

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., May 31, 1929.

## WHAT BECOMES A LIE.

First, somebody told it.  
Then the room wouldn't hold it;  
So the busy tongues rolled it  
Till they got it outside;  
Then the crowd came across it,  
And never once lost it,  
But tossed it and tossed it  
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,  
It grew deep and high, sir,  
Till it reached to the sky, sir,  
And frightened the moon;  
For she hid her sweet face, sir,  
In a veil of cloud lace, sir,  
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,  
That happened at noon.

That lie brought forth others,  
Dark sisters and brothers,  
And fathers and mothers—  
A terrible crew;  
And while headlong they hurried,  
The people they hurried,  
And troubled and worried,  
As lies always do.

## THE LEGEND OF THE VEILED LADY CAVERN.

How G. Edward Haupt's Wonderful Cavern in Brush Valley Was Named. A Story of Love and Pride as Related to Col. Henry W. Shoemaker by the poet, J. H. Chatham.

In his older days the late J. H. Chatham, known as "The Poet of the West-branch valley," loved to tell of the times when he taught school in Brush Valley, in 1867. He boarded at the old stone tavern on the pike at Madisonburg and on calm summer evenings he could hear the hollow sound made by the horses' hoofs as they traveled across the part of the highway which passes over the Veiled Lady Cavern. "Why the Veiled Lady Cavern?" he inquired while taking dinner at the grand old Huguenot home of the Duc, or "Duck," family as they are now called the first day of his school term in the little village of Grenoble. "You will see, as soon as school is out," replied Despina Duck, his oldest pupil, a black haired, dark eyed girl of his own age, who sat beside him at the table. Impatient to learn the wonders of the subterranean Pennsylvania he adjourned school early, and led by Despina, the entire school of eleven pupils, each carrying some kind of old style torch or lantern, went in single file down the narrow gorge below the school house, into the "Shades of Night" as the hemlock hidden glen was then called. The entrance to the vast cavern was most impressive. A huge cliff, a hundred feet high, loomed above them, from the top of which grew towering elms, beeches, and hemlocks. A herd of six deer driven by untamed, half wild dogs, the "modern Pennsylvania Wolves," plunged over this precipice last summer and only two survived the fall into the dismal abyss below. Just inside the spacious doorway the beautiful Despina held aloft her pine torch revealing the outlines of "the Veiled Lady." "There she sits!" she exclaimed in tones of mingled awe and reverence. There she was, true enough, a beautiful female turned to stone, her face covered with a veil, now of stalactite formation, her long dark petrified hair hanging to her heels. And as they stood, subdued by the awful picture of arrested mortality, the grandeur of the place and made silent by the roar of Grenoble's Run as it dashes from the gorge to lose itself in the vast mysterious labyrinth. Within could be heard groans long drawn out, dismal, heart-rending. Those are the cries of the dead Indian lover, "Chief Strongheart," said Despina, with solemnity.

Then the party roped themselves together and passed down the slippery course of the torrent into the bowels of the earth. On and on they went, overcome by the weird, mysterious beauty of the winding passageway until at length, half mile underneath Brush Valley, they arrived at the calm waters of the hidden lake. "There's where her lover, the great warrior, sank sick unto death with poison. It is his expiring spirit's voice even now re-echoing throughout this cavern, even after all these years." Teacher and pupils stood silent gazing into the limpid depths of the lake, then they turned and worked their way back to the mouth of the cavern, passed where the "the Veiled Lady" sits in frozen majesty into the half light of the hemlock glade. Once out into the warmth of the glen the young Poet-school-master asked the lovely dark girl to tell him the whole story of "the Veiled Lady" and her gallant lover.

"I fear I cannot do justice to the tale," the lovely girl replied with becoming modesty. "If you will remain for supper, I'll get grandmother Grenoble to tell it to you as her bed time story, as she sits in her chair by the fire."

Needless to say the eager young poet accepted the proffered invitation for supper. After the meal the young folks gathered about the venerable lady of ninety summers, a relic of pioneer days, a grand old Huguenot dame who still retained traces of once matchless beauty in the uncanny regularity of her chiseled features. In frilled lace cap she sat, by the roaring fire smoking her brown porcelain mother's pipe. "Surely I will tell you children," she replied with her delightful French accent, as she handed her pipe to her favorite granddaughter, the lovely Despina. "It was during the Revolution," she began, "that many Scotch-Irish families penetrated into these valleys, and for military services became owners of vast tracts of land. These Scotch-Irish were not of the common people but belonged to the aristocracy created by the battle of the Boyne; they held themselves miles above the other

pioneers, the Dutch, the Huguenots, the Waldensians, the Greeks, or the Native Indian.

We Dutch and Huguenots got along well with the Redskins, and some of our girls married particularly handsome braves, but our boys more frequently became the husbands of lovely, shrinking aboriginal maids. It was from these unions that came the wonderful dark eyes of the Pennsylvania people as well as from our Latin ancestors. Proudest of all these quality people in Brush Valley were the McCochrans. Old Michel Q. McCochran was descended from Fin McCool, the hero of Scotland, and it was his boast that there had not been a lowly marriage on either side of the family for twenty generations. The apple of the old aristocrat's eye was his seventeen year old daughter Patricia. "The Lady Patricia" we all called her as she rode on her snow-white pony accompanied by two German serving men erect and rigid as Hessians astride their giant Costeoga chargers. She never deigned to speak to people outside her own caste; she really believed that herself and people would have a special Paradise when they died. I've heard many old women mutter in Dutch as she flew by in a cloud of dust. She had a right, too, to be called the Lady Patricia as the McCochrans were related to many of the British nobility. In order that the titles to the old General's lands should be secure, John Morton, that heroic Swede who was the first to put his name on the immortal Declaration of Independence in 1776, arrived one day at Fermoy Hall, as the McCochran's massive stone fortress-like home was called, accompanied by an embassy of Indian Chiefs. These Redskins were to sign off their rights to the lands in Brush Valley taken up by the General, which would give him a far clearer title than any one else had in the Valleys. It was done as a favor by General Washington, in recognition of General McCochran's unparalleled bravery at the battle of Princeton, where single handed he captured a Hessian battery.

Everybody in Brush Valley was out to see the troop of well-mounted dragoons, followed by the Indians on their spotted ponies, and John Morton in a huge coach and four, go up the lane, to "Fermoy Hall" at the base of Brush Mountain. The beautiful Lady Patricia was coy about coming down stairs to mingle with a Swede and a bunch of wild Indians, but after some persuasion she elected to do so out of idle curiosity, but far different was the result.

In the embassy was a handsome young Seneca warrior, known as "Strongheart." Big, stalwart, dark and persuasive, his roving black eyes lit on the blue eyes of the fair Patricia, and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides.

The love making was brief and impassioned. The old General was furious when he heard of it and intimidated the Swede to finish his business and depart with his band of uncouth savages. The coming of the Indians aroused different feelings among the people of the Valleys. Old Jacob Royer, Huguenot scalp-hunter for example. He hated the Indians from the days of 1775 when they swarmed across the Blaken Barri-chien (Blue Mountains) on the borders of Berks County and killed and scalped all of his family, except himself, during the French and Indian war. He vowed death to every "In-cha" that crossed his path and to many this meant a short cut to the happy hunting grounds. When he saw the gaudy troop of braves enroute to "Fermoy Hall" he went to his huge chest, unlocked it, and took out a box filled full of catpaws, or "crowsfeet." These barbed murderous weapons have a point any way they are placed; these ends he carefully poisoned and strewn them on the path adjacent to his improvement. When the Lady Patricia, tears brimming from her big blue eyes, confessed her father's hostility to her Indian lover, "Strongheart," suggested an elopement to his lodge in Canada to which the lovelorn beauty immediately assented. He would meet her that night just inside the cavern at the end of Grenoble's run, which was a quarter of a mile below the log cabin and clearing occupied by the old Indian fighter, Jacob Royer, at the foot of Nittany mountain. Going to her room the pampered beauty penned a cruel epistle to her devoted and blue-blooded parent. It ran:

"Dear Father and Mother: You will never see me again when this letter falls into your hands. I have left with the man of my choice, a hero under whose dark skin is as fine blood as any of your century. He is my ideal, my Fin McCool, noble, fearless, chief Strongheart. Farewell. May you soon forget me, for I will never forgive the affront you placed on the man I love. I never want to see either of you again. Your no longer loving, Patricia."

Heavily veiled and cloaked to the heels, in case any one was met with on the way, the love sick aristocrat departed on foot along a woodland path to the entrance to the cave, accompanied only by two German serving-men, where "Strongheart" would meet her with his fleet ponies, and they would depart for the country of the northern lights. When she reached the yawning mouth of the cavern she handed the note to one of the maids to deliver to her parents the next morning by which time she expected to be well on the Boon road, the Indian short cut through North-western Pennsylvania to the Canadian border. There was no one at the cave when she arrived, so dismissing her hand-maidens she sat down regally on a ledge of rock just within the entrance and awaited "Strongheart's" coming. It was bitter cold, and wolves and panthers were giving vent to cries of hunger along the base of the mountain. "Strongheart" seemed a long time coming. Oh, but if she only knew. Just as dusk the handsome enamored brave tied his ponies to a giant white oak, known as the "Strongheart oak," near the lane which leads to the schoolhouse (now a main driveway from the Brush Valley road to the cave) intending to

finish the journey down the gorge to the cave on foot as it was too slippery to ride on horseback. Alas! he had to cross one of the old Indian paths where Jacob Royer had cunningly strewn his poisoned catpaws in the snow. The soft moccasined foot stepped on one barbed point. "Strongheart" uttered a groan of agony, he stepped out with the other foot, and it, too, was cruelly impaled. He groaned again for the pain suddenly shot up through his legs to his heart; he was poisoned and he knew it. By walking on his hands and knees like a wild beast he worked his way down to the entrance to the cave intending to try to keep alive until the rain and expire in his arms. It was early in the month of March, and the raging torrent of Grenoble's run surged down the glen into the cavern's mouth. Just as he reached the cave entrance he lost his balance, reached out wildly but could not get a hold, rolled over on the icy rocks into the stream, and was carried away down the roaring water causeway. Just as he was swept into the bottomless depths of the hidden lake, he uttered a cry of despair and baffled hopes and disappeared forever. The lady Patricia McCochran, who had never been kept waiting a minute and would beat her maids with padlocks and tie them up by the thumbs for hours at a time for half a second's tardiness, could not understand "Strongheart's" strange behavior. She was angry enough to have deserted him instantly, but her pride was such that she could not go home, disgraced and humiliated by a red savage after the nasty letter she had sent her parents which might be delivered to them before she could find her way back to the "Hall." She waited, getting hotter inside while the temperature of the night kept getting colder. A terrible biting wind blew out of the land of the northern lights covering her filmy veiled disguises with powdered snow. The night seemed to become colder than the frigid regions about Hudson Bay. She was too angry and too cold to move; at length her mind grew numb, she ceased to care, her hard heart had become stone. She now belonged to the ages, frozen stiff at the mouth of the cavern which has ever since borne her name.

Patricia's absence was discovered late that night by the irate General. Clubbed into confession the maids described where they had left their mistress and there the old veteran hurried post haste. Abandoning his horse at the top of the icy glen he stepped right on one of Jacob Royer's catpaws as the Indian had done and gave out a shriek of pain. His henchmen hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him down the slope in the shadow of the giant hemlocks, where he saw his daughter seated at the entrance of the cavern turned to icy stone. All the while his foot throbbed with intense agony and the grim old military hero threw up his hands in horror and gave up the ghost; dying in the same manner, unknowingly, as the cause of all his troubles, Indian "Strongheart."

As lady Patricia could not be pried loose from her pedestal, she was left where she was, gibbeted by unfriendly nature, but the corpse of the old General Michael Quigley McCochran, like a poisoned wolf, was carried back to "Fermoy Hall" where Rev. James Martin, the pioneer minister of the Valleys preached one of his most beautiful eulogies over the remains. He was Central Pennsylvania's saint, the old covenant avenger in his sermon.

There was a pause when Grandmother Grenoble finished her impressive narrative of the Veiled Lady's Cavern. "Listen," she said, "don't you hear that dreadful sound coming from the depths of the cave; we often hear it on quiet nights like this. It is the soul of Chief 'Strongheart,' down in the hidden lake."

The darkly beautiful Despina Duck handed the little porcelain pipe, which she had carefully lighted to the grandmother who took a few puffs of the fragrant tobacco then smiled benignly upon her listeners. "I guess I must be going now," as he stroked his superb black beard, said the young Poet and his tall slim form rose from his chair.

Thank you, Grandmother," he said, "I really think that this is enchanted ground, these wonderful environs of the 'Veiled Lady Cavern.'"

## SMALL CHECKS LEGAL.

It is not unlawful to write a check for less than one dollar. The belief that it is, says "The Pathfinder," arose from a misinterpretation of Section 178 of the Federal Criminal Code. This section, which was approved March 4, 1909, reads as follows: "No person shall make, issue, circulate, or pay out any note, check, memorandum, token, or other obligation for a less sum than one dollar, intended to circulate as money or be received or used in lieu of lawful money of the United States; and every person so offending shall be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both."

A bank check is not intended to circulate as money or to be received or used in lieu of lawful money. It is merely an order to pay money. The Department of Justice says:

The statute is aimed against such checks, as are "intended to circulate as lawful money or to be received or used in lieu of lawful money of the United States" and does not apply to individual bank checks, and it has always been the view of the department that the statute does not apply to such a check."

## U. B. Ministers Forbidden Tobacco.

Use of tobacco in any form by United Brethren ministers will result in the revocation of their licenses, under a resolution adopted at the quadrennial general conference of the church here. Smoking, chewing and use of snuff were specifically prohibited.

## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM 1929 AT PENN STATE.

More than 600 students will be graduated and approximately 60 graduate students will receive advanced degrees at the commencement exercises of the Pennsylvania State College on June 18, it is announced by W. S. Hoffman, the college registrar. John A. H. Keith, superintendent of public instruction, Harrisburg, will be the commencement speaker. The baccalaureate sermon to seniors will be given by the Rev. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Many alumni are expected to return for the commencement celebration which will be held from June 14 to 18. A feature of the commencement program will be the class reunions on June 16 and 17. Classes that will hold reunions are 1879, 1889, 1894, 1899, 1904, 1909, 1914, 1919, and 1924. There are three living members of the class of 1879 and the commencement committee is planning for the return of all three. They are Dr. T. C. Houtz, of Susquehanna college, Selkirk, Pa.; Rev. W. K. Foster, of Penney Farms, Florida; and F. B. Greenawald, of Erie.

## FRIDAY, JUNE 14

9:30 p. m.—Fraternity Dances.  
SATURDAY, JUNE 15.  
1:00 p. m.—Alumni Luncheon—University Club.  
1:00 p. m.—Gold Tournament—College Course.  
2:00 p. m.—Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees—President's Office.  
2:00 p. m.—Election of Trustees: Delegates in Old Gym; Alumni in Room 180 Main Building.  
2:30 p. m.—Lacrosse—Onondaga Indians vs. Penn State—New Beaver Field.  
7:00 p. m.—"Pinafore" by the Penn State Thespians and Combined Glee Clubs—Auditorium.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 16

(Baccalaureate Sunday)  
10:30 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon by the Reverend Edward Alfred Steiner, B. D., Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa—Auditorium.  
3:30 p. m.—Band Concert, College Military Band—Front Campus.  
6:30 p. m.—Vesper Service conducted under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.—Front of Old Main.  
8:00 p. m.—Recital by Advanced Students of the Department of Music—Auditorium.

## ALL DAY—CLASS REUNIONS.

## MONDAY, JUNE 17

(Alumni Day)  
ALL DAY—CLASS REUNIONS.

9:00 a. m.—Senior Class Day Exercises—Auditorium.  
9:45 a. m.—Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association—Old Chapel.  
12:30 p. m.—Campus Luncheon for Alumni, Faculty, Graduates and Visitors—Big Tent.  
1:30 p. m.—Parade of Classes—to New Beaver Field: Class Stunts.  
2:30 p. m.—Alumni Baseball—New Beaver Field.  
4:30 p. m.—School Receptions to Alumni and Parents.  
6:00 p. m.—Alumni Dinner, Seniors and Guests included—McAllister Hall.  
7:45 p. m.—"The Queen's Husband" by the Penn State Players—Auditorium.  
10:00 p. m. to 10:45 p. m.—Commencement Reception for Alumni, Faculty, Seniors, Juniors, Candidates for Advanced Degrees and Guests—Recreation Hall.

## TUESDAY, JUNE 18

(Commencement Day)  
9:15 a. m.—Commencement Procession.

Forms in front of College Library and marches to Recreation Hall led by College Band.

10:00 a. m.—Commencement Exercises. Address by The Honorable John A. H. Keith, P. D., Superintendent of Public Instruction, Harrisburg. Admission by Card—Recreation Hall.

1:00 p. m.—Senate Luncheon to Trustees and Speaker of the Day—Centre Hills Country Club.

The Graduate School at Penn State has grown from a group of 177 in 1922, when it was organized, to 348 in 1928. The number of new students admitted last year was 179 while those admitted this year, to March 1, numbered 200. The students came from 71 different institutions, and they majored in 35 different subjects. Forty-nine advanced degrees were conferred by the school.

## CONCERNING PENNIES.

That Americans are careless of their small change is evidenced by the fact that of the 300,000,000 pennies annually sent out from the Philadelphia mint a large percentage are never accounted for afterward.

It is thought that a very small percentage of pennies lost in the streets are ever found, since they lack luster and fail to catch the eye as does a silver coin. The chances are that they are swept up with rubbish and so far the most part are lost as coins.

When the Lincoln pennies were first placed in circulation thousands were used as souvenirs, never again to find their way in general circulation. Hundreds of gold-plated and silvered to be used as cuff links and stick pins.

County fairs and shows of various kinds mutilate thousands of pennies every year. At the fairs one may see a machine that will flatten a cent and at the same time emboss a souvenir view of the event.

Hundreds of thousands of pennies are carried out of the United States by tourists, who leave them abroad. Some years ago 100,000 of them were shipped to Cuban bankers and placed in circulation among the laboring classes in Cuba. The American copper runs a close second to the pin, of which millions are lost every year.

Past tense—didn't study.

Present tense—don't know.

Future tense—you're flunked.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### Daily Thought.

What do I care if the skies are gray  
And it rains for a month or two?  
I can laugh and sing as I work or play;  
For the sky of my soul is blue!  
Oh, the sun may hide, or the sun may shine,  
But never a whit care I!  
For 'tis always June in this heart of mine,  
And will be till I die.

Summer underthings this season have taken on a new chic, and with it an added sleekness of line, and they do give one the latest of graceful curving figures. The new garment that takes the place of almost everything necessary for use under the summer frock is a combination chemise, bloomer, bandeau and everything. The top is a bandeau. It is cut in the new form-fitting way, and to make it snug there is a section of elastic in the back to give it a firm support. The rest of the garment extends bloomer fashion with the legs finished with neat, comfortable cuffs. It's nice to step into, it fits well and it is made of that particularly soft and lovely rayon that tubs so easily and requires no ironing. A recommendation for the traveler.

Beige and black, while not strikingly new, is still an excellent color marriage, and according to Paris will be good for some time to come. The past season has witnessed an avalanche of sports and semi-formal ensembles which employ this color scheme in the same manner—coat of beige trimmed or lined in black, dress all in black.

Now there is a tendency to use black not as a foundation color, but merely for accent. Dresses worn with beige coats are invariably in shades of tan, with perhaps a touch or two of black. The coats carry black encrustations or black fur.

Spring and a Summer heat wave have filled the shop windows with flowers and the open air cafes with the prettiest girls in Paris. The result has been concentration by the grandes couriers on Summer frocks.

Printed chiffons are still the vogue and these along with the flimsiest of crepe de chimes furnish infinite variations in design and color. It is only coats that are being standardized.

Backbones will be jeweled this spring and summer, according to the latest dictum from Le Touquet and Biarritz where smart Casino-goers are wearing pendants and diamond or paste buckles at the back of the frock instead of down the front.

A stucco house requires vigorous cleaning. For stains, which sometimes are found below the windows, diluted sulphuric acid can be applied. The stucco must first be scrubbed well and then rinsed thoroughly.

To clean a stucco strong flow of water through a hose with the nozzle set to throw a small stream will be found effective. Begin at the top of the wall under the roof and work down. Naturally the closer you can get to the stucco surface the more satisfactory will be the result.

A linoleum floor covering that has seen hard service for a period of years need not be eye-ore even though the pattern is fading out or becoming dingy. It can be completely covered over with two coats of paint and made as fresh and bright as it ever was.

Do not wash the berries until ready to use them. Put them in a well-ventilated container such as a wire sieve with the handle removed or in the original wooden box if clean and dry. But remember not to crowd the berries, for they will resist mold longer if the air can circulate freely around them.

Spiced cherries, preserved with vinegar, make a good relish. Here are directions for making them given by the bureau of home economics.

Wash and pit large sour, red cherries. To the desired amount of cherries add three-fourths of their weight or measure of sugar. Sprinkle the sugar over the fruit in layers and let them stand overnight. In the morning stir until the sugar is dissolved and then press the juice well from the cherries. Tie a small quantity of whole-spices in a loose cheesecloth bag, drop this into the juice, and boil it down until it is three-fourths of the original quantity. While the syrup is hot pour it over the drained cherries, and add 2 tablespoonful vinegar to each pint. Seal and let stand about two weeks to become well blended before using.

**Spiced Ham Outlets.**—Cut small slices of cooked ham about a half-inch thick and allow one to each person to be served. Rub a small amount of mixed mustard into each slice on both sides, rub in a small amount of Worcestershire sauce and a bit of ground clove. Dip the slices of ham thus treated in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs and saute in butter or drippings until a light brown. Place on a heated platter and garnish with bits of parsley. If desired the outlets may be surrounded with tomato sauce. Serve at once.

**Soft Molasses Cake.**—1 cupful molasses, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful each of soda, ginger and cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful hot water, ½ cupful of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls melted lard, 2 cupfuls flour. Mix egg, sugar, lard and molasses through the flour into which the spices and salt have been sifted. Lastly, add the hot water with soda dissolved in it. Pour into three well-greased, shallow pans. Bake in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Grated carrots are pretty and good to eat in the vegetable salad.

Boiled onions are good covered with a white sauce, buttered crumbs and then baked.

A few sour pickles chopped and added to sardine paste for sandwiches make a delightful filling.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

## FARM NOTES.

—If you are observing, you have noticed that the cows milk better on a sunny day in any but the excessively hot months.

—Let us take the very best possible care of our barnyard manure for no matter how one may figure, it is too valuable to allow a large percentage of it to go to waste.

—Every garden should have an herb border. Plant sage for the beauty of its foliage as well as for its flavor. It is an excellent gray-haired plant for the flower garden.

—The old farm with old methods was once good enough, but today the same farm must combine with new methods to meet competition. This means up-to-date farm machinery.

—Be sure your farm ladder is safe and long enough to reach the roof of your house and barn. Keep it where it will not get warped or twisted, and paint it every two or three years.

—Rape is one of the good pasture crops of the farm. For years it has been known that our experiment stations have given it a value for hogs, almost equal to that of an acre of corn or an acre of alfalfa. They depend on an acre of good rape to make at least 700 pounds of pork.

—Much of the alfalfa hay produced is of low quality due to a large percentage of the leaves being lost. Most of the leaves may be saved if the hay is raked into small windrows as soon as possible after the leaves have wilted and the curing completed in the windrows rather than in the swath.

—Increase in muscle and nerve tissue and the total weight of growing chicks, is largely due to the protein content of the feed ration, said Prof. G. F. Heuser, at the Cornell university at Ithaca, N. Y.

Chicks grow rapidly in the beginning. During the first month they have the fastest growth, and after the second month the rate of growth begins to decrease until the time of maturity. Since protein is needed for growth larger amounts should be fed at first, and less as the chicks grow older.

According to Professor Heuser, the experiments at Cornell show that certain amounts of protein are best for chicks at different ages and that feeding more than these amounts will not give greater growth, but that feeding less than these amounts is apt to result in decreased growth.

These experiments show that the best amount of protein in the feed for chicks from one to six weeks old is 20 per cent.; for chicks of from 6 to 12 weeks, 17 per cent.; and for those from 12 to 20 weeks old, 14.0 per cent.

Large amounts of protein feed will not hasten maturity, but enough should be fed so that the best possible growth can be attained at the time of maturity and this will mean larger eggs and better production.

—The practice of raising hogs on clean ground and with clean equipment probably has done more to make hog raising profitable for farmers who used it than any other production method. One farmer found that he could produce 100 pounds of pork on 6 bushels of corn and 20 pounds of tankage by raising his pigs on clean ground. His neighbors who had unthrifty pigs found that it required 10 bushels of corn and 30 pounds of tankage in the production of the same weight of pork under the old fashioned system of management.

Thorough cleaning of pens and equipment in the farrowing house, the first step in the McLean county system, can best be done when the equipment is modern, preferably of steel. Scrubbing with plenty of lye water, and an application of good disinfectant afterward lessens the danger of the young pigs picking up ground worm eggs and disease germs.

Remodeling can best be done in the summer. Pens can be patched up or rebuilt damp floors can be planed to make them warmer and dryer and ventilation systems can be installed in houses which are frosty and unhealthy in winter and in which hogs are subject to "flu" and other respiratory diseases. In some cases it may be necessary to line frame houses inside the studding and rafters with boards or insulating material so that the house can be kept warm and the temperature uniform.

Litter carriers and feed carts save many steps in large hog houses and can be installed with little trouble. Running water piped into the hog house also is a great convenience at a time and labor saver.

After the growing litters are transferred to pasture and housed in individual sheds much of the work of caring for them can be eliminated by the use of self-feeders and automatic waterers.

Government statistics show that 5 per cent of the pigs farrowed in the country are born during March, April and May. It takes the average farmer 8 or 9 months to prepare his hog for market. The big run of hogs gets on the market about the middle of September and the prices decline from then until the middle of December. The price of hogs on the Chicago market last September 17th was \$13.65 per hundred pounds and on December 15th the price was \$8.45.

In Keystone Ton Litter Club work last year all litters weighed up to October 10 averaged 13 cents a pound and the average profit on these was \$14.62 per litter. From October 1 to December 31 the litters weighed averaged 9½ cents a pound and the average profit was \$64.70. Those farmers who had their hogs read for market early made therefore \$49.92 per litter more than those who marketed later.

The farmer who uses ton litter methods, whether he has one pig or hundred, is the man who will make money in 1929, he declares.