#### TO THE FELLOW WHO'LL TAKE MY PLACE.

Here is a toast that I want to drink To a fellow I'll never know-To the fellow who's going to take my place When it's time for me to go. I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be And I've wished I could take his hand, Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old

man," In a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give the cheering word That I've longed at times to hear; I'd like to give him the warm handclasp When never a friend seemed near. I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard

work, And I wish I could pass it on To the fellow who"ll come to take my place

Some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made And note all the battles lost? Will he ever guess of the tears they caused Or the heart aches which they cost? Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil

To the underlying plan, And catch a glimpse of the real intent And the heart of the vanquished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day As he toils as I have wrought, And gain some strength for his

From the battles which I have fought. But I've only the task itself to leave With the cares for him to face, And never a cheering word may speak To the fellow who'll take my place.

Then here's to your health, old chap; I drink as a bridegroom to his bride; I leave an unfinished task for you, But God knows how I tried. I've dreamed my dreams as all men do, But never a one came true, And my prayer today is that all the dreams

May be realized by you. And we'll meet some day in the great un-

known-Out in the realm of space; You'll know my clasp as I take your hand And gaze in your tired face. Then all the failures will be success In the light of the new-found dawn, So I'm drinking your health, old chap, Who'll take my place when I am gone. -From "Bindery Talks."

### A MAN IN THE HOUSE.

(Concluded from last week.) Some subtle influences were undoubtedly at work in the next few days to shatter the peace of the Devers family. Carrington wandered around restlessly, never leaving the gounds, avoiding Skinny and the other village boys who came and peered into the garden through the iron gate then went away. He gave only the most perfunctory attention to his history and arithmetic in the morning lessons in the library, and for the remainder of the day hung moodily days to shatter the peace of the Devabout, regarding Nina with an intent scrutiny that irritated and puzzled

Cyril Lucien found her inattentive to his silent adoration, and he, too, was restless, roaming about grounds, tortured by the feeling that he had, in some unknown way, offended. Over on her side of the hedge Graham girl watched and waited, stalking here and there with hands on. "I don't have no fun when you thrust deep in the pockets of her most are not H-E-R-E!" he quoted scornbecoming sports suit, always seeming to be in a hurry to attend some fully. "Good Lord, don't they teach the kid to spell? 'Ma says for you important event when she chanced to to come H-O-A-M!' Look at the darn see the dispirited figure of the young Englishman.

Nina herself was sharing the general restlessness. She sat again one afternoon before her mirror and again studied her reflection. The vision the glass gave back was just as lovely as it had been a few days bemember how he used to grab at my fore, but the complacence was gone, and she gazed at it unsatisfied. She reflected gloomily: "I don't

know what's the matter with me! It

examined a minute line that might in time be a wrinkle. Indeed, in her melancholy mood, the microscopic depression was already a fullblown wrinkle, deeply carved. "I shall go to town for a few days,

to have fastened on her, so that she mensely." made no move, but sat on idly.

She thought about her son. "Every

she told herself with resentment, "he grows more like his father! of their embarrassment, as she looked It was a mistake to bring him here. He seems to have reverted to type successfully in a short time. Oh, successfully in a short time. well, I suppose nothing matters so long as he is well and strong. But shut nervously. how, having never known his father, except when he was a tiny baby, can he have picked up so many of Jim's mannerisms? That way he looks at me sometimes-rather, well, accus-

ingly."
Her thoughts wandered again. She thought, as she very seldom let herself do now, of her brief and stormy married life. She had married Jim Devers when she was barely twenty, and when he was just beginning his spectacular climb to wealth. She had fascinated by his whirlwind courtship, that calm certainty of his that he could always get what he wanted, if, she recalled his own phrase, "one only went after it hard

Well, he had gone after her hard enough, in spite of the opposition of her only relative, a shadowy Southern aunt. When this aunt had found out that Jim Devers had been born in the Middle West, of poor parents who lived over the grocery store they owned, she had not so much refused to recognize him as simply dismissed all thought of him from her mind. Which was unfortunate, for in the

meantime her niece married him. He grinned. "You wouldn't! Too common, both of us, yet?" The years of their marriage had

been turbulent, stormy years, years of fierce quarrels and disturbing scenes. Nina recalled them now. Strangely enough, without bitterness, rather with an amused, wistful memory of what well-matched antagonists they had been.

Jim's angry voice, rumpled red hair that seemed to catch fire from the sparks of his anger, his half-admiring scrutiny of her, even in his most angry moments. "You've got to stop this everlasting flirting! The way you went on with that young whelp

wives?"

"Your set!" That taunt had never failed to get under his skin, to infuriate him, to make him say things that were unforgivable.

She thought about their son. Strange, this sudden interest in his father! She would be glad when the summer was ended, Carrington safely back in school. Her thoughts wandened an into the future Carrington. dered on into the future. Carrington line! in college, Carrington graduating—
"Oh, lord!" she sighed, "what a problem he's going to be! I suppose, ried you, I tried like the devil to be after all, a boy really needs two parents! Why couldn't he have been a girl?"

Latter on, as she still sat there, she became aware of a loud voice in the hall downstairs, a man's voice raised in argument, blurring over a maid's squeak, half-frightened, half-deferential. Quick steps on the stairs, and

her thoughts, stood her former husband, Jim Devers—Jim, moreover, in one of his rages. She noticed, as one will always notice irrelevant details in an emotional crisis, that the tweeds he was wearing were too heavy, that he was looking at her with the same old half-admiring, half-irritated gaze.

As usual, she spoke first. She had always been quicker there than he. "After seven years," she said in her lovely cool voice, "you still charge into a room without knocking!"

To her astonishment he laughed. A laugh of genuine amusement. "And after seven years, my dear, your line is still the same! We might your line is still the same: But seven have parted yesterday. But seven years—Good Lord, is it as long as haven't aged you a bit. I'll that?—haven't aged you a bit. I'll be darned if you're not prettier than

Nina's lip curled. "Have you come breaking into my house to tell me that? Rather—superfluous, wasn't it?" She added languidly, "I hear it, you know, from so many men!"
His anger seemed to flood him like

a wave, his red hair on the crest. He advanced into the room, eyes blazing. "I came," he cried, "to find out

that the poor kid gets an education?"

He threw the letter in her lap with gesture that had the suggestion of a blow. A piece of cheap, ruled pa-per on which the clumsily printed and ill-spelled words zigzagged about in spite of the guiding lines.

There was complete bewilderment in Nina's face as she picked it up.
"Look at it!" Jim Devers stormed thing, will you; don't look at me! What in Heaven's name have you been telling the poor kid?" A sudden tenderness cooled the anger in his eyes. "He was a bright enough little tyke seven years ago, Nina! Re-

Suddenly Nina, who had been examining the letter closely, burst out like laughing a musical enough little so!" must be the quiet and loneliness up here! I suppose, though, every woman feels the same way when she comes plump up against the fact that her next birthday will be her thirtieth."

She picked up a hand mirror, closely examined a minute line that might laugh, but with the catch of a sob in been signed 'Skinny,' but that is laugh a bit— at ourselves, as well as crossed out, and Carrington's name written in. Skinny is a village boy he plays with. He must have taken a letter that Skinny wrote to his fathsee my masseuse, get away from the deadly quiet up here! I'll see about ing Devers' eyes—"that what would child thought—" she hesitated, avoiding Devers' eyes—"that what would her lap.

"Nina," But an immense weariness seemed He admires Skinny's cleverness im-

Silence fell between them then. Devers stood still, looking down at her curiously. The room seemed full up at last to meet his eyes. He dropped his and began fingering

a gold mesh bag that lay on a small table, snapping the clasp open and "For Heaven's sake, Jim," cried, "put that thing down!"

He dropped it clumsily, tipping over a small, silver vase in which a single wild rose had been nodding its lovely head. The rose had been the usual morning offering of Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald. "No, don't touch it! Just leave it alone! It doesn't matter!" Then, re-

calling Carrington's recent visit to her room, she laughed. Hands thrust deep in his pockets as though he mistrusted their potentialities for further michief he stood

gloomily, looking down at her. "I never did know what you were laughing about half the time," he said resentfully. Then, with sudden change of mood "See here, Nina, I want to see the kid. Any boy who plays with a boy named Skinny must be all right. Cute of him to steal that letter! Probably didn't know what to say to me him-

self! How old is he now-nine, ten,?" "He's nine. I'm perfectly willing for you to see him. He's exactly like I don't understand him, of you. course!"

Nina noticed that his smile was still as boyish and ingratiating as ever in spite of the fact that the years had given him poise. His whole bearing was that of a man sure of himself and of his place in life, and rather satisfied with both.

"I've been meaning to have a talk with you for some time Nina. And then, when I got that letter, I saw red. So I came up here in a hurry to then, when I got that letter, I saw red. So I came up here in a hurry to see what it was all about. That fool woman downstairs said you were up here, but I sailed past her because I she joined his laughter, peal after and the state of the thought if you knew who it was you Her voice, cool and contemptuous:
"Jealousy! And bullying! Is that the way the men in your set talk to their am mad!

He grinned at her sheepishly. "I've

"About groceries? Making money?"

"There!" he cried triumphantly, "that's the sort of thing I've learned! not to care when you say things like that! I used to get fighting mad in the old days when you pulled that line! No, listen!—I'm going to do the talking now. You always did the sort of person you wanted me to be. I wanted to be part of your life, like the other men you knew. You never guessed it, you were always too busy finding fault with me but I used to get books to read-about polo, and art, pictures, stuff like that. Highbrow, I used to call it, and that used to make you mad, too. Of course I was a bad bluffer, and I didn't get Nina sank deeply back in her chair, clutching the folds of her negligee about her, anger in her eyes. For in the doorway, like an embodiment of her thoughts stood her former land. It is make you mad, too. Of course I was a bad bluffer, and I didn't get away with it. The men left me alone, and the women used to laugh at me. I knew.

"After you left me I still the land."

> ed father's delivery wagon. Stuff like that, you know. Well, they liked it. They ate it up. Finally I did learn to do the things they did, because I found that they kept a man in condition, made his brain clearer for business. And about talking-I've found if you tell the truth, and say things you believe, you can get along with most any one. No matter how highbrow they are. And then they tell you things, simple things that a fellow like me can understand and remember. Took me a long time, though, to understand.

He paused and looked rather wistfully down at her, small and quiet in the big chair.

"Maybe," he began, then stopped. "After all, I'm not such a bad sort, Nina," he finished weakly. "And there's the boy."

Nina's voice came cool and undis-turbed from the depths of her chair. "And I to understand that you are proposing to me?"

He grinned. "Well, in a way, I suppose I am. I don't know just how

ly, "one proposes by reciting how to become a social success and still be a boor!"

He looked at her steadily, his smile only amused. "You have a nasty tongue, my girl, and sometimes I think if I had slapped you once in a while we would have got on better!"
Nina shuddered delicately. "Common!" she murmured.

He went on as though he had not heard her. "That was the trouble. treated you as if you were something delicate that might be broken if one handled it roughly. Now I realize that you were only a spoiled and silly little girl, and a slapping wouldn't have hurt you!"

In spite of her anger, Nina was conscious of a desire to laugh. Still she maintained her pose of delicacy outraged, of fineness defiled by vul-garity. "If I am to understand that you are asking me to marry you again, the answer, of course, is 'No!' " Then, with a sudden disarming descent into sincerity, she cried: "People don't change, Jim, no matter what you say! I'm still Nina, and you are still Jim! We'd be fighting like cats and dogs inside of a day or

"What if we were? I know I've got a devil of a temper, and so have you—when you can't get what you want. But what of it? Maybe"—he hesitated, again trying to find some thought he was struggling to express -"maybe we both have learned to at each other."

Nina stared. "Jim," she said in a shaky little voice, "that's rather clever of you!" At her tone he dropped on his knees

by the chair and pillowed his head in

his voice came muffled, softened, "I've been lonesome as the devil! I never could love any woman but you! Don't send me away again!" Then she was in his arms, and he was kissing her.

"Oh," she said breathlessly, "you never should have stayed away so long! I've been lonely, too, and didn't realize it until now!" So intent were they on each other

that neither noticed a small shadow in the doorway. It had been passing and repassing for some time now, as wildly excited a small boy ever and anon peered cautiously in, disappearing at last to do a wild and inaccurate clog dance in the lower hall.

Later they were standing at the window, Nina's head on Jim's shoulder, and his arm closely around her Traces of recent tears were on her face, deep content on his. Suddenly Jim caught sight of the forlorn figure of the tutor in the arbor, drooping listlessly over his book.

"Who's that?" he asked abruptly. A tenderly mischievous smile curved Nina' slips. It's Carrington's tutor, a nice young Englishman," she answered primly.

Jim's arm dropped from about her waist. He caught her by the should-

ers roughly, twisting her around to face him. "I know that look of yours, that cat-that-swallowed-the-canary mock innocence! You have been flirting with that poor boob! You've got to stop that, you know! I won't stand for it!"

For a moment they glared at each other, like hostile strangers.

"You see!" cried Nina triumphant-"I was right! Here we are just back where we started, fighting over the same old things!"

But his anger had died. "Well I'll be darned!" he said slowly. "So we

peal, until, breathless, they kissed each other again.

Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald sat in the wistaria arbor, wrest-ling with black despair. This was the fifth consecutive afternoon on which his adored lady had not appeared. In spite of the sunlight that lay warm and golden about him, his heart was bleak and cold.

Suddenly Carrington appeared before him. A swaggering Carrington, breathless with excitement, sullenness, vanished, glowing with happiness and pride.

"Guess who's here!" he cried, his voice boastful and loud. "My father's come, and he's come to stay! He's kissing mother like anything! I just happened to pass the old door of her sitting-room," he added with elaborate care, "and I just happened to see them!"

Cyril started to his feet, face deeply pink. At first he had some vague idea that Beauty must be rescued from the Beast, but the evident truthfulness of the small reporter who "just happened to pass" the old

"After you left me, I still went around with your sort of people but I gave up bluffing. I never pretended any more. I used to say, when they talked polo, that the only horse I ever that pull- that pull- that pull- And I want him, too. I sent him a And I want him, too. I sent him a letter," he boasted, "to come up here before the summer people fished up all the good fish. That's why he came!"

Stunned by the crash of his air castles tumbling in ruins about his feet, Cyril Lucien remained silent, fingering his volume of poems with trembling fingers.

Carrington, turned away, eager eyes on the house, stopped just long enough for one more swaggering ges-"It's time we had a man in the tur. house!"

Cyril Lucien winced, and the pink in his cheeks deepened to red. His face looked stricken.

Suddenly a look of determination replaced his confusion. Tenderly, gently, as though he were laying something in its grave, he put his volume of Rupert Brooke down on the seat of the arbor.

Then, without a backward glance at the house, on whose terrace a man and woman, hand linked in hand, had just appeared, he strode over the

# Old Main at State to be Rebuilt.

\$1,000,000 for new buildings and their equipment, Governor Fisher requested that the first building item to be given attention by the college trustees be the reconstruction of "Old Main," the five story structure erected between 1858 and 1864. The top floor and attic of this building have not been used for about five years and the tower has been closed as unsafe for a longr period. The building now houses the general administrative offices and a large number of classrooms. The outer walls will be left standing as they are, the interior to able in lending themselves to almost be rebuilt entirely, according to pres-

ent plans. Other building needs will be given careful consideration by the executive committee of the trustees and by the board at its annual meeting during commencement week in early June. Each of the six undergraduate schools is in great need of added classroom and laboratory space, and apportionment of the State building fund will be a real task for the trustees. No announcement has been made as yet concerning a building

College officials are receiving indications of pleasure from all parts of the State in the granting of the largest State appropriation ever received at one time by the State's own institution of higher learning. The State College request for \$4,234,500 was declared by trustees to be the absolute minimum with which the college could continue its present work with product to some next of it. out neglect to some part of it. Even though the new appropriation is the largest ever received, college authorities will find it impossible to fill all demands made upon the college serv-

ice by people of the State.

The building request was granted in full by Governor Fisher. Lack of sufficient State funds prompted him to reduce the general maintenance item from \$2,181,000 requested to \$2,-100,000; the agricultural extension amount from \$650,000 to \$630,000 and the agricultural research fund from \$403,500 to \$270,000. These amounts are to be used during the next two

## Plan to Preserve Trees Along Various Highways.

Farmers are beginning to realize that trees along the roadside should be saved. And one thing which is bringing this forcibly to their attention is the way the telephone and electric companies trim trees into unsightly bushlike shapes. The beautiful maples along the highways of northern Ohio and the oaks and walnuts in some other parts of the State would probably not be in existence today if the wire lines had been here 40 years ago.

The companies are apparently making an effort to do a better job of trimming trees. The telephone companies are giving their linemen in structions on how to preserve the appearance of the trees along their lines. Farmers should specify in their per-Angrily she pulled away from him.
"And you've got to stop bullying me! I won't stand that, either!"

Angrily she pulled away from him. Farmers should specify in their permits to the companies for the careful handling of the trees along the road. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

-The first rule in achieving chic it seems to me, is a definition of just what the word "Style" means. Style permanent, fashion is changeable. Style is the spirit, fashion is the letter of law. Style is that which is adopted and accepted as good, regardless of period, while fashion is that which is subject to change in the mode. Good taste, after all, is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of

knowledge. Paris decrees many fashion notes that are worth keeping well in mind when selecting a spring wardrobe. Blue in all its various tints and shades is paramount in favor but one must have variety and black, black and white, navy and white, navy and beige and the new warm tints of grey are proving as popular. These color combinations pertain to afternoon, street and also to sport wear.

A selection of accessories depends naturally on the occasion for which the costume is intended. Felt and straw or all felt hats will reign for sportswear and the well-dressed wo-man selects hand-sewn gloves and sport shoes of harmonizing color. With the warmer days, the ever-correct Bangkok comes into its own again with silk and other light straw millinery as its only rivals. For the more formal occasions, the pull-on glove of soft suede, chamois, or kid is still appropriate. It is most interest-ing to note that the very large straw hat is appearing for afternoon wear with the more elaborate type of gown. Usually, these large models are trim-med very little and range in size from medium brim to wide.

Another interesting fashion note is the new jewelry, for now it is not only possible but almost imperative to select a distinct type for each occasion. It is great fun to choose jewelry together with gloves, stockings and shoes, for a sport costume, for the heavy, sometimes twisted sport jewelry is fascinating in its very oddity. Never before has jewelry held such an important place in assem-bling the costume. The twisted Premet jewelry is copied from old Baby-lonian, Abyssinian and Egyptian

The vogue for white has also invaded the realm of evening clothes and indeed what could be lovelier than the straight, slim gown of white satin relieved only by a small bit of rhine-stone trimming, depending entirely on the material for its effectiveness. This comes to us from the house of Vionnet. Black georgette and lace comprise charming evening frocks and the incomparable Jenny is sponsoring black combined with her own particular "Jenny Rose." It is important also to note that some of the most unusual and attractive evening dresses are fashioned from beige lace. Shawls are gaining in popularity and in many cases match the evening gown with which they are worn.

I have not mentioned the compe costume and it is much too important to be overlooked. Par example shades In signing the Legislative appropriation bill of \$4,000,000 for the Pennsylvania State College, including combination of navy and one or two of blue lend themselves particularly lighter shades of blue, the outfit may be finished with navy slippers, stock-

ings and gloves. Just now, too, snakeskin used both as a trimming and in some cases comprising an entire garment is receiving a great deal of attention. This of course is particularly attractive when used in combination with a grey costume perhaps on the slippers and bag, and to trim the hat. From this material was fashioned recently an extremely handsome coat. The mottled skins are very soft and pliany style.

However, all that we read and surmise of fashion's forecasts each season is governed by what is becoming to each one of us and it is wise to follow the Frenchwoman who studies her particular type before selecting her wardrobe.

MAKING BEATEN BISCUIT. -Did you ever eat those delicious beaten biscuit, that are served so frequently in the southern part of the United States? Many a woman would doubtless like to serve them, but she feels that she cannot spare the time which they require for making. As one old Negro cook put it, beaten biscuit should be beaten for one hour for home folks, but two hours if there were company. A good recipe for these delicacies calls for 1 quart of flour, 5 tablespoons of fat, 1 teaspoon of salt, and enough ice water to make a very stiff dough,—probably about of a cup. As to beating that dough two hours for company, or even one for home folks, few housekeepers of tday care to do that, as we have said, so one ingenious woman has evolved the scheme of putting it through the meat chopper several times. The dough should be just as stiff as it is possible to mix it for this treatment. After the dough has been well chopped, roll it out, so her directions read, cut into small disks, pierce each one with a fork and place them in a large baking pan, far enough apart so that they will not touch. They should then be baked in a hot oven until

INK SPOTS IN BOOKS.

well done. Do not open the door for

biscuit an uninterrupted chance to rise and crack around the sides. They

should be well browned on the top and on the bottom, before being re-

moved from the oven, having a white

center and that crack around the

edge. This method, using the meat

chopper, she finds gives quite as sat-isfactory results as the old-time beat-

ing.

-Anyone who has been unfortunate enough to get ink spots on a favorite book, or, worse still, a borrowed one, may be interested to know how one housekeeper removed such dis-figuring marks. She bought a little oxalic acid, diluted it with cold water and painted it over the ink spots with a fine camel's hair brush. Then she applied a sheet of blotting paper to the stained part, and absorbed the stain with the liquid.

## FARM NOTES.

-Clean up every bit of waste growths, weed stems, leaves, vegeta-ble stalks and litter; distribute them over the garden plot to turn under for humus or burn and scatter the ashes on the garden beds.
Soil lacking humus is never as sat-

isfactorily productive as one laden with this valued fertilizing adjunct. All of the rough straw that is a part of all manure (it comes from the discarded beds of stabled animals) is splendid to lighten the soil and conserve its moisture. Pure sand can be converted into valuable growing soil by the addition of humus, any vegeta-ble growths.

Apply as much manure as can be purchased, at least enough to cover the whole bed or beds to a depth of four inches and turn under with a plow or spade, depending upon the size of the garden. Rake the turned-up ground twice, the second time at right angles to the first and the planting can then go on, but be sure you arrange to plant either for succession or more than one crop in the same place, companion crops, they can be designated.

Have in mind the number of feet of each crop you wish to grow and lay out your plot to accommodate those vegetables and enjoy crops from the first lettuce or radish to the last

of fall peas. Start off your plot with lettuce and radishes, and when these are exhausted turn the ground they occupied and

at once put in celery.
Your next space, whatever can be allotted to requirements, may be planted to onions, also followed by celery. Parsnips will mature in the next space in time for celery, and further along in the plot will come beets,

followed by kale. Early peas will be followed by fall cabbage, just, as the early sown late peas will be followed by fall cabbage.

Beans, precede fall potatoes; early cabbage is first, fall potatoes the second eron in the same space, and then ond crop in the same space, and then cauliflower followed by fall potatoes. Tomatoes are followed by spinach, egg plants and peppers by the same and cucumbers precede turnips.

Muskmellons or squash go before turnips and early potatoes precede fall beans. Sweet corn is followed by fall peas. An orderly arrangement as above

ives the amateur gardner the deight of his life.t Really little success is going to be the result of skimped gardening, and gardening means soil preparation almost entirely, with the exception of transplanting, for a child can scatter seed and they will grow after fashion.

Buying the seed is the least part of the job of growing vegetables, cultivation means a whole lot, but the making ready of the ground from which vegetation must draw its sus-

tenance or perish, is the all-important part. Very light sandy loams are by nature in a condition to give up food; such soils are friable, loose and easy for the vegetable root growths to pen-

etrate in their pursuit of food. Heavy soils, those containing clay, are easily transformed into friable, easily worked and responsive soils by the addition of humus, vegetable matter that has undergone the processes of decay or disintegration, either by rotting with the aid of the elements or that have been broken down in the processes of animal digestion-ma-

Very much more manure may be prescribed for the garden than is actually necessary to produce normal vegetable growth-the excess is intended and must be used to produce friability and moisture conservation. Deeply dug and finely broken-up soil is ready for planting and the gardener must become an expert in planting (and sowing) and transplanting. Radishes, lettuce and onion seed can be sown where they are to remain for crop purposes, except where lettuce is intended for heading. Cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, peppers and eggplant should be trans-planted at least once, but twice will

give better results. -Many sheep growers experience considerable trouble and loss of sheep during winter and spring on account of what is known as "Grub in the Head." This trouble is caused by the sheep bot fly, which looks something like an overgrown house fly, deposit-ing a tiny grub, on the edge of the sheep's nostril some time during the summer. These tiny grubs make their way up the sheep's nostrils to the communicating cavities of the head. where they feed and grow until ready to leave the sheep. Sheep affected with grubs sneeze frequently and have difficulty in breathing. Usually, either from loss of appetite or pain, the sheep eat less and become thin in In severe cases the animals flesh. may have convulsions and finally die. The trouble may be prevented by keeping pine tar spread on sheeps

nostrils during fly season. Many sheep breeders plan to do the culling of their ewe flocks in the fall of the year about breeding time. This is perhaps the best time of year to weed them out and put them in with the market sheep, but it is a wise plan to keep the "culling" idea well in mind throughout the year for undoubtedly the final culling will be more satisfactory if the defects which tend to make a ewe no longer useful are noted when working about the flock.

five minutes, she advises, for that time should be devoted to giving the -Radishes have been cultivated by men for many ages. In medieval times, barons spiced the feasts in the castles with dishes of the long and very hot varieties now grown for summer use, such as Chartier and White Strassburg. These take twice as long to mature as the early varieties now available to us, such as the ear-liest White Olive, Twenty Day, Saxa and Scarlet Globe. Improvements in most vegetables run decidedly to the production of varieties which mature earlier, and probably the greatest advantage which we have over our ancestors in the vegetable garden is the possession of more early kinds. The early radishes are more tender and milder in flavor than the late sorts, but at the same time, quick to turn, pithy, so they must be eaten as soon as they mature.

-Lack of fresh air will make work seem harder in winter or summer.