

THE LITTLE THINGS.

If I can make two words to rhyme And give a thought a merry chime, If you can make the grass to grow Where grass the stranger would not know, We need not sigh for great deeds, too, Who have the little things to do.

The man who solders pots and pans Has work as good as any man's; He works as well as anyone Who works at work that must be done. 'Tis better just to sew a seam Than dream of things, and only dream.

The world is full of buildings tall That stand upon some sturdy wall That humble hands have fashioned; so From little deeds the great deeds grow. Although great things the great world needs, They all must rest on little deeds.

So let us try to do our part, And do it with a singing heart. For surely we have right to sing Who do the important thing, Because the things that seem so small Are most important, after all.

HELP YOURSELF TO HAY.

At a poker game, say twelve, or one, or two in the morning, woman is seldom necessary. "Mr. Cubby Snod, you put down those cards and come in before I bring you in!"

It was out on a railroad track where Mr. Cubby Snod was, and Mrs. Snod after him; Mrs. Snod in the shadow, the checked, long ribbon shadow of a side-tracked string of half-lighted, half-dark sleeping-cars, her blond hair in curl-papers, pink silk pajamas on, bare feet in worsted slippers, and a flash-light pointing like a revolver along the cinder bank where her husband and three other gentlemen sat around a flickering lantern with a pack of cards and a pile of chips.

Mr. Snod looked up, pushed his hat back. "Now, Mama, why don't you go in an sign your postal cards?" he said, "Why don't you run along in an—"

"Run nowhere!" Dolly Snod broke in shrilly—thin high voice, little too high steam-whistle, little female chanciere. "When I go in, Cubby Snod, you'll go right along with me! An I'm going to have a husband spend his life with a bunch of poker hounds? No! Will I sit alone night after night and him sitting on the railroad track? No! Is there any reason my husband can't stay home like other husbands? No! I should worry myself into gray hair for some one who—"

A window-shade snapped up in the dark car behind her. "Dolly, for cryin' out loud!" somebody said. "Can't you get wise to the fact folks are tryin' to sleep? You've got a voice like a rusty baby carriage!"

Dolly Snod looked up at a face and a topknot of hair, an indistinct daub against the shadows.

"Say, this country's free!" she retorted. "I've got a right to talk to my own husband! If anybody don't like it, they know what they're—"

A tall man with trousers over a nightshirt, shoe-strings flapping, hair mussed by having been in bed, swung down the car steps behind Mrs. Dolly Snod, picked her under one arm like a bundle of laundry and strode down the track. Mrs. Snod kicked and sputtered, shrieked a little, hit him on the knees.

Two hundred feet along he plumped her up on the platform of a car where the door was open, a light shining, a smell of coffee coming out.

"There," he said. "Now stay there! I'll tell Cubby what you've got to say to him!" Mrs. Snod stood on the bottom step and watched him go back up the track, saw him arrive at the circle of lantern-light, reach down, pick up a wriggling something. Then she laughed, gave herself back on the platform, an d presently, beside pink silk Mrs. Snod, was popped a deuce, a jack and an ace in one hand, and two blue poker chips in the other.

"Now, Dolly, hush up!" the man in nightshirt-sleeves said shortly. "If you've got anything to say anybody wants to hear, say it—but if you think you're picked for stump speakin'—well, you ain't—"

Mr. Snod sighed his rest and coat where they were meant to be. "If the time ever comes," he remarked, with the scorn of a bantam in ruffled feathers, "when Mrs. Snod says anything anybody wants to hear, I'll eat hay with a horse! Stand right up and eat hay!"

A tall, slender girl in a green bathrobe came to the doorway, her hair a bush of pale white, with milk-white skin, pink eyes. "Mrs. Snod, I turned the fire out under your coffee," she said. "It boiled over. I swiped a piece of your liver-wurst too, it looked so tasty. Been a lovely day, hasn't it?"

Mr. Snod put the deuces, jack and ace in his pocket. "Been a lovely night too," he said, and glanced at his wife.

"Oh, positively!" Mrs. Snod twittered, with a sarcastic lifting of shoulders, "and I'm right here to tell the whole world if you think I'll park home any more while—"

Abruptly Mr. Snod shoved her inside the car, past the girl in the bathrobe, and on down an aisle from which opened a line of stateroom doors. Past one, two, three they went, then in at a fourth. The door shut, locked with a click behind them; and so retired from the scene Mr. and Mrs. Cubby Snod—Mr. Snod thirty inches tall, Mrs. Snod twenty-nine, those marvelous teen-y mites, the most am-az-ing platform ex-hi-bi-shawn in his-tory! Those dimpling ba-by dolls from Lill-i-pu-shah, seen for the first time under any canvas at the price of ten cents, one dime, on the side-show stage of the great Bonson Cir-cus!

Cutting across a meadow that ab-

sorbed the inky night like blotting-paper, the railroad tracks stretched ahead and behind, and in the shadows of the hour after midnight lay the long train of side-tracked sleepers, the show-train, marked against the darkness only by a light that here and there still shone in some car window.

The night was very quiet, a few pale stars clinging faintly overhead, a little breath of wind. Two miles back, three miles, perhaps, a fringe of lights against the sky, was the town where the circus had made its world for a day. There the flat-cars would still be loading. Baggage horses loading blue seats and poles, trunks and cages. Shouts of the bosses. Glare of the torches. Wagons and floats rumbling up on the "runs."

But in this hush of dew-wet clover, with the drowsy sound of crickets in the grass, the tan-bark and spangles seemed very far away. In the side-tracked train of sleeping-cars the reformers who had played with life and death under the weaving canvas had forgotten all about the crowd and the dare, the thrill and the spot-light.

Along the track, red and green signals shone like trick eyes. When the flats in town would be loaded and gone, an engine would pick up this section and follow. Minnie Cluff, in the green bath-robe left alone by the exit of the Snods, looked out along the cars to see who was still up, but the poker-game had gone; there wasn't even a croon of ukuleles. The long string of cars was quiet as the night.

The first car (numbered 81 where the Jap tumblers had their hard little beds, and rugs of woven grass, was just an oblong blot of shadow. In 82, the car of staterooms for featured artists, the first window—belonging to the bareback-riding Cane sisters with their portable organ and hand-painted wall-paper—was dark, and the second dark too—Jean Kittridge and her dancing pool; but in the third Mrs. Seldon's six-foot bungalow, a light shone, softly shaded with rose. Mrs. Seldon, top-mountner of the Bicycle Cyclones, spent every spare minute embroidering for her children, three pale little blond English daughters in boarding-school. Mr. Seldon would tip his chair back, puff his pipe and read Dickens out loud.

Car 83 was the bachelor car. Berths like a Pullman, divided at night with green curtains, and in daytime two open rows of double beds, spread with cretonne like the strips at the windows. The bachelors' walls were of gentleman's racket shop Necktie rings, pipe holders, shaving mirrors, tobacco jars, pictures of mothers and sweethearts. . . . In 83 Minnie heard voices chuckling by an open window, where a blaze of pipe smoke came curling out. On the ground outside, by lantern-light, the porter was shining the equestrian director's high boots.

Number 85 had the bandmen in one end, ticket boys in the other. Number 86 was for married folks, a Pullman car where each lady had one space to keep house in—to arrange wall covering, curtains, pictures, pillows, shelf for books, pockets for other things. Number 87 was the richly furnished private car of Mr. Bonson, parlor, bedroom, bath and kitchen; 88 belonged to the single girls; 89 contained the staterooms for stars; 90, Brazilian tumbling troupes; 91, Indian braves, their squaws and papooses; 92 the Wild West, and so on to a hundred.

It was a long train, the show-train—a little city. Tailor and barber with their wives (Pansy and Lily, the Australian Contortion Sisters), were in 86. Doctor and lawyer were bachelors in 83. It was a little city with everything a little city would ever need. It was outside 90 where the poker game had been. It was 84, the side-show car, where the Snods had gone to bed; 84 with out-size accommodations for outside people—the Snods with their tiny wicker; Major Christopher Paddleford, the giant, in a space twice as long as any other man had; Miss Loobie, 450-pound nightingale, with two rooms in one, her solid oak bed and her kiewpies, feather flowers, paper plumes, trophies of other stands; Myrtle the Turtle Girl, adjoining Loobie; then Elmo Florida, the sword swallower—in private life Mr. and Mrs. Colette; Spike the Skeleton, Bounso the Rubber Man, Circassian Albino.

On the steps of 84 Minnie sat looking out at the dark. Across the meadow on the road into town a stream of automobile lights crept along. Minnie watched them, counted them. A star fell. She made a wish. Then inside the car she heard someone coming down the hall to the wash-room. The light went on, and Loobie's face with its five dimples appeared in the high window.

"Late leavin' tonight, ain't we?" Loobie said. "You still waitin' for Cal?"

Every night Cal Coney, big bronze Texas cowboy, brought Minnie rolls and cold tea for late supper. "Four-gun Cal, the sharp-shootin' fool"—lazy smile, gentle, awkward hands, gray, boyish eyes.

"Shootin' straight is nothin' but a bad habit," he used to drawl with his hands sliding around the edge of his sombrero. "Almighty often I wish I couldn't shoot so easy. Sometimes I can't hardly keep from shootin' where it ain't my lookout to be speakin' up eye tall."

Minnie waited for him every night on the steps of 84. Sometimes it would be in hushed summer darkness and stars, sometimes in the roaring train-shed of a city, sometimes where railroad tracks went through straggling streets of a town, but waiting on the steps of 84 was always just the same—just waiting on the steps of home, for where your kettle sings, where your window plants reach tendrils to the light, where you have what you want, keepsakes, clock ticking, a neighbor stopping in, that is home, no matter where.

Cal would get Minnie's rolls and tea every night at the privilege car—the lunch-counter car where food could be had after the cook-house was loaded and off the lot; and the privilege car was always on the section of working men's bumps at the "runs."

Sometimes the railroad sidings would be close together, the sections would be switched in side by side, but tonight the bunk-cars and flats were two, perhaps three miles away.

"Where we at tomorrow, Minnie?" Loobie wanted to know, her face streaked with cold cream. Loobie's complexion was like peach blossoms in June.

"Cincinnati," Minnie told her. "And we Sunday in Cleveland."

"Cleveland!" the Nightingale warbled. "You don't say! And me with three sweethearts that's Cleveland boys! I'll do so heavy on the post-cards I'll spoil my fingers takin' in change! Can't I fix you some coffee while you're waitin' for Cal?"

"No, thanks," Minnie said. "He'll be coming."

"Take a chair anyway," Loobie remarked, and a fat white arm reached out an oblong of canvas and strips of wood.

Minnie unfolded it in the slanting light from inside. "Thanks," she said. "I'll sit down and mate socks."

Out of her pocket she brought a tangle of men's socks, black, gray and brown. Minnie made pin-money washing and mending socks for the show boys at fifteen cents a pair.

Two days till Monday, she was thinking. Nice shopping in Cleveland. Try to get out and shop a little in Cleveland. Silk dress, light coat, maybe. Get out early before parade. Be in Cleveland Sunday morning—go to church—no show Sunday, clean the stateroom Sunday, get out early Monday. Blue silk dress, blue coat. . . . She heard someone coming down the track. Steps crunching the cinders. A stubby man, in shabby clothes, came out of the shadows, saw her and stopped. He had a long box—a flower box.

"Fer Pete's sake, where can a fellow find anybody around here?" he said, staring up at Minnie, old cap on the back of his head, mussed collar and tie. "I been tryin' three hours to deliver this here box to Miss Anna Montana! Went where the tents was, followed the wagons, found all the lions and tigers, but fer Pete's sake where's the people. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. "The guy that brought these here posies give me a dollar to deliver 'em personal," he said, "but I'm done! If anybody wants 'em they can come here and get 'em!"

With a slap of cardboard on the floor, he left the box at Minnie's feet, staring at her with squinted curious eyes. She shuffled away, stumbling over railroad ties.

Minnie looked down at the name everybody knew, little girl everybody loved, brown gipsy curls, brown lovely eyes; little girl who rode that Indian cayuse, holding crowds breathless while her body, like fluttering scarlet silk, would vault from side to side—would fling up in a straight, beautiful shoulder stand, dark curls tumbling against the yellow leather of her Wild West! Quick ripple of a smile! Little girl everybody loved—Anna Montana.

A swindler with pudgy, persuasive hands and a plump peacock swagger had appeared in the gay winter crowd Biarritz, the season before, and in Biarritz there had also been a tall, handsome young man, with a dark little mustache and eyes like chips of polished onyx, wearing everybody, everything as a collector of specimens, might say butterflies to the wall; a odd, constant smile through shrewd, half-closed eyelids. That smile was the swindlers own language. He had tapped pudgy fingers on the other's coat sleeve.

"We must get together," he said, "like you."

The pudgy swindler, and the other one, looked on together, waiting for a right moment, but sometimes a man will find a thing he isn't looking for.

There was a pale, lovely Countess at Biarritz, and suddenly that dark, handsome man, whose eyes pinned butterflies to the wall, found himself pinned—to the inexorable wall of following hands, lips, a voice he couldn't forget! Often before he had loved for adventure; but now he suddenly loved—for love!

She wanted jewels and things like that—wanted to have them whether she wanted them or not. So he stole \$20,000. And he was caught. A man is a fool who will try to find his way in the dark by the streak of a comet that rides the sky for one instant—to nowhere!

The pudgy swindler came forward to help him—came forward and put up a bond that six months from date the money would be paid. "Now you only need to remember," he had said, tapping the dark-eyed, handsome thief on the coat sleeve, "that I'm good—but not easy!"

So, in search of \$20,000, the man with polished eyes had left Biarritz for the United States. The lovely Countess had wept a little—had promised to wait for him. . . . It was springtime in America. In the odd way of his little blocks fitting together, that man who had left a countess and a prison bond in Biarritz happened in at a certain New York club, happened to meet a certain, wealthy Anger Bonson, happened to hear Mr. Bonson tell a certain little inside secret of his celebrated Bonson Show—happened also to hear him say he was tired of traveling, was looking for someone with his place on the road; and when April place—the man with onyx eyes and manner finished as satin—Mr. Rawl Sovaine.

And then Rawl Sovaine had begun to watch Anna Montana, little Western girl who had come to that Bonson show with lasso and bronco! Day after day he would watch her go into the ring. Day after day he would come out from her act. He would catch her by her shoulder to wipe her flushed, dirt-streaked face with his linen handkerchief, she looking up at him laughing, trying to get back her breath from the whirlwind of her tricks. Breathing afternoon and night show he had come every day to find her—to

walk with her or sit with her through the long, late afternoon, his fingers lacing into hers or tousling her curls against his shoulder.

And now across this flower box at Minnie's feet Anna Montana's name was written in the wide purple scrawl, the heavy pen and purple ink of that man the rest of them scarcely knew. Down the track Minnie saw Bo Serko coming—Serko the lion tamer, lanky, stoop-shouldered, coming back from feedings his cubs.

"Evenin', Minnie." He stopped, coat over his arm, handkerchief in his collar. "Say, that cat Cleopatra ripped my silk shirt, again today! Ever see such a lovin' leopard for a jungle stock? Didn't mean nothin', just playful, but I ain't got shirts enough to afford no temperamental leopards! I'll have to wear Cleo in a suit like Launcelot or some o' them boys! Would you patch a shirt for a pal, Min?" He rolled up his right sleeve. "The rip on the shirt's the same size as this," he said.

Minnie glanced at a thick scratch on his wrist and his elbow. "Silk shirts half a dollar," she reminded him.

"You bet," he said. "I'll bring goods right around."

Five minutes later when Bo returned to the half-light, half-shadow of the steps of 84, there, in brown Indian moccasins, pink apron, tumbled curls, Anna Montana was lifting into her arms a velvet weight of deep red roses. Bo stopped, drew in a breath of their sweetness.

"Takes me back to Indiana—me and Jessie," he said. He saw a card fallen on the ground, picked it up, held it in the light. "To the girl I adore," he read aloud. "Well, if I'd seen 'em myself I'd wrote the same thing."

"You'd be some lover, Bo," somebody said from the doorway, a Florida came out in yellow Chinese coat and trousers, with auburn braids, a sheet of paper in her hand. "And speakin' of sentimental," she went on, "pipe this letter! A girl gone cuckoo over my husband! It's certainly a laugh for anybody knows how bald he is! Listen to this: 'Beloved, how I long for you! How I dream of caressing your beautiful hair!' I says to Elmo why not rent her his wig and get the money back it cost us? If I know my oats he'll work bald after this! Well—love's a fish-net catching little fish, ain't it? Keeps 'em flopping and struggling. They can't stay in it—can't stay out of it! Speaking of love, Anna, maybe it's none of my business, but Mr. Sovaine told a person or two he asked you to marry him, started, almost frightened, it seemed. 'I hope it ain't true,' Florida went on bluntly. 'That air of money he's got would buy some girls but I hope not, you!'"

Anna crushed the tissue that had been around the roses, threw it down beside the car, then with a quick, conscious little gesture put her left hand up against the rose stems, where Florida could see on her fourth finger a single stone, a blue-white drop of light.

"It's true," she said. "He asked me tonight. I-I didn't think about money. I—I don't care about money. When I—she hesitated a minute, then went on in sharp, defiant little words—"When you love somebody night and day, you don't think of anything but how much—how much you want them."

Bo and Minnie and Florida tried to wish her joy, tried to say they were glad. Then Florida said good night. Anna gathered up the roses.

"I must go too," she said. "Minnie, I'm through with my jelly-roll. Will it make a block for your piece of quilt?" Out of her pocket she unfolded a square of silk, embroidered in a maze of gipsy color, the silk she had worn knotted around her neck in the ring, flying back like a signal in the wind. She dropped it in the empty rose box. "Good night, Minnie," she said. "Good night, Bo."

They watched her go down the track with the flowers in her arms, lights from windows picking her out of the dark here and there. And back in the shadows someone else watched her too. Minnie hadn't heard Cal Carney come, but back in the shadows he watched the last whiteness of Anna Montana's arms in the dark—watched the darkness left behind her, until at last Minnie saw him there.

"Oh, Cal," she said, "where've you been! Did you bring jelly rolls? I'm so hungry for jelly rolls!"

"Reckon I did, Sister," he drawled, and put a paper sack by her chair, a bucket, some sugar. He stood there a minute, awkwardly as if waiting for something, then abruptly he said good night and went away.

Minnie got out the tea-cups, nibbled the crusty edge of a roll; Bo brought out the evening paper, and there they were like that when Bo, looking up for the tea Minnie poured him, saw Anna Montana coming back.

"Now look here," he said, "don't bronco-busters never go to bed?"

She came up the steps, put her fingers in his. "I made a mistake about the neckerchief," she told him. Left my new one instead of the one that's worn out! Gave Minnie eighty dollars instead of nothing," she laughed. Behind Bo's chair she reached into the box for that square of silk, but all she found was the card and a few scattered rose leaves! "Why, where is it?" she said quickly. "I can't lose it! I haven't any other!"

Bo and Minnie, as surprised as she was, hunted around the chairs, the steps, the track.

"Well," Bo said, "Cal was here. We c'n ask Cal!"

Together they went past 85, 86, 87. At 92 Anna waited in the dark while Bo went in; then she saw him come out on the steps, chuckling, motioning for her. He led her into the car. Everyone was in bed, with curtains closed around the berths, lights out. He guided her down the aisle, stopped and opened someone's curtains.

(Concluded next week.)

Even the most casual knowledge of anatomy will show that nature gave men more lungs than brains.—Montreal Herald.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

What's gone and what's past help Should be past grief.—Shakespeare.

Stockings are to remain for the most part, beige, but indefinitely darker, according to the experts. Jane Regny has many beautiful new tones of beige for hosiery in shades that are tinged with violet, yellow or brown, and that look well with almost any costume color, including gray.

Gloves draw the same color line as hosiery, and the slip-on gloves of suede or antelope which are almost universally worn are of a deep beige, also. A few women wear white gloves with the black coats and frocks which are so smart this season. Alexandrine and Jouvin trim the tops of some of their gloves and create small handbags decorated in the same way to match them. Calf-skin or glace kid gloves with trim buttoned straps at the wrists are worn by some women with sports clothes.

The average woman devotes considerable time and thought to the selection of sports gloves because to wear gloves the least bit formal with one's topcoat or other sports costumes is every bit as heinous an offense as trumping one's partner's ace.

Little leeway is allowed in choosing gloves to wear with one's best bib and tucker. Beige suede pull-on gloves still hold the fort. Their great popularity is probably explained by their suitability for almost any daytime occasion. Pull-on dress gloves are really of two types. One is the slip-on with pinked edge. The other is the plain Biarritz glove (with teacup) which is just long enough to wrinkle a bit around the wrist.

While suede really comes first in fashion prominence, washable doeksin slip-ons are also well thought of.

That the common attic has many possibilities for charming arrangement and use as a supplementary sewing or reading room, guest room, play room or den, is the statement of Estelle H. Reis, magazine writer.

Its irregular ceiling, low walls and odd corners make it delightfully easy to furnish attractively and quaintly. Its quiet location at the top of the house, its airiness and its natural informality are other advantages. In this day of small houses and large costs, it is regrettable to think that it isn't serving some good purpose," she adds.

"An attic in need of finishing has a useful friend in wallboard. This material will transform cracked, sagging or otherwise marred walls and ceilings into a surface entirely presentable. It is an inexpensive, sanitary material that is easily applied and that takes almost any surface finish. It has the further advantage of being waterproofed and fire resisting. The waste space in the attic may thereby be readily converted into usable quarters—dry, cheerful, comfortable places. If the space is large enough it may be advisable to divide it into two rooms by means of wallboard partitions. Wallboard will keep the attic warm in winter and cool in summer.

The gleaming whiteness of built-in china bathroom accessories is one of the most effective cleanliness of the modern bathroom, which plays a large part in the making of the present-day home.

The pleasing qualities of these fixtures, however, are not confined to the bath, since many of them may be appropriately used in the modern kitchen. Towel bars and hooks, soap holders and glass racks find a ready place in the new attractive kitchens now being widely installed in present-day dwellings.

The built-in accessory may be installed in homes already built, although the work is more economically done at the time of construction. Carpets, so long in the discard, are coming back. Those who have lovely hard wood floors will probably not adopt the carpet to cover them up entirely, but the carpet will have its advantages for those who do not have pretty floors. It makes the small apartment room seem larger, as a room seems to take the proportions of the rug, and it does actually give the rug too often determines where a piece of furniture may be placed.

Plain, soft carpets, all of one color, without any design, are very rich looking. They may be dark red, mulberry, a rich blue, or a neutral shade of gray or tan. With a padding underneath they give an air of refinement and quiet elegance to a room, which the more ornamental and chattering rugs cannot attain. The floor covering should be darker than the walls, and if it is a plain pattern, it forms an ideal background—or under-ground—for the furnishings of the room.

In this day of the vacuum cleaner, there is no necessity for the tacked down carpet becoming as dusty and germ laden as the ingrain or rag carpet, with straw or papers underneath, in grandmother's day.

The custom of bringing in the silver to be used with each course has somewhat taken the place of the custom of laying at each place all the knives, forks, and spoons to be used during the meal. This is economy of silver and is less confusing. If the silver is laid at the beginning of the meal, use that on the outside first, and that next to the plate last. The meal begins when the guests are all served and the hostess picks up her fork or spoon.

Courses are removed from the right and served from the left. This permits the guests to use their right hands in dishing anything from a common dish.

Finger bowls are brought in on dessert plates, with a doily under each finger bowl. The guest removes the bowl and the doily and uses the plate for dessert. At the end of the meal, the napkin is left, unfolded, beside the plate. When used, the napkin is only half unfolded and laid across the knees.

The salad may be cut with a knife if it is difficult to manage. Otherwise the fork only is used. If a guest arrives late, he asks for the course then being served.

FARM NOTES.

Swarming is an interesting phenomenon of bee life to the average citizen but it constitutes a real problem in the beekeeper's business from now until the clover flow ends.

There are several ways in which the apiarist may lessen the tendency of his colonies to swarm. First he can have a young queen in every colony, he can provide abundant space for egg laying by placing empty combs or sheets of foundation in the brood chamber. The bees also need plenty of room for storing surplus honey, and a super should be placed on the hive as soon as the bees begin work in the two outside combs or rows of sections. Bees also need plenty of ventilation during the hot part of the summer.

If there are a large number of drones in the hive the colony has a greater tendency to swarm. The combs containing drone cells should be replaced with frames containing full sheets of foundation.

When the swarm comes out and clusters it can be put in a new hive containing one empty comb and the rest of the frames of full sheets of foundation. The hive is then placed back on the old location after the old hive has been removed. Supers should be placed on the new hive and all the queen cells but one should be removed from the old hive. This method will insure a maximum of surplus honey and will generally prevent secondary swarming. Extra or new supers must be added to the hive as fast as the old ones are filled because a swarm generally works more rapidly than an old colony.

A tabulated summary just issued by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, shows the progress to March 1, 1928, of tuberculosis-eradication work in co-operation with the various States. A total of 20,098,272 cattle in more than 2,000,000 herds are now under supervision for the eradication of this disease. Nearly three-fourths the number of cattle are contained in herds which have successfully passed one or more tuberculin tests.

Herds accredited as free from tuberculosis, as the result of a series of tests, at the end of February numbered 155,466, containing more than 2,000,000 cattle. Counties which contain more than one-half of 1 per cent of tuberculosis cattle as a result of systematic testing number 464. In all these counties the few cattle which reacted to the latest test were removed from the latest test and slaughtered. During February, 1928, 741,766 cattle were tested and nearly 18,000 reacted and were condemned as tuberculous.

Simple sanitary measures around chicken lots and houses would clear up many "mysterious diseases" of poultry which are reported. These simple measures are more effective than medicine administered in the drinking water or bacteria given in a syringe. Many flock owners have discounted the value of sanitation and have resorted to medicinal measures without obtaining relief.

It is a well-known fact that fresh ground, free from filth, is desirable in raising healthy chicks, but apparently many people forget this point. In a large number of cases reported, an investigation will show that the same ground has been used for chickens for several years.

The ideal method to raise chicks is to have several lots, and practice a rotation system, the same as in growing crops. Besides the sanitation gained in such a rotation, it will tend to retard the spread of avian tuberculosis, which spreads to swine in 60 to 90 days through direct or indirect association, while certain infections in poultry are dangerous to calves. Try to shift your flock several times during the year—it will pay you for the trouble.

For small jobs of concrete work on the farm a mixture commonly known as a one-two-three is most desirable. This means one bag of cement, two cubic feet of clean sand and three cubic feet of coarse gravel or broken stone. If you use a mixture entirely of sand and cement you will not obtain the full strength that you get if the gravel is added. In using gravel or sand from some nearby creek bed be careful that there is no mud mixed in with them. A very small amount of mud will destroy the strength of the concrete.

Horses and mules that are doing hard work must have plenty of grain.

Profitable pork production demands the use of good sanitary pasture.

Close observations of sows and pigs have many times indicated that animals on self-feeders look better and are more thrifty than those that are hand fed.

When poor corn and tankage are put before hogs in self-feeders they often eat not enough corn but too much tankage and self-feeding is unprofitable.

The ordinary stockyards are almost continually infected with all sorts of contagious diseases. Animals should never be taken from the stockyards back to the farm.

Experience has shown that pigs which have grazed on clover, alfalfa or other summer and fall forage crops will incur the least risk of suffering from too much green corn.

An open shed for stock is as necessary and important as any building on the farm.

A horse which weighs 1,400 pounds should be given from 14 to 16 pounds of grain per day and about the same amount of hay.

Lambs at weaning time can be turned into the corn fields and they will eat the corn leaves and husks, do well, and be in good condition for the market before they have learned to eat corn from the cob.

Any grower wishing to grow staked tomatoes should begin with not more than 1,000 plants the first year and gradually increase his plantings from year to year as seems advisable.

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