When We Hit the Bumps.

I've had my bumps The same as you, The same as other People do. Yet when we do, And when it's done, We think that we're The only one.

But folks before Have had that bump And other cars Have hit that stump; Yet if we lived Like followmen, No car would hit That stump again.

What you and I And all should do Is not complain And just boo-hoo But get right down, When bumps we hit, And smooth the road A little bit.

Yes, if we didn't Cry about The bumps, but stopped And smoothed them out, Life's hardest road Would soon be free Of bumps for them And you and me.

CLEM'S COW.

Hid away in the far off corner of the Appalachian Mountains is one of nature's most beautiful spots, where the sturdiest of our pure American stock still live their simple lives and till their fields, making scant pro-gress toward acquiring even the simplest of comforts for themselves.

On a large flat stone about halfway up one of these mountains, where a field had been cleared and planted in scrub corn, Clem Cowden lay poring over an old yellow-backed spelling book, going over and over each word, and then painstakingly scratch-ing it on a large stone with a small

Hoke Henry, not long home from Craggy Hope school, sixty-five miles away in the valley, came down from the wooded heights whistling and stood beside Clem, viewing his scrawls on the rock with some amusement. "Studying in the summer time, Clem?

Clem looked up with a friendly grin: 'Sho' Hoke." 'Seems like you've about studied

the back off that old speller." Clem turned the book over and inspected it gravely: "Sho' do, but I got to learn all I can, Hoke, 'cause I aim to be a teacher and a preacher, too, maybe. Need 'em both here in these hills."

Hoke laughed: "Sort o' double-ac-

Clem Cowden, an up-standing blue-eyed youth, with the calm and loneliness of the hills somehow reflected in his face, looked at his neighbor hard.

Buttercup is a fine cow. Where did you get her?"

'That Mister Lane what teached school down at Plumtree that summer jes' fer fun 'stead o' goin' fishin' give her to me, and my spellin' book, too. I was jes' a little shaver then, but I ain't forgot what he said 'bout us needin teachers and preachers up

Hoke nodded and looked away down into the valley toward the little ne-glected, dilapidated schoolhouse, with the roof half off, where school was taught two or three months in the year by an older boy or girl utterly unprepared to teach and incapable of taking a pupil beyond the "readin' and writin' " stage "No teacher at Plumtree now?" he asked.

Clem shook his head: "No, Mamie

Hitt aims to teach some in August when she gets her preservin' done." There was a little silence, then Clem added honestly: "But I ain't aimin' to go there to school no more, Hoke. Mamie can't learn me as much as my old spellin' book."

Hoke nodded and studied the land-scape longer, then he said: "No, Mamie can't much more than spell cat. No wonder all you kids quit school 'long 'bout thirteen to work in the corn! They've got what they call corn! They've got what they call work scholarships down at Craggy Hope, Clem. You might get one of them if you tried."

Clem jerked himself around and searched the other boy's face in an eager, hopeful way. "How you go eager, hopeful way. "How you go bout gittin' one, Hoke?" he inquired

almost breathlessly.
"Pay a hundred dollars, Clem, and work out the rest there at school. That's what I do. Leastways, Uncle Josh pays the hundred and I do the work.

Clem's face fell and his voice quivered under the keen disappointment. "But Hoke, I'm a-tellin' yer I ain't got no hundred and no Uncle Josh,

"But can't you scare up a hundred somewhere, Clem?"

"Don't see, how." Hoke frowned thoughtfully and agreed, finally: "I don't, either, Clem,

but you might find a way if you put your mind to it hard. The Lord helps but you might find a way if you put your mind to it hard. The Lord helps those that help themselves, you the cabin wall beside the back door. know." Clem sighed heavily, and there was a long hopeless sort of silence. Then it bad?" Clem said: "You might tell me al! Sally l

bout that there Craggy Hope. Even if I can't go thar, Hoke, I can picture it all in my mind while I'm plowin' corn or milkin' my cow."

Hoke sat down beside Clem. "It's wall with long thorns in lieu of tacks."

Let the place Pin control beyond

pays for your room, board, tuition, and laundry for school nine months." Clem made Clem blinked at the tree tops waving about in the breeze. "Sho' can learn a lot in nine months, can't you, Hoke?"

"Sure can, Clem, and they teach ou to do things the right way. There re self-help students there from that corn is wuth mor'n the cow." you to do things the right way. There are self-help students there from seven different States, and our president is tryin' hard to scare up enough to make it a heap bigger."

Clem sat silent a minute, then he

"Most any sort you are a mind to. We have two big farms. The girls do the cooking, sewing, look after the chickens, clean the dormitories, do pursed his little was a little with the chickens of the chickens o the laundry, help in the office and libuilding, milk the cows, fire the furn-

Clem looked around at Hoke and his eyes glowed. "Can they learn to be a teacher or a preacher?"

"Sure! Our president is a teacher and a preacher, too; and they teach manual training and all sorts of useful things. You better come along." Clem hugged his knees up close and chuckled queerly. Then he stared off down the mountain a long time before he asked, "When you aim to go

back, Hoke." "First o' September." "How you goin'?"
"On the train." "How fur is it?" "Sixty miles or so."

turning things over in their minds. folks."
Then Clem stood up and stretched.
Bill

"Guess I better go find our cows," said Hoke, starting back up the mountain. Clem stood and looked after Clem turned back to the Hoke, then he chuckled again and took himself downward toward a log As Clem came near the spring he began calling, "Soo-cow! Soo-cow!" y' old fences up, couldn't no cow git in yo' corn." a beautiful Jersey broke some bushes and led the way along a little path to the cabin and on around to the back door. Clem caught a shining bucket off a nail beside the back door, drew up a little box to sit on and prepared and looked at him out of adoring eyes, then she nosed him sharply, as if to remind him of something, Clem laughed, patted her neck, and asked,

better get your pap to let you go to Craggy Hope with me."

Well, kid, you down no milk 'for I tell her whose cow she is."

Bill Cowden said "Shucks!" and When she gets employed to the control of the c Bill Cowden said "Shucks!" and shut the door.

The next morning early Clem "But pap ain't got no money, Hoke. Ain't got nothing except a house and some land. And I ain't got nothin' as tall 'cept my cow, Buttercup, and this hyar old spellin' book."

In his little lean-to shed, his mother turned on Bill sharply. "Look a-hyar, Bill, didn't yer sneak that thar cow off so the boy wouldn't raise a rumphyar old spellin' book."

In his little lean-to shed, his mother turned on Bill sharply. "Look a-hyar, Bill, didn't yer sneak that thar cow off so the boy wouldn't raise a rumphyar old spellin' book."

Without a preamble, Clem said: "No, I didn't, but I was aimin' to see them, and many clem could as the rest of the body, declared a runned on Bill sharply. "Look a-hyar, Bill, didn't yer sneak that thar cow off so the boy wouldn't raise a rumphyar old spellin' book."

"No, I didn't, but I was aimin' to see them, and many clem could as the rest of the body, declared a runned on Bill sharply. "Say: "She's a fine cow, sir, and I set beauty specialist recently. Daily eye drill should be as much a habit as off so the boy wouldn't raise a rumphyar old spellin' book."

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"No, I didn do so today."
Sally eyed h

Hoke laughed: "Some, but then I Bill nodded emphatically. knew if I studied faithful I could don't fret; she'll come back." soon fix that." Clem sat down beside Hoke: "Did

they poke fun at yer?" "Some, but not much, because you see, they knew I knew just as much as they knew the first time they went more industriously than ever. there to school. Pretty nice sensible fellows, Clem."

"What sort o' clothes do they "Same as we do here every day-

overalls and hickory shirts, with may-be a sweater when it's cold. Have a regular uniform for Sunday, that

comes along with your schooling." Clem drew a long sigh, got up, and started off down the mountain path without more ado. Hoke called after him: "What's your hurry?" Clem shouted back over his shoul-

der without stopping: "Got to chop out some corn. Aim to go huntin' this evenin'." Then he walked on fast. From the doorway Hoke's mother said: Clem Cowden 'pears to have somethin' pushin' on his mind." "Sure does," agreed Hoke, and that

ended the conversation, for mountain people listen and observe very closely, but as a rule tell you nothing.

For the next week or two Clem was

more silent and more industrious than usual. He hoed the corn without complaint, killed game, trapped small animals and cured their hides, staying up sometimes far into the night to finish the skins he had on hand.

His mother protested finally: "Make yourself sick worryin' so hard with them thar skins and things, Clemmie. What you aimin' to do with all them hides, anyhow?" "Sell, 'em, ma." -

"What you aimin' to do with the

"Keep it if I don't use it, maybe, Blue-eyed, thin Sally Cowden laughed silently. "Well, it won't wear yo' pocket out none, I reckon, fer yer won't git mor'n ten cents apiece fer summer hides. Yo' pap tried that

once." "Well, ma, ten cents is a right smart bit or money, ain't it, when you need

Sally looked at her son, then looked

a pretty big place. Big center house with two dormitories, built sort o' horseshoe-fashion, one dormitory for the girls and one dormitory for the sentence of the sentence of

Clem made round eyes under his uplifted arm: "But pap, I can't sell my cow. She's all I got."

"I'll do it fer yer then. She's done in a pleased way. Clem chuckled sibroke into my late corn again and et

will yer do fer milk and butter if 'round." yer sell my cow?"
"Git whut we need from Mary Ellis,

asked, "What sort o' work do you down to Plumtree, and we won't have to do, Hoke?" on what mite o' corn she ain't et up

Sally Cowden looked at Clem and pursed his lips. Mother-like, she was the laundry, help in the office and library. The boys feed the pigs, butch-husband, but in this case the arguer, plant and cultivate the crops, haul ment seemed to be against Clem and winter coal, clean the school his cow: "That's right, Bill. But ding, milk the cows, fire the furn-whar yer reckon yer can sell her at?" "San Hitt wants another cow."

Sally folded her work-scarred hands over her blue cotton apron, looked at her son attentively, saw that his chin was unsteady, and prepared to change her line of talk: "I'd hate, right smart to part with Buttercup's milk and butter, pap. How much yer reckon yer could git for her?"

Bill Cowden sat down on a stump and squinted at the sky: "Thirty dol-lars, maybe. Twenty-five, anyhow." Clem's voice quivered: "Not even half a hundred, pap?"
Bill grunted: "Buy a lot of milk

and butter, though, and other truck, Clem faced his father sharply. "But Another long silence followed during which both boys seemed to be aimin't o sell her to git truck fer you

Bill embraced one knee and squint-Guess I better go milk Buttercup, ed at his son sarcastically.
or she'll be bellowin."

ed at his son sarcastically.

"Well, I'm a-tellin' yer I will, then. She's my cow by rights o' all the corn

Clem turned back to the coon hide and stared without seeing it, and there was a little pathetic hush of cabin set close to a towering rock, out of which a cool spring spouted. helpfulness. Then Sally Cowden's eyes flashed on Bill. Clemmie's right. eyes flashed on Bill. Clemmie's right. you'll have to get that wild cow off

Bill grinned indulgently, sai "Shucks!" and that ended the talk. Clem ate no supper that night, and when he pushed back from the table he slipped out of the back door and climbed up the path to his flat rock and then Clem added, "Please, sir, on the edge of the woods, and there can I come to school hyar for my to milk. Buttercup turned her head on the edge of the woods, and there he sat, chin in his hands, thinkingthinking harder than he had ever be-

"Say Buttercup, whose cow air yer?"
She nosed him again, and he chuckled: "That's right: Mine! All was down in a new place, and Butter- and boys this week.' chuckled: "That's right: Mine: All mine! That man give you to me when you was a little bow-legged calf and I was a little bow-legged boy, and I was a little bow-legged boy, and Clem went back to the cabin and sat clem. Clem went back to the cabin and sat a seving nothing, and a fter

When she gets empty she'll come back to steal and tromp more corn." filled his blue eyes, when he would without have died then have them do Clem sat with bowed head, saying rather have died than have them do nothing. When he had gone to bed it. But the president pretended not climbed up the mountain to a more in his little lean-to shed, his mother to see them, and finally Clem could

Sally eyed him penetratingly: "Sho' and certain, Bill?"

But several days went by, and Buttercup did not come back, and before, when he gave up his vacation Clem's expression grew more lonely. to teach school at Plumtree and took His words were fewer, too, but he a fancy to the little Clem Cowden

Sally protested again: "Tromp wo's self to skin and bones, Clemmie. Why

Sally smoothed his hair back lovingly, then returned to her quilting, humming one of these doleful tunes Doctor Lane's hand and shouted exof the mountains.

On the first day of September Clem bundled up and his nicely cured hides and swapped them off to Joe Bigger, the store-keeper, for two dollars in money and two new suits of overalls. "Must be a-fixin' to step out with the gals some!" teased Joe, but Clem said nothing and hurried away.

Clem hid his new clothes under the big flat rock and said nothing about having been to the store. The next morning both Clem and his two best shirts were gone—vanished into the night, but just as Buttercup had done. At daybreak when Sally Cowden went to get breakfast she found this note stuck under her coffeepot: "Don't fret, ma. I've gone on bizzniz. Clem. Sally spelled the words out twice, then sat down and wailed heartbrokenly. Bill appeared, then she com-plained between sobs: "Pears to me he could-a wrote where he wuz goin' and whut his bizniz wuz!"

Bill grinned: "Don't fret, old woman. He's gone to hunt that thar Buttercup, I bet. Sam Hitt 'lowed somebody said they saw a cow that favored Buttercup 'way up in Stone's Cut. I aimed to go and fetch her back."

Comforted but not reassured altogether, Sally wiped her wet cheeks and fixed breakfast bragging. "Clem-mie will sho find her if she's than Never seed a body so set on a old cow. Been puny bout her all sum-

Meanwhile out through the early morning sunshine about ten miles away Clem tramped and whistled in a very "un-puny" way, driving Butter-cup before him, and farther and farther away from the little shack he called home. "Git a move on, Butter-

The hundred and your work mo' green corn than her butter and would just lie there and talk to Butter your room, board, tuition, milk is wuth."

lently and added to the conversation: ind tromped up half of it. Second ime this week, and I'm a-tellin' yer hat corn is wuth mor'n the cow."

Clem squirmed uneasity: "But whut tern havin' old Sam Hitt haul yer

> Buttercup seemed to agree by coming over and nosing Clem lovingly. Then she nosed the spelling book and the paper in which were wrapped Clem's new overalls and his two patched shirts. Convinced that all was well, she stepped off down a bank and stood in a clear pool to cool her travel-weary feet.

> Two days later a very tired boy and cow wound their way up the gravel drive to Craggy Hope School. The boy was barefooted, brown from sunburn, and nearly starved: but he had on a clean shirt and a new suit of overalls, and his blue eyes darted about the place with eagerness and interest.

> Hoke Henry spied Clem and came running across the lawn. "Hey, Clem Cowden, what you doing here?" Clem grinned. "Same as you air, Hoke. Come to go to school." Hoke stared. "But where did you

> get the hundred dollars?" "Ain't got it. That's why I brung Buttercup along. 'Lowed maybe that thar Mister President would take her instead.'

Hoke's mouth fell wide open and he said nothing. Clem moved his toes uneasily on the gravel and talked some more: "Don't want to cheat nobody, but thar ain't no finer cow nowhar, and she'll be wuth a hun-

Hoke continued to stare silently. So, not knowing what else to do. Clem thrust his hands into his pockets and began to hum a doleful tune. Just then a tall, friendly looking man stepped out from among some shrubbery and said: "Howdy, Guess

Clem stared hard, but his countenance underwent no change, except slowly there seemed to be a strange new hope shadowing his blue eyes. He said finally: "Howdy, Mister. Put-

ty day." The man nodded in a friendly way, work and my cow?"

The man shook his head. "Full up, ore.

The next morning the cow-lot fence in the house. Turned away fifty girls

Clem stood motionless, staring up nto the face of the man, and still

It was then that Clem knew him, and liquid petrolatum well massaged able factory. Eating 525 pounds of feed during her life she has laid 125 Bill Cowden scowled. "Don't fret. game, starved boy lost control of his eners.

her and sellin' her to Sam Hitt. Then I snuck her away and drove her hyar so I could git that thar proper school-in' like you said."

Now Doctor Lane was the same hunted and trapped and cured skins with the appealing blue eyes. So he more industriously than ever. "That's the spirit of the pioneer still shining, Clem, and it shan't be de-

fice for you." Clem's chin was quivering danger-ously, and to cover it up he caught The exercise should be completed

Doctor Lane looked after them and said to himself: "Who would have thought that boy and calf would come back to me like bread and water? Well, the Lord never made any braver, better people than those hid away up there, and I'm glad to do my part toward giving this boy his chance." The next day when he was rested Clem sent this note to his mother:

"Putty day down here at Craggy Hope, ma, where me and Buttercup, is self-helpers. The president is our Mr. Lane, whut gave me Buttercup, and I aim to live right and learn to be a fine teacher and preacher, too, maybe, jes' like him. Don't fret, and I'll be able to help you sometime. Tell pap howdy. The tables got turned on him real sweet. I hid Buttercup all summer in Stone's Cut, 'cause I jes' had to have my chance. Hoke 'lowed the Lord helps him that helps himself, and it looks like he sho' do. Clem."

000,000. Each rat eats 2 cent's worth cup," he coaxed. "Got a right smart of food per day or 88,000,000 cents tramp a-fore us." per day, which is equal to around per day, which is equal to around any club sandwiches successfully is \$333,000,000 per annum. A mouse, to have all the ingredients assembled Then every little while the boy and \$333,000,000 per annum. A mouse, cow would stop and rest and Butter- it is computed, eats 1 cent's worth of

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT The life a man leads after his death in the memories of those who loved him is a

stronger and better life than any he lived during his physical life.—Butler. The double-breasted effect seems to have transferred its smartness from the waistcoat of the well-dressed man

to the coat-dress of the well-dressed woman. So enthusiastic has been the reception of this style by smart women that it promises ever greater popularity in feminine fashions. The latest piece of costume jewelry adopted by Paris is the big ball or lozenge-shaped pendant which is attached to the blouse or dress with the

wrap-around or side closing at the left side of the blouse, high up. Jade green or pink, coral cornelian, amber and crystal are used for the pendants, but jade is by far the most popular. Sometimes two of the pendants are used, but the precedent followed by the smartest designers is one only. The ornaments are equally

popular for silk or woolen costumes. There is a tendency in Paris to hang skirts from the waist again, after months of hanging them from the shoulders. Narrow sewed on belts ears cannot mature. Serious losses which clasp somewhere close to a nor- also result because of the reduction mal waistline are the style on the in the number and quality of the ears. new tailored and sports things. Cir- Clean culture is the best way of keepcular skirts nearly all fasten on belts ing the borer under the control.

at the waist. One of the jolly things about the moment is the way that the creators use materials. Time was when there were dress models that were for taffeta and others that were for crepe de chine, and others that were for satin-and so on, and always, always, each type of fabric was kept for certain lines that it was supposed to be most adapted to. Today, however, the couturiers are experiment- mination test of garden seeds is to ing-trying out crepe satin dresses in lines that were once supposed to be made only for broadcloth, making sweaters-not of jersey, but of crepe satin, smocking jersey as though it were crepe de chine (and a very enchanting effect it made, too) and generally setting topsy-turvy all our old preconceptions about fabrics and their uses.

Aside from all idea of beauty the hands should be kept soft and pliable if we wish to be comfortable, for there is nothing more annoying than bad-conditioned hands.

The treatment for softening the hands should be far more vigorous than that for merely smoothing them. When the texture of the skin is made coarse and hardened, it is usually the with air, and if all the features are result of a deficiency of the natural oil of the skin.

If the hands are very hard and his expression did not change. Finally he said: "But I'm a-tellin' yer, sir, I'll sleep on the floo', eat scraps, and milk all yo' cows jes' as keerful as I do Buttercup."

If the hands are very hard and harsh, so that a considerable quantity of the emolient must be used choose vaseline for this purpose. It is inexpensive and very effective. Rub it in thoroughly massaging the hards we've b'longed to one another ever since."

Bill Cowden, Clem's father, stepped to the back door of the cabin. "Stop that gab, Clem. Milk that cow, and then go bring yo' mammy some wood to cook supper with."

Clem went back to the cabin and a fter breakfast he stared out again and tramped the woods all day.

That night when he came back he looked at Clem more closely. Then the looked so weary that his mother symbol to cook supper with."

Clem went back to the cabin and a fter breakfast he stared out again and tramped the woods all day.

That night when he came back he looked at Clem more closely. Then he looked at the cow. At last he smiled: "Buttercup has grown a lot, Clem, and so have you."

Clem went back to the cabin and a fter breakfast he stared out again and that ramped the woods all day.

That night when he came back he looked at the cow. At last he smiled: "Buttercup has grown a lot, Clem, and so have you."

Clem went back to the cabin and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down, saying nothing, and a fter breakfast he stared out again and down here.

The president of Craggy Hope gave for several minutes. Coat the inside of a pair of large wh

People would have less trouble with their eyes if they would only realize that their eyes need exercise as much

the exercise by trying to express happiness in the eyes. This is a good mental suggestion, as it puts the

mind in a pleasant mood. Here are suitable exercises. Keep the head still and roll the eves as far man he had been several summers upward as possible, then as far downward. It is essential that this and the two other movements should be carried out slowly and without the

slightest suspicion of jerkiness.

Next, keeping the head still look
to the right and then to the left. Finally roll the eyes slowly in a right don't yer stay home some?"

Clem looked up slowly. "Can't ma.

feated. Put Buttercup in the pasture hand direction, then to the left. Each exercise should be carried out five times at first, and the number grad-

> by an eye-bath, which in itself is a citedly in regular mountaineer fashion, "Glory, hallelujah!" And his eyes were shining mightily. Then Hoke stepped up and steered the boy and water bath is better than none at all.

> > At a white elephant party recently given by a ladies' club in a mid-western city, each member was requested to bring something that she did not care to throw away, but which she found more or less useless. On the evening of the party, 19 of the 27 ladies present brought their husbands.

flavors are possible in club sand-wiches, which might well be used be set in a warm room and the seeds more often for an easily prepared wich in a restaurant you usually expect to be served a three-tired sandwich made of toast, with two filled sections, usually containing some lettuce, a slice of chicken, a slice of tomato, a little ham or bacon, and duce plants when planted outside. mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Both sections of the sandwich may be alike, variety or strain of vegetable seed to

worth of food in the British isles every year, according to Sir Thomas cream cheese. The last makes an exsylvania Experiment Station, in tests Horder, physician to King George.
In an address to the college of pestiology Sir Thomas gave the following explanation as to how the computation was made:

It is computed that there are as many rate in Great Rritain as there in Great Rritain as the Grea many rats in Great Britain as there onion and tomato also go well with the latest 0.22 tons per acre at the are human beings, which is about 44,- the cottage cheese, and cucumber may

be used during its season. The secret of making and serving conveniently for rapid work. Do not undertake to make these sandwiches serve them before the toast cools.

FARM NOTES.

This is a good time to start the spring work by hauling manure on those fields which are not too soft or deeply covered with snow, say farm management specialists of the Pennsylvania State College.

The hand sprayer or duster should be cleaned and put into good working order. It may take some time to get new parts, and they should be ordered now. Nozzles and valves may be cleaned by soaking them in kerosene. Sucessful operation of the gas tractor in the winter demands several considerations of great importance, states county agent R. C. Blaney. Proper lubrication, cooling, and methods of starting are the three chief points to consider.

A thin grade of oil, such as is reccommended by oil companies and tractor manufacturers should be used consistently if one expects to be successful in operating his tractor in winter. The grade of oil used in summer will be entirely too thick and stiff to work well in winter.

Chief injury is done by the European corn borer when it bores into the stalk so that they break over and the

Fifteen out of every hundred cows tested in Pennsylvania cow testing associations were sold last year. Most of these cows were unprofitable animals. They were boarders failing to pay their board. Does your herd have three cows of every ten support-ed by the other seven? Testing will

answer the question. A simple method of making a gercount 25, 50, or 100 seeds of the sample to be treated and put them be-tween folds of moist blotting paper. Put the paper between plates and place the apparatus in a warm room. Keep moist but not wet. Count the sprouted seeds and note the rapidity of germination and the vigor of the sprout.

To start a tractor in cold weather, a rag may be wrapped around the carburetor and hot water poured on the rag. This will heat the carburetor and assist in vaporizing the fuel. High-grade gasoline is an aid in starting. If the petcocks are open and a little of this gasoline is poured in on the suction stroke of the piston the fuel will be vaporized and mixed correct the engine will almost always

A white Leghorn hen at the Pennsylvania State College completed a laying record of 1000 eggs last week.

pounds of eggs. Another remarkable achievement of this hen is that of having nine daughters which averaged 207 eggs each in their pullet years. Eight of the nine daughters were sired by the same male.

Solutions of calcium chloride and water, alcohol and water, or alcohol, glycerine and water may be used as cooling liquids. A 10 per cent solution of calcium chloride with water will freeze at 22 degrees Fahrenheit. A 25 per cent calcium chloride solution will freeze at 28 degrees below zero. A 10 per cent solution of alcohol and water will freeze at 24 degrees Fahrenheit, and a 40 per cent alcohol solution will freeze at 20 be-low zero. A mixture of 15 per cent of alcohol and glycerine with 85 per cent water will freeze at 20 degrees Fahrenheit, while a 40 per cent mixture of alcohol and glycerine in 60 per cent water will freeze at 24 degrees below zero. Kerosene can be used in the radiator without danger as a cooling liquid.

It is easy and economical to test vegetable seeds which have been kept over from last year, declares county agent R. C. Blaney.

By making a germination test the vegetable grower knows how much seed to plant to get a good stand and may avoid the necessity of replanting, he says.

A simple method of making a germination test is to count 25, 50 or 100 seeds of the sample to be tested and put these between folds of moist blotting paper. The blotting paper All sorts of good combinations of is inverted over the lower one to pre-Sunday night supper or for other lunches. When you order a club sandwich in a restaurant you well and the seeds sprout they are counted and thrown away. The rapidity of germination and the vigor of the sprout should be noted, for the seeds which germinate very slowly and produce weak sprouts may fail to pro-

It is wise before adopting a new The ingredients may be distributed test a small amount to determine trueness to type, yield, earliness, quality, and other characteristics. Millions.

Kats and mice eat \$500,000,000

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The description of the point first cuting. The average weight per head varied from 1.09 to 1.69 pounds.

Numerous demonstrations in strain and variety tests on many vegetables by the Depaartment of Vegetable Gardening Extension of the Pennsylvania State College have shown the for a large group of people unless importance of carefully selecting the you are sure of being able to fill and strains and varieties and making careful tests of the new ones.