

TO-DAY.

"Sure this world is full of trouble— I ain't said it ain't... Lord! I've had enough, an' double, Reason for complaint.

"What's the use of always weepin', Makin' trouble last? What's the use of always keepin' Thinkin' of the past? Each must have his tribulation, Water with his wine.

"It's to-day that I am livin', Not a month ago; Havin', losin', takin', givin', As time wills it so.

GOD SAVE ME 20 CENTS.

Once in New Orleans an old man who kept a public house tried his hand at a float for the Mardi Gras. He made pink paper into a shell, trimmed it with rosettes, put two poles to carry it, sent it in the procession, watched like a preened little cock, brought it back, and where was it then? Up endways in his dooryard with the kindling!

Sailors, with snapping red whips, red plumes, always went to the Mardi Gras, singing, swaggering through the crowd, paper snow, funny masks under sailor hats, rattle boxes, feather sticks. Wherever they were they would come if they could to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras.

And one night among the lanterns, crowds, torches, music, a dozen sailors straggling along, a dozen more behind them, stopped to eat outside a public house, where there were tables on the sidewalk, cake, and chicken to eat in their fingers.

Behind the tables iron pickets marked off a jumbled dooryard. One sailor looked through at the broken chairs, boxes, crooked tails of wire hanging from a rope where lanterns must have been, and up endways, a pink float, a shell trimmed with rosettes.

"Here's a tub trumped up fancy in here," he called out. "Come on, let's help ourselves."

The others peered in, chambered in for the shell, came out with it, got it up on their shoulders, and the sailor who had seen it first climbed in with a sack of buns in his arms, put one on his head for a crown, puffed his cheeks out, and sat among the rosettes grandly—protequely, the others making fun, laughing at him with mock applause.

But in the midst of it they saw that instead of playing king, he was looking beyond them, forgetting them, looking at the inn door. They followed his eyes, and in the doorway, the heavy door open, they saw a girl—a slim little thing, short brown curls, skippy dress, black worn shoes, her face against the darkness of the doorway like a cameo, like a flower somehow. Eighteen she was—or nineteen or twenty.

They stared at her a minute too; then as if it might have been kaleidoscope discs breaking apart, sailors tumbled in the inn door, came tumbling out again, that sailor with the crown was pulled down by a dozen hands, and up on their shoulders, over the carnival, over themselves, over the scattered tables, into the shell they lifted that little girl—bewildered—confused.

The crowd stopped to see who it was—what was happening. "Here, give her this," somebody said, and reached up a rose.

How unconscious we are of what things come to make our lives!

How beyond all our wisdom it is, which nothing for a moment is to become the great everything finally. The girl took it, looked into the weaving crowd, then suddenly she laughed, pinned the rose in her hair and from down in the shell where the sailor had left his sack of beans, she began pelting right and left—laughing at everyone, pelting soft, crusty buns. The sailors blustered and cheered—shoved ahead through the people—carried her on down the street, eyes glowing, lips laughing, face eerie in the torchlight.

And that sailor who had seen her first never took his eyes away from her. He got himself near her and there as they carried her on and on, singing and shouting. More sailors joined in; other people did too. They gave her pralines, corn sticks and tamales—took her on and on; but at last, after midnight, crowds lagging, pits shows over, they put her down with much gusto on the steps of a street fountain, and with that little spray behind her, water trickling over the stone, they filled her pockets with money and her ears with many questions.

Who was she? Where did she live? Had she sweethearts? How many? Did she know the way home? What was her name? What should they call her?

Her name was Mary, she laughed. Yes, she knew the way home. They bought her a doll dressed in tissue, and at last the sailor who'd watched her so closely went home with her through the flickering streets and found out she belonged to no one—had been left at the public house—had become just a little servant there.

He was tall, blond, shambling—hat on the back of his head. She was so little beside him, scarcely up to his shoulder.

She showed him the way to get back where they'd found her, shutters closed now, the place deserted, the street quiet but for a bedragged couple on a corner, making senseless music with horns, a musette.

And by the inn door he said good-by to her, that doll in her arms, broken streamers around her, moonlight tangled in her hair. He watched her pull the door open, shadows coming to meet her, saw the door close—good-by. Something, nothing—good-by. So much phosphorous . . .

But along the wharf streets to the boarding-house he lived in, and on through the colorless hours of morning, to his mind would come first that her name was Mary, then her hands pelting buns, then her worn shoes, then her eyes in the torchlight, then that her name was Mary, then her hands pelting buns, then her eyes in the torchlight, then her worn shoes, then her hands pelting buns, then her hair with the rose in it—her hair with a rose in it.

And it was like the old man putting his float to be kindling when instead it had come to more glory than ever. The sailor went back. Mary came out with her little worn shoes, her shy hands, and they went loitering along down old, odd, crooked streets. How simple we are! How simple happiness is! We went there again—went again. They sat in shabby little parks watching children play. "Steve, why did you come back?" she asked him once.

He put one arm across the back of the bench, drew her head down to his shoulder. "Because that night with that rose," he said, "you were so beautiful I had to come back. I couldn't forget you."

One day he reminded her of it again—said awkwardly she had looked like a bride that night with that rose. He said he wished she would be a bride, and the next day they were married—some questions—a clerk of the court, Mary, little skippy dress, little servant left at a public house, and that tall, shambling sailor who'd stumbled in to the Mardi Gras. "Well," he laughed, "I've got one girl, all right, now."

After they were married he took her back to the inn till he could get a leave.

"Then I'll come after my little wife for good," he said.

She reached up for his kiss; then suddenly her arms clung around his neck—hot tears, little salty drops against his lips. "Look, now," he laughed—"some day you can cry, but not so soon! What's the matter—are you sorry already?"

"I love you—I love you so," she tried to tell him, broken little words. "It's because I love you so."

He was surprised. He never had thought she would love him like this. Such a quiet little wisp. Such shy hands.

"Don't cry now. I'll bring you a new dress"—he petted her awkwardly; "then I'll show all the boys the little wife I've got."

They found a place to keep house on a second floor, a bakery below, and every day was happier even than the day before it. Mary sang and scrubbed and mended his clothes, and she'd sit at the window counting hours till he'd come. And when he did come—how glad she was! How she'd tumble into his arms! He would laugh at her—his little wife. He never had thought she would love him like this!

Cassie Lang was put into South Heaton for sixty days for picking a man's pocket. She said nothing, asked for nothing when they put her in. While they locked the cell she went over to the far wall and stood watching them. She was like a painted picture there, the bars of the windows streaking shadows across her oval face, and her slim body. A picture, not of anything beautiful, but of a stray thing like wreckage washed up on a shore or a seared thing like a weed on the desert.

Her hair was thin and drab, her dress faded brown, brown lace sagging on it, a blue, dingy scarf, worn brocade slippers, the metal turned dull, gold bangles in her ears; but in a pitiful way she was pretty, Cassie Lang, eyes so wide they made her seem ill almost—white skin, plaintive lips.

One day a sailor came to see her, a shambling, tall, blond sailor, hands in the odd little pockets of his pea-jacket, white hat on the back of his head, hair parted sideways coming down across his forehead. He leaned against the wall outside her cell and crossed one foot over the other. Steve Doren.

Cassie stood close against the bars and talked to him so the others wouldn't hear.

She pulled his hands through into hers. "When do you ship out again, Steve?" she asked, watching his eyes—that seemed to be thinking maybe one thing about her, maybe another.

"Hongkong next month," he told her, leaning against the wall, one hand through the bars where she held hers. "Women going this trip—two Creoles—three or four whites."

She caught his hand against her cheek. "I want to go," she said—quick, short little words. "Take me!" He looked at her, eyes half closed, seemed to be watching how she'd take his answer. "I've got a wife now," he said.

"Yes," she answered shortly, "but you haven't said good-by to me."

"I will when I go to Hongkong," he said, meaning maybe one thing, maybe another.

Cassie Lang lived in Yarm Street. Everybody in Yarm Street knew her. Some women spoke to her—some didn't. Men passed her, looked after her, spoke to her or avoided her. In Bigger's Cellar, sailors would sit around over beer and stale food half asleep like old men till she would fling into the midst of them, gold earrings, scarlet lips—start the gambling, start the electric music—keep things going till morning, till candles would burn out and the dish-washer would come, and the place would get cold. She would help them smuggle, and steal and lie—and Bigger would pay her for as many hours as she stayed—the sailors would pay her too, but she hated everybody, she said, except Steve Doren. Steve would follow—and send for—and ask for.

The day she got out of prison was the first day of spring—tender and warm. She shivered in the sun, pulled her scarf around her and shivered all the way to where she lived—old Mrs. Tapman's.

Mrs. Tapman was asleep on Cassie's bed, ragged shoes, dressing-jacket, old skirt—fat, breathing out loud.

Cassie sat down in the broken rocker. An hour later when Mrs. Tapman woke, Cassie was sitting there, staring at the floor.

"Shelp me, Cassie," Mrs. Tapman croaked—"that you?"

Cassie looked up, startled, then dropped her head to her knees and broke into strained sobbing. Mrs. Tapman hurried in alarm across the room and tried to shake her, tried to talk to her, dragged the chair to the bed at last and got Cassie on it, covered her, clothes and all, with a bed quilt, hurried to the kitchen for coffee, and brought a cup of it—black and strong. Cassie pulled herself up against the back of the bed.

"Prison—prison—who thinks I've got out of it!" she choked. "Yarm street is prison! Bigger's is prison! Steve's going to Hongkong tomorrow and he's got to take me! He's got to take me!" She put her hands over her face—one long, smothered breath. "If you love somebody—that's prison too," she said, her voice bitter with hate—or love.

The next day Steve came and they sat on the steps outside Tapman's—noisy street, people, wagons. He told her he was going at four o'clock.

"But you're going to take me this time, Steve," she said, almost begging. He told her he'd see her when he came back maybe.

"Steve, let's gamble for it," she pleaded. "Here's some money. Let's match, Steve, to see if you'll take me or not." She opened her fingers and held out some money—pennies—a nickel—two dimes.

"Heads I go, tails I stay, odds we match again," she said, her eyes searching his face. He didn't answer.

"You gamble for everything, Steve," she said. "You gamble for money, you gamble for ports. You always said gamblers' luck is the right tip." She caught his shoulders and dropped her head against his arm. She put one of the dimes in his hand and closed his fingers over it. "Head I go, tails I stay, odds we match again," she begged.

Luck never went wrong for me yet," Steve Doren said with an odd little smile, meaning maybe one thing, maybe another. "All right, we match. Heads you go—tails you stay."

On the warped old step they put down their hands covering those dimes that would be the answer—drew the hands away. It was heads!

Over the bakery Mary watched at the window for Steve. He had said he'd be back when he knew what time his lugger pulled anchor. She looked down into the street—cobblestones, people going back and forth. She opened the window and looked out for a tall sailor, white hat on the back of his head, hands in the odd little pockets of his pea-jacket.

The world is only one thing, after all. You wait for somebody. I for somebody else. Hours, days, happiness made of just one thing—if they come for whom we wait.

The afternoon went on. First Mary watched the clock. Then she didn't dare watch it. Then she didn't dare look in the street any more. She shut her eyes and put her face against the window casing. Nothing could happen to Steve! Nothing would! She put her hands over her eyes. Nothing would!

Push-carts jangled by, peddlers called, wheels rumbled. There came a smell of warm steaming bread from the bakery—smell of kitchen. Maybe it was tomorrow he was going, not today. Maybe today he was only waiting down-stairs for kuchen because it was Saturday. That was it! It was tomorrow, not today! So she hurried and set the table for supper.

A man's step came on the stairs. Steve? No, not Steve. She ran to the door and saw Tom Snuck coming up. Dirty canvas clothes—he loaded freight at the wharves. He lived across the street.

"My wife seen you waitin' for Steve all afternoon," he said, stopping on the stairs when Mary opened the door, "so I thought I'd ought to tell you Steve's gone. And as long's somebody'll tell you if I don't—I took Cassie Lang with him, in case you didn't know he was goin' to. My wife'll be over to set with you after while."

He thumped down-stairs. Mary shut the door. She stood in that room and looked at the walls of it, table, chairs, a sailor's hat on the floor, a sailor's pipe on the table where Steve had put it, the alarm-clock cracking. You can live and die at the same time.

Cassie Lang—gold bangles in her ears; Cassie Lang—and all the sailors on Yarm Street—and now Steve!

But Steve couldn't go! He hadn't said good-by! He had to come back for his hat! He had to come to say good-by!

There were people waiting in the bakery for kuchen for Saturday. She hurried past every one in the crowded market, past people with baskets—roasts, vegetables. How senseless people were, how stupid—going on with roasts and vegetables—and Steve gone—never coming back!

How odd it is—the little mole-eyed world we live in! A woman picking out beef—such an important thing, this piece or that piece! And a little girl hurrying past to die!

Nearer the wharves came that smell of salt water, gas-lights, long sheds, hoarse whistles, chugging freight boats. Someone came into the street with an armful of flowers—warm, cool smell of flowers—and Mary saw a window where flowers were for sale, all kinds of flowers, trailing vines, purple lilies—and roses—"Roses twenty cents" it said—roses—Steve and the Mardi Gras.

"Steve, why did you come back?" "Because that night, with that rose, you were so beautiful I had to come back. I couldn't forget you."

She touched a rose that bent against the window.

"If I had twenty cents"—she caught her hands against her lips—poor little mind groping back to happiness—"for roses just this once again—if I only had twenty cents—" Almost sobbing, she went on in the dark past wharf sheds, weak yellow lights, odd shadows—saying over and over like a machine that stumbles on one place, "twenty cents—twenty cents—twenty cents"

A watchman was down there, an old man with an old lantern, in a dim shed, his lamp burning crookedly; the chimney smoked.

He saw her peering in his window. Had the John Burns gone to Hongkong? Yes. Did he know Cassie Lang? He wagged his head. When he saw her—yes. Steve Doren? Big Steve? Yes. Had Cassie gone—with Steve Doren? Well, he did see her with him—carryin' a lump o' clothes—yes.

He was drinking coffee out of a bucket. He didn't watch her or follow her. She went on farther—water rocking in against the wharf posts—dim lights like ghosts of lights. Suddenly she was afraid. She couldn't wait any longer! She couldn't think any longer! She sat down against a post—caught a rope that was around it—felt the water touching her feet—looked to be sure the old man wasn't coming; and then—almost by her hand, by that rope there—was—twenty cents! Two dimes pressed by feet down into the soggy wood. She started at them, picked them up, held them—two dimes! All she had wished for, had prayed for! Go back to buy roses when she was going to die! What a foolish thing! Go back to buy roses—but it was for Steve! And she'd prayed for twenty cents, and here was twenty cents. Would she dare not go back? Would she dare not go back?

So Mary Doren went back to those roses in the window, bought them for twenty cents, and went out into the street again along by the buildings again, across the shadows. Then she heard the door back in that flower stall thrown open, saw a shaft of light out over the sidewalk, and the man—with no hat, no coat—coming out, looking up and down the street. Almost at once he saw her, crowded against a high brick wall.

"Here!" he called. "Wait!" He started after her! Why was he coming after her? She didn't know, but no one must stop her!

She kept along the wall close to the darkness, the man coming after her along the wall too! Frightened, she sought at the bricks, then suddenly almost fell into an open space—an airway.

The man, running, was close behind her. He turned a flash-light ahead of him—saw the opening, the airway, knew it was where she had stopped—where the sound of her feet had stopped. And he turned the flash squarely in that open space—that air shaft of a building checkered with a hundred dark windows, solid brick. No way out!

But there was nothing there—no body!

Little mole-eyed worlds—woman picking out roasts; watchman drinking coffee in a bucket; Mrs. Snuck keeping haked beans warm—"Yes, as soon as there's a light I'll take them right over," lugger's shipping to Hongkong; sailors in Bigger's Cellar sprawling over tables; old Mrs. Tapman asleep in Cassie Lang's bed, dressing-jacket, old skirt; but suddenly someone pounding, beating on her door, keyhole rattling, latch sputtering—until in the streaked light of a flaring gas flame Mrs. Tapman woke startled, caught at the bedcovers, stared at the door.

"What's wanted?" she called out. She reached for her shoes. No answer but that pounding again. She got up, shuffled across the room and opened the door. A man was there, in shabby clothes.

"You've got to come some place," he said; "somebody's shot!"

Mrs. Tapman caught at the door. "Barney! Is it Barney?"

She had a son. A boy who was twenty-two.

"I don't know nothing," the man said, "only that I was sent for you." She went with him down the street, catching her dress at the neck, her hands shaking, her face yellow; followed him into the grime of an alley, out on a street, across to a high brick wall, through a gaping crowd gathered around the door of a building and inside the building, where he took her through a hallway, past heavy closed doors, to a room in which a dozen men, silent, sullen, were standing with a police guard—and on the floor, stark-white, Barney Tapman—and somebody else—a girl—tumbled curls—broken roses caught by their thorns on her dress—the floor stained with thick dark red!

Mrs. Tapman knelt heavily, sobs choking her, and put her hands on Barney's face. Doctors came—white coats—stretchers—took the two away. Barney was hurt, but he wasn't dead, the girl wasn't dead, and they said another who'd been taken away first wasn't dead.

The safe had uncut jewels in it, and

jade brought over on the Orient Line. A policeman told Mrs. Tapman the trouble had been because Barney had shot an officer, and the girl, who had tried to get away.

Such a white room—such a white bed—such white things—white people coming, going—a window full of the leaves of a tree. But all of it somehow over the bakery, with a smell of steaming bread, socks to mend, Steve playing solitaire on the table laughing and snapping the cards down by the corners—"All the aces tryin' to kid me!" Tom Snuck coming upstairs.

Then again it was ship deck at night and a thousand stars—a thousand, million, trillion stars—white walls, white sky, and a million stars. Steve sitting there with Cassie Lang, snapping stars down by the corners. But the ship was too far for good-by now! She could never see the smoke of it now! Sea-gulls or wind could never find him now! Even the ocean would not be near to him now! Nothing was near but Cassie Lang—Cassie Lang . . .

Shall we send for anybody? The doctor had asked. No. You haven't any people? No.

Somebody wants to come to see you. Mrs. Tapman wants to come to see you. Mrs. Tapman. Who is that? Why should anybody come or not come?—Steve is gone just the same.

But when Mrs. Tapman had asked about the little girl who had been shot they had told her.

So Mrs. Tapman came and sat by her bed. She didn't have any folks? Well, that was too bad. Was she in pain? No? Did she want anything? No? Such little hands. The covers should be smoothed out! Barney couldn't stand a wrinkle in the covers. Barney's got in bad company. He'd be good, though, if they'd give him another chance now. Maybe when Mary got in a wheel-chair she'd come to see Barney. He was so restless and lonesome.

One day, then, Mrs. Tapman took Mary in a wheel-chair to the ward where Barney was. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use of me gettin' well when there's cops for me outside anyway? She's the lucky one." He jerked his thumb to the next bed.

A girl was there—pale, still as a wax image, hands transparent, it seemed—so white—eyes closed, lips barely moving with her breath.

"It was her who was on the look-out," Barney said. "It was her the cops got first. She's lucky—passin' in her checks. They won't send her no place!" He brushed his hand across his eyes. "She's a square kid," he said. "Took the shot so we could get away. Maybe you heard of her before—Cassie Lang."

Mrs. Tapman scuffed frightened along the silent rubber floor of the hall.

"Hurry," she gasped, "the little girl from upstairs has fainted!" Cobweb lines between dreams and real! Life no more a crystal maze than dreams are. We think we know where dreams leave off and life begins, but—sometimes which is the masquerade?

So Steve had not taken Cassie Lang after all! Not on the deck under the stars after all! Not laughing down at her, teasing her after all! Little mole-eyed worlds! Cassie Lang almost beyond the gate, and Mary's heart tumbling, throbbing with joy. Now the dreams would be real and the real only dreams! Oh, the cobweb line between!

So Mrs. Tapman found out who she was then. Steve Doren's little wife. And Cassie Lang asked to see her.

Mary was afraid to go. It seemed wicked to go—she so happy, and Cassie Lang almost beyond the gate. It seemed wicked to go to Cassie Lang now and be tumbling with joy.

Cassie looked a long time at Mary's face. Mary held Cassie's hand in both hers.

"I wanted to ask you," Cassie said, her voice almost a whisper, "to tell Steve I'm sorry I wasn't on the level. I knew he didn't want to take me, but it seemed like I had to go. He hated me when he found what I did, but ask him to forgive me. Tell him I never played a game—crooked before, but it seemed like I—had to go this time."

One day Mary Doren, over the bakery, working around the house—that smell of warm, steaming bread from below—heard Steve Doren coming up-stairs. She shut her eyes not to see him too soon—put her hand over her lips not to cry out loud. He held her, clung to her, kissed her, rocked her in his arms. He'd been ashamed to come back for good-by that day, but every minute had been only worn shoes—her eyes in the torchlight—her hair with a rose in it.

She hurried and set the table for supper. They went down together for kuchen; there were people waiting, a man and woman talking about nothing—yes, the day had been too warm today. Then the man saw Mary—looked at her—looked at her—then he crossed to where she was.

"Was it you came into my place one night and bought roses for twenty cents?" he asked.

That night coming back again! "Yes," she said. "Why did you come into the street and follow me?" He looked at her oddly, fumbled in his pocket, and brought out two dimes. "I went after you," he said, "to find out what you were doing with money like this."

FARM NOTES.

—The laying hen never loaf.

—A silo is the lighthouse on the farm.

—Farmer success follows the three L's—limestone, legumes and live stock.

—There's nothing to that old idea that silage causes a cow's teeth to fall out.

—Volunteer wheat makes a convenient food and home for the early Hessian fly—destroy all volunteer grain.

—Corn harvested for seed in an immature condition is lower yielding than seed harvested after it has matured, according to results of experiments conducted by crop specialists in the experiment station of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

Seed picked in the milk stage is especially undesirable for seed, the tests showed. When planted early, seed harvested at husking time produced 49.8 bushels an acre, that picked when mature produced 49.1 bushels, that harvested in the dent stage 46.5 bushels, and that harvested in the milk stage 45.9 bushels. When planted the middle of May, seed from mature corn showed less superiority than it did when planted early. However, when planted the last of May, seed from mature corn again demonstrated its higher yielding power. Inoculation of the seed at planting time with one of the organisms causing the scutellum rot disease caused a slight but insignificant reduction in yield when the immature seed was planted later. Immature seed corn did not show this susceptibility to scutellum rot, however, when it was planted at an early and intermediate date.

—Mange, one of the most injurious skin diseases affecting horses, may be cured by dipping the animals in a lime-sulphur dip or in a nicotine solution. Efficacious dips for horse lice are the arsenical, coal-tar creosote and nicotine dips, according to Farmers' Bulletin 14-93, "Lice, Mange and Ticks of Horses and Methods of Control and Eradication," just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The most frequent means of infestation with lice is direct contact with lousy animals. The parasites are carried from one animal to another on currycombs, brushes, harness, saddles and other equipment. Lice on horses increase very rapidly during cold weather when the hair on the animals is long, but when the horses shed their hair in the spring the parasites seem to disappear.

None of the dips for treating horses can be depended upon to kill all the lice at one dipping, according to the author of the bulletin. The "nits" or eggs which survive the first dipping produce a new generation of lice. This new generation should be destroyed by a second dipping as soon as hatching is completed and before the young lice become mature and begin depositing eggs. Two dippings with an interval of from fourteen to sixteen days can usually be relied upon to eradicate both sucking and biting lice.

It is advisable to dip the animals in the fall before the coming of cold weather. Biting lice can be eradicated with sodium fluoride applied in the form of a powder or mixed with water in the proportion of about one ounce to one gallon.

The bulletin contains considerable information relative to lice, mange and ticks and means of control. A copy of the publication may be obtained free, while the supply lasts, upon request to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

—The abundance of chinch bugs, one of the most destructive native pests attacking American grain and grass crops, is determined by climatic conditions, systems of farming and the presence of natural enemies, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

The weather is the chief factor in the increase of the bugs to a point where they become seriously destructive to crops, according to Farmers' Bulletin 1498-F, "The Chinch Bug and How to Fight It," just issued. The chinch bug fortunately does not feed on any of the legumes. Other crops immune from its attack are sunflowers, rape, stock beets, buckwheat, pumpkins, squashes and all of the so-called truck or garden crops except sweet corn.

The most practical methods of control consist of (1) burning the bugs in their winter quarters, (2) avoiding their attacks by growing crops in which they do not feed, and (3) killing them by the use of barriers, sprays and dusts at the time of the small-grain harvest. Numerous other methods of control have been tried at various times, and although some bugs can be killed by most of them, the three just mentioned are the only means that have proved really practical and effective. Two of the most important natural enemies of the bug are the so-called white fungous disease and a tiny wasplike egg parasite. Because of uncertainty as to the duration of the chinch-bug outbreak, however, it is never safe to depend upon natural agencies to prevent losses.

Where chinch bugs become persistently abundant it is recommended that the acreage of small grains, especially wheat, be reduced as much as practicable and the land sown to resistant or immune crops, particularly legumes. Legumes, such as red and sweet clovers, alfalfa, vetch, soy beans and cowpeas, need not be grown by themselves, but may well be planted in small grains and corn where practicable.

A copy of the bulletin, containing detailed information concerning the chinch bug and its control, may be obtained free, while the supply lasts, from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

—Removing the harness at noon and washing the work horse's shoulders with cold water adds materially to his efficiency.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."