

THE DREAM SHIP.

When all the world is fast asleep, Along the midnight skies-As though it were a wandering cloud-The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm An angel stands at the prow, And an angel stands at the Dream-Ships

With rue wreath on her brow. The other angels, silver-crowned,

Pilot and helmsman are. But the angel with the wreath of rue Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor, They fall on young and old; And some are dreams of poverty And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy, And some that melt to tears; Some are dreams of the dawn of love, And some of the old, dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall, Alike on young and old, Bringing to slumbering earth their joys And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do The deeds of mighty men. And drooping age shall feel the grace Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman, The pauper be a king-In that revenge of recompense The Dream-Ship dreams to bring

So ever downward float the dreams That are for you and me, And there is never mortal man Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course Along the haunted skies-As though it were a cloud astray-The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns Pilot and helmsman are. And an angel with a wreath of rue Tosseth the dreams afar. -Eugene Field in the Ladies' Home Jour-

CHARM.

The young Prosecuting Attorney released all the power of his eloquence in summing up the case. It had been his first for the State and he had reveled in the drama of it. To the scholarly and convincing vigor of his arguments he was adding a youthful sincerity of manner and in his enthusiasm at pointing out the high lights of the case he was sweeping the jurymen along on the tide of his opinions. Even the old judge, used as he was to the outbursts of oratory from the more youthful of the lawyers who tried their cases before him, felt the magnificence of that final

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence in this case. You have witnessed the cross-examination girl who was known among her of the defendant and have marked his friends for her charm and her beauty. reluctance to commit himself to any | She was so innocent of any definite statement. You have noted his stubborn refusal to testify openly blow that crushed in the back of her and frankly. That, it is easy to understand. A guilty man is loath to combine truth and testimony! But you have noticed much more,

gentlemen. You have undoubtedly marked the type of this man. You have seen him as a most degenerate character. His face, weak and vicious, is the mirror of his soul! Looking more deeply still into his character, you have been given the proof that crime is not abhorrent to him; that respect of the law is not included in his experience. The defendant -sometimes known as 'Irish Burke' and again as 'Red Burke'-is, by his own confession, one of that evil group, the gangsters. Red Burke has been a gangster of the lower New York circle during the entire period of the police department's knowledge of him. —a dodger—he has heretofore used his wits to such advantaged has been able to escape the net of the law. He hopes to escape now by the lack of the final, absolute proof that he has committed this deed. Yet I claim, gentlemen, that a man's past is absolute proof of what may be expected of his present! A clean past begets a clean present. A crimestained past darkens, with the blood of a brutal crime, a foul present! The defendant is a living example of the quotation that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.' As he shall debauch his character, so shall his character develop into the tool for crime and lawlessness. You have, I repeat, heard the testimony of the defendant. You have also heard the straightforward, direct testimony of the only witness that the State has brought forward, the testimony of a woman of excellant repute among her fellow neighbors. What, in God's er, still more remotely removed from name, is there left for you to do but life than she was at this moment. to pronounce this man guilty as charged and to recommend that he be given the full penalty of the law!" The young Prosecuting Attorney stopped for a moment, directing his

sullenly. There was no bravado in his attitude, only a weighing sense of futility. He was as good as convicted and he knew it. He'd got the better other woman who had walked as did of the police too many times not to this woman in black. have incurred their lasting hatred; and now when they had something on him, they would get him. Besides, he

With triumphant look and lifted jury box. His voice had lost its after a moment, the woman spoke. stringent quality and was now weighted with sorrow:

"Gentlemen, this is a case that lies close to the heart of the nation! It be no two such voices in all the world! of the turn taken by the proceedings is a case that lies close to the heart "I hope you will pardon my—intru- who turned at last to her. He reof every father and mother of young girls! It is a case that commands the attention of every decent, God-fear-speak."

Indee you will part the prisoner is membered that this woman had expressed the desire not to be cross-expressed the desire not to be cross-examined, and this suggested the in the average shad roe there are ing citizen of our country! With

are watching you, gentlemen of the jury! They are watching you and wondering if you will do your part to safeguard from the clutches of similar degenerates the tender innocence of their little daughters!

"This is a bitter example of the danger thrown in the paths of the lovely young girlhood of America! Are we to do nothing to free our counterpart of the lovely young girlhood of America! Are we to do nothing to free our counterpart of the lege."

The index redded And city well. try from this menace? Gentlemen, hear me! This man-a shiftless, worthless hanger about the streetsthe companion of the lowest; this man who has assumed none of the responsibilities of life; this man who lives, it would seem, by the shady maniputalking to the deceased not five minutes before her lifeless young body was stretched, cold and broken, at his feet. He was seen talking to her at the very steps of the humble home

that sheltered her." The voice of the young attorney softened to pathos.

"The defendant has made the statement that he knew the deceasedthat he had brought her home from a walk. This fact I, for one, question. Poor though she may have been, without the sheltering care of a mother, a girl thrown early upon her own resources, yet the deceased was a gentle and refined girl. She was a girl who would hardly have chosen a man of the defendant's type for a compan-ion. But I repeat—"his voice rang out now in stern denunciation—"I repeat, gentlemen, that the defendant was seen in close conversation with the deceased not two minutes before the crime was committed! This has been the unrefuted testimony of Mrs. Margaret Murphy, the woman who lives in the adjoining house and who was the sole eye-witness to this conversation. Mrs. Murphy was called away from the window during this conversation. When, drawn by some strange premonition of evil, she rushed back to the front of her room, her horrified eyes were met with the sight of the dead girllying at the feet of the defendant! And as Mrs. Murphy looked in horror at the sight that met her eyes, the defendant dropped to his knees at the side of his victim, seemingly fascinated by the crime that he had committed. This, gentlemen, is the case of the state!"

Again the Prosecuting Attorney paused, that the full impact of what he had said might penetrate the somewhat simple minds of certain of the jurymen. Throughout the courtroom looks of hatred were cast at the figure in the prisoners' dock. Yet one a woman dressed quietly in blackleaned forward and bent her searching gaze, not on the prisoner, but on the faces of the jurymen. What she saw there made her shudder.

She had hardly believed that they could be so swayed, these men. But she realized the extent to which the sullen attitude of the prisoner had influenced them.

The young attorney was speaking again—his voice still hushed and moved with feeling.

"The deceased was but a girl. sin. She was but a girl. She died from the head. A tragic, violent death! The instrument was never found. But I instrument of death was held in the two hands of the defendant! I claim, thin lips. But at last—at last—" gentlemen, murder in the first degree for this man! I claim no lenience for the brute that gave none! I claim-" It was at that moment that the woman who had been sitting quietly at the back of the courtroom rose and

with but a moment's hesitation started to walk up the center aisle. She was slender, of medium height, and well past middle age. She would have been called old, no doubt, save for something about her that seemed like the fragrance of youth. Her gentle face was lined and the soft hair that showed beneath the close-fitting toque that she wore was silvery white. She was dressed in black-dressed neatly and unobstrusively. Yet as again. She wanted to tease him—to she walked up that aisle she caught flirt with him a bit, as does every girl and held every eye within that dingy

courtroom. People looked at her-and turned to look again. The Prosecuting Attorney stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked, helpless to go on with his address. The old judge fixed his piercing eyes upon her, while steadily and slowly she walked up that narrow center aisle—this little, gentle, elderly woman. Walked? Ah, no! That were far

too commonplace a description of it. In beauty she moved. Her steps were like the pulsing rhythm of music. In utter surpassing grace, she moved. And from her there went forth those waves of magnetism that surrounded her like a cloud of magic; a magnetism that was like a remembrance of her forgotten youth and that would surround her when she was still older, still more remotely removed from

The Prosecuting Attorney was young, yet he felt the charm of this woman and was baffled by it. The audience, made up for the most part of sensation-seekers, felt this charm eyes toward the slender, slight figure that sat the prisoners' dock.

The boy—he was, after all, hardly more than that—returned the gaze sullenly. There was no bravado in far and seen much. Yet he knew, watching this woman, that his mem-ory could give back to him but one

She had reached the railing now and opening the little gate with a delicate, fragile hand she passed through didn't care. What did anything mat- it and on to the very desk of the

The Prosecuting Attorney began inhead, the young Prosecuting Attorney coherent protest, but the judge liftturned once more to the men in the ed his hand for silence. And then, At the sound of her voice the judge started. That voice! Golden and mellow, rich and vibrant! There could

fearful eyes the mothers of America forward at the same time that the at- very means, he might be able to break torney for the defense, a young lawyer appointed by the court who up to this time had conducted his case as a matter of routine, started to speak. But the woman turned again

to the judge . "I do not wish to be cross-examined. ing his steadily. "It is the truth." wish only to tell the truth—as I "May I ask how you know that?"

lege."
The judge nodded. And still under the spell of her voice he turned and gave an order to the clerk of the court. Another moment and the wo-man in black had given her name, Miss Clara Ainslee, and was taking oath. Then, fixing her with his keen lation of his wits; this man was seen eyes, the judge addressed her: "Now

The woman in black started to speak and the spell of her words the prisoner?"
grew and deepened. There were "I knew Mol many in that courtroom who, like the old judge, were drawn by that voice to some intangible memory of another woman who had spoken with just such a golden voice; men of a waning generation who now recalled another woman who had once so swayed them by her charm. And there were others

of a younger race, like the Prosecuting Attorney—who held no such vivid memories but who realized that never in their lives had they heard such music from the human voice.

"You see, I did not realize that the boy-the prisoner, as you call himwould be such a poor witness for himself. I live a quiet retired life. I did not wish to change my way of living by the publicity of making any statement. But he has been so "I know what was said, because I tongue-tied, this boy, and so cruelly heard it—with my eyes. Yes," nod-frightened that he has almost conding at his incredulity, "I am deaf—victed himself. He is not degenerate. quite, quite deaf. But I can read your boy—a frightened, sorrowing boy.

Because he loved his little sweetheart
—you call her the deceased by the little sweetheart

would hear, the words the little sweetheart

would hear, the words the little sweetheart —you call her the deceased, but her out to Molly. As he stood looking name was Molly—he loved Molly and he has lost her. It is really all that ing on his face, I saw the words! If he can remember."

She held out her hands in a little,

was dusk. The lights were just coming on and they looked like dim moons in the gray twilight. The boy and Molly looked up at them. The beauty of it made them breathless. But these two waifs of the city had no words with which to paint the wonder of what they saw. They could only turn to each other and reach out hand to the woman looked away, as if into hand. They stood there-Molly and her boy-Molly feeling a bit wistful, as a girl does when she feels she is close to womanhood. And the twilight fell, and the dusk deepened, and they knew that they must part for a little while."

love and dreams.

"To part even for an hour is hard for the very young—when their hearts are quick and full with love. Again and occin Mally with love. Again more dim, I knew that I would soon and again Molly turned to go, but every time that she tried to leave her I did not want sympathy-nor regrets boy she would run back to him again -to whisper something to himsomething that always made the boy claim, gentlemen, I claim that the lost look back to her adoringly, a worshiping, a funny little smile on his

Into the woman's voice there crept the hearts of those listening to her contracted. Their throats were stiff with fear; fear to the boy and the girl who had been standing in the city twilight.

"At last she turned-little Mollyand this time she didn't run back to him. She tossed her pretty head and then peered back at him through her curls. She felt his adoring look upon her and she ran with a gay little laugh up those steep, narrow steps. She thought she would run in through the door without looking back at him again. She wanted to tease him-to with youth in her heart. And so she kept resolute eyes turned away from Her tiny high-heeled slippers went tap, tap up the steps. Foolish little slippers they were. So French of line. So high of heel. What if of line. So high of heel. What if they did come from some bargain basement? They were beautiful slip-

pers to little Molly.
"But the boy left standing at the of longing. It overwhelmed his heart and crept into his eager, upturned face. With all the passion of youth face. With all the passion of youth in his voice, he called something to the girl who was running up the steps.

the dainty, foolish slippers. And Molly heard! She didn't want to look back. She was still determined to flirt a bit with this eager boy of hers. But his voice called to her heart. It was warm and pulsing and filled with romance. And so she turned-swiftly, impulsively. Little Molly, with her eyes dancing back and her tiny hands flung out to him-turned to the call of his voice. And as she turned, those foolish heels of her French slippers turned beneath her. There was a sharp cry, a sickening plunge—a dull thud—and Molly—Molly who had been so young and gay, lay at the feet

There were no dry eyes in the courtroom when she had stopped speaking. She had whipped her audience into drama and tragedy and sorrow-this woman in black. had caught them in the cup of her two white hands. She had held them by the magic of her voice.

There was no question in anyone's mind as to the truth of what she had said. She had imprinted it upon their memories-the pitiful story of Molly and her boy. It was only the young District Attorney, suddenly mindful of the turn taken by the proceedings, The Prosecuting Attorney sprang thought to him that perhaps, by this from 30,000 to 40,000 eggs.—Ex.

down her testimony. Abruptly he flung his first question

at her.
"This—this is your version, madam?" She shook her head, her eyes meet-

"I saw it." "You saw it? You were a witness to what happened? Where were you

at the time? She sighed. She could feel slipping from her that peace and solitude that had been hers during the past dozen years. I saw everything from the window in the upper part of Mrs. eyes, the judge addressed her: "Now Murphy's house. I have two large will you tell the jury your story, rooms there. These rooms look down on the street. Do you understand? "And you knew the deceased? And

"I knew Molly. And I knew her boy. I watched them many, many, many evenings." "You live in these rooms at Mrs. Murphy's?"

"I have rooms there."

'You live there?" She sighed again at his insistence. looks. "I work there."

'Work?" "Yes. I have a laboratory there. I

do a little experimenting." The Prosecuting Attorney did some uick thinking. "You say you saw quick thinking. "You say you saw all this? And that some words the prisoner said caused the deceased to turn and fall? You say you heard these words—yet you were in a room many feet above the street! How do you account for that, madam?"

The woman looked at him quietly. you wish to corroborate these facts of my condition and my ability to read impulsive gesture and it was as if she laid the heart of pity in the hands of the men who sat in the jury box.

"Perhaps he had taken her for a walk. I do not know. I only know that he brought her back home. It have explained. I am but a person that he brought her back home. It following a little hobby."

"It is still unusual that, if this is all true, you did not come forward with your evidence earlier in the trial," exclaimed the Prosecuting Attorney. "Have you any explanation for that

the woman looked away, as if into some far distant past, and then returned with something almost like reluctance to the present.

"Once I held in my hands a very great gift. A gift that I won after much seeking and that I treasured Again the golden voice stopped and the woman sighed. And in her sigh those people watching her, listening to her, felt the pathos of youth and stayed with me through many magical years. And then—at last—the years crept down upon me. That I did not heed. But when the sounds have to give up what had been r -but only that I might go off by myself and live the last years of my life in a privacy I had never known before. It was because I wanted to keep that privacy that I did not speak sooner."

"Thank you." The voice of the such a depth of tragedy and pain that young Prosecuting Attorney gave an indication of the unwillingness of his mind to relinquish to this woman's testimony the victory he had held within his hands. "One other thing would you mind repeating this re-markable thing that the prisoner said to the deceased?"

The woman lifted her face and it was transfigured with the light that flooded it. As she spoke, beauty like a bright song was in her words. "What did Molly's boy say, to make her turn to him? Only this—" her voice rang out, a sublime welding of passion and love—" 'Molly! Molly! My love!' "

The boy who stood in the prisoners'

dock turned a transformed face to the woman. The judge wiped from his old cheeks tears of which he was unashamed. He knew then what he had felt all along. He had seen her many times, you see, in the years gone by. He had known her at the peak of her fame, when age and deafness were things far removed from the splendor of her path. He had seen her in her foot of the steps felt a sudden wave triumph, with a nation at her feet. And with the whole world he had mourned her when she had suddenly dropped from sight.

The pity of it smote him. while she might call herself Clara Ainslee, the judge remembered her under another, a greater name; and ed to Molly of the roguish curls and he knew that there, in his dreary courtroom, he had been listening again to the most marvelous voice of last time the art of the greatest ac- ice. tress of all times. Nor was he alone in the discovery of her secret. glance at the press table told the judge that the morrow's papers would carry a story that would be heralded

from coast to coast. courtroom she knew that once again she was the property of the public. There had been no other way. She had realized, as she had walked up that aisle, that were she to save Molly's boy her identity would no longer be hers. But she smiled a bit wistfully to wonder what they would have thought if she had told them, in truth, what the boy had cried out to Molly as she ran up those steep, narrow steps; what magic cry it had been that had swung her around to meet the eyes of her boy; those two words that had meant far more to little Molly than all the impassioned words that the rest of the world might hold—"Aw, kid!"—By Vivien Bretherton.

Eggs in Shad Roe.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Sometimes I think, I realy think, That fairies live in trees That Brownies come from Brownie-Land And ride on Bumble Bees! Sometimes I think, I really think, That fairy tales are true,

I don't believe in ugly things, Like Witches, though do you? -Mary Livingstone Frank, in St. Nicholas

Fasting parties are the latest London fashion in food when you find on your invitation cards questions as to the diet you like best or the diet your beauty doctor prescribes for you, and what you wish to do after you have eaten it. Most of the guests at such entertainments take advantage of the beauty parlor with all its latest equipments, even to face-lifting apparatus, which is at their disposal, after which they are supposed to go home early and awake in the morning refreshed and able to face their social duties secure in the knowledge that at the fasting party of the night before they had been given a fresh lease on good

REMINDERS FOR AUGUST.

August is a comparatively leisure time, and therefore is a good time to stock up with dusters, dish-towels, lettuce and soup-cloths, and to make over, repair or dispose of worn house linens. It pays, in a house-hold where pennies must be counted, to rapidly convert worn wide sheets into narrow ones by tearing out the worn part and seaming the selvages together, to make the best parts of worn narrow sheets into blanket-cases, narrow pillow-cases, and glass-towels, to make the legs of worn madras pajamas into dish-towels, and backs of outing shirts into work aprons. Use the longest machine stitch, do not baste

and work rapidly.

Now is a good time to buy napkins.

Odd half-dozens are often found in the bargain pile. It is a good plan to always buy the same stock pattern and never have different left-overs. Watch also for sales of lingerie and stock up here. Cotton dress-goods are spectacularly marked down.

Don't forget the woolens. Those golf hose, sweaters, coats and so forth in use during the summer and kept hanging in closets should be should be shaken out once a week and hung out to air at regular intervals. Any particularly valuable home-stored furs or woolens should be inspected once or twice during the summeroftener if any traces of mochs are found. Use moth-balls linerally. Blanket-cases for the cleaned winter blankets, bags made from worn sheets for suits and overcoats, smaller cases or bags for woolen hose and sweaters

all help. I find that rugs, in a house closed for the summer, are safer if left on the floor than if rolled up. Shake some of the dry moth-flakes freely over them. Keep the doors shut on the street side of the house and thus keep much of the oily, dirty street dust from entering. Dust is a dif-ficult and alarming proposition in these days of motoring. A damp or oil-treated duster, washed frequently, and the invaluable dry mop is the one of the trip spring.

Do not try to adjust knotter until most efficient answer.

In the country use the hose as free-ly as the law allows in rinsing off piazzas, the outside of windows and so forth frequently. This is a good and usually coveted job for a child. A little head-work in regard to using the hose, excluding the sun and admitting air to the fullest extent, closing the blinds during the heat of the day and opening them wide at evening will make an appreciable difference in temperature and consequent comfort of your summer home.-From the Designer Magazine for July.

The very early season melons are from Florida and Georgia, not so good in flavor. Late summer ushers in the Delaware, Maryland and Jersey melons. May to October gives us a long season for musk-mellons with July rich in its height of the season offer-

There is almost as much argument about the serving of muskmellon as there is about what is a good blend of coffee. There is a distinct school of food cranks which classes this melon as poison along with rhubarb and a few other standbys on which 90 per cent. of the old American human stock was raised. This school we dismiss with a wave of the left hand. No more. But there is a more dangerous element in the faddist who would mask or change and desecrate the delicate flavor with ice cream or other stuffings. A melon is by the grace of God a melon, and it is not meant to serve as a sundae holder for a ball of ice cream or a mixture of ill assorted fruits, miscalled a fruit salad. As a melon it needs no embellishment other than your favorite seasoningssalt or sugar, according to the palate —and it goes without any further flag waving from us, that it must be cold, a century and had witnessed for the after long hours of chilling on the

Chill it before it is cut, then scoop out the seeds and web and serve. Put no ice in it to melt and form a watery soup, awkward to handle and unappetizing to observe. Or cut the melon into cubes or balls and serve it so as She had saved the boy, the woman a component of a chilled fruit cup, in black. But as she walked from the not dressed, with horrors of horrors, a sweet sauce. Or mix with chilled alligator pears, cucumbers and crisp green endive or escarolle for a superb vegetable salad, subtly dressed with a highly spiced French dressing. It must be very cold to be appetizing, or the melon and pear are cloying.

IF YOU LIKE BERRIES. RUBY SAUCE.

Boil one-half cup of water and one cup of sugar five minutes. Add one cup of strawberry juice and boil five minutes.

BLACKBERRY SLUMP.

Use one quart of ripe blackberries or huckleberries and add enough sug-ar to sweeten. Place in a deep enameled saucepot and heat. When the fruit is steaming, cover it with batter made from a standard shortcake recipe. Steam twenty minutes.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

FARM NOTES.

—Get a start with pure breds now. They may cost a little more, but they're worth it, and then some.

-Milk utensils should never be left in the sun until after they are carefully cleaned and dried. The use of cotton disc strainers will save time and labor and insure cleaner milk.

—If the fruiting canes have not been cut from the raspberry and blackberry bushes they should be taken out and burned, since they frequently form a source of disease for the new canes.

-Perennials which are planted now for next year's borders must receive sufficient moisture to germinate the seeds. If it is not possible to plant after a soaking rain, the soil should be thoroughly saturated. -Lambs should be docked when

they are seven to fourteen days of age. Some use docking pincers which are heated to blue heat and the tail is seared off. The argument in favor of this method of docking is that there is no loss of blood.

-Of the emergency hays, millet and sudan grass may be sowed any time now until the middle of August, say State College farm crops specialists. While not as good as alfalfa, clover and soybeans, these hays are better than none at all. The feeding value is about equal to that of timo thy.

-Hens that lay a maximum number of eggs must necessarily consume a large amount of a good, balanced ration. To keep feed continually in the digestive system, the hen must eat frequently. Keeping the hens close to the feed hopper will make them eat more. More eggs for a long-er period will result.

-This is an excellent time to look at the forest trees that were planted last spring, say forest extension men at the Pennsylvania State College. The height growth on the evergreens is completed, except for a few species, and the trees that are in a healthy condition should pull through the sea-

It is not possible to make a rough estimate of the number of trees that have died. The safest method is to count the dead trees in certain rows, such as the first and second, the eleventh and twelfth, the twenty-first and twenty-second, or any other rows agreed upon in advance. After obtaining the count, fill out an application for trees for next spring's shipment to replace those which have died.

-Farm machinery specialists of the Pennsylvania State College announce the following suggestions to Centre county farmers for the opera-tion of the binder.

The binder platform should be run nearly level-tilted forward only when the grain cannot be reached otherwise. The careful handling of the reel and butt adjuster makes a good job. Size of bundles is regulated by the position of trip arm; use adjusting holes or notches.

Tightness of bundles is regulated you know what is wrong. Look at the last band and see where it failed. If the elevators are square the canvas need not be tight enough to tear and slats will not be ripped off. If machine chokes down or stalls adjust for a smaller-looser bundle, set trip arm and loosen tension on

compressor spring. -Dry cows and heifers on pasture should have special attention during the remainder of the pasturing season, say dairy specialists at the Pennsylvania State College. The feed in most pastures becomes exceedingly short during late summer and unless some supplemental feeding is done the cattle are sure to suffer in ways

that are costly to the owners. The dry season for cows is the time of preparation for the next lactation or milking period. During this dry period the cow should be very liber-ally fed in order that she may store in her body a supply of the minerals and other nutrients so necessary in large milk production. Green corn or other soiling crops should be fed in the pasture daily or the dry cows brought in with the herd and given hay and grain.

The growing heifer needs similar attention. She is a cow in the making and should be kept in a thrifty, vigorous growing condition. Larger animals, earlier maturity and greater milking ability will result.

-Many thousands of chicks were lost last year to Pennsylvania farmers and poultry-men through a disease called coccidiosis. It is most severe between the ages of two and ten weeks, and is caused by a minute parasite which destroys the lining of the intestines. Trouble is most common among hatched chicks, those fed little milk, and those reared on an old range.

When affected the chicks show loss of appetite, droopy wings, disordered feathers, weakness and slightly darkened combs. They void a demi-fluid dropping usually white but may have a brownish tinge.

Give the birds all the sour milk they can drink. Use only a crumbly wet mash, eliminating the scratch grain entirely. Isolate all badly infected birds, disinfect the houses daily, and move to clean ground. If the latter is impossible, lime the old yards heavily and cultivate them.

Leading poultrymen in Centre county cull their laying flock every month. All birds that show a dried, shriveled comb, dry, yellow beak and any signs of moulting should be culled. Birds with these characteristics are poor producers. Culling the poor layers gives the laying birds more room at the feed hoppers and more room to perch at night. Cull early and market the non-producers before the poultry market is glutted and the price is at ita lowest ebb. There is a saving in feed bills and the poultryman runs no chances of losing marketable birds by death or accident. Hens that stop laying before September, under average conditions, are usually poor