

hair, was hers until the end of time, whether they ever saw each other today or not. Every fiber of her being was straining to claim him again; her ears ached to hear his voice—more of it; and she knew that her hands, no matter how busy they might seem to be with social service, and gift shops, and dainty little makeshifts of all sorts, would be forever useless until once again they were privileged to hand this man his morning cup of coffee, guide his motor-car while he lighted his cigars, slip about his shoulders, when she sat on the arm of his chair and looked down to see what book he was reading.

She began to be frightened, terribly afraid that she would lose him. Her heart beat hard, and her mouth felt dry. She said "What?" stupidly, like a peasant.

"I invited you to dine with me," he said.

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes." He opened the vestibule doors for her, on their way to the dining-car, and she brushed against him as she passed him.

Frank Guthrie—she said in her soul. And the entire cosmos, the hot, moving car and the big moving world outside the car, and the summer sun getting ready to go down, all seemed to echo the syllables like the solving of a great chord. Of course, her life was Frank Guthrie, Frank good and bad, sick and well, Frank desperate and gambling and drinking in his heartbreak, or Frank tender and humorous and puzzled over a little crib. All these years she had been hunting only to find Frank again, Frank who might mean anxiety and disappointment, but who meant life again, too!

"I asked you if it was still soup jelly and cold chicken on nights like this," he was saying.

"Frank, I do beg your pardon! I didn't hear you."

They talked about Betty, and the Moreheads, and somewhat guardedly, about themselves. Eve gathered that Frank Guthrie was a very important person now. A consulting engineer—it was really impressive.

He had done it without her. She felt chilled and discouraged as she chatted on gaily and brightly, and he listened with his old indulgent half-smile. All the time her heart implored him, "Frank, don't let me leave you again! Frank, no matter how terrible a botch we made of it—we belong to each other."

She hinted to him the score of delightful possibilities the summer had had for her. Tom and Alice were going abroad, they wanted her to come. And she had an enormously rich old beau; nothing serious in that, of course, but he was really a charming old fellow. And, of course, Betty's father's camp was simply the most glorious place imaginable.

Would he give her an address? she asked him, at parting. She was supposed to get off the train at midnight, and she determined to stay in her berth until he should have got off the next morning, in Montreal. Frank asked for an address himself, by way of reply. His plans were uncertain; he had been moving about a good deal. Eve hesitated, and they decided upon the Engineers' Club and the National Arts Club.

She went to her section, restless and excited and sick with confused emotions, tried to arrange her things, tried to think, found both impossible, and finally, on the flimsy excuse that her berth was to be made up, wandered out to the observation-car again, and—as she had known she would—found Frank Guthrie there again, big, and thin, and quiet, and quite as obviously expectant of seeing her again as she had been of seeing him.

"My porter—" she was beginning her little deception when Frank interrupted.

"I was hoping you'd come back. I had to see you again, Eve. There's something I want to say," he said. "Step out here."

They went out to the dark back platform, in the close throbbing night and the lights of the distant cities shone in angry, smoldering pink upon the sky, and the nearer lights flashed by them with long comet tails of orange and green.

"What I wanted to say to you," Frank said, "is that I'm not going to a consultation. I'm beginning all over. I've not got a cent, and I'm not sure of my job. For the past four years I've been taking care of my father, down in Arizona."

A jerk of his head indicated the black band on his sleeves. For a long minute, looking at him, Eve was perfectly still. Then suddenly, in the old warm, tender way, her soft little bonelike hand, like a fluttering butterfly was in his, and her whole slim person lurched just a little against his shoulder.

"Ah-h-h!" she said, on a long sigh of relief. For Eve had sighted harbor.

Blinking and shy and radiant, they re-entered the lighted car as the train came to a standstill in the next big city, and while Frank went to send a telegram, Eve sat down next to a stout, friendly, middle-aged woman and plunged at once into the sort of conversation for the want of which her soul had been starved for years.

Mr. Guthrie, Eve told the woman, was an engineer, going up to a place called Booker's Canyon, to bid on a bridge. Yes, an engineer's wife certainly came to know the world. Oh, no, Eve didn't mind, she was going to manage social work there herself. The band was for Mr. Guthrie's father—yes, he had been devoted, he had spent the last four years down in Arizona with him.

No, she hadn't been there all the time, she had relatives in New York. And, oh yes, Mrs. Watson was quite right, when you were married the main thing was to be together; it didn't matter whether it was Broad-

way or Booker's Canyon. Yes, it was really an odd coincidence, they both having positions in the same out-of-the-way place; Mrs. Watson had no idea quite how much of a coincidence!

Frank came back, and middle-aged Mrs. Watson did not approve of the way that nice burned, thin man looked at his wife.

"Any telegrams to send, Eve?" Frank asked, joining them. "Any engagements to break?"

"Well, I have one engagement I hope to keep," said Eve, "but it isn't until next year and there's plenty of time for that!"

"With whom?" Frank asked.

"Nobody you know, but somebody you'll like. It's with a young gentleman."—Kathleen Norris in Cosmopolitan.

**Young Farmers' Week June 12 to 15.**

For the ninth time farm boys and girls will gather at State College, June 12 to 15, in the annual Young Farmers' week, Allen L. Baker, State club leader has announced.

The dates have been set forward this year to permit those in attendance to take more complete advantage of the general Farmers' Day program on Friday, June 15, and to allow checking out on Friday for all boys and girls whose parents attend the Farmers' Field Day.

The local county agent will act as representative of the agricultural extension division in the capacity of county chairman, working in co-operation with vocational teachers and supervisors in handling local details and arrangements.

Baker announces that the first 400 boys enrolled will be given advantage of the usual arrangement for housing in the College armory. Those enrolled above that number will be quartered in fraternity and rooming houses in town where the rates are usually one dollar per night. The enrollment last year was 525 and a larger number is expected this year. This is sufficient evidence to urge early enrollment if armory accommodations are desired.

Girls in attendance must be accompanied by at least one adult chaperon from each county. Reservations, accompanied by a deposit of \$1 per girl, must reach the club office at State College by June 1.

On Tuesday evening the first meeting will be held. Three one-hour periods for sectional meetings of vocational students and club members are scheduled for Wednesday and Thursday. Judging contests will occur Wednesday morning, and the awards will be made Thursday evening.

On Thursday the various departments of the School of Agriculture will be inspected and on Friday the exhibits and demonstrations for Farmers' Field Day will compose the program.

**Milk Value from State Farms Now is \$109,188,000.**

Dairy cows in the Commonwealth produced over 422,000,000 gallons of milk valued in excess of \$109,780,000, according to estimates made public today by the bureau of statistics, of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Milk is regarded as the most valuable of any product on the farms of Pennsylvania and is said to be the principal source of farm revenue in more than half of the counties.

More and more of the milk produced each year is being sold as whole milk and less is being made into butter. There were almost 100,000,000 more gallons of milk but only one-third as much butter made on the farms of the State in 1927 as in 1909.

The decrease in the number of cows apparent since the World war was stopped during 1927 when the number actually increased 10,000.

Improved breeding, better feeding and tuberculosis eradication have in part at least resulted in an increased animal production per cow of from 40 to 50 gallons of milk during the past eight years. This increased production and the greater demand for dairy products and good breeding stock have increased the average value of the cow to \$103, \$5 more than the highest average price reached during the war.

**One of the Youngsters.**

C. E. Faulkner, Lake Worth, Fla., writing to the National Tribune, of Washington, D. C., says that he was among the young soldiers to enlist in the Civil war, having enlisted before he was 17 years of age. He writes that nearly three-fourths of the Union army was made up of men who were under 21. In that connection he gives the following table, which, he writes, was published some time ago by Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday:

"Total enlistment for the Union army during the Civil war (not including re-enlistments) were as follows:

Ages	Number
From 10 to 13 years of age.....	586
From 14 to 15 years of age.....	105,000
16 years of age.....	126,000
17 years of age.....	613,000
18 years of age.....	307,000
From 18 to 21 years of age.....	1,009,000
Men over 21 years of age.....	115,000
Total .....	2,278,588

**Lindbergh to Go to School to Learn More About Aviation.**

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh found his way to Paris alone in a single hop from Roosevelt Field, L. I., in record time, but it developed yesterday that he has admitted there's a lot he must learn about aviation.

Lieut. Com. P. V. H. Weems, U. S. N., has been assigned as his tutor, and has written in the officers' book in the navy building as his assignment—"To teach Lindbergh navigation."

Yesterday, Lindy hopped off in his new Ryan monoplane for an unannounced destination.

Weems, apparently, is preparing Lindy for his second ocean hop, in three jumps, over Arctic wastes.

**FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.**

**DAILY THOUGHT**  
"I cannot do much," said a little star, "to make this dark world bright. My silver beams cannot reach far."

Through the folding gloom of night. But I am a part of God's great plan And so I'll do the best I can."

Black has returned as an active factor in the hosiery field. For a long while the gun metal shades were given the preference, but black has crept back insidiously, and now it struts boldly forth.

Especially in the fine mesh of fishnet weave it is used with evening frocks of black chiffon, and with tea gowns.

The prevalence of the black and white costume is responsible for this. Although the net hose are not really a new arrival, they have been disregarded until recently.

So much approval have they received from the most conservative, that the sheer lisle has taken them up.

As a result we have a diamond weaves, square weaves, clox, and new heel construction. Very exciting, this variation from the conventional knit hosiery.

You are already familiar with the diverse forms of design of heel. Each presumably has a purpose beyond decoration. The pointed heel, the tri-point, the fleur de lis, and the hour glass all claim slenderization of lady's ankles. Then there is the heelless hose, recommended for evening, and the narrow heel, and the short heel, and so on. Now comes the checkerboard heel, which is square in shape, and in tones of the same shade.

This is very amusing so far, but I am besieged with the fear that these will soon be black and white, tan and green, and give us the same nausea that those black heeled, white hose did last year. We are assured that these checkerboard hose are intended for evening, but the really perfect place for them is the sports costume.

And speaking of sports, the hose designed for golf and summer outdoor activities is much improved on the past. In the first place, the designs are more interesting, and in the second and more important, they are usually self-toned. I'm tired of seeing otherwise entrancing limbs clothed in hideous greens and yellows. These are mostly fawn and beige and the designs of those zig-zaggy up-and-down lines that don't increase the circumference of the calf.

Lots and lots of beige are destined for summer wear. The natural shades are particularly good and there is much of the yellow beige that you must have to wear the yellow beige frock you have at least one of. Then there are the complexion tints, inspired by those who insist that you match your hose to your skin.

It's so much easier to get different shades of powder. However, the sun-burned shins are glorious, and the French nude has lost some of its pinkness and become really divine in color. And there are orchid and rose chiffons that make summer evenings, in a matching frock, a joy to anticipate.

Gloves, according to reports from Paris, favor simplicity in trimming, although some form of embellishment is used. Color is again important. Gray and beige are popular colors, as are also the new light browns that match the walnut shoe shades. Jade white is another important color for wear with the dressy afternoon ensemble.

Brack gloves in glace kid and mocha with white stitching on the backs and cuffs are being worn. The very fine white kid glove also is still to the fore. These are noted in both slip-on and single button models, with only slight touches of trimming on the cuffs, either in applique work or embroidery.

Of the more tailored gloves which are worn with the new daytime frocks and costumes, the strapped models appear to be in vogue. These gloves are not so mannish looking as those shown in previous seasons, for the straps are finished with new buckles in the modernistic manner. Some of the newest slip-on gloves are open at the tops and linked together with regular cuff links and made in new designs and color schemes.

There is at present quite a demand for the old-fashioned type of shopping bag made in strong sturdy leather. These are wanted for traveling purposes, probably because of their roominess. The colors asked for are dark brown, black, gray and green. Women are using them to carry small hand bags and purses and selecting them to harmonize with the remainder of their luggage.

Have a place in which you put folded, the clean paper sacks which come from the grocery. They are so convenient for a number of uses. I slip mine into the space between my kitchen cabinet and the wall. Usually they stick there nicely, because I do not fold them tightly; and I can easily lay my hand on the size I want. Occasionally, they drop down and I have to have a clearing out time, using the broom handle to poke them out.

If you have half an onion, or a cut cabbage, or a head lettuce or celery, the paper sack keeps the air from them. If you bring up from the cellar more potatoes or carrots than you need, the paper sack keeps them from drying out in the warm air of the kitchen. Sometimes, if I wish especially to keep a vegetable fresh I put an extra paper sack outside the first. If you are putting things into the icebox, as celery or cheese, and you wish to confine its odor, enwrap it in two paper sacks, one inside the other.

Waxed bread papers are good for this use. I save mine for all sorts of uses. Wrap up the half lemon or grape fruit which is left over, cover the milk bottle top, in short, use the paper sack or waxed paper to wrap around any dish of food which is left over from a meal, thus keeping out the dust and the drying air.

—The Watchman gives all the news while it is news.

**FARM NOTES.**

One of the features of the annual meeting of the Indiana county Sheep and Wool Growers' association last Friday was an exhibit of rifles and guns which have made history in the fight against sheep-killing dogs.

This association is one of the oldest and best organized among the 25 of the county associations of the State. During the past eight years, 225,000 pounds of wool have been marketed through the association pool.

W. B. Connell, extension sheep and wool specialist of the Pennsylvania State College, spoke on flock management.

A milking contest for the "co-eds" of the Pennsylvania State College at the recent dairy exposition there was won by Elizabeth Field, a two-year agricultural student from East Falls. She was awarded a silver loving cup given by the Penn State chapter of the American Dairy Science association, the group sponsoring the exposition.

Other prize winners in the contest were Caroline Eckels, Clarks Summit; Margery Weyhenmeyer, Mountain Top; Zela—Welsh, Orangeville, and Sara Worthington, Warrington.

Trees severely injured by storms should be entirely removed. It is better to do this than to let them stand with a few bare stumps of branches pointing skyward in despair. In all instances injured branches should be removed entirely.

Do you know that if you begin with a destruction, by the clean-up, of 96 per cent of the European corn borers, there would still be at large 4 out of each 100 borers from last year's brood? Of these 4 borers, 2 females will normally lay on the average, 400 eggs each—or 800 eggs for both of them. Destruction of eggs, and death of the young borers will leave only about 120—or 15 per cent—of the entire possible number of 800 to become established as corn destroyers. If these 120 come through the dangers that, fortunately, beset borers, the rate of increase will be one and one-fifth borers for each one of the preceding year.

So that you will not forget when the time comes for successive sowings of beets, radishes, and such crops, it is well to mark the dates on a calendar.

Early planting of dahlias allows a longer period of flowering. Plant now if the ground is warm enough.

Leafy vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, kale, cabbage, endive, and chard, will grow much more rapidly with top dressings of nitrate of soda. Before cultivating sprinkle the fertilizer on the soil at the rate of 50 pounds per acre or about one pound to 50 feet of row. Do not get the nitrate on the foliage.

Sweet clover stands out in front of all the soil improvement crops. County agent R. C. Blaney asserts. For improving the soil this legume has gained an unequalled position. When sown early in the spring and allowed to grow without cutting until killed by the frost, it will contain 75 to 125 pounds of nitrogen in the roots alone per acre.

One of the peculiarities of this crop which makes it different from others, is that during the latter part of the first season top growth will cease but the plant will continue making food which is stored in the roots as reserve material for the following year's growth. Because of this use of reserve material, the second year of growth often supplies little except an increase in organic matter.

In the two year rotation for potatoes sweet clover fits exceedingly well. Sown in small grain in the spring in sections south and east of the Blue Ridge mountains it will produce from one to two tons of dry matter in its roots and tops, carrying approximately three per cent nitrogen, which makes it one of the best crops to plow down for potatoes. It should not be plowed under until it has made 2 or 3 inches of growth the following spring. If plowed in the fall, the roots necessitate replowing or the plants will be troublesome as weeds.

When sweet clover is used in a 3-year rotation, it may be plowed down in August or September while still green and rye sown as a cover crop. The rye should be sown early as its chief value is to catch and hold the fertility made available by the sweet clover.

While sweet clover will grow well on poor soil it will not succeed on sour soil. The land must be well supplied with lime to get successful results. County agent R. C. Blaney recommends taking a sample of soil which he will gladly test for lime requirement. If no more than a ton of lime is needed per acre it will be safe to seed sweet clover after the lime has been supplied.

Where sweet clover or alfalfa has not been grown previously on the soil, inoculation with the proper bacteria is necessary. Seeding should be done at the rate of 15 to 20 pounds to the acre. Usually it is advisable to sow other clover so that there will be some growth even if the sweet clover fails for some reason.

Growth of a super-wheat that will reach maturity in 13 weeks with neither soil nor sunlight was announced at San Francisco by the University of California. Wheat, under field conditions, often requires five months to mature.

The announcement follows completion of a lengthy research in a laboratory on the university campus by Prof. A. R. Davis of the division of agriculture chemistry and Prof. D. R. Roagland of the division of plant nutrition.

The experiment is recognized by these scientists as of the widest possible import.

The wheat was grown, it was revealed, in a greenhouse laboratory where artificial light was furnished by means of 12 argon filled lamps of 300 candlepower each and where jars of water containing the chemical elements necessary for plant growth replaced the soil which ordinarily contains them.

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