

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 28, 1926.

WISHES.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play,
"My little one, pray tell to me
Your dearest wish; what may it be?
The little one thought for a while,
Then answered with a wistful smile,
"The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be big, like you, and tall."
I asked a maiden sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair,
"What would you wish, pray tell me true,
That kindly fate should bring to you?"
With timid mien and downcast eyes,
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,
Her answer came, "All else above,
"My dearest wish is this," said she,
"That God may spare my child to me."
Again, I asked a woman old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold,
"Pray tell me, O the best in years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"
With folded hands and head bent low
She answered mused, in accents slow,
"For me remains but one request—
It is that God may give me rest."
—By L. Mile Pickhardt.

LAST APPEARANCE.

The stage doorkeeper kept issuing from his cell and looking up and down the street, then at his watch, then up and down the street. Somebody on the program was evidently missing. The Saturday night though that had packed the walks were thin; it was nine o'clock; nearly everybody was safely housed in a theater of some kind.
In the lonely office where I had waited a weary while for a man who neither kept his late engagement nor telephoned why, I could see the stage door of the vaudeville house and I had nothing to read but the book of life beneath a window as badly neglected as I was.
The stage doorkeeper grew more and more restive as if he would be ruined should anything go wrong.
A pair of acrobats who had doubtless opened the show in the usual Greek poses came out in shabby clothing bulging with muscles. They carried suitcases and made the stage doorkeeper good-by. He bore their loss bravely, but not so well his own uneasiness. I could not hear a word but I could guess who was late from the angry thump he jerked toward a three-sheet representing "Tonio and Elena, world-famous dancers." In this gaudy lithograph, a magnificent Apollo upheld on one hand a beautiful girl poised like a great flying white swan—though wearing scantly plumage.
The acrobats lugged their baggage away with much less ease than they had tossed cannon-balls on the stage. The doorkeeper fumed a while, then made gestures of angry relief toward a shabby man who hurried up. He bore a faint resemblance to Tonio, the counterfeit Apollo, but Elena was not with him. I imagined from his shoulder-shruggings and from the way he joined the doorkeeper in further glances up and down the street, that he could not understand why she had not already arrived.
Distance was a kind of deafness that turned everything into pantomime, leaving me only masks and gestures as the basis of my own guesses. But the guessing was a sport in itself—the only diversion I had.
Eventually the disgruntled doorkeeper shoved Tonio into the theater and returned to a long vigil on the walk before he gave up and withdrew.
Thump! Thump! Thump thump thump thump! The Salvation Army! A little squad of soul-savers came along the street and paused to set up shop at the very stage entrance. A tall sergeant, a short cornetist, a fat clarinetist, two braw lassies and one small one with tambourines joined the drum in an outburst of hymn.
I smiled to think of the sorry counterpart that hymn must have made with the soul-stirring music going on inside the theater; and was not surprised when the doorkeeper bounced out like an infuriated tarantula to wave the band away.
But his anger became amazement; then rage; then, to my stupefaction, he laid violent hands upon one of the women, the littlest bonneted creature, and tried to hale her through the stage door.
Was this kidnaping? a forcible conversion? a counter-attack on the powers of good? or what? One of the Salvation Army men, the tall sergeant, seized the bluest woman's arm and dragged her back; the doorkeeper dragged her forward. As now and then she flung up her head I made out that the face in the poke was Elena's. The name was evidently a stage name, for she had the look rather of a little Irish beauty than an Italian. But what was she doing in that company? Had the lithe white nymph turned saint? If so, she must have made an abrupt decision after the mantinee to forswear forever the evil theater. But the doorkeeper evidently believed that her contract with the management was prior to any other. He would not let her go.
Before she was quite torn in two, Tonio appeared at the stage door. He was dressed now, or undressed, in his stage costume; no tights, just trunks, a scarf, and a garland in his hair. He stared at the battle a moment, then dashed into the argument and added his weight to the doorkeeper's side of the tug of war. Whereupon the cornetist added his weight to the sergeant's.
It was an unexpected treat to have this allegory in an alley, this burlesque wrestle of angels and devils for a soul played right in front of my

window, and no admittance charged. The old paunchy man in shirt-sleeves, with a garland askew, a tall man in a shabby uniform, a short man in a shabby uniform with a most inconvenient cornet in his way; all of these in a shindy over a big rag doll, while the other Salvationists and a few bystanders stood gaping, as wooden as Noah's ark figures.
There was probably much dialogue, in half a dozen dialects, but I could not hear a word.
Suddenly, for variety, the dancer ceased tugging and made a swoop at the sergeant, only to be knocked back against his own lithograph.
The bystanders shook with inaudible laughter but Tonio gave the farce a moment's seriousness, for he whipped from a sheath at his belt the thin brief blade of stiletto and crouched for a spring.
Elena turned the tragedy into a comical-tragical-pastoral, for she ran to Tonio and clung to his right arm, pleading hysterically. I had an intuition that her words were directed to persuading Tonio to abstain from crime for his own sake, but I judged from the glances she cast up at the sergeant that she really thought of him.
The big sergeant was not afraid of the dagger as long as Elena held Tonio's arm, and he blustered forward. But Elena motioned him off.
Finally, I judged that Tonio was offering to spare the sergeant's life if Elena would keep her contract, for he pointed to the billboard where his name and hers stood out in head-lines. She shook her head stubbornly. He drew her attention to a yellow strip pasted across the billboard and announcing: "Last Appearance Sat. Nite." Still she shook her head, and Tonio brandished the knife again.
Then she gave up, dolefully, marched through the stage door. She could not have been more bowed with shame if she had been entering jail. The sergeant advanced a foot. Tonio advanced his knife. The sergeant fell back. Tonio leaped through the door.
And now the almost maniac doorkeeper managed to persuade the dispirited sergeant to go along about his business. The troops marched off, but not so far that the clump of the drum, the wall of the cornet, the tootle of the clarinet, and the ague of the tambourines did not still trouble the air.
The street and the alley grew stupid again and I had dreadfully assumed that the shoddy knock-out was over, when the sergeant reappeared. Some impulse of suspicion or of love must have overpowered him, for he went boldly into the devil's den, only to reappear at once followed by the wrathful guardian. The sergeant, after a bit of angry gesticulation, flung the doorkeeper back into the alley and disappeared, followed so hotly by the doorkeeper that I decided to break my already broken engagement and see the rest of the fun. Hoping that the hot-headed sergeant might be lured by his anger into a first appearance on the stage, I rushed to the theater.
The Saturday night house was sold out and the ticket seller could find me only a place in the back of a crowded proscenium box. I had to sit against a wall, where I had a better view of the wings than of the scene.
As I squeezed in I caused a moment's embarrassment to a homely woman and a stodgy man in front of me. They let go their hand-clasp, but resumed it soon.
Tonio was on the stage alone, enacting the capers of an hilarious faun with extraordinarily high leaps and whirls that seemed to make six men of him. His limbs were lyrical with an organic joy, but Tonio himself was solemn and anxious. He kept glancing into the wings, where he could see the Salvation Army sergeant stubbornly resisting eviction and looking vainly for Elena. His presence was sacrilege to the doorkeeper, who wanted to drag him out, but the stage manager nervously motioned for quiet at any cost to avoid disturbing the audience. He knew how easy it is to throw such a mob into panic.
Suddenly the absent spirit of Tonio was quickened with the mood appropriate to the dance and the sergeant grew more restive. Elena appeared in the wings. The change in her was amazing. From the bundled-up respectability of the Salvation Army convert she had emerged all but nude in the animal beauty of a young maenad—her hair quickest with flowers; her bare shoulders blooming from a tight, scant bodice; a flurry of down about her loins, then slim bare legs with rouged knees.
She was so manifest and so pagan that she terrified the sergeant with this first glimpse of bacchic art. He stared down at her devouringly, then remembered and turned his back on her lamian allure. Devastated by this rebuke, Elena cringed into herself with shame, huddled her arms about her for covering and waited like a Christian martyr stripped for the tigers.
To Tonio, however, she was now in full uniform, and the sight of her inspired him to finish his dance with a fire that brought unusual applause from an audience more fond of jazz than of classic posture.
The orchestra struck up at once another air, an amorous, luscious love-tune. Tonio, looking toward the tormentor entrance, extended his hand for Elena. She could not budge. The stage-manager gave her a shove that propelled her into the blaze of the lights. Seeing the audience banks behind her flame of radiance, she shook off her qualms and began her work, spinning, flinging her four shapely limbs in air with an abandonment that could only have been achieved by cruel years of training; for nothing could have been less spontaneous or sincere. Her soul was still benumbed and heavy-skirted. As Tonio watched her doing a pas seul before she joined him, his eyes were anxious. He was disappointed. She was not doing her duty by the gods who paid her. Still, his resentment was tempered with more than the formal admiration called for in the silly plot of the dance. His eyes roved her as if she were an abbess fulfilling a sacred ritual.

When his cue came along in the music, he lifted the scene with his authority, coerced her to his will and the dance became a duet.
He embraced Elena, whirled her, whirled with her, circling the stage. They parted, met again, drew patterns of beautiful motion. Lifting her, he hurled her into the air with an astounding ease; tossed her aloft as if she were a feather; caught her by the hips and dipped her head till the audience gasped lest her pretty skull should be cracked. But he checked her and swung her up aloft where she poised with one leg straight, one knee high, with its toe resting on the other knee. Then he spun her round and round; cast her high again; wrapped her round his shoulders in a long pink boa, and revolved till they were both a blur.
I glanced at the sergeant and saw that Tonio's handling of Elena was very poison to him—infamy! He would surely have come striding forth to denounce the heathenish exhibition, but the stage-manager braced himself in front of him and gripped the curtain wire. Two black-face comedians were waiting there now for their turn, and they also guarded the Salvation Army man.
The audience was not indifferent to the rhapsody and the music gradually seduced Elena's now ascetic soul, subdued it to the carnival and raised Tonio to an ecstasy of possession.
Squat and peasant off the scene, once he danced he was exalted; while the music lasted, he was superb. This was indeed his one religion. And, like a high priest of Moloch, he hated the stern high priest of the hostile faith, who stood aloof and glared.
By and by I felt that a quarrel was being surreptitiously waged between Tonio and Elena. They still smiled their professional smirks, but I could tell that he was pleading with her in brief and fervent asides. His eyes burned with fervor but Elena kept shaking her head. Once I could read on her lips the words—"No, No! This is the last time forever! You promised! Tonio ceased to implore; he commanded. Still she whispered with stubborn anger, "No! No!" Yet her face and body mimicked a voluptuous surrender to his slightest whim.
There came at last into Tonio's desperate eyes a look of defeat and its despair; then a look of resolution. The dance was building now to a series of feats whose difficulty was masked by Elena's grace and Tonio's power. She danced away from him to increasing distances with teasing coquetry, then turned, ran, dived through the air and alighted in his arms. Frail as she was, the shock of her arrival would have knocked down a feeble man; but Tonio caught her without a tremor.
Through space she came with a rush of a vast bird. Delicate she was for a girl, but heavy for a swan. Yet, as if she were as airy as she looked, Tonio's cupped right arm received her breast; his left caught her arched, joined thighs. When she had rested a moment he would release her, she would pirouette away and soar to him again in longer and longer flights.
At last the climax of the dance was plainly near, for the orchestra checked its erotic clamor, and only the snare-drum rolled ominously, shaking up the heart of the audience for a supreme thrill. The silence, except for that muttering agitation, grew so tense that from the street outside the thump thump thump thump of the Salvation Army drum invaded the theater again; faintly the tambourines shimmered and banged.
This music checked Elena a moment, but Tonio snapped his fingers and she shook off the spell. She circled the stage once, and once more to prolong the suspense, while Tonio stamped his feet and beckoned her to him. I had the feeling that she herself was deferring the final air-dive so that her sweet, wild beauty might drain to the lees this last draft of forbidden ambrosia. So beautiful, so pitifully beautiful she was that even the prosaic audience felt a poetic regret. It was enhanced by an eager anxiety lest she might fall and break her bones—and lest she might not.
Now she was at the post whence she would achieve her farewell adventure. The Salvationists outside broke into song, a lugubrious call to repentance and redemption in the blood of the Lamb. Elena knew the words of the hymn but the audience caught only the shudder of dissonance. The cornet, the clarinet, the bass drum and the shrill singers muddled the fierce snarl of the theater's trap-drum.
The whole house became one drum beaten upon, shaken with throbs, with a quick pulse of many hearts making one vast heart.
Brrr—thump!—brrr—thump!—brrr—thump!—brrr—thump!—brrr—thump!—brrr—thump!
Elena was bewildered out of all rhythm. She paused with her arms limp, her face troubled, her eyes shutting from resolution to irresolution. She made a false start out of step, stumbled, froze once more with arms disspread.
Tonio recalled her with a sharp cry, "Ola!" She fell back, made herself ready; the audience watched to follow her across the air. I glanced at Tonio. There was a look in his eyes of final triumph, but a gleam quenched at once in his palm. It reminded me of the very needle-point-stiletto he had flashed in the alley. Yet in his eyes there was no murder; only heart-break, only pity.
Brrr—thump!—brrr—blood of brrrr!
Amid the ruffle and blunder of all the drums, Elena darted forward, made a perfect take-off from the ground, traced a long rainbow through the air, and sank to rest in the arms of Tonio.
A fanfare of brass-wind, woodwind, shimmering strings acclaimed the climax. Elena's head drooped, her arms fell.
The woman in front of me murmured to her escort: "See! 'At's the dyin' swan she just done!"
The idea was evident to everybody.

The applause was prompt and plentiful.
I alone, from my post against the proscenium wall, had seen that as Elena swooped into the nest of Tonio's arms, a dagger blade came up from the palm of his right hand, met her panting bosom and slipped deep into her left breast, softly as if it buried itself in snow. Blood oozed red about the handle of the stiletto and trickled across Tonio's right arm, but the audience saw only the exultant look of victory on his face.
Elena never moved. Perhaps she had known no more pain than a wild swallow that flies at night into a lightning-rod on a lighthouse, impaling itself there. Elena made no sound; neither writhed nor struggled with death.
The music rose again as the applause ended, and Tonio began to wheel in a frenzy, clenching Elena to his breast and circling the stage with such velocity that he seemed to be many men and Elena all the spokes of a wheel.
Stupefied by the loneliness of my knowledge, and gagged by a cowardice of conspicuousness, I sat dumb, agast. Somehow I understood that this was Tonio's way of mourning for Elena; this was her funeral rite, all the vocabulary he had for her praise or his grief. To him it was not slaughter but salvation, not murder but sacrifice, the slaying of a dove upon an altar in the holy name of loveliness redeemed from ugliness.
At length he danced to the tormentor entrance where the Salvation Army man stood, spellbound, breathing hard with the irresistible music and the unexperienced beauty of the dance.
When Tonio held out to him the slain Elena, turning her in his arms, he and all the audience saw for the first time the handle of the knife erect in her heart. The orchestra stopped, stunned. A sigh of horror whispered through the audience. The sergeant gave one cry, one mad, brazen cry of agony. The cornet wailing in the street seemed but its echo in flight. Now the sergeant received Elena for the first time into his arms. He tried to recall her, sobbing: "Molly! Molly!"
He was too numb to know when Tonio retrieved his stiletto from the breast of his idol, lifted one trailing hand of hers, clenched it against his lips and retreated to the stage.
For a moment the multitude was so quelled that the drum-thuds of the Salvation Army, the tootle of the clarinet, the whining of the tambourines and the crude song of the sinners washed in the blood of Jesus filled the theater.
Then a wolf howl of the pack! Afraid of they knew not what, women shrieked and plunged toward the doors, men roared and fought.
The stage-manager was shouting, "Ring down! Curtain! Curtain!" He knew how fatal a stampede might be. He tried to reach the signal button, but the sergeant was in the way, moaning over the burden in his arms, sobbing, "Molly, Molly!"
The conductor of the orchestra, hoping to allay the frenzy, made a quick rat-tat-tat on his desk with his baton, then flogged his musicians into a stormy outburst of the ludicrous entrance music for the Darktown Clowns. The Darktown Clowns came out, but not for song—for revenge upon Tonio.
From all the wings, stage-hands, acrobats, jazz-dancers, songsters, a fireman, the doorkeeper poured forth to capture the assassin.
Tonio laughed. He began to dance again, to the burlesque music of the Darktown Clowns. In a fury of leaps with an unearthly resilience he whipped away from the outstretched hands. He slashed at the too zealous pursuers as they closed in upon him warily and fell back when he lunged. The musicians stood up in their pit and peered across the footlights, but Tonio danced on to some diabolic music in his own heart. The audience froze in all imaginable attitudes while Tonio circled the whole stage, spent his strength, drained out his soul.
Melodrama was as natural to Tonio as prayer to the followers of other gods than his. So he ran down into the apron of the stage, paused theatrically at the brink of the foot-lights and screamed: "Addio!"
Then he hid in his broken heart the blade still red with Elena's life. His knees sagged, his hands fell, his head drooped. He sank in a heap. The doorkeeper and the fireman dragged him out of sight as the curtain slid down.
The only music now was from the worshippers in the outside temple of the street.
The audience's one huge heart beat in tune with the drum dominating the hymn with its thump! thump! thump!—thump! thump!
The woman in front of me whispered to her fellow: "Gawd, how awful! We gotta be sure and read about it in the mornin' paper."
The baton of the conductor beat on the rim of his desk a faint rat-tat-tat again. The orchestra began to play as if exhausted with profound fatigue. But their languid music quenched the Army without. The curtain went up and the Darktown Clowns hobbled in comically, bravely yammering an idiotic lyric exploiting a new kind of blues.
I did not wait to hear about their melodious woes, but slipped out of the theater.
When I passed the alley, the stage doorkeeper was motioning furiously to an approaching ambulance driver to silence his gong. And a drowsy bill poster was smoothing down a new lithograph over the vanishing advertisement of "Tonio and Elena." The new bill prematurely proclaimed: "Sassy Susie, the world's champion dancing fool. This week only."—From Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

LITTLE THINGS.

I gave a child a tiny sprout,
A bit of plant I had thrown out,
And though it was without a flower
It grew into a garden bower.
The child gave me a fleeting smile
That made me happy for a while—
For just a while, I thought, and yet
It was a smile I won't forget.
—By Grace Hyatt.

A three-pocket holder of oilcloth, which is hung in the cleaning closet, is a very simple and economical way of keeping the dust-cloths always ready for use.

A particularly useful clothes-pin bag is made over a coat-hanger. Any durable cloth may be used. One side of the bag should be six or eight inches longer than the other and this longer end fitted over the hanger. The bag is the width of the clothes-hanger.

Since sulphur is the chief cause of the discoloring of silver, any container which helps to keep out the air which may contain sulphur is a great aid. If you have two large glass-top candy jars, place a pad of flannel in the bottom of each and, after cleaning the silverware, pack it in the container. The candy jar is high enough so that the silver can be placed on end.

Every housekeeper knows how difficult it is to keep vinegar bottles clear and free of the cloudy substance known as "mother." Adding half a teaspoon of salt to your vinegar cruet each time you fill it with vinegar will remedy the difficulty.

If, when washing children's little waists or when washing other garments on which there are buttons, the garments are turned so the buttons are inside and protected when putting them through the wringer, they will not be torn off.

After pressing the sleeve of a coat, the difficulty in obtaining a smooth shoulder can be overcome by the use of an ordinary small-size bowl. Hold the bowl in the left hand, cover it with a small piece of Turkish towel, and insert the covered bowl in the shoulder of the coat. Then using a dampened pressing cloth, go over the shoulder with the iron.

A delicious emergency candy may be made quickly from peanut butter and powdered sugar. Use one heaping tablespoon of the butter to a cup of sugar, adding a little vanilla or maple flavoring. Add a tiny bit of water or milk to work the mixture to the proper consistency; roll into balls or otherwise shape and let set in a cool place for a few moments and you have a unique and delightful tasting candy. It is also used for a cake filling.

A survey of the models women have accepted show that plaited skirts have met with enormous success. Flares have almost departed, but there is some fullness in thin tissues—usually arrived at by slightly circular cuts and shirring. Skirts remain very short and except for actual sport, sleeves are long. Light pastel shades some navy, red, and much black, are the favored colors.

Up to now there have been a good many plain woolen jumpers, and frocks, and crepe de chine dresses on jumper tailored lines, but showing intricate cuts and clever insets. As the nice weather appears, however, the printed tissues begin to show their gay colors. The races are being treated to these cheerful silks with their tiny designs.

Of course, over the patterned dress is worn a coat, cape-coat or cape of plain color.

The little Parisienne wears a buttoniere, and here I must tell you that these ornaments are invariably of real flowers these days. Especially is this noticeable in the morning, when suits—double-breasted models of light woollens or black smoking jacket with plain and checked skirts—are worn. Mademoiselle must be as much a connoisseur over her pose as the Victorian dandy was over his, and so we often catch sight of her in the florists, trying this or that blossom against her lapel.

Speaking of embroidery, too, let us not forget the part which English eyelet work plays in many a fashionable toilette. Then there are numerous ruffles and flounces, aprons and panels, to say nothing of the innumerable exploitations of jabot and revers. As to plaits, these are utilized quite as frequently in the afternoon dress as they are in the sports genre.

The combination of black and white is one of the smartest things to take with your tea, and this pertains not only to frocks but to wraps as well. One cannot overrate the importance of this classic alliance and, whether it be carried out in taffeta, chiffon, or crepe, the frock of this type will not suffer in any comparison with other tones. Plain gray is another favorite in coats and gowns for the spring afternoon and if any one has been deluded into thinking that we have overcome the beige habit she will have to reconstruct her point of view the moment she steps into a fashionable tea haunt.

An example of the clientele of beige was seen recently teeing at the Ritz in a beige kasha coat of slender lines which was trimmed with summer ermine, made with a matching felt hat and worn over a crepe frock of reddish brown. And, by and by, these reddish browns are awfully good for the afternoon crepe or chiffon.

Navy blue is a tone perhaps more esteemed for street wear than for the more formal afternoon occasions. Yet it gets no recess even here, and especially is it found in the coat accompanying a frock of colored crepe. Smart women wear these blue coats—or capes—over bois de rose and red and powder blue gowns. In considering navy blue as a whole we may say that the latest edict from Paris concerning its most congenial tints are powder blue and pink, and it is one of these confederacies often represented in more formal type of navy frock.

FARM NOTES.

—It is well occasionally to stir up the mulch applied to tender plants. This generally loses its value if it becomes too compact.

—Most farming machinery goes to the scrap heap after it has been used only 80 to 100 days, while railroads use a locomotive 25 years or more.

—Two decades ago the question was how to make two blades grow where one grew before; today the problem is what to do with the extra blade.

—Having success with and obtaining good results from the use of explosives on the farm for various purposes depend to a large extent on the good judgment of the user and carefully following the directions for its use, just as it is true in performing any other operation on the farm.

—Now is the time to find the fathers for your next years chicks, say Pennsylvania State College poultry specialists. These potential parents should be selected from fairly early hatches. Do not disgrace the poultry yard by saving weak, late-hatched males. Pick out twice as many "early birds" as you think you will need, so that a heavy culling can be made late in the fall.

—In the farm garden there is nothing finer to be worked for than quality melons. It is difficult to produce muskmelons except on the lighter soils and in the warmer section of the State. Even with favorable soil, weather conditions that are unfavorable may cause the melons to taste like cucumbers. In Pennsylvania quickly maturing varieties should be used. The Emerald Gem is one of the most popular sorts grown although then Bender's Surprise and the Golden Heart have been widely used recently.

—It has been found by the New Hampshire experiment station that acid phosphate speeds up the tomato crop materially, and makes it possible to beat the frost. They have used from five hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds of acid phosphate to the acre, in addition to twenty tons of manure, and the acid phosphate has advanced the peak of the crop better than manure alone, or other chemical fertilizers. According to the reports the bulk of the crop has matured from one to two weeks earlier on the acid phosphate plot.

Apparently the acid phosphate causes rapid early growth, and as a result of this a much larger number of blossom clusters, blossoms, and fruit is produced early. There is apparently no difference in the rapidity of the development of the fruit from the time the blossoms are formed until ripening occurs, but the fact that there is blossoms in abundance from a week to two weeks earlier is sufficient to enable the grower to get the majority of the tomatoes off the vines before frost.

It will not cost much to treat some of your tomatoes with the acid phosphate, and it might work out to great advantage.

—Dandelions, plantain and buckhorn may be destroyed by the use of gasoline injected into the center or crown of leaves with a sharp-pointed oil can or by touching them with a few drops of sulphuric acid. Dandelions also may be eradicated from the lawn by proper spraying with iron sulphate.

Crab grass, which does not appear until about the middle of the summer, is one of the most troublesome lawn pests. It does not thrive in the shade and may be smothered quite easily by covering it with tar paper or boards. If not covered too long, the crab grass is almost entirely killed and can be removed by raking with a sharp-toothed garden rake. Other quick-growing grass as redtop should be sowed immediately in order to help keep out the crab grass during the rest of the season. The smothering method is unsightly and not always practical, but at present no other method has been effective except that of hand weeding, which should commence as soon as the plants are large enough to pull.

Weeds which are matted together in patches like ground ivy, thyme-leaved speedwell, heal-all and yarrow are best removed by lifting the turf completely and reseeding the patches with a quick-growing grass such as redtop.

More details on the control of weeds in lawns can be secured by writing for circular No. 4, entitled "Care and Preparation of Lawns," published by the State Department of Agriculture Harrisburg.

—When spraying fruit trees, care should be taken to do the work at a time when there is the least danger of poisoning the honeybees which visit the blossoms and which are very necessary for the pollination of the flowers, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Spraying fruit trees while in full bloom with arsenicals is particularly injurious to bees, according to tests which have been completed recently by the bureau of entomology.

Of course the beekeeper does not want his bees poisoned, says the department, because as a result his honey crop is reduced. The subject should be of even more interest, however, to fruit growers because with the loss of the honeybees they lose the most effective means of pollination in their orchards. In this respect the beekeeper, the fruit grower, and in fact everyone is benefited by honeybees.

The effect of arsenical sprays on the mortality of honeybees has long been debated, but only a few systematic investigations have been made to aid in settling the dispute. In the hope of answering definitely some of the questions so long debated, these tests were conducted. While they are limited in their scope, they do enable the department to make some recommendations.

Spraying apple trees during full bloom is not recommended because the codling moth can be as well controlled by spraying when 90 per cent. of the petals have fallen, and because spraying when the trees are in bloom is injurious to insect pollinators.