## Bellefonte, Pa., June 18, 1926.

THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble Lived a lonely little boy; He was eager for a playmate, He was hungry for a toy, But 'twas always to much bother, Too much dirt and too much noise, For the House of Too Much Trouble Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow Left a book upon the floor, Or forgot and laughed to loudly, Or he failed to close the door; In a House of Too Much Trouble Things must be precise and trim-In a House of Too Much Trouble There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings, He must never romp and play; Ev'ry room must be in order And keep quiet all the day; He had never had companions, He had never owned a pet-In the House of Too Much Trouble It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order-Every book is in its place, And the lonely little fellow Wears a smile upon his face. In the House of Too Much Trouble He is silent and at rest-In the House of Too Much Trouble, With a lily on his breast.

## WHAT DREAMS ARE WORTH.

-By Albert Biglow Paine.

The pleasant fire-light flickered on the ceiling and made dancing shadows on the walls. A shaded lamp stood beside Aunt Jill, and by its light Aunt Jill read aloud from a small, sleek book every evening. She called it "educating Mavie's literary taste."

"'Who is the Potter, pray? And who the Pot?'" read Aunt Jill. Mavie, at the other side of the small table, stitched pink crepe de Chine and paid little attention to that insane question. It struck her that even Aunt Jill (of whose intelligence we have never had a very high opinion), ought to be able to unravel that knot tion to her, and dreamed, and sewed

her underclothes. One could dream pleasantly of the future, with the firelight flickering, and the wind whistling down the village street outside, and the voice of Aunt Jill droning on and on-the lovely future, and all the beautiful things that came as soon as one was

grown up. With clever fingers she stitched the filmy lace on her garments. She was making a trousseau, but not the sort up the white dress, and laid it away of trousseau that precedes a wedding. in tissue-paper, and mused:

"Poor Aunt Jill, whom nobody has The sort of trousseau that comes be-fore growing up. The following week Maive was going to put up her hair.

She stood on the threshold of lifeglorious life. Where the stream of madapollams and cast-iron calico embroideries merges at last into the river of ninons, and crepe de Chines,

She laid down her needle and stared at the fire, the early autumn fire at which Aunt Jill was warming her poetical toes. She saw herself at her first dance (diamante trimmings on white ninon de soie. Handsome young men, and others not so young, pointing her out to each other and seeking for introductions. She would be kind to them all, but she would not encourage any of them. She would not take scalps just for the fun of adding them to her collection, as Colleen did. Or get engaged once a year just to see what it was likeafter the fashion of Gladys DuBrett. No. She had in her mind her ideal man, and she would simply wait till he came along. If you waited long enough and were brave enough, the best always came to you. From conversations with the other girls of her age, Maive had elicited this, Only-so few of them could be bothered to wait. But I, said Maive, am different from those others ....

Aunt Jill closed the book with a snap, yawned behind her plump hand, then fingered Maive's sewing with disapproval written on her round, pink face.

"Most unserviceable. When I think of my own clothing for my coming out. But it's typical of the times. Everything elaborate and gossamer and unserviceable. Pretty, but fragile. You want things to wear."

Aunt Jill held up a pink silk nightgown and looked at it with scorn. "Thin as paper, too. When I remember the things I had, when I was a girl.

She gazed at the fire, remembering them. Maive twisted in her chair impatiently. Aunt Jill was preferable when she read nonsense out of that sleek book to when she started remembering her youth. (We are not at all sure we believe that Aunt Jill ever was a girl.)

"I can't think what you want with all this flummery," said Aunt Jill a trifle uneasily. "Waste of time and money, I call it. You ought to use the time that you waste over this learning something that will be useful to you in after life."

A worried look came over her plump, pink face. There were times when she felt she had not brought Maive up to realize the seriousness pity for youth, no sentimental softof life. But it wasn't so easy as one imagined. Young people seemed to take all sorts of things for granted, and you hadn't the heart to disillu-

"I don't see any harm in liking Common Sense, and wore a bowler pretty clothes," said Maive a trifle hat, and smoked a good, honest pipe, rebelliously.

"You want something serviceable. Something that will last," said Aunt

she had not quite settled down to life and all its oddities.

"Yes," she said, suddenly melting, "I suppose they are dull. There, child. Have your finery and enjoy yourself while you can. You're young

but once. She stared at the fire. She knew that she ought to talk seriously to Maive, but like all round people, she hated embarking on anything so tirsome as an explanation. After all, the girl was only eighteen. Let her enjoy her dreams. "Surely," thought Aunt Jill, "no one can blame me for feeling that. When we get back from Harrogate, I shall talk to her. She'll realize, when she has seen a bit more of life, that it's not all so easy as she

imagines now." The hotel in Harrogate was large and fashionable. She was well-known there. The girl would meet other peo-

ple and friends. "After all, it's giving her a chance,"

said Aunt Jill. Maive, singing a little song under her breath, went off, shedding a trail of odds and ends of crepe de Chine and the most unserviceable lace in her wake. Aunt Jill looked after her with a little smile.

Why was it that Maive, with the trying optimism of youth, took it for granted that she was quite well off? That she was situated exactly as Colleen Davidson, the Bishop's niece, and Gladys DuBrett, the Vicar's daughter—both of whom had a complete outfit of prosperous parents? That the clothes they had would be hers as a matter of course when she put up her hair? That the dances they went to, she, too, would go to? You may ask me, mused Aunt Jill. And when one is round, and kind, and soft-hearted, it is a little hard to break these pretty dreams into mun-

dane atoms. "I ought to have her taught short-hand," said Aunt Jill unhappily. And there was Maive, singing away

in her bedroom, and dreaming of marrying only a millionaire, no doubt! "After all, she's just a child. Presently she'll see for herself," said Aunt

The door opened. Maive stood there in a soft, white frock, a large, white feather fan in her hand. Her golden hair was piled high on top of her little head—not in any particular fash-ion. Like a fairy princess, thought Aunt Jill, a catch in her throat. Is

"My coming-out dress," said Maive,

and swept her a curtsy. "After all, I remember my own dress was white," dreamed Aunt Jill to the fire. "White-with silk roses, I remember, stitched to the hoops. He took one as a keepsake. My hair." But she could not remember about sions. her hair. It was long ago. Meanwhile, in her own room, Maive folded

about things, really!"

The boxes were packed, and Maive had solved at last the awful problem as to how one really managed to make long golden hair stay anywhere but falling down one's back. And then, quite suddenly, the whole fabric of her dreams came tumbling down all round her. On the eve of their start for Harrogate, Aunt Jill died. Died of some strange complaint that had been a secret between her and her Maker, and not even confided to the family doctor. It seemed to Maive that almost before she realized anything had happened, the funeral was over, and house was very still, with Aunt and Aunt Jill's black cashmere shawl lying neatly folded over the back of an armchair that Aunt Jill would

never sit on anymore.
And there was Mr. Charlesworth, old and crusty, and sown all over with moles, waiting to see Maive in the library: Maive, very small and fright-ened and slim in her black dress. She was only eighteen then.

"And your plans, young lady?" said Mr. Charlesworth.

He was old-old, and sad, and tired-One of his moles had a long, black hair proceeding from the center of it. In by-gone days, when he had been happy, Maive wondered whether he had wagged that hair. Her fascinated eyes were unable to tear themselves away from it.

"I thought I would just stay on here," said Maive. "Sarah can look after me. I might go later to Har-rogate for a bit. We were going rogate for a bit. there, you know."

Tears filled her eyes at the memory of all those lovely plans that had come to nothing. At the doorway of her mind there waited the thought that it was down-right inconsiderate of him, only never quite so nice. Aunt Jill not to have waited till they got back from Harrogate to die. But

Maive was too loyal to let it in. Besides, it would not be so bad to live there in the pretty little cottage in Hazler's Copse, and watch the roses come out year after year, and see the lavender bed turn to grayblue under the windows, and listen in the summer to the nightingales. They are said to sing louder there than

any where else in England.
"Umhum," said Mr. Charlesworth, may I ask, all the idea you have as to

how you stand?" Mr. Charlesworth had had so many dealings with life that it left him no ness such as had melted the heart of Aunt Jill. Youth, in Mr. Charlesworth's mind, was closely allied to incipient idiocy. He worshiped one God only, and his God was called Common Sense, and wore a bowler

and called a spade a spade. "Then you'll have to listen to some plain speaking," said Mr. Charles-worth, settling down and putting one It was clear from Maive's face that foot in the wastepaper basket. "Your it was the last thing she wanted. Aunt Jill had an annuity. It dies with her. You will have from your father's Aunt Jill stood up. She was a estate, a yearly income of something get any more? If theshort, stumpy little person with neat in the neighborhood of ninety pounds: feet and plump, white hands. On her Your aunt should have made this in all the glory of a uniform with round face there was a perpetual look plain to you, but she was always a gold buttons.

of surprise, as though even at her age most unpractical woman. Sentimental beyond all common sense, she was."

Mr. Charlesworth blew his nose angrily upon a green and purple silk handkerchief. It was as though he were still annoyed with Aunt Jill, though dead, for not worshiping the

same God as himself. "You can, no doubt, appreciate the fact that it is out of the question for in the mincing machine. you to continue living as you have done heretofore," said Mr. Charlesworth. "You can not keep up this house on ninety pounds a year. I may say there is astonishingly little that you can keep up on ninety pounds a year. You will have to get a job."

her eyes fixed on that mole, too horror-stricken to speak. "I might help you," said Mr.

Charlesworth. It was raining. Big drops splashed on the window-pane, blurring it until you could no longer see the garden or the gray-blue of the lavender bushes there. And to Maive it seemed that there was a picture of herself men pointing her out to each other, and others, not so young, seeking in-troductions. White she wore, with diamante trimmings. (It was packed already in the trunk upstairs.) And the rain-drops came down, splash, and

on at the Stapletons' if she hadn't been able to sew. It was clear at a glance that Maive, as a governess, was unlikely to be one of the striking successes of that profession. But Mrs. Stapleton adored handsewn underclothes, and she was one of those large-nosed women who love giving orders and planning, but hate to be bothered with the execution.

splashed all over with big drops like

So Maive settled down schoolroom at the top of the tall house, where smuts kept drifting in with love from other people's chim-The schoolroom was on the neys. fourth floor. It had bars to the window. Behind the bars sat Maive and Mike, aged six, like a couple of caged

birds. They would both rather have been in the tree tops, but they had to pay attention to the matter in hand, which was "William I, 1066 to 1087. William II, 1087 to 1100."

Mike had a large head, and a genius for argument that made Maive ought to be able to unravel that kilot unassisted. Mavie paid little attention to her, and dreamed, and sewed too, were as fresh and as youthful as caught her, as she sat up there behind the bars, trying to convince him of facts she did not feel at all certain

about herself.
"Teaching," boomed Mr. Charlesworth as he deposited her and her boxes on the doorstep of that London house, "is the noblest of all profes-

It might be that, mused Maive, if ever loved! What can she know the fourth floor sat Maive, putting about things, really!" tucks into pink crepe de Chine for somebody else. It was all like a dream. Soon, she felt, she would masts, calling, "Good-by, good-by." wake up and see the firelight dancing And there, among them, he stood. wake up and see the firelight dancing on the ceiling, and the shaded lamp, and hear the voice of Aunt Jill booming forth at that old reading of hers: 'Who is the Potter, pray? And who the Pot?"

But she never did. "Some day," she whispered to her-self, "he will come and fetch me away from all this. I still have something to hope for. If I wait brave-

ly and long enough." But Gladys and Colleen met all their various young men at dances might never think of looking for her at the top of that tall London house, behind the bars.

"Gladys may ask me to stay for the Easter holidays," she comforted her-

But somehow Gladys never did. Poor people are so trying. They may not have the right clothes. "Perhaps Colleen will have me to stay for Christmas," thought Maive.

But Colleen was a young lady of fashion and had long ago forgotten all about her. "Nothing in story books is so un-

likely as the things that really hap-pen," said Maive to herself, and the pen," night, and her pillow. So, with the glorious optimism of youth, she dreamed about him. One must dream of something. Black hair he had, and very blue eyes. He was tall and straight and lean, and he wore wonderful clothes. She used to amuse herself looking for him in the crowds in the park, where she took Mike for his interminable walks. Sometimes, in the distance, she saw somebody here or there that looked rather like

Mike found her answers to his never-ending questions a trifle absentminded when they were in the park.

And then it happened.
"Miss Falls, you will take Mike down to Tilbury? His Uncle Jack is doing a voyage as doctor on one of the P. and O. boats and has asked you both down to lunch. He has promised to show Mike the ship. That child is mad about machinery. You can take the eleven train down and get the three train back," said Mrs. old and sad and moldy. "And is that, Stapleton, and she went on to detail everything Mike would wear for the occasion, even down to his undervest. For she was a woman who loved to command, but hated being bothered

with execution. Mike and Maive set forth together to the Tilbury docks. The S.S. China lay alongside, flying the Blue Peter,

in all the pleasant stage of flurry and glamour of a ship about to sail.

"And there is Uncle Jack," said Mike solemnly. "Miss Falls, if you are a ship's doctor, do you have to do anything to the ship if it won't work? If you are a ship's doctor, Miss Falls. where do you get the medicine to give to people who are seasick? If the medicine is finished before they come into a port, Miss Falls, how do you

"How do you do," said Uncle Jack

He was an agreeable, tanned person with tawny hair that neither prayers, nor brilliantine, nor brushing would ever make it lie flat. He had brown eyes, soft and kind, that son is an art.—Beattle. reminded you of some sort of pleasant dog, and he gave you that hearty kind of handshake that gives you some no-

tion of what mince must go through "This is very nice and splendid and all that," said Uncle Jack, and he

smiled at Mike. But it was Maive on whom his eyes rested all the time. He thought she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen, in her shabby dress and last year's hat. Like a fairy, he thought, being kept at domestic jobs but not Maive said nothing. She sat with really suited to them. He cursed himself for not having been to see his sister sooner. But how was he to know?

He took them all over the ship. Down little ladders into cubbyholes that smelt of oil, and adventure, and foreign parts. Up on spacious decks that you could picture yourself stridat her first dance, with the young ing grandly while the wonders of the world slipped by, some to starboard

and some to port.
"I wish I was coming with you," said Mike, gravely, one hand clutched in Maive's and the other in Uncle Jack's large fist.

washed the picture out till there was "I jolly well wish you were comnothing there but a sheet of glass ing with me, too," said Uncle Jack. But he wasn't looking at Mike. To find her like this, so little and sweet, They would never have taken her and frail, just as one was off on a n at the Stapletons' if she hadn't three months' cruise. It was hard luck for Uncle Jack.

He took them down to lunch, where they had curry and queer little attendant messes on saucers. Bombay duck, said Uncle Jack. And dried, powdered prawns. And mango chutney from the Far East.

Coffee was served, and the siren blew shrilly like a lost ghost calling its mate. A little fog had crept down over the docks, and through the fog white gulls flapped, circling round the ship. The cry went up, "All for the shore."

Uncle Jack showed more emotion than is usual at parting with his chocolate-sticky nephew. In his heart he was cursing all his various Fates, while he produced various platitudes aloud to keep the conversational ball

rolling politely.
"I'll be back in three months," he said, suddenly deserting the conventional role. "I shall come to see you. Will you come out to a theater with

me? She thought him very kind, but he didn't interest her. His hair was the wrong color, and she never cared about brown eyes. But she said she'd

love to come. And then they were on the quay, and the ropes were cast off, and the gangway was up, while the ship moved very, very slowly out over the water. So slowly at first that it was you had anything to teach. But she like watching the hand of a clock. was clever with her needle, and Mrs. You knew it moved, but you couldn't Stapleton was passionately fond of see it. Very, very slowly, like a dream hand-sewn garments. In the room on ship fading, thought Maive. Rows er. ing them and fluttering handkerchiefs,

and white gulls circled round the Her dream hero come to life, and he was looking at her. Very sleek and black his hair was, very blue eyes. In the rapidly increasing distance they knew each other. These things happen once in a century or so. Sometimes to princes and rich men only. To queens, or society debutantes. Or just to litle nursery governesses penned behind bars in the upper windows

of London houses. It happened to Maive. Her heart beat in her throat. He Jill's plump little shoes standing and garden parties and tennis part-empty beneath the dressing-table, ies. Maive felt little afraid that he paper. Would it reach her? Could

the screw of paper ashore. It fell at her feat. She picked it up and stood there looking after him. Now the ship was nearly lost in the little white mist that had come down over the docks.

She kissed her hand to him. Uncle Jack from the upper deck responded with all the enthusiasm of times. Sheer fabrics, notably chiffon, the type of man who has tawny hair favored. that neither brushing, nor prayer, nor brilliantine will ever make lie straight.

All alone among the empty barrels and porters' barrels, Maive undid the paper. It had been wrapped round a small, silver match-box, and on it was written in pencil,

"Wait for me." The match-box bore the initials, G.

"'Wait for me,' " said Maive soft-ly to herself. "Oh, yes, I will wait for you. I have always been waiting for you.

Mike tugged at her hand resentfully. "Why don't you listen, Miss Falls? Why don't you answer me? How did they Bombay the duck? Why do they powder the prawns?

There was such a glow about her, those days, that Mrs. Stapleton, who had meditated raising her salary at Christmas, didn't. If she was as happy and contented on what she was getting, there obviously was no need for a change of any kind, said Mrs.

Stapleton. Uncle Jack came back in three months.

"It's wonderful how foreign travel has improved him," said Mrs. Staple-"At one time he was very offton. hand with us all. I felt he could not be bothered with us. Now he seems take the keenest interest in his little nephew."

It was true that Uncle Jack was a regular visitor in the schoolroom where the smuts blew in with love from other people's chimneys. He would sit on the table, dangling his long legs, and tell Mike wonderful tales of adventure, and shipwreck, and cannibal isles, and dancing dervishes, producing them from the fer-tile imagination that goes with the particular sort of hair he had. it wasn't at Mike he looked as he talk-

(Concluded till next week.)

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Common sense is nature's gift, but rea-

-Outstanding is the problem of the hat—shall it be broad-brimmed and picturesque, or shall it continue narrow brimmed and cloche-like. Both types have been offered; in this country the modistes have inaugurated a tremendous and concerted propaganda to bring the large hat back into favor, and, while Paris has not joined the move, the French milliners are at least offering more sweeping brimmed chapeaux than they have in recent seasons. The solution rests entirely in the heads of the hautes mondes, both here and abroad. Palm Beach and along the Riviera the tendency toward larger brims has found influential sponsors; in Paris the turban, beret and gigolo still prevail to almost the entire eclipse of any picture chapeaux. Of course, the burning rays of the sun have much to do with the wearing of picture hats at the resorts, and it would be unwise to conclude therefrom that the cloche type is in the wane. Our anallsis of the situation is this-the vogue of the small hat is too rooted for its displacement. For summer picture hats will be numerically more important than in spring, but still secondary to the petit chapeau.

-The tailleur, and its place in fashion's firmament are another urgent problem for the hautes mondes to consider. The tailored suit has had a curious history since the spring of 1924, when pre-season prophets bruit-ed it as the essence of that spring's mode, only to have it flare for a move ment and then fade ingloriously from the scene. In 1925 the tailleur was handicapped because it had to compete against the flared silhouette of the dress, despite which it enjoyed a moderate success. It has been offered in various forms; it does not clash ture, when fed to growing birds. visibly with the full straight outline of frocks, and the stage is set for a more substantial tailleur season than we have had in many years.

-The hat of the moment is undoubtedly the draped crown model. All the best milliners are favoring it. Reboux, Le Monnier, Maria Guy and many others are turning out attractive examples of this particular mode. Drapery is usually at the back or side back, and from the rather restrained drapery of last season it has grown more ample; in many instances it is mightily like a tam in parts.

Felt, taffetas, faille, grosgrain, etc., are the favorite mediums for models described. They are seen in soft tones to match summer rigs, or sometimes modernistic shapes of silk in two or

three shades. Some of the modistes are showing one or two particularly stern models. A man's derby or bowler carried out in pale toned felt is made by one well-known milliner, while chic cleanly blocked sailors are favored by anoth-

The cape theme, the longer jumper, the broad silhouette and the short jacketed suit are all emphasized again, while the belted waistline is a new theme.

-The full pleated silhouette is a distinguishing feature of the Miller Soeurs opening, which also features the short jacket. The latter is usually an ensemble component, being worn in conjunction with a two-piece dress. Dress ensembles are also completed in a novel manner by the unlined coat, and a new note is the introduction of cape ensembles. The silhouette du soir is full and is developed in the sheerest of materials, chiffon particu-

larly being stressed. The Georgette collection particuit possibly reach her? He was larly indorses the jumper—a little weighting it with something. Raislonger than last season, and belted—ing his hand above his head, he flung and the cape theme which appears larly indorses the jumper-a little in both coats and dresses. The silhouette is of the kinetic type, apparently straight in repose and rippling in motion. It is attained by means of divers pleatings. There is a tendency toward a higher and more marked waistline for robes du soir, while the skirt length remains short at all

> The tailored suit, cut along straight lines and consisting of a hip-length jacket and a short pleated skirt, is an outstanding feature of Cyber's models. The jacket is belted, but the belt does not affect the outline in any way, by the reason of its extreme looseness. Capelet suits are also in evidence, and the cape itself is a recurrent theme throughout the entire collection. Street dresses generally incorporate the rippling, pleated sil-houette, while the mold and flare is retained in evening models.

The modified princess silhouette makes its apearance in Lebouvier's collection, which very impartially includes the hemline flare and the full straight outline as well. This house is equally cosmopolitan in its sleeve treatments; some sleeves are decorative, full, and tiered; others are short and plain, and there are a few frocks with no sleeves at all. Lingerie treatments at the collar and sleeves and occasionally lingerie gilets are significant features.

The tuxedo, a frank imitation of the masculine suit of the same name, collared with velvet and developed in plain wool, is the outstanding feature of the new Paul Caret collection. It was received very favorably and is considered certain to enjoy a smart vogue this spring.

-A cupful of ripe olives added to the beef stew just before it is taken off improves it wonderfully. To make baked or boiled custard

perfectly smooth, scald your milk and tion of dust. set aside to cool. Then make the custard and cook as usual. A tasty addition to ham sandwiches ions, or other strong smelling sub-

is a pickle or two minced with the stances. cold meat. For this purpose broiled ham is aids deterioration. often preferred to that which is boil-

ed. For a change add to the scrambled eggs half a dozen mushrooms cut into clean, sweet fillers. bits an cooked in a teaspoonful of butter with half a green pepper minc-

## FARM NOTES.

-Screened and shaded stables will keep out the flies. Cow comfort and sanitation will be promoted by taking these precautions.

-Milk kept cool does not sour read-Bacteria which causes souring make little growth at temperatures below 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

-As a pasture crop sweet clover will carry more stock than any other legume. Start the grazing when the plants are 6 to 8 inches high. The stock will not like the taste at first but confined to it they become fond of it and will do well. Keep sweet clover pastured down fairly closely or clip back to a height of eight inches to produce best grazing.

-By this time all of the first crops should be planted in the garden. The cool season has caused many gardeners to hold back the planting of the tender crops, such as tomatoes, peppers, eggplants, and lima beans. There should be no further delay in getting these crops into the field as they all require a long season to reach maturity. Dwarf limas may perhaps be planted up to the tenth of

-Farm gardeners of Pennsylvania are proving that the home garden may be handled with but a negligible amount of hand work. They have found to their own satisfaction that horse tools best prepare the soil for vegetables. Where the spade and rake were used entirely in former years the plow, disc, and harrow do most of the work now. If the rows are long and properly spaced the cultivator may replace the hoe also to a

great extent. -It has been said that milk is not a natural food for chicks and, therefore, it is not necessary to supply it to the feathered tribe. If milk is not a natural food for chicks, then the good poultryman can improve on na-

-Pigs are pigs, but some are better than others. Some pigs are given better care and feed than those on neighboring farms. Blood, feed, and care will bring many litters safely through the six months to the ton goal while others not so well favored will struggle in vain.

-Pennsylvania consumers use approximately 160 million dozen eggs or about 200 eggs each a year, according to the Bureau of Markets, State Department of Agriculture. The poultry flocks within the State are producing half of the eggs required to meet

this demand. While not producing sufficient eggs to meet the demand, the poultry industry is one of the most important farm enterprises in the State. The 17,465,000 chickens were valued at \$22,000,000 and produced 79,000,000 dozen eggs valued at \$29,190,000 in

The leading counties in egg production are, Lancaster, York, Berks, Chester, Montgomery, Bucks, Adams, and Bradford. Each of these counties produced over 2,000,000 dozen eggs in 1925, Lancaster and York exceeding 5,000,000. Twenty-two other counties had an egg yield between

one and two million dozen. -The Bureau of Animal Industry, issues the following list of "don'ts as a step in reducing the serious loss suffered from hog cholera in the State

each year: Don't buy hogs and pigs without careful inquiry in the community. If you find that the person desiring to sell hogs has recently lost one, two or more animals, don't purchase, but report to Pennsylvania Bureau of Animal Industry, Harrisburg, Pennsyl-

vania. Don't buy exceedingly cheap hogs and pigs unless you know positively that the owner has not recently lost animals, but has some other good rea-

son for sacrificing the animals. Don't buy from several different people and put them all together on your own premises or allow them to come in contact with your own hogs and pigs. Keep each lot to itself until two or three weeks have passed and then put them in their permanent quarters only after being sure that none are showing any signs of sickness.

Don't go near a premise where there are sick hogs, and don't allow any one from a premise where there are sick hogs to visit your hog pens or hog lots.

Don't purchase hogs or pigs, for purposes other than immediate slaughter, at a public sale or stockyards. If you own hogs, don't go near hog pens at sales or stockyards. After visiting such places your shoes, at least, should be washed with a disinfectant before entering your own hog pens or hog lots.

Don't take chances with a sick hog. Isolate any animal that shows signs of being sick. If two or more animals develop the same symptoms call a veterinarian. If your hogs are affected with hog cholera the sooner this fact is known the better chance you will have to save your animals. Don't waste money on patent medicines or so-called cholera cures; con-

sult your veterinarian. 10 POINTS ON CARE OF EGGS.

1. Remove male birds immediately after the breeding season is completed to assure infertile eggs.

2. Collect eggs at least twice daily to prevent deterioration in the poultry house.
3. Cool eggs to at least 68 degrees

Fahr. to remove animal heat. 4. Always keep eggs in a cool, dry place to avoid shrinkage.
5. Keep eggs covered with a cloth

to prevent evaporation and the collec-6. As eggs readily absorb odors, keep them away from kerosene, on-

7. Do not wash eggs, since this 8. Use dirty, small, checked, very long and grass stained eggs at home.

9. Ship nothing but graded eggs in 10. Market your eggs at least twice a week in the summer to assure better quality.