Bellefonte. Pa., June 4, 1926.

THE MOTHER OF TOMORROW. Here is the mother of men to be In the unborn days that fly Swift on the wings of destiny; Eagerly drawing nigh. Fearlessly swinging her western way This daughter of pioneers, Dreaming her dream at the end of day. In the romance of love and tears. She is the mother of cities to come

There on the western sea: She plants her prayer in the setting sun For empires yet to be! Dreams she a dream of sons full brave And of daughters that will fling Their lives back unto the God who gave And deem it a little thing.

Untrod ways does she face alone; This mother of men to be; She beareth her burden without a groan, A far off thing does she see: The freedom of all her kind she dreams In a land unbound, and new: She lifts her eyes and a great light seems To break in the endless blue! -By William L. Stidger.

THE MOUNTAIN.

The man leaned in the open cabin door, stooping slightly, and gazed up at the snow covered summit of Mount Shasta. He knew its lines well, and the grace of its lower curves, but he never tired of them.

A little way from the cabin the Upper Sacramento began to widen for its slow, beneficent journey through the valley. It made half of an S as it bent between high rocks bordering the small fruit farm. The cabin itself was really a large and comfortable house. It sprawled in harmony with the river, fitting itself into the hollows and rises of the land-becoming an integral part of the land, as indeed the man seemed a part of it.

His eyes left the mountain's crest and followed a clear-cut, winding trail, visible even in the failing light of dusk. Two dim figures were descending the trail, clinging togther as they walked—a man and a woman, unmistakably, and the watcher knew

just who they would be. Now he saw the woman point toward the cabin. With her other hand, which had been thrown across the man's back, she removed his arm from her waist.

The man in the cabin door sighed, but did not move. "She's thinking of me," he said, al-

most sadly. Joel Brooks was a man of nature, a calm man, seldom swayed by passion. He had something of the immobility of the mountain he so often gazed upon, who knows but that he also had some of the eternal fire that burns at its heart? There was very little ego in him, but he often felt that he was a part—a necessary part
—of the manifold and multifarious

congeries that is called nature. The bit of pantomine that he had observed hurt him deeply, but there was no trace of emotion on his face. Another man, especially one possess ing Joel's skill with a rifle, would have had the bead of his gun upon the couple. Another might have clenched his fists and uttered futile threats.

Joel watched and did not move. He was hurt because the woman was his wife and the man one whom he knew as a friend—as, indeed. Joel knew all men.

"I have no enemies," he might have said without cant.

He was hurt in a somewhat different way because Lucy was trying with small success, to conceal her love for Hugh Rogers. He could remember the frank, free-spoken girl he had married only a few years ago. How she would have scorned concealment! He hoped now that she would come to him and tell him, in her old free way, that she loved Hugh—even though hearing from her lips words her eyes already spoke would be the greatest hurt of all. He would bear that willingly, if only her splendid

frankness were not lost. Still young—surely not more than 35-his lean, ascetic face and his illassorted yet somehow attractive features wore the mask of years. Suffering and grief and the weight of great experience were reflected there. Though the lines remained, ineffaceable, over them had come a new co-ordinating composure. Whatever darkness had blinded the man, whatever flames had scarred him, today, as he stood in the shadow of an eternal

mountain, he was at peace. Life, the endless cycle, repeats it-elf. What one man learns at the risk of his soul's immortality he cannot pass on to another, save genius be in him. What Joel had learned he could not give to Lucy. In her supple young body the old fire burned undimmed, and there was upon her a great hunger and a great thrist—for the very dregs that Joel had tasted.

At first the mountains were to her, as to him, a refuge and a haven; but then she had been ill. Her illness and his tender care of her had united them as man and wife in a love built of kindly softness. For them there had been no cruel, surging madness, no storm bursting the flood-gates, no great force crashing to its inevitable fulfillment. Not for Lucy, at any

To Joel, Lucy had remained as he had found her-a girl-child to be guarded and cherished, to be protected from the things that had struck him before he had won to serenity and calm. Now she was growing up, try-ing her new-found wings. When he spoke, as he sometimes did, of the beauty of their life togther in the mountains, he saw the longing in her eyes and heard her soft sigh.

A visit to San Francisco did not help, but made her more eager to get away again. And then, out of the world he had known, where Joel's name was still loved and his books were genuine events, came Hugh Rog-

one of the kindest and most lovable men you could find anywhere. If Joel's disease was thought, as Hugh said, Hugh's weakness was superficiality. Brilliant, picturesque, he had never paid anything for what he possessed. They were his birthrights, unquestioningly accepted as his due, dispensed with a largesse that made his acceptance of them tolerable. His travel sketches were dashed off

on his typewriter, or dictated at top speed, and never revised. They sold easily and were collected into volumes that made evey one want to go to the Solomons, of Madagascar-wherever it was that Hugh's fancy had taken

There was no envy in Joel's heart when he thought of Hugh. He sincerely admired him, although he laughingly chided him for his carelessness as to details. "For example," Joel would say, "in your description of making of kava

in Tahiti I observed that-"To tell you the truth, Joel, I was too busy drinking it to find out how it was made. I just jotted down what a Frenchman told me. I don't go in for details—I only aim to hit the high

spots.' It was no wonder Lucy loved him, Brooks thought, as he watched them come down the trail. Lucy's mind only "hit the high spots," too. She was no longer the frail, delicate child that Joel Brooks had married.

If only he could show her, tell her, make her know somehow, how much he loved her! But, said his quixotically scrupulous mind, that would not be fair now that she loved Hugh and Hugh loved her. Joel should have done that long ago. Ah, but hadn't he tried?

That was the thing he often thought of—the isolation of each human being upon an island of his own experience and his own character. Sometimes love, like a vast geologic upheaval, bridged two islands and made them one; but such phenomena

were rare. And Joel was more isolated than most men ,finding it more difficult to convey, even to the woman he loved, his real feelings. Once, when he had tried to reason Lucy into a love of the peace of their solitude, she had turned on him flamingly.

"You have no emotion!" she had "Nothing ever bothers you. You are never upset, and I am always upset. There's a turbulence here"striking her breast-"that I cannot still."

Joel went into the house when Lucy and Hugh, hand in hand, crossed the foot-bridge. He did not want Lucy to have another cause for concealing the love that glowed in her eyes and trembled on her lips.

Dinner that night, served by a

silent Korean, whose eyes were almost as keen as his master's, was a thing of laughter—like the sound of a stream about to crash headlong over a precipice. Joel felt hopelessly in the way. Whenever Lucy looked at Hugh, or when he looked at her, they abruptly stopped speaking, awed by the thing they felt.

It was Joel whose calm, modulated voice carried the conversation. No one, observing him, could have guessed that he saw into the very souls of the others.

Over the table hung a cloud of fear.

Lucy was afraid of what she had discovered. Hugh was afraid of what he had become, yet unable to be otherwise. Joel was afraid for them and

Inevitably he let something of that creep into his words, yet he spoke without apparent feeling. He was talking about divorce in various countries, civilized and barbarous, comparing the multiplicity of codes that have grown up, each absolute in its own locality. It was a problem that interested him deeply, for where he found diversity he endeavored also to find the coordinating principle of relationship.

"Many lands, many customs," he concluded; "and yet all of them get right back to the same old ground. Divorce exists because human love dies, along with all else that is human. And what is the death of love? Almost invariably a new desire, a new

love, that takes the place of the old." He ignored the frightened glances that Lucy and Hugh exchanged.
"Behold the philosopher!" Lucy's eyes said, quite clearly "He sees all, knows all, save that upon his own doorstep!

Inevitably, too, there was a trace of scorn in her glance. Now that her love was dead, she was scorning the very thing in Joel that once had won

Hs saw all that the look implied and went calmly on.

"So I say we should have only one code—a frank acceptance of the fact that love dies. It is nothing to be ashamed of, but a normal phase of

human emotion." Lucy's scorn could not be repressed. "Oh, Joel, what do you know of emotion? You haven't a shred of it

not so much!" She snapped her fingers to measure

the amount. "Perhaps not," Joel agreed calm-"but even so I can think about it." 'You can't think about emotion-if it's the real thing," put in Hugh. "It gets you. It drugs your brain, and barren reason is cast out." He

stopped abruptly as Joel's eyes met his. "At least," he mumbled, almost apologetically; "that's the way I am." "So are we all," said Joel; "but whatever the depth of it or strength of it, my only demand is for frank-It's repression and concealness. ment that make the clean fire of emotion a poison to all it touches."

His inscrutable eyes were fixed up on his pipe. Lucy's went to Hugh, and Hugh's fell. Lucy's lips were parted. She seemed about to speak; then her white hand fluttered to the bodice of her black dress. She laugh-

"Oh, dear, we're becoming serious about life! Joel, get the brandy you've been saving. I'd like the teeniest drop, and Hugh has the reputa-

"Quite undeserved, really," said Rogers was flippant, light-hearted, Hugh, laughing. "It's because I onwith the gift of eternal youth, but ly drink in public."

Joel lighted his pipe and left the room to get the brandy. As the door closed behind him, Lucy turned quickly to Hugh.

"I must tell him tonight! I can't bear deceiving him, even in thought. And you heard what he said." Hugh reached for her hand and held it, his handsome, youthful face

alight. "I agree with you now," he said. rade.
"Before I thought it was impossible Hu -I couldn't conceive of a man so utterly without emotion. But he has no feeling—not even for you! I'm sorry for him, awfully—I wouldn't hurt him for the world. Almost, before that, I'd give you up!" His eyes flamed in emotion of sacrifice. "But it won't hurt him, I can see that now. I don't believe he has a feeling in the world. His old mountain, the trees, the river-they are to him all that you are to me. Tell him tonight, and tomorrow morning we can leave. The day after, San Francisco, and then, beloved, Hawaii, China, Japan, India—whatever you like! Oh, my beloved!" He sought to embrace her, but started quickly back as Joel's footsteps became audible outside.

Late that night, long after dinner, Joel stood outside the cabin and looked up with love at the immutable mountain that had come to be, to him, a symbol of unswerving verity. Hugh had proclaimed a desire to write, and had gone to his room, where a shaded light still burned. Lucy had remained indoors, reading.

She found Joel, if anything, more calm, more emotionless, than at din-ner. He stood with an easy languor that gave no sign as she approached him. She came, in her rustling silk, like a timid bird. Joel did not turn until he felt her soft, childish hand on his arm. Then he leaned toward her, smiling, as he had been wont to smile when she was ill and rebellious about getting well.

She found it very hard to speak. She could not utter a word while he was smiling at her. Suddenly it came to her that his solid strength and wisdom were worth much more than Hugh's brilliance and fervor. Then she looked away to avoid her husband's glance, and her quick, childish anger arose.

She turned back to Joel, avoiding

his eyes.

"Joel, I have something that I must tell you. I—I love Hugh Rogers, and Hugh loves me."

Although he knew the fact, Joel had thought he would be stunned by the words that proclaimed it; but he was not. He continued to smile at her, and now there was a whimsical twist at the corners of his mouth, altogether out of keeping with the situation. His smile was one of gentle amusement. He could only think how charmingly childish Lucy was. He recalled a vivid incident of her illness, when she had refused to take medicine, and had demanded a pound of chocolates-just as she was now de-

manding Hugh Rogers.

"Yes," he said, as the amusement left him. "I know it."

"You know it? Why——" "Dearest, your eyes have said little knocked on the door and announced else since Hugh came. And he, of luncheon. course, is as easily read as a head-

"I'm going away with him tomorrow, Joel. It's the only thing to do. I can't stand it here any longer. You have no emotion. You sit and watch us, you know we love each other, and you make no move. You don't love me—you never have loved me—or you couldn't act that way!"

"Lucy, dear, I don't love you any the less because I don't rant. I love you so much that I would even give you up to make you happy. If you are sure of your love for Hugh, there's nothing for me to do. Are you sure?"

Lucy proudly lifted her head, and her eyes shone with conviction.
"Positive!" she said. "We're going away tomorrow!"

There was no kindness in her tone She found that she could not be kind, as she had meant to be, to this image of stone, who smiled at her when she told him she loved another. Nor could she see, behind that twisted smile, the soul of the tortured man, clinging with clenched hands to the reason he worshiped, in order that he might not raise his hands to kill. When she left him and went back into the house, she did not see his arms reach out to her, nor did she hear the pitiful, futile prayer he lifted to the mountain.

He stood there in the night until the chill, damp air awakened him, and he saw the gray of the beginning day creeping up the eastward slopes of the mountain. Then he turned and went into the house, where the Ko-rean boy was already busy preparing

To whatever gods Joel had prayed, they had not answered. He sank wearily into a deep chair in his study. Something seemed strangely amiss in the room, and he looked about to ex-

amine its familiar corners. His eyes rested upon a spot beside his chair, and he saw the swastika of a Navajo rug. It did not seem to belong there. He had never noticed it but wraithlike through his tears. before. Something else had been

It came to him in a flash. Lucy had often sat upon a green silk cushion, there beside his chair, while he read to her; and now the cushion was gone. He got up and walked about the room, been taken away. He slumped back in his chair and a dull ache throbbed need you, now and always, dear, and in his head. Soon all the things he had come to associate with Lucy would be gone. The house would be

stripped, uninhabitable. He breakfasted alone, with the silent Korean bringing him food he could not eat. Then he went out of doors again, leaving the house to en like a boy, had won her love. Now Lucy and Hugh. He did not return until he saw them come out, dressed for the trail. He heard Lucy tell the servant to send her bags out by the next pack-train.

Lucy led the way, with a subdued tears flowed into the golden rather following. Joel met them at her hair. He could not speak. the footbridge and smiled gravely. He then she raised her lips to his, and held out his hands, one to Lucy, the other to Hugh.

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will be very happy." Lucy smiled provocatively at him,

but it was plain that she was puzzled.
"Good-by, Joel!" she said.
Perhaps, if Joel had broken down
then, she would have thrown herself into his arms and remained there forever; but he did not break down. Instead, he gripped her hand like a com-

Hugh turned away, ashamed, Lucy went off down the trail.

"Joel, old man, I'm damned sorry!"
he protested. "I feel like a rotter,

"Take care of her, Hugh," Joel interrupted. "Be good to her." Lucy and Hugh went down the trail in silence. Nothing Joel could have done or said, nothing he could have left undone, could have hurt Lucy more deeply than his final tender, calm farewell. Hugh was manifestly embarrassed. He could not comprehend Joel, and he felt that somehow he was violating a sacred

He looked shyly at the woman by his side, and he was afraid that he would never win her love as she had won Joel's. Thinking it over, looking back upon Joel as he stood in the shadow of the mountain, Hugh knew that Joel loved Lucy with a depth and strength of which he was not capable. There had been many women in his life; in Joel's, only one. Lucy knew this, too.

As the mountain bent over them, while they took the downward trail, tective. She looked at the slender, boyish Hugh. She compared him with Joel, as she had not been able to do in her husband's presence. The two

men were so different. Suddenly Lucy felt childish, and felt that the man at her side was a

child. Joel was a man. Provocative, questioning, came her thoughts. She wondered, woman-like, if Joel could really let her go without a word, if he could so easily put out of his life what had been for years

She began to laugh almost hysterically as she slipped on the trail and Hugh caught her to support her. Then, her curiosity aroused, she made an excuse—she had forgotten her mother's last picture, she said, and she must go back for it.

She turned and ran back up the trail to the house. There was no picture there, but she must see Joel again. She must see him when he did not know she was there.

As it turned out, she saw him as she had never seen him before. Joel went back into his study at last, closed the door carefully behind him, and sat with bowed head at the table. He felt curiously listless and indifferent. Nothing seemed to be worth while.

He took an unfinished manuscript ficient to restore them to normal. out of the drawer and tore it into bits. He tossed into a far corner a book he

"Eat it yourself," he directed. "I'll let you know when I want some-

thing. He solemnly weighed the things he had won and lost from life. Nothing that remained had any value for him. And as he came to this conclusion, his hand made its way into the drawer of his desk and closed over a pistol. He drew out the weapon and carefully examined it. It was a .38, loaded. Unemotionally he lifted it to his temple, at the same time raising his

with the broad window before his desk. Curtainless, and of plate glass, the window was a perfect frame for the of Shasta with its crown of white was like a wise and benevolent old nests close to the homes.

patriarch looking down on an unwise With the pistol still against his brain. but it might have been translated

thus: "Some day Lucy will need you. You cannot do anything but live for her. Though she has gone away, she is trying to fly. Kitty has her place in yours to love and cherish and protect, the world, but when she destroys the Though she has gone away, she is always. You must wait!" He laid the pistol on the desk.

"I'll wait until she needs me," he promised the mountain, in a whisper. A knock came at the door, but he did not answer. Another, but he did not hear. Then the knob slowly turned, and he was dimly aware of another person in the room; but he did not care. His body shook with the storm, and tears flowed from his cold smiling

At last he raised his head again to the mountain and looked upon it. He drew himself erect and said again: "I'll wait—until she needs me!" "I need you now-Joel," whispered

soft voice at his elbow. He started and looked down at golden head that somehow resembled Lucy's, at a figure as slender as hers,

"Joel, dearest, dearest Joel, I couldn't go away from you! You are the only man in the world for me. Your mountain-our mountain nowturned me back. At every bend of the trail it seemed to say, 'You be long here, you cannot go away!' And trying to find it; but it had I couldn't, Joel. I never want to go anywhere again as long as I live. I need our mountain!"

Sincere and frank as she was, Lucy was not philosopher enough to know that it was his need of her, rather than her need of him, that made her love him. Curiosity had turned her back, and the sight of her man, brok-

they were equals. refuge like a frightened child. His tears flowed into the golden rain of

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you he saw the profound calm of a woman whose soul is that of a mother of men. -From the Public Ledger.-By Benjamin Foulkner.

Rattlesnake Crop Big in Southwest. Omaha, Neb .- A fine year for rattle snakes was 1925—the finest year for the crawling death since the trans-Missouri country was thrown open to settlement. Rattlers and more rattlers. Nobody knows why they were so numerous and so savage during 1925, but they simply know they were both numerous and venomous. Scarcely a neighborhood in Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming or Colorado but what has a snake story

Leading all the rattlesnake stories of the year, and probably for many years, for that matter, was that of Mrs. H. H. Slaughterback, of Fort Lupton, Weld county, Colorado. In a two hours' battle with rattlers late in the fall Mrs. Slaughterback killed er and was attacked by the rattlesnakes when she inadvertently came near the den in which they were preparing to go into winter quarters. a stick.

Contrary to the oft-told tales of rattlesnakes "leaping" at victims, the snake can only strike about two-thirds of its own length. About one-third of while they took the downward trail, the snake remains on the ground, she felt its presence as for years she while the other two-thirds goes forhad felt Joel's—calm, immutable, pro-tective. She looked at the slender, snake never leaves the ground when the reptile strikes.

Near White River, S. D., Henry Jenkins ran on a rattlesnake den on the bluffs of the river and killed about twenty-five. The snakes had rolled themselves into a ball and had

gone to sleep for the winter.

Around Rattlesnake Ledge in northern Colorado, probably 250 rattlers were killed during the year, but no one was bitten by them. Rattlesnake Ledge is the most dreaded place in the very soul of that life. It was un-thinkable, inconceivable! scourge of rattlesnakes which infests that range of hills.

Some Little Known Facts About Sleep.

The harder a man works the less sleep he requires; strong coffee does not help to keep people awake; and anyone who goes without sleep for three nights in succession will feel far more tired on the second night than on the third.

These startling statements have all been proved true by psychologists. The investigators believe that the human race sleeps too much. During a recent test nine people of each sex went without sleep for eighty hours. At the end of that time it was found that eight to ten hours' sleep was suf-

Exercise and moderate eating helped the subjects of the experiment to flour is sometimes used. had been asked to review. Then he keep awake. They swam, ran, drove sat motionless until the Korean boy motor cars, and played games. After forty-five hours of wakefulness it was found very difficult to drive a motor-car, but on the third night drowsiness almost completely disappeared, and driving became compara-

tively easy. Although physical strength declines as the result of any serious loss of sleep, mental alertness is in no way

Protecting the Birds.

Birds are naturally the friends of man, and if kindly treated many of head and eyes until they were level them build nests in the trees and shrubs close to the homes. If they see a cat lurking around the place, that ancient enemy will drive them window was a perfect frame for the away, and they are none too trustful snow-capped mountain. The summit of children. But even with these dangers, they will frequently build their

The children should be taught to be very careful not to molest or frighten these feathered friends, and they temple, a thought ran through Joel's should be shown that a good active It was wordless and fleeting family of birds will consume in enormous quantity of harmful bugs dur-

ing a season. Cats also should be restricted during the season when young birds are birds, she has gone beyond her sphere. She needs a good collar around her neck, and a fairly loud bell, to announce her presence, and much will be gained if she is kept indoors at night.-From the Lititz Record.

To Beautify Washington.

Washington is expected to take her place among the most beautiful capitals of the world during the next few years. The National Capital Park and Planning Commission, recently authorized by Congress is rapidly being organized. This body is to develop a plan of growth for the capital and its environs, admittedly needed as a result of the tremendous growth of suburb in Virginia and Maryland. Approximately \$50,000,000 has already been set aside by Congress for new public buildings to take place of new public buildings to take place of first. Cabbages may be hung up in temporary structures erected during the poultry house; the beets are usuthe war. Pennsylvania Ave. between the White House and the Capitol now has whole blocks of tenement like buildings, largely occupied by curio dealers, fortune tellers and Chinese. The razing of these has long been advocated. Indications are that some progress may be made along this line during the next few years as Congres has begun to take notice of the growing agitation.—The Mountain.

-Bull snakes from Texas are excellent rat and mice catchers. At least the nature study department at the Pennsylvania State College has found them very efficient. Food sup-Before he had quite realized that plies in the nature study laboratory it was really Lucy, she had taken her attracted rats and mice which became old place in his arms, curled into that so bothersome that Professor George R Green, head of the nature study department, decided to turn the harmless bull snakes loose. After a few

FARM NOTES.

-Friday, June 18, is Farmers' Field Day at the Pennsylvania State College. If you have never attended one of these affairs you have missed many treats. Go and take your neighbor, too.

-Recent reports show only 65 per cent. of the spring plowing done by the first of this month compared to 78 per cent. last year. This drainage of the wet spots permits early plowing. It helps tilth and rushes the spring season.

-It will soon be time to remove the antiques from the laying flock. After the flush of production is over, many of the poor birds will stop laying and start to molt. The poultryman who makes the most money "swats" these as fast as they appear. At least half of the flock ought to be discharged each year.

-A measure of dry hay shatterings of a wire rack consisting of a piece of poultry netting tacked to the 182 of the deadly reptiles. Mrs. chicken house wall and kept filled Slaughterback is the wife of a ranch- with the greener, more leafy bunches with the greener, more leafy bunches of hay will give the hen's something to work at all day. It keeps the hens busy and satisfied, and it gives you a big amount of satisfaction to see They surrounded her and she had to fight for her life. Her weapon was gathered. gathered.

-Travelers should give highway workers the right of way whether it is to the right or left. It makes bad work where the scraper or plow crosses the road. Often the maintainer or patrolman has two or more horses on the wide machine. Whether driving a motor vehicle or a team, it is easier and quicker to give the road than to try to hold it. A little matter of courtesy and accomodation on the road, coupled with common sense,

will save a lot of trouble sometimes. -Many Centre county farmers will attempt to lessen the amount of residue on their apples this year by thorough spraying with lead arsenate in the next two applications, the calyx and cluster apple sprays, in order to control the first broods of codling moths, curculio, and other insects, says County Agent R. C. Blaney.

If these sprays are not applied thoroughly and the insects not controlled, he cautions, additional sprays will have to be applied in the fall.

The later work may be avoided by proper spraying now.

-Spraying of potato vines is very necessary if insect damage is to be avoided. Any of the arsenical in-secticides will control the striped Colorado potato beetle and the gray blister beetle. The usual spray is 50 gallons of water with 1.5 pounds of paris green, 2 pounds of calcium arsenate or 3 pounds of lead arsenate. If paris green, or calcium arsenate is used, an equal quantity of lime should be used, to prevent burning. These poisons are frequently applied in the form of a dust, mixing 1 part of poison with 20 parts of hydrated lime. În a home garden paris green and

-Seven hundred and seventy-five bushels of registered Richland oats have been distributed in rust-infected districts of Wayne, McKean, Brad-Wyoming, and Susquehanna counties this spring, according to H. B. Musser, cereal grain extension specialist of the Pennsylvania State College. The Richland variety is re-sistant to the black stem rust. More than a hundred farms were represent-

ed by the purchasers of the good seed. Richland, a new variety in the State, is a selection from a Russian variety known as Kherson. It was developed by the Iowa State College. Demonstrations run in Bradford and Susquehanna counties for the past two years proved it satisfactory for the rustinfected areas of the north tier counties. In Bradford county the variety yielded 52.1 bushels an acre and in Susquehanna county 59.8 bushels.

-Poultry farmers of Centre county who do not know whether their flocks are making a profit or not can soon find out by keeping records. Often when the hens are thought to be profitable or to be unprofitable records kept on them show just the opposite to be true. You cannot guess about these matters. The only way to know definitely is to keep records. No business man in any other industry would depend on a part of business to furnish him an income without knowing whether it was doing it or not. Likewise, no poultryman can afford to depend upon his hens to produce an income for him without checking on them. The accounts furnish a record of results and are a basis for analysis without which neither investment nor the expending of labor and cur-

rent expense is justified. Anyone interested in keeping records on their flocks should call at the Agricultural Extension Office, Bellefonte where he can get information about a good system and require-

ments. -Good kinds of green feeds are sprouted oats, alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages and mangel beets. In ordinary cellars cabbages do not keep so well as mangel beets, so they should be uesd up ally split and stuck on a nail in the side wall of the pen about a foot above the ground. Vegetables which have been frozen can be thawed out and fed to fowls, but do not keep well after thawing. Clover and alfalfa may be fed as hay, cut into one-quarter or one-half-inch lengths, or they may be bought in the form of meal.

Oats and barley for sprouting are soaked overnight in warm water and then spread out from one-half to one inch thick on trays having perforated bottoms and put into an oat sprouter. Water the oats thoroughly and turn the trays around once daily to promote even sprouting. Artificial heat should be supplied in cool weather by the use of a kerosene lamp or by some other means. Use a good grade of oats and allow a square inch of sprouted oats surface per hen daily, feeding these sprouted oats on the floor of the poultry house or in the yard. Feed the sprouted grain at any time after sprouting.