators style the battle of life, then Dirk DeJong was a lucky lad and life lay promisingly before him. Undoubtedly he had it; and undoubtedly it did. He was not one to talk a great deal. Perhaps that was one of his most charming qualities. He listened so well. Older men especially said he was a smart young feller and would make his mark. This, surprisingly enough, after a conversation to which

It was during those careless years course, wasn't there? of Dirk's boyhood between nine and brought a second-rate price in a second-rate market to a prosperous and blooming vegetable garden whose output was sought a year in advance by the South Water street commission merchants.

These six or seven years of relentless labor had been no showy success with Selina posing grandly as the New Woman in Business. No, it had been a painful, grubbing, heart-breaking process as is any project that depends on the actual soil for its realization.

She drove herself pitilessly. She literally tore a living out of the earth with her two bare hands. Yet there was nothing pitiable about this small energetic woman of thirty-five or forty with her fine soft dark eyes, her cleancut jaw-line, her shabby decent clothes that were so likely to be spattered with the mud of the road or fields, her exquisite nose with the funny little wrinkle across the bridge when she laughed. Rather, there was something splendid about her! something rich, prophetic. It was the splendor and richness that achievement imparts.

It is doubtful that she ever could have succeeded without the money borrowed from August Hempel; without his shrewd counsel. She told him this, sometimes. He denied it. "Easier. yes. But you would have found a way, Selina. Some way. Julie, no. But you, yes. You are like that. Me. too. Say, plenty fellers that was butchers with me twenty years ago over on North Clark street are butchers yet, cutting off a steak or a chop."

Dirk had his tasks on the farm, Selina saw to that. But they were not heavy. By the time he returned from school the rough work of the day was over. His food was always hot, appetizing, plentiful. The house was neat, comfortable. Selina had installed a bathroom-one of the two bathrooms in High Prairie. The neighborhood was still rocking with the shock of this when it was informed by Jan that Selina and Dirk ate with candles lighted on the supper table. High Prairie slapped its thigh and howled with mirth.

"Cabbages is beautiful," said old Klaas Pool when he heard this. "Cabbages is beautiful I betcha."

Selina, during the years of the boy's adolescence, had never urged him to a decision about his future. That, she decided, would come. As the farm prospered and the pressure of necessity lifted she tried, in various ingenious ways, to extract from him some unconscious sign of definite preference for this calling, that pro- his fellow students joked about this fession.

Until Dirk was sixteen she had been content to let him develop as naturally fied," they said.

as possible, and to absorb impressions the first few weeks. He was pleasantly work feverishly. and mildly interested in all things; held by none. Selina had thought of Roelf when they were fitting up the workshop. The Pools had heard from Roelf just once since his flight from the farm. A letter had come from France. Selina had never heard from him. But one day years later she had come running to Dirk with an illustrated magazine in her hand.

"Look!" she cried, and pointed to a picture. He had rarely seen her so excited, so stirred. The Illustration showed a photographic reproduction of a piece of sculpture—a woman's figure. It was called The Seine. A figure sinuous, snake-like, graceful, revolting, beautiful, terrible. The face alluring, insatiable, generous, treacherous, all at once. It was the Seine that fed the fertile valley land; the Seine that claimed a thousand bloated lifeless floating Things; the red-eyed hag of 1793; the dimpling coquette of 1650. Beneath the illustration a line or two-Roelf Pool. . . . Salon. . . American. . . . future. . .

"It's Roelf!" Selina had cried. "Roelf. Little Roelf Pool!" Tears in her eyes. Dirk had been politely interested. But then he had never known him, really. He had heard his mother speak of him, but-

At seventeen Dirk and Selina talked of the year to come. He was going to



At Eighteen It Had Been Midwest University for Dirk.

"Oh," Selina had said. "Yes. Genfifteen that Selina changed the DeJong eral. Of course, if a person wanted to acres from a worn-out and down-at- be an architect, why, I suppose Corheel truck farm whose scant products nell would be the place. Or Harvard for law. Or Boston Tech for engineering, or-"

Oh, yeh, if a fellow wanted any of those things. Good idea, though, to take a kind of general course until you found out exactly what you wanted to do. Languages and literature and that kind of thing.

At eighteen, it had been Midwest university for Dirk. High Prairie heard allet Dirk DeJong was going

away to college. A neighbor's son said, "Going to Wisconsin? Agricultural course there."

"My gosh, no!" Dirk had answered, He told this to Selina, laughing. But she had not laughed.

"I'd like to take that course myself, if you must know. They say it's wonderful." She looked at him, suddenly. "Dirk, you wouldn't like to take it, would you? To go to Madison, I mean. Is that what you'd like?"

He stared. "Me! No! . . . Unless you want me to, mother. Then I would, gladly. I hate your working like this, on the farm, while I go off to school. It makes me feel kind of rotten, having my mother working for me. The other fellows-'

"I'm doing the work I'm interested in, for the person I love best in the world. I'd be lost-unhappy-without the farm. If the city creeps up on me here, as they predict it will, I don't know what I shall do."

"Just you wait till I'm successful. Then there'll be no more working for vou.'

"What do you mean by 'successful,' Sobig?" She had not called him that in years. But now the old nickname came to her tongue perhaps because they were speaking of his future, his success. "What do you mean by 'suc-:essful,' Sobig?"

"Rich. Lots of money." "No, no, Dirk! No! That's not suc-:ess. Roelf-the thing Roelf doesthat's success."

"Oh, well, if you have money enough you can buy the things he makes, and have 'em. That's almost as good isn't

Dirk commenced his studies at Midwest university in the autumn of 1909. His first year was none too agreeable, is is usually the case in first years. He got on well, though. Before the end of the first semester he was popular. He had great natural charm of manner. The men liked him, and the girls, too. He rarely "cut" a class. He would have felt that this was unfair and disloyal to his mother. Some of faithfulness to his classes. "Person would think you were an Unclassi-

The Unclassifieds were made up, PRECAUTION NEEDED IN unconsciously from the traps she so for the most part, of earnest and guilefully left about him. There was a rather middle-aged students whose shed which he was free to use as a education was a delayed blooming. workshop, fitted up with all sorts of They usually were not enrolled for a tools. He did not use it much, after full course, or were taking double

The professors found them a shade too eager, perhaps; too inquiring; demanding too much. They stayed after class and asked innumerable questions. They bristled with interrogation. They were prone to hold forth in the classroom, "Well, I have found it to be the case in my experience that-"

But the professor preferred to do the lecturing himself. If there was to be any experience related it should come from the teacher's platform, not the student's chair.

In his first year Dirk made the almost fatal mistake of being rather friendly with one of these Unclassifieds—a female Unclassified, a large, good-humored, plump girl, about thirty-eight, with a shiny skin which she pever powdered and thick hair that exuded a disagreeable odor of oil. She was sympathetic and jolly, but her clothes were a fright, the Classifieds would have told you, and no matter how cold the day there was always a half-moon of stain showing under her armpits. She had a really fine mind, quick, eager, balanced, almost judicial. She knew just which references were valuable, which useless. Her name was Schwengauer-Mattie Schwengauer. Terrible!

She and Dirk got in the way of walking out of the classroom together, across the campus. She told him

something of herself. "Your people farmers!" Surprised, she looked at his well-cut clothes, his slim, strong, unmarked hands, his smart shoes and cap. "Why, so are mine. Iowa." She pronounced it Ioway. "I lived on the farm all my life till I was twenty-seven. I always wanted to go away to school, but we never had the money and I couldn't come to town to earn because I was the oldest, and Ma was sickly after Emma—that's the youngest—there are nine of us-was born. Ma was ing, but it couldn't be. No fault of theirs. One year the summer would be so hot, with no rain hardly from spring till fall, and the corn would just dry up on the stalks, like paper. The next year it would be so wet the seed would rot in the ground. Ma died when I was twenty-six. The kids were all pretty well grown up by that time. Pa married again in a year. I came to Chicago about five years ago. . . I've done all kinds of work, I guess, except digging in a June 7th. coal mine. I'd have done that if I'd had to."

She told him all this ingenuously, Annie Lucas. simply. Dirk felt drawn toward her, to sympathy.

He told his mother about her. stirred. "Do you think she'd spend some Saturday and Sunday here with Rodgers. us on the farm? She could come with night if she wanted to. Or stay until Monday morning and go back with you. There's the spare room, all quiet and cool. She could do as she liked."

Mattie came one Friday night. It was the end of October, and Indian summer, the most beautiful time of the year on the Illinois prairie. About prophecy fulfilled as when a beautiful Mrs. James McClincey. and fertile woman having borne her children and found them good, now

sits serene-eyed, gracious, ample bosomed, satisfied.

Into the face of Mattie Schwengauer she and Selina clasped hands Selina two sons, of Altoona. stared at her rather curiously, as though startled. Afterward she said to Dirk, aside: "But I thought you said she was ugly!"

"Well, she is, or-well, isn't she?" "Look at her!"

Mattie Schwengauer was talking to Meena Bras, the houseworker. She friend, Miss Eleanor Lucas. was standing with her hands on her ample hips, her fine head thrown back. her eyes alight, her lips smiling so that you saw her strong square teeth. Something had amused Mattie. She laughed. It was the laugh of a young girl, care-free, relaxed, at ease.

For two days Mattie did as she pleased, which meant she helped pull vegetables in the garden, milk the cows, saddle the horses; rode them without a saddle in the pasture.

"It got so I hated to do all those things on the farm," she said, laughing a little shamefacedly. "I guess it was because I had to. But now it comes back to me and I enjoy it because it's natural to me, I suppose. Anyway, I'm having a grand time, Mrs. DeJong. The grandest time I ever had in my life." Her face was radiant and almost beautiful.

"If you want me to believe that," said Selina, "you'll come again." But Mattie Schwengauer never did

come again. (Continued next week.)

Too Much for Mike.

Mike, who was advancing rapidly in his work, was stopped by the fore-man one day who said: "Mike, you are doing fine, I am going to raise your wages."

Mike, all excited, said: "No, no, be jabbers no. I lose enough now when I'm off a day."

—Because they disobeyed school regulations by doffing their neckties, complained that the girls wouldn't wanted' sign in the window for a gathering, cut it anyway and leave it stop wearing rolled stockings. stop wearing rolled stockings.

VARNISHING IN WINTER.

The drying of varnish is retarded by cold weather, extremely hot weath-

er and damp, muggy weather. Consequently, it should be applied, for best results, at an average temperature, if possible, of approximately 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

In reality varnish dries by oxidation, and consequently plenty of cool, dry air is necessary to make a varnish dry properly. Therefore, after doing inside work open the windows an inch or two top and bottom so as to give the room plenty of ventilation. It's a mistake to close a room tight after it has been varnished.

If varnishing is done in cold weather it is advisable to heat the building properly during the work. It is also important that the varnish itself should be near 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Chilled varnish should never be

used. Watch this point carefully, as it is liable to become chilled in a cold shop, or room, or even in carrying it outdoors for a distance in cold weather. In this case, it should be warmed up before used.

Always be very certain that the undercoat of varnish is thoroughly dry before applying the following coat. This is very important, for if anoth-

It may crack, as the undercoat will continue to dry, and in so doing pull the finishing coat apart, as all var-

nishes contract when drying.

It may lose its gloss in places, due to the finishing coat sinking into the soft undercoat. It may form very minute wrinkles

in places, giving the appearance of a cross-cut file to the surface. Never use a cheap or adulterated varnish for an undercoat, as it is liable to cause the finishing coat to crack.

Never add linseed oil to varnish, as it retards and even prevents it from drying. Never add turpentine to varnish, as it tends to destroy the gloss of the stand are an important part of the varnish and make the resulting coat of varnish so thin that it will not wear enough on each side of the market so properly. Always remember that oil that the motorist may slow down and and turpentine in the proper amounts stop where the fruits, vegetables and are added when the ingredients are eggs are for sale. Sell only products boiling hot, and these ingredients be-come thoroughly amalgamated while can vouch for their quality. A satisanxious I should go and Pa was will- come thoroughly amalgamated while the varnish is cooking and aging. However, after the varnish has become cold, nothing can be added with-

RUNVILLE.

out materially hurting the qualities of

the varnish.

E. R. Hancock and two daughters, of Philipsburg, visited at the home of his parents on Saturday. There will be children's day services at this place Sunday evening,

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Houseman, of Altoona, spent the week-end with Mrs.

Mrs. Alice Rodgers, son and daughsorry for her. His was a nature quick ter visited at Osceola Mills and Tyrone the forepart of last week!

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Garbrick and Selina was deepty interested and Mrs. Annie Witherite, of Tyrone, spent Saturday with Mrs. Alice

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Poorman and you on Friday and go back Sunday family, of Johnstown, autoed to this place and were the guests of Mr. Poorman's sister, Mrs. Earl Kauffman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flick and son Robert, of Altoona, came down on last Friday and spent the week-end Mrs. Austin Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Walker and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Toner Furl insure upkeep of fertility and to supthe countryside for miles was the and daughter, of Williamsport, were ply protein to the ration. look of bounteousness, of plenty, of entertained over Sunday by Mr. and

Those who called at the L. J. Heaton home last week were Mrs. Martin Brower, son and daughter, of Philipsburg; Miles Heaton and Mrs. Anderson, of Yarnell; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Heaton, there came a certain glory. When Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kauffman and

JACKSONVILLE.

Miss Sarah Vonada spent over Sunday with friends in Eagleville. Miss Louise Gallagher, of Howard, was an over Sunday guest of her

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Walker and two children, of Howard, were Sunday visitors at the E. R. Lucas home. Services next Sunday morning in the Reformed church at 10:30. Sunday School at 9.30. Everybody in-

Two dozen guests, including some of their children, grand-children and friends, spent Sunday at the C. M. Harter home.

vited.

Miss Kathryn Swope, who has been away visiting, returned to her home last Sunday to care for her mother. who has been on the sick list but is improving at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daily, of Altoona; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Yingling, of Roaring Springs; Miss Jeanette Wingleman and friend, of Williamsport, were over Sunday guests at the George Ertley home.

-A great many people who are not farmers have taken up land in western States. An old-timer rode over to the outfit of one new-comer and asked him what he had been doing before he came west. was a wrestler.'

"How much land have you declared "One hundred and sixty acres."

"Well, you got something to wrestle with now, bo," averred the oldtimer as he gave his steed a resounding whack.

An Error by the Stork.

into the house all out of breath, 'there's going to be the devil to pay

FARM NOTES.

-Thorough cleaning of barns and barnyards now will prevent swarms of flies in July and August.

-Removing cows from pasture four to seven hours before milking time will eliminate grassy and weedy flavors in milk. The longer period is necessary only in the case of leeks and garlic.

-A garden free from weeds not only produces more vegetables but is a sight worth seeing. Straight rows, also improve the appearance of the garden spot and are a definite aid in cultivating. -Markets near the farmstead are

often not patronized as they should be because of the poorly arranged and unsightly grounds and buildings near-by. Cleanliness, neatness, well-painted and well-labeled markets will draw -Cabbage maggot is a common

pest of farm gardens. Use corrosive sublimate at the rate of one ounce to eight or ten gallons of water. Pour a small cupful of the solution about the stem of each plant within a week after the plants are set out. Give a second treatment ten days later. -A good mash for growing duck-

lings can be made of 2 parts cornmeal. er coat is put on partially dried var-nish, the finished job will be very lia-ble to turn out badly in the following and a liberal sprinkling of green feed. 1 part middlings, 1 part bran. Then and a liberal sprinkling of green feed. There is much variation in the care of ducklings, depending on the condition of their range which may supply very little or nearly all of their food sup-

-Becoming a member in the Keystone 400-bushel potato club is not merely a matter of luck and season. Just about one-third of the 400-bushel club members in 1924, including five out of the seven highest, also grew 400 bushels or more the previous. year. Preparation of soil, seed, fertilizer, and spraying are the big four of the 400-bushel club.

-Attractive signs telling what is to be sold and how far it is to the fied customer always returns. Insure satisfaction.

-Ton litter growers in Centre county last year found that pasture was an important part of the program in producing pork economically. They are profiting by that experience and are again using pasture this year. Under Pennsylvania conditions a number of forage crops can be grown for hog pasture purposes. To have forage crops throughout the year, however, a rotation of crops must be planted so that they will be ready for pasture at different seasons. Some forage crops run high in protein while others are low. The mineral content also varies considerably. Homegrown grains, such as corn, oats, barley, and rye have a wide nutritive ratio, that is, they contain a small amount of protein in comparison to

the carbonhydrates. In addition to having narrow nutritive ratio, an ideal forage crop should be adapted to local soil and climate. It should be palatable and succulent. A long season which starts early, withstands the hot, dry summer, and lasts late should be the goal. A good pasture should also endure tramping and grazing well, and stay on the land more than one year where practical. It should also furnish quick pasture at with Mrs. Flick's parents, Mr. and any time during the growing season at a reasonably low cost. Finally a leguminous plant should be grown to

> -"When is the proper time to cut alfalfa for hay and how many cuttings shall be made per year? question that troubles many Centre county growers of this popular le-gume. Experiments in Wisconsin carried on several years showed that when alfalfa was cut at the time the new growth started from the crown of the root that the stand was weakened and after two or three years became thinner and less productive than where cutting was delayed until the blossoms were well out. Cutting early gave three crops per season in the latitude of Wisconsin and cutting at the full bloom age allowed only two.

Probably most of the alfalfa in Pennsylvania is grown in a rotation and allowed to stand for only one or two years. Since this is the case maintaining the vigor and longevity of the stand is not an important question. Where the stand is to be held as long as possible, as where only a limited area on the farm is adapted to the crop, or for any other reason, delayed cutting and two crops per year would probably help to maintain the vigor and thickness of the stand and would leave a good fall growth on the ground for winter protection. In most cases, however, three or four years is about as long as we can expect a stand of alfalfa to remain thick and productive. Saving in labor and better curing

weather for the first and last cuttings have been advanced as arguments for the two crops system. Against these, however, cuttings give better quality, digestibility, higher protein content, and for the first year at least, larger yields from three crops than two, at least in the southern half of the State where the season is long and where even four crops have been cut in favorable years.

From a practical standpoint the first crop should generally be cut as soon after the new shoots start as the weather promises to be fair. Delay is apt to result in loss of leaves through dropping and rotting, more stemming, and less digestible and palatable hay. The second and third crops may be allowed to stand until partly in bloom if desired, since the quality is apt to deteriorate. Fairly prompt cutting, however, allows for a better full crop "Mom," said little Bobby, bursting for winter covering. If any time the second crop turns yellow or spotted and growth stops it seems best to cut 200 boy students at Gladstone, Mich., down at the grocer's. His wife has it and allow the next crop to develop. High school were expelled. They got a baby girl, and he's had a Boy If the yellowed crop is not worth it and allow the next crop to develop.