Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1926.

DENNIS SHAY, THE WITNESS.

Twas Dennis Shay, the witness, Who stepped upon the stand; And a greener looking mortal Ne're left old Ireland.

And the Judge and Jury snickered At everything he'd say, Whilst the lawyers, wise and witty. Kept pumping Dennis Shay.

They styled him prince of blockheads! This witness on the stand. And declared such stupid asses, A disgrace to any land.

A chap chock full of Blackstone. And impudence as well. Said, ask the fool who made him,

And I doubt if he could tell. Whin ye ax such simple questions Its mysilf can answer those! Who made me? Why, said Dennis, T'was Moses I suppose.

Ye Gods! t'was Moses made him, Did you hear the critter say? And the court then took a recess, To laugh at Dennis Shay.

Then spoke Dennis: Misther Lawyer, Perhaps it might not do If I should ax the question, Whose been afther makin' you.

Oh yes, said he to Dennis, Whilst he blew his legal nose, Then winked at the court and answered, T'was Aaron, I suppose!

Be my sowl, thin spoke up Dennis, With a bit of roguish laugh, Its mysilf has heard that Aaron At one time made a calf.

But its mighty strange indade, sir, To the likes of Dennis Shay That Misther Aaron's offspring Should be plading law to-day. -Written for the Watchman in 1873, by "J. C. H."

## THE REFORMATION OF NELLIE.

Captain McBride, of Ladder Truck Company No. 12, confessed to his own men that Nellie was a coward. He admitted that she was affectionate, and good-enough-looking; but how does that help if the whole company must keep one shameful secret from the rest of the department?

Nellie looked well on the chair in front of the joker stand. She was a squeamish dog who kept her hair clean, and when visitors came into the firehouse Truck No. 12 showed them Nellie even before the silver cup won in last year's city speed test. The men told solemnly that Nellie took a hose bath every morning. They whistled her out of her chair and made her spring into the air with her head high, so the muff of white hair under her chin showed advantageous-

They were silent as to one distress-

For all her quickness and alert ears, when the joker alarm sounded three taps, then two, then two more-the signal for Truck No. 12-Nellie was that creature most despised on the ladder. She was a ground fireman. Six agonizing months captain and men had tutored her. Not only was

she still unable to climb a ladder; she even balked at a step. Captain and men labored, pushed, shouted, coaxed. Nellie shook her yellow tail and stayed on the ground. That would have been all very well

in an engine company, a flying squad-ron, or the insurance patrol, but in a truck company, an aggregation of ladder men, it was the only skeleton in the company closet.

Until the night of the fire in the Lake street warehouse.

It was raining, and thick weather had filled the apparatus room with the heavy smell of gasoline and oil-The company had gone to bed early, and young Skip Oakley sat drowsily on first watch wondering if 1 o'clock would ever come. Nellie slept on a blanket under the joker stand.

The first alarm came at 12:30, from a box at Market and Lake streets. Even before Oakley could tumble forward in his chair to press the button the voice of Captain McBride roared above through the darkened sleeping quarters.

"It's a go!" he shouted. "Bunk out!"

The lights flashed on, the big bell awakened, rubber boots patter across

the upper floor. Nellie lifted her nose from its comfortable pillow and yawned—a yawn which complained that life in the fire department is extremely hard on a dog's habits. Then she uncurled and trotted to the front side wheels of the truck. The men were up before her, sliding down the brass poles to the apparatus room; like Nellie, grumbling automatically that any alarm makes a tired man "bunk out" in the middle of the night.

Skip Oakley, whose precarious duty was at the front steering wheel, swung into his seat and buckled the strap across his waist. He pressed the starter. Captain McBride sprang up beside him and jerked at the cord that opened the doors. Old Tom Mannus, the tillerman, climbed to his high seat at the rear end of the ladders, and, spreading his legs far apart, gripped his knotty arms about the tiller wheel. It is a difficult job, being a tillerman. A long ladder truck is cumbersome; its rear wheels must be guided expertly when the driver up front careens hastily around a

series of short sharp corners. On the running board Jenkens and Norton held sleepily to the sides of the ladder. The bell jangled and the truck plunged into the street, with Mannus tugging desperately. Nellie stood still, her ears sharp, perpendicular points, her fat collie waving, until the back wheels left the fire house door. Then she barked, as mechanically as the men had grumbled, and plunged into a heavy run after the swinging red tail light. Laddermen might ride. She was a ground fireman, and chose foot travel.

"Smell it?" asked Captain McBride. Skip Oakley sat loosely at the called to Norton.

wheel. His eyes were straight ahead, his ears open for any sound of approaching apparatus.

"Smells like rubber," he answered, and slowed the motor for a final turn

"Like work," answered the captain.
A pair of red and green lights flashed around the corner in the rear and pounded up beside Truck No. 12. was a light, fleet insurance patrol. Its bell clattered and it passed; behind it throbbed an engine company. "There's Boss Corrigan." Captain McBride dropped the bell rope, and Skip Oakley slacked speed as a small car skidded to a stop just ahead of

A man in a white helmet leaped out of it. Smoke hung in a light cloud, like fog, around the street lights.
Farther down the block a policeman's whistle screamed insistently. Chief Corrigan, hearing it, stepped back to the footboard of his car, and again it the footboard of his car, and again it was all right. Chief Corrigan had was off. A policeman ran into the path of its headlights, pointing toward the left with his nightstick. The chief's car jerked, and halted at the right. Truck No. 12 slid to the left. Ahead, screened in smoke, Captain McBride made out the outline of the five early engines, already at the fire-

'Go by easy," he directed. The heavy truck rolled past the engines to the curb of a great black building. Tom Mannus jumped to his feet and tipped his narrow seat on one end by its hinges. He pulled out the tiller wheel and hung it over the seat. Then, thrusting his ax into his belt and picking up a pike pole, he

dropped to the ground.

"In front, Engine No. 32!" Chief Corrigan was roaring. "Engine No. 14, take rear! You front, Truck No. 12! Locate! locate!"

"Come-Mannus, Jenkins!" Captain McBride called sharply .
"I'm comin'," Mannus answered.
"But look who's here."

Nellie sprawled on the ground, muddy and panting. A dirty tail beat its own welcome and she sniffed vociferously at Truck No. 12's boot-

"You're some runner, Nellie," Mannus said as he leaped over her. He hurried forward.

Captain McBride was rattling the front door of the Lake street warehouse. It was a building almost windowless, that reached up seven floors over half a block. "Hit her a wack," the captain or-

dered. "One side," answered Tom Mannus. He swung his ax. Wood splintered and the door sagged. Thick, black, smarting smoke burst through the opening.

"She's goin' good somewheres," said the captain. He stepped back and called "Hey, Chief Corrigan!" "Aye!" came from the white hel-

"She's got a good holt somewheres."
"What's that got to do with it?"
the chief bellowed. "In with you—in and ventilate! Use your ax. I'll pull

to white light. The fresh smoke escaped, serpent-like, across the sidewalks and along the gutters. The fling squadron had arrived; its men ran forward with oxygen tanks and

Nellie slipped under her own wagon. From her assigned place below the ladder she watched Truck No. 12 wade out of sight through the smoky doorway.

Engine No. 32 went in after it running awkwardly, with long hoops of flapping hose. The insurance patrol followed, bent double under the weight of canvas tarpaulins. There was an interval; smoke filled the doorway; then the men backed out, all of them. Truck No. 12 backed out last. "Can't make it," cried some one. "It's too thick."

"Ready with your ladder, Truck No. 12," Chief Corrigan ordered. "Up! Top floor! Take a second line off Engine No. 32. Up, and see what you can find. Get the elevator, and drown it down from there!"

Nellie sat in the mud. Here was a real fire! She looked up at the men on the running board. Captain Mc-Bride stood on the front seat. Mannus and Oakley labored at the brass windlass which lifts the extension ladder. Slowly the great frame of the ladder tilted into the air.

"Easy-easy, now boys-easy!" warned the captain. His own men turned the windlass

over and over. Still the ladder lifted, the rear end in the air, the front hinged to the truck. "Heads up! Watch them wires! Right a little—steady! Easy Now up-up-whoa!"

The ladder leaned against the buildng. Oakley and Mannus spiked their windlass with steel pins, to prevent it from slipping. Jenkens and Norton already ground a smaller one. The first extension slid upward, then a second; the cables creaked; Norton and Jenkens twisted their handles, up the ladder moved, farther and farther "Get the line!" Captain McBride

ordered. The four truckmen ran toward Enrine No. 32. Through the spokes of the hind wheel Nellie watched apprehensively. The fog of smoke hid them; they were back. Nellie bark-

"Keep still, Nellie," Captain Mc-Bride said sharply. "There's racket enough."

There was the rattle of an ax as it bounced against the ladder rungs; Captain McBride was climbing. At his heels mounted Oakley, with the brass nozzle over his shoulder, made fast to his belt.

Nellie's ears sharpened. She rubbed her nose against the wheel and whined. Mannus was climbing now, with a loop of hose around him, and now Norton, and Jenkens. Nellie ran out from cover and raised her muddy front feet recklessly off the ground. She felt experimentally of the sides of the truck. There were her men, going—up there was the bottom rung, eight feet above her.

Falling glass rattled upon the side-walk. She dropped back. "Cap'n's using his ax," Jenkens

"Water, No. 32! Charge her!" Captain McBride was shouting through his hands from a smoky window sill on the the top floor. The line trembled, and the loops whipped out. Black, three-inch hose leaped

full with pounding pressure. So Truck No. 12 went where it was bid, and in the street a sleepy crowd coughed in the smoke and cheered. The seventh floor was cut into small, irregular rooms, each one stored high with household goods. A yellow light puffed unsteadily in the center of the building, and smoke was shouted. stored high with household goods. A yellow light puffed unsteadily in the center of the building, and smoke was hot against the throat. Captain Mc-brief dropped to his hands and knees Bride dropped to his hands and knees lines up. Truck No. 12's got to get back, its rubber grip pinched his nose, and he hreathed heavily. After him and led the way.

The floor was warm. He felt it cautiously and hesitated.

more ladders.

There was smoke, and a ladder prop- where the light was now red, now ped against the wall. The pumps were pounding. But where was the flame? The crowd waited impatiently. It did not know that the dangerous fire, the one that makes widows of firemen's wives, is the kind that smokes and is dark and surly.

There began to arrive apparatus responding to the three-eleven alarm. she crouched back under the seat. Police reserves jumped from their Engine Companies No. 32, patrol wagons and shouted boisterous 61 massed before the door. commands. Ropes were pulled into place between poles and the crowd

was pushed back. And under the truck Nellie stood with her tongue hanging out one side of her mouth, watching an empty window high in the air where the men of

front door, coughing.
"Engine No. 6 reports," broke in a

running, panting figure. "Stick your Egan pipe in the front cellar windows and spray," ordered the chief, calm in spite of the bedlam the chief. Within the door smoke stung the chief, calm in spite of the bedlam the chief, calm in spite of the bedlam the chief. in the street. "Engine No. 29," another man shouted.

"Back way, cellar," the chief direct-"They ain't no stair." A third com-

plaining pipeman ran from the build-ing. "It's driving us back." "Up, now! Look up!"

It was the crowd calling. The reflection of flame blotted pink in a mass of faces. Out through a sixth floor window a red line raced and widened and shot angrily into a flash arose from the crowd-this, not smoke, was what it had awaited. Chief Corrigan growled.

The flame bore other flames. They points. scooted up the wall, directly under Truck 12's ladder. In another minute ladderman! Truck No. 12! they would touch it. Nellie whined— Nellie forgot that she wa had touched, two rungs were hid.

Nellie cried again. She ran into the open and lifted her paws venture-somely. Two feet off the ground she Captain McBride clutched his nozsomely. Two feet off the ground she found the running board. She trotted a second step, two feet higher. She sprawled up, clawing at the turntable, where the windlass knobs twist the

"Get that dog out!" Chief Corrigan shouted.

He stood by the hood of the truck, roaring. A wet, black hand reached up and yanked Nellie away by the collar.

Chief Corrigan had rushed to other duties. Other men in white helmets had arrived, new lines of hose wound, serpentine, through the street. The gutter ran with muddy water. Still the flame leaped. Still Truck No. 12's window was empty. Nellie ran they'll hear all of us." along under the truck, barking sharp-

On the seventh floor Truck No. 12 had found its duty and was hard at it. The fire had climbed the shaft; already it was running through stacked furniture at the top of the building. Captain McBride lay on his face, with his helmet tipped forward and the brass nozzle in his arms. Behind him Skip Oakley crouched with the throbbing hose against his chest; back of The sweeping water spilled chairs,

tables, couches, about the floor. Smoke rolled blacker, but still the flame crackled and curled through the stacked furniture and up along the roof beams.

Captain McBride slid backward. "You, Jenkens," he called, "get back front there and ventilate. Find some windows and open 'em!"
"Yes, sir," Jenkens answered.

They heard his voice as he depart d. "This here floor's too hot!" "It's getting ahead," the captain growled. "Back up a little." Once more his men retreated, losers in an uneven battle.

Then came Jenkens, smoke-dulled, gasping. "Cap," he whispered, "they's fire coming all round. We're cut off, regular."

"What you mean, cut off?" "Ladder's right in the middle of it. coming through the floor any minute. "Lay off," McBride ordered. "I'll hold the line. The rest o' you look for a get away." Old Tom Mannus was on his knees.

himself into the smoke. Oakley hesitated, then followed him. Jenkens and Norton went to the left, between two piles of furniture. They were back immediately.

"Too hot," Norton said huskily.

"Let's try it this way."

Again the dark took them. There

was an interval. Oakley crawled back from the first stack. "Cut off, Cap," he reported.
"Try again." McBride's voice was

husky. The fire crackled closer. In the street three white helmets bent close together in consultation. Truck No. 12 was in a bad way. Engine No. 32 and two flying squadrons

in oxygen masks were groping for a

Smoke, fire, heat drove them back everywhere.

There was a stair. So much they Where? How to reach it? From within the building a rum-

bling sounded. "Falling wall!" the crowd whisper-

The three chiefs said, "Gasoline," and shook their heads. Battalion Chief Corrigan jumped

down somehow."

tain. Flame was spitting from the captain of Engine No. 61, with two others. third floor. Five companies worked pipemen. from the street, training their white pillars of water into the broken windows. Three other engines pumped into the rear. Two troops of ladderpromised a three-eleven. Another men with extra lines labored outside, five minutes and there would be three high up the wall, in a shower of men with extra lines labored outside, sparks. Four more groups, with Egan cellar pipes, kneeled on the side-Down in the street a rain-wet crowd walks and pushed their ungainly nozwatched the few scattered windows. zles into the basement windows, up."

ink.

floor sagged. Mannus and Oakley
Under Truck No. 12 Nellie whimstumbled down a dozen steps, feeling pink. pered. Her tail beat nervously in the their way against the wall, their eyes puddle of water leaked across the closed. road from the nearest engine. Twice she scouted out among the apparatus man who had started out with them. and sniffed hopefully at two firemen's boots. Glass tumbled around her, and

and Norton hung over the shoulders of other men. In the arms of a third Engine Companies No. 32, 12 and flares sent reflections on three brass nozzles. Eighteen men awaited the the air spasmodically.

"In with ye!" shouted Chief Corri-

The three groups moved forward, each about its own hose nozzle. The "It's all the way up," called an officer who had stumbled from the flares fogged in smoke, and the last rubber coat disappeared into the doorway. flares fogged in smoke, and the last

Nellie ran out from her hiding place. She snuffed at the open door.
A policeman lunged toward her, and she snapped back angrily at his nighther wet nostrils and her tongue that lolled from her mouth. She hurried forward, her nose to the floor.

Over at the right, through a long, black gas-filled corridor she ran, panting and sneezing. Only darkness—she turned back, past the men who choked and struggled with their hose

A door stood open ahead of her. She smelled cooler air and hurried through it. What was this? Her feet scratched at a step, and she halted, uncertain, trembling. Far above there sounded drumming water, the of fire. A murmur of satisfaction chatter of fire, falling bodies, tumult. And above it all an outcry, a command, one that she knew.

"Put her in," the surgeon ordered. "Four patients for the hospital." Nellie's ears stretched into sharp bumped away over lines of charged A voice, one that belonged to a Nellie forgot that she was a ground fireman. She forgot her fear of heights. She ran up the stair, stum-

zle while his four men hunted a way its length unsteadily and scrambled of escape. Tom Mannus came back over the front mud guard. There was and flopped down beside the hose line.

"It's all up," he said. "They ain't no way out. "Where's the boys?" asked Captain McBride. "I lost 'em. They's crazy with

smoke, over there somewheres. I lost Oakley returned while Mannus was speaking.

"I found a window," he gasped 'They an't no fire in it yet. Maybe they can lift a ladder to us there, if we can make 'em hear us."

"We'll all holler." Captain Mc-Bride and Mannus followed Oakley along a wet, narrow aisle. "Maybe But the window faced upon a court-

yard. Mannus looked below into the deep well, with its spurting windows. Here was no way out; breaking glass told of a quick-traveling flame. The men shouted hopelessly. The leaping fire answered.

Captain McBride fumbled his way back to the fallen nozzle. Jenkens and Norton had returned, unsucessful. Norton lay upon the floor, choking for breath. Jenkens sat with the nozbing hose against his chest; back of him old Tom Mannus was coughing.

Zie in his lap Old Tom Mannus picked it up, and once more the water swept ahead of him.

"Give her all y' got," he was grunting. "If we got to go, let's go like firemen. Give her all y' got. Come

The fire climbed on, above, at both sides. Furniture toppled, and Mannus swung the nozzle back and forth. The flood shot pink into the firelight and fell against the hot floor, sizzling and steaming. There were whirs of flame a rumble of wall, and then a new cry.

It was a yelp, a whimper. Captain McBride staggered to his feet, heedless of the white heat that scorched his face. "Nellie!" he cried. "Where you at,

Nellie?" The whimper came again from behind a stack of furniture. Oakley flung himself at the pile and it tum-"Ladder's right in the middle of it. bled forward. He hurled chairs left Everywhere I go they's new fire. It's and right. Nellie whined once more. "We're comin', Nellie," Oakley

cried. "Here we are!" Nellie crawled from the dark on blistered paws. Her shaggy coat was singed, her ears lay flat against her He turned at the right and pulled head. She crept another length and rubbed her nose against the captain's glove. Then she turned, the way she had come, crying in her throat and looking back at the company.

"Nellie, you clumb!" Captain Mc-Bride shouted. Nellie whined again and limped ahead. McBride stumbled, and she snapped at his rubber coat, tugging weakly.

He looked back.

"There's a stair, men," McBride Figures for the year show a total tax of \$58,186,816, or forty-two cents a month for each telephone in said hoarsely. "Nellie's found a stair, somewheres. Drop your pipe and operation. That includes both main come." Mannus floundered to his feet and

telephones and extensions. pulled at Oakley. The rate shows an increase of 120 "Come on," he whispered. per cent, over 1910 when the tax on "Hitch along on your ax," McBride each instrument was \$2.27.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

## FARM NOTES.

Jenkens and Norton lay still on the

"Beat it, you two," McBride order-

floor, piled across the hose, like dead

ed. "I'll try to help these fellows."

Mannus and Oakley followed Nel-

lie, through two corridors, around

flame that licked outside the stair

well. It was a flare. Help was com-

ing—there were footsteps on hollow

charred boxes.

hurry!"

down again.'

flashlight.

weakly.

cago.

"Here."

Bride into the wagon.

'em Mannus whispered.

throat and climbed to her feet.

"They've got 'em!" cried the pipe-

"There's one hard place," the cap-

Fire burst through the partition.

knots of men swung their nozzles-"Run for it!" the captain of No. 61

ordered. "Drop your pipes and run."
The ambulance backed up to the

curb. Lung motors throbbed and the

two figures spread out upon the side-

"You've lost your eyebrows, man,"

he exclaimed, and lifted Captain Mc-

body down on its four feet. Nellie hobbled a step Then her

tail sagged and she rolled over.

Lake street warehouse.

Detzer.—From the Public Ledger.

28 to September 5.

of Holland and head of a special mis-

sionary enterprise of the church of

England, who was brought to America

last year and again this year by the

Moody Bible Institute because of his

extraordinary helpfulness, will speak

the general direction of Dr. James M.

Gray, the president of the Moody

Bible Institute, who will be present

during the latter half of the period

and give Bible studies and popular addresses on the first Epistle of Paul

to the Corinthians. Charles L. Huston, prominent layman of Coatesville,

Pa., will speak on "A Business Man's

Use of the Bible in Personal Work."

held forenoons and evenings, the

afternoons being left free for rest and

the enjoyment of the rare bathing, boating and hiking afforded by beau-

Special rates have been granted by

the six fine hotels of Eagles Mere for

the conference. E. B. Buckalew, of

Harrisburg, the regional representa-tive of the Moody Bible Institute, has

charge of the arrangements and has

recently issued an attractive circular

Bell System Pays \$5.04 Tax on Each

Phone in Operation.

Each telephone of the Bell system

paid a tax of approximately \$5.04

for the year ending December 31,

tiful Eagles Mere.

of information.

Sessions of the conference will be

The conference will be held under

daily throughout the conference.

-Nothing detracts more from a home than an ill-kept lawn. Making your lawn attractive is one sure way in making your home attractive.

e, through two corridors, around arred boxes.

A light flashed, whiter than the red

Grazed woodlots have fewer trees and the character of the trees and their ultimate return to the farmer is poor. The leaves are scattered to fence rows, roads and ravines, and the watershed value of the woodlot is greatly depreciated.

-Picnic time has come. More than ever we appreciate the forests which provide us with a beauty spot for our gatherings. In picnic time we pay and he breathed heavily. After him tribute to the forest and the comfort His command was loud but uncer- came two other squad men; then the it gives us. Protect it and save it for

-Poultry mites are often the cause "Here's a way out, if you're quick!" "Here's a way out, if you're quick!" of low egg production. They suck the lieutenant shouted. "Snap out, blood from the hens at night and as a result lower the vitality of the "The cap's back there with two of flock and decrease the egg yield. Paint the roosts and dropping boards Nellie made a hoarse noise in her with carbolineum to eliminate the mites.

"The dog'll show us," the squad lieutenant answered. "She brung us —A great many heifers on pasture are looking thin. They should receive some grain daily to keep them grow-There was a swelling of smoke. The ing throughout the summer. Heifers that go into winter quarters in a thin condition may be stunted, and it is more expensive to grow them out than the heifers that have been kept in a fair condition of flesh through-

out the summer. Rubber-coated figures pushed down -The brood mare needs liberal behind. Engine Captain No. 61 held feeding while suckling her foal, say Captain McBride's arms. Jenkens horse specialists of the Pennsylvania State College. Encourage the foal to Nellie cried and wheezed and pawed eat some crushed oats and bran and nice soft legume hay early in life. This will help the mother as well as the colt. If she is working in additain of No. 61 said indistinctly. "It's tion to suckling the colt it is quite a down on the third floor. We got a good dose coming up. There's a couple of lines holding it till we get

drain on her system. -In addition to the great damage to foliage in farm woodlots by grazing cattle, there are many other ill Crouched on the steps below two effects which are pointed out by C. R. Anderson, in charge of forestry ex-tension at the Pennsylvania State

College. One of these bad effects is the trampling of the soil in the woodlot, resulting in a compacting which makes it difficult for roots of trees to police held a curious crowd away from walk. A police surgeon turned his penetrate the soil, and also the hardened soil turns off water instead of admitting it freely, cutting down the moisture content and affecting the growth of trees.

Oakley and Mannus were boosted -If local poultry raisers find that after him.
"Where's Nellie?" McBride asked young chicks are dying off mysteriously, they should look about for yellowish brown bugs, about three-eights of an inch in length, covered A pipeman in a rubber coat came with light hairs, and having leathery forward and set a singed, sprawling

brown wings. They are rose chafers, also known as rose bugs or rose beetles, and contain a poison that causes the death of young chicks within 24 hours. Chicks over four months of age can The bell rang ,and the ambulance eat a large number without injurious effect, say poultry specialists at the Pennsylvania State College.

So when visitors come now into the The first symptoms are a sluggish quarters of Truck Company No. 12, Nellie blinks and lolls her tongue and listens to captain and men tell for the disposition, droopy wings a shaking of the body, and later leg weakness sets in. thousandth time of the fire in the

There is no cure, and preventing ake street warehouse.

"And before that night," Mannus the birds from eating the chafers is the secret of control. The chafers will say, "she was a ground fireman, usually do not appear annually in the 'fraid to climb a stair. But, say, a same locality. They feed on petals dog's got more sense than men, anyand leaves of rose bushes, daisies, and how. She smelt every fellow in the on grape vines, especially. Poison block, tryin' to find her own folks. sprays on the plants are not effective-And when they wasn't in sight she hunted up that stair and brung the During May the chafers are in the soil, and come out in June and are rest of 'em up. Just two minutes befound until late July. Daisies on the poultry range should be mowed, and fore the floors dropped. She's a ladderman now, ain't you, Nellie?"
Nellie yawns, for she is bored with roses and grape vines should not be planted on the range in affected areas. a story told too often.—By Karl W.

-Many horses fail to stand up to the work during the summer months as well as they might, owing to the ration fed. It is much like burning Eagles Mere Bible Conference August the candle from both ends to feed a heavy heating ration internally with the summers burning sun from the Popular Bible study combined with exterior, says County Agent, R. C. Blaney. Most successful horse users vacation recreation is the attractive scheme for the annual Bible conferprefer oats to corn during summer ence at Eagles Mere, Pa., August 28th months particularly for the bulk of to September 5th, under the auspices the grain ration, and rightfully so. Even oats can be materially assisted of the Moody Bible Institute of Chiby the addition of bran to make the Two distinguished speakers from abroad will appear on the programconcentrated ration even lighter. Then too, the laxative effect of the Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, dean of bran itself is very helpful. Constipa-tion aggravates the horses chances to English Bible teachers and religious writers, will be an outstanding feature of the conference. Dr. D. H. Dol-man, of Wansbek, Germany, a native endure the heat.

Good, bright clean hay fed not too liberally assists also. Most men feed too much hay rather than too little. At least half of the total amount of hay fed should be at night, little being necessary during mornings and noons. Salt should always be available. Frequent watering assists the horse as well as the driver. Let him have a drink the last thing before going to bed, as the night is long and hot in many stables. Proper grooming, especially in the evenings, is often overlooked but exceedingly beneficial and is cheap feed.

—The asparagus season for 1926 is over in Centre county. Because of too much cool weather and a dry month of May the yield was rather small. The asparagus bed must not be neglected during the summer for if it is neglected the yield next year will be unsatisfactory. State College Garden Extension Specialists give the following comment on summer care of the asparagus bed.

The stored up nourishment in the asparagus root is gone; it was used during the cutting season. Keep the ground cultivated or hoed until frost kills the tops; asparagus cannot compete with weeds. Feed the asparagus about during July, mulching with manure is fine, a light application of chicken manure is also excellent. If manures cannot be obtained use commercial fertilizer. A high grade complete fertilizer may be used, scattering a small handful around each hill. Nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia may be used, one handful to 10 or 12 feet of row, scattering it well. Sheep manure, bone meal or dried

blood will also stimulate growth. Do not cut asparagus after July 1st. There must be season enough to grow mature stalks, which means the berries or seed must ripen in the fall. The nourishment stored in the roots for next years cutting is stored be-

tween now and fall.