

THE WEATHER MAN.

From day to day the Weather Man The changing skies prognosticates For every live American...

The "cit" arising, rather than See what the sky premeditates, Consults the paper, there to scan What weather likely him awaits...

The prophet is no partisan; The plain truth he disseminates As briefly, tersely, as he can...

Foretell its weather variates With "Not much change in temperature." - C. C. Zeigler.

A DOG LIKE THAT.

Ed Sibley and his Airedale, Derry, were footing it briskly down the river road on their way from Twp. Forks to the ferry landing.

From roadside ditches came the drawing "c-r-r-r-r" of frogs a-sprawl in the May sunshine; bursting buds clouded the tops of the alders in a haze of delicate green...

Ed had resolved to get into no more futile arguments with this impossible old man. He stepped aboard but Derry—who had chosen that very moment to bark defiance at an abusive jay-hawk...

"Is that hound comin'—or ain't he?" McGuire demanded and before Ed could assure him crisply that Derry was most certainly coming, he sprang the wheel and swung the noses of the pontoons into the current.

"Blah!" Derry barked in disgust. He picked up a stick twice as long as himself and cantered ahead to show that he had found something worth while in that hole after all.

"Closed you up like a concertina," Ed chuckled. At which Derry yawned with lachrymose indifference before trotting ahead to find a grassy spot where he could roll and clean his splattered coat.

"Come here, you," Ed commanded. "Don't get gay with that old river. Anything that goes in there now, stays—for keeps."

Derry turned his head toward his master, looked at him with much the same lofty amusement as a duckling, new come to the farmyard pond, must have for the warning squawks of the hen that hatched it.

came to the landing. "Why couldn't he take my word for it? Seems like he's never happy unless he's picking a row with somebody."

At the landing a short length of steel rail suspended by a wire served as a gong and Ed pounded on it to call the ferryman from his shanty on the distant bank.

"Soft pedal," Ed warned. "Maybe he's cooled down since a week ago." He saw McGuire come from his shanty and walk aboard the cable ferry.

"In his proud day he had had no peer as a river man but now, since the coming of the railroad, the last of the paddlewheelers was rotting on the mud flats at the river mouth and the man who once piloted them was content to be a passenger on a mere tender of a government ferry."

"Suppose we had wings son," McGuire said unkindly. "Nope, we're in for it. I slipped up this once. 'Should-a-towed a skiff today. Was going to launch it when I heard that dog yapping.'"

"He may have said more but Ed did not hear him for, looking across the hundred yards of hurrying, glacial water toward the black-and-tan body weaving its way in and out of the willows, he conceived a wild, impossible plan.

"Save any wind," McGuire advised, but Ed ignored him. His body, his voice, every fiber of his being was concentrated on the forlorn effort of making Derry understand about the short cut down the road to Meller's cabin.

He saw the dog outlined against the soft green of the willows, knew by the way he ran up and down the bank that he was puzzled. But over and over again Ed shouted and waved his arm in the direction of the road.

"Let the river finish him," McGuire grunted. "Blasted poultry-killin' fool." "Poultry?" Ed demanded, angry in spite of himself. "What you talking about?"

"About that gander a' mine he killed the same day he killed the lamb, that's what I'm talking about, young fella. An' if I hear any a' your jaw, y'll pay for it."

McGuire was almost shouting now to make his words plain above the increasing commotion of the river. "I told you before the dog was not out of—" Ed began. But the sentence was never finished, for with a startled exclamation McGuire threw the wheel over, working desperately to avoid collision with a huge stump a boiling eddy had brought to the surface directly in front of the bow of the offshore pontoon.

"Crab the pike pole!" McGuire belatedly, trying to swing the ferry and free it of the increasing strain. Water surged across the deck, the main cable was bar-taut, the bridge swung like a bowstring, the ferry wallowed sickeningly. Ed leaped over the rail and standing close to the bump with the smother of foam to his hips tried to get some leverage against the griping roots.

"During each of those tortured seconds while the two men struggled, the river like a vindictive beast which at last has turned to annihilate its captors, threw itself higher over the bow—and then with ghastly abruptness the main cable parted, the traveling block dropped with a choked splash and the ferry started downstream, turning crazily end for end.

"Ed saw the stump flounder out of sight as an eddy sucked it down. He heard quick barks of alarm from Derry, saw him race along the bank to keep abreast of them. The vibrant tone of that bark he understood so well told him the dog knew the danger and there flashed through Ed's mind a sharp sensation of relief that Derry at least would escape the fate that must claim them.

Five miles downstream, death was waiting. Hell's Kettle would be seething today; everything entered its vortex would come to the surface—if it ever came up—as matchwood. He himself had seen stout trees sucked down and though he had often watched, nothing appeared. The ferry would be crushed like a berry box.

waited for its prey. To keep abreast of the Derry had to leap wind-falls, splash across the flooded mouths of sloughs, in places swim there but desperately he charged onward to keep them in sight as if his master's life depended on that alone.

Ed waved to him and the salute had all the poignancy of farewell. Derry responded with one quick bark; then for a moment he was hidden by the bushes fringing the raw bank.

Ed turned in time to see the ex-steamboat wheel, draw his big silver watch from the pocket of his soiled buckskin vest, study the dial, and then drop it into the pocket again. "Twenty-five minutes 'er" we'll be into the Kettle," he remarked casually and spat into the river—the river that had overpowered him after thirty years of mastery.

"The inevitableness, the cold certainty of things, was more than Ed could stand. At least twice before, his active outdoor life had brought him face to face with death but there was a chance to do something, a chance to fight, while now they could do nothing during those twenty-five minutes except that which in times of danger is hardest of all—there seemed nothing to do but wait.

"Conner in ride into the Kettle, I'll try to swim it," he began. "Y'know how fer y'll get. You seen that stump dragged down?" "Meller! What about him? His cabin's close above the Kettle. Suppose he saw us and—"

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froze more than one deckhand to immobility. As Ed turned and caught the rail he heard from the shore an answering bark, a bark that was unbelievable like the bark of Derry—the dog he thought had failed. But it was not until he heard McGuire say between clenched teeth, "It's a fifty-fifty chance," that he saw Meller's poleing boat come from a narrow eddy under the overhanging branches and shoot out to intercept them.

Meller was a brave man but the river was not cheated yet. A current setting strongly toward the farther side, one that was in fact the trailing edge of the great whirl, carried them across stream. The old veteran of the river was muttering, "He should go back—he can't buck the rip," but still Meller careened after them.

He was close now. He was spinning the boat's nose up into the eye of the current. Now they were tumbling, he felt, seizing paddles, trying to work the overloaded craft against the water that swept into the river's great cauldron. The roar of the tortured water was close at their backs. Ed in the bow, naked to the waist, threw his body onto the paddle with every stroke. Up—down—back his arms worked as his blade bit into the slipping water. Nobody spoke; there was only the roar of the river behind and from the shore. As if defying it, as if urging them to one supreme effort, came the staccato barks of Derry.

They fought—but the could not gain, though Ed was sure now they were holding their own. Meller turned the boat a few degrees toward the shore. Ed slashed his paddle overhead and plunged into the water to keep them from being swung broadside over the brink. They seemed to be coming nearer to the shore; Derry's barks came more loudly to his ears; but with each snapping stroke Ed's head came down and he dared not risk even a fleeting glance shoreward. "Now! Horse to 'er now!" McGuire panted and with that rallying shout Derry barked again and Ed could feel the boat gaining very slowly.

Now they were ranging close to the sloping wall of loose rock four. Now they bumped, Ed's fingers found a fissure and held grimly, and now they were ashore and Derry was leaping on Ed, clawing his bare shoulders in the mad ness of his joy, while dare-devil Meller told him how the dog had found him and made him come to the river in time to see the ferry drift helplessly around the bend.

While the brief story of that great race against death was told, Ed held Derry tightly as if he would never let him go. None of them saw the ferry sucked under, but from the top of the bank the old steamboat man pointed to a few pitched pontoon planks the whirl had spewed into the rapids below. He said no word at sight of this wreckage of his ferry but as he turned toward Ed he heard him say something that made his arms close more tightly around his dog.

"Wish't I had a dog like that Derry—fer myself, I mean," McGuire said, and only Ed Sibley knew what worlds of feeling those few g ruff words implied.—The American Boy.

Teachers Must Have Higher Rating for Next School Year.

The school year now approaching its close, will mark a significant period in the history of education in Pennsylvania, Dr. John A. H. Keith, superintendent of Public Instruction said recently. It registers the time he said when all new teachers entering service in the public schools of the Commonwealth must hold a standard certificate.

The advance Pennsylvania has made toward higher teacher qualifications is best understood when compared with the year 1920, Dr. Keith asserted. At that time more than 45 per cent of the teachers in the public schools were without standard certification. To-day, 90 per cent of the teachers possess standard licenses and the remaining 10 per cent are rapidly acquiring the necessary credits for standard certificates.

To date, 26,000 teachers' licenses have been issued by the Department of Public Instruction—4000 of which were granted to college graduates, 7400 to normal school graduates, and the remainder to teachers with miscellaneous preparation.

Bus Line Owners Must be 21.

Ambitious youths who want to run bus lines as common carriers must wait until they reach 21 years of age under a recent decision of the Public Service Commission. The decision was made on an application of Harry Davis, Butler.

The order of the commission pointed out that its policy is to require holders of public convenience certificates to take all necessary steps and precautions for the protection of the public. "This the commission believes would be impossible if a certificate holder were a minor with all attendant legal and administrative limitations."

Plan Epileptic Colony.

The board of trustees of the Selinsgrove State Colony for Epileptics has advertised for bids for the construction of the new cottages. The bids are to be in on May 16. This is to be the first State colony for epileptics. At present the epileptics are being accommodated in the mental hospitals and in the schools for mental defectives. It is estimated that 2000 epileptics are now being cared for with the insane and feeble-minded. Many of these patients can be given better care if segregated in such an institution as is being developed at Selinsgrove.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT Isn't it strange that princes and kings And clowns that caper in sawdust rings And common folks like you and me Are builders of eternity? To each is given a bag of tools A shapeless mass and a book of rules: And each must make, ere life is flown, A stumbling-block or a stepping stone. —Anon.

Curly have come back to make some charming new coiffures which certainly point to the return of the chignon. The new evening silhouette with emphasis on frills, flounces and even bustle trains, are calling for a much fluffier, fuller type of hair-dressing. The closely-cropped head with little ringlets simply pasted down is not in harmony with the more feminine spring fashions, say the smart Parisian hairdressers.

To take care of the ugly in between stage of growing, they have devised a convenient coiffure with the hair upcurled in a roll all around the nape of the neck. Others take care of the growing locks by having them curled and piled up in a mass at the back of the head. For fortunate women with a clear-cut profile, there is the coiffure which exposes the ears with the hair brushed up to curl about the neck.

The bob with the hair cut in a horizontal line from ear to ear is also returning to favor. It is often worn with a bang or fringe that goes straight across the forehead. For evening it is dressed with waves which spiral about the head giving to the originally symmetrical that touch of irregularity which is quite in keeping with new uneven hemlines.

"Hyacinth" curls and "windblown" coiffures are still fashionable, but made much fluffier and more elaborate than ever before. Even with daytime costumes, new coiffures show increased bill and hats with wider brims are decidedly brash. Trimmings of flowers, ribbons, longer hairnets and even some "knobs" are being seen again.

Veils are getting lacier and more important at some French millinery houses. Several famous models are promoting shoulder-length veils and some show Turkish veils of figured lace swathed around the face and throat. Instead of over the head, being draped scarf-fashion over the head.

Suzanne Talbot, who is a dressmaker as well as milliner, shows shoulder-length veils of stiff black tulle with many hats. In recent years, we have tried all colors in hose, but this season, we will confine ourselves to the various shades of "flesh," abandoning the once popular pinks, tans, yellows and hard greys.

For dress we will wear delicate nude or flesh tints in the sheerest of hose. For the afternoon tea and semi-dress, it will be beige, a sort of light tan or cream-ivory, and it may be livened a bit with a yellowish or rose tint. For sports it will be a dusty beige or light tan. Rayon and hosiery will be in better taste for sports and the business frock alike, and will also be more fashionable. This is some relief to the pocket book.

Rochester, N. Y.—Feeling that it is easier to tell a woman "what not to do" than "what to do," members of the men's college of the University of Rochester have assumed the role of big brother to their fair sisters of the women's college.

Through the medium of the Campus college undergraduate publication, the men are offering their advice to all coeds—free. Some advice has been offered in the following list of "don'ts," which appeared in the Campus.

Don't look over our shoulder to read our newspaper. Go buy one—they only cost a few cents. Don't say you "just adore" any girl who is your rival. Don't accept an invitation to have a sandwich and then order a whole meal.

Don't keep us waiting more than a half hour, especially when a to-be-paid-for chariot awaits you without. On the way to a picture show, don't rave about what a wonderful musical comedy it is in town. Don't say you are reducing—and then eat everything in sight.

Don't ask whether or not to let your hair grow. Don't explain that you know it's bad form—but that you just like to chew gum anyway. Don't pose your cigarette gracefully and then puff the smoke out before you have time to taste it.

Don't be afraid to accept a date at the last minute, especially when you want it. We know we are supposed to think you're popular. Don't be avidly interested in the things you say shock you. For an old-fashioned strawberry shortcake sift enough flour to fill a pint measure, then sift again together with 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 3 teaspoon of soda and 3 teaspoon of salt. Add 2 tablespoons of sugar and rub into this mixture 4 tablespoons of butter. Stir in 1 cup of milk. Lightly roll the dough and cut into individual cakes and bake in biscuit pans or in muffin rings.

Winter apples need a third spraying for a really good job. This should be applied along about the middle of July.

FARM NOTES.

Requests are received by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture for more than 3000 farm bulletins each month. While most of these requests are from farmers within the Commonwealth, some are received from all parts of the world. During the past few months bulletins have been sent to Africa, Japan, Russia, France, Germany, Philippines, Iceland and Porto Rico, in addition to England and Canada.

All the summer flowering bulbs should be set out now. To assure a continuous supply of gladioli, they can be set at intervals of two weeks. Follow the rule of planting all bulbs twice as deep as their diameter. Be sure to spray your potatoes this summer. The practice is no longer experimental. Hundreds of farmers have sprayed and experienced a comfortable filling of their pocketbooks as a result. It pays to protect a crop after it is planted so that the harvest will not be fruitless and disappointing.

If earthworms are troublesome in the lawn, saturate the ground with a solution of lime. Use 20 pounds of stone lime to 40 gallons of water. Allow the solution to stand until clear and then apply the clear liquid to the turf. Black locust is an ideal tree for growing fence posts. If your supply is getting short, try an acre, State College foresters suggest.

More than 200 plants are known to be acceptable hosts to the European corn borer. These include all kinds of succulent plants and some, like the grapevine, which is not considered ordinarily as succulent. This shows how serious the corn borer menace is and why it is important to have adequate control every year. Sweet clover is considered one of the best honey-producing plants. The plants bloom abundantly and the bees are very fond of the nectar. Sweet clover honey is of the highest quality.

Many new features will mark the Pennsylvania State College Farmer's Field Day program, June 14 and 15, in addition to those found so popular in past years. T. I. Mairs, in charge of arrangements announced. For those arriving in State College Thursday evening, June 14, an entertainment program has been arranged. President R. D. Hetzel will welcome the farmers and their families. The speakers who will address the meeting are Miles Horst, Palmyra, representing the State Council of Agricultural Organizations; R. G. Bressler, Harrisburg, deputy secretary of agriculture, and Fred Brenckman of Washington, representative of the National Grange. Several musical selections will complete the entertainment.

Educational exhibits, demonstrations, informational talks and recreation will compose the Friday activities. These will cover every line of farming, so that there will be something of interest for everybody, Mairs declares. Laying an egg for every work day in April and then another for good measure, 525 White Leghorns owned by Mrs. Frank Ferris, New Wilmington, led the demonstration farm flocks of the State, the Pennsylvania State College poultry extension service reports.

Other high flocks for the month were those of John H. Wilson, Huntington, 281 birds, 25.1 eggs each; J. H. Rolar, Cumberland county farmer, 290 birds, 25 eggs; Abner E. Rider, Mechanicsburg, 105 birds, 24.8 eggs; Charles Hood, New Castle, 203 birds, 24.1 eggs; Mrs. J. A. Everts, New Castle, 22.8 eggs; Mrs. Blair Davidson, Carlisle, 241 birds, 22.6 eggs; L. J. Mohn, Newburg, 100 birds, 22.4 eggs, and Mardie McQuillen, Dayton, 120 birds, 22.1 eggs.

Indiana county sheep growers will hold a purebred ram sale this year for the first time, it was decided at the recent annual meeting, W. B. Connell, extension sheep and wool specialist of the Pennsylvania State College, reports. This decision brings the total of purebred ram sales in the State to four. The others will be at New Castle, Montrose, and State College.

Cutting the poor trees on two acres of his woodland, Clayton Dunham, Sullivan county farmer, sold 200 standard railroad ties, has 10,000 feet of inch boards and planks and 160 cords of stove wood, C. R. Anderson, extension forester of the Pennsylvania State College, reports. This area ran heavily to inferior beech and birch and consequently was thinned severely. Dunham plans a regular winter-cutting schedule on his 150-acre tract.

Where wheat originated no man knows. Efforts have been made to trace it to its ancestral plant, but they have never been certainly successful. As soon as a botanist discovers a wild plant closely akin to it, some other scientist suggests that the "wild" plant is a degenerate escaped dweller from the ancient Egyptian tombs. The Swiss lake dwellers had two distinct species, one of which is quite different from anything found in the ancient Egyptian tombs. The earliest Parisian writings note wheat as an old-established plant but the usual guess is that it originated in Mesopotamia. Some day, doubtless, the sands of Mesopotamia will be as carefully raked as those of Egypt and yield as rich additions to man's knowledge of his origin; today it is safe to attribute the origin of all most anything to Mesopotamia, because we know so little about it.

Free access to water or watering cows at least twice daily will increase the profits from winter dairying. A loose separator vibrates a d mixes the milk and cream. Have the machine level and anchored to the floor. The amount of milk produced for each cow in the United States in 1916 was 3,700 pounds; in 1921 it was 4,000, and in 1926 it was 4,700 pounds.

The average person is using more milk than he used to, but the number of cows in the country is decreasing each year. The answer is, each cow is producing more than formerly.