LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox. As we speed out of youth's sunny station The track seems to shine in the light. But it suddenly shoots over the chasms And sinks into tunnels of night. And the hearts that were brave in

morning Are filled with pining and fears, As they pause at the City of Sorrow Or pass through the valley of Tears.

But the path of this perilous railway, The hand of the Master has made, With all its discomforts and dangers, We need not be sad or afraid. Roads leading from dark into darkness; Roads plunging from gloom to despair. Wind out through the tunnels of midnight To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and their shadows surround Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day Above us fair citles are laughing And dipping white feet in some bay;

And always, eternal, forever, Down over the hills in the west, The last final end of our journey, There lies the great Station of Rest.

'Tis the grand central point of all rail ways All roads cluster here where they end, 'Tis the final resort of all tourists. All rival lines meet here, and blend; All tickets, or mile-books, or passes If stolen, or begged for, or bought, On what ever road or division.

Will bring you at last to this spot. If you pause at the City of Trouble, Or wait in the Valley of Tears, Be patient, the train will move onward. And sweep down the track of the years Whatever the place is you seek for, Whatever your aim on your quest. Whatever your aim or your quest. You shall come at the last with rejoicing To the beautiful Station of Rest.

THE PATENT LEATHER KID.

They called her that for four rea sons as evident to the naked eye as

An inventory of her would have run as follows, starting at the top: An impudent patent leather cap; a had a heart full of icewater. The only frenzy of curls; a pitifully exquisite, patriotism he had was his mad longpitilessly derisive, recklessly painted ing to be the champion of the United face; a child's throat; a slendershouldered white torso submerged And everybody was a foreigner to just in time (sometimes a little too Curly—a man from the Bronx or late) in a bodice of patent leather, from Flatbush no less than an invader strapped over the shoulders, wrinkling about a boyish waist hardly Ireland, or any other point west. slighter than the limber hips hidden by a flare of patent leather skirt; the had was destroyed by the World War mere beginning of a pair of trunks; when it broke up Europe and fascinal long hiatus of all costume; a pair ated America. For it hurt the pres-

of tremulous cream curdling and a roped platform presided over by a Curly. dimpling at joints so finely modeled referee to enforce the rules, was conthat the beholder thought less of girl trasted with the exploits of martyrs as if a snake were coiling to strike, than of silken machinery or pliant in cloud-wrapt airships or ooze-invad- and Curly made ready to learn these

shady cabaret where her only protec- mented myriads, the crumbling death tion from herself or her company was of cities and villages and the increasthe understanding that she was the special sweetie of the up-and-coming a battle royal with the fighters blind-young prize-fighter "Curly" Boyle, folded and nothing barred. If there known in the perverse accent of cer- was a Referee he never intervened. tain native New Yorkers as "Coily

The Patent Leather Kid's nameif you believed what she told you country had turned traitor. There "which was always inadvisable"—was Fay Poplin. Where she got it no guns, ammunition, bayonet practice. one knew, but it was surely never from her mother or father-if she had to the base uses of war. In the ever had either. Still, it was the only throngs about the prize-ring, uniforms one she used, and you could take your change out of it.

She had a wildcat inside the lithe, impossibly white body inside the glossy, flexible armor of patent leather could tell that their applause pleased light. And there was a world of ugly wisdom back of the eyes that were, cry. one minute, impossibly innocent; the next, intolerably wise.

Usually as restless as spilled mer-cury, Fay might have been a statuette of marble and onyx as she leer- khaki or a navy-blue lowneck. You're ed across the table at Curly Boyle a hot dresser, but there's a soitain where he was attacking a beefsteak, and recounting the fight he had just won.

sumpin' about a uniform—"
"Yeah!" said Curly. "I been thinkin' about it. But I can't make up

Fresh from the throb and peril of me m the ring, he described each lead, block, with." jab, with the fire, if not the vocabulary, of a poet. But Fay took it all with a bitter-sweet smile of contemptuous amusement. Now and then she an ironical flower, or a sprig of pars- where I book you. Suppose you enley from the platter he was cleaning listed like a fool; what'd they do to up. At last she broke right in on the you? Set you to peelin' a million climax of the knock-out punch. you? Set you to peelin' a million potatoes! Suppose you cut your climax of the knock-out punch.

"Boy, you sure are the gravy! There's no denying it, for you admit it yourself; and you ought to know. But how come the newspapers keep you only knock out set-ups?" "Ah, who cares what the doity

sheets say!" In her face there was the meekness

a set-up?" He was good only at fist-repartee. He countered feebly: "Ah, go chase

"Do I, dolling? A guy was tellin' me that set-ups are has-beens or never-wases who get paid to stand to uniforms is simply stuck on their up just long enough to be knocked shapes. This patertism stuff is the out. But Coily Berl would never beat up a poor gink who was hired to lay uniforms is becomin' and that's all up a poor gink who was hired to lay down, would you, deer-ree?" Curly rolled his eyes in helpless

agony toward his manager, Jake Stuke, and Jake growled at Fay: "Ah, lay off him, can't you? Or I might pass you a poke in the jaw myself!" "Yes? And what'd mama be doin' in the meanwhile, pet? Wrappin' this chiny platter round your bald old bean, maybe. Say, what right you in khaki or blue blouses. got to take a mortgage on a nice boy's life and toin him into a crook? Coily used to could lick all comers, but now

took the long end of the gate."

Jake almost wept as he pleaded:
"Say! say! say! soft pedal that stuff can't ya? Don't I know what Coily's got? Ain't I noissin' him for the champi'nship of the woild? Ain't I got him a clean record of eighteen knock outs sa'm decisions and not one. Stock outs sa'm decisions and not one. knock-outs, se'm decisions and not one draw?"

Fay murmured with adorable wonder: "Oh, it was you that did all that knockin'-out, Jakie? It wasn't Coily, after all."

"Shut your trap, will ya?" Curly snarled. "Or do you want me to shut it for you?" "Anything from you sweethot,

a gift from hev'm." Stuke stopped Curly's fist on its way over the table, and tried to silence this Patent Leather gnat:

"Ah, wait ta minut, wait ta minut. Wha'd' you say, Kid, if I'd 'a' matched Coily up wit' some old vet'ran twicet his weight wit' twicet his ringgener'lship, and he'd 'a' knocked Coily cold in the foist round of his foist fight? How about t'at, eh? How about it? If I'd 'a' did your way, he couldn't get into a p'liminary at the Y. W. C. A. Prize-fightin's a sci'nce; you can't loin a fella to be a champ in one lesson any more'n you can loin him to play the violin in one lesson. You're some dancer and I never seen nobody could shimmy like you can, unless it was a horse in fly-time, But you didn't loin that in one night, did ya? What if some of the sport writers do say Coily fights fixed fights? Look what they done to Lincoln! They shot him, didn' 'ey? And who was it got crucified? Or had you heard about 'at?"

There was a miserable wisdom in this; though, of course, Fay could used him for a battering-ram. And never admit that Jake was right about one of the cops sang out: anything; so she cooed: "Excuse me for livin', dearie. In my childish ignor'nce I thought a fighter was a guy who fought another fighter. I see it's somethin' like shadow-boxin'." But she had heard her cue and was out on the floor doing her stuff while the saxophonists gargled and snored. The light darted about the patent leather surfaces of her costume, and dreamed upon her snowy flesh, while her ruthless little frame telegraphed messages of an insolence and audac-

ity that could never be said or sung. But oh, how beautiful she was! Curly glared at her with a passionate hatred. For everybody else he

from remote New Jersey, Australia, Then even such patroitism as he of patent leather slippers.

The hiatus was filled by two of the nimblest imaginable legs, their knees tige of all pugilists an shut off their future glories. In the public mind a compat with a single adversary on the compatible of their future glories.

When at last, with the rush of an uncontrollable mob, America joined the riot, Curly Boyle felt that his was nothing but talk of volunteers, The sacred word "fight" was diverted were less conspicuous than ordinary

clothes. In the cabaret the uniforms made a wild uproar over Fay, and Curly impossibly black for all its flashing her as she had never been pleased before. She looked as if she wanted to Tonight when she came back panting and sank down at the table, she had forgotten her sarcasm. She

"Coily, I bet you'd look grand in

me mind which soivice to jern up

Jake Stuke raised a hand. "Accordin' to our little contrack, Mr. Berl, if any mind-makin'-up is to be did, I do it. I do the brain woik would toss him a celery-top, in lieu of and you do the fist woik; and right t'umb off or get camp-sickness, or break your back; where are you? Supposin' you got into the trenches and come home wit' a crutch under saying your fights are all fixed and each arm, if you had any arm to put a crutch under. They'd wave a few flags over you, and call you a coupla heroes, and then forget you. You'd be a lousy bum panhandlin' for pokeof a little girl lisring a prayer, but a she-devil's malice in her drawl as she asked: "Say, Coily, just what is guys that's afraid to use their fists." Curly nodded. "I guess you're right

at that.' Jake grew magnificent: "Why, if yourself! You know dam' well what they was any danger-like a ninvasion or somethin', I'd shoulder a rifle meself. But half o' these volunteers that's rushin' to the tailors to get inthere is to it."

"I guess you got the right dope at that," said Curly. Was it a sigh of relief or of regret that slipped from Fay's lips? The veil of almost tenderness in her

Curly knew those eyes of hers and shoulder-blades rippling and glistenjealousy chocked him. All soldiers, ing in the downward flare of light, sailors and marines were immediate-

compulsory service, a something they called universal conscription. If the

specialty.

would rather dance with a soldier or a sailor than listen to Curly talk ring stuff. There was a funny look on her face all the time. Curly tried to knock it off once or twice, but it kept coming back. Especially when the band played "The Star-Spangled Ban-ner." And somebody ner." And somebody was always playing it. Go to a theatre or a movie or a restaurant and you hadda keep standing up half the time. You coundn't begin to chaw a potata but what the band would begin to bump the bumps with that old "O-oh, say, can you see by the dawn's oily light-On the street you was forever tipping your hat to the flag as if it was a lady friend. Curly added the

flag to his other favorite hates. One afternoon when he was strolling along Fit' Avenya with Fay, for a little light exercise before the bout of the night with the Jersey Skeeter—Seven! Eight!" the biggest man he had taken on yet-

up the street. The mob at the curb trod on Curly's toes with no thought of who it was they were shoving. When he was pushed out into the street by a gang of lunkheads behind, two big stiffs of cops put their hands on his chest and

"Hello, Curly, where's your uniform?" "Where's yours, you big bum?" ing over him; and was the best Curly could think of. like a good loser. Then he leaned out and looked down the line of the pop-eyed populace, and saw the hats spilling off as if a wave

were breaking along the curb.

Another flag was coming along! A flag was always coming along! Curly eyed the leaning standards slanting north as the Stars and Stripes beat backward in a writhe of red and white and a twinkle of stars in a restless blue. He hated them so that he kept his hands at his sides and his hat on his head.

The bareheaded idiots around him stared at him in wrath. People muttered:

"Hats off!"

"Take it off before I smash it over your ugly mug!"

Curly's answer was a contemptuous elbow-jab that took the guys wind and doubled him up. An old man, griz-zled an tall, whispered over Curly's how many rounds did he last before shoulder: "Uncover, man; the flag is coming."
"Ah, to hell wit' the rag!" said

ing submarines or in corpse-lined dubs who they were talking to. Sud-The Kid danced wildly well in a trenches, with the slaughter of tormady cabaret where her only protecmented myriads, the crumbling death unknown hand. Curly whirled and The author points out that the word searched for it, but could not find it. "news" is made up of the four letters

> Just then the troops were checked by some jam ahead; and people wait- its meaning." And, quite in harmony ing to cross the street made a dash to pass between the platoons marking time. Fay caught Curly's arm and urged him forward. He was swept across, looking frantically for his hat among the hurrying feet.

ity, for she was staring at the sol-

There are few things as sacred to a man as his hat and Curly was in a mood to assault the whole town when Fay said: "Here's your bonnet, dearie." She glanced at his fist. "Don't waste that mallet on me, boy; save it for the Skeeter."

Curly snatched the hat from her hand, jammed it on his head and struck out for his training-quarters, leaving her flat. When he turned to see if she were following, she was gazing at the soldiers, whose bayonets flowed beyond the heads of the witnesses in a long saw-blade of steel.

All this put Curly in high spirit for the bout. The Jersey Skeeter had more height and weight and a three-inch longer reach than Curly, but only courage to submit for a few dollars to the brief death of a knock-out. It had been agreed that the fight was to go four rounds before the Skeeter took the count; but Curly was so furious that he forgot his instructions, and went right after the Skeeter with that low menacing prowl of his, brushed aside the Skeeter's hands with his open left glove and drove his right to the chin with a zing that rocked the Skeeter's head almost to sleep, and woke the crowd to frenzy. The Skeeter fell into a clinch and mumbled: "Hey, whatta hell? Easy

on dat stuff." Curly flung him off and almost dropped him with a blow to the heart. The Skeeter went into another clinch and Curly smote him over the kidneys so hard that he straightened with a yowl, only to be doubled up with a jab in the pit of the stomach.

Curly soon had the Skeeter so cockeyed that only the bell saved him. Stuke and Molasses whispered to Curly to slow up and ease along till the fourth round or he'd have a dead man on the canvas.

The second was so stupid that the crowd grew rabid as the two men fanned the air, fell into clinches until the referee did all the work and the crowd

"Say, whyn't you kiss each other?"
"Give the poor beezer an ice-cream cone, sweetheart."

"Nah, make it a cream-puff apiece." Curly could not endure ridicule and he wouldn't dast bawl out that little ly added to his gallery of enemies. jabs and uppercuts, filled the stodgiest Wop waiter without you looked him Gradually the public went plumb nut-spectator with a sense of beautiful

over, signed him up to lay down, and ty, and began to call for the draft, efficiency. The many-voiced had one

"Put him out!"

Curly glanced around inquiringly at Stuke, and Stuke afraid of the crowd, nodded and called through the ropes, "Give him all you got, boy!"

With his left hand, Curly set the head of the Skeeter in just the posi-Fay, though, could not seem to get tion to knock it off, drew back that his idea into her solid ivory noodle. She was growing so warlike that she would rather dance with a soldier or "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a racket of people getting to their feet; then a hush of attention.

Curly paused to think up a proper curse. The Skeeter, glancing between his gloves, saw that Curly's jaw had sagged and his hands had dropped. The much abused Skeeter could not resist the chance. Curly was sitting too pretty.

The Skeeter made a sledge-hammer of himself and caught Curly just below the inverted V of his ribs. As Curly crumpled the Skeeter's right hand came up from the floor, met the point of Curly's jaw, slammed it shut and jarred off every nerve in his head. Flop went Curly, knocked out twice at once. Before his soul could get

By the cry of "Nine!" Curly had they were checked at a crossing by a forced one paralyzed arm to action regiment moving up the street. and heaved his two-ton weight up to There was always a regiment moving his left elbow. At "Ten and out!" he had his right palm on the canvas and was prying his other shoulder out of the ground where it had taken root.

His head came up as if it were made of lead and his eyes were pitiful with fog and wonder.

He could hear faint sounds of cheering several miles away and the next thing he knew was his dressing-room, with his black sparring partner and his fat adorer, Puffy Kinch, work-

ing over him; and Stuke trying to look Curly tore off his gloves and sobbed and wailed as only prize-fighters can weep. His three disconsolate retainers tried in vain to console him. Stuke

was kind enough to say: "Now that you know how it feels to be knocked out, you'll be all the better for it." But the Skeeter gave him the only comfort he could accept. The Skeeter put his head in to apologize and Curly, with a howl of joy, dragged him in, beat him senseless, and kicked him

out. Then he wept again. He outwept his own shower-bath. He would not have gone to the cal aret where the Patent Leather Kid always waited for the good news, but "The lid! The lid!"

Curly did not move. A stunted her how it came about. When he arrunt next to him had the nerve to say: rived she was dancing with a tipsy young lieutenant, who hugged her so tight that the two ensigns who dogged their steps could not cut in.

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan. What is News.

you handed him his K. O.?"

In a book published over a cendefinition of news, which is by no Fay, who was standing at his side, that indicate the main points of the had evidently not noticed the atroc- compass, N. S. E. and W., and he adds: "As news implies the intelligence received from all parts of the world, the very word itself points out with the prevailing fashion of the time he adds a little moral philosophy saying: "This expressive word also recommends the practice of the following virtues: Nobleness in our thoughts, equity and fairness in our dealings with all men, wisdom in our councils and decisions and sobriety in our enjoyments. In our day the letter S, however, might well stand for the word speed in connection with news. For of that they knew little in the days when the man of a hundred years ago made his interesting discovery." This writer once had a conversation with Dr. William Houston, who was parliamentary reporter for "The Toronto Globe" in Ottawa. "One day," he said, "the government resigned. I wrote the story, intending to hand it to the carrier for Ontario, who would deliver it two days later at my paper. However, I kept the manuscript in my pocket and forgot about it. And yet when I went to Toronto a week later, I found that the important news had not yet been received, and when I handed in my story it was still a 'scoop' on the other local journals.' local journals."-By Pierre Van Pas-

Hot Dog!

sen.

What is a hot dog? Well it is mostly bull, bull meat mixed with pork, highly spiced, steam cooked and smoked over hickory smoke. It originated in Bologna, Spain, so long ago that only the main facts may be re-called. They used to slaughter an enormous number of bulls in the arenas of Spain in days when bull fighting was more popular and more brutal than it is today.

It looked more like a great economical crime to see so much prize beef wasted. But nobody wanted bull beef just so; bulls are tough and not so delicious as cows and steers are. A butcher in Bologna had an idea and bought bulls that were killed in the bull ring and made the meat into a sausage, mixed with pork and highly seasoned. Bologna sausage appealed to the popular taste.

Germans borrowed the formula, put the same sausage mixture into small casings and Bologna became "Frankfurter" in Frankfort and Weenie" in Vienna. Coney Island gave it the name of hot dog and popularized it.

One stand in Coney Island that has been selling hot dogs for a half a century is reputed to have a sale of five to ten tons of Frankfurters a day in the busy season. Somebody has to sell a lot of 'em to get rid of that 400 million pounds a year.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

Pessimistic View of

Life Not Warranted

die as soon as possible." This was the pessimistic view of life expressed by Sophocles. Most philosophers and intellectuals of ancient times agreed sure that they also get sufficient prowith him. Life was looked upon as an enigmatic affliction rather than a divine dispensation.

"These diagnoses were based upon mere consideration of symptoms. They were made in almost complete ignorance of the underlying physical causes of human misery," is the assertion made by Dr. Eugene Lyman

Fisk in Forbes Magazine. "Many years of experience in sifting and sorting human types, in searching for the causes of physical failure, have convinced me of the falsity of this pessimistic philosophy. No one would wish to live in a world absosuffering.

"The world is as we view it. If we view it through bilious colored spectacles it is a billous world. I have seen a man with big brain and dominant personality, fundamentally capathe of a joyous, self-confident existence, wholly transformed into a pessimistic and wailing misanthrope by so crude a thing as flat foot. Others have been similarly affected by poisoned or infected physical states, while sometimes the reverse is true and the body suffers because they are unhappy; others are unhappy because they slump."

Mr. Pooh Waited Long, but Opportunity Came

Mr. Waldemar X. Pooh, inventor and manufacturer of the Double-Cross bucket for catching lambs, writes as follows: "I was just a clerk when my opportunity came. I had brought some papers to the president of the company-he was in conference, as usual-when the third vice president, the best-dressed man I ever saw before he took to stripes, said: 'Let us ask Pooh.' The directors took one look at me and laughed; but the third vice president hushed their mirth. 'We are in desperate straits,' he

said gravely. 'Everything else failed. What have we to lose?' "Then he turned to me and in the tone of one who is almost beaten, inquired: 'Pooh, what word of five letters means a cold dwelling-place? We can only think of a New York apart-

"For a moment the circle of worn, tense faces upset me, but I pulled myself together, 'Igloo,' I cried, and as the room rocked I knew that my chance had come."-Kansas City Star.

Beloved Old Gossip For 100 years the world has enjoyed he indiscreet and delightful confidences of Samuel Pepys, a writer in the Mentor remarks. There is a marvelous array of women in the diary; women of station and artisans' wives and serving maids and titles and actresses, and the wife who was only fifteen when she married him. He loved them all, including his wife, of whose beauty he was proud-and jealous, too. He was stingy with her till shortly before she died, along toward the end of the diary; but Pepys shows his pride in such an entry as this: "My wife extraordinarily fine today in her flower tabby suit . . . everybody in love with it, and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it."

Beautiful Redbird

Another name for the redbird is the cardinal grosbeak. They are a prideful lot, these grosbeaks, and with reason. The cardinal grosbeak is first cousin to the blue grosbeak, the scarlet pine grosbeak, the orange, white and black evening grosbeaks and to others of the lordly tribe. In all the graces of bird life they stand separated from the common flock. Nature lavished its colors upon them, and the gift of music was not forgotten. James Lane Allen gave a tribute of praise to the beauty of the cardinal beside which all other tributes are and must be futile.

"Old" and "Young" Nick The use of the name "Old Nick" ap olled to Satan originated in the comparison drawn between the machinations of his satanic majesty and those

of Niccolo Machiavelli, one of the greatest Florentine statesmen, born 1469. He was crafty and dissembling, a firm believer in "the end justifies the means." Samuel Butler in his "Hudibras" in writing of Machiavelli. says "Nick Machiavelli had ne'er a trick though he gave his name to our old Nick."

Old Christmas "Dance" One beautiful feature of the "Mesa

de Gallo" in the great cathedral of Seville is a strange mystical dance on "interweaving the steps" by the choir boys, who thus dance before the high altar. This reverent dance, which is given but twice a year, is marked by the chanting of the choir boys, who carry tall lighted candles as they cross and recross up and down the wide choir steps. One of the occasions is the celebration of midnight mass on Christmas eve.

Put Life Work First The hours will come, and come to

every man, when task work quivers and palpitates with life; but perhaps they only come because we have been faithful, with a certain grimness, through the days of gloom. Let a man hold to his life work through mood and melancholy. Let him hold to it through headache and through heartache. For he that observeth the wind will never sow; and he that regardeth the clouds will never reap .-- G. H. Morrison.

FARM NOTES.

-Dairy stables should be kept "Not to be born is best, and next to clean, allowed an abundance of light, and kept well-ventilated.

-Are the brood sows getting plenty exercise these winter days? Be tein and mineral matter to maintain their body weight and develop a good litter of pigs.

-The flanks and udders of dairy cows should be kept clipped during the winter months. Cows are thus more easily cared for and cleaner milk will result, Pennsylvania State College dairy specialists say. -Now is the time to plan changes

in your flower borders or shrub plantings. These can all be worked out on paper and the materials ordered now so that the work can be out of the way early in the spring. -A row of annual flowers in the

would wish to live in a world abso-lutely devoid of struggle, pain, grief or for the home all summer. Include in your seed orders these flowers to provide a succession and a variety of bloom through the season: Calendula, Alyssum, Ageratum, Verbena, Larkspur, Cornflower, Nasturtium, Zinnia, Gypsophila, Aster.

-Have you selected the location for this year's vegetable garden? A permanent site has an advantage over the policy of moving the garden each year in that the soil may be more rapidly and permanently improved through the annual addition of quantities of animal and green manures and commercial fertilizers.

-If hatching eggs are to be collected for early season incubation, it is time to place the breeding males in

the pen, specialists at the Pennsylvania State College say.

It is just as undesirable to use too many males as too few. The proper ratio is one male to 20 females for Leghorns and one male to 12 or 15 females in the case of American or dual purposes breeds.

-In feeding orphan lambs many think that cow's milk should be diluted with water but since the analyses of ewe's milk shows it to be richer in fat than cow's milk this practice is entirely unnecessary. For the first week the orphan should have some ewe's milk, if possible. A good way to get it is to take the lamb to the ewes whose lambs are not yet old enough to take all the milk.

The orphan should be fed milk often, but it should not be given a large amount at one time until it is two or three weeks old.

Upon the first day of its life an ounce "two tablespoonfuls" is a lib-eral feeding and it is safer to feed only half that amount, but it should be fed at least every two hours.

It is most convenient to feed the milk from a bottle to which is attached a medium-sized nipple of the swan-bill type. The bottle should be kept thoroughly clean and the milk should be fresh and at a natural teniperature; that is 100 degrees. In order to maintain the temperature, the bottle containing the milk should be kept in a vessel partly filled with water heated to 100 degrees or slight-

ly above. After the lamb is two or three weeks old, it is not necessary to feed it more than two or three times a day. Sometimes an ewe has two lambs and only enough milk for one. In such a case it is usually possible to bring the lambs along nicely by supplementing her supply with cow's milk. As they learn to eat grain and hay, the milk feeding can be gradually diminished

and finally discontinued. -Plow corn stubble late in the fall "after November first." Plow deep and thoroughly in order to bury the stubble completely to a deapth of six inches. After November first the borers are too sluggish to work their way up to the surface if buried to a. depth of six inches. Most of the buried borers are killed by the unfavorable environment, and the few moths that emerge in the spring are unable to force their way up through the packed soil.

Spring Plowing-While fall plowing is the better practice from a corn borer control standpoint, spring plowing is possible under some conditions if it is done before the fifteenth of May. In fields lightly infested very few borers will be found in four inch stubble of ensilage corn, which is cut earlier than the field corn. Such stubble may safely be left until spring. However, an examination of the stubble for the presence of borers should be made before it is decided to let the

plowing go until spring.

Spring plowing should be the rule where cornstalks have been broken off at the ground level during the winter, as described later. It should be preferred over discing.

Seeding—The practice of seeding on disced corn stubble is strongly condemned in the infested territory. However, under existing circumstances, if corn-stubble land must be seeded without plowing, such seeding should be limited to fields in which the cornstalks have been cut or broken off at the ground level, and all corn remnants removed.

Corn on Cob-Corn should not be kept on the cob after May 15, but should be shelled and bagged. From this time on, shelled corn will not mold if kept in a dry place. Where corn is intended for seed, germination tests should be made and the seed selected and shelled before May

Corn cobs must be burned, for they may harbor many borers. The practice of throwing the cobs into pig pens should be discontinued in the infested area, unless the uneaten portions can be recovered in condition

fit to burn. Hogging Down-Corn in infested fields should not be "hogged down." The corn is only partially consumed, and the field is left in such a con-dition that it is impossible to plow the remnants cleanly to a depth of six inches, or to recover them for

burning. Spring Clean-up-All cornstalks, cobs, and other corn remnants, including silage, remaining about the premises should be destroyed by burning before May 15 of each year.