

Bellefonte, Pa., September 18, 1925.

THE LAND OF MAGIC.

There's a wonderful land where I go by

myself Without stirring out of my chair; I just take a book from the library shelf, Turn its pages, and presto! I'm there.

In that wonderful country of yesterday, Where "tomorrow" is always the "now. Where the good ship Adventure is spreading her sails,

While the sea-foam breaks white at her

Where the desert sands burn in the Afri-Where the North shivers under the snow, Over the mountains and valleys, where

strange rivers run. With hardy explorers I go. I share, too, in the magic of fairies and

I have followed the ways of the seas; I have studied the fish in their watery

homes. And the bird and the ant and the bee. I have followed the trail of the first pio-

neers Over prairie and mountain range; I have lived with their dangers and shared

in their fears In a country so new and so strange, And then-just like magic-I'm high in

the air In a glittering aeroplane! Swooping in bird-flight now here and now

there-Up, up through clouds and the rain! O ship of adventure! your sails are spread

As they fill with the winds of the West; Restless and swaying, you wait for the

tide To bear you away on your quest. With you I will sail for a year and a day, To the world's most unreachable nooks,

For there's nothing to hinder the traveler's way Through the wonderful Country of

Books! -St. Nicholas.

THE MAN THAT WAS IN HIM.

(Concluded form last week.)

And there, upon the car top, in the utter darkness, Ol' Ezram scrawled a brief message:

Derail us at the first switchor wreck sure. We'll jump. Then, his old hands deft in the gloom, he tied the message to the stranger's shoe with one of the

strings. It was the work of a mo-They were silent for a while. Faster and faster they lunged down the

"But, man," cried the stranger in sudden desperation, "why didn't we all jumped first, so the stranger must be get off, back there, and telephone to farther on-toward the switch tower.

we'd 'a' been three miles or so from of will pulled himself along. Each a house, that's why, and maybe that movement racked him, his weazened house hasn't a 'phone. Awful desert- face was drawn with pain.

"And we haven't got a chance, old "Al'ays. Al'ays got a chance, stranger. Just a twelve-foot jump from a forty-mile train. For we sure are speedir' up."

because he thought that this man who had fought beside him was dead.

He crawled closer, and lay down beside him, and his thin old arm went round him. He sobbed as if his heart Ezram?'

The grade was steeper, now, and the car roared over the tracks. Now self together—and listened. For he Ezram stood up, and the wind buffet- heard the faint stirring of a heart. ed him and whistled past his ears. He laughed a little, but the cracked sound was lost in the blast.

He crawled to the edge, then sat with legs swinging over the side. And The sand bank and the lessened speed the stranger came and sat down beside him. Ezram clutched the shoe. "How much time have they got to notify the switchman—after we throw

the shoe?" asked the stranger. "Depends on how fast we're trav-You see, stranger, that switch-We throw the shoe, agent reads orders, gets man in switch-tower through 'phone, he pushes lever-all finer 'n a fiddle. But he has to work quick, you see. Just a little while

Sitting side by side they waited.

Now they could see the lights of the town. They rumbled past a crossing,

"And by the time the he remembered all.

"And you're not he and a man's face, beneath an arc light, showed white. The old man yelled a

greeting.
"Didn't miss that chap so awful far," he remarked. "An' there's goin' to be some smash when she hits that derailin' switch."

"We jump just before that?"

"Any time after we throw the shoe.
And to think that I was sayin 'tonight think—I don't even know your name 'We jump just before that?" to myself that I'd wasted my life- yet." just because I didn't have no home. Savin' a hundred women, maybe—yet thinkin' I'd wasted my life. You never can tell, young 'un, when good luck is goin' to strike."

"Young 'un? My hair is gray, "Young 'un side o' me. But you've

showed yourself a man." Both men stood up, for the car was nearing the half-lighted station. The car was slowing down a little now, on a stretch of almost level track. younger man swayed a little, and Ezram's arm steadied him."

"Now together-whoop!" And their old throats emitted a yell that woke the echoes. A lounger in ground. Just as they shot on into the gloom they saw the man tear out the note and run into the station.

"Work done, and now it's time to jump," Ol' Ezram breathed. They walked hand in hand to the

front of the car; then waited a single "Run and jump the way we're goin'

and to one side—and pray for a soft spot. An' God bless you, stranger."

"And God bless you, old man."

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length of the car they darted, their trembled with joyous emotion as he

coat tails flying, and, like strange birds, they leaped into the air.

In the door of the station a little group of men berathed hard as they waited the roar of the wreck. In a tower, a half-mile distant, a switch-man sat with his firm hand still upon the lever. He was listening too. And back a hundred yards from the tower, two men, one gray of hair and mid-dle aged, and one old and withered and tattered, were curiously huddled, half-buried in the deep, soft sand bank

beside the track. "I wouldn't have been—sure," the station agent whispered. "I wouldn't have known what to do, in time, if it hadn't been for that note.'

Just that instant the switchman braced himself, for he heard the thunder of the car. It flung past, a soulless Frankenstein, then, with a crash and a roar that swelled into a bellow, struck the derailing irons. There was the snapping of timber and clang of metal; then a slow settling; then all was still. The way was open again for the Sunset Limited.

The group of men in the station doorway started; then they wiped the sweat from streaming faces. Their set muscles relaxed.

"Just two dead-instead of two hundred," one of them whispered. "They couldn't have got off alive."

"Maybe they did. It must have slowed down some." "Yes-but it was going like the

wind. Come!" And those that could go started running down the track toward the switch tower, their lantern glimmer-

But Ol' Ezram and the stranger had not heard the noise of the smash-up. Their sleep had been too deep that. Not a line of their faces told of fear or pain—anything but realization of work well done. The dust, flung up by the wrecked car, settled slowly, but still they slept. The wind caressed their white faces, now.

Then Ol' Ezram opened his eyes. All was dark at first; he could not see even the stars. There was a queer pain in every muscle. He did not know what had happened or where he was. He felt very tired * * * so he closed his eyes again.

Then slowly he remembered—the swift descent, the leap into darkness, the shock of falling, the stranger. What of this stranger? He had jumped too * * * * * ed. too

He tried to sit up, and for the first time became aware of a vicious, stab-bing pain in his leg below the knee. But he disregarded it, and peered about him. Now he could see the lights of the switch tower. They had been heading for it when they had jumped. Back of him were the station lights and what looked like approaching lanterns.

Ezram remembered now that he had the switchman? We're risking our He set his lean jaws and began to lives needlessly." "No foresight, no eye for details," search for him. One leg dangled strangely * * * * He dug his hands into the sand, and by strength

ed, this region. Besides, that train's Inch by inch and foot by foot-unalready between the next two towns, and if we ain't stopped at the first switch, she's a goner."

til at last his searching hand encountered a shoeless foot. He felt along, and at last touched a cold face. Then Ol' Ezram sobbed for the first time, because he thought that this man who

> The man was not dead! His heart still beat. Ezram laid his head upon the breast, then cackled in joy. Then he gently shook him by the shoulders.

of the car had saved him, too.

"Wake up, stranger," Ezram begged. "We done it. Yes, we did."

He stopped, for the unconscious man stirred a little.

"Wake up, I say. The track's clear-

ed and all them women an' children man's tower is about a half-mile from the denot but the track's leveler there. Here she comes now. Wake up and see her. son!" And soon he did waken. He heard

a kind, though cracked voice in his ears at first-then the roar of the Sunset Limited on the track in front. And by the time the train had passed "And you're not hurt?" he asked in

wonder, when silence descended again. "Not to speak of. Leg busted, may-be. And you?" "Bruised a bit, that's all." He stir-

red, and felt himself. "We lit on a soft bank. Oh, Ezram, Old Ezram, what a man you are!"

"My name is John Austin." "John-John Austin, eh? Same as

"The man himself, Old Ez, the man himself! With all the power in the world to give Ol' Ezram what he has failed to find in life." "Not John Austin, the railway

builder!" "The identical person, old manyou, who haven't any haven, you, whose promised land was just in

front! Ezram, you've reached the end of the road at last."

"What do ye mean? You don't mean—?" The old voice quavered.
"I mean that you've done your work, and are ready for your rest. the almost deserted station rushed to Listen, Ezram. I've got a big country the door. The next second Ol' Ezram | place, back East. And I need some hurled the shoe. It clattered against old man to sit around—in the sun—the station wall and dropped to the and smoke his pipe and see that my gardens are growing right. Some one to tell stories to my grand-kids, when they're big enough. There's a little house round to the back of mine, with a fireplace in it, and plenty of fuel handy—and a real bed, not a nest of straw. We go to the hospital first, on account of that leg; then will you come back with me and take that

Just as soldiers, administering with "And God bless you, old man." fumbling hands to one another on the And now they could see the switch field of honor forget their own injuries, these two elderly men in the sand "Get ready-jump!" And down the bank had forgotten theirs. Austin

spoke. The revelation had not made TREES ADD GREATLY of them railway king and vagrant; they were just two old men who had fought side by side, and whose mettle had been proven true. They were companions now-forever.

"Will I?" the answer came. The weak old eyes filled and flooded. "Will I?" to keep pace with the ever-growing demands of the autoist for more and better roads, there has been little time or money for the planting and born." And his old throat swelled, so

Though not in his own words, this is the story that John Austin related

would you like to see him-as he is

The young men thought they would, so John Austin led them down from the porch to the green lawns. He touched his finger to his lips, then tiptoed softly about the great house. The others followed, wondering. They stopped before a high hedge and peer-

In the center of a sweep of lawn In the center of a sweep of lawn many fine trees can be cut away by was a cane chair that at a glance prothe skillful tree surgeon. The cavity comfort. In it sat an ancient man. the life of the tree preserved.

The setting sun cast its last ruddy Having learned this fact, however, The setting sun cast its last ruddy glow upon his cheery face. He held and its blue veil hung caressingly about his white head. Two children, Austin's grand-children, were standing beside him, looking up with something akin to adoration in their youtk-

"Tell ye a story, eh?" the old man was saying. "Such kids I never see. Well, once upon a time * * *"

Just then the wail of a far-off freight came tingling through the still summer air. The old man started and sat erect. Just for an instant a gray film came over his eyes, and he sat dreaming. Then he sucked in a breath of smoke, drew it far into his vitals, and breathed it slowly out. His eyes grew bright again, and he chuckled to himself in absolute content.

"Yes, Uncle Ez," urged one of his young listeners. "Well, one time there was a little yaller-haired gal, and her name was Goldie-Lock * * *"

And here we may leave Ol' Ezram, in his haven at last, floating out very quietly and joyfully on the mild ebbtide of life.—By Edison Marshall, in The American Magazine.

THE PLEASING VOICE.

At no period of our existence does the pleasing voice with its musical intonations and lucid articulations fail to win an audience and respect.

There is a compelling charm in its accent, its deliberate sweetness and enunciation which is well-nigh irresistible, whether it praises or condemns—a carrying, impressive quality which sways the hearers at will. And yet with all the subtle power

invested in the organs of speech, men and women in their oral intercourse with one another are habitually care-

They have a few set words and phrases which go round and round their dial of conversation like the hands of the clock, incapable of doing anything else, or of striking a single new pleasurable emotion.

Such voices narrow and dampen the spirit of expectant hearers until they wish they could go suddenly deaf or vanish in the air.

Whether the rasping discords come from the lips of vestals or scullions, the effect produced is always "creepy" and depressing to the refined.

And this would seem to show the importance of a pleasing voice at the fireside, the desk, behind the counter, everywhere, in fact where tired ears are pausing on tip-toe for a soothing sound to assuage their pent-up nervousness. If you would succeed beyond the

mediocre, you will find that it be-

hooves you to cultivate the pleasing voice, not one that is marked by affectation, but by sweet soul-strains attuned to discriminating and delicately adjusted ears accustomed to pure accent and undue emphasis.

Nothing is more destructive to a salesman's success than a loud, coarse and brazen enunciation, with a touch of authoritative command in every vowel and aspirate.

And this applies not only to the salesman but to every man and wom-an in all walks of life, and especially to those who are dependent on others for a livelihood.

The discriminating employer naturally gives preference to him or her who habitually uses a pleasing voice in company with a kindly smile and courteous manners, in all kinds of weather and in all sorts of business.

The Test.

A gray old practitioner of the type of the last generation, who is the official physician of the school of a nearby town, was examining the pupils recently.

With watch in hand he gripped the slender wrist of a little girl under test. "Hear that?" he asked, holding the

timepiece at arm's length.

"No, sir," came the timid reply.

"Hear that?" he repeated, bringing it slightly nearer.
This was too much for the frightened kiddie, and she didn't reply.

The doctor brought the watch nearer and nearer, with no better results, then finally, he jammed it up against her ear. "Now, don't you hear that?" he

There was the same monosyllabic reply and with an air of deep disgust the old man held the watch to his own ear, exclaiming: "Gosh, the old thing isn't going!"

-Get your job work done here.

TO BEAUTY OF ROAD.

Apparently the early custom of roadside tree planting in America has been forgotten. In the constant ef-

that he was unable to speak.

"And incidentally," continued the railway builder in the same exalted voice, "I'll pass the word along to the would continue to thrive for years. heads of several lines that I control But these conditions are not possible that the brakies are not to be quite so among a community of trees that are hard on the brotherhood of 'boes'." naturally subject to natural enemies, naturally subject to natural enemies, Then he turned, for he heard feet on the track. "And here come men with lanterns, searching for us." such as wind-storms, insect pests, and fungous diseases. All these things must be overcome if the trees are to be saved. In saving the shade trees cement plays an important role.

Early in the present century the to his guests at his country home that rapid diminution of the natural forlate summer afternoon. Their cigars ests and the astounding mortality of were white heaps of ashes when he the native fruit and shade trees "If I had ever been a snob," he concluded, "that night with Ol' Ezram would have taken it cut of the convey was the pieces which is the convey was the pieces which it is the convey was the pieces which it is the convey was the pieces which it is the convey was the pieces which is the convey was the pieces which it is the convey was the pieces which is the convey was the pieces which it is the convey was the pieces which is the convey which is the convey was the pieces which is the convey which which is the convey which is the conv would have taken it out of me. And experiment work, evolved the basic principles of modern tree surgery. And a though John Davey tried all sorts of material, he found nothing so effective as cement for filling cavities. Today it is still without an equal.

One of the most important principles in modern tree surgery is that bark and sapwood will eventually grow over filled cavities. The decay that has started to eat the heart out of claimed its capacity for administering can be properly treated and filled, and

many an ill-advised person has starta pipe, an old brier, between his lips, ed the treatment without understanding that success can be obtained only by observing certain precautions. In the first place, the cavity must be properly prepared, just as a decayed tooth must be properly prepared be-fore filling. Decaying wood or fun-gus growth left in the tree under the filling will cause decay to continue. Hence the cavity must be treated with a fungicide and a waterproof coat, preferably of a pine-tar base. If the cavity is large the filling must be so placed as to provide for the swaying of the trunk or branches.

When a cavity is properly filled it is easily made waterproof, and repeated investigations have proved that there is no reinfection behind a filling when it is properly made.

Light on Biblical Authorship

An Egyptian tomb in western Thebes, it is said, has furnished evidence that the writer of the Book of Proverbs is indebted for some of his passages to an Egyptian named Amenemopel, who, according to records, lived hundreds of years earlier than the Bible author. A comparison of the two passages referred to follows that of Proverbs 1: "Incline thy ears and hear the words of wisdom and apply thy breast to my knowledge. For it is pleasant if thou keep them in thy breast; if they are ready, all of them on thy tongue ears and hear my words and apply thy heart thereto to understand them. Good is it if thou dost set them in thy heart, but woe to him who transgresses them. Let them rest in thy breast, that they may be a key to thy heart. So may they be the key to thy tongue."-Family Herald.

Her Affliction

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher grade. Needless to say, her parents were pleased with her and anxious to hear how she

would get on in the new class. When she returned home at lunch time the first question her mother asked was this:

"Well, darling," she said, "how did you like your new teacher?" "She seems very nice," replied Millie, "but I can't understand all she

says." "How is that?" asked her mother. "Does she talk too quietly?"

"Oh, no, mummy," returned Millie, but"-with the air of one who knows -"I think she's got a predicament in her speech."

Monk Man of Learning The epithet "Admirable Doctor" was estowed upon Roger Bacon (1214-

1292), an English monk of the Franciscan order. He was without doubt the greatest philosopher of his time. His great work, the Opus Majus, was written about 1265, and first printed in 1733. It treats of nearly all the sciences. He was accused of practicing black magic; and in 1278 a council of the Franciscans, jealous of his superiority, condemned his writings and committed him to prison in Paris, where he remained for ten years. He died at Oxford about 1292.-Kansas City Times.

No Dust-Free Air

Dust-free air does not exist anywhere in nature, though it can be obtained by certain filtering devices in the laboratory, says Nature Magazine. From the earth's surface up to regions far above the highest clouds every cubic inch of air contains dustmotes. Near the earth the dust is mostly blown up from the soil by the winds. Far aloft the millions of meteors that enter the earth's atmosphere every day contribute their quota of fine solid matter. Lastly, every great explosive volcanic eruption spouts up enormous quantities of dust to great heights.

Limit to Her Anger "So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."

Would-Be Librarians

Not "Up" in History Nearly thirty persons, some of them college graduates, applied for a certain position in the Cincinnati public library, but only eight scored a passing

mark in the examination. The Pathfinder's poetry machine and its relation to poetic licenses must have been uppermost in the mind for the candidate who said that one of the grants of high office bestowed on poet laureate was "certain privileges called poetic license."

Another candidate defined Sleepy Hollow as a "hollow in Kentucky that has become the setting of several books."

Marco Polo, according to one, "was the first man to try and reach the North pole." "Refore the break with England.

Henry Clay uttered those immortal words, 'Give me liberty or give me death." wrote another. Madame Curie was credited with

being founder of the Christian Science

church "Robinson ('rusoe" was said to have been the work of Robert Louis Steven: on. The handwriting on the wall, to one young woman, referred to the last

A yonug man said Christ was tried before Ananius. - Pathfinder Maga-

Lotteries Have Firm Hold on All Italians

The national sport of Italy is the lottery. It is the popular sport of all classes. There are many kinds of lotteries, but the one which seems to hold the popular favor is the weekly one. The charm of this weekly lottery lies in the fact that the buyer of a ticket can play a hunch. Since all Italians are superstitious, it is only natural that each has a particular "hunch" on

the winning numbers in the lottery. The eight largest cities in the kingdom are listed and after each city five numbers appear. Should anyone have an idea that Naples would draw 4, 18, 87, 34, 52, it is simplicity itself to back your hunch. You simply walk into an agency and write your own ticket. The numbers do not have to be arranged in the same sequence as drawn. For example, in the case above cited if the purchaser had selected the numbers in inverse order or in any other order he would still win the maximum purse.-Detroit News.

Tested Patrons' Hospitality Stepping into a taxicab the other day, says the Paris Intransigeant, a fare discovered a package of chocolate lying on the seat. Without hesitation he put it in his pocket, paid the chauffeur, adding a good pourboire. and was about to depart when the driver called out: "What about my chocolate?"

"Your chocolate?" queried the client. feur explained that he was testing the honesty of his fares, and of eleven whom he had carried that mornin: only two had informed him that a package of chocolate was lying on the seat. The two honest folk were a sergeant leaving for Morocco and a milliner's messenger girl. "Honest people are scarce," said the philosophic chauffeur.

Can't All Be Vegetarians

There is one very good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would. In the first place there are not enough vegetables in the world to feed everybody, and in the second place there is not enough land on which to grow vegetables, Meat is concentrated vegetable food. Again, we must have leather, wool, feathers horn, ivory, fur, kid, hides, hair, etc.. and to get these usually means the death of the animals. So, we put our coverings outside, and their flesh inside. Vegetarianism is good enough for poets, artists and preachers, but the strenuous, virile, fighting, aggressive man requires meat.-Beauty.

Unexpected Pleasure

One side of the famous Devil's glen was open to the public; the other side was kept strictly private by the land-

An American visitor, ignoring the notice boards, was walking up the private side of the glen when he was met by a choleric old gentleman, who shouted: "What do you mean, sir, by trespassing on my property?"

"Great Scott!" replied the American, "I knew this was the Devil's glen, but I never expected to meet the proprietor!"-London Mail.

Point Moral Lesson

"Little Apes of Nikko," sometimes known as the "Three Wise Monkeys," is the name of monkeys which appear in a mural decoration among ancient tombs at Nikko, Japan. The three monkeys are as follows: Mizaru, who sees no evil; Mikazaru, who hears no evil. and Mazaru, who speaks no evil. The legend connected with these monkeys is simply a moral idea to point out the wisdom of minding one's own

Lightning in Forests When lightning strikes a tree the

ordinary result is to splinter the wood or strip off bark through the sudden generation of steam, says Nature Magazine. In the great majority of cases the tree is not set on fire. Nevertheless the aggregate number of forest fires started by lightning is, in many parts of the country, greater than the number due to all othe: causes combined.

SHARPEST BLADES NEVER CUT.

No matter how sharp a blade may be it never actually cuts anything. When, for instance, a blade passes through a loaf of bread it parts the bread, but it does not cut or destroy the particles which make up the loaf. All the blade does is to separate the atoms, to push the tiny things aside

and pass on to the next. An atom is such a wee thing that it cannot be distinctly seen even through the strongest microscope. The only way to see an atom is to look at a mass of atoms under a glass because the actual individual atoms are too small to be seen.

The head of a pin contains so many minute pieces that it would take an expert an hour to write down enough figures to represent the number of atoms. Atoms cannot be actually cut or destroyed, they are too small. They are never destroyed. When you burn a log of wood you apparently destroy it, and so you do, you destroy the log, but you do not injure the atoms which remain as they were, although separated into smoke, gases and ashes. The individual atoms are there just as they were before, but they do not cling to each other because the heat has torn them more or less apart.

Atoms are round and they escape by rolling away from danger. They are like the seeds of the melon. Press them and they slip away and save themselves. Atoms are attracted to each other by something of which we know nothing, although the attraction

is supposed to be electric magnetism. These tiny things roll to and against each other and stick together by the billion so that in the end they form one particle, then a number of these particles roll together in turn, and so on and on until they become a large mass, and in the end the billions of masses form a loaf of bread.

Atoms stick to each other, not because they are "sticky," but because each one is a magnet.

To see magnetic atoms in action push a toy magnet slowly toward a pinch of steel filings on a piece of glass. Watch them collect. Look very carefully and you will see the particles roll up to the magnet, push each other to one side and cling to the mother magnet. Such particles as are unable to crowd between the more fortunate ones and thus reach the mother magnet do the next best thing, they

cling to the fortunate ones. This constant struggling may be seen very easily if the particles of steel are long and thin like tiny needles. The first one to reach the mother magnet will spread his entire length on her but the newcomers push them up on end, squeeze in between and eventually you will see all the pieces of steel standing on their heads.

A loaf of bread is merely a collection of round atoms which have magnetized each other into larger balls known as cells. The loaf is therefore nothing but a bunch of round balls. In passing through the bread the blade pushes aside these billions and billions of balls and goes on its way. The sharp blades push the balls aside easier because the sharp edge can get easily between the spaces made by the balls. Dull blades do not "cut"

because their edges are wide and they have to push aside many times more balls than do the slim blades. When you swim through the water you push aside so many atoms that all the figures in the world could not

number them.

When you stick a shovel into a heap of mustard seeds you are doing exactly what the blade does to the atoms.

Billion Dollars Yearly on Highways

is Planned. Ten years ago the idea that the United States would spend a billion dollars annually on highways would have been regarded as preposterous, just as preposterous, perhaps, as the idea that the country some day would have one motor vehicle for about

every six persons. The United States bureau of roads estimates that this year the States will invest more than \$400,000,000 in highways, and the counties an even larger amount, while about \$135,000,-000 will be spent by state departments in maintenance. The explanation of this condition is found largely in the fact that there are now more than 17,500,000 motor vehicles in the country. The motor car has helped to bring the roads and it is furnishing no small part in the cost of them, contributing for that purpose nearly \$200,000,000 in license fees alone and still other millions in the form of gas-

oline taxes. It is a day of big figures, big operations and big prospects in the mo-tor vehicle and highway field. The benefit of this development is beyond calculation. It is another era of progress for America, comparable to the era of immense expansion by the railroads half a centry ago, but without the excesses of that earlier period. Those who have believed that the days of great expansion in America ended with the opening of the west and the building of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines should consider the transformation of the country being wrought today by the motor vehicle and the paved highway.

-Clark Turner, who lives in the State of Washington, is conducting a unique industry—he supplies lady-bugs to orchardists. According to a news dispatch, Turner has sold nearly 3,000,000 of the insects this year. He gathers them from the crevices in the Cascade mountains where they are numerous. They are distributed in the orchard about 100 to an acre. Since they breed several times a year they multiply rapidly and soon destroy many enemies to fruit trees, such as the green and wooly aphids, peach tree lice and other pests.

Bragging.

Wife-"My husband has no habits. He never drinks, and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a club."
Friend—"Does he smoke?"

"Only in moderation. He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two ci-gars a month."—Tit Bits.