

## THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

As the wheels of the long transcontinental railway pounded the spidery rails toward the setting sun, Harry Ralston sat hunched up in a corner of one of the day coaches, staring out through the window at the illimitably rolling plains which, with the glow of evening upon them, were like some vast, golden carpet stretched for the passage of noble kings.

The day had been hot; twilight was bringing no surcease, and, though the sweat dripped from his blunt, solemn features and splashed on a shirt-front which the smoke of the engine had begrimed, he stared ahead toward the west, the direction in which, for the past two months, he had been persistently moving. Beside him on the worn plush seat

Fred Romeisz twisted uneasily, already wearied by the thought of spending the night in such restricted and uncomfortable quarters. Not the whole night either, for the train was due in Frisco at three in the morning, and Frisco was to mark their point of separation. Fred was to stay there while Harry went on up into Wash-ington and Oregon. Harry's heart was set on going up there.

Fred Romeisz was tali, gray-eyed, and had a mop of stiff black hair. His shoulders were broad, but had sunk forward. Harry believed that his hollow chest was caused by the liant, flame-gold heat and half suffoheavy work which Fred had been forced to do before he had attained his full growth. Fred coughed frequently, could not stand so much work

guess we can stick the night out. They we're started now, and I guess there's say it's cool on the coast. When the old man was out there he said the nights were so cold you had to sleep

Harry looked almost dreamily for a while. "The old man said the people you see out there ain't like the people open-handed, split up anything they've open-handed, split up anything they've to pay for their ticket to Omaha. In Omaha Harry worked in a restaurant got with you-that is if you're on the square. When he lumber jacked out in and carried food to Fred, who couldn't Washington they jist had two words find a job. Fred's cheeks were an un-Washington they jist had two words to describe a man. If one man asked another one 'How's So-and-so?' and the other one said 'he's white,' why, that guy could have anything that was in camp; but if he said 'he's a that guy could have anything that was in camp; but if he said 'he's a stinker', then look out! They hadn't for stinkers out there, but if cisco was like. "You go up north and cisco was like. "You go up north and nothing too good for you." "Didn't even know your old man was out West."

it. But it had given the family no more than they had put into it, and sometimes not nearly so much. And while the farm brought security to the family, it was not sufficient to enable them to think much about leisure. Harry's short strong arms were needed on the farm, had been needed ever since his youth, but particularly were they needed now. His father was a few years short of sixty and had not

been so capable since an accident with a team of colts had smashed up his side.

But a year's absence was no more than Harry's due, and his father had said it would be good for the boy to get out and see a little of the world. He scratched his heavy black beard and stared hard at the wooded landscape (where the sun went down each evening) as he said good-by, remained in the position for a long while after the last puff of smoke from the train which was carrying Harry and Fred had merged with the darkening sky "Go right on, Harry," he had said; "a man's only young once, and it's a great country you're going to. You've got plenty of time to work on the farm—all your life, I expect, and you better go now while I can still manage the team or you won't be able to go at all "

So Harry and Fred were on their way to the fabled West. Neither had any money above a few dollars when they started out. They had worked their way. Arriving in Chicago they had taken the job most readily to be had; in a steel-mill of a distant suburb they toiled in the glare of a brilcated under the continuous smoke as Harry, and continually fretted about the heat. "Lord," Fred said, "I feel like I was He plucked at his shirt, loos- he and Harry had drawn their pay and ening it at the chest where the heat had sealed it to his skin. "Feel like I can hardly get my breath." he and harry had drawn their pay and taken a train for the city, he was willing to go back home, "where one man didn't talk like that to another man didn't talk like that to another reached the clearing the smell of pork Continuing to stare ahead out of the car-window, Harry answered; "I But Harry shook his head. "No, sir,

a chance in a lifetime. We're lucky to be able to get away."

Omaha Harry worked in a restaurant let me know how it is. If you like it better there than I like Frisco, I'll this one had gone on a wild jamboree in Butte and got a great deal of accome up. I'll let you know how I like Frisco."

arriving from York State in a pirogue, They wore heavy flannel shirts, corduroy trousers, and thick boots. Harry had no boots, and his shirt was not like theirs. He should have bought some boots he thought ruefully. Then he could have more carelessly withhad bought and cleared the land; and never had there been a mortgage on stood the ugly stare from one of the sawyers. "Ever use an axe?" asked the boss.

"Some," said Harry modestly. "Try you out on skinnin' trees," the boss informed him, handing him an axe which he had picked up from the ground. Harry grinned as he hefted the im-

plement. It was a good one. He set to work trimming the limbs from a felled tree, the blade smoothly severing the branches at the trunk. There was just enough sharpness

in the morning to make a pleasure of swift working. And Harry was not bungling woodsman. Near the farm he had chopped down many a tree and had cut up countless cords of wood. This kind of employment was not new to him; he used the resilient hickory handle and the shining blade with neatness

gone down the path, Harry heard a voice from one of the sawyers. It was a chuckling and malicious voice, and it came from the man who had stared so viciously at him.

"That lad's cuttin' hisself right out of a job. Look at him work, will ya!" The sawyer whistled and made a mock appeal to the man who was working days, a care-free, adventurous wan-dering, a life of gusto, of doing a with him.

Harry looked up and answered with a levelly directed glance. The sawyer was his better in height and weight What had become of Fred he wonderhe judged. He had irregular teeth, ed; he had not heard from him since a shock of black, unkempt hair, a bulging forehead, and deem-set eyes. You which rolled like thunder-clouds from the furnaces. There they discovered the contrast between labor on the farm and in the forehead and never make a mark Harry thought as he went on about his work. He determined to think no wondered what he could be a set to be a set t could break your knuckles on that his work. He determined to think no more about the sawyer. Life then was too rich and glowing for him to be annoyed.

reached the clearing the smell of pork and beans was unmistakably in the air. Harry whetted his lips and looked cavernously at the cookshack. He washed, dried his face on the

communal towel, and went briskly into the cook-shack, from the door of which the cook was bawling: "Come an' get it! Come an' get it!"

It was a simple but none the less delightful pleasure to be sitting at the long, rough table, among these broadshouldered, ruddy-faced woodsmen, eating pork and beans from a tin plate and drinking strong and steam-ing coffee from a cup of the same material.

And at night he would sit with the older hands, leaning against the bunk-house wall, listening to interminable stories, reminiscences of how each man had spent his year's pay, of how this one had gone on a wild jamboree tion for his six hundred dollars before the police of the city snapped a pair

punishment for him to remove his arms from across his face.

"Blood!" yelled Mike Fletcher. Blood it was. Streaming from Jess Lewis's flaring nostrils. Harry danced back, away from those powerful arms which swung

like a windmill in a heavy gale. Then he bore in once more; his fist struck Lewis squarely on the chin; there was a moment of suspense, and then Lewis a moment of suspense, and then Lewis went down upon the red pine-needles. "A clean blow," said one of the olds'ers in appreciation. "A mighty good clip," said another. Harry rushed upon his fallen ad-

versary and demanded menacingly: "Lewis, you think you had enough?" "Hit 'im ag'in!" came a shrill voice. "No," said Harry. "Me and Lewis

are friends. Ain't we, Lewis?" He leaned over and extended his hand. And not to his surprise the surly face of Lewis broke painfully into a smile. "It's all right with me," agreed his

late antagonist. They walked back to the bunkhouse together. Behind them Harry could hear the other lumberjacks comparing Some time later, when the boss had critical notes. He was happy, had

> This was the most gratifying peri-od of his existence, the time that he always looked on with regret for its passing. It was the sort of existence that had thrilled his father in earlier good job and living close to luxuriant but treacherous nature. If Fred were he left him that night at the station. He found out one afternoon. It was in late October and there was wine in was a yellow envelope in his hand, and when he reached Harry he gave it to him.

"A telegram for you, Ralston," he said; "didn't know but what it might be important."

Harry said, "I'm much obliged," and tore open the flap. He stared at the message much longer than it took him to read the words. It was from Fred's mother. Fred was dead and the body in San Francisco. Would Harry bring it home at once! At once! For a moment he may have thought of what it meant to him, that once back on the farm he would never be able to get away again, he may have felt his resentment against years of incessant toil on the same spot, going over the same ground, doing the same chores—the end of youth and adventure just as his father's had been cut short years before.

He looked up from the yellow slip of paper. "I've got to leave right away. Can you pay me off to-night? This is from the mother of the fellow I came out West with. He's lying dead in Frisco."

## \$500,000 for State Forests.

DISIPLINE AMONG STORKS.

Strasburg in Alsace is a fortified city; it therefore has moats outside of its ramparts. On account of these

moats and swamps, where there is always stagnant water, storks have made their home in this city in great numbers. Those waters hold toads, frogs, eels and many other amphibious creatures that offer them nour-ishment. The old chimneys also offer

a good warm site, and on top of them the storks build their big nests. They generally come in April from South Africa and settle for about six or seven months, leaving again in Sep-tember for Africa. Sometimes they come back to their old nests, if win-

ter ravages have not destroyed them. When they wish to build, they circle above the houses to select a site. If one or the other finds what he thinks is a favorable spot, he calls his mate. He does that by standing on the top of the chimney selected. He throws back his long neck and, with his head flat on the back, opens his long bill and closes it sharply, producing a noise as if two sticks of wood were forcefully clapped together. He keeps that up until he gets an answer from his mate. The won-derful thing about it all is that each bird can distinguish his own mate. Then they inspect and talk the matter over while circling over the selected spot. If satisfied, they come to build their nest.

After the eggs are laid, while hatching them, they sit alternately on them, never leaving them exposed to the cold, and, as a rule, obtain results. Before long one can see from two to four-five are exceptional-young birds sticking their bare heads out, asking for food.

So they live all summer with nobody disturbing them. A severe pun-ishment for hurting these birds or their nests is meted out by the gov-ernment. Very likely this custom is still derived from olden superstitious times. But also because the birds are really beloved. Alsace cannot imagine itself without its storks!

About four weeks before they were to fly South, I heard, very early in the morning, a peculiar noise, and my husband, who was born in Strasburg, said to me: "Quick, get up and let us go out." He knew what was coming.

When we came to the swamps, we found a strange but very interesting sight. The storks were coming from all directions, alighting on one meadow. It took some time, during which the biggest birds would call continuously in the same manner mentioned before.

When all were together-and, queerly enough, they seemed to know their number—the big old stork be-gan to range them in lines, absolute-ly like soldiers in a review. The big birds-there were four of them-were marching up and down in front of the others, picking here and there, until they had their lines in order to their full satisfaction.

Now, after a sharp screech of the four in front, all the birds threw their The approaching sh out as far as they could. A

## FARM NOTES.

-Pack Pennsylvania standard grades. Learn what these grades are and pack in conformity with them.

-To cover all tourable highways of the United States and Canada, it would take three years and 16 days in an automobile going 12 hours a day at the average speed of 30 miles an hour.

-Open air machine sheds never have proved profitable. Rust spells loss, depreciation, inconvenience. A good tool shed will keep your machines clean and your own temper even.

-The Lincoln highway between New York and San Francisco, 3,142 mile long, has been improved on all but 41 miles of its entire distance. The entire length is uniformly marked with characteristic signs.

-To provide dairy farmers with practical information about feeding, a handy, pocket-size circular, "Feed-ing the Dairy Cow," has been pre-pared by the Pennsylvania State College agricultural extension service. It contains 28 pages of the latest recom-mendations and shows what different rations to use. It may be obtained free upon application to your county agent or by writing to the Agricul-tural Publications Office, State College, Pa.

-Many pullets and hens become infested with intestinal round worms and tapeworms during the summer. When the pullets are placed in the laying quarters, it is a good time to treat them for these intestinal parasites. Two per cent. tobacco dust in the mash the pullets receive helps to control round worms. There are some commercial worm remedies on the market that give satisfactory results. Pullets suffering from chronic cocci-diosis should be fed heavily on milk for several weeks.

-Frequently one hears some one claim that animals do not need salt. The man who makes such a claim is ignorant of the animal body and its requirement. All farm animals need salt-and must have it. In addition, extra iodine is frequently needed to extra tooline is frequently needed to prevent goiter—big neck in calves— and hairless pigs. There are some firms in the United States producing iodized salt for farm stock. When salt is so made it must, of course, be sold at a price above that paid for good farm salt, but where goiter, hairless pigs, and other such trou-bles exist, this method of securing iodine is exceedingly satisfactory, since iodized salt is usually only twice as expensive as ordinary salt. One hundred pounds of such salt would feed ten head of cattle-two ounces of salt for each individual daily-approximately three months.

-Work stock-horses and mulesis the one class of animals in which practically every farmer is concerned whether he is a stock farmer, cotton planter, wheat grower, or cane raiser. work stock is, therefore, of vital concern to all farmers, says John O. Williams, in charge of horse and mule investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture. -Farmers in the corn belt where surplus work stock has previously been raised should consider the possibility of increasing the production of the types of horses and mules that are suitable to meet the expected demand from the eastern and southern States. Furthermore, says Mr. Wil-liams, it is important that farmers thoroughly study the relative advantages of animal and mechanical power for their own conditions in order to convince themselves of the necessity of planning to raise colts for replacement purposes before the inevitable shortage in desirable work stock occurs. -Although the ordinary fruit tree is an "assembled article" in which the part under ground is generally grown from seed and the part above ground is the result of grafting a bud on the seeding root stock, horticulturists in the past have cofined their improvement efforts to the part of the tree above ground. Recently, however, the United States Department of Agriculture, has undertaken to bring about further improvement by developing a method of producing better root stocks, or underground parts on which to graft or bud the desired varieties. It is well known by nurserymen and orchardists that most fruits do not reproduce varieties from seed: that budding or some other form of vegetative propagation must therefore be used to multiply a given variety. It is not so well recognized, however, that seedling root stocks also vary in their hereditary make-up. The practice of producing most root stocks from seed s probably responsible for much of the irregularity in their performance and the ultimate failure of many orchard trees. Guy E. Yerkes, horticulturist in the bureau of plant industry of the department, has conducted enough tests to show that some root stocks can be propagated by means of root cuttings and in this way faithfully reproduce the mother root system. The mother trees selected have shown exceptional vigor and indications of resistance to insects and diseases. The vegetative propagations from these mother trees are being tested to determine their affinity for the varieties worked on them and their adaptability to a wide range of conditions by planting in orchards. Several apple, cherry, and plum selections already made are showing speriority over seedling stocks in the nursery. By propagating them vegetatively-by means of cuttings or layers rather than by seed-the characteristics of the mother plant are assured in the progeny. Inexpensive and rapid propagation of the selected and proved individuals is an important problem. Much of the difficulty experienced at first in that connection has been overcome and methods have been developed which promise commercial application of this means of improving the underground part of a sound reforestation program that will stand well among the best in the world. The growing of trees from high quality seed and approved an-the selected stocks before introduc-

"Sure," said Harry. "Clear up in the Klondike."

'How come he didn't stay? Didn't he like it?" "Liked it fine. But grandad was pretty old to work the farm alone and

they kept writing the old man letters to come home. Ain't you ever heard him tell about it out there?" "Never did," said Fred. "Never even heard him talk about

Clarence Rockway?"

"Not a word. Who is he?"

"Well, that's funny! The old man talks about him every once in a while. They bunked together, kinda pardners. They used to play the Louisiana Lottery together too. They never won anything playin' together, so Clarence said the old man was a Joner. Clarence always won by himself. So the first time he played it alone he won a big prize. Domned if he didn't split the money with the old man jist the same as if both of them had bought the tcket. Fifty-fifty, see?"

"That's what I call white." said

Fred. "Sure was," agreed Harry, "but it wasn't nothin' to what the old man and Clarence would do for each other. I guess he 'bout saved Clarence's life one time up in the Klondike when he got the fever and had to be carried I don't know how far into town in the dead of winter."

Darkness fell, and the train surged on through the night. With almost a smile Harry thought of the end of his journey, of the joyous days he would spend on the West coast. The great forests, the swift rivers, the good-fellowship among the lumberjacks, freedom of action, night in a bunkhouse or wrapped in a blanket beside a leaping fire. Jovial curses, hearty slaps on the back. Exciting ground, all of it. Hadn't his father told him time after time?

There were so many things he wanted to see and do; he would have to hurry or he would not have time for them all. A year at the most was all he had allowed himself to be away from the farm. When he and Fred had decided to go, after long months of discussion and heightened expectation, he had promised his father that he would be back home in time for ploughing the following spring. Harry Ralston and Fred Romeisz

came from adjeining farms in Ohio, farms of comparatively small acreage, where diversification of crops was necessary if the planter was to keep free of debt. They were accustomed to a routine that lasted from the moment the eastern sun obscured the brilliance of the stars and moon until the skies again had darkened in the evening. Ploughing those sixty acres in Richland township, planting, hoeing, harvesting with the aid of Bill Fletcher's machine, milking the cows each evening in the stalls of the red barn, gathering the eggs, finding all the obscure places where the hens had laid them-in the hay-loft, the mangers, the old buggy-seat-feed-ing the cattle and old Calamity, the twenty-five-year-old mare, and the team of black colts-these things were finished on one day only to be renewed again on the next.

They were asleep when the conductor removed from their hat-bands the colored bits of pasteboard. The train slowed up and stopped, and under the pale light of the San Francisco station, while the brakeman swung a parti-colored signal lantern from the steps, the two men talked. "I'll find a boarding-house," said Fred. "Lord, I'm tired."

"I'll wait around the station until my train comes," said Harry. "Seat-

tle tomorrow! Gosh!" He could scarcely wait. Mystery, adventure, and the romance of living stretched ahead of him. There was no telling what piece of good fortune might happen to him he thought as the train carried him to Seattle. Only one day did he remain in the city. Then he was off to a logging-camp.

The logging-camp was in the upper corner of the State. Harry saw a few rough bunkhouses, long and unnainted, in a clearing of the pines. Smoke was twisting upward from the chimney in the cook-shack. Except for that sign the camp seemed desert-

ed. He didn't care whether it was or not. This was enough, just as it was The great pines gave him a sense of vastness, so different from the small, picturesque country scenes of Ohio to which he had been accustomed. The air seemed freer, and he filled his lungs until they hurt. This was the place for him, the place to do the work of a man.

After a while he got up and found the office. A clerk sat writing at a rude table. Harry handed him the slip of paper he had received from the employment bureau in Seattle. "All right," said the clerk. "Might

as well wait around camp till the crew comes in. They'll be back in a couple of hours."

"If it's just the same to you I'll go out and find them," said Harry. He set out on the path which the clerk

had indicated, striding through the big woods where the hugh-based trees grew tall and straight. He wanted to get right into things, wanted to meet the men and shake hands with them. Yes he was already beginning to feel the spell of the great North-west which his father had told him about so many times. Perhaps his father had worked near this camphis father and Clarence Rockway. He would have to write him about it!

The Pine-needles were crisp underfoot, and fragrant. There was pleasure to be had in walking over them. Harry squared his shoulders unconsciously; his chin thrust itself forward It was great to be on your own among a bunch of men, free of the constant worry and grind of the farm.

Ahead, he heard the quashing whirr of a tractor. A man in a plaid shirt sat in the driver's seat. Behind the tractor, fastened with a chain, a great log, shorn of its branches, was dragging as the caterpillar tread moved onward.

"Where's the boss?" shouted Harry. "Follow the road," said the man on the tractor.

The boss was easy to distinguish. Harry found him standing with some sawyers, marking trees. He was the only man to wear a mustache; he had The Ralstons had owned their own land as far back as their history went in this country, a little more than two centuries. Harry's great-grandfather,

of handcuffs on his brawny wrists and for State Forests from the \$500,000 snapped a pair he him off to the hoosegow. This was appropriated for this purpose by the the life! He could scarcely keep away 1927 Legislature will be in the north from these men long enough to write letters to Fred and to his father.

To Fred he simply said: "Old boy, I bet you'd like it up here. I got a job right away, and they certainly are a fine bunch. I guess the boss would just as soon take on another hand. When you get tired of fooling around Frisco, let me know and I'll ask him. I hope your cough is better. You sure would like it up here."

He wrote more fully to his father, "Well, here I am, and I like it fine. The camp is a good way north of Seattle. Maybe you and Clarence were up here over this same ground. I don't see how you ever left it, blamed if I do. These boys are the salt of the earth and they treat me fine. But there's one guy that thinks he can walk over me because I've never been in a logging-camp before He's got another think coming. I'll up and time element frequently is the decidbust him in the nose one of these days.'

That chance came earlier than Harry had expected. It came in the evening, just as the men were gathering to walk back to camp for their supper. Jess Lewis, his antagonist of the first day, was leaning against a great pine, unoccupied except for smoking a cigarette. As Harry approached, Lewis stared at him contemptuously and said: "Boy go git my coat.'

Harry laughed.

"Reckon he didn't hear you?" one

of the older men ingenuously asked Jess Lewis. "Heard me! I guess the--better

hear me!" jeered Lewis. Harry stopped and confronted Lewis. "Maybe I'll hear you too well

some of these days." "Hell!" said Lewis. He flipped his

cigarette away from him and walked toward Harry. His shoulders were down and his head thrust forward. You better run, boy, 'cause I'm acomin' at you."

Harry stood his ground. Well, vell! he thought; so there was to be a fight. He had counted on something like this: not that he was a good lot. fighter, not because he liked to fight, but because he had always heard that a new man in a Western camp had to be initiated with fisticuffs. That proved one's mettle.

But Harry was experienced enough to know that the first blow counted considerably in the final reckoning. He grinned. "Lewis, if you were twice as big you'd fall jist twice as hard," and after this nonchalant expression he leaped with his right arm swing-Lewis staggered and tried to ing. cover his face with his arms as Harry followed up his attack.

The older men made a ring. "Give him a swift one!" "Bloody his nose!" "Crack him in the jaw!" Harry heard them bloodthirstily shouting. He had no knowledge whether he was being encouraged or discouraged. All he knew was that Jess Lewis was the heavier man, and if he ever got Harry down the fight would be over. So he bore in, and his fists shot out like inspired plummets, smacking against

Much of the land to be purchased and central parts of the State it has been learned. The purchase is to be made by the Department of Forests and Waters, to which the appropriation was made.

The Department's program calls for the purchase of land in new regions wherever possible. It is planned to acquire small tracts that frequently separate two State Forests so that the Commonwealth may have control over a continuous section.

Last year almost 1,000,000 persons visited the State Forests and to make them even more accessible and attractive the department, this year, is opening many new trails and constructing new forest roads. This work also is in line with its protection policy as the opening of additional trails gives casier access to fire fighting and in extinguishing forest fires. The ing factor as to whether or not a blaze becomes a real menace.

The forest system of roads and trails closely follows the State system of highways with primary and secondary roads. The primary trails are those which vehicles may tra-verse with comparative ease, while the trails are more difficult to negotiate, and frequently can be used only by hikers.

The Department is planning to issue "handy" maps of the various for-ests showing the trails and roads. Officials said they believed this would lead to the increased use of forests for with sign boards, which are to be erected, it will make it practically impossible for persons to become lost if they follow the maps and boards.

Trees Should Frame House, Not Hide It.

Planting in the front yard should consist of trees, so placed as never to screen the view of the house from the street, but always to frame it and to provide shade; and of shrubs planted about the foundation of the house and to mark the boundaries of the

The placing of trees is of first im-portance. The first object of plant-ing is to create a picture, and trees are a vital element in the picture of home. They suggest rest in pleasant shade and provide atmosphere which every observer will feel, when it is there, and miss when it is absent. The love for trees is universal, and often uninstructed, so that tree planting is

over-done or badly done. Perhaps one of the commonest faults is to plant trees directly in front of the house. If the house is ugly and it is desired to hide it from view, this is all rght. But most houses do not deserve such treatment. They are beautiful and do not need a screen before them, but a frame about them.

To provide shade is a secondary object to tree planting and should be studied carefully. In considering shrubs to be planted in the front yard, there is a very large variety to select from.

-The "Watchman" is the most readable paper published. Try it.

very strange scene began, especially for one who saw it for the first time, like myself.

The big birds actually held a review, but, after passing along the line once, while coming back, they struck every bird as hard as they could in the breast, and they repeated this three times. The fourth time they passed slowly and, once in a while, pushed one out of the line, backwards.

A signal! By clapping their bills and after what seemed a great talk amongst themselves, those that had pushed back were excluded. been They arose and, with a great noise, flew away.

The four big birds held counsel: the remaining birds looked very solemn. They had not tried to fcllow the others, they knew they had to stay where called and gathered, but they were put in line again by their superiors.

And now came the crucial moment! All but the two who were allowed to fly were stabbed in the breast by the big bills of those great powerful birds and killed! But although they knew their fate, there was no shrinking. They stood bravely to meet death! By the will and decision of their su-periors, they died. It was not cruelty that prompted the killing, it was pity! By the examination of the big birds it was proved that those killed would have been too weak to stand the long travel to Africa and they would not leave them behind to starve and die from exposure, fatigue and hunger.

Seed Supply Stations in Our State Forests.

## State Forester J. S. Illick announced Tuesday that a series of forest tree seed supply stations will be established on special forest areas set aside for the production of high qual-ity forest tree seed for use in the State nurseries, in which the nursery stock is produced for the big and rapidly growing reforestation program now under way in Pennsylvania. Among the seed supply stations that will be established during the

years are a Scotch Pine station in Franklin county, a white pine station at Greenwood Furnace in Huntingdon county, a white ash station at Ansonia in Tioga county, and a red pine station in York county. In addition to these areas set aside especially for the production of seed, individual trees capable of producing high quality seed will also be selected covering all the important trees used in the reforestation work of the State.

Each selected tree will be designat-ed as a "seed tree." Each seed tree will be given a label and a serial number. When the seed collectors come to one of these specially designated trees they will know that it is an improved tree and that seed may be collected from it for nursery stock production.

Pennsylvania takes first place among the States in establishing these special forest tree seed supply stations. This new plan will guarantee the production of high quality trees and make possible the promotion of

cestry is a sound forestry practice. ing them.