Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 29, 1929.

## SONGS FOR EASTER MORNING.

Along the wakening valleys,
Where the feet of Winter trod,
The Spirit of Spring-time rallies
The children of the sod;
On the slopes that were brown and barren,
As at touch of the rod of Aaron,
The wind-flowers sway and nod.

A waft of the breath of Beauty
Is blown o'er the waiting earth;
And the austere face of Duty
Is touched with a tender mirth
While the numbing coil of Trouble
Is burst like a tenuous bubble
At thought of the vernal birth.

Aye, back from the pallid portal
The stone of Death is rolled,
And Hope, on its wings immortal,
Mounts up in the morning's gold;
And life seems trustful and fruthful,
And the soul is yearning and youthful,
And naught in the world is old!

—Clinton Scollrad.

## PARTNERS OF THE AIR.

One hundred miles to San Antonio, one hour's travel for the big aeroplane he was piloting. Lieut. Dave Shaw nodded in a satisfied manner while his gaze lifted from the map case and involuntarily ran over the instrument board in front, checking the behavior of the motor that was drawing the plane like an immense projectile through the air.

Shaw looked back at his mechanic, who with a confidence in his pilot that was superb was stretched out in the rear cockpit, sound asleep, for the flight from El Paso had been long and tiresome. The pilot's gaze traveled back past the tail to the aeroplane that was trailing him. The second machine rode to the side, slightly above and perhaps fifty feet behind him, seeming to hang stationary in the leaden sky, yet keeping its effortless, hundred-mile gait. As Shaw watched, the rear plane suddenly dropped two hundred feet. His own machine jerked, and he involuntarily corrected for the air current.

When he next looked back the other plane was far above him. The sudden shifts of position occurred frequently, for the planes were flying at an altitude of two thousand feet just beneath some frowning storm clouds, and the air was choppy. On either side and to the rear the black clouds seemed to stretch immense fingers down to the Texas landscape that spread, barren, mesquite-covered and desolate, in all directions. Those fingers, some of them several miles in depth, were showers that were soaking the regions they covered. One suddenly appeared a short distance in front of the speeding airplane.

Shaw raised his arm vertically above his head. The pilot of the following plane acknowledged the signal in a similar manner and accompanied it with a friendly grin that at the distance was little more to Shaw than a gleam of even teeth. Shaw banked his machine, and the other followed obediently. The planes began to encircle the edges of the shower. There were a few volleys of stinging rain drops, the heavy wet, smell of water charged air, and then they were clean.

After checking his progress by the map again, Shaw looked at the clock on the instrument board. It was late afternoon, and already the illuminated figures and hands of the instrument were beginning to gleam. Dusk was near—the early dusk of autumn; in the half gloom of the storm its approach had been unheralded. Shaw opened the throttle a bit more. It would not do to let darkness find two planes still in the air. That was bad business. The leading machine drew ahead, but kept its increased lead only for an instant, for the pilot of the following plane had noticed the maneuvre and increased his speed.

In a way the actions of the two aeroplanes in teaming so well together were characteristic of the spirit that existed betwen the pilots.

Whenever they were mentioned in the Air Service, Leiutenant Shaw and Lieutenant Burke, were linked together. Young in years, both of them, but old in the ways of the air, they had met over the German lines. With a crippled plane Shaw was gamely trying to beat off two Fokkers. He was virtually helpless, but was fighting to make his end as inconvenient as possible for his antagonists when like a blot a Spad from a higher altitude and with a hail of machine-gun bullets neatly put on Fokker out of the running. There had been a flash of wings in the sun, a swift turn and the missiles from the newcomer's guns had caught the second Fokker squarely in spite of its brilliant reversement. Shaw had then jumped back over the lines escorted by Burke's Spad.

That was their introduction. It had occurred four years before, and since then Shaw and Burke had been inseparable. It was the most natural thing in the world for the two to be chosen for the mission they were now performing: ferrying in to repair depot at San Antonio two planes that had seen service in the maneuvres along the border. They had left El Paso seven hours before and the next day were to return, flying two new planes for the use of the squadron there, of which they were members.

Shaw looked back again and noticed that Burke's plane was some distance below and farther behind than usual. Then his body stiffened. The propeller of Burke's plane, which had been an almost invisible blur, was now revolving so slowly as to be easily discernible. Then the nose of the plane dropped, and it banked quickly and headed for a clearing in the mesquite a short distance to the rear—the only spot in several miles where an aeroplane could safely land.

Shaw knew as he banked his machine and followed that Burke's motor had failed, forcing a landing, for Burke had plenty of gasoline. Motor trouble was to be expected, perhaps, for the planes had had hard usage through the summer.

Shaw dove for the ground with his motor half open and reached the level of the mesquite some distance ahead of Burke. He skimmed low over the clearing, picking the best spot for a landing so that Burke could see by the course of Shaw's machine the best way to land and would not have to worry about the fitness of the ground.

As Shaw opened the throttle wide and made a swift upward turn at the end of the clearing he feared that Burke would be unable to glide to the landing place because of insufficient altitude. His premonition was correct. Even as he looked he saw the plane crash into the low mesquite trees some distance behind the cleared space. He could not hear the sound of the impact because of the roar of his motor, but he could imagine it.

The wings of Shaw's machine swept to the vertical, and centrifugal force glued him to the seat as he banked and turned into the cleared space again. He snapped the throttle back. The landing was easy. The big tires of the machine did not mire in the storm-beaten ground. The mechanic, who had awakened when Shaw first banked the plane and who had witnessed the wreck, leaped to the ground before the pilot and had the tool kit out, extracting a pair of cutting pliers. Leaving the motor running, the two sprinted down the clearing.

They found Burke's plane, a twisted crumpled mass, in a clump of mesquite. The fuselage with the heavy motor had broken through the trees and lay on its side on the ground. Burke's mechanic, whose face was bleeding from numerous cuts, was gamely tearing at the debris in an effort to clear the pilot, who lay quiet in the cockpit, half buried under a mass of wreckage.

"I was swung clear, when we hit," explained the mechanic hurriedly. "I am just scratched and bumped. I'm afraid he's got it bad. Cut those wires so we can get at him!"

The three men worked in silence. They cut the tangled bracing wires that kept Burke a prisoner and lifted the wreckage carefully away. Soon they were able to move the pilot, who was unconscious. A hasty examination assured Shaw that his friend was alive and had sustained no broken bones, but he was badly cut about the upper part of his head and face.

With material from the first aid packet that every army aeroplane carries, Shaw bandaged Burke as well as he could. Meanwhile his mechanic helped Burke's man to bandage his face. Thein the three tried to bring Burke back to consciousness. When he finally opened his eyes and looked dazedly around, the storm covered world was in semi darkness. Burke's return to consciousness was short; he mumbled something incoherently and then wearily closed his eyes again.

Shaw turned to the mechanics. "I gues you fellows know what's to be done as well as I do," he said. "We'll have to get Lieutenant Burke to a hospital. He is hurt worse than we suppose. We are a long way from a house here and farther from a doctor. I can make San Antonio all right, so we had better lift him into the rear seat of my plane so that I can take him to the hospital at the field. There is some sort of house a few miles back that you fellows can reach, and I'll try to start back for you tonight or in the morning early. I hate to leave you, but—"

"Never mind about that, sir," the mechanic cut in suddenly. "How bad we best carry him to the plane?"

Although a great deal had happened, the amount of time that had elapsed between the moment that Shaw had landed in the clearing and his take-off with Burke in the rear cock-pit was short. The storm had closed down rapidly in the interval, however, and occasional flashes of lightning cut the gloom. Shaw's jaw tightened as he headed for San Antonio. He could not dodge the storm; he should have to fly through the heart of it.

Before long the aeroplane was in the semi-darkness of the clouds. The rain drops, beaten into a fine spray by the propeller and hurled back with tremendous speed in the air blast, struck Shaw's face with stinging force. It was like braving a bombardment of needles. He dared not duck down in the shelter of the cockpit to avoid them; he had to keep a constant watch and exercise all his skill to keep his course. Burke's head and eyes were protected with the helmet and goggles of one of the mechanics.

The air was bumpy, rougher than a churned-up sea. The big aeroplane whipped round like a cork. Sometimes it would suddenly jerk from the level to a vertical bank. Again it would seem to strike a vacuum and drop with a suddenness that would cause Shaw temporarily to leave his seat. Or it would be as if some gigantic hand had clutched the plane and flung it upward or from side to side. The controls, usually so sensitive, required all his strength to move; they were like the reins of a runaway horse. But Shaw grimly kept on, on. He was soaked to the skin, but his exertions made him uncomfortably warm.

And through it all was the lightning that cut the storm like swords. The crash of thunder close at hand drowned the full-throated roar of the motor and struck painfully on Shaw's eardrums. Twilight changed to night, and the thick darkness gathered. Shaw was flying into a stinging black pit that was now and again dazzlingly illuminated by the lightning, which only accentuated the wet blackness that followed.

He was flying at five hundred feet now, trusting to his compass in the periods that the plane settled from the whirling occasioned by each flash of lightning. The plane shot into a rift of the storm—a zone of comparatively quiet in which the ground was visible. Shaw made out a cluster of lights shining dully below. From the formation he concluded correctly that it was Hoytsville, and that he was within twenty miles of San Antonio and—he sighed with relief—exactly on his course. His flying sense was serving him well.

Then Shaw became conscious of something else. It was just the slightest quiver of the plane that informed him, and he turned his head in time to see Burke moving restlessly in the rear cockpit. The rush of cool air and the stinging raindrops had revived the injured officer. Shaw twisted and leaned as far back as he could. Because the two cockpits were so close together he could bring his face within a few inches of Burke's. Just then the lightning flashed, and Shaw saw that his passenger's lips were moving, and that Burke had not recognized him. The lightning flashed again, and Shaw saw Burke's eyes. They were staring unseeingly—the eyes of a delirious man. That was a result of the wreck and exposure that Shaw had not forseen.

Thankful that his destination was not more than twenty miles away Shaw bent to the business of flying and of making the best speed possible. A moment later the plane moved off the course slightly, and Shaw's toe involuntarily gave the rudder a gentle pressure to correct the error. Instead of moving the rudder bar held firm against his foot. Shaw tried to move the control stick—and could not.

What a broken steering gear is to an automobile driver on a mountain road jammed controls are to an airman. A moment before Shaw had been warm from his exertions. Now he was cold with the realization of his danger and his anxiety over Burke. Shaw's mind seemed to spin as he sought the reason for the behavior of his plane. Against his resistance the machine swung from the course not as uncontrolled aeroplanes will, however, but steadily and surely, as if it were guided. That gave Shaw the solution. Leaving the controls, he unsnapped the safety belt and whirled in his seat.

It was as he expected. Burke in his delirium had found the extra control stick, which was stowed away in clips on the side of the cockpit for the use of the observer in emergencies. He had fitted it into place and was now flying the plane by means of the controls in the rear seat. Possibly he did not realize what he was doing.

Shaw faced to the front and attempted to wrest the controls from Burke. It was impossible. Then he closed the throttle, intending to shout to Burke to release the controls, but by means of the throttle lever in the rear cockpit Burke speeded up the motor and continued to turn. Shaw whirled in his seat again and tried to shake Burke's shoulder, but his hand was rudely struck off. The other seemed to have the strength of three men.

A flash of lightning revealed Burke with drawn face; his lips were still moving. Below the bandages, which came to his goggles, his eyes were gleaming; and in them showed no trace of recognition of Shaw, his most intimate friend. Burke's whole being was concentrated on flying the aeroplane—where Shaw did not know, and he doubted whether Burke himself knew.

When the injured man started to turn the machine, San Antonio had been less than ten miles ahead—little more than five minutes of flying. Burke's condition told Shaw that he must have medical attention at once; that was certain. There was no opportunity to coax or plead with him. Struggling with him in the plane was impossible, and it was impossible to continue flying aimlessly in a storm at night with a half-crazed man at the controls. Shaw gritted his teeth and took the only course open to him. He hated it worse than anything in the world.

Facing Burke he waited for a flash of lightning. When it came it revealed Burke's face turned away; he was leaning over the side of the cockpit. At that instant Shaw, who was kneeling in the seat and facing back, struck. He had picked the spot carefully; his fist took Burke on the chin, the uninjured part of his face, and slightly to one side. He collapsed limply.

The impact of his fist on Burke's chin went through Shaw as if he had struck himself. He felt the agony. He flew the remaining distance to the field in agony. He never knew just when he picked up the glow of lights that was San Antonio or how he found the long line of lights in front of the hangars at the big field. He landed as in a dream and "taxied" up as near the hospital as he could. He was lifting Burke out when help arrived.

It was noon of the next day when the surgeon nodded to Shaw, who rose wearily but eagerly from a chair near the door of a private room of the post hospital. That marked the finish of a long vigil for Shaw. He had been there since Burke was brought in the night before.

"He's out of it at last," the surgeon, who knew Shaw's story, said to the aviator. "You can go in and see him now. He wants you. And by the way don't let that jolt on the jaw you gave him worry you. It was a mean thing to do and all that, but it doesn't count when you accomplished the main thing; you saved his life. Go right in."

Shaw mustered a grin somehow as he stood at the bedside and looked at what he could see of Burke's face. It was white and haggard, but Burke's eyes were steady and held the old, friendly gleam again.

"Well, old timer," Shaw greeted him.

Burke's eyes clouded. "Say," he spoke without preamble, they tell me I've been raving ever since you brought me in—and fighting everybody in the hospital. Seems to me I was flying— having lots of trouble—and it was too real to be a dream." He passed a hand over his eyes. "I can remember parts of it. Shaw, did I pull anything dumb when I was in your plane? I've been worrying." he finished anxiously. "That's the worst crime a man can commit, you know, to fool with another fellow's plane, even if he is out of his head from a jolt. Did I interfere, Dave?"

Shaw nodded and smiled as he replied. "You did about everything. Between the storm and you flying the plane to Mexico City I had my hands full. Finally I soaked you on the jaw to win the argument."

"No?" said Burke incredulously.

"Fact. But, like the fond parent, it hurt me more than it did you, my son."

"H'mm," Burke smiled ruefully. "Between you and the ether they gave me awhile ago I've tried about everything there is in the way of anaesthetics. But say, next time I spread myself over the mesquite"—Burke gently rubbed his jaw and paused—"have some ether handy. I think I like that better."

"OK," said Shaw, laughingly. "And now I'm going to get some sleep."

"Dave," Burke called as Shaw left the room, "bring a cribbage board when you get that sleeping tended to. I've got to even matters up some way."

"OK, old-timer," Shaw answered and broke the rules of the hospital whistling merrily as he went down the corridor. —Huntingdon Reformatory Record.

## PINCHOT OFF ON THEIR CRUISE TO SOUTH SEAS.

A forty-year-old dream of former Governor Pinchot, since his student days at Yale, is about to come true. March 20 the Mary P., three-masted auxiliary schooner lifted anchor off Brooklyn and sailed for a nine-months' voyage among the sunny islands of the South Seas.

That's the dream of 63-year-old Ex-Governor Gifford Pinchot, whose vocation has been forest conservation, whose avocation has been politics, and who has been a life-long fisherman. He now intends to angle for the exotic denizens of the waters below the equator, and his party will gather specimens for half a dozen scientific institutions.

Mrs. Pinchot and their son, Gifford Bryce Pinchot, 15, accompany the former Governor and the distinguished scientists who will be his guests.

Mr. Pinchot said:

"We will weigh anchor at Brooklyn March 20, and have decided to forgo a stop at Philadelphia. Instead, we probably will proceed to Key West, thence to Havana, Grand Cayman and the Swan Islands in the Caribbean. We intend to obtain specimens for the collection of porpoise skulls for the National Museum there.

"Then we will proceed through the Panama Canal to Galapagos Island, with a pause for deep-sea fishing. We hope to bring many specimens of live fish back to America in tanks.

"From Galapagos we intend to cover the 3000 miles to Marquesas, with stops at Paumotu and Society Islands, with visits at Tahiti, Cook Island and Tubnai. There are many islands in the vast stretch of this cruise which should afford interesting scientific specimens. Pitcairn and Gambier Island are on the route home."

## Hetzel Visits Hoover in the Interest Of Land Grant Colleges.

As chairman of the executive committee of the Association of Land Grant Colleges, Dr. Ralph D. Hetzel, president of the Pennsylvania State College, recently spent several days in Washington where he interviewed President Herbert Hoover, various members of the cabinet and leaders of Congress relative to the introduction of legislation looking to the development of the work of the state colleges and universities.

New legislation at Washington is to be directed especially towards the further development of research and extension in the Land Grant Colleges, of which Penn State is the Keystone representative. President Hetzel expects to spend a part of this week in Washington in connection with hearings on the proposed legislation.

Following a conference with Governor John S. Fisher and other officers at Harrisburg, President Hetzel reports that he found a most sympathetic attitude towards the requirements of the college.

On Thursday of last week a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee made an official visit of inspection to State College. They saw at first hand how the failure of the $8,000,000 bond issue amendment has made necessary immediate legislative attention to building needs at the college. Students gave the committee a great welcome at a mass meeting in the Schwab Auditorium. The college appropriation bill calling for $6,211,000 will soon be reported out of committe at Harrisburg. It includes $2,250,000 for new buildings, a feature for which the bond issue was intended.

## April Fool and Easter.

We have never connected April Fool's day with Easter, but our ancestors did. They said the day originated from the mocking of our Lord at Easter time. The Jews, on the other hand, say the day has nothing whatever to do with Lent, but a great deal to do with the Bible, for it was on the first of April that Noah sent out the first bird to find land—a fool-ish errand! So do we send April fools on fools' errands.

## Quite a Trick These Days.

She: "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?" He: "A magician."—Powerfax.

—"Money Matters" reads a heading in a contemporary. We quite agree. It does.—Humorist (London).

—Sambo: "Did Brudder Brown gib de bride away?"
Rastus: "No, sah; he's gwine let de groom fin' her out for hisself."

## 1928 STATISTICS GIVE HOPE FOR LONGER LIVES.

A large insurance company with more than 18,00,000 policy holders keeps accurate records of the causes of death because only by such records can the company definitely provide for the future. It has just announced reports for 1928, which contain several factors of great significance in relation to public health.

The figures indicate that the expectancy of life among wage earners was, in 1928, 56.42 at birth, whereas in 1911 and 1912 it was 46.63 years.

The life expectancy of the industrial population has gained 9.79 years during the 16-year period, as contrasted with the gain of only 6.06 years for the general population. No doubt, this is a reflection to a considerable extent of the increased attention being given to industrial hygiene and industrial health.

Druing 1928, the death rate from typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, diarrhea complaints and conditions associated with childbirth were lower than before. On the other hand, the rates for heart disease rose, as did also those for cancer.

These rates are perhaps associated with increased longevity and with the fact that people are now dying of diseases of advanced age rather than the infectious diseases which carried men off early in the past.

Of greatest importance perhaps was the increase in death rate from diabetes. Since 1911, the death rate from that disease has increased 34 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that insulin has prolonged the lives of thousands of diabetics.

Since the introduction of insulin, the death rates from this disease have come down for all age groups up to 45. Between 45 and 65 years of age, no important change has occurred, and the deaths from diabetes after 65 years have shown a distinct and significant rise.

It must be understood that insulin does not cure diabetes in the true sense of the word "cure." It takes the place of a missing secretion from an organ called the pancreas, which provides a substance that aids the human body in sugar digestion.

The speed and stress of modern life are definitely associated with the increased incidence of diabetes. It is known that great mental stress or great physical exercise can cause sugar to appear in the urine, hence the battle against diabetes would seem to be associated with the warfare against the speed and strain of modern life, as well as with the purely physical attempt to provide assistance for incapable human organs.

## WHY TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD IS ARRANGED AS IT IS.

Explaining why keys on the typewriter are placed as they are one typewriter company says: "The first commercially successful typewriter, which was placed on the market about fifty years ago, contained a keyboard almost identical with that used at the present time. The retention of this keyboard is undoubtedly due to the fact that hundreds of thousands of typists have learned it, so that it has become practically universal, and prejudice towards a change causes manufactures to continue with the desires of the majority of those who use it. When all is said and done, the present arrangement of things is a pretty good one. To attempt to make a radical scientific change would, in our opinion, not be feasible. J K might be rearranged with advantage. We do not know why these particular letters were placed on the second row of keys. Certainly their position is not the best for a touch typist. However, touch typewriting was not known in the early days of the typewriter, so that the position of J and K was not so important at the time the order of letters was arranged. The reason for the present arrangements has never been satisfactorily explained so far as we know. We think the printers' csae had something to do with the arrangement, and also that the arrangement was effected by the fact that the keys were in a circular basket and this arrangement to some extent prevented the keys from casting. We think also that whoever arranged the letters had some thought for the sequence of the letters and tried, as far as possible, to harmonize the different points we have mentioned."

## PATCHWORK ON VOTER'S TAXES.

Attention has already been called to the clumsy measures before the Legislature for bringing tax liability into harmony with franchise requirements. It will be recalled that a poll tax was proposed for Federal employees who, by reason of their exemption from an "occupation tax," fail to meet the qualification for voting implied in the payment of a State or county tax. Likewise it has been proposed to restore the tax on horses and cattle in order to permit tenant farmers, who have no other taxable property, to attain the same status as that suggested for the Federal employees.

The end is not yet. A resolution before the House Committee on Ways and Means would amend the old act of 1844 in order to assess an occupation tax on farmers. The plan has at least the merit of a step toward uniformity. A resolution before the House Committee on Education would exempt housewives from the maximum of $5 a head which most school districts are assessing the per capita tax. At present many be collected from every member of a family who is of voting age, though being a local tax, it does not carry the ballot privilege. Often the payment is a serious burden, and relief from the injustice should not be delayed. Both these bills are preferable to the Federal employee and cattle levels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Read the Watchman for the news

## NEW FOOTBALL RULES ADOPTED FOR 1929.

Under the new football rules there will be no such thing as long runs for touchdown after scooping up fumbles.

In the past, a ball which had been fumbled was free and might be picked up and advanced by either team. Now a fumbled ball recovered by the opposing side will be dead at the point of recovery. The fumbling eleven, however, may pick up the ball and continue its advance.

Roy Riegels' famous wrong-way run in the California-Georgia Tech game at Pasadena New Year's day would have been impossible under the new legislation announced by the National Football Rules committee after a three-day session at Absecon, N. J.

The new rule will not apply in case of forward or backward passes which are intercepted before striking the ground, nor will it apply to blocked kicks, which will be played as heretofore.

Three other important changes were made in the rules for 1929 as follows:

First. All kicks legally recovered by the kicking side may now be advanced in accordance with the uniform rules. This rule now includes free kicks and kick-offs, whereas it formerly applied only to kicks from scrimmage.

Second. On forward passes no players on the side in possession of the ball who have crossed the line of scrimmage shall interfere with an opponent until the ball has been touched except in an actual attempt to catch the ball.

Third. The try-for-point after touchdown will be made from the two-yard line instead of the three yard line.

## STUDY WASTE COAL FOR BETTER FUEL.

To obtain wealth from waste coal, remarkable secret experiments are being conducted in a lonely spot in South Wales. Should they be successful, the anthracite industry will be revolutionized and probably the future of the mining world.

The problem is to find a means to separate the small coal or "duff" from the dirt. This small coal has been a drug on the market and the fact that it is a waste product has added to the general cost of production.

In a hidden corner of the hills between Neath and Brecon, chemists and engineers have, on behalf of a big combine in South Wales, been trying to solve the difficulty.

To insure secrecy all connected with the work have to give a guarantee of silence and are also warned that no stranger is to be allowed near the work.

Not only have the experiments been extraordinarily successful up to date, but the coal is graded into sizes varying from grains to "flour" so fine that it cannot be loaded into trucks.

All these sizes have a commercial value equal to that of the largest coal. The "flour" will probably be mixed with heavy oil and used for heating.

## PENN STATE TO OFFER MANY MUSIC COURSES.

The Institute of Music Education which will be conducted at the Pennsylvania State College Summer Session from July 1 to August 9, will offer the most complete selection of music courses ever given at the College, according to an announcement by Dean W. G. Chambers, director of the session.

The Institute will be under the direction R. W. Grant, director of music at Penn State, assisted by James Woodside, of New York, who will be in charge of private lessons in voice, and a faculty of 16 supervisors and instructors of music education. Seventeen courses for supervisors of music, including sight reading, dictation, theory, harmony, melody, practice teaching, chorus work and instruction in music appreciation will be taught at the institute as well as 16 courses especially adapted for supervisors of public school instrumental music.

## FORECAST BETTER 1929 WHEAT CROP.

Prospects on March 1, according to the federal-state crop reporting service, were bright for a larger wheat crop in Pennsylvania than a year ago. Due to snow protection, the condition of wheat was 10 per cent. higher than a year ago for the 1928 crop.

Wheat stocks on farms and quantity shipped are both below average, according to the report. Last year's harvest was the shortest in several years and it is reported that on account of the quality a larger percentage of the crop than usual was ground for feed. There seems to be a shortage of Pennsylvania wheat for milling. In some districts the shortage is so great that it is necessary to ship in wheat from other States for chicken feed.

## Amen! Amen!

An old negro got up one night at a revival meeting and said:

"Brudders and sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't what I oughter been. 'I's robbed ren-roosts, an' stole hawgs, an' told lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks with mah razor, an' cussed an' swore; but I thanks de Lawd dere's one thing I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost mah religion.—Tit-Bits.

## Up A Tree.

A man staying at a hotel in the Provinces went to the office and said to the young lady in charge: "I have never seen such dirty towels in my life, and I never can find any soap."

"You've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?" retorted the young lady.

"Yes," replied the traveler, "but I am not a cat."