Bellefonte, Pa., August 28, 1925.

CLOSING THE DOORS.

I have closed the door on Doubt; I will go by what light I can find, And hold up my hands and reach them out To the glimmer of God in the dark and

call: "I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall,

I serve; and Thy service is kind." I have closed the door on Fear.

He has lived with me far too long. If he were to break forth and reappear, I should lift my eyes and look at the

And sing aloud, and run lightly by; He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom. His house has too narrow a view. I must seek for my soul a wider room, With windows to open and let in the

And radiant lamps when the day done, And the breeze of the world blowing through.-British Weekly.

BLUE HYACINTHS. (Concluded from last week.)

"My dear, there's a young man at the front door asking the most impertinent questions about this house, and he insists on seeing you. If you'll just speak to him, darling, I'll stay right by the 'phone and be ready to call the station house if you think he is a suspicious character, for I am sure. Evie May, he looks the part."

But Evie May was hopeful. "Oh, Miss Minns! Perhaps he is some one to look at the back parlor!"

The man stood on the front stoop with his back turned. He was swinging a cane lazily as Evie May opened

She stared at him a moment: "Why, Mr. * * * Oliver?" "What about those rooms. Rented

There was a catch in her voice. "No,

sir. Not yet."

"What's wrong with 'em? Dark, gloomy? Price too high?"

She shook her head. "People have come—" she began, and stopped.

"The fact is," said Mr. Oliver, "they

have sent me up from the office to give this place the once-over, if you don't

Evie May without a word led the way through the dark hall to the back

Mr. Oliver paused on his progress.

"Paper off, I see."

"Yes," said Evie May. "There's a bad spot under each of those butterflies that I've pasted on. I must put on two big ones at the head of the stant, then he said. "Oh, by the way, I am taking that other room too."

Mr. Oliver stared as Evie May smilingly pointed out her little subterfuge: Gay yellow cut-outs with pois-"It seemed better to have butterflies," said Evie May, "because one could take the blue for sky."
"I see," said Mr. Oliver. "Is this the room to let?"

Evie May nodded. "This one was Mother's. Mine is up-stairs."

Mr. Oliver seemed satisfied merely to look in at the door. "Now for the

other one," he said alertly, and follow-ed Evie May up the shabby stairs. Evie May pushed open a door. "This is it," she said, and then stood aside. purely selfish reasons." It was a white room. Her mother had seen to that, and in spite of being prepared for a new boarder it had Evie May stamped all over it. The small dresser was made out of a packing case and draped with dimity. There was a plain little bed, and Evie May's cherished desk. In the center stood a small white rocker which had a most stationary air, and, being honest, Evie

May told why.

"There is a broken board under it,"

"and the Estates she said candidly, "and the Estates said it wasn't up to them; and Mother and I nailed the chair on it, so no one would ever get hurt. You see, we couldn't afford to fix it in any other

Mr. Oliver was staring oddly at Evie May. He seemed to find it difficult to say anything, but finally he managed it: "All right. We'll close on this one, Miss Talbot." Evie May looked at him. "Close on

it?" she said. "Yes. I'm renting it. How much do they generally pay down? To bind the bargain, you know?"

Evie May sought fuller light. "Did you mean that you are renting it for some friend?"

Mr. Oliver stared down at her up-turned face. "No. For my worst en-There was a small silence. Evie May seemed at a loss. Her lips part-

ed, but she said nothing.

"Have you heard," asked Mr. Oliver a trifle sharply, "of a man's worst enemy being himself?"

"Yes." Evie May was looking at

him fixedly. "Well, that's that," said Mr. Oliver.

He suddenly went on with it. "The fact is," he said abruptly, "that I'm a homeless dog, Miss Talbot; and I had a hunch you might take me in."
"You haven't." said Evie May, still looking at him fixedly, "even asked

the rent."
"No," said Mr. Oliver hurriedly; "but I feel certain you won't overcharge. And now, to show you I am a particular person, and mean to do this thing up brown, I want you to take me to the roof. From the street below that roof looked peculiar. You've got things growing up there, haven't you? I had an idea roofs in this neighborhood were only used for

er-clothes-lines?" "Yes," said Evie May; "but, see, it began the week after Mother died. I was going to the cemetery grime on a dusty street, Evie May was with flowers, and I—I put them on conscious that Mr. Oliver was somethe roof instead, so that everybody could see the lovely color. And then I moved up my boxes of hyacinths, and all the boarders added something -geraniums and pansies and the Merkle.

things they put on graves. And now we go up after dinner and stay there till it is dark, and sing. Mr. Jenkins sings bass, and Daggert and Walker did a turn every night until they had to go on the road, and Miss Minns does so enjoy it, because she never goes anywhere in the evenings, she is so tired from sewing all day!"

so tired from sewing all day!"
"Great little idea," said Mr. Oliver. Seems to be all front and no back, though.'

"We are going to add more," said vie May. "I can always give flow-Evie May. "I can always give flowers to Mother that way, and Miss boys' home, and never knew his people; but he said he must have had some at some time or other, so he is doing it to remember them. And we thought the street would like it, be-

cause they like to hear us sing. Mr. Oliver was looking at Evie May with that queer curve to his mobile lips, narrowing his gaze to get, as he had once before, the whole effect.

"What I would like," said Evie

May, suddenly glowing, "would be to have roof gardens all down the street, right to the avenue, so that all the old people, and the tired people, and the mothers with little crying children could climb up and sit among the flowers and watch the stars come out, and be rested. And at Christmas they could put trees up there and sing carols. It needn't be such a dull old street, need it?"

But Mr. Oliver had grown suddenly silent. He had reached down into his pocket and pulled out a cigarette case, and was lighting one with careless, twitching fingers. They were climbing up the steep outlet to the roof and stepped out among Evie May's flowers, set in odd pots and boxes on two cheap wooden stands that Jenkins and "Now, Evie May, don't let him take you in because he has nice teeth; that don't always prove out, even in a horse, and I'm sure—"

But Evie May had vanished.

"I'm sure — "

But Evie May had vanished.

"I'm sure — "

But Evie May had vanished.

"The sure — "

"Now, Evie May, don't let him take Saturday afternoon. Mr. Oliver stared for a moment at Evie May's hyacinths, still blooming in long straight rows, pink and white and a heavenly blue that was the color of Evie May's average. Mr. Piggens had knocked together one Evie May's eyes.

"So you think," he said at last, "you can make over this darned old world with a few flowerpots?"

Evie May shook her head. "Oh, no
—only our own roof."

"In other words," said Mr. Oliver,
still with that queer emphasis, "this bit of the universe is the only part of

"Yes," said Evie May.
Mr. Oliver pitched his half-burned cigarette into the street below, as if there were something the matter with it, and lit another. "Why don't you blame it on the Herrold Estates? I

should say this whole street was rather up to them."

Evie May looked at him earnestly. "They don't know," she said. "You see, it is just dollars to them; but to

Evie May looked her amazement.

"The fact is," explained Mr. Oliver, "I shall send a lot of—er—packingcases here in a week or two, and I shall need a place to store them." "Yes," said Evie May; but something still troubled her. All at once

she sent him a straight glance from her blue eyes. "You * * * you are not just taking * * * the other one * * * to be kind?"

Mr. Oliver stared intently at the

cigarette in his hand. "I have never," he said, "to my knowledge, done a thing that was kind in my life. I am taking these rooms"-he paused-"for 'You haven't asked the price."

"No," said Mr. Oliver, "because I am dead sure, whatever it is, of getting my money's worth. And now you know what sort of fellow I am." Evie May looked at him with can-did sweetness. "I think," she said honestly, "that you are a very good sort."

"All right," said Mr. Oliver bluntly, "for the present. We'll let it go at that."

He came on Saturday. That night after dinner Evie May lay in her cramped quarters under the skylight, and wondered why just one more person in the house made such a difference. Perhaps it was because she had never run a boarding-house all by herself before. There had always been her mother.

Besides, they weren't being fair to Mr. Oliver. Right at the first, Miss Minns had taken him for a suspicious person, and she was still dubious. She had warned Evie May in one of her long, quaint speeches when she went to bed.

"Darling, I don't want to be a wet blanket, when I know how much you need the money; but be careful in your dealings with that person, whose name may not be Oliver at all. His eyes were on you the whole evening, Evie May, which is not a way a man acts with the girl he respects; so put him in his place, darling, and he'll think all the more of you if he is not an imposter, which Flossie Merkle agrees with me is probably the case."

Evie May had smiled and kissed the pinched features; and then had to listen to Flossie go over the same ground. "Honest, Evie May, sometimes we get that worried about you! You see, dear, you have the baby look stamped in indelible ink over you, and the worst rotter will fall for that every time. And since your mother was

took, mind." we sort of have you on our "You are so dear and good, Flossie."
"Dear and good! Me? All the same, if you ever get down on your luck you can come and park in front

of my door, Evie May; so go to bed and forget it, darling."

But Evie May couldn't forget it. Hard at work all day getting soiled linen together for the laundryman, and marketing for dinners that were cheap but nourishing, and helping to keep basement windows free from grime on a dusty street, Evie May was where in the background. First of all, she had to watch for the packing cases that never came; and that was another point for Miss Minns and for Miss

and I wouldn't mind him hearing me say it. Believe me, those packing-cases are not in existence, and if they are, he's got 'em filled with things which don't belong to him and never did." Miss Minns, pausing to take breath, switched to a new subject.

"And, Evie May, darling, it's time you had some clothes. I have a perfectly good slip-on up-stairs that I bought cheap from a customer who got ink spots all down the front, and the reason I bought it was your but- of what life did to her, she would go ers to Mother that way, and Miss terflies, for I figured if butterflies Minns is doing it for a lover she had once, who died, and Mrs. Rosenberg is doing it for her little dead baby, and cut some out of the yellow crepe and Mr. Jenkins-you see he grew up in a put them on with French knots and you are perfectly welcome to it, darling, for nothing, for the price I paid was only a little more han that, and I am as fond of you, Evie May, as if you were my own child." Evie May believed in taking people

at their word. "Thank you, dear," she said softly; and she wore the dress that night at dinner, looking like a bright poised butterfly herself with her lifted chin and her yellow hair; and whatever Mr. Oliver thought, he kept looking at her in a way to annoy and outrage Flossie.

"Ain't your goods come yet, Mr. Oliver? Why don't you put it up to the express people. Here's Evie May wouldn't go to a movie with Mrs. Rosenberg yesterday, just because she felt she had to be on the watch for a vanload for your empty room."
Evie May said, "Oh, Flossie, I didn't

mind. dear. "Yes," sniffed Miss Merkle contemptuously, "of course your place is to hang around, like a bellhop in some

The roof garden that night seemed to darken earlier, and except for the odor of the dying hyacinths in Evie May's boxes there might as well have been no garden at all. For Mr. Oliver did not come up with the rest, and Evie May knew he was offended.

It was Saturday, while she was polishing up the door knob and watching the crowds from the subway that a small car drew up at the curb and Mr. Oliver climbed out of the driver's

"Evie May go and get your hat on, and stow that rag. We are going to work up new scenery for that roof."
"Oh, but—" began Evie May; but she never finished it. Ten minutes later they were on their way down to the ferry, and before Evie May knew where she was on the map she and Mr. Oliver were busy with hand trowels in the heart of a green wood, dig-ging up small trees that the Lord of earth and heaven had planted.
"A few ferns, now," said Mr. Oli-

ver, wiping his perspiring brow. "We'll set these big fellows in tubs, and have ferns between and around the bases-" He broke off suddenly to stare, as Evie May did, at a small group of men and women in golf clothes who had stumbled into the patch of fern and bracken.
"Why! It's Noddy!" One of the

women, detaching herself from the rest, came slowly forward. There was no haste in her movement, but one could see there was purpose. She did not even glance at Evie May. Don't you think, Noddy,' -she was

looking at him with cold candor-"that you are rather overdue in this section of Bergen County?"

"Perhaps." Mr. Oliver said the word quietly. His cool detachment matched her own.

"Will you come on Sunday?" she asked after a minute. She glanced at her wrist watch, as if she were noting down a time limit for him there. There was a moment of silence. Out

of it, Evie May saw the whole picture that she was quite shut out of-those others, fashionable, strangely embarrassed, who hung on the fringe of the wood, and the woman standing alone with Mr. Oliver among the broken fern and trampled earth. She saw something more—that the woman either hated Mr. Oliver, or loved him. And that Mr. Oliver either loved the woman, or hated her!

"I'll give you," said the cool, flute-like voice, pitched to a key of excessive sweetness, "Sunday afternoon, Noddy." Her veiled gaze shifted to Evie May, standing disconcerted and apart with her cheap little flower-wreathed hat, a blotch of color that did not fit into the picture. Then she turned deliberately and walked back to the others, but Evie May caught a floating sentence:

"Picnickers, my dear, the kind who litter the place with paper boxes. Nod-dy overdoes it with them horribly. This one looks absolutely raw.'

Evie May let the word sink in. Somehow it fitted. And Mr. Oliver, with a hardened face she did not know, pitched the hand trowels in beside the sweet fern, and told her they

had better get back.

Get back! There was no getting back for Evie May, and she knew it. A few weeks had changed her world. Only once did Mr. Oliver speak again on the homeward journey, and then it was to the steering gear, and not to

"Those people were friends of mine," he said flatly. "I didn't pre-sent them, because they were not your kind."

Evie May stirred. Mr. Oliver didn't seem to expect any answer, but she felt that she wanted to be honest about the woman. "She was very beautiful, the person in the wood." "Yes," he said. "Perhaps it will explain matters to say that for several years she has expected to marry me.'

Evie May lifted pained blue eyes. Why have you kept her waiting? Mr. Oliver said something in that hard voice that was new to her: "That is something, Evie May, between God and myself, and the Devil."

That night, Evie May, shunning company, crept into her cramped little room and shut the door. She was remembering so many, many things that she had forgotten. She had forgotten to water her flowers. To for-get her flowers, with Evie May, was to ens, and the impossible hallways and forget that God was in his world; and the patches on the wall. Evie May, now she lay there, heartsick and unhappy, wishing only one thing—that Mr. Oliver would go away! Evie May and little kids to live in?" felt that was the only way she could felt that was the only way she could she tried to speak. Instead, ever go back and do her duty to all of looked at him dumbly.

"It don't sound healthy, Evie May, and Cora, who were due home again jewelry, Evie May, and trusted me on Sunday afternoon. That was to-morrow. But for the moment all that Evie May could think of was today. Such a happy day in the morning, ending with such a black night. After a long while she said her prayers, and lay very still with her arms straight at her sides, staring into the dark.

But just before dawn a small figure lugging a watering pot climbed the steep way to the roof. It was Evie May's way of showing that, in spite on trying and trying.

Daggert and Walker, in new sports

clothes, walked in to dinner. They hugged Evie May. They said she looked "peaked;" she'd ought to drink plenty of milk, not to take the boarding-house business so serious. But it was Jake who looked really troubled.
"What's what, Evie May? You look like you'd fallen for some feller, and he'd turned you down."

Evie May shook her head. "I'm all right, Jake. And I'm so glad you've come home." The quiver in her voice stopped the rest of it; but Mr. Dag-gert made up his mind he'd find out what had put the curve into Evie

May's lower lip.

He got his lead at dinner time, when
Miss Merkle hunched up her plump shoulders at Mr. Oliver's empty chair. Where's he went to, Evie May?"

Evie May, at the head of the big table, said something in a low voise. "Ought it matter, to any of us, Flossie?" And went on serving "No it sie?" And went on serving. "No, it oughn't, Evie May," said Miss Merkle calmly. "And speaking for myself, it's a relief."

Mrs. Daggert nudged her under the table with a lowered word, at which Miss Merkle fluttered her eyelids toward Evie May. Evidently Mr. Daggert understood the signal, which troubled him.

But Evie May, today at least, was unapproachable. And the end of it began when Miss

Minns came down at six-thirty with a ing supper with a girl from the Acme Beauty Parlor. Daggert and Walker had gone to one of the beaches, and Mrs. Rosenberg to hear the band at the park. Jenkins, hanging about on the off chance that Evie May would "set a while" with him on the front stoop, suddenly could bear it no longer, and disappeared down the avenue without daring to look back at Evie

To Evie May, the empty house was easier to bear than their kindness, and slowly, and feeling somehow very tired, she climbed up to her flowers It was just growing into summer dusk, with faint soft lines of violet over the house tops, and against the dark brown coping Evie May's geraniums made a brave effort to show red and white and pink. It was all new "scenery," with clumps of fern in pots along the base, and here and there baby trees of pine and spruce and hemlock, so tiny that you could gather the roots and hold them close in your hand, and yet resembling a forest of living green! Evie May stood very still, looking out over the house tops.

She was seeing the things the ugly roofs hid—hard-working men and women, and mothers, with little, tired pain, and some times death, but life too, and courage, and beautiful things. Evie May's eyes filled. She was remembering something her mother had said to her "Nothing has really fazed me, Evie May. What you got to go through can be gone through. Just keep your chin up, and smile like you'd got the best of it already!" "Evie May."

She turned with drooping shoulders; but her eyes were untroubled. It was Mr. Oliver.

"What's the matter, Evie May?" He spoke slowly, watching her with his keen, narrowed gaze. "Not anything now."

"Not anything? No. I suppose Your antidote for most things would be to come up here and hunt for stars.'

Evie May smiled. "Yes," she said. He held a packet in his hand. "I have something of yours here," he said; "but I am not going to return it to you. That is, I want you to give them to me as a-a keepsake, Evie May.'

She looked at the packet. It was the big yellow envelope.
"But first I want to tell you a few things about myself."

"Yes," said Evie May. Her eyelids fluttered, otherwise she was as usual. "In the first place, I went to Bergen County this afternoon. We came to an understanding. That is, the oth-er person did, Evie May."
"Yes?"

"She thinks I have grown common, Evie May, because I choose to live in a dark brown street. She says she has discovered for the first time what is in me. Well, so have I, Evie May." Evie May turned her eyes on his face. It was the same face, with eyes and mouth that life had disillusioned, but now, even in the dusk, there were

"I am the Herrold Estates, Evie May." She stood very still but she drew a

shifting lights on it.

deep breath.
"I had the hard luck to come into possession of a whole street of dark brown houses. That is, until I found in one of them a little white angelthe soul of an ordinary little girl with blue hyacinths for eyes!"

Evie May twisted her hands into tighter clasping. Her heart was beating. And yet, down in the street below, she was conscious of noisy children, and mothers calling, and the smell of tired, hot, brown earth.

"Listen, Evie May." He had drawn nearer; he did not attempt to touch her, and yet it seemed as if he hall laid his hand on her arm. "Listen to me, Evie May. When I said I am the Herrold Estates, I meant it. I have got to realize that I am * * * responsible for the ugliness, and the dark-

them-Jenkins, and Flossie, and Jake | "When you came with your bits of

with them— Don't you see, dear, that you put into my hand something finer than anything I'd ever seen in a darned, rotten world? were jewels in it, Evie May-courage and faith in your fellow men, and honor. I hadn't any of them, dear, I'd just been a respectable rotter, until I some grass seed around saw that little-girl ring with the pearl crab grass is taken out. missing. I knew then that I missed the Pearl of Price, Evie May, and now I want you to give it to me as a keepsake to have and to hold, until death do us part—"

Evie May turned. Her blue eyes were tear-bright. They were on a roof top together, and it seemed the roof top of the world! She slid her little hand into his hand, and heaven itself descended when he leaned down and kissed her.—By Alice Garland Steele, in American Magazine.

CITY OF WASHINGTON UNIQUE

Cosmopolitan, Yet Distinctly American, Is the Capital of the United States of America.

During its history with a territorial form of government, the District of Columbia had two governors, Governor Cook and Governor Shepherd. President Grant appointed Governor Shepherd and stood by the governor in all the furious attacks made upon him in the stormy political strife that prevailed in the District of Columbia when the people had the vote.

The attacks upon Governor Shepherd became so fierce that he left the District after congress had killed the territorial form of government and established the present form; three commissioners appointed by the President: a District of Columbia committee, in both house and senate, was created and passes upon appropriations, schools and all matters pertaining to sick headache. Miss Merkle was tak- the government of the District and the city of Washington. There is no city in which the people of North, South, East and West meet and commingle as they do in Washington. Every accent in speech, and the colloquialisms of every state are heard there. Practically every nationality and country of the world is represented in Washington in the 34 embassies and legations of foreign countries. But Washington is distinctly an American city in the make-up of its population. Practically all the officials, government clerks and employees are Americanborn and come from every state.-Exchange.

Tree From Walking Stick

One of the largest trees in Hutchinson, Kan., has grown from a walking stick. In April, 1874, Judge W. R. Brown was walking along East Sherman street, twirling a cottonwood stick. Amos Plank was working in his yard when Judge Brown came along. "Well, I guess I'd better plant you a tree," the judge remarked, and he stuck his cane into the soft ground. found that the cottonwood stick had sprouted. Today it is the largest cottonwood tree in Hutchinson,

Practical Training

A specially designed seven-story brick structure has been erected in San Francisco for training firemen. It contains a room where the operation of sprinkler systems is demonstrated. Another room is, in effect, a chamber where the men brave smoke and try out various kinds of protective devices. The fire alarm system is studied in another room. The basement is used for instructing recruits how to enter burning cellars. Even the exterior walls are used for training in wallscaling and in fire-escape work.

Fixing "Index Number"

The "index number" is a well-established device commonly used for measuring changes in wholesale and retail prices, and rates of wages over long periods of time. It is constructed by securing each month the prices or rates of a uniform list, at certain specified places, and striking an average. Such numbers are usually reduced to percentages. The lowest price known is sometimes taken as a base, or, as in case of investment stocks, 100 is used.

How Bryan Kept Cool William Jennings Bryan once told how he kept cool when making a

speech. "Do you know," he observed, "that when I am addressing an audience in a paricularly warm hall, I take a small piece of ice about the size of a pullet's egg. I put it in the palm of my right hand and hold it tightly. Then I shift it to my left hand, holding it in either hand for about five minutes.

"Then I pass my cold hands over my forehead. I have always found this very effective."

Didn't Know About Tub An Indianapolis man was visiting

in the country near where some small boys had an excellent swimming place. The lads, in friendly fashion, invited him in one afternoon, "Oh," replied the man, "I may not

be able to swim now, for it has been years since I was in the creek." One lad looked at him with a puzzled expression, then asked: "Haven't you washed off since then?"-Exchange.

There Was Reason

"Trotzky is a man of few words," remarked Brown. "Well," answered the flippant friend, "you take a look at some of the words in a Russian dictionary and you won't blame him."-Somerset County Gazette.

FARM NOTES.

-Keeping farm accounts is one of the most important activities on a suc-cessful farm. Don't neglect them during the busy season.

-Watch for starting of crab grass and remove while it is little. Drop some grass seed around where the

-Carefully measure or estimate yields and acreages at harvest time so that the entries in farm records will more nearly tell the correct story at the end of the year.

—It is a good plan to thoroughly clean and disinfect the storage cellar. Remove the old rotten fruit, apply white wash or some disinfectant, and give the room a thorough airing.

-The first six litters weighed in Pennsylvania for the ton litter club were successful. Two of these were 8-pig litters. Watch the rest of the 357 nominated litters come through with the required weights.

-Ornamental trees may be safely transplanted from the middle of August until the middle of September. This class of material makes root and leaf growth which gives conditions approximating those of spring. -"How much can your team pull?"

is the question of the day wherever drivers meet in Pennsylvania communities. This will be answered in a dozen counties by the Penn State dynamometer this fall. Better enter your team. Records will be made and broken before the season is past.

-Many poultrymen have trouble with their chicks when they use new galvanized milk fountains. This danger may be removed if the dishes are filled with milk and allowed to stand in a warm place for three or four days. After the milk has had a chance to work on the dish the vessel should be emptied and carefully washed with a good cleaning solution. The fountain may now be safely used. —Mash for Laying Hens.—A good mash mixture kept before the flock at

all times is a necessity during the summer months. A mixture that has given good results consists of equal parts of weight of wheat bran, ground oats, corn chop, wheat middlings, and meat scrap. Culling should be practiced at this

time of year. Where flocks have been fed good mash it is easy for one to cull out the boarders. Molting hens that are not laying at this time should be eliminated from the flock. -Immature Kentucky blue grass excels all eastern pasture grasses, and also legumes grown for hay, in nutri-

tive value, say investigators at the agricultural experiment station at The Pennsylvania State College who have conducted special studies. The blue grass contains fifty per cent. more digestible crude protein than was found in the average of 44

other eastern pasture grasses.

Pennsylvania climate is well adapted to the growth of Kentucky blue grass. Throughout the State it may be found growing on limited areas along roadsides, in well kept lawns and in the vicinity of barnyards. How-ever, it is not well developed on exhe stuck his cane into the soft ground.

Plank was called away from home for the summer. When he returned he counties. For maximum growth as a pasture grass, the soil should be treated with limestone and a complete fertilizer, the research men say.

-Short pastures will be here soon and should be supplemented with grain or a good green feed. In some instances both are necessary for cows of high production, especially those

which will not freshen until spring. Dairymen may be justified in with-holding grain from low producing cows or cows due to freshen in the fall and are always in good condition. In most other cases, however, while the extra milk often does not much more than pay for the grain fed, the supplementary grain feed will maintain a normal flow of milk during fall and winter. If this flow is allowed to go down it is almost impossible to bring it back. Furthermore, if good producing cows are not fed grain they will milk themselves down thin and it will cost more to get them back in flesh than if they had been fed grain

during August and September. A high protein mixture and heavy feeding is usually not necessary but will depend upon the amount of pasture and green feed available. Corn, oats and bran should form the bulk of the ration with a small amount of gluten, cottonseed meal or linseed oil meal if it is not too laxative. Feed about one pound of grain to each five or six pounds of milk produced daily.

cated. Heavy steers have been bringing higher prices than last year, hogs are nearly double the price of a year ago, and lambs have been higher priced. Hogs this fall are probably approaching the peak of a price cycle, the department believes. It points out for the guidance of producers that some far-sighted hog raisers are al-ready considering probable heavy pig production in 1926, and lower price

-Promise of recovery in all branch-

es of the livestock industry is indi-

levers thereafter. Truck crops are coming in for a share of price recovery this season, the report says. Early estimates suggest a potato production of only about 3.1 bushels per capita, which would be on a par with those well-remembered shortage years, 1911 and 1919. Onions, cabbage, melons and peaches have been selling at two or three times last year's prices and seemingly have a brisk fall market ahead.

Corn looks good as a whole. A fairly good spring wheat crop seems assured, despite considerable hot weather damage and some rust in the Red River valley. Winter wheat was a disappointment but has apparently threshed out about as much grain as was expected and is of good quality. Fruit is not so plentiful in eastern districts, but the Pacific coast will make good much of the deficiency. Cotton has lost ground in the western belt by reason of drought, but indications still point to a good-sized total crop. Potatoes are a decidedly smaller acreage than last year and promise a smaller yield but nevertheless may make more money for pro-

ducers. -Subscribe for the "Watchman."