ONLY A COG IN A WHEEL.

A man there was found of unusual gifts,

Bearing an honored name, Life came to him with outstreached hands Proffering wealth and fame; But he carelessly turned his head away, The prize made little appeal. Contenting himself with a minor part,

He was "only a cog in a wheel."

When opportunity knocked at his door, It found him inert and deaf: Long and patiently it waited there, But he did not come to himself. Golden chances he wasted like chaff, He took no account of the real; Each day a monotonous grind to him,

He was "only a cog in a wheel." In the image of God this man was made, With power to do and to serve; Strong of mind and body was he, But he lacked essential nerve.

So he drifted along from day to day Without ambition or zeal. Playing a dull and nondescript part, He was "only a cog in a wheel,

What place do you fill in life's great machine? Are you using your gifts aright?

Today have you wrought some truly fine thing?

Can you claim to have fought a good fight?

Will it surely be said that you "played the game"-That your life was productive and real?

Or will the world say as it goes on its way, "He was only a cog in a wheel." -Grenville Kleiser.

THE TOMBOY.

From the time she was old enough to climb fences, Jo Meadows was known all along Farmer's Creek as "that Meadows tomboy." She got in-to more deviltry than the three handsome Meadows boys put together; and beside the two girls, Alice and Lucia— "Well," folks said, "there's always an odd one in every family!"

Jo was the Meadows odd one. She learned to shoot when she was ten, and once she shot a hole through the minister's hat from the barn window. When she was fifteen, she killed a deer up near the salt lick. She never hunted after that, but people always

remembered that deer. She used to ride the "belly-flop" down two-mile Sluice Hill on a homemade sled. And once she bet Dave Hershiser, from the next farm, her best slingshot against a cigar box full of "aggies" that she could climb the Farmer's Creek meeting house steeple. She won the aggies-and no one ever knew that she got deathly dizzy at the top. She trailed her father all over the farm and mimicked his stride, his husky voice, his gestures.

"Best farmer of the bunch!" her father was wont to say of her. And once, when they were racing against coming rainstorm to she kept up with the boys pitching. When Alice and Lucia began to huddle in corners, and giggle over notes they'd received in school, Jo laughed

scornfully at them. "Don't see any sense in being crazy about boys!" she said once. "What's so wonderful about 'em? They can't

do anything I can't!' And later, when the two girls began

"going with the boys" to country dances and parties, Jo stayed at home. Now and then she went to coasting

parties. But she pulled her own sled up the hill and, like as not, walked home alone afterward—though sometimes Dave Hershiser tagged along.
Alice and Lucia were older; but Jo

took charge of things around the a roast or an apple pie. Folks said, "John Meadows did wonderful to bring up them six children, stark livin" alone, and have 'em turn out so good." Though sometimes they added, "Of course, there's Jo-she's a wild un all right-but the rest are certainly good children!"

They didn't know that John Meadows depended more on Jo than on all the rest put together. He didn't know it himself. He took great delight in Allie and Lucia, they were so like their mother—and he did not realize how he always turned to Jo when he wanted anything done or how he re-

laxed when he was alone with her.

Jo sensed his dependency, even when she was tiny, and she lived up to it. She might not be so pretty as Allie and Lucia with their black hair and eyes and apple-blossom cheeksin fact, she wasn't pretty at all to most folks, with her straight brown hair, and her gray eyes and wide, boyish grin. But she knew that her father turned to her, as he had to her mother-in those dim days when there had been a mother—and she got more of a thrill out of that fact than the other girls did out of their notes and beaus.

One by one, the boys married and left Farmer's Creek.

"You're the only boy I've got left," John Meadows said to Jo on Fred's wedding day. "Guess I'll have to send you to 'Ag' school so as you can help me run the farm."

Jo's heart leaped to that. He was joking; but she would—that's just what she'd do! She got up early every morning after that, and drove the rattling little motor truck to the milk

But when she finished high school, there was a bad year for crops. Alice finished the same year, and Alice had planned to go to State College. Dave Hershiser was there, and a couple of other boys from town.

Jo had one day of rebellion. She left the house after breakfast and rode clear up to the Rod and Gun Club. On the way, she met Dave Hershiser coming home from the milk station. "S'matter?" he called to her. "What's the grouch about?"

She rode by without answering. She couldn't answer. She had a lump in her throat that made words stick. There was something about Dave-

he wasn't like the rest of the boys- Jo? Come on-make us some butterand he had said he'd take her on some nut candy!" good hikes if she came up to State this fall for the 'Ag' course. So she couldn't answer Dave. When she got up to the camp, she sat down on the steps, her square chin cupped in her two brown hands, her steady gray eyes staring out into the sun-flecked

"I didn't know I'd been counting on it so!" she thought.

Those hikes with Dave—gymnasium -football games-knowing how to get the most out of soil, how to plant and prune, how to care for cattle-and -and those hikes with Dave!

She could see Dave, lean, brown, gay-eyed, curly-haired. Her own eyes smarted, but she didn't cry. Jo never cried. She never had, since that time when she'd fallen from the porch railing and her father had said to a neighbor, "Jo never cries!" But she felt all strange and hard within. "It'll mean money to us if I go," she

-the boys!" But that day finished it. She fought it out up there on the still camp porch; and Alice never knew there was a fight. John Meadows knew a little. The day Alice went he

"Maybe, next year, we can make it for the two of you." And Jo grinned back at him, as if it didn't matter, though both were

said to Jo:

thinking that it did matter, a lot. Along in November, a member of the school board came to the house and wanted to know if Jo would take District Number Six for the rest of the year. The teacher they'd hired had broken her contract, got home-

"Couldn't manage the big boys, I guess," he laughed. "But you've got a lot of spunk, Jo, you'd make out all right, I bet!"

Jo just laughed. "Well, you think it over," he said. The wages is good, forty-five a month and it's right next door to you, like." "I wasn't cut out for school-teaching," Jo said. She wasn't even serious

But that night she noticed for the first time how gray her father was getting.

"I thought Alice had plenty of clothes to start with," he said abruptly at the supper table. "What's this new dress she's wanting? I've borrowed on the apples-already-don't know where I'm going to rake up any more."

It wasn't like him to complain, and Jo was startled. She made her decision without much fuss, just one wave of intense dislike; then she said it:

"Well, if you think we can manage colorless. here at the house, I could take Number Six. It's close by, so I could be here for meals all right."

to teaching-and Alice had her new | iad sweet night smells of April. She liked to dig things out for her-self, but she didn't know how to give them second-hand to others. And those big boys! Night after night, Jo came home, sick-tired with the ef- closed her eyes. fort of making those boys behave. And those problems in eighth-grade arithmetic that she got stuck on one day when the superintendent came visiting. Horrible days-Jo never forgot them.

But she mimicked the superintendent for her father, especially the scene when he had informed her that middies weren't dignified for a teacher; and when the Tolliver-Jones feud was carried into the schoolrom, she made a serial joke of that.

And all the time, how she hated it! Some mornings it seemed to her she absolutely could not go out of that door over to the little schoolhouse, with its Bud Tolliver and its saucy house. She could cook pretty well at Sally Jones. But she went, and once ten and, even then, made no bones of a month there was the check for fortyfive dollars. She still managed to tend the poultry and take the milk to the station.

Near Christmas she dressed a hundred chickens to send up to the city. She made her plans for Christmas, Alice and Dave would be home, and the boys and Lucia were coming, too. Lucia worked in Bradfield now. Jo hadn't known before how much she was missing Alice. She planned a party-Alice loved parties. She had stuff for a new dress, rose crepe de chine, for Alice's present, and Maude

Fremont was coming to make it up.

Maybe one night, if there was snow enough, they could go coasting. And Dave—Dave would be over every day. Dave loved fried cakes; she must make up a big batch. And butternut fudge; Alice always wanted butternut fudge. She must get some nuts

down out of the attic and crack them. But the second night before Alice was to come home, the 'phone rang. Jo's father answered it. When he came out to the kitchen his face was

"Alice isn't coming," he said. "She's telegraphed she wants to go to a house party somewhere-Oil City,

I guess they said."
Jo stood still by the kitchen tableshe was picking a chicken for the last the chicken, and stared unbelievingly

at her father.
"Seems as if she might have wait ed for that," John Meadows said, "when all the rest are coming!"

Jo's own sick disappointment merg ed into pity for her father. "Oh, well, she said something about coming at mid-year's, and that's not so far off. We'll pack up a good box

and send it!" But she remembered the hours her father had spent painting up the old bobs for the coasting party, and she felt hard toward Alice.

They had a jolly time, though, with Arlie's little boys there, and all. They had the party, and danced till morning. Dave didn't come over. He was just home for Christmas Day-he was invited to the same party as Alice. But they did have a good time, all of them. Jo kept them all shouting with laughter over the Tollivers and the

Joneses. Only, once, Arlie said, "What you lege; but, if you don't mind, I'll take got all these butternuts cracked for, the egg money."

Jo turned her face away.

"Oh, Jo's been going since morning," her father said. "She's too tired to make candy! You go out and get a pan of snow, Arlie; I'll make some

another year without normal, and she knew there had to be more money somehow.

She felt it was there in the farm, if maple wax."

Jo felt a surge of love for her father so big that it seemed her heart would How good of him-to see she couldn't make butternut fudge with Alice not there. Ten minutes later she was giving them an exhibition of was the feed. She bought what books Old Lady Tolliver grunting about her the egg money would let her, and "rheumatiz" and her daughters-in- law, and no one would have dreamed school papers were looked over. She that she had a care in the world.

Jo was pretty well tired out by spring. She could stand lots of hard work, Jo-but Sally Jones and Bud Tolliver had decided to end the feud between them, and their mothers laid it all up to Jo. They came to the schoolhouse and told her so in no uncertain terms. Jo, frank, and scornrebelled. "And Alice, Alice'll just ful of petty grudges, almost broke unget married! It's all she's going for der the strain of acting as buffer. But It's a system of drainage; we could

> Alice didn't come home for Easter, to expect it; but it hurt, nevertheless. Then one day, Dave came over and wanted her to go after arbutus with about their own special problems. him, and the April sky began to sing | with color, the trail to the woods came sweet and glowing.

laughter over Sally's mother. And other. Dave seemed more like himself, more free and happy, more like the old pal was like old times.

used to go 'poling the creek'?" "Oh, yes! And one Sunday, when I had on my first white shoes-you

I vaulted right into the muddy bank!" tree that we used to climb up in and to sort of stumble along, after all, beplay tree tag? Lordy, it's a wonder you weren't killed, Jo; I've seen you drop fifteen feet out of that tree!"

But after they had gathered the arbutus, Dave said, a little embarrassed-"Kind of thought Alice-away like this for Easter-might like a box of

this stuff." "Sure she would," said Jo. But the April blueness was gray. The sweetness and the lovely greenness was rowan-bitter and mistily

That night after Jo had done the dishes, she went to her room. She sat down on the floor by the windows, The relief in his eyes was payment. and buried her head in her arms on So Jo, just out of high school, went the sill. Up the creek came the myrdress and joined a sorority. Jo hated air was warm, caressed like loving teaching, for all she "had spunk." hands. Jo sat there for more than an

"I'll get to sleep and forget all about it," she said. bout it," she said.

But when the dawn came in with arols and soft whispers, she still lay and soft whispers, she still lay and I'll meet you with our car. carols and soft whispers, she still lay

wide-eyed, questioning, hurting. School was over at last; but it was a strange summer. Alice had a friend there for three weeks, a sophisticated, tall, handsome girl, who only smiled indulgently when Jo tried to be funny, and who came down at ten every morning for breakfast. Dave was there a lot. He took the girls everywhere.

out of place in her middy and knickers musn't take chances! She hired a beside Alice and her friend in their pretty, bright sports clothes. She felt ed for the nurse, caught her breath in the way, too, and there seemed a hundred times a day at the sound such a host of things to be done at the of her father's labored breathing. house. Alice wasn't lazy, but she One day the nurse said to her: somehow just didn't see things.

the girls were up, to see about a picnic. Jo was in the kitchen making

fried cakes. "Gee, those smell good!" he said, helping himself. He grinned at Jo. "Never think of you as housekeeper. Always think of you as out in the head. fields or riding horseback. Remember the time you stood up on the old Doll and trained for a circus lady?" Then, a little soberly, as he took another fried cake, "But I suppose some- maybebody has to make the fried cakes here."

Then Alice called down to Dave. But the day was somehow warmed. to the other. Her voice was steady, There weren't so many warm places, but her hands were so cold they could There weren't so many warm places, though.

Jo hoped, even up to the time college opened, that she'd be able to go too. She planned her clothes, fussing of them that night. There wasn't over worn old things, saving pennies much pain, but for shoes and the like. But she saw ting very weak. at the end that it had all been foolish. There wasn't a chance.

Jo had held off about the school, but | fix the fires. they hadn't been able to get anyone order from town-and she dropped else at the price they wanted to pay. "I can't! I can't!" she rebelled,

above the dishpan. But she knew she was going to. John Meadows tried to thank her.

"Don't know how I'd make out with-out the school pay, Jo!" he said. He patted her awkwardly. She turned tion of hours. and, for just an instant, clung to her father, her gray eyes tight shut against his old blue overalls.
"Oh—Dad!" she whispered.

It was soon after school that she went one day to her father. "Do you suppose we could manage, if I used the egg money for something special?" she asked.

She saw her father hesitate, but "Why, of course! As to that, you know your school pay's yours; I don't want as you should feel you've got to turn it all over to me, Jo."

"Oh, I'm glad to do that," Jo said. "I wouldn't want Alice to miss col- ther, maybe it didn't mean so much

She wrote to State College and got a list of the books used in the 'Ag' course. She knew she couldn't teach

they only knew how to get it out. There was the big marshy place down on the flats. If they could only be drained, it would be good black dirt for a truck garden. And the hens, they didn't lay very well-maybe it was too tired then to study, but it was all so fascinating that it didn't seem like work. It was her own world, opened by a magic key, spread out clearly before her-she couldn't drink

it in fast enough. "Go on to bed, Jo!" John Meadows would say. "You'll never hear the roosters.

she still made a joke of it to her fa- use ourselves, down on the flats.

Listen Dad!" And John Meadows would sit down either. Jo had made up her mind not across from her, his own tiredness vanishing before her enthusiasm and be interested in those printed pages

She laughed more whole-heartedly of the nearness. It was just therethan in months, as they swung along a fact—sweet to meddle with. Someand birches. She made Dave throw half-smile, that she had more than shining. back his curly head and shout with lots of girls, even without that—that

was home sick with the flu, when who had bet his aggies against her there was no studying. It was hard, slingshot. They sat on an old log, and with school and all; but her father he told her stories about college—it helped when Jo wasn't there and, after a while, Lucia was gone again and the It was: "Do you remember how we the school and the housework seemed

almost easy. The winter set in, with the long evenings. They made great plans for dared me. It was spring and the the spring, sometimes sat and talked creek was 'most ten feet across, and till midnight. It seemed that her father had had big hopes when he had Or: "Do you remember the birch been a boy, but that he had had just cause of the need of money at once for the big brood of them. And he had thought, now, that he was too old -but, maybe-even yet! They didn't put it as sentimentally as that, but but that was the way of it.

But things didn't work out quite as they had planned.

One night John Meadows sat up all night with a sick horse. It was a damp, cold night and he was chilled through and through when he came in from the barn in the morning. He drank some scalding coffee, and said he'd be all right as soon as he got warmed up.

But when Jo came home from school, he was lying on the floor by the living room stove, and he was very

She got him to the couch and called the doctor. "Don't see how I can get out there tonight!" the doctor said. "I have

ome calls to make here yet, an commencing to storm. Your roads are a fright up there!" "You've got to come," Jo said even-

You've got to come," she repeated. He came. "Bronchial," he said briefly after he had examined him. "Heart's bad, too. Can you afford a nurse?" He

was cruel sometimes, Doc Thurston. Jo reddened. "Of course," she said, though she

wondered how. The nurse came in the morning, Sometimes Jo went along, but not took charge. Jo would rather have when she could avoid it. She seemed cared for her father herself, but they substitute, tended to the chores, cook-

Omehow just didn't see things.

One day Dave came over, before better send for the rest." Jo stood and stared at her, while every drop of color drained out of her face. Then she gave a little cry and turned, with a lightened, rushing movement, toward her father's door. The nurse put out a hand, shook her

> "No, Jo! The least disturbanceyou can't go in." "Can't go in? Can't go in"-to see her own father-when, maybe-

She turned to the telephone, sent telegrams to Lucia and Alice, called up two of the boys, sent a message hardly hold the receiver, and all the

much pain, but he seemed to be get-

The second day Dave Hershiser came, to help with the milking and fix the fires. Though she knew he concluded, finally, that she might as was there for Alice's sake, Jo found well take it. She could teach two his presence curiously comforting. years without a normal diploma, and And, one night, coming in from the barn, as she went ahead of him with the lantern, he said:

"I-wish I could do something, Jo. You seem to-to hurt so!" She wanted to say it helped, just to have him there, but she said noth-

ing.
That same night the nurse told put his hand across her shoulder, and them it would probably be only a ques-

> "Let me go in!" Jo begged. "I couldn't answer for anything if you did," the nurse said gently.
>
> They sat in the kitchen, silent, waiting. Once Alice did say to Dave:

and you're missing the Senior Prom too! A great wave of something like hatred swept over Jo. That Alice when he spoke he was heartily enough. | could think of the Prom when death shadowed their house! Then she steadied herself. It was like the old days of "poling the creek"—just the right swing, and you were over! Alice had never chummed so with her fa-

to her. She hadn't had those winter

evenings-those moments of nearness.

"It was good of you to come, Dave-

And yet-Jo remembered the letter her father wrote every Saturday night, no matter how tired; the scrimping on clothes for two years; the painting of the bobs on that first Christmas. And why did Alice cry so much? How could she criticize her, Jo, for not crying? "Jo never cries!" It still held her.

Then she heard Dave's quiet voice. "I wanted to come," he was saying.
"I—I've always thought a pile of your father; he's been so good to me. That time when we were burning cattails and caught the barn afire, he didn't even scold us. And he was always giving-whistles and birdhouses and fishpoles-seems as if I always see him as he was one day when some folks stopped to look at that border of salvia you always have along the driveway, and wanted to buy some. Your father picked a big armful and said, 'We don't sell flowers.

Take 'em and welcome!' "
"That's Dad!' agreed Arlie, huski-

"Oh, but listen, Dad, listen to this. ly. Lucia began to cry softly.
's a system of drainage; we could Jo looked about at them all, a wave of sick resentment sweeping over her. What good did it do to cry-now? Why hadn't they come home oftener? Dave, only Dave understood; Dave, who hated sentiment, had thied to tell them something real that was in his heart. He knew John Meadows, the They were very near, those two, as they sat there by the old kerosene all something to remember, a beautigreat heart of him; he had given them lamp, but they never made any parade of the nearness. It was just there—could tell them what he meant to her. She stood up by the stove, her face in under the faint green of the beeches times she would think, with a little the lamp's glow, tired but somehow

> "This is the way I always think of Dad," she said. "You know where we There were three weeks, when Lucia used to cross the creek to go to the milk station? I was little then, and Dad would nearly always drive right down through the creek and up the bank, to wash the wheels, I suppose. There wasn't much water, and I wasn't usually frightened at things anyway, but I was afraid then. And Dad would crook out his elbow and I if we are to secure the most milk per would clutch it-so tight. And once, when I was bigger, I asked him why of fall-freshened cows will be well rehe did it when he knew it scared me so, and he said, 'Because I like to cows freshen in poor condition and feel your hands on my arm!' And hehe's always let us hang on-like that return. To begin with, a dry period -just because he loves us—and—oh " she turned suddenly toward the door—" I am going to him!" she cried, forgetting them all. "I don't care what anyone says-I can't let him-go-all alone!"

And she was gone, past them and the nurse, to that shadowed bedside. She knelt down, took her father's hand in hers gently, put her cheek against it.

"Dad, Dad, it's Jo!" she whispered. "Don't die, Dad; don't go! You can't go! We're going to drain the marsh together this spring; we're going to be partners, you and I! Dad—don't go!" It seemed to her he smiled ever so faintly, but he made no movement. She clung to his hand.

"Dad-stay with me-there's just

After that, she didn't talk. But all night she knelt there, clinging to his hand, willing that her abundant young strength might be his too.

The instability of the larger breeds, may make satisfactory gains on silage may may make satisfactory gains on silage may make satisfactory gains on silage She just held on. A giver-that's what she'd been—always. Salvia whistles-love-"Oh, Dad, don't go!"

came, she still knelt there. "Come, child, get up!" The doctor was very gentle with her. "Your father's better, a lot better; looks like he'd get well. Didn't think yesterday he'd last the night out; looks like a

miracle!" Jo crept out to the kitchen. She was stiff and tired in every muscle, but there was a glad song in her heart as she quietly began to set the table for breakfast. She felt lifted up, as if she, herself, had been down in the shadow and had been suddenly pulled back into the sunshine. Nothing, not even Dave and Alice, could ever hurt so again.

Then, there was Dave in the kitchen doorway, very sober, looking at her.

He didn't know. "He's better, Dave! He's going to get well!" she said softly. His sober eyes lighted. She tried to pass him to get the butter, but he reached out and took her hands, kept her there facing him in the doorway. Oh, why did he-didn't he know that just the touch of his hands made a magic fire all through her? Didn't he know that she was tired to the snapping point, that she couldn't bear much more?

love you!" Startled, unbelieving upward lift of gray eyes.
"I—I guess I always have—only I—I didn't know—till last night—that you ever wanted anyone to—to hang onto! Jo-why, Jo, sweetheart-don't cry!"—By Nelia Gardner White in The

American Magazine.

"Jo," he was saying humbly, "Jo, I

Proper Fur Treatment.

Beginners lose thousands of dollars every year through wrong methods of taking care of animal pelts, says Capper's Weekly. To bring top market prices, skinning, stretching and drying must be done just right, and it pays to learn how before mutilating formerly done in May and June to February and March. The advantages per's Weekly. To bring top market mink, weasel, possum, skunk, civet, muskrat and wolf should be cased, that is, taken off whole. With raccoon, badger, beaver, bear and cougar open skinning is best-ripping the skin down the belly before taking it off. Every bit of flesh and fat should dition when eggs are in excellent debe cut from the skins, being careful to avoid cutting the pelt.

Indians and Game Laws.

Indians cannot as a rule kill game out of season except as specified in a special treaty governing the particular tribe to which an individual belongs. There are between 20 and 30 of these treaties drawn up for the various tribes in this country. Under no circumstances, however, is an Indian permitted to violate the federal migratory bird treaty, and any provision made in a special treaty is revoked by the federal act. Indians, however, are allowed the privileges of fishing.

--- Get your job work done here.

FARM NOTES.

-For dairy cows ensilage should be fed at the rate of about three pounds to every hundred pounds live weight. with hay.

-The cleanest and sweetest cream is obtained when milk is separated immediately after milking and then cooled to near fifty degrees.

-Garden arbors can often be used to screen objectionable objects. These arbors can be made easily inside now and set out later. Vines, such as Climbing Roses, Clematis, Polygonum, and Wistaria, may be planted next spring and trained over the arbor.

-Now is the time to plan the farm milk house to be built this spring. Circular 107, entitled "Building the Farm Dairy House," will be sent to you free if you mail your request to the Agricultural Publications Office, The Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.

-Hatch or buy your chicks early. Early hatched chicks live better, grow faster, and mature more quickly than late hatched ones. The broilers from early hatched chicks also bring a much higher price. Pullets from early hatched chicks are more profitable, because they lay when egg prices are increasing.

-Early February is a good time to again take stock of canned and stored goods. Is there enough of all types of vegetables to last until May, the earliest date at which you can expect any return from the garden, and plenty of sweet corn, tomatoes, beans, and such vegetables that will not be ready until much later? If the farm garden did not produce an adequate supply the past season the difficulty may be remedied by enlarging the garden, applying more fertilizer, and taking better care of it.

-Silage alone will not insure cheap milk. Its "twin" must also be available. Legume hay must be supplied acre. A little thought to the feeding paid in increased returns. Too many cannot be expected to yield a good of at least six weeks is essential to enable the cow to build a reserve. How the cow is fed during this interval will largely determine her production after she freshens. A little extra grain at this time means dividends later. Freshening in good flesh the cow starts her lactation at a big advan-

-The feed required in raising cattle as well as the cost of this and other items of expense will vary considerably with different localities. In winter there is no better ration than legume hay, silage and sufficient grain to keep them thrifty and growing vigorously, without becoming too fat. The ration should supply plenty of protein and hence unless a liberal amount of good you and me now—Dad. I won't let clover or alfalfa hay is fed, a grain allowance in this element should be Results of tests conducted at the experiment stations give yearling heifers as requiring from 700 to 800 In the morning when the doctor and shay along with skim milk ame, she still knelt there. animals in growing thrifty condition. In regard to the cost of wintering the heifers this will vary according to the conditions in the neighborhood, such as quanity and costs of feeds and other factors.

KEEPING COWS MEANS \$252,040 TO

CENTRE COUNTY. An added income of \$252,040 a year is enjoyed by Centre county farmers indirectly as a result of keeping cows, according to the Larrowe Institute of Animal Economics. This income is in the form of a more fertile soil due to the manure of the dairy cows in this county. On the basis of practically a \$20.00 fertilizer valuation per animal per year, this means a total of \$252,040 added to the richness of the soil in this county evely twelve months. Manure is a source of the most valuable plant food obtainable, says the Institute, but to preserve it at its highest value or efficiency, it should either be put directly to the fields each day or conserved until such a time as the opportunity offers itself to spread it. Feeding trials have proven that an ordinary cow, while putting from 15 to 18 per cent. of the total energy of the feed she consumes into milk, actually returns to the soil 80 per cent. of the elements of soil fertility in her feed in the form of manure.

EARLY HATCHED CHICKS MOST PROFITABLE.

The early bird gets the worm, and the farmer who hatches his chicks early is laying the foundation for profitable egg production next winter, according to the Larrowe Institute of Animal Economics. November now brings highest prices for eggs instead of January as in former years, and progressive farmers are finding of early hatching are enumerated by the Institute as follows: Early hatched chicks are less susceptible to the common poultry diseases, make a good normal growth during spring and summer and come into laying conmand at a satisfactory price. Under average brooding and rearing conditions, chicks with an early start make a much better growth and attain a larger size and development than do late hatched chicks. Another advantage of early hatching chicks is that the surplus cockerels can be marketed as broilers when eight to ten weeks old on very satisfactory terms, but if this is not desired, they can be put on good green pasture and grown to roaster age, when they can be marketed advantageously in October or November. Then, too, early hatched pullets, if allowed to neckmolt in November and December will slow up production and, if allowed to come into production again, make ideal breeders.