## TIRED.

Tired, so tired of wating For the ship that never comes; Tired, so tired of having In life the scantiest crumbs.

Tired, so tired of longing For the love that still delays; Tired, so tired of treading The old familiar ways.

Tired, so tired of hoping To see thy face once more, Tired, so tired of thinking-Ah! the happy days of yore!

## WOLF! WOLF!

The snow was not deep, but firm and crisp in the dry cold. It made a pleasant, soft crunch, under his long, webbed snowshoes as Sim Purdie came swinging across the slant of the ridge. He had been fishing, through ridge. He had been fishing, through a hole which he had chopped through the ice, in the litle lake beyond the ridge, and he had a couple of big trout in his haversack. And now, as the last cold glow of pinkish saffron was fading behind the black curve of hills to the westward, he was in a hurry to get home. He did not notice the austere, desolate beauty of that dying glow in the distance. He was hungry, and hoping that his fire had not gone out during his absence. Yet he was not thinking of his supper with any great relish. He was tired of thick fat bacon and soggy flour flapjacks and stewed dried apples. He was even somewhat satiated with fried trout. His thoughts turned to fresh meat—a tender juicy steak; fresh meat—a tender juicy steak; yes, that was what he hankered after! But what was the good of dwelling upon it? He proceeded to comfort himself with the prospect of a big mug—several big mugs—of hot, black tea, well sweetened with molasses. That, at least, one never tired of; and at the thought he hastened his pace, with that long, deliberate, loping stride of the trained snowshoer, which

glimpse of the slender creature as it checked itself violently, its eyes starting with terror, its flanks heaving with exhaustion, its flaring nostrils spattering blood and foam. Then, as it leaped aside, staggeringly, his axe hurled forward with sure aim, and the doe came down, it's muzzle

plowing up the snow.
"Here's my fresh steak!" thought
Purdie exultantly, as he sprang for-

As he examined his prize, which had evidently been hunted long and almost in their teeth. But he had a poor opinion of these small gray Eastern wolves. There was no denying, however, that they had done him an excedingly good turn. The best trained hunting-dogs could not have run that deer better for him. He

run that deer better for him. He grinned at them amiably.

"Thank ye kindly," said he.

At the sound of his crisp voice the wolves stirred uneasily, but, to his surprise, stood their ground.

"You needn't wait," he continued, raising his voice sharply. "I ain't going to ask you home for supper.

Now git out! Scat!" He took a stride forward, lifting his axe. And stride forward, lifting his axe. And the gray forms, seeming to shrink, slunk aside and vanished among the

dark firs.

"An that's that! Glad they ain't timber wolves," muttered Purdie, stooping to pick up his prize. Slinging it over his shoulders, head downward he started for home, with joyward, he started for home, with joyous anticipations. The discomfited wolves he completely dismissed from

To reach his cabin he had yet a couple of miles to go. For perhaps half a mile his way led across an open slope, broken only by an oc-casional bush or rounded boulder covered with snow. There was not a breath of wind. In the still cold, the moisture of his breath froze stiffly about his bearded lips. The dull gray-violet and confused palor of the win-ter twilight faded into the uniform dark translucency of a night of steel

sharp stars.

Presently the trail which Purdie was following led him again along the edge of the trees, on his right, while on his left the open slope fell away to the bed of the frozen and buried streams. And now Purdie was awak-ened from his anticipations of supper by a sudden glimpse of dim, gray shades keeping pace with him among the trees higher up the slope. The woods at this point were open and scattered, and he made out these woods at this point were open and scattered, and he made out these gray shapes, as they darted from covert to covert, quite clear enough to understand what it menat. The wolves whom he had robbed of their prey were seeing him home. He was annoyed, and also surprised. Such persisent audacity was not like wolves as he knew them. Then his acceptance in advance.

Over secure, Purdie had not noted this change of tactics. He was within a dozen yards of his door when a tremendous jerk upon his burden almost dragged him backwards. To save his balance he was forced to loose his grip and throw up his hands. The carcass of the doe was snatched from him. A desperate stroke of his wolves persisent audacity was not like wolves as he knew them. Then his surprise diminished, and his annoyance increased—as he reflected upon wolves as he knew them. Then his surprise diminished, and his annoyance increased—as he reflected upon a fact which he had noted earlier in the winter but had not paid much attention to. This was one of those recurring periods of a rabbit famine—those years when the rabbits die off in myriads during the summer or auwolves in myriads during the summer or autumn, and all the hunting beasts, to whom the swarms of big, lusty snow-shoe rabbits are as their daily bread, find themselves faced with something

formed him that the wolves had increased in number. There seemed to be considerably more of them than the little bunch which he had first encountered and so unceremoniously put to flight. At this he was conscious of a slight uneasiness, which he angrily repudiated. He hastened his steps, but, at the same time swerving closer to the trees, to show the slinking beasts that he had his eye on them. And the wolves swerved also, deeper back among the trees—became so shadowy, indeed, that he began to think they had given up their futile but irritating pursuit.

A mile farther on the trail ran gan picking off his antagonists carefully, one by one. He was a sure shot, and his victims dropped in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, through the glimmering dark. "There seemed to fully, one by one. He was a sure shot, and his victims dropped in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, through the glimmering dark. "Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not

A mile farther on the trail ran through a dark and narrow tunnel of branchy hemlocks. As Purdie came up to it, with a creepy sensa-tion in his backbone, he noticed that the darkness of the tunnel, and of the trees on either side, was flecked

here and there, low down, with faint, shifting sparks of greenish light. The wolves were there ahead of him.

This was too much, this insolence. With a yell of outraged indignation and amazement Purdie threw discretions to the winds and doshed forward. tion to the winds and dashed forward straight into the tunnel, shouting abuse. The glinting eyes made way for him, amid a ghostly rustling of

padded feet.

The black tunnel was only a few yards in depth, but the few seconds he took to traverse it seemed to Purdie uncomfortably long. Just as he emerged into the starlit glimmer of the open slope beyond, a hissing breath caught his ear and with instinctive action that was quicker then stinctive action that was quicker than thought he swung round to his left, sweeping his axe low. A big wolf, bolder than his fellows was in mid spring at his throat. His axe caught spring at his throat. His axe caught it fair in the loins. With a choked yelp it fell, shorn almost in half. Purdie leaped forward. And behind him rose a turmoil of harsh snarls as the wolves threw themselves upon the body of their slain comrade and

ravenously tore it to pieces.
Purdie's cabin was now not more than a half mile away, across the open, but out of sight behind a group of firs which served it as a wind break in time of blizzard. Purdie lengthened his stride to a run unhurried, deliberate, but none the less as swift as he could make it without sacseems so leisurely and yet each miles so fast.

Absorbed in these thoughts, Purdie rounded a dense patch of young fir growth—and stopped short with a grunt of surprise. A half grown deer, landing from a wild leap, had almost collided with him. He had one vivid glimpse of the slender creature as it grid violently, its eyes heavrefused to consider. Rather would he drop it if necessary, and stand over it, and fight the battle out with his unerring axe.

As he came to this decision the snarlings behind died away and he knew that the wolves, having finished their cannabalistic repast—which would not do more than wet their ap-petites and make them the more ravenous—were again in silent pursuit. A had evidently been hunted long and hard, a chorus of savage snarls arose behind him. He turned sharply. Not forty paces back, bunched on the trail of the deer, stood six or seven wolves, glaring at him with eyes like points of pale green fire. They all stood stiffly braced, the thick hair erect upon their necks with rage. Purdie sensed their hate, their fury at being thus balked of their kill when it was almost in their teeth. But he had a poor opinion of these small gray well enough, however, from what had already happened, that they would get themslves worked up to a new attack. The question was simply how near he could get to his cabin before the crisis should come. In order to delay it as large are sike from the delay it as long as possible, from time to time he halted abruptly turned sharply with a menacing sweep of his axe and shouted at his pursuers authoritatively. Each time he did so he found that the wolves had drawn a little pursuer and should be so he found that the wolves had drawn a little pursuer. he found that the wolves had drawn a little nearer; and each time, whether intimidated by his voice or understanding the peril of that swift swinging axe the wolves shrank back again uneasily.

But that last half mile—how long it seemed. Purdie was puzzled by the fact that the wolves made no at-

the fact that the wolves made no attempt to complete their maneuvers and surround him, as with their great speed they could so easily have done. They maintained their wide semicircle behind him, the leaders at its time into the country of the country tips just keeping pace with him. He concluded that their purpose was to wear him out and so have a less dangerous antagonist to deal with in the final fight. They did not know that the was nearing home and safety. At the thought of how they were going to be fooled he laughed aloud; and a quiver of nervousness went through the ranks of his pursuers.

At last, Purdie reached the grove

At last, Purdie reached the grove of firs. He rounded it, with a sigh of relief. There was the welcome cabin, little more than a hundred yards away. Triumphantly he raced for it, his weariness all gone.

Barely a score of paces behind him the wolves too rounded the grove, except those on the extreme left, which pushed through the underbrush. Their leader saw the cabin and perceived that there quarry was about to escape them. He yelped a signal and instantly the tactics of the pursuit was changed. The whole pack gathered in and hurled itself after Purdie at top speed, the gaunt leader somewhat in advance.

Over secure, Purdie had not noted

Kicking his feet clear of the ham-

been taught the hygienic importance of eating slowly and chewing their food thoroughly. Even in the few moments which Purdie had allowed them, they had got away with most of the carcass. Purdie turned the torn remnants over, rather ruefully, with his foot, then cleansed them carefully with handfuls of snow and trimmed them up with his knife. This done he found there were still a few good cuts left, besides any quantity of bones for soup. He dissected four generous cutlets, hung the carcass, by length of rabbit wire, from the branch of a tree beside his door, at such a height that no night marauders could reach it either from above ers could reach it either from above or below, and dragged the dead wolves indoors to be skinned, for their fine pelts, at his leisure. He lighted his tin lantern, got the fire going in his handy little stove and then, in huge content, proceeded to cook himself such a meal as his whole being had been hankering after for many weeks. Outside in the immense and voiceless solitude, the cold space itself settled down upon the world. But in the warm, dim-lighted cabin the savory smell of frying venison filled the air, and Sim Purdie, scratching his head as he watched the frying pan, felt that life was not so bad after all as some folks made it out to be.—Our Paper. ers could reach it either from above be.—Our Paper.

### Darker Colors in Auto Plates for Next Year.

What gentleman may prefer has nothing to do with the case in the choosing of colors for automobile license plates in the various States. With 39 States changing the color combination of numerals and background for 1929 plates, there is a decided trend toward darker colors acceeded.

cided trend toward darker colors ac-cording to the Chicago Motor Club. The "brunette" in license plates is increasing its lead over the "blonde" an association summary of the colors

an association summary of the colors in all States show.

Twenty-three different color motifs will be used in 1929 and no single one can be said to prevail, though six will be yellow figures on a black background and an equal number will be orange and black. Black on white, used by five States this year will be used by only four in 1929, white on green and white on black being used in four instances each. Nine States and the district of Columbia will use this year's colors, reversing them as

this year's colors, reversing them as to background and lettering.

The complete list of the variety of hues represented in the identification of the nation's transportation system on rubber tires was reported to the Chicago Motor Club yesterday by the American Automobile Association as follows: State

Alabama-Yellow on Black. Arizona-White on Maroon. Arkansas—Gray on Blue. California—Orange on Red.
Colorado—White on Red.
Connecticut—White on Maroon.
Delaware—Blue on Old Gold. Dis. of Columbia—Yellow on Black. Florida-Orange on Blue. Georgia—Orange on Black. Idaho—Orange on Black. Illinois—Black on Red. Indiana—Black on Orange. Indiana—Black on Orange.

Iowa—Black on Green.

Kansas—Black on Yellow.

Kentucky—White on Blue.

Louisiana—Yellow on Black.

Maine—White on Blue.

Maryland—White on Green. Maryland—White on Green.

Massachusetts—White on Blue.

Michigan—Yellow on Black.

Minnesota—White on Black.

Mississippi—White on Maroon.

Missouri—White on Black.

Montana—Black on White.

Nebraska—White on Black. New Hampshire—Green on White.

New Jersey—White on Gray.

New Mexico—Red on Yellow.

New York—Black on Yellow.

North Carolina—White on Blue.

North Dakota—Black on Aluminum.

Ohio—Black on Green. Nevada—Black on Orange. North Dakota—Black on Aluminum Ohio—Black on Green.
Oklahoma—Yellow on Black.
Oregon—White on Black.
Pennsylvania—Gold on Blue.
Rhode Island—Black on White.
South Dakota—White on Green.
Tennessee—White on Green.
Texas—Orange on Black.
Utah—Yellow on Black.
Vermont—Gold on Maroon.
Virginia—Black on Orange.
Washington—White on Green.
West Virginia—Orange on Black.
Wisconsin—Green on White.
Wyoming—Maroon on Pear Gray.

# Worker in 264 Blood Transfusions.

Paris—Two hundred and sixty-four persons who have never met one another owe their lives to Raymond Briez, employee in the Paris fruit market, known to Parisians as "saviour of his fellow-men" because of his heroism in submitting to blood transfusion operations.

The appraism of this disease have a live of the persons who have never met one another owe their lives to Raymond Briez, employee in the Paris fruit market, known to Parisians as "saviour of his fellow-men" because of his heroism in submitting to blood transfusion operations.

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The appraism of the Paris fruit market, known to Parisians as "saviour of his heroism in submitting to blood in the world and the suggestion has been made that his sacrifices should be manifested itself. Therefore, to expect its use to limit or check an epidemic which has already begun is misplaced optimism.

"Where cases of this disease have the community will be appropriately as a propagation of the propriate in the world and the suggestion has been made that his sacrifices should be rewarded by the bestowal of the live of the propriate in the world and the suggestion has been made that his sacrifices should be rewarded by the bestowal of the live of the l

making qualities, that he is the picture of health. Recently he underwent two operations for transfusion in one day, one at 11 o'clock in the morning and the other at four in the

afternoon.

"Briez's blood is particularly adaptable to transfusion," declares Dr. Becart, well known Parisian surgeon who "discovered" this physical wonder. "It has been marvelous to see the vigor which, by his willing sacrifice, he has imparted to frail, enfeebled people. Rich folks and poor have received a new lease of life from him."

During last July Briez submitted

# Bill's Star.

Written by Adolphe E. Smylie of The Vigilantes in 1918.

We laughed when little Bill said "Dad, I'm going to the war!" But that's his star a-waving On the flag outside our door. It didn't seem conceivable That such a puny lad Could get into the Army,-But it shows the spunk he had.

Yes, Bill was a persistent, Bull-headed little cuss Though when the doctors turned him down He didn't make a fuss, Just said, "Me for the country, Dad, I'll come back fine as silk; I'll eat my weight in potcheese And I'll swim in cream and milk."

That night he came and told me Just before he went to bed, As near as he remembered, What the Army doctors said: "They listened through a stethoscope To get some inside news, And something in my heart told me That I was going to lose.

They didn't mention leprosy, I'm glad I haven't that But I've got everything else, Dad, To put me on the mat. I'm underweight and undersized; They say I have flat feet; I'm short a few bicuspids Used for flecherizing meat.

My right lung is as good as new, The other one's a wreck But though the left one is not right The right one's left, by heck! Then, infantile paralysis They say I've barely missed, But spinal meningitis may Soon put me on the list.

My optic nerves do not project Clear pictures to my brain; My pericardium shows that I'm suffering from ptomaine Then somewhere in my system There's a floating kidney loose And there's too much saly-something In my pancreatic juice.

They hinted at sarcoma Of the epithelium; I don't know what it is but you'll Admit that's going some! My respiration is too short; My tonsils are too long; My whole metabolism is Absodamlutely wrong!

But why should a corpse worry? I don't care now, what they said,-Their autopsy distinctly shows I've been a long time dead!" Bill left next for the old farm Owned by his doting aunts,-We haven't seen him since, although He wrote us from France.

We laughed when little Bill said, 'Dad, I'm going to the war!" But that's his star a-waving On the flag outside our door. Yes, Bill was a persistent, Bull-headed little cuss— He writes he's now chief deck-hand On an eight-ton Army bus.

The increased demand upon the State Health Department's stock of typhoid vaccine in localities where typhoid fever has appeared, indicates a misconception on the part of the public with regard to the proper use and efficiency of this preventive treatment, according to a statement made today by Dr. J. Moore Campbell, chief of the bureau of communicable dis-

more surely protected through the discovery and elimination of the cause of the outbreak. With the efficiency of the present-day public health organizations this information and subsequent control of the infecting agency is ordinarily a matter of hours.

"Typhoid vaccine is of unquestioned value in scattered communities where safe water and milk supplies tumn, and all the hunting beasts, to whom the swarms of big, lusty snowshoes rabbits are as their daily bread, find themselves faced with something near starvation. Yes, he had noticed how scarce the rabbit tracks were that winter. That accounted for the boldness of these vermin in presuming to trail a man. They were ravenum. And then his keen eyes in-

#### FARM NOTES.

-Hog men who do not raise alfalfa for summer, as well as for winter use, are not living up to their opportunities.

liver oil, to prevent leg weakness and promote growth, can be fed to growing chicks in the pro-portion of one pound to 100 pounds of

—In order to insure a good lamb crop the ewes should be turned on fresh pasture a few weeks before breeding, and should be given a little grain.

—Sunshine is one of the best dis-infectants. Be sure all live stock is getting plenty of this free nature's tonic, especially the young growing animals.

—Some folks take away the mash when the flock is molting, and feed only grain. This is a mistake. The mash supplies most of the hen's protein, if it's a good one, and feathers are made chiefly of that element, being 80 per cent pretain. ing 80 per cent. protein.

—The lime that is in the soil is subject to a continual loss through leaching out in the drainage water. The rapidity with which it leaches out varies with the amount in the soil, the amount of rainfall, the soil texture, and the kind of covering on the soil.

—Grade and house all pullets as they come into production. All pullets should be in winter quarters not later than November 1, even though they are not laying at that time. Pullets allowed to recet in the trees during the state of the stat lets allowed to roost in the trees dur-ing the cold November nights fre-quently come down with colds after being housed.

The education of the foal should not be postponed until it is desired to "break" him as a 3-year-old. The foal needs to be taught obedience from the star and not allowed to become wilful or headstrong. come wilful or headstrong. Break to use of the halter early; be kind and patient. A foal responds quickly to the treatment received.

—In replacing shingle roofs with metal roofing the down rods should be connected to the eaves at the four corners of the building instead of at the two peaks as in some old systems. There should be points on all the cupolas and chimneys. The ends of the hay tracks should be connected to the roof and any door track more than six feet away from electric light circuits can be grounded to the rods.

-Condition of the corn at ensiling time and not poor packing is the cause of moldy and inferior quality silage, according to recent experiments conducted by the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment station. To eliminate moldy silage, corn should be ensiled shortly after it is dented.

Corn that is over-ripe, wilted or frozen when put into the silo carries large amounts of air. Several days in the silage process and it is during this period that molds make rapid growth. elapse before the oxygen is exhausted

In testing out their theories, the men working on the problem buried three empty crates in silage at varying depths at the time the silo was filled. In late winter or spring, when the crates were dug out as the silage was fed, no signs of spoilage were found around the crates.

—Pennsylvania farmers have indicated their intention to seed a winter wheat acreage one per cent. less than the planting last fall, according to reports to the federal-state crop re-

porting service of the Pennsylvania department of agriculture. If these plans are carried through, the Pennsylvania wheat plantings this fall will total 1,231,000 acres compared with the estimated planting of 1,243,000 acres in the fall of 1927. The intended acreage this fall is also 12,000 acres less than the plantings intended for the fall of 1927, when farmers were enabled by favorable weather to seed the acreage planned

in August. The average abandonment of wheat during the past ten years has been 2.9 per cent. of the planted area. With average abandonment this winter, the intended seeding would net a harvest of 1,195,000 acres compared with the 1,144,000 acres harvested this sum-

Pennsylvania's intended wheat acre-Pennsylvania's intended wheat acreage is 7.4 per cent. less than the average fall planting from 1909 to 1913, 15 per cent. lower than the 1914-1918 average and 6.7 per cent. below the 1919-1923 average.

—The continued success of the swine-sanitation system, developed by the United States Department of Agriculture in Illinois and now widely used throughout the Central West.

ly used throughout the Central West, is discussed in a recent report to the department by Dr. J. E. Gibson, federal inspector in charge of hog-chol-era-control work conducted by Pur-due university. In bringing the sys-tem to the attention of Indiana hog raisers, federal veterinarians have conducted post-mortem demonstrations, showing the damage done by round worms which the system, when used, prevents.

A leading swine breeder in Rush county, Ind., stated that the benefits he had derived from such a demonstration and lecture delivered four years ago had "turned a losing proposition into one that is now showing a splendid profit."

"Up to that time," he continued, "the continued, "the continued of profits per soll."

"the average number of pigs per sow had been about 3½, and the few pigs that grew to maturity, when market-ed at 10½ months of age, weighed about 200 pounds. Now the average number of pigs per sow is a fraction above 7 and they weigh 200 pounds when about 7 months old."

Approximately 6,000 farmers in Indiana have attended lectures and post-

mortem demonstrations similar to the one cited which resulted in such

striking success.

Doctor Gibson also stated that the system of swine sanitation is now being fully carried out by more than 325 swine growers in 16 Indiana counties. Still other growers are following the system partially. Owing to the improved sanitary conditions