

# Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 29, 1928.

## NOW.

Feller what shirks an is lazy  
Ain't no use livin, I vow!  
But I tell yer who is the daisy—  
The feller that does things now.

He's never procrastinated  
An' tellin' ye "why," and how,  
When the doin' on't's what he's hatin,  
He jest goes an' does it now.

Et the cordwood calls for a tussle  
T'it'll bring the sweat ter his brow,  
He gets his saw with a hustle,  
An' tackles the job right now.

The chap that talks of tomorrow  
Is crooked somewhere, I 'frow,  
In payin' what he may borrow,  
He never gets round ter now.

But the feller that starts on the min-  
ute—  
Et rains he ain't workin' out in it,  
'Cause he gets his hay in now.

Et yer lookin' fer what'll suit yer,  
Yer kin take off yer hat an' bow  
Ter the chap that's short on the future  
An' eckly long on now—Life.

## HELP YOURSELF TO HAY.

(Concluded from last week.)

The light from an outside signal flickered across the pillow—across Cal Coney asleep, a square of silk embroidered in gipsy color crumpled in his hand, held against his cheek—a faint perfume of Anna Montana.

"I'll slide that out so slick," Bo chuckled, "that he won't even know he ever let go!"

But Anna caught his hand. "No, don't!" she whispered. "Let him keep it—like that!"

"Keep it?" Bo echoed in a heavy whisper. "Why, what?" Then he saw her shining, her lips quivering between tears and a smile. "Well," he said, and shut the curtains, "it's your eighty-dollar neck-piece—not mine."

Cincinnati.

Mr. Cubby Snod, fresh and snappy in the cook-house for breakfast. Tailored shirt, shined shoes, white daisy in the buttonhole!

"Hello, folks! Hello! How's the wheat cakes? Three for me, Joe!"

The waiter put him up on the box that was at the long table for the Snods—clean blue table-cloth, big dish of wet purple grapes.

"Mrs. Snod'll be right along, Joe, Cubby went on crisply. "Just stopped for mail. Three cakes for her too. Baker apples and cream, Joe. Two coffees and toast."

There were dancing shadows of leaves on the canvas roof, a smell of summer morning, an odor of earth and grass, a whiff of coffee.

"What's the chance for a little poker tonight, Cubby?" someone asked. Cubby took off his hat and looked around sparsely at the man who was talking. "Boys, I'm through!" he said, with a gesture. "Promised Dolly last night. I've got vices enough smokin', swearin' and temper. Dolly'll put up with the rest, but she won't stand for poker!"

Mrs. Snod came into the doorway, ruffled pink and white—bobbed curly head.

"Here she is, boys!" Cubby gestured. "No more poker till the little lady says so!" He drew two blue chips out of his pocket, an ace, a jack and a pair of deuces, and tossed them across to the next table. "There you are, Dolly!"

The waiter put her up beside Cubby.

"Oh, Cubby," she quavered, "if only you mean it!"

"If I mean it!" he crowed. "Of course I mean it! Ain't I man enough to keep a promise to my little wife? Certainly I mean it. They've dealt the last poker hand to me. Yest' turned down a game for poker. Yes, Sir! No, Sir! My little mama's first!"

Dolly dabbed at her eyes with a folded paper napkin. "Oh, Cubby," she sniffed, "if it's true I'll be so happy!"

"Yes, but Baby, don't cry on your pink dress, her little husband reminded her. "Forget about poker, and butter Papa's toast. You've got my solemn promise you won't have to cry no more!"

A kiss—a kiss—wheat cakes turning to flannel!

Outside on the lot the fanfare day was beginning. Tents up, the stake pounded, men heaving the ropes; wagons lumbering over the ground, big top swinging in majesty, mud-spattered covers unrolling from floats like cocoons falling away from butterflies; horses coming up from the pad room, a rhythm, a beauty, a mystery of chaos. A bugle-call—scurry out of the cook-house to the dressing tents; pick out parade bundles from the long blue wardrobe tables, costumes in white bundles, somebody's name on everyone; a shaking out of velvet and red whips, and beautiful horses; a trail of band music coming back from way up the street at the head of the parade; glittering mass of gold and color untangling, moving off the lot, unwinding towards town like shining ribbon; the purple section, white tandem, float of Egypt, Bo Serko like Daniel in the lions' den, shrieking calliope.

A hot, still day of August. Parade coming back; suffocating canvas; the afternoon show, elephants padding through their tricks. White horses, flying webs, clowns slapping the sawdust, chariots thundering around the track. The show over, ten thousand people emptying out on the dusty lot to the road. Up across the bridge to town, balloons, red whips, tiny champagne bought at the main gate, chained, green and quivering, to a country boy's lapel or a girl's white arm. Then at last the crowd gone, the lot quiet, spangles and tights laid aside for gingham and linen. Dinner-

time, cookhouse busy, performers in little groups here and there, canvas chairs around the wagons, gossip, a few writing. Sunset, gray dusk, a few pale stars; light man coming, torches flaring. Time for the night show—crowd thronging in again, clattering feet on the blues, first bugle, performers back to the dressing tents.

In the white ticket wagon Rawl Sovaine waited till it was time for Anna Montana to appear. Eight-thirty, eight-fortyfive, ten minutes to nine. Then he went in where he could see the hippodrome track cleared, hear her music begin, see six unbridled black prairie horses plunge in around the track, and then the freckled cayuse, with Anna standing in the stirrups, fearlessly beautiful, in scarlet boots and wide sombrero, her scarlet blouse fluttering!

Sovaine watched those black horses tear into her lariats, watched her slim scarlet body weave under the pony's neck, under the belly—her head coming under the saddle, her head almost touching the ground. Then, with wild, sharp little Indian cries, while her sombrero saluted the crowd, she rode the length of the track standing on her pony's leathery back. Spirit of open plain, freedom of sun and mountain, eagle pinions, wind across the sky.

Sovaine went back to his office in the white wagon.

"Couple of letters for you," said the man who kept the ticket window. One was from Biarritz, on lavender paper delicately perfumed, with a coat of arms in the corner. Sovaine opened it.

Darling your letter came today. It was sweet to have it, but I miss you so, and count the days till . . . And your friend is now in America. I write to prepare you he will be waiting for you in Cleveland on the date the six months is over! Don't try to get away. He will find you anywhere, so pay him and come back . . .

The other letter was from Cleveland, addressed in handwriting Sovaine had seen just once before—on a prison bond in Biarritz! He read both letters, the lavender one twice, and locked them in his safety box.

How is it a man thinks he can take today with no count at all of yesterday or tomorrow!

"May stay over Sunday here, Jim," he said to the man at the window. "May not get to Cleveland till Monday afternoon"—he smiled and winked—"might be a wedding here, Jim," he said as he closed his desk and locked it.

The ticket man watched him go past this side-show towards the dressing tent, and wondered who just exactly was Mr. Rawl Sovaine!

Anna Montana never went to the privilege car on the working men's section. She never ate at that lunch-counter, but she knew Cal Coney did, and in Cincinnati, down at the runs a mile away, from the performers' cars, there Cal Coney found her, on a high stool with a sandwich and a piece of apple pie.

"Hello, Cal," she said, "I want to walk back to the cars with you."

He didn't answer, didn't wait for her, but when he left, she left too.

The cars were straight ahead, a mile away, the chain of their lighted windows like a string of yellow wooden beads. The road was a country road—damp, warm dust, willow stumps, smell of wild flowers, thick, wet croaking of frogs, and over it all, moonlight like a wash painted over a picture.

Cal said nothing, Anna following beside him, until she faced him abruptly and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Cal," she said, "Father wants us to come back to the ranch. He wants you to forget all he said—and bring me home."

Cal Coney took off his hat, looked down at that little girl in the moonlight there.

"I reckon it's no use going" into that," he said steadily. "An' ol' Texas cow-puncher like me, herdin' your cattle, had no business makin' love to you. Your daddy was plumb right when he told me to git, and you was plumb wrong, followin' me. I'm here show and startin' broncos ridin' and lasso throwin' just because you could do it! I ain't good enough for you, and I've been tryin' dead hard to keep out of your way and keep my mouth shut!"

He reached up and took her hands from his shoulders, her hot little fingers; then suddenly he caught that little girl in his arms and kissed her and kissed her. She was breathless when he let her go.

"I've been meanin' to say good-by to you fer quite a while," he said, "and now I've done it! You're goin' to marry a man like your dad was lookin' fer. He's got the right to you now—and—"

"No, he hasn't, Cal! He hasn't!" she said, catching his hands as he drew them away from her. "I took his ring because I wanted you! I thought if you loved me another ring on my finger would bring you ring, and if it didn't, I'd have something to help me forget you. He knows I love you. I told him so. I told him if you came, he'd have to release me. He wants me to marry him now, but before I do, I want to ask you can't I just tell Dad you and I are coming home?"

Cal picked up the bucket and sack he had put down in the road. "I reckon you better tell your dad," he drawled, "that I've forgot the way to Double Bar Y, and don't have no idea of tryin' to recollect!"

Mr. and Mrs. Snod left the side-show early, took a bus to the cars, unlocked the stateroom, turned on the supper; then Cubby found something in his pocket that didn't belong there.

"Oh, Mama, look at this," he fussed. "Cal Coney's knife that I promised not to keep! I'll have to hunt him right up and give it to him! Set the coffee back, will you, Mama?"

In shirt-sleeves he hurried up the track.

Two hours later Mrs. Snod started out to find him.

She looked for a circle of lantern-light. There wasn't any. She looked for a quiet game outside 90. There wasn't any. But along under Mr. Sovaine's windows somebody was talking!

"You've played and lost, Coney, that's all," Sovaine was saying.

"Say, you can't pick a loser till the game's all over!" came Cubby Snod's voice.

Dolly took herself up those car steps with a scramble! Banged on the door!

Cubby Snod! Little high steam whistle.

"You come out here! If you think you're going to promise one thing in the morning and squirm out of it at night, you'll find—"

The door opened two inches. Part of Cubby's face came out. "Dolly, shush!" he whispered. "Go away and keep quiet!"

"Keep quiet," Dolly sobbed, "after your promise you'd never play poker again! I want to tell you Cub—Cubby, I—"

Mr. Snod planted a firm hand over her mouth. "This ain't poker!" he hissed. "It's a business conference!" and the door closed, with Dolly briefly left in the dark.

Business conference! No poker! Well, she'd find out! The place had windows! Who was a tall men she knew? Bo Serko! Where was Bo Serko?

"I won't put you in that bedroom window, Dolly! I've got no business doin' any such thing and I'm not goin' to. I'd get fired from the show. I'd—"

"Bo Serko, you're only upholdin' Cubby against me! You know he's doin' what he shouldn't. You heard his solemn promise this mornin'. You're a big six-foot man and I'm only a woman and you ought to be ashamed to stand there like a brute when all I ask is—"

Bo Serko put Dolly through Sovaine's bedroom window.

A few minutes later, when he was still brushing from his blue serge shoulders the print in dust of four-inch French-heeled shoes, Mr. Cubby Snod came running along the track.

"You seen Dolly anywhere?" he asked, very much out of breath. "I just came away from something important, to let Dolly know where I was at, and I can't find her and I—"

"Well, I seen her and heard her!" Bo assured him, and told the rest of it. "So she's in there, and now what? I couldn't help it. What could I do? What can anybody do when Dolly Snod's wound up talkin' like a streak o' chain lightning?"

Cubby wiped a hot head with a limp, much soiled handkerchief. "Well," he said, "she'll just have to get out any way she can! I thought I heard a creakin' in that bedroom! I never saw the beat! Into every-thing from smallpox to firecrackers! Got to talk herself blue in the face, whether she knows what's goin' on or not! And like I said before—if Dolly Snod ever says anything anybody wants to hear, I'll eat hay with a horse! Stand right up and eat hay!"

In his private car, Sovaine sat back in his wicker chair under his shaded light.

"What's the idea of starting this tonight, Coney?" he said. "You've had plenty of time before."

Something in Sovaine's cool, deliberate smile made the Texan look his hands behind him.

"Because till tonight I thought she and you loved each other," Cal Coney answered, his voice too steady. "But tonight a little somethin' happened that took me back to when she picked me out fer a job in Montana. She said to me, 'Cal, I want to hire a man who won't let nobody cheat me!' And I took the job and my time ain't up till next November. Mr. Sovaine, I've loved that little kid quite a while. Her dad didn't figure I was good enough—and I figured he was right. I was willin' to lose her to a better man than me, so I kept still and let the old heart blaze. But when I found out tonight how willin' you was to take her, knowin' she loved somebody else, and what a hurry you was in, and when I got a letter from a pal o' mine waitin' fer the show too, after a fella' who has to produce twenty thousand dollars round about Monday—well, I just got to wonderin' if maybe Mr. Bonson might 'a' told you somethin' nobody knows but him and me!"

Cal Coney squared his eyes as he squirmed when they called him the "sharp-shootin' fool."

"I just got to wonderin' if you did or didn't know that she's Mary Ann Barrington, with a dad worth a million. I just got to thinkin', if I'm givin' up fer love what you're takin' fer money—maybe I'm the best man o' the two of us after all!"

Sovaine brushed his hand over a perspiring forehead. The Texan reached for his hat.

"Well," he drawled, "reckon I better be mosey'ing along," and he hitched up the gun belt he still wore under the show, strode past the open bedroom door and went out.

Sovaine didn't move till Coney had gone; then he called his Jap.

"Niki, there's a taxi waiting across the track," he said shortly. "Give the driver my bag that is packed in the bedroom and tell him to go on till I meet him in the road. Miss Montana is waiting for me. We're to be married tonight, and I'll be in Cleveland Monday. Don't let anyone follow me."

Cal Coney, leaving Sovaine's car, went straight to 89, straight to Anna Montana, the little girl whose cattle he'd herded over Western plains, for months when dreams of her were all the hours were made of—through the months before her father had a brief reminder she she owned the ranch and he was her cowboy! Tonight, for the first time since then, her hands—had heard her say she loved him, and now, forgetting everything else, he suddenly knew there is no wealth, no aristocracy, no pride of this or that. One birthright is all the world has to bestow—the birthright of love.

"Please find Anna Montana," he said to someone at the door of 89. They were a long time looking; then they brought him a note.

Cal, I have waited and hoped we could go home together, but now I'll keep my word to Rawl instead. He has asked me to marry him at once—tonight, so I will. Good-by, Dear.

"She's gone," they said. "She left the note on her pillow."

Cal looked stupidly at that little piece of paper; then his hand crept up, shut over his gun belt!

Sovaine back there in that shaded light. Cool, deliberate smile! Waiting to go to her!

The Jap answered the door. Mr. Sovaine was gone, Sir. Where? He hadn't said, Sir!

Cal broke past the Jap into the car. Through all the rooms. They were empty.

Back to 89! Someone must know where Anna had gone! No—nobody knew. But someone must know! No—nobody knew!

Beyond the railroad switch tower was a road. Cal saw the headlights of an automobile coming. He stumbled down to the road. The automobile was a farmer's truck loaded with milk-cans.

"Take me to town!" Cal shouted.

In the midnight of the city, the farmer put him down. Lights—people—late, straggling crowds, streets crossing each other—buildings—windows—stairways—a thousand walls! Behind one of those thousand walls was Anna Montana! Which one of those thousand walls? People stared at him—no hat—cowboy boots and spurs!

A clock struck one, like a cudgel on his brain!

In the hotel room where Sovaine had told Anna to wait, she pinned up her hair, touched pale lips with rouge.

Why didn't he hurry? Why didn't he come? She couldn't wait like this—all alone! So quiet! So long! There were wide windows, pale silk curtains, roses. Sovaine had sent roses. Gray wicker chairs, French doors, a little balcony, a cool night wind.

At last he came, and a little gray-haired minister with him. A bell-boy followed them with the bag, the topcoat, more flowers. A bridal bouquet wrapped in tissue.

"Well, how's my little girl?" Sovaine said, and kissed her. "Mr. Fisher, here's the little bride. Ready, Dear? We mustn't keep Mr. Fisher waiting. Late hours for a minister."

He was in a snod for gayety. He laughed at everything he said.

Anna was dressed in white, and her face was white too. Sovaine gave her the bride's bouquet, brought a ring out of his pocket.

"All right, Mr. Fisher," he said. Mr. Fisher opened his book.

Then suddenly across the room, with a rattle and slap, Rawl Sovaine's brown bag lurched, tottered, tumbled, Anna and Sovaine and Mr. Fisher stared—saw holes like airholes cut in the end of it!

"Say, now, Anna," broke in a thin, high voice—little toy high steam whistle—squeak like a rusty baby carriage!

With a cry, Anna ran across the room and snapped open the lock, and Dolly Snod, much awry, very red in the face, struggled up from a rumpled shirt, bent collars, mussed neckties!

"Say, now, Anna," she said. "I thought somebody ought to tell you Cal found out Mr. Sovaine needs a lot of money in Cleveland, and he knew all the time you were Mary Ann Somebody with a million dollars, or whoever you are, and Cal thought he wasn't good enough, but now he knows love is better than money, so he went to find you, and then Sovaine told his Chinaman you were down-town waiting to get married, and I thought I better come right along to tell you before it was so late that—"

Anna Montana—Mary Ann Barrington—dropped to her knees and caught Dolly Snod, laughed, cried, kissed her, clung to her.

In a woken pattern every thread is the one that makes the tapestry complete!

Rawl Sovaine tried to talk—tried to explain.

Then suddenly Dolly clutched Anna Barrington with fingers like little lobster claws.

"Oh, I forgot Cubby!" she gasped. "Please telephone to that switch tower quick! He won't know what's become of me! Oh, poor little Cubby! Tell him I'm safe and coming straight home, and tell him"—her face crinkled into a funny little grin—"tell him while he's waiting to go help himself to hay!"—Dixie Willson in Cosmopolitan.

## Over Half of Cattle Tested.

Considerably more than half of all the cattle in the Commonwealth have been tested at least once for tuberculosis, the bureau of animal industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, announces.

The number tested by June 1 had reached 767,000, which is over 57 per cent of the total cattle population of 1,330,000.

Under the area test plan all the cattle in twenty-two counties have been tested. Eleven of these counties—Butler, Cameron, Clearfield, Columbia, Crawford, Indiana, Jefferson, Lawrence, McKean, Mercer and Potter—are now known as "modified accredited counties" having bovine tuberculosis reduced to less than one-half per cent.

The other eleven counties—Beaver, Elk, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Monroe, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Union, Venango and Warren—have been completely tested, but have not qualified as modified accredited counties.

The popularity of the bovine tuberculosis eradication work is indicated by the fact that 55,696 head of cattle comprising 6276 herds were tested under the area and individual herd plans during May and on June 1 all the cattle in 3334 herds in fifty-two counties waiting the test by the individual herd plan and all the herds in seventy-nine townships in twenty-two counties were awaiting the test under the area plan.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.—La Rochefoucauld.

All angularity has gone from the mode and graceful, swaying lines are coming into their own.

Much more material is used in gowns than in the seasons immediately past and is handled in a bigger way. Besides bows, panniers and ruffles, the "pouf"—which is really a drapery—is lending chick to raiment in the newer manner.

Premet has managed the "pouf" delightfully in an evening frock which has the drapery in three tiers at the back.

The material blue moire, in the new clear turquoise shade that manages to make a blond look much more ethereal than she really is.

The bodice has a scalloped yoke affect which is repeated at the hem, and the three flounces which constitute the "pouf" are cut on the bias in order to achieve a soft fullness.

If you achieve that down-in-the-back and up-in-the-front idea successfully, you have achieved a sartorial victory. A light colored evening frock has a full back, pointed side capery and very short front. This complete new silhouette is something to ponder over in your idle moments.

Here again is apparent simplicity—close fitting bodice and simple blouse—but picture it in lavender taffeta and the effect is a little dizzying. And think of all the damage a graceful little debutante could do to masculine hearts, when she fluttered into a room wearing it!

Worth develops an interesting "pouf," a model of flowered black taffeta. The fabric has a huge design of red roses, green foliage and white polka dots.

This, too, fits the figure closely and retains the short skirt line only in the front. The drapery is placed at either side in such a way that it in no way adds width to the wear. Green georgette crepe edges the scalloped hem and accents the green in the skirt. For the tall, slender figure, this gown is ideal, but the large pattern and the style make it an unwise choice for the petite woman.

The metal cloths of this summer are very light in weight and bear no resemblance to the heavier brocades of the winter. They are used extensively for wraps and frequently for gowns and for short coats.

A premet afternoon gown shows a popular treatment of this material, combining as it does a blouse of gold and copper lame cloth with a skirt of black satin. Bands of the satin appear on the sleeves and form a slender tie about the throat. For restaurant wear, and semi-formal afternoon functions, this outfit has the full approval of fashion.

Few ensemble costumes so perfectly combine utility and extraordinary charm as the navy blue and white georgette frock. This was created by Jenny, and has a navy blue georgette cape, lined with white.

There is an almost modernistic effect in the joining of the blouse and the pleated skirt, and the triangular points are repeated in the cape. A close, youthful collar and flowing tie are the height of chic, as is the narrow belt of woven silver links. This gown expresses the very spirit of the new mode.

Like any young publicist, we are "rushing into print" these days only the print is printed crepe gowns. Even Jersey, that knitted material, is coming into prints. Dots, flowers, geometrical figures for odd designs either alone or in combination.

The newer fabrics are very supple and pliable, giving a softer gracefulness than the old time rigid dress goods. Taffeta, that ancient stiff material, has become "soft as silk." We seem to have grown weary of our boyish cuts, both hair and suit, and are wearing so-called suits, which are still stately and slenderizing and in the more in plaits and blousing. They are not too much trimmed to be attractive, but are simple, neat and business-like. The "suit" of this season is more of an ensemble, with a one-piece dress and a cape or coat to match. Navy-blue continues to be the favorite color for business wear.

The shoulder flower still blooms in all its popularity, but is more conventional and smaller. It has been crowded out by many other ornaments such as bows, ripples, scarfs, drapes and jewelry.

The scarf is not an accessory, but an integral part of many costume suits today and the flapper would feel undressed without her scarf. Gloves have a turnback cuff. Fabric gloves so closely resemble suede that it is hard to tell the difference.

Good taste demands neutral tints for backgrounds and not too much riot of color in room. Loud colors, are the rage today, but the woman of refinement will not adopt this style too freely. The ceiling should be a lighter shade of the same color as the walls.

To make a lovely room, paint all scratched or damaged wood finishings of inferior quality and clean and polish good old wood such as mahogany or walnut with wax.

Throw away all unnecessary articles, such as plush picture frames and paper flowers. Freshen the curtains, dyeing them if they are faded.

Have one good picture in each room until you can afford more, but do not make your walls repositories for all kinds of junk. Not too many photographs should be exposed, and those which are should be simply framed and never hung on the walls.

If the rooms seem small and you wish to add a note of cheer, use a colorful lampshade or vase or cushion or draperies or upholstery for a chair. The large room may take fabrics of large, bright patterns, but the small room should have plain, all-over, two tone or very small figures in its draperies and upholstery.

Remember, in decorating and furnishing a room, that home is a place for peace and rest and quiet refinement, and whatever gaudy colors and styles you may choose today, you will probably have to live with for a long time.

## FARM NOTES.

Cut the lawn often and do not remove the clippings. They help to build a good lawn soil.

Careful cultivation of the ground to conserve moisture and to keep down weeds is as necessary for the flowering perennials as for every other type of plant growth.

Cans filled with vegetables and fruits this summer and stored for winter use will help to reduce the grocery bill next winter and will improve the health of the family.

For hogs, alfalfa is the best pasture obtainable, furnishing a maximum of ideal forage throughout the season, even in dry weather. As many as 20 shoats can be carried on one acre.

One of the worst outbreaks of cabbage maggots in years has been experienced this season, according to G. F. MacLeod, assistant extension entomologist of the Pennsylvania State College.

In small patches, Canada thistles can be eradicated by covering for an entire season with any material that will completely exclude light, such as tarred paper, heavy building paper, and old tin roofing.

As soon as young cockerels can be distinguished they should be separated from the pullets. When large enough to sell as broilers, market them, even though the price is not high. Very little, if any, money is made from broilers.

Rat eradication is becoming more popular in Pennsylvania. Several demonstrations have been run, using calcium cyanide. It is shot into the holes with a dust gun. The rats die in their retreats or come out in such a dizzy condition that they are easily killed.

Pennsylvania fruit growers will take their annual tour of the week of July 16. The trip starts from Chambersburg, in Franklin county, at noon July 16 and finishes at Washington, D. C., three days later. Orchards will be visited in Maryland, West Virginia, and Virginia. Fruit growers planning to participate are making arrangements with their county agents.

Radishes, mangels, melons, cucumbers, and cabbages have been attacked by the pest. In some cases as many as 15 maggots have been found in a single plant. Thousands of plants have been destroyed by the insect but those who used corrosive sublimate, one ounce to eight gallons of water, applied at 10-day intervals, found an efficient control. This treatment destroys the eggs in the ground. The larvae are too hard to reach.

To investigate the life habits and ways of effectively controlling the corn borer and other insect pests bothering Pennsylvania farmers, an insectary has been created at the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experiment Station at State College.

This building will be used this year by H. N. Worthley, research entomologist, for experiments on the effectiveness of various insecticides in killing eggs and young larvae of the European corn borer. State College is 250 miles south and east of any experiment station where this insect has been studied under different climatic conditions, and important variations may be found to have occurred in the habits of the corn borer as a result of its spread from the shores of Lake Erie to central Pennsylvania.

Scrub bulls in six Pennsylvania counties are facing sentences of death. It has been found that they have robbed their owners year after year. At first the evidence was circumstantial, but recently accurate records have revealed enormous losses.

In McKean county, following the organization of the seventh bull association in the county, an intensive effort is being made to replace every grade and scrub inside the county boundary lines with a purebred sire. On October 1, 1927, there were 144 purebred and 147 grade bulls in the 15 townships of the county. A survey on February 1 showed 160 purebred sires and 123 scrubs, a substantial change already. Cameron county also is working along this line to improve its dairy herds.

Jefferson, Susquehanna, Crawford, and Montgomery counties have certain townships and communities in which the extension program includes the replacement of all scrubs with purebred sires.

Inventories of all herds are taken at the beginning of the year," says Ross. Then at the end of each year inventories are taken again. In this way results can be measured in actual figures. Bulls selected must be from dams known to produce 400 or more pounds butterfat. In many cases sons of cows in cow testing associations are being used to replace the scrub bulls. Some farmers are organizing bull associations to take care of their breeding program.

All who are interested in buying package bees for increase should order as soon as possible, specifying the last of April or the first of May as the time of delivery.

Packages coming this early will need to be fed 5 to 10 pounds of sugar syrup, made by using half water and half sugar, according to county agent Ross. Early introduction and feeding of the packages will insure much greater success for the bees when the honey flow comes, since they will have built up a working force of bees before the season opens.

Two pounds of bees and a queen make up the standard size of package. It is well to have 3 or 4 drawn combs free from disease on which to put the bees. If these are not available full sheets of foundation in the frame will do.

The lighter soils produce earlier, more finely flavored, and more highly colored fruits than do the heavier soils. This is particularly true with such fruits as the grape, and citrus. On the other hand, the heavier soils contain more plant food and have greater water-holding capacity, and hence give greater growth and higher yields for the amounts of irrigation water and fertilizers used.