

THE HARVEST MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasseled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching complete-
ness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender;
Earth hath not a hollier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death
From the grave that was clement and
burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath,
It hath laughed in the sunlight and star-
light,
Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under the men write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight though thine eye hath be-
holden,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reaper,
At evening and level and shorn,
Thou poorest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.
Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazaar.

THE THRILLS OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.

In his vivid narrative of hunting experiences in the wilds of the Belgian Congo, M. Leon Farhi, son of the former Turkish consul at Boston, tells of his adventures on the trail of the largest wild animal in existence on the Dark Continent, the Central African elephant.

It is a story which every lover of romance and thrills will relish.

I found myself at Liberville during the early part of the winter, and there, thanks to the kindness of the French officials, my arrangements for the great hunt I had dreamed of so long were speedily completed.

After a few days spent in procuring the necessary supplies for the expedition and engaging porters, I took my place in the bow of a little piroque and we set off for the village of Vorreu Djoko.

Two days of navigation, partly by river, brought me to the so-called paradise of the elephants. Next morning at an early hour, accompanied by a guide, I set off through the forest, and there, after some eight tiresome and deadly hours, I began to believe that the chief of my native hunters had been drawing a long bow when he spoke of the "elephants."

I had difficulty in even finding a track of the animals, and that, when I did come upon it, was several days old.

So I went back to the village in a dudgeon and demanded of the chief precise information as to where these famous elephants were located. Evidently he didn't know, but that did not prevent him from indulging in elaborate and prodigious lying for my benefit. He assured me that I would find plenty of elephants, if I had patience.

During eight consecutive days I explored the jungle on all sides in the hope of turning up fresh tracks. From morning till night I dragged my way along crooked, narrow forest trails over moist earth which plastered me with mud from head to foot.

The forest was thick and the lianas were dense and exceedingly tough, making the march difficult indeed. Palm trees and clamoring creepers armed with spikes like crochets hooks lacerated my hide. It was a veritable orris of vegetation, exuberant, dense foliage and shutting off the view as effectively as if it had been curtains.

Every moment I was coming across small streams and rivers swollen by the recent rains.

All this, however, was as nothing compared with the torture I underwent from bites of thousands of maringouins—a species of small fly which is almost invisible to the naked eye and which obtains nourishment by sucking the blood of animals and causing very painful swellings whenever it bites. These insects are especially numerous in damp forests.

In a few moments my face and hands and knees were red from the bites and I was covered with throbbing swellings. I tried driving them away with my hands from my face and knees, but soon gave this over, for the blows only exasperated me, while they seemed to have little or no effect upon these devilish insects.

On the eighth day my tracker found fresh tracks made the previous night. They indicated a whole herd of elephants. At once I took up the trail, and I believe could have caught up with them except for a miserable accident which forced me to give over the pursuit.

I had just crossed a large river when suddenly I saw the black I had sent ahead to clear the way returning to me at full speed. He was assailed by a swarm of wasps, whose nest he had broken. It was impossible to face this new enemy; I had to fly in a hurry, and I leaped to the river bank, followed by my natives, who dropped my guns in order to run faster.

There we were in the water, swimming for dear life. But it was necessary to breathe. And every time we bobbed our heads above the surface those terrible wasps were waiting for us. And they sank their stings with a will. Though the situation wasn't very agreeable it was certainly comic enough, and the stings I received pained tremendously.

stings, two of them very painful, on my eyelids. Both the natives and myself had faces swollen enormously in bumps in all directions, especially the unlucky black who had first broken the nest. His head was swollen the size of a huge gourd. The other native had been stung on the broad of his large flat nose, and the injured nose resembled a pineapple.

I had the guns collected, and we took the road back. At the village we were received with a roar of laughter, for it seems we were all of us equally ludicrous in appearance. It was a highly successful day.

The following morning I decided to take a day off, and I did not leave my bed until toward 7 o'clock. Scarcely had I crossed the hut threshold, however, when the miserable flies swarmed as of me again.

Following the example set by the natives I ensconced myself near a fire kindled with green wood. There, too, the situation was bad enough, with the sun's heat blistering me on one side, in full equatorial force, and the wood smoke contributed by the fire almost strangling me. All this however, was a pleasure to be endured with equanimity as compared with the maining.

Toward midday there came a great alarm. A man returned from the forest, breathless, nearly done with running, managed to explain to me between gasps that he had run across two elephants quite near the village.

To take guns and ammunition was a matter of but a moment. Soon we were wading through the mud, but I had the pleasure of finding speedily fresh spoor of two male elephants. An hour later I was still without a glimpse of my game.

Then another coupe de theatre occurred—rain began to fall with a most disillusioning prodigality and I was drenched to the bone.

The storm became terrific. It prevented my hearing any sounds whatever from the forest to guide us toward the elephants. Lightning blazed, blinding me with its flashes, and a bolt fell into the jungle nearby with a stench of burnt powder, and deafened me as though by artillery fire. At that instant great branches of trees came crashing to earth from the dark canopy over our heads, rent by the power of the wind which shrieked a hurricane.

The spectacle was in truth superb and terrible and was well worth seeing but for all that I was glad when the tempest began to abate and we could continue our pursuit of the elephants. Obviously the animals could not have gone far in the storm.

I had not proceeded far when I heard a branch snap in the distance. It was they. They were breaking down branches that lay across their path.

The sound grew more distinct, and I began to move with extreme caution. The wind was in my face and soon the acrid odor of the beast came to my nostrils. I was not far distant from them, probably a few dozen yards at the most, and plainly I was between the two of them.

Soon I found myself standing between two enormous gray masses which I could distinguish with difficulty. I made a move to approach one of them at my left. My foot, resting on a small dried branch, broke it with a loud, sharp report and the elephant fled.

I started toward the other, which had also begun to show signs of retreat. He passed quite close to me, not more than 20 yards away, and then I deliberately cracked a stick with my feet, for I knew well that this slight noise would cause him to halt his march for a few seconds while he endeavored to locate the source of the danger which roused his suspicions, saw him prick up his enormous ears. They were like two huge fans.

All this was a matter of a few seconds. But it sufficed for me to select a likely spot and then, quickly, before he had a chance to swing off in flight, I sent a bullet whistling at him from my 50-caliber express rifle. My second shot, fired immediately afterward, made his knees collapse.

But the elephant was not dead. His great trunk wound around a large tree and he sought to pull himself to his feet. I wished to fire again, but the ejector of my gun jammed and it was impossible to recharge it.

I was now about a dozen feet from the animal and working feverishly. I did all I could to clear the chamber of the rifle. The elephant was still there, half collapsed to earth, but his return to life would be extremely dangerous for me.

I was in a part of the forest which was very dense and, fitted with lianas, would have made quick retreat quite difficult. Everywhere about me soared palm trees draped with foliage and netted with thorny vines which would have torn my skin and reduced my clothes to rags. Finally, there was the thick mud, which made walking perilous.

Not a large tree was there, behind which I could shelter myself in case danger became pressing. Nothing, absolutely nothing at all.

Prudence certainly, counseled me to quit the spot. But how was I to abandon an animal mortally wounded, whose magnificent tusks I aspired to own. So I kept at it and managed at last to reload my gun.

The elephant, meantime, had managed to get to his feet again. There was a moment of hesitation. Then he threw himself directly in my direction. I pulled the trigger and sent a ball between his eyes, which caused him to swerve somewhat from his route, but he passed so close to me that I felt the rush of wind from his passage.

Before he disappeared I sent another shot after him. I saw him stagger as though to sit down, but the next instant he regained his feet and resumed his rush back in my direction. He came to a halt a few yards away, before me, probably incapable of continuing his advance.

This time it was the chamber which jammed in my gun. It refused to work at all, and no amount of hasty effort altered the situation. I dispatched one of my black's on the road to the village to get the chief's gun, and for two entire hours I remained

hidden close to the great animal. I could study him at ease, and I found, alas, that he had no tusks at all, as I had hoped. In their places were two great holes, indicating probably, that he had lost them lately in one of those titanic combats in which male elephants often engage. I was certainly disappointed, but there was nothing to be done about it.

The gun for which I had sent at last came. It was a very bad weapon, covered with rust and with two cartidges left. I risked it, however, and sent another shot at his head, the only effect of which was to inspire him once more with the desire for fight. Rashly I jumped after him.

The move came near costing me my life. Scouting me on his tracks, the animal made a sudden about face and whirled at me with a savage squeal, with the speed of an express train.

To take aim I had no chance whatever. I fired at random at a huge mass of him. But he did not cease his mad career. Fortunately I was able to duck to one side. The wounded beast, seeing no one before him, came to halt but he did not fall. In his rush he had almost reached me with his trunk.

I now stood several paces distant in the midst of a tangled thick with creepers and great leaves. Carefully, with infinite precautions, I left my shelter and took refuge behind the roots of a great tree whence I could watch calmly.

He, too, was in a complicated situation. A creeper of great size over which he had slipped held his forefoot and prevented him from moving and he was very busy getting rid of it.

I remained in this place until nightfall hoping to see him fall, this giant of the forests. It was pains lost. I had to go back to the village. Next morning at daybreak I returned. The elephant was no longer there.

I followed the clear trail which lay before me. About two miles distant the wounded male had been rejoined by a female.

Till nightfall my hunt throughout the forests went unrewarded. On the second day I resumed the chase and toward noon, I had the satisfaction of finding my elephant dead. His dimensions were colossal.

We feasted royally that night in the village.

Learn to Swim.

"There are two outstanding reasons why everyone should learn to swim," says Dr. Theodore B. Appel. "In the first place, swimming is one of the best health-giving recreations. No activity, with the possible exception of horseback riding, brings into play so many muscles as does this sport.

The second consideration is the safety factor. In reviewing the accidental deaths caused by drowning it is a significant fact that many people have succumbed for the lack of being able to propel themselves in deep water for only a few yards. It is not too much to say that hundreds of lives could be saved if more people would achieve the ability to paddle along in deep water for a minimum of one hundred yards.

In these days of swimming pools, no one has any excuse not to conquer the art. Indeed, the majority of our young people are more or less at home in the water. But why are not the middle-aged also?

Caution, however, must be exercised when indulging in this sport. Artificial pools are both good and bad from the standpoint of health. See to it that you and your children use only those pools where the water has been properly purified.

Here are a few rules to be observed when swimming:

1. Don't swallow water. You may be swallowing typhoid fever germs. While bathers cannot avoid getting water into the mouth they can, and should, spit it out.
2. Don't swim in polluted water. Swimming within a few miles down stream from sewage outlets is dangerous.
3. Don't contaminate in any way the water in which you swim.
4. Do not eat just before swimming.
5. Do not go in the water when over-heated.
6. Do not stay in after becoming chilled.
7. Get out of the water while still feeling fresh.
8. Learn to float.
9. Learn how to resuscitate the drowned.
10. No matter how good a swimmer you are, surround yourself with safeguards when in deep water away from shore—a boat or a companion is a mighty handy thing to have around if cramps or exhaustion overtakes you. Incidentally, the mortality rate of "expert swimmers" is high every season. Conceit and deep water is a dangerous combination.
11. And, finally, protect yourself from any chance of contracting typhoid fever by having your physician administer typhoid antitoxin.

Heed the above rules. They may save your life some time."

Keeping the Town Clean.

The scattering of litter about the streets and lawns and vacant lots is one of the ugliest features of modern town life. Some people are terribly stupid in their failure to realize what poor manners they show when they throw away this stuff in the streets.

Property owners can do much to keep their places and the town neat, if they will pick up every bit of litter that falls on their own grounds and on the walks in front. When a place is neatly kept, careless people would think twice before throwing any more refuse there. But if a place has a lot of such litter on it, these folks think a little more will do no harm. And so if the waste stuff is constantly picked out of the streets, people are not so likely to throw more of it there. A clean town looks like a go-ahead town.—Huntingdon Monitor.

Motor fuel is to be made from sweet potatoes and molasses in a plant now under construction in Queensland, Australia.

U. S. AIR DEFENSE TO GROW IN 1927.

"The last year has been productive of results, and, due to appropriations made by the last Congress, the new year will produce more men, more equipment, better army fields in short, more progress," according to Assistant Secretary of War Trubee Davison, who in a recent talk gave some of the high lights on the aviation situation in America.

"With the first of this month," he continued, "as the fiscal year starts, \$21,891,000 will be available for continuation of Army Air Corps development. This is in addition to an even greater sum in general appropriations for pay of the army, subsistence, barracks, quarters, general transportation, military equipment and accessories."

Following are the high lights of the record of the Army Air Corps expansion and achievements during the last 12 months, as outlined by Secretary Davison:

1. Orders placed for 50 Pursuit, 40 Attack, 10 Transports, 80 Observation, 110 Training planes, and 9 Amphibians. Of these planes 135 have been delivered. The balance will be forthcoming in the near future.

2. Replacing wartime wooden training planes with modern equipment for Reserve and National Guard flying. After Sept. 1, not a single "Jenny" will be in service. The discarding of these planes began on June 1.

3. The development of new bombardment and attack planes far superior to those now in use.

4. Establishing a new training school for flying cadets at March Field, Cal., and expanding training facilities at Kelly Field and Brooks Field, Texas.

5. Completion of the new establishment of the Army Air Corps Material Division at Wright Field, near Dayton, with every modern facility for experimental testing and development.

6. Participation by 109 army planes in maneuvers near San Antonio, Texas, in conjunction with Second Division troops.

7. The successful culmination of various army flying projects, including, besides the California-Hawaii flight, the Pan-American Good Will Mission and two spectacular flights by pursuit planes—one into Canada in zero weather and one from Michigan to Texas, about 1300 miles, in less than 12 hours.

8. Inauguration of policies which will increase participation of Reserve officers and National Guard air units in military flying.

9. Many valuable contributions toward motor development, airplane construction, aerial navigation and aerial photography as the result of research work performed by the Material Division.

The second year of the Army Air Corps development program started July 1. Out of the \$21,891,000 set aside for the Army Air Corps development, \$12,000,000 is authorized for the purchase of 599 planes of various types. Authorization is also given to increase the number of our flying officers to 1100, the enlisted strength to 10,008 and to place 110 Reserve officers on active duty for one year.

Among other important appropriations are the following: \$2,200,000 for experimental and research work; \$1,062,000 for improving Army Air Corps fields and technical construction; \$475,000 for lighter-than-air equipment, including \$200,000 for the purchase of helium.

The first stage of the Army Air Corps development plan has been completed. The second is about to be started. There is every indication that with the support of Congress and an air-minded public, this country by the end of 1932 will have attained the air defense goal set by the act of July 2, 1926.

By the close of 1932 this country—if the five-year plan is realized—will have an Army Air Corps of 1650 flying officers, 550 Reserve officers on active duty, and 15,000 enlisted men. The flying equipment will consist of 480 Pursuit, 95 Attack, 185 Bombardment, 59 Transports, 412 Observation, 72 Amphibians, 479 Training planes, and 110 aircraft of various types, in war reserve.—Christian Science Monitor.

Advises Motorists to Help Keep Roads Clean.

As the authorities improve the high-ways from year to year it becomes the duty of motorists to do their bit in keeping these roads clean and free from glass, nails and other things that damage tires, says a statement issued this week by the Lancaster Automobile Club. "The motorist who thoughtlessly throws paper, boxes, left-over lunch and various other material upon the highways is surely not doing his or her part," says S. Edward Pable, president of the Auto-Club. "And the same is true of the driver who stops to put up advertising signs along the roads."

"The motorist who places a large stone under a wheel in stopping on an incline and leaves that stone there for the next car to dodge, and perhaps in so doing be swerved from his path and into the ditch, is in no wise doing his part in keeping the highway clean or making it safe."

"No matter whether driving in your county or in some other county or State, shows the same pride with respect to the highways that you would in your own home. The acts above mentioned, in the majority of cases, are not maliciously done, but simply are a matter of thoughtlessness."

"Lastly, whenever you see glass, nails or the like upon the surface of a public highway, take a minute's time and remove it. You may save the other fellow serious tire trouble, as well as time and money."

"The greatest motor patriot is the fellow who is always ready and willing to do that which will save the other person.—Lititz Record.

—All motorists should securely lock their cars to avoid trouble, even though they leave them but for a minute or two.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crosses the church-yard at dark.—Lytton.

New York.—The up-to-date miss will continue to display half a knee beneath her fall ensemble, the annual fall fashion show of the garment retailers of America has revealed.

A pronounced revival of the flared silhouette in dresses and a maintenance of straight, wrap-around lines in coats were indicated at the exhibit last night at the Hotel Astor. Boyish modes were absent.

Four new colors were sponsored. They were d'orange, a gold and orange shade; autan, a brown and tan blend; bluegrain, a new dark blue, and rubroque, a ruby and brick combination.

There are three smart lengths for autumn coats—full length, three-quarter length, and the sleeve length of the tailored box coats.

Pile woollens, but without a high pile, velvet, and some broadcloth jersey in many new coats. Angora wool jersey is the outstanding new fabric of the season for suits and blouses.

The angora jersey blouse, the novelty jersey blouse, and the hand-knitted blouse have supplanted the crepe de chine blouse in chic. The velvet suit with a box-coat and an angora jersey blouse is importantly new.

The popular furs of the season will include skunk, caracal, nutria, badger, and fox, which is newest in the blue and cross variety and especially smart with shades of brown.

Three different uses of fur determine the coat silhouette—the collar that is away from the face, the off-the-shoulder capelette band, between the elbow and shoulder, and the fur band that continues in a diagonal line down the full length of the coat.

Brown is the first colour for coats in chocolate, seal, "puce," and Chinese-mauve shades. Black comes next in chic—although it is first in volume—followed by grey and soft blues in a dark cast, not navy-blues.

Many new daytime dresses have the feeling of a moulded silhouette. Princess lines are new, and the fullness of the skirt is not allowed to break the fitted lines. Sleeves are generally long and close fitting.

The tight hip-line is an outstanding note. This is usually created by drawing the fabric diagonally to the side, thus moulding the hips and creating a slight blouse.

Fabrics for daytime dresses feature crepe satin, of a light weight and without much lustre, and wool gettette crepe, an excellent and easily handled fabric for morning or sports dresses.

Velvets printed with small designs, especially polka-dots and broken polka-dots—patterns that follow the youthful feeling of the printed crepes of summer—are very important for afternoon.

The printed velvet skirt and the jersey blouse are distinctly new combinations. Velvet with crepe de chine is always important for autumn.

Colors for daytime dresses are the same as those for coats. The angora blouse in a pale pink-biege is particularly smart with brown. The crept satin frocks are chiefly in black.

Evening silhouettes continue the moulded feeling. The back is fitted flat, and the skirt fullness appears only below the knees.

New length is a noticeable feature of evening. But when a skirt is long, this length must be either uneven or transparent, as it is in the Louise-boulanger model.

The down-in-back-movement, was a striking innovation last season, is now an accepted fact for evening. It is equally smart on dancing or dinner-frocks.

The new georgette velvet is by far the most important of evening fabrics. It is a transparent wave, almost as light as crepe, which can be subtly manipulated. This velvet is delightful when it is used by itself, and in some charming gowns, it is combined with chiffon. The black velvet gown bids fair to outrival all others.

Transparent lames are also important for evening, but they must have tiny designs. Large brocaded patterns are utterly passe. The new velvets, lames, and heavy lustrous satins create the majority of evening gowns.

Evening gowns are, first, all-white and all-black. There are many new blue shades that are intense, yet soft, and some Nile-greens. Mauve-raspberry is an innovation among evening colours.

Evening décolletage low, both in front and in back. It may be oval, square, or a deep V, but, whatever shape it is, the compromise neck-line has been abandoned, and the flattering low one has been revived.

Skirts in general retain their brevity, with no change from the length of last year except the innovations of the down-in-the-back movement and transparent length. Waist-lines indicate no change from those of last season.

Velvet and velvet lead all other fabrics for evening wraps, with or without fur. The new wraps may be cape style or made with sleeves.—From August Vogue.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

FARM NOTES.

—The symptoms of scours are profuse bowel discharges of exceedingly offensive matter. The calf shows intense suffering and usually dies within 24 to 36 hours.

—Have Plenty of Equipment.—See that there is a good supply of picking baskets and picking ladders on hand for the fruit harvest. When the fruit is ready to pick it will be too late to even think about getting the equipment.

—Provide Drinking Cups.—Drinking cups are practicable, and Pennsylvania State College dairy specialists recommend that they be installed wherever it is possible to use them. Usually they pay for themselves the first winter.

—Continue Potato Spraying.—Conscientious and diligent spraying with Bordeaux mixture will save the 1927 potato crop from the ravages of late blight. Sufficient pressure should be used in the spraying operation so that 125 gallons per acre are applied.

—Get Packing House Ready.—Is the packing house ready for use? Are there any changes in arrangements that would contribute toward increased efficiency? Thought and labor spent in improving the accommodations of the packing house pay big dividends.

—Control Tussock Moth.—Tremendous injury has been caused recently by the white-marked tussock moth which has defoliated shade and apple trees. This insect can be controlled by spraying with a mixture made up of 4 pounds of arsenate of lead, 4 pounds of wheat flour, and 100 gallons of water.

—Keep up Milk Flow.—Do not let the cows get down in milk production and flesh during the month of August, say dairy specialists of the Penna. State College. This is the hardest month of the year. Supplement pasture with grain so that the cows will go into fall and winter production at a much higher level than when grain is not fed.

—Grow Perennial Flowers.—Garden enthusiasts who contemplate adding to their stock of hardy perennials next year will find it less expensive if they grow this additional stock from seed. The seed should be put in the ground early this month and the seedbed should be in the best condition. Drainage in the seedbed is a factor to remember.

—Dip Those Sheep.—Now is a good time to dip all the sheep that have been neglected to date. Lambs which do not have to fight ticks make better use of their feed in the finishing-out period. There also is an enormous loss entailed in the feeding of high priced grain and roughage to breeding ewes which are infested with ticks. Any coal tar preparation will kill the ticks if used according to directions on the package.

—Kill Mexican Beetle.—Nearly all of the counties in the southern half of the State have been invaded by the Mexican lean beetle. Where only a few of these spotted beetles are found pull up the vines and burn them, being careful that the bugs are destroyed at the same time. If in doubt about the identity of the insect and when it is present in large numbers, notify the county agent who can suggest a means of control.

—A prominent seed company was recently fined \$25 for selling, in Pennsylvania, alfalfa seed containing Canada thistle. The seed sample was collected from a retail store in Somerset County by Dr. E. M. Gress, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, State Department of Agriculture.

As soon as the analysis revealed the presence of Canada thistle, Dr. Gress ordered the sale of the seed stopped immediately.

The company responsible for the distribution of the seed was very willing to comply with the law and the fine was paid without delay.

—Scouts of the Federal Government are making a thorough search in many cities and towns outside of the Japanese Beetle quarantine area in Pennsylvania in order to discover possible infestations.

The scouts are working, mainly in towns and suburbs, as far west as Pittsburgh and as far north as Williamsport, Wilkes-Barre. Scranton and above the Delaware Water Gap in Pike County.

In addition to the scouts, men are patrolling, day and night, the roads leading from the quarantine area. Splendid co-operation by the public in observing the quarantine regulations is reported by the inspectors.

—The weed problem is getting more and more serious in Pennsylvania each year, asserts Dr. E. M. Gress, botanist and weed authority of the State Department of Agriculture, who recently returned from an inspection trip through the north-eastern and eastern counties where he saw hundreds of farms being overrun by weeds.

"I saw dozens of infestations of bad weeds such as quack grass, ox-eye daisy, devil's paint brush, king devil, Canada thistle, wild mustard, and carrot, chicory and field buttercup which apparently were not being given very much attention by the property owners," Dr. Gress reports.

"The field buttercup is very bad in pastures while the quack grass is common along roadsides from which it is spreading into nearby fields."

Dr. Gress urges farmers to cut such weeds before they go to seed since that is the one important step in successful control. The other step is to cultivate badly infested fields a few years before reseeding to grass or another pasture crop.

All farmers who have weeds which they have not been able to control successfully are asked by C. G. Jordan, Secretary of Agriculture, to get in touch with Dr. Gress who will give the latest and best plans for eradication. When a new weed appears, send a plant, including its roots, to the State Department of Agriculture for identification and suggestions on control.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.
We're going to build a septic tank just as it ought to be;
We'll use the community form
Because it's quite cheap, you see.