

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 19, 1926.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS.

There's a wonderful country lying
Far off from the noisy town,
Where the wild-flowers swing
And the veery sings
And the tumbling brooks come down:
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills;
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies,
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand hills,
'Come away, away,
To the woods to-day,
To the heart of the happy hills.'

Far away in that wonderful country
Where the clouds are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distills;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.

A FIRST-CLASS THANKSGIVING.

It did not need the blaze of the
pitch-pine knots in the corner of the
fireplace to say that the old man had
come. The light danced rosyly up the
brown rafters and over the fishing-
net hanging between them like a
dreary cobweb, across the festoons of
dried peaches there, and over the
children, who had heard old Cousin
Lee's coming spoken of as an impending
calamity.

Their mother was bustling about,
preparing supper. She always bustled
when she was what she called "put
about," and she was certainly put
about in having this old seafarer added
to her household.

None of the Carrolls had gone to the
poorhouse yet; and it was either this
or that for Cousin Lee. Besides, her
husband had had a home with Cousin
Lee's father for a while in his boy-
hood. In a way a home here was due
to Cousin Lee. She had not flinched
when her husband falteringly proposed
his coming; but Janey, the sixteen-
year-old daughter, had resisted bitterly;
and so little Joe and Dave and the
twins, and Justin, the bigger brother,
had quite recognized that the guest
was undesired.

It was not a home to be coveted.
The dye-stuff from the mills above
had driven the fish from the river; the
net on the rafters was used no more;
and the family's subsistence was
wrung from a market-garden and a
cranberry-swamp; and the river at
their door brought them down occa-
sional stumps and logs.

Once a wallet holding two sodden
dollar bills had been found in the
wreck, and it had made Dan Carroll
feel it might be well to abandon work
and watch the recession of the tides
the rest of his life. Although he did
not do so, it had the effect of opening
a region of air-castles, for when a
man has a family of children, money
becomes a thing to dream about.

"Well, Cousin Lee can look out for
that," he said to himself.

"There's an end of havin' a parlor,"
said Janey, when the affair was settled,
and she flung her book down as if
there were an end of that, too. "I
did mean to have that empty room fixed
up for one some day."

"I don't know where you'd ha' got
the money," said her mother, biting
off her thread sharply.

"Soon's I got to school-teaching."
"A long way ahead, child."
"So's Thanksgiving. But it comes,
ma' sure's November. And now the
old man—nothing but a cousin—has
to have the room and there's an end
of it! And Mamy'll be growing up,
just like me, without a parlor or any-
thing! And I did want Mamy never
to remember when we hadn't had a
parlor with a haircloth sofa in it!"

"It's the way things happen," said
the mother. "Anyways, we didn't have
as much as this at first—just a log
cabin,—and we were happy as birds
a-bulldin'."

"That's no reason to stop and be
satisfied. I meant to be braiding a
big mat of old pieces for the floor of
that room, and have some copperplate
curtains and a looking-glass. And
have Justin knock up a box out of the
old boards, and I'd cover 'em with the
copperplate,—speckled white ground
with scarlet poppies,—and make some
cushions for it. But I suppose that
old man'll live forever!"

"Janey! You're committing murder
in your heart!"

"Oh, I ain't going to hurt him. He's
hurting me—taking away my ambition,
and keeping Mamy always just where
she was. Why couldn't he take
care of himself?"

"He's old, and he's lame, and he's
deaf, and he's been unlucky," said her
mother with a sigh.

The old man had come, and his bat-
tered sea-chest was in the grudging
room. Although his years were not
all of seventy, the little people felt
they might be seven hundred. But
his thin gray hair made their mother
think of her own old father under the
sod. Yet all the same, she did not
want him there. That night the children
accustomed to be hushed in the
occasional visits of the elder along the
riverside, were huddled and subdued,
as if this were a similar infiction.

When they saw Cousin Lee, sitting on
the big block of his corner by the
fire, fiddling with a string in an ab-
sent-minded way, and by and by
playing a queer game of cat's cradle
all by himself, they wondered vaguely.

Little Joe edged nearer. "Seems to
me I never saw that kind," said he.
"Ever see this kind?" asked Cousin
Lee, beginning another. "Here, if
you'll lend me your hands." And all
the eager little hands were thrust for-

ward and the heads bent together
about the two.

"He can't catch it!" cried Johnny.
"Yes, he does!" cried Davy tiptoed-
ing.

"There! You see! It's a regular
crib!" announced Billy.

The beans had been warmed over
in the spider, and the brews made,
and the boiling tea had filled the room
with its acid savor before the string
was tucked away.

"I want him to sit by me!" exclaim-
ed Joe.

"No, by me!" cried Davy.
"He's going to eat here!" said Billy,
as their mother placed him between
Billy and Mamy. But Justin said
nothing, and Janey passed the bread
as if she wished it would do Cousin
Lee a mischief.

Cousin Lee declined the bowl of
brown sugar when it was offered.

"Don't you take sugar, Cousin
Lee?" Mrs. Carroll asked.

"No, ma'am," he answered. "Not
since I seen 'em makin' it at Barba-
dos."

Justin brightened; here were great
stories for winter nights.

"I like you," said little Mamy, bend-
ing round to look insinuatingly into
the old man's face. "Tousin Lee an'
me is twins," she declared, looking
triumphantly at the other twins.

And after supper she established
herself on his knee. The cat's-cradles
changed into a small sleight-of-hand
tricks, which made Justin look across
from his book—an odd volume of his-
tory.

But Janey did not glance from the
rags she was bundling together, the
destiny of which had been turned from
a parlor carpet to a roll under the
eaves. Then she got her geography,
and slammed it down as if it were not
the book that opened to her the rom-
ance of the earth.

"Justin," she said, presently, in a
low tone, "where is Robinson Crusoe's
island?"

"It's pretty near where I was cast
away once," said Cousin Lee, his old
blue eyes shining.

"Cast away! Oh, tell us about it!"
the children cried in chorus.

"Want to hear? Well, we were
drove considerable out of our course.
There'd been a—guess you may say
seaquake, somewheres to the south-
ward. After it, the floor of the sea,
what there was left of it, just rose up
and throwed the water before it, and
when we saw that wall of water a-
rushin' and roarin', we hadn't time to
trim ship before 'twas abroad of us,
and next thing we knew, we were
kindlin'. Yes, sir, kindlin'! An' the
sea tossin' like mountains run mad. I
never heard what become of the rest
of us, but make and I were caught by
the riggin' of a spar, and when we'd
been a day and a night in the water,
we were throwed ashore more dead
than alive, and if the tide hadn't been
down on the ebb, we'd been took back
to sea for we hadn't the heart of a crab
to struggle up with."

"What you givin' us, Lee?" said the
father, the tallowed rag with which
he was greasing his boots suspended
in air.

"Gospel," was the reply. "Tain't
the last time I was shipwrecked,
either. Once our good bark, the Lovely
Lady, laid her bones on a reef right
amongst the Malay pirates; and I
never was so scared in my life. I felt
the pirates'd likely murder me, when
they got good and ready, but some-
how I was more scared of the typhoon
that was getting in its work. A
Chinese junk sent the pirates to the
bottom, and saved Tom Perlier and
me, and we were took off that reef at
last by a man-o'-war."

By this time Justin had forgotten
to turn the page of his history book,—
here was a hero to his hand,—and if
Janey thumbed a surreptitious leaf
of her atlas for a page of the Malay
archipelagoes, no one saw her, all eyes
being bent on this teller of tales.

"Well," said Cousin Lee, "I guess
it's time for the old man o' the sea.
I s'pose," he said then, in another
tone, with an air of deprecation, "you
got a shake-down for me somewhere,
Cousin Sarah?"

When the mother came down the
next morning, the fire had been un-
covered and a new forestick and kind-
lings laid on and lighted, and the tea-
ble was rummaging like a spinning
wheel, and a basket of chips stood
ready for the blaze. What a time she
always had to make the children pick
chips! It moved her that the old man
should be trying to pay his way by
such exertion.

"You shouldn't do that, Cousin Lee,
with a passel o' children rooin'," she
said. "And with your lame back and
all."

"I mind when I was a youngster
how I just hated picking up chips," he
answered, "and old folks wake up
early."

It was a pine stick on which Cousin
Lee was whittling when he sat in the
fireplace that night, he by the light
of the pitch-pine knots, and Janey and
Justin at their books with the dips of
bayberry wax which they had made
themselves, ignorant that they would
have brought the price of a winter's
lamps and oil.

"Why, it's a head!" said Davy.
"It's going to be a bird," said Joe.
"No," said Mamy, standing between
the carver's legs.

"It's a dog's head," said Billy. "It's
just like our Grip!"

"It's—a baby. Oh, oh! It's a
doll!" cried Mamy, ecstatically, as
Cousin Lee, smudging the point of a
chip, drew what served for eyes and
mouth on his rude work. And wrapped
in an old sleeve of her mother's,
the doll went to bed with Mamy, and
rose with her, and sat beside her at
the table, was named Arabella, and
thenceforth was never out of her arms
five minutes together.

"Don't you love Tousin Lee?" she
asked waking in the middle of the
night to clasp her treasure.

"No, I don't!" said Janey. "Go to
sleep—darling," for a more soothing
word.

"I do—very much," said Mamy. "He
bored my dolly."

marvelous tales of times when the
knots had come into use.

The father and mother listened, too,
and Justin laid down his book.

"He ain't telling a word of truth,"
whispered Janey.

"Then he's imaginin' first-rate,"
said Justin.

"You've every one gone over! And
you know you wanted a parlor as
much as I did."

"Oh, parlor be hanged!" said Jus-
tin. And Janey cried.

She cried again when Justin, slip-
ping on some ice under the spout of
the pump,—for the cold had set in
early that fall,—fell and wrenched his
hip. Mamy cried, too. If Janey cried,
that was the proper thing to do. But
then her lip trembled, seeing Justin's
pain. "I sorrow for you," she said,
"hovering round him with flower-soft
touches that made his nerves dance."

"With all I had to do before!" sigh-
ed the mother.

"Don't you fret, Cousin Sarah; I'm
head nurse," said Cousin Lee.

And although the doctor said noth-
ing was broken, yet Justin suffered so
that the head nurse was kept busy.

Justin got rheumatism, and was in
bed under a mass of blankets, when
some of the children—for there was
no school in Thanksgiving week—ran
with the news that a small raft had
come down the river and stranded in
front of the cabin.

The mother was drawing her pies
from the big oven.

"I declare, what did I do before
Cousin Lee come?" she was saying,
when her husband brought in the
turkey. "He had his oven heated for
me before sunup!"

"There!" said her husband, "that's
enough for two Thanksgivings! You
go in to pluck him, Janey? Every-
body'd ought to have a hand in
Thanksgivin' fixin'."

"I s'pose I shall," said Janey, drearily.
"But I don't feel a sight like
Thanksgivin'."

"Pooh!" said her father. "When
medicine's bitter, it's a pity to be long
swallowing it."

"I'm ashamed of you, Janey!" said
her mother. "Where's Mamy? Here's
her turnover."

"I guess she's in the woodshed with
—with him. I pinned her shawl on
—," said Janey, recalling the sweet,
rosy face she had kissed, as the doll
was held up to be kissed, too.

"What's got into you, Janey?" she
asked her father. "Don't seem like your-
self."

"Where's Mamy, ma?" said Billy,
rushing in, his cheeks as red as apples.

"Johnnie and I have a piece of birch
bark for Cousin Lee to make her a
cradle for Arabella."

"She's in the woodshed."
"No, I've just been there."
"Ma! Daddy! Cousin Lee!" cried the
twins, bursting in. "Mamy's been
down to the river, washin' Arabella!
And she got on the little raft, and the
tide's runnin', and it's carryin' her
down—"

"And out to sea!" cried Janey,
springing to her feet. "That's what's
come of Cousin Lee's whittlin'!"

"Cousin Lee! Cousin Lee!" shouted
Davy, for the old man had taken the
turkey out to the wood-house to pluck
it himself. "Oh, come quick! Mamy's
on the river! She'll be drowned if you
don't come!"

"Leaks like a sieve."
"Go get that old sail in the lean-to
loft and the long net in the kitchen.
Boys, you help me down with the
boat!" he cried.

"Billy an' Davy, fetch the oars.
There she is! I see her!" For Mamy,
half in delight at her sailing, and half
in hysterical terror, was dancing up
and down on the unsteady, half-submerged
support that went swirling and
tilting away with a half a mile be-
tween her and the shore.

"O my baby!" cried her mother.

"O Mamy, Mamy!" sobbed Janey.

"Here," said Cousin Lee, "I want
you, strene's Here, boys, you push,
too!" And the boat scraped down over
the pebbles, and Cousin Lee rigged the
piece of sail-cloth to cover the seams.

"There," he said, "That'll keep her
afloat a little while. Where's the
oars? Now, I'm going alone. If any-
body can get the child, I can!" Al-
ready he was putting deep water be-
tween himself and the others—the
dazed father, the mother wringing her
hands, the children shivering and cry-
ing, and all forgetting everything ex-
cept the boat sweeping away with long
strokes, and the little speck of the
red shawl and hood already far away.

"Cousin Lee," said Dan Carroll,
when he reached them, putting his
arm around the old man and fortify-
ing his relaxing strength, "I've got
nothing that isn't yours."

When, the next morning, Janey
brought the old man some smoking
coffee, she said, "You've made it
Thanksgivin', Cousin Lee. Oh, we
can't love you half enough!"

"Janey," said Cousin Lee, "I got a
letter yesterday. My pension's been
allowed. I heard say—those twins
can't keep anything to themselves—
that you wanted to have a parlor of
this room. Well, we'll run up a lean-
to big enough for me on the other
side of the kitchen. There'll be money
coming in. And we'll have the parlor.
Yes, it's what I call a first-class
Thanksgivin'!"—Youth's Companion.

An Old Time Thanksgiving.

An aged lady recently contributed
to the Brooklyn Citizen this descrip-
tion of a New England Thanksgiving
three quarters of a century ago, when
life was simpler and saner than to-
day:

The house was cleaned from the
roof to the cellar, the week before, as
Thanksgiving in New England was a
greater holiday than Christmas or
New Year's and it must be observed
by everybody. The house was full of
niced odors. One day it was mince pie
and fried cakes, then it would be sweet
pickles and election cake, then pump-
kin pies—my sister Persis counted ten
in a row—then plum pudding and
Wednesday night a chicken pie that
would almost crowd the top of the
oven and would come to the table—
a piece of it, I mean, warmed up—
every Sunday till the next year. It
held the plumpest chickens and sweet
apple quarters that had been half
dried, and the meat and gravy were
sweet as the apples and spices and
other goodies, and all in a large milk
pan, with a flaky crust at top and bot-
tom a quarter of an inch thick.

To make that crust Persis and I had
to burn clean corncobs in an iron ket-
tle and gather up the ashes, and moth-
er poured hot water on them, then
strained the liquid and stirred it into
some buttermilk, and that made it
bubble and fizz just as soda nowa-
days.

Thursday morning we were up
bright and early, and mother read a
chapter in the Bible. Then we all
stood up while father prayed for us,
and I felt almost like crying, it was
so solemn, but I forgot all over the
nice breakfast and the music and the
return at noon to a dinner smoking
hot on the table.

Mother had arranged a party for
that evening, but we could not wait
for that, so our sleds were brought
out, and we climbed the long hills
with a group of girls and boys and
seated ourselves, letting one boy ride
with us on each side to steer it.

The parlor was all in order. The
floor was covered with white sand
swept into curves. The woodwork
was a bright blue, white sash curtains
at the windows and a plain stand with
a green haircloth on it and a large
Bible resting on that. Six wooden
chairs and a stiff backed rocking chair
composed the furniture of the room.
Stiff and formal as it looked that was
not the place for party or party
games. The next room was for our
pleasure ground. It was large and
roomy.

May Have 30,000 Cases of Mentally
Disabled.

The problem of providing adequate
hospital facilities for the constantly
increasing number of mentally afflicted
World War veterans may be placed
before Congress at its coming session
which convenes in December, accord-
ing to Watson B. Miller, chairman of
the national rehabilitation committee
of the American Legion. It is pos-
sible that additional appropriations
for the construction of new veterans'
bureau hospitals will be asked, Mr.
Miller said.

Mr. Miller has been in consultation
with officials of the medical division of
the veterans' bureau over the situa-
tion. The number of insane cases
among veterans residing in large cen-
ters is reported to be increasing at an
alarming rate, while a survey of all
bureau hospitals of the type suitable
for the treatment of this class of pa-
tients has shown that there virtually
are no available beds at the present
time.

While the bureau now has under
construction several large hospitals to
be fitted for the care of mental cases,
the overflow appears likely to occur
before they can be put into operation,
he said. According to one eminent
psychiatrist who has been making a
study of conditions in one of the
largest States in respect to veteran
population, the bureau is going to
have to plan to take care of an event-
ual load of over 30,000 mentally dis-
abled veterans.

State Warns Vandals.

People smashing highway direc-
tions signs, reflectors at curves and
various boards along Pennsylvania
roads will be forced to pay the cost
of the object destroyed and fines of
anywhere from \$10 to \$25 in addition
to the costs, if the State Highway De-
partment can catch them.

The average cost of a sign is around
\$25. Many have been broken this year.
Aroused by the destructive tenden-
cies of automobile parties and the
outlay of thousands of dollars a year
for replacement of signs and warning
devices, State Highway authorities
have decided on a vigorous enforce-
ment of the Act of April 23, 1909,
which not only carries the fine, costs
and replacements, but also provides
for a jail sentence in default.

"The favorite targets are the warn-
ing reflectors," says a statement from
the office of William Connell, chief
of highways, who adds that if he can
locate any persons destroying signs
or State property, which carry mail
boxes, he will inform federal authori-
ties.

—Paris has the greatest density of
population of any large city in the
world.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word
One cry of courage amid the strife,
So weighted for me with death or life—
How would it have nerved my soul to
strain
Thro' the whirl of the coming surge.

—So far as color is concerned, there
doesn't seem to be anything more
favored for young people than the var-
ious tones of blue indorsed by la-
haute couture. Indigo and eggplant,
Chanel and navy—also a kind of blue
just a trifle lighter than Yale—these
are evidently preferred to the purplish
reds, which are perhaps slightly in the
ascendant so far as older people are
concerned. However, these deep reds
are often encountered, and so, too, is
the dark hunter's or Robin Hood
green.

In the jumper model to which we
now refer, blue in the light Yale tone
is chosen for the skirt while a blouse
of self-material in light beige is trim-
med with the skirt's blue. As I have
remarked such differences of color
opinion between skirt and blouse are
still fostered. So also are all the var-
ious stripe treatments to which we
have been sentenced all summer.

There is some talk of moire for the
younger generation, but unless this
occurs in those miniature editions of
the period frock designed for the girl
in her early and midteens, it seems to
the average person that this fabric is
slightly too mature to maintain the
proper level of simplicity. Far better
for the more formal occasions of
youth to rely upon georgette, that
fabric which never loses step with the
tone of youthful good taste.

For the girl from 10 to 16 is de-
signed the georgette afternoon frock,
which makes use of the tiniest buck
pleats on both skirt and jumper and
finishes the latter with horizontal
stitching. The yoke effect in front is
still in the highest repute, and so, too,
is flower of self-fabric on the shoulder.
This model occurs in shell pink.

From the time one is 16 one begins
to share in the style dividends of the
fuer. Many of the most charming of
afternoon and evening gorges and
crepes de chine and chiffons finish off
in this way. It is quite reasonable,
therefore, that our final model—a
party frock for her from 10 to 16—
should admit piquet tiers as its cli-
max of charm.

—One of the signs of progress of
the age is that Thanksgiving is no
longer a duty call to the clans—a day
upon which family reunions are con-
sidered compulsory obligations. Leg-
ends and poems to the contrary, fam-
ily reunions are more apt to be
gloomy than gay and festive. Jolly,
congenial friends make a much more
successful party as a rule, unless the
family is an unusual one, gifted with
humor, dowered with a genius for not
reminiscing (except of pleasant things),
and skilled in the arts of keep-
ing the peace, and trying to make
others happy.

Relatives as a rule exercise to the
fullest their unpleasant prerogatives.
They tell the cousin they haven't seen
for years how changed he is—changed
for the worse, of course. They cheer
up the brother who lost his wife re-
cently by reminding him of how he
and she used to argue about every-
thing and nothing, and assure him
that his second girl—the one with the
bad temper—is so like her poor
mother.

They call attention to how funny
Johnny looks since he lost his first
teeth, to the distress of John's
mother, and they have even been
guilty occasion of telling how much
pleasent family Thanksgiving
dinners used to be before eaters and
champagne and lace table cloths and
pink candle shades replaced the col-
ored cook, the home-made cider and the
heaping dishes of fruit at each end of
the table—and this before the young
hostess, who has worried and perhaps
economized for weeks in order to
please her husband's maiden aunts
and poky uncles and critical sisters
and cousins.

Family reunions, when ideal, are
better than mere parties of friends or
acquaintances, however charming and
companionable the latter may be, but
the average family, scattered during
the year, with different tastes and in-
terests and pursuits, and then assem-
bled for one, is a grimly droll affair,
when it is not downright depressing.

The country house fall has done
much to reinstate old-fashioned holi-
days to the place of honor which they
occupied for many generations. Foot-
ball tries its brutal best to dethrone
the time-honored midday dinner.
Matinees lure from home the boys and
girls free from school for a few days.
Newsboys' dinners and charity fairs
make the older girls forget that char-
ity begins at home. Thus it is that in
many city households Thanksgiving
Day has come to be a festival of tears
and torment for the mistress, and of
discontent and rebellion on the part
of the servants.

In the country it is different. The
servants are not so accustomed to
flying out at night "as soon as the dishes
are washed," so they accept with
equanimity the announcement that
dinner will not be served until 8
o'clock—and the house party relatives
or friends is able to stay out of doors
as long as the day lasts. In the morn-
ing church, perhaps, walks, golf, log
fires, automobileing undoubtedly, cards,
driving, cross-country riding, proba-
bly—in any case lots of fun and activ-
ity, and no reminiscing and tender
memories torn ruthlessly from the
pages between which they have rested
with rosemary and lavender.

The usual Thanksgiving party has
a dance after dinner, and if the host-
ess is energetic and original, she
tries to give the affair a quaint touch
or two. A dance in the big kitchen of
remodeled farmhouse on the main line
is a yearly Thanksgiving feature, and
the music is usually supplied by the
village orchestra—fiddlers and a ban-
joist. A feature is made of Virginia
reels and old-time "quadrilles," while
red-cheeked apples, pumpkins, and
cranberries are always conspicuous
among the decorations.

FARM NOTES.

—Farmers who use dynamite for
ditching or blasting stumps should
buy it in small quantities for imme-
diate use, unless they are a great dis-
tance from dealers. Never store blast-
ing caps with dynamite.

—The peach in America is propaga-
ted almost entirely by budding.
Grafting may be practiced either as
root grafting in the nursery cellar or
as crown grafting in the field, but is
much more laborious than budding
and is far from being as uniformly
successful. Since the peach is a rapid-
ly growing plant and continues its
growth until late in the fall, it is
usually difficult to secure well develop-
ed buds suitable for budding until
late in August or in September.

—The farm shop is just as impor-
tant to the farmers as division point
and terminal shops are to railroad
managements, C. K. Shedd, rural en-
gineer at the Kansas State Agricul-
tural college, is convinced. "It looks
as if higher prices for machinery have
come to stay, and it will no longer be
possible for farmers to follow the
wasteful method of using a machine
until it is out of repair, then throw-
ing it away," says Shedd.

If the machinery is to be kept in
service longer it must be maintained,
he points out. "A farmer cannot af-
ford to go into the busy season with
machinery that is just about ready to
break down," he declares. "Suppose
that one is using a cultivator with dull
shovels and wabby beams. If weath-
er conditions are favorable through
June and the ground stays reasonably
mellow he can do good work with such
a cultivator.

—Approximately one-third of the
capital invested in the industries of
Pennsylvania is in agriculture, says
Secretary of Agriculture, F. P. Wil-
lets, in commenting on the importance
of the farming industry in the State.
Figures for 1920 show that the total
valuation of all farm land, farm build-
ings, livestock and farm equipment
was \$1,729,000,000 while the capital
invested in other industries including
public service companies, food man-
ufacturing, steel, mines, lumber, paper,
textiles, chemicals, clay, glass, stone
products, etc., was \$5,799,500,000. The
farm home, however, is included in the
farm investment which makes the
total figure not entirely comparable
with other industries.

Because of the prominence of Penn-
sylvania as an industrial state, it is
frequently overlooked that agriculture
is one of the major industries, rank-
ing second among all the industries in
the amount of capital invested. The
metal and metal products industry
leads with \$2,110,000,000 invested.