

Belefonte, Pa., December 3, 1926.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears, She would freshen that faded gown; She would sometimes take an hour's rest, And sometimes a trip to town. And it shouldn't be all for the children, The fun, and the cheer, and the play; With the patient droop on the tired mouth, And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears, When you were her babies three, And she stepped about the farm and the

house, As busy as a bee,

When she rocked you all to sleep, dears. And sent you all to school, And wore herself out and did without, And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears, Her hair is growing white, And her eyes are gaining the far-away look That peers beyond the night. One of these days in the morning, Mother will not be here, She will fade away into silence-The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight, And what in the gloaning dim? And father, tired and lonesome then, Pray, what will you do for him? If you want to keep your mother, You must make her rest to-day; Must give her a share in the frolic, And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears, She'd buy her a gown of silk, With buttons of royal velvet, And ruflles as white as milk, And she'd let you do the trotting, While she sat still in her chair, That mother should have it hard all through.

It strikes me isn't fair. -By Margaret E. Sangster.

BLOOD BROTHERS OF THE WILD.

Singing Wind, the Yellow-Knife squaw, stood like an outraged queen of the wild, venting her spirit upon the huge-limbed man who calmly smoked beside the fire.

"The gods never intended a woman of the Yellow-Knife to mate with a coward," the woman stormed. "Does he send the eagle down to mate with the spruce-hen?"

"You're an eagle, all right," the big man admitted. "When you get all het up like that you're an honor to the tribe. What's it all about? Where does the spruce-hen come in?"

"You—you coward!" the girl snarl-ed. "To think of a Yellow-Knife marrying a man that's afraid!"

A frill-throated wail came shivering across the miles of the night.

"Do you hear?" the girl challenged. "That's the wolf pack-my blood brothers. They are the gray brothers of the wilderness—and we are the red. I am a Yellow-Knife—just the wolf pack and the Yellow-Knife people— they the the masters of the Northern

So the woman waited, watching for the battle flame to flicker in those cold pack. Her husband was a coward, but even

the stolid musk-ox fought for possession of its mate. The woman waited. As her husband

gray eyes.

rose to meet his partner her blood ran rife with the call of battle; perhaps he would fight after all.

Though she would not admit it even to herself, she knew, down deep in her heart, that there was something there that had been born one soft night in the spring, when Duncan McGregor had first come to the camp of the Yel-low-Knife. If he fought, and fought well, perhaps it would spring into life again, with its shiver of delirious de-well again again. light.

She noted McGregor's massive shoulders, the graceful swell of his iron muscles. Surely he was a beautiful animal to look at-so was a moose—but the moose forgot his strength and went floundering through the snow to his death when the blood song of the wolf pack began to shiver among the spruce.

Surely the wolves were the true lords of the wilderness, and Jean Jolet was like the wolves-gaunt and sinewy and not afraid. She was certain of that, he was not afraid.

Jean Jolet would never shame her with his cowardice. He would even face the wolf pack with a smile; fight and die like the brave Yellow-Knife hunters.

"Jean, you want to go back to Swamp Creek?" the passionless voice of the big trapper questioned.

"Sure thing, if you've changed your mind, Wouldn't like anything better," Jolet boasted as he unfastened the

dogs. "No, I haven't changed my mind, but Singing Wind has. She's got a hankering for old McPhearson's fur, and it's you and her for it. I'm going South; been in the stunted forests too long already. You can give me a lift with the dog tomorrow as far as Swamp Creek if we get the snow that's threatening." Singing Wind looked at Jolet. She could see the fire of happiness dancing in his curs. They two alone would

in his eyes. They two, alone, would battle for the rich trapping grounds of McPhearson-surely it was bravery that would be an honor to even a Yellow-Knife. But over the pulsing of her new happiness the dull pain of regret gripped her heart. Once she had gloried in the blind faith that this iron-limbed man who had come from the south was braver and stronger than other men. Now he had cast her aside rather than fight.

If he had been a murderer she could have forgiven him. If he had been a grub thief in a famine-stricken camp, and had stolen for her, then she would have crawled on her knees to kiss his hand, but a coward-that was beyond the law, the iron law of the Yellow-Knife people, that a woman must be a bearer of burdens and the men must be unafraid.

Jolet did not question whether Singing Wind was willing to share a trap camp with him or not. It was the pride that forbade him making inquir- alone, ies. Of course a Yellow-Knife squaw would be glad to share a camp with Jean Jolet, trapper. for a rifle, for her hand had closed upon the lean, trembling arm of the Singing Wind understood his view of the matter, yet it hurt her, for she was a daughter of the Yellow-Knife people who ruled over the Northern snows. She saw McGregor spread his blankets beside the fire, and she waited hopefully. Perhaps the wolf-man of the Northern snows would come to her to ask her consent. She saw him finish his pipe and spread his blankets for the night-and no daughter of the Yellow-Knives, who word was spoken. The woman of the Yellow-Knife sat alone beside the fire. The spruce branches burned to a heap of coals that threw a bloody light upon the surrounding forest. explain. "So is Pean Jolet a white man," the girl taunted him. "Did he want to go without a fight? No; he is a brave man, not a spruce-hen. He is a man a V-llow-Knife woman might love withthe swamp; the sledge dogs stirred uneasily in their sleep; then one of them lifted his nose to the dull murk of the Northern skies and sounded a troubled wail. Singing Wind was a daughter of the was at stake. Yellow-Knife. Each of these things carried a message to her-she knew it would be snowing before morning. So she crawled away to her own blankets, while the winds and snows of the Northern night crept closer and closer to the sleepers. In the morning one of them would turn his back upon the Northern snows, to breast the long miles that led back to the land from whence he had come. When Singing Wind awoke next came. morning she found a white and lonely world. The storm had spent its fury. She prepared the breakfast, while the men got the outfit ready for the trail. Three miles to the northwest was the little cabin where big Duncan and she had spent those few months of Then the woman brought more fuel happiness-a camp beside the game trails of the Yellow-Knife people. Ten miles to the south lay the trail camp drive. at the mouth of Swamp Creek. They would spend the next night there. The big Scotchman would soon turn his face toward the South-and Jolet and she would proceed to the abandoned camp in the country of Mcgioom. Phearson. The fresh dogs swung off through the swamp with a chorus of glad yelps that kept time to the lurch of the sled Singing Wind huddled among her furs and watched the ghostly spruces slip by. At regular intervals the two men changed places, the one who had been riding at the front would take his place at the handle-bars and run behind the sled. Not a word was spoken except a sharp command to a trampled snow. dog that was shirking. At midday a halt was made. A pot of tea was prepared and a portion of smoked moose meat eaten, then the rested dogs were urged across the white miles of wilderness. The days were short at that season of year, and soon the shadows of night began to creep in among the snowcovered spruces and night voices called, faint and far away. The gloom of the spruce swamps deepened. The whine of the sled run-voices that called from the shadows.

ners upon the snow was now the only way to gauge the speed of the weary

Soon they would reach their last camp, and the soft-spoken giant would go out of Singing Wind's life; would probably go in silence, this strange

man who was almost perfect, but who was afraid to fight. Out in the night shadows of the spruce swamp she heard the rallying call of the wolf—her blood brother of the Northern wilderness. His fangs were bared against the whole world, but her heart went out to him, that

The wolf call sounded closer, and the weary dogs quickened their pacethat inborn wilderness fear urging them across the night miles to a bend in the trail where the road camp offered its shelter.

Soon the wolf call changed to a fullthroated cry in the shadows behind. Then the heart of Singing Wind grew cold within her breast-cold with the fear of the wild. It was not a moose that was fleeing for its life, but a trail-spent dog team and a loaded sled. Louder and louder rose the gloating deathsong of the pack. Jolet, at the handlebars, added his ringing voice to the medley, urging the dogs to greater speed.

Then the voice of the man behind awoke a memory that had grown strangely remote during the quiet hours of the ride. It was Jean Jolet behind there-the wolf-man who was never afraid.

He would fight the wolf pack; would show the trembling coward upon the sled how a man of the Northern snows principal apple orchard section of the could fight. The thought filled her with happiness that almost drowned her fears.

and their speed slackened. The wolf-man was riding the sled. For a moment the woman thought he was get-ting his rifle ready for the battle. She reached out her hand and touched him as he crawled past her on the sled. She wanted to let him know that she was proud of him, that her heart would be with him in the red agony of the battle. Then the heart of Singing Wind grew heavy and dead within her breast. The body of Jean Jolet, the wolf-man of the Northern snows, was ashiver with fear.

The dogs swung out into an opening where the light of the Northern day still lingered. She turned and glanced backward. A gray, shifting blotch upon the snow disclosed the fact that the pack was almost upon them-and Jean Jolet, the wolf-man, had added his weight to the burden of the sled, and was cursing the dogs with a strange, shivering voice, while the pack crept closer across the snow.

Once more the sled lurched as one of the men leaped to the ground. The hunched-up figure was almost hidden by the flying snow as they reeled past. Singing Wind reached forward to urge her husband to fight: not to leave the man back there to fight their battle

With a cry she sprang back and with a cry site sprang d groped shook the furs from her and groped

Tenderly she lifted the man from the bloody snow and rolled him to the sled. Then the road song of the wolfdog went ringing far through the

Northern night. The man stirred among the furs. He lifted a blood-stained face to the blue star-light, saw the woman and ques-

tioned weakly: "Where is Jean? Did the wolves get him?

"They won't catch him as long as his legs hold out," Singing Wind whispered spitefully. "How far is it to the trail camp? We must be 'most there," the man

"We're going home," whispered Singing Wind softly, as she hid her face on the man's shoulder—"back to

the lean land of the Yellow-Knife, that never bred a coward."—By Chart Pitt, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Big Apple Crop to Boost U. S. Health.

America should have its healthiest year in 1927, if the old adage about apples and health still holds, according to Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. The estimated apple crop for this year is more than 234,000,000 bushels, which is the largest crop since 1914 and the third the largest in the history of the United States. Because the 1926 production is fully one-third larger than last year, apple prices have dropped to the lowest point in years and give promise of remaining at a low level throughout the season.

Practically all of the increased production of the commercial apple crop this year was made in the East, the country, according to the Foundation. Here favorable conditions prevailed throughout the growing season, al-A moment later the sled gave a lurch though some sections reported the crop as maturing later than usual. The

> apples, is not expected this year because of the continued unemployment

power of the German people and re-

Feet Long; Biggest Ship in World.

British shipbuilders may soon be busy building the world's largest liner An inquiry has reached the Clyde Trust asking whether, in the event of to Winfield L. Erb, tract in Rush dairy cows. They have much thinner a vessel 1,000 feet long being built,

Trial List for December Court.

Prothonotary Roy Wilkinson has prepared the trial list for the December term of court which will convene on the 13th. Only one civil case is listed for trial the first week, that of Elmer Jackson vs. Paul Baroutais, an doors, gradually start the heat and acappeal

The list for the second week is as follows:

Gordon Bros. Inc., a corporation, vs. H. D. and H. P. Kelley, trading and doing business as the Kelley Bros. Coal Co. Assumpsit.

Century Hoist Manufacturing Co. corporation, vs. The Central Refrac-

tories Co., a corporation. Assumpsit. H. H. Salisbury vs. James M. Smith and W. J. Musser. Feigned issue. James M. Foster vs. Pure Coal Mining Co., a corporation. Assumpsit. George E. Harper and Mary E. Harper, his wife, vs. G. D. Morrison.

Assumpsit.

William Davis, vs. The Penelec Coal Corp., a corporation. Two cases, one for ejectment and one for trespass. Philip D. Foster vs. J. D. Musser. Replevin.

O. C. Struble vs. Anna M. Meyer. Sur mechanics lien.

M. I. Gardner vs. Highland Clay Products Co., a corporation. Assump-

Antoine H. Burke and Mary L. Burke, a co-partnership trading as Burke Bros., vs. C. W. Hunter. Assumpsit.

George A. Reiter vs. P. R. Campbell. Trespass. Della Reiber and George A. Reiber vs. P. R. Campbell. Trespass.

General Motors Acceptance Corpor-

ation vs. H. A. Mark Motor Co. and Alfred P. Butler. Replevin.

Real Estate Transfers.

Harry Chiumenti, et ux, to Mary Hahn, tract in Burnside Twp.; \$300. Bellefonte Cemetery Association to James P. Irvin, tract in Bellefonte;

\$3.000.

Ivan Walker, trustee, to Conrad Miller, tract in Bellefonte; \$220. Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Geo. C. Harper, et ux, tract in State College: \$200.

Mary S. Osman to Mary E. Fishburn, tract in College Twp.; \$1.

Mary E. Fishburn, et bar, to Ho-Mary E. Fishburn, et bar, to Howard R. Shuey, et al, Adm., tract in

Russell O. Shirk, et ux, to Harry F. Houtz, tract in College Twp.; \$375. Tamer B. Kern, et al, Adm., to Liz-

Britain May Soon Build Liner 1,000 zie Page, tract in College Twp.; \$830. Charles Boyer, et ux, to J. F. Turner, et ux, tract in Patton Twp.; \$200. Ivan Walker, Trustee, to Kate D.

Shugert, tract in Benner Twp.; \$9600.

Twp.; \$135. W. G. Stitt, et ux, to Katherine A Rosie E. Musser to Orlando Hockenberry, tract in Haines Twp.; \$200. H. B. Young to Penn State Alpha is the Majestic, the ex-German liner, Gamma Rho Allumni Association, 915 feet, 6 inches in length, owned by tract in State College; \$1. Boyd N. Johnston, et ux, to Robert

FARM NOTES.

-Many potatoes are to be dug, and in some districts hopes of saving the

custom the house plants to winter conditions.

-Alfalfa or clover hay and corn silage make ideal roughage for dairy cows. These crops should be grown regularly on all dairy farms, say specialists of the Pennsylvania State College.

-Horticulture Week, a short course in fruit culture, vegetable gardening, and landscape architecture, will bring orchardists, gardeners, and landscape architects to the Pennsylvania State College December 7 to 10.

-To prevent colds in the poultry flock keep the hen house dry, allow at least eight inches of perch room per Evan Davis, Elizabeth Ross, Mag-gie Brighton, by their attorney in fact, Fred Brighton, and William Wood, guardian of Edward Davis and William Davis are The Bencher Generation on pound of salts to each 400 pounds A dose of epsom salts, at the rate of one pound of salts to each 400 pounds of poultry, fed in a wet mash may do a great deal to get the affected flock back into condition.

> -Is the farm machinery put away for the winter? The great open spaces make poor tool sheds. The roof leaks and other weather extremes work havoc.

> -Farmers have control of the European corn borer in their own hands largely. Farm practices, including clean culture, must be relied upon to stop this destructive insect pest. Other folks can help, too, by not carrying corn from infested territory to clean regions.

> -The pig trough without book-keeping is a blind alley into which feed is thrown carelessly, the one upon. which records are kept tells a story of success or failure.

> During the past year five farmers kept books on their hogs in Clinton county. When summaries were made it was found the profit ranged from a little more than two dollars per pig to more than eleven dollars per animal at six months of age.

\$25. Isaac B. Seigfrid, et ux, to John Sicks, Jr., et ux, tract in Worth Twp.; \$3000 man who pocketed \$11 profit per pig. The former with the \$2.00 profit carried his pigs for several months on a maintenance or pasture and skimmilk. The pigs made no gain they merely held their own, so no profit was made during this period.

"To make a good profit on pork, hogs destined for the butcher must be kept on the gain all the time.

-Keeping the cows in the barn and out of the cold stormy weather this time of the year means more dollars in the milk pails of the Centre county dairies.

Too many cows are expected to make milk pail profits on a cold weather treatment which consists of running through pastures and eating frosted grass says R. C. Blaney, Centre county agent.

skins than beef cattle so are more sensitive to the cold than are the fat stock animals. Dairy cows will do much better if kept in the barn now and fed regular winter rations. They will enter the winter in better flesh condition and with a higher level of milk production. On nice days they may be turned out for exercise for a short time but other-wise should be housed.

crop in the Northwest, the only other important commercial apple section in the country, however, suffered severely from freezing in late September with the result that yields were materially reduced. The export trade is likely to affect the market to some extent. While increased consumption in England, one of the big consumers of American

which is keeping the buying power of the country low, Germany, another of the biggest consumers, is taking more American apples than the year before. Improvements in the purchasing

duced apple crops in European countries which compete with the United States in the German apple market are given as the reasons for this year's increase in the American apple trade with that country.

snows."

"You said a whole mouthful that time," the man admitted. "If there's anything worse that a wolf it's a Yellow-Knife woman when she is mad." "I am proud of it," the girl bloated. "It is the blood brotherhood of the wild. The wolf pack and the Yellow-Knife people know the same law of the snows-that the coward must dieand you are a coward.

"I suppose this is all over me leaving Swanp Creek because McPhearson got to his cabin ahead of me. You Yellow-Knives would have burned him out, but I'm a white man; you'll learn that in time," the man tried to

"So that's the way the wind is blowing, my Yellow-Knife beauty. thought you'd been edging over his way for the last week." The man shifted his position beside the fire, but made no effort to rise.

"I love him; I am not ashamed," the woman defied. "And he can have me, too, if he'll take me after my disgrace. I'll never forget the shame of it---a Yellow-Knife woman married to a coward."

The man half-rose beside the fire. He looked at her a moment and a flame flickered in his eyes. Slowly he knocked the ashes from his pipe, re-filled it and resumed his smoking. Then he settled down to watch the flaming spruce logs with eyes that never shifted.

The mysterious silence of the wilderness night crept closer about the little camp as the fire died down and the man smoked on, unheeding.

from under the spruces and set the fire crackling again.

"Don't be afraid; I won't let the wolves hurt you." She tried to goad him into speech, but the man only shifted his long legs beside the fire. Several times he lifted his head and listened. The voices of dogs came to him through the night.

It was time for the winter snows, and Jean Jolet had gone over to Willow Creek for the dogs.

The woman watched her giant mate out of the corner of one eye. Perhaps she had overstepped herself that time; perhaps even Duncan McGregor, who was a spruce-hen and a coward, could be crowded into a fight. She didn't like his silence. She had come to fear the silent men of the North. Those who said the least were the bitterest and most heartless when they set their feet to the blood trail.

Singing Wind's heart fluttered as the yelp of the sledge dogs sounded just beyond the bend in the trail. She knew it was Jean Jolet, the man whom even a Yellow-Knife woman might love without shame.

The man beside the fire had proved himself a coward. There is no ques-tion about it; he had violated the honor of the Yellow-Knives. But why didn't he talk?

wolf-man huddled among the furs. A rifle shot rang out in the night

the dog team swerved as if to go back. Singing Wind thrust a rifle into the hand of the man. He pushed it aside,

grasped the whip, and beat the dogs back on to the trail. Again the rifle spoke behind them and the hot tears rushed down the cheeks of the woman. She was a

never turned their backs upon a foe. But there in the road was the man she had hated because he was afraidthe man who was going out of her life

in the morning. Singing Wind thrust a hunting ax in her belt, grasped a rifle and leaped from the sled.

The rifle back there on the trail was speaking as fast as Duncan McGregor could swing the lever; no one in all the North could use a rifle like that. The firing ceased before the woman reached him, and she know that the big Scotchman was at death grips with the pack. She leaped blindly forward-the honor of the Yellow-Knife

Then she saw them in the night gloom, a giant whose clothes were torn to ribbons by the fangs of the pack, whirling like the hub of a great, gray wheel, and swinging a hunting ax in a deadly circle that cut into the wolf pack better than any rifle. The pack opened before the shrieking thing that raced down upon them-a thing that belched fire and death as it

Then with empty guns beneath their feet, they fought back to back—the woman of the Yellow-Knife and the man she had scorned. She could feel the man reel in his wild and deadly thrusts at the maddened horde. The snow grew slippery with blood, and the heap of still gray forms grew higher around them. higher around them. The pack wavered, then returned for one last

Singing Wind felt the man at her back sink to his knees; yet he fought silent-lipped and determined as the gray beasts swarmed out of the night

Then over the snap of slavering jaws there came another sound-the blessed, honest battle song of the sledge dogs returning to the fight. As the yelping challenge of the dogs

drew nearer across the snows, the beaten pack slipped away into the shadows, and the battle-wrecked giant who had dared to stand in the path of the gray brotherhood that ruled the Northern snows slipped down among his dead enemies in the crimson,

Singing Wind raised her eyes to the blue-dancing stars. No sound escaped from her close-drawn, bloodless lipsfor she was a daughter of the Yellow-Knives, who hid their hearts beneath their fur robes and battled for the mastery of their lean land.

When the lead dog floundered up to lick the face of his senseless master. his neck and buried her face in his ing with friends at Snydertown, is thick fur and listened to the night now visiting among friends here and

the width and depth of the river would be sufficient for launching the craft Meyers, tract in Millheim; \$1. and affording a safe passage to the open sea.

The largest vessel at present afloat the White Star Line. The largest vessel yet built on the Clyde is the Aquitania, 868 feet 7 inches in length built by the John Browl Company at Clydebank in 1914.

There are two or three firms on the Clyde, all in the upper reaches, which would tackle a job as big as that now suggested, and the Clyde Trust would, of course, do its part.

If necessary dredging would be undertaken, and it is not considered that difficulties at the turns of the Channel would be insurmountable.

Seeds.

Fall is the best time to burn weeds. The burning of weeds is a practice that should be universally followed in places where they cannot be used for green manure. The use of fire destroys the seed as well as the unsightly dead plants.

Where weeds are burned in the fall there is less chance for the seeds to be scattered than later, when the plants have died from frost. It is a good plan to mow the weeds close to the ground while they are still green and immediately rake them into piles. In this way the seeds will not be rat-The piles should be rather tled out. small-half the size of a hay cock-so that they will dry out quickly and burn up completely. Set fire to the piles, and see that the loose ends are raked into the coals when the centre has burned.

JACKSONVILLE.

John Tressler held a shooting match

on Thanksgiving day. James Mackey spent Thanksgiving at the Fred Haines home.

Hogan Long purchased John Bloss-

ner's Ford touring car last week. The Stork brought Mr. and Mrs. Ray Deitz a baby girl on Thanksgiving College arrived on Wednesday and day.

John Condo, of Lock Haven, visited classes a over Sunday at the A. A. Garrett ternoon. home. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Walker and

children spent Thanksgiving at the E. R. Lucas home. Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Hoy attended the butchering at the John Corman

home, at Curtin, last week. Some of our folks called on Rev. and Mrs. Gass and Miss Viola Hartzell, at the Claude Moore home at Howard, on Thanksgiving day.

The Ladies' Aid society will hold their meeting for December and Christmas this Saturday night, at the home of Mrs. Nevin Yearick.

James Mackey, who has been visit-ing with friends at Snydertown, is also attending the butcherings.

D. Scheirer, et ux, tract in State College; \$7,600.

Titus M. Gramley, et ux, to Wil-liam F. Groel, tract in Gregg Twp.;

Philipsburg Cemetery Association to Elizabeth C. Baird, tract in Rush Twp.; \$204.80.

Albert Corman, et ux, to Ione C. Hillard, tract in Benner Twp.; \$1. Samuel Bierly, et ux, to Barbara Hubler, tract in Miles Twp.; \$600.

Nutritive Value of Any of Home-Cooked Cereals.

It is almost impossible to compare the nutritive value of ready-to-eat with home-cooked cereals, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The nutritive value of any cereal food depends on the kind and on the proportion of bran, germ, and endosperm (white inner portion of the kernel) included. If outer coatings and germ are included, it contains far more minerals and vitamines than if these parts are rejected. Judged on the basis of average servings the food value of the light-weight ready-to-eat cereals is lower than that of the homecooked kinds. In the case of all cereal foods, however, it should be remembered that comparison of the nutritive value should be not on the basis of the form in which they are sold, but on that of the parts of the kernel they include.

College Students Home for a Brief Vacation.

Students of the many colleges in Pennsylvania and nearby States are spending this week-end at their home,

Many of the Penn State students are in Pittsburgh for the annual Penn State week-end there, featured by the Thanksgiving day football game be-

served on Wednesday night. The college band and varsity quartet rendered a varied program, which you prob-ably heard if you have a radio.

-The gift She will cherish forever: A Tennessee cedar chest, priced from \$13.50 to \$38.00, at W. R. Brachbill's furniture store. 71-47

-The Watchman publishes news when it is news. Read it.

Cows standing outdoors on cold days with backs humped are losing dairy dollars for their owners.

-Five European corn borers in northwestern Penna. this season compared to more last year is what agents of the Unites States department of Agriculture have found in surveys. In addition while confined to 16 counties last year, the corn borer has launched an offensive and gained entrance into 14 more counties, according to the latest reports. Roughly all territory north and west of a line drawn from a point just south of Pittsburgh to the extreme northeastern corner of the State is now infested by European corn borer.

Our Penna. climate is thus proved to the liking of this pest which is evidently organized for a real drive during the next few years, declares H. N. Worthley, assistant extension entomo-logist of the Penna. State College. According to Worthley, prevention of serious damage is in the hands of the farmers themselves, since farm practices destroy stalk, stubble and cob will kill the borers. The control pro-gram briefly stated, includes cutting the corn low and early using the silo to the limit shredding all stover, pul-ling down, raking and burning standing stalks, high stubble and hoggedoff corn, plowing all corn stubble land cleanly, shelling all corn and burning the cobs by May 15.

-It is frequently pointed out by the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture that the nation will have to depend upon the cultivation of the soil for about onethird of its combined wheat, corn and oats produced; upon crop rotation for another third, and upon the use of manures and commercial fertilizers for the other third.

It is logical, the bureau says, that cultivation aids both rotation and fertilization, that rotation aids in rendering fertilizers more effective, and that fertilizers increase the value of rotation. Recent experiments in Illinois bring out the fact that rotation and the use of fertilizers, when practiced together, may interact to the extent that their conjoint effects, as measured in terms of crop increases, may be not only equal to but greater than the sum of their separate effects.

The average yield of corn obtained without fertilizers and rotation in this particular experiment was 23.4 bushels per acre. The gain due to using ferti-lizers and lime was 9.2 bushels per acre, and the gain due to rotation alone was 27.8 bushels, or practically three times that obtained from the fertilizers and lime. The total increase effected by conjoining rotation and the use of fertilizers was 44.2 bushels per acre, or 7.2 bushels greater than the sum of their separate increases.

tween Penn State and the University of Pittsburgh. "Penn State Night" KDKA broadcasting station was ob-

taking advantage of the Thanksgiving vacation. Local young men and women from the Pennsylvania State will return for the re-opening of classes at the college on Monday af-

\$250

Burning Weeds in Fall Will Kill Their