Bellefonte, Pa., June 28, 1929.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout, And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peal rings out;

The mountains farms of stanch Vermont prolong the thundering call, And Massachusetts answers "Bunker Hill' -a watchword for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her sea wet locks, acclaiming with the free, And staid Connecticut breaks forth in

joyous harmony; The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,

Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore. Still on the booming volley rolls, o'er plains and flowery glades,

To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades: There, borne from many a mighty stream

upon her mightier tide, Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide,

'And wood crowned Allegheny's call, from all her summits high, Reverberates among the rocks that pierce

the sunset sky, While on the shores and through the swales, round the vast inland seas, The stars and stripes midst freemen's

songs are flashing to the breeze. The woodsman from the mother takes his boy upon his knee

And tells him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty. The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside

To think upon his country's worth and feel his country's pride.

While many a foreign accent which our God can understand Is blessing him for home and bread this free, fertile land.

Yes; when upon the eastern coast The day of independence rolls still onward to the west.

Till dies on the Pactic shore the shout of jubliee along the Atlantic sea.

O God, look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell.

and streams flow through the vale May they forget their fathers' faith or in their covenant fail;

Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun-"Our country, our whole country, and

our country ever one." -George W. Bethune.

THE CAVERN OF THE CRABS.

had seen the other before. But from but the periscope, which cut the is nothing so fantastically beautiful no octopus appeared. In the inter-this point the conversation moved on waves like the swish of a shark's fin. as the crypts of the ocean. In um, the bright greenlight slowly deas if from a long-standing intimacy. "I don't know what to do with myself either," complained Woodrome.

and I don't want to stick around Guantanamo on the Fourth of July." Maish, whose round face was molded in curved surfaces of cynical amusement, gave a little start.

ious Fourth! Say, it came a little graphed a tiger in the jungles. early this year, didn't it?" 'That's owing to a fellow's patriot-

ism," smilingly said Woodrome. boy.' I never think of my country me the time and I potted." and my country never thinks of me except to collect taxes." Then he added gravely: "She's got a good memory; I'll say that much for her." "I've seen folks who didn't feel that

way," observed Woodrome. "There are rafts of queer folks in

"I was thinking of some American refugees who got back from Europe out. For some reason they seemed

then continued carping: "Well, why because I can use the camera there —it's mine." He wiggled a thumb filled with a blue gloom, while a water is rising all the time, at the black box by his chair. Our thousand reflected lights danced on The two men jumped into er than Woodrome had fancied.

cans, and I fancy-'

you-my being an American." "Why, it doesn't-not a centavo!" he snapped his pudgy fingers. "But this." you talk my language. Come on, I'll

This last really appealed to the

I suppose I can stow it." Menelaus Maish, with the Babson Picture Post Card Company of Buf-

with an equal eye. I was born in something with a thousand claws. America, but I am an eagle!" The waving in the air. little fat man made an extraordinary

"Eagle," repeated Woodrome, a little amazed at this outbreak, "even an eagle has a home." "You take my figure too literally," Maish replied, frowning. "Let's hus-

tle!' "Where are we going?" I think a flashlight picture will make a catchy card."

The tall youth nodded. "I'm Jim Woodrome, a—er—ah"—he tried to think of something well sounding to add to equal the photographer's peroration, but came out with a lame,

gunner on the U. S. S. Petrel." The little man nodded condescendingly, as though he didn't think much of gunners, and they moved through the narrow Spanish street among bright-colored abodes in charblue harbor, with its lighters, ship- "Look!" he cried, as the crusta-ping, and clumsy green passenger ceans scattered. "Those things were dories. Maish hailed one of these. swarming over bones! Ugh!"

"What's your name?" he demanded of the haif-naked brown oarsman. "Dom Pedro Porforio Talamantes. Senior.'

"Bueno !" cried Maish. "A Dom three. man of title. Pedro, I want to go to the Cavern of the Crabs."

"Ah, Caverna del Cangrejo! eyes. Have you ever been in Caverna del Cangrejo, senor?"

dro."

(it is dangerous). afraid."

Warn, senor!" cried the Boatman, in | At that moment a huge black, tune smiles on brave men!" He struck gone, with a soft zipping sound. his breast to accent his bravery. dropping his grandeur.

"Nothing, senors, nothing—a trifle That woke the morning with its voice apiece—a souvenir, that is all—a lit- ness and managed to flash it on a tle souvenir of our adventure!"

Maish threw up his hands and ran Woodrome, let us fly! This man is about the mangoes of an evening." not a boatman—he is a pirate!" last the fare was reduced to two dol-

party set out. locked harbors, and among these their boat. Guantanamo has been selected by When th

ing station. The two Americans ran across each unending monologue. The scene they approached the water's edge, "We other at Cafe D'Oro, a dirty little about the adventures was inspiring. they discovered the reason. The sailor. place that sadly belies its fine name. Cruisers, battleships, gunboats, all pool seemed filled with green fire, and in the center of the plaza outside a tall palm dominated the square a tall palm dominated the square like the gnomon of a huge sundial. Every vessel fluttered flags in honor tom looked like a beautiful aquable to the reason. The samor.

Samor.

Gelt after a cartridge and reloaded the light.

"O, no, no, no indeed—no, n-not brilliant white, lay at anchor along everything in its depths could be seen me." Maish shook his head feebly in the green light. "I nearly tumble light. "I nearly tumble light. The green light. The green light. The green light. The green light in the green light. The green light in the green light. The light are cartridge and reloaded to he way in the tropical sunshine. With daylight distinctness. The both the way in the tropical sunshine. With daylight distinctness. The both in the green light.

At that moment Woodrome became bled in looking at 'em'," he confessed aware of a strange beating, purplishing turkeys in semi-confinement. At that moment the shadow of the of the day. From the gigantic Texas rium. There were the fleshy pads of in a wilted voice. high fronds fell on the table where a marine band was playing Native laver seawood, the flowerlike sea Both men still in ten minutes they would be in sun- launches enjoying the American mose anemone; starfish lay scatter- dreading to see the snaky entrance claim: shine and they would have to move. fiesta. The U-3, a submarine, moved ed about, tube worms, with their crim- of those awful arms. Maish, the photographer, who was down the line of ships with its bridge son flowers of flesh. In a cranny fat and red and round, mentioned just awash; presently it porpoised Woodrome observed the bright-red gan to speak, but his voice failed. this fact to his neighbor. Neither and left nothing above the surface lure of an angler fish. Indeed, there

"I'm not going back on shipboard, blood dancing through his veins. He dulated through the water. felt like singing "America" with the silver-voiced cornets. It was a brave ejaculated Maish. "I can photograph said. day. Then his attention was caught by a droning at his side. He glanced era. "Wonder what makes it that around and discovered Maish was way." Why, so it is! The glor- finishing the story of how he photo-

impressively, "that tiger would cer-Maish considered this a moment. tainly have snapped up me or one light! The water has risen above the "Well, as for me, I'm no 'rah-rah of my gun bearers, but that gave top of the archway!"

> 'Huh!" grunted the sailor in great at this discovery. surprise, almost regretting he had lost a tale with such a dramatic finish.

roads, rounded the lighthouse at the ragged natural archway that opened visible. boldly back into the mountain. The five or six feet high, although it was shouldn't they come back on her? As of great breadth and seemed to ex-der, dive out, then go home." American citizens they bought and tend beneath the water to a conpaid for her. I don't feel grateful siderable depth. As the little boat lieved, Simple as anything. Hop in gestion, both lads glanced below. passed inside, they found the place Woodrome and let's get busy. government is nothing but a partner- the roof of the cavern. Owing to and Pedro propelled them toward the ship. No sense making a big fuss this reflection, they could discern luminous underwater archway. over your partners every year." In only a few vague forms in the deep his warmth he gulped down the last pool beneath them. Then the sailor of his coffee before he meant to do caught a glimpse of a crab scuttling D'Oro to a close. He arose briskly seemed to protrude from some reand proved much shorter and round- cess in the rocks. But it was so cape was snuffed in a twinkling. dim it did not impress him. The shadowy shore.

"Shouldn't have thought that! "Here we are!" cried Maish, busttubular flashlight. "I don't see anything especially dangerous about

"We shall see what we shall see,"

show you something new, diverting, said Pedro in Spanish. The little party set out briskly up a very slight incline that was coversailor, who arose and joined the uned with slime. The fiashlight mark-patriotic little man. "I hope you ed a way over the slippery rocks." don't mind my carrying along this All around the explorers sounded flag," he said, exhibiting a bit of the large murmur of the sea, for the silk bunting under his coat. "I had archway caught the noise like a sponded the sailor in the same tone. Before the blade reached the jetty a mind to run it up somewhere, but listening ear. The two Americans "Is—is it d-dangerous?" went ahead, with Pedro bringing up "Sure, bring it along. I have nothing against it. My name's Alexander extra dry plates. Presently, as their gloomily. Then he glanced at Pedro, the tentacles coiled about it. path turned, there came a sudden startling clattering out of the darkfalo, N. Y. I am not an American ness ahead. All three paused. Maish ro?" -I am a cosmopolitan, sir. I am searched about him with his light,

an eagle, soaring high in the ether, when the beam fell on a moving sir, looking down upon all countries mass. A closer inspection showed down.

suddenly comprehended.

your crabs, senor-It is not a mon-

Sure enough, there were hundreds with its horrible eyes. of crabs of all sizes and kinds. "To the Cavern of the Crabs, sir. crabs, hermit crabs, broad pincer-

pincers in the light excitedly, with a miserably. great clattering, as they darted this

way and that. Maish brought his camera in position and made his flashlight ready fered Pedro. for a picture. This photographic flashlight used a sort of cartridge When everything was ready, Maish pulled the trigger. There came a loud report and a brilliant white il-

swarming over bones! Ugh!"

is a f-face, senors."
"A skull!" echoed Maish, staring. A clammy feeling crept over all "Poor fellow-and those crabs!"

"Why, it is a monkey's skull!" de-The West Indian opened his jetty clared Woodrome, who had taken the to the invisible water electric light and moved closer to it. "A monkey in here—how in the world glided Pedro's dark body, zoned with the end of one of the tentacles. This

"You know, senor, el es peligroso" cher for such a joyous creature of made an angling plunge. sunshine as a monkey. The little "I will get a boatman who is not white skull seemed to defy its fate, for it grinned persistently into the "No! No! I am not afraid." glare of the picket light.

Spanish. "I am as fearless as a lion, shapeless something flickered besenor! My rashness will finally de- tween the electric bolb and the lit-stroy me! Enter, gentlemen. For- tie skull; the next second it was Pedro cleared his throat. "Every-

senors. the honor is all I ask to share Woodrome's ear. The sailor switchyour perils, and, say, five pesos ed the light about through the dark-

Beyond that, there was little else So they chaffed in grandiese to see in the great cavern. They halted, flung backward. There was fashion for several minutes until at wandered about for some time over a flash of its whitish underbody, of bank Focks, looking at stalactite its pale tentacles armed with hideous about his bare neck.

lars and a half for the two, and the formations and occasionally starting a shell fish from some hole, but the The Southern coast of Cuba is cavern of the crabs contained nothing blessed with many beautiful, land- else of note, so they started back for When the boys came in sight of

the United States as a waval train- the water again, the first thing Wood- ized breath. Woodrome was surprisrome observed was an extraordi-As the little green boat bobbbed nary change in the color of the light. The splendid sunlit scene, the bold through the green fire drifted bright-creased. Again the frightened anientered a vast black form. It might Where the infestation is so severe swing of the music, the long strings ly painted tropical minnows; then mals in the natural aquarium came have been a shark but it was larger. that hand methods are impracticable

> "Why, it is as clear as glass!" that." He was busy with his cam-

"Because there is no reflected light from the surface to blur the view." 'And if it hadn't been for that Woodrome considered this a moment flashlight," concluded the little man, longer, then suddenly exclaimed: "Say, no wonder there is no reflected The two young men stood staring

"How are we going to get out?"

"Dive, I suppose," suggested the form an air chamber?" sailor; "but we'll have a hard time Some hours later the little green getting a landing on the face of the passenger boat had crept out of the cliff—with the tide coming in." A moment later, Pedro, in the lit-

mouth of the channel, and crawled tle passenger boat, approached the those crabs!" shivered Maish. past the precipitous sides of Monte men. It looked as if the craft were Benito. Between two great pilasters flying through the air, for the suron the Tennessee when the war broke of rock the little boat came to a face of the pool was absolutely in-

rateful for the lift." boldly back into the mountain. The "How're we going to get out, Ped-Maish was silent for a moment, archway itself was not more than ro?" repeated Maish, troubled. "Sink the boat, senor, push it in-

"Sire, sure," cried Maish, much re-

The two men jumped into the boat But as the boys floated out for the

proposed dive a phenomenon occurred in the green liquor light beneath so; this brought his stay at the Cafe backward from a dim arm that the boat so sinister and so full of The cephalopod began floating slowperil that their simple plan of es-

A huge umbrella-shaped thing "Come with me if you are out of boat passed on, and some fifty yards floated out of some crevice below and ly smothered, wouldn't you?" entertainment. We are both Ameri- further its keel grated against a drifted up toward them. It was an umbrella without a handle, and its ribs were large and fleshy, and wavwould have made any difference to ling into his kit and drawing out a ed to and fro in the green water. It . Maish obeyed with alacrity. moved directly under them, and in heart the little fellow was of the the center of the thing the boat's oc- sort who depended upon anyone who cupants could see two round, large, jet-black unwinking eyes that stared steadily at them.

> stared down into the green fire in a stricken silence. "Huh—huh—what is that?" whis- book on tactics says no!"

pered Maish. "Biggest devilfish I ever saw," re-

"That's what dragged that monkey a great arm flashed up, the oar here," responded Woodrome, wrenched in Woodrome's hands as who continued pulling off his clothes. sailor bent a powerful back, jerking "You are not going to dive, Ped-

"I must get out, senor."

Immediately beneath the boat the polyp had spread out its long arms grean. All three explorers drew back until now it looked like a great flashy with a touch of horror, then Pedro floating star twenty or twenty-five in on this side! Ugh!" feet in diameter. Not another living "Crabs!" he cried. "Here are thing was in the pool. Every fish, our crabs, senor—It is not a mon-crab, and eel had fled for their lives. The thing looked steadily at the boat

There were velvet crabs, soldier Indian. "The water fills this cave." sides. Maish could hardly speak. "Tell crabs; and the medley waved their somebody we are in here," he said,

> "If my mates knew," put in the sailor; "but what could they do?"

"I can tell them-if I get out," of-With a faint ray of hope, Woodrome drew out his flag. "If you do the leg furiously, threw up his oar to that flared up in a brilliant white get out, take this, hang it bottom strike, and the blade hit the roof and flame at the touch of the trigger, side up somewhere, Pedro, where lost its force. At that instant a they can see it. Don't forget, bot- fiery tom side up. That means trouble. If anyone comes, tell 'em we are in flashlight in his hand. He placed the Pedro took the silken flag, got out of his few clothes, and wound the

> "I will do that, senors-if I get out." He glanced down at the vast

waiting star of flesh. "Adios!" "Adios!" repeated the Americans. The Indian leaped head formost in-

Down through the green depths ave you ever been in Caverna del "A monkey in here—how in the world angrejo, senor?"

did a moneky ever come here?"

"No, but I am going in, Don PeThe three looked at it queerly.
This black cavern was an old sepulThis black cavern was an old

When the diver hit the water, the waiting monster was after him like a spider after a fly. The fleshy um-brella shot forward with shocking rapidity. As it rushed, it thrust for- the Petrel. ward a twelve-foot arm. The diver dodged downward, but another arm leaped out and forced him to swerve again. It was like a frog dodging a den of snakes. Always Pedro strove "And your price?" inquired Maish, one says this cave is dangerous for the archway; always the monster glided in his path with impish The noise was repeated close to precision and blocking tentacles. have been out of breath. The men once more. above held their nerves tense for the end. Pedro was deep in the pool. Indian sailed upward and over like arms. the lunge of a flying fish. The polyp sucking discs and tipped with sharp

were gone. Both spectators blew out an agoned to find his body bathed in sweat. "Reckon he's out?" mumbled

"Well never do 'that," said the

"D-do you suppose—" Maish be- now!" no octopus appeared. In the inter- might afford.

of brilliant flags set Woodrome's came a shapeless tunny; an eel un-slowly out of hiding. A little rain- It was larger even than a whale. It grow a cultivated crop for a few mok fish glided out of a rock.

Woodrome nodded.

"Will this-fill up?" The silence of the cave was absolute now. Maish picked up his electric light and switched it upward. The roof of the cavern was startling- Woodrome! Are you alive my man?" four gallons of water for each gal-Iv near. The sailor looked at its

dripping irregular stones. "It'll fill," he decided. "But the air in here," almost plead- tide ed the photographer, "won't that small hole above where the bats go

out." "This means I hate to think of "If I could just drown peaceably,"

whined the photographer. Woodrome said nothing. "Maybe you will," soothingly said side up?"

Woodrome, feeling sorry for the lit-tle man, "maybe you'll drown before it gets back and-This poor wish was suddenly choked in the sailor's throat. At the sug- on the Fourth of July.

was a vast dark eight- pointed star still the color of putty. on a ground of pale-green light. "It—it caught him," muttered Maish in a horrified whisper. "I-don't know."

The trapped men were lifted very gradually toward the overhead rocks. filling water tanks, and the U-3 bely upward toward the boat. Wood- | tory Record. rome drew a deep breath. "I'd rather go out in a fight than to be slow-Maish nodded without heart.

"How many flashlight cartridges have you got? Load up that trick!" would take control. He loaded the flashlight, handed it to Woodrome. The sailor then seized an oar, pass-Pedro stopped paddling. The trio ed the other to the photographer. "Let's attack," he rapped out brief-

ly. Nothing like attacking—every He thrust his iron-tipped oar down through the water at the monster. The

"But that thing!" he said, nodding monster gradually enveloped the blade and moved upward. Suddenly Maish gave a sort of chattering

"Look! Here's one-two-coming "Hit 'em! Smash 'em!" bawled Woodrome, making a sudden wrench that fortunately broke off his oar in "I must dive, senor," returned the tentacles that closed in from all

was a grisly fight. The blows seemed to mash right into the tentacles and leave them unhurt. It was impossible to bruise the jelly-like flesh. All at once Maish shrieked: "Got my leg! Wow! Burns! Stings! O' bearing leaves, will be put out. A he's got my leg!" He was kicking constant supply until frost is possilost its force. At that instant a fiery pain encircled Woodrome's right thigh. The sailor had the acle that tortured Maish and pulled the trigger. A brilliant flame flared about the slimy arm and then arose bunting around his waist and loins the smell of seorching flesh. The lit-Pancho began to tremble. "It—it for a breech clout. He knotted it the photographer was suddenly quickly. tering circle about Woodrome's own leg dropped off. The strange weapon of fire must have disconcerted the polyp. It ceased its immediate attack, dropped some ten feet below, and waited. Staring down, they could see a white blistered ring near

At that moment the top of Wooddrome's head touched something. It was the roof. The sailor reloaded the flashlight and laid out the cartridges in a row as if he were at his gun on

"You take my club," he directed, "and I'll break this oar," Maish asked, "Do-do you htink he

he's coming bank?"
"I know it." The sailor jabbed the whole oar at the sulking devilfish. The monster below must have felt anger, for it rushed savagely at the Pedro seemed to weary. He must blade. The loathsome battle was on

Now the two men scarcely had headroom for their blows, even with beating object for a few seconds. end. Pedro was deep in the pool. headroom for their blows, even with "Bats," he said, "those enormous Suddenly the monster lunged forward short dubs. In an instant they were backward, rattling his camera. "Ah, big fruit bats that we see dodging and downward. At that moment the encompassed with rearing, squirming They beat, hammered. Maish began shrieking again at a sting. A tentacle gripped Woodrome's ankle, a flash of its whitish underbody, of circled his body. Another whipped

> A thought passed through the spurs. Then into the green light of sailor's mind that now he must die the archway man and devilfish dis- in a few seconds, that it would be appeared in swift succession and best not to resist, but his soldier's instinct to fight to the last rose up. He felt blindly for the slimy tentacle. pressed the cup to it, pulled the trigger. There was a blinding flash a thundering report. Then into his straining lungs rushed the blessed air. The burnt polyp had once more retreated. Automatically the sailor

blue radiance that took the place of Both men still stared fixedly at the dim green illumination of the the men sipped their coffee, but with- Cubans moved about in sailboats and anemone, and the thick stalks of plu- the entrance, both watching for and water. Then he heard Maish ex- parts of the State. It is a pest prin-

Full five minutes passed thus and face whatever new terror the deep the plants off an inch or two below

"Water's getting higher," Maish face. Compared to this monster, the the land. octopus shriveled to a spider, and the sailor could see the polyp scuttling sweet peas is to supply plenty of for safety into its nook. The new water at all times. "Don't know—flash your light prodigy came slowly to the top of the grass clippings will help to conserve oft."

Its black back protruded moisture around the sweet peas. from the surface, there came a clanking of steel plates, then a crisp military voice called out: "Woodrome!

"Aye, aye, sir!" sang out the sailor. only got ten minutes more till flood

"Aye, aye, sir!" "Guess not. There must be some of the cavern, the refugees climbed aboard the submarine. An officer

waited them at the hatch. "If this hadn't been the smallest undersea boat in the navy, we would are cold and the weather stormy. never have been able to creep in Members of dairy herd improvement never have been able to creep in here," he observed, pleasantly. "You saw my flag, sir, bottom

trouble. It was risky, but I thought that keeping a constant supply of Uncle Sam would be willing to take fresh water before his cows in drinka chance to fish out two Americans

That There, spread hugely beneath them, the photographer, whose face was able he ever made.

"This day does put a sort of feeling over a chap, doesn't it?" "Sh-sh sure does," mumbled Maish. There came a clang of steel hatches closing above, then a hiss of gan to descend.-From the Reforma-

FOREST JOBS IN STATE FOR DISABLED VETERANS.

The State of Pennsylvania and the a project intended to solve at one grown out feet. This causes an time the problems of caring for its more than one million acres of pub- tinued will result in crooked feet and lic timber land and rehabilitating pasterns: World war veterans fighting tuberculosis. Two cabins have been built, the first of a number that are planned, at high altitudes in the forests, the leg or pastern to grow in a twistlive, and pass their time caring for feet, first get an outline of the colt

The three week's session of Bible school which has been held at foot unless there is some angle the High school building, under the which needs correction. auspices of the various churches of utes to trimming and straightening and heaving at the haft. Man and Bellefonte, will close this morning. the colt's feet will be time well octopus became engaged in a queer Close to two hundred children have spent, adding to his appearance and struggle over a piece of wood. The been in attendance daily.

FARM NOTES.

-Mange stunts pigs and prevents satisfactory gains. In severe cases they become unmarketable. Dip the pigs in a one to 40 dilution of lime-sulphur. Keep the quarters

-Poultrymen who use galvanized convenient club length. "Get busy!" sheet-iron drinking fountains should He began pounding at the squirming empty out the older water each morning and replace with fresh water. The same practice, of course, Maish likewise began to hammer. It is good with any type of fountain.

-New Zealand spinach is harvested as soon as the tips of the branches: may be cut back about two inches. After a few days new branches, ble with this treatment.

-Pastures will soon become short. Plan now for summer and fall feeding of all cows in milk by providing green feed, silage, or grain. More acteristic American rush. Ten min- lumination. During the flash, Wood- here—but what could a whole ship's powder cup across against the milk, more profit, and better physites brought them to the indigo- rome discovered a gruesome thing. company do?" he asked hopelessly. say Penn State dairy specialists.

-Fall and winter calves should not be turned off pasture until after they are 6 months of age. Digestive trouble will be avoided and calves will grow more satisfactorily if kept in clean dry stalls and given good legumes or cut hay, grain and fresh water in addition to the milk and calf meal ration.

-Soy beans drilled 30 inches apart yield slightly more than when planted 36 inches apart. When 30 inches apart they must be cultivated with a one-horse cultivator or beet cultivator. One and one-half to two tons of hay is a fair yield per acre. Soy bean hay is relished by cows and is of about the same value per ton as alfalfa hay. It is cut for hay when the pods are well formed. This sohuld be from 90 to 100 days after planting if conditions have been favorable.

Two requirements of a dairy barn wall must be met in order to provide warmth. The wall must be airtight to prevent drafts and it must be built of materials and after a plan which reduces heat loss by radiation to a minimum. Incidentally, when both these requirements for warmth are met the problem of successful and effective ventilation is greatly simplified. Walls constructed for warmth combined with an approved ventilation system eliminate

frost on walls. -Contrary to popular belief, succesful experiments indicate that the turkey can be profitably taken from the range to a smaller and more modern domain where it has a greaterchance of survival than when allowed to roam at will, says the Sears-

Roebuck Agriculturaul Foundation. Turkey eggs hatched in incubators, poults brooded artifically, reared on limited range in rotated lots, fed regularly from the second day to maturity, on a carefully planned diet and kept entirely separate from chickens. summarizes the new method of rais-

-Chicory is a weed found in many cipally in meadows. Where there are "Oh, look what's coming after us only a few plants they can be pulled by hand. Where they are numer-Woodrome collected his senses to ous use spud, mattock, or hoe to cut the crown and then put a handful of In through the deep archway there salt on the newly cut surfaces. entered and rose slowly to the sur- years or let sheep or goats graze on

> -One of the secrets of growing A mulch of

-Test at state experiment stations show that a dairy cow drinks about lon of milk she produces. This means "Come aboard then, quick. We've that a cow giving five gallons of ally got ten minutes more till flood milk a day must have approximate-

ly 20 gallons of water: Dairymen have observed that cows Pulling the boat along by the top compelled to drink at an unheated outdoor tank in cold weather do not take as much water as they need. They also consider outdoor exposure harmful to the cows when the winds associations aver the use of automatic drinking cups in their barns increases the production of their cows 9 or 10 'Yes, and the Negro told us of your per cent. A Minnesota dairyman says ing cups saved him an hour's labor a the Fourth of July.

day. He considers his investment in Woodrone turned and winked at drinking cups one of the most profit-

-A horse is no better than his

"Taking good care of the growing colt's feet, therefore, is a very important part of horsemanship, County Agent Ross. "Trimming the feet of the colt at the right times may mean a long, useful life while

neglect may cause ruin." Before the colt is turned out to pasture his feet should be trimmed and leveled, Ross declares. Many colts have been in rather close quarters during the winter and have had American Legion are cooperating in little exercise, which has resulted in unnatural position and if long con-

The bones of the colt are soft and changing; Ross explains, and incorrect wearing of the hoof often causes where the disabled veterans may ed position. "When trimming the as he stands at rest," Ross urges. "Then find the points to be corrected. Pick up the foot and take off the wall level with the sole of the A few min-