

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Married in January's hour and time, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's sleety weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married in March winds shrill and roar, Your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeful skies, A chequered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blooms flit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in month of roses—June— Life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, Lover and friend is your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, Smooth and serene your life will flow. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin. Married in veils of November mist, Dame fortune your wedding ring has kissed. Married in days of December's cheer, Love's star burns brighter year to year.

BLIND DATE.

It was a "blind date" Doty was going on. Not that she liked "blind dates," nor Mazie Killgore, who had arranged this one. But she was so terribly lonely. She couldn't show how blue she was, because a stock girl at Klein's has to keep smiling and keep moving or lose her job. And Doty couldn't lose that job. The job was what kept the city, with all its roar and bustle, from swallowing her up entirely. Seventeen dollars a week isn't exactly enough to show you a lot of big town night life either. Doty's years on her grandmother's farm in the country had put the roses in her cheeks so thoroughly that the long hours in the store couldn't drive them away. Better than the best rouge, Doty's color was; and the way her hair curled around her small ears couldn't be copied by the best permanent in town. Doty was only 18. She hadn't really any friends among the girls in the store—too standoffish, they said. So when Mazie, in the dressing room at lunch time, said, "Say, Doty, a gentleman friend of mine is in town and wants me to go out dancing this evening. He has a man with him, who hasn't a girl. Want to come?" Doty had said yes. Mazie worked in the sports department. She had red hair that used to be black. And usually she didn't even see Doty. She had a lot of girl friends in the store who were always standing around and talking over their dates. "He said to me—er I said to him, go on, big boy!" "All right, kid," said Mazie. "Meet me here at closing time. They're meeting us at the corner. I—er—I want to tell you about this fellow who is my friend before we start." The door slammed on Mazie. Helen Sims, hostess—cast a satirical eye after her. "Oh, yeah?" she queried. And then, to Doty, "Take a little advice from mamma, kid. Mazie has some deep, dark reason for asking you tonight. Watch it lady, watch it." Doty ran the comb through her hair, and sort of wished she hadn't said yes, and sort of wondered herself—oh, well, if Mazie had some plot she would know soon enough and she was so darned lonely. At 5:30 Mazie lingered till the other girls had snatched their coats and hats and chattered off. Then she explained the date to Doty—and Doty saw why she hadn't asked any of her own friends on the party. Mazie looked Doty over. "Fuss your hair down over your left ear a little more, kid. That's the way—get a little more swagger in it. I'm awfully glad you could come this evening, because I picked you for a good little sport. You see, this man—well, I met him last summer, and he's sort of a swell. He has a yacht down on the Jersey shore now, and he's been in Florida all winter. "And he—well, I'll tell you, Doty, you can't tell a fellow like that, you're only a salesgirl. And I didn't. Said I was the head buyer for the store. Now he turns up with this friend and wants me to bring another girl along, and I know I can't trust any of the others to keep my story for me. But you will, won't you, Doty? I'm the head buyer, see? I've been in Paris this winter, for Klein's. And you—you don't mind saying you are my secretary, do you?" Doty smiled. It was perfectly harmless, and rather funny. "No, Mazie, I'll be your secretary. Was I in Paris, too?" "No—you stayed right here, I don't think you'd be so good on the Paris stuff. And—would you mind calling me 'Miss Killgore' for the evening?" So it was "Miss Killgore and secretary" who met the two men on the corner of Fortieth and Fifth. "Miss Killgore" had a good deal of manner. "Oh, good evening, Mr. Cort. This is delightful. I thought after you phoned that you might both just as well have waited in my office at the store. Though we were quite rushed at the last minute—a style conference, y'know. This is my secretary, little Miss Hale, Mr. Cort, and Mr.—" The tall young man with the sunburned face supplied the name, as he shook Doty's hand in a firm grasp.

"Pelder, Donald Pelder. How do you do?" Mr. Cort was older, fatter and finer, browner than Pelder. He offered his arm to Mazie, and the other two followed. "The races, eh? That should interest Don." "We must look a pair of Indians to you. That Florida sun certainly burns you up, doesn't it, Donald?" He led the way into a restaurant and as they seated themselves Mazie put in a little travel talk herself. "Yes, the sun and air are a great combination. I myself was quite burned when I got back from France—lying out on the deck in my chair, all the way over and back. Wasn't I, Miss Hale?" "Yes, indeed," said Doty loyally. "But it—it was very becoming to you, and to all those lovely clothes you brought back." She thought that was pretty good, and so did Mazie, evidently, for she gave her fur collar an extra tweak. "See much of Paris life while you were there?" inquired Mr. Cort. "Oh, yes, it was marvelous! The—ah—the theaters and the—well, of course, I was pretty busy—but I did get to the races a lot." "Talk to Donald, Nothing he loves like seeing them go around, is there Donald?" The young man, who had been rather silent, grinned. "Yes," he said, "I love the horses." "Oh," breathed Mazie, "do you follow the races?" "No, I—" Mr. Cort interrupted him. "Donald owns his own horses. Twelve of em. Beauties. Horses to be proud of." "Racers, Mr. Pelder?" "Yes, they're racers. I've had them in Florida all winter, and now we are at Bound Beach for the summer." "Well, it must be a wonderful life. My work is interesting, of course, but I often wish I didn't have to be in my office every day." ("I bet you do!" thought Doty.) All during dinner very high-class talk whirled around the table, led by Mazie. Little stories about Cort's yacht, and Mazie's foreign business connections (The Frenchmen are so attractive, don't you think?), and descriptions of Pelder's horses—the brown thoroughbreds, the gray Arabian, and all the rest of them. Doty was not so chatty, but at the right places she said, "Yes, indeed, Miss Killgore," and really enjoyed the whole business a great deal. After the excellent dinner a movie. And after that night club of a glittering kind. The music was wonderful. The floor was glass and Donald Pelder was the best dancer Doty had ever met. They swung to the rhythm as if they had practiced together for months. And soon they talked as if they had known each other for years. In fact, Doty found herself so much at ease with him that she found it hard to remember that she was Miss Killgore's secretary, and not just the stock girl in children's wear. But Mazie was making headway with Mr. Cort, the boating man, from all signs, and Doty felt that she must stay with the masquerade. She could see that only a little persuasion on the part of the owner would convince Miss Killgore that she could really bear to give up her job as head buyer. Doty and Pelder sat out the last dance, while Mazie and Cort circled to the latest Irving Berlin moan. Suddenly Pelder's nice blue eyes became serious. "Look here, Miss Hale, I want to tell you something before Cort and Miss Killgore come back. This party was sort of a lark. But—well, I didn't know a girl like you was likely to turn up. I'd like to see you again. Only—you see I'd like to explain—" Just what he was going to explain at this point Doty never knew. At this second Mazie and Cort joined them, and there was the bustle of departure, and the verbal struggle which Mazie put up by insisting that she and her secretary would go home alone together in the taxi. "My mother is so particular, you know. And it's just over on East Fifth. I said I was going to a concert—I so seldom do this kind of thing." ("She's telling the truth there!" thought Doty.) So they parted at the curb, Mazie all aristocratic languor—and call me again soon, Mr. Cort. Doty and Pelder exchanged a look as the taxi door slammed. She wished she would see him again—but if he knew she was only a stock girl, and that the whole evening was a bluff—her last sight of him was standing on the sidewalk, his curly, bare head towering above the crowd. Once around the corner, Mazie stopped the cab briskly, paid the quarter, and started toward the subway entrance. Her mother, up in Harlem, probably wouldn't be in the least surprised, no matter what she got home. "Gosh, I'm tired," she yawned. "You did great, Doty. I'm making headway with that fellow. How was your horse friend?" "All right. Good night, Mazie. Thank you." "G'night." A drench June rain gave Doty bronchitis, and for two weeks she was miserably sick in her lonely little room. She dragged herself back to Klein's only to be told that her place had been filled. They were so sorry. This was the slack season. But in the fall— The rent was due. She heard the landlady coming up the stairs, and lay very quiet. If the woman didn't hear her maybe she would go back downstairs again. If she came in she would want her money. And Doty couldn't give it to her, because if she did she would scarcely have enough left to live on until she found work. The knock sounded. Again. Then the door opened. The woman came in. "Ha! Thought you'd fool me, didn't

you. How about the rent money to day? She looked very imposing as she stood over the small figure that had suddenly sat erect on the bed. "Sure, I know your story. You've been sick, haven't you, and now they've laid you off? Summer and the slack season. But I've got to eat. I've waited two days over time now, but I can't keep on." "I can't pay for the whole week in advance," Doty began. "Couldn't I just give it to you every night until I found something?" The woman laughed. "No chance. You pay me for these two days and skip. There's a man wants it, anyway. A gentleman. And he'll pay this minute." "All right," Doty counted out the change. Then she packed her suitcase, carried it downstairs very slowly, and checked it at a hotel. She couldn't carry it around with her. She had to do something now—go some place. She found herself wandering along Fortieth Street, discouraged, and still too weak to think about where to find another job. It was scorching hot. A sign in a ticket office caught her eye. "Excursion to Bound Beach. N. J. Every Day at Noon. Return 10:30 P. M. Round Trip, \$1.25." Bound Beach—that meant Donald Pelder! Well, she wouldn't see him, but it was country, and Doty longed for country today. Noon found her on the crowded excursion train. People with baskets and babies. Fat, unfashionable, comfortable women and men. They must be going to a part of Bound Beach very far from Cort's yacht and Pelder's racing stables. But after an hour the sweet sea breeze swept into the stuffy car and when they piled out at the little station there was the sound of ocean in Doty's ears. She let the crowd from the train pass her, and wandered slowly along the sandy road. Over by the beach flags were flying and the sound of a steam piano came to her—a jolly, childish sound. Some sort of tent show, playing there for the summer? Doty drew nearer, and found herself on a miniature midway lined with bright, clean booths. The music was from the merry-go-round and she came nearer still, to watch the delighted antics of the children who clung laughing to the wooden horses. The merry-go-round halted—"All right, folks! Just getting ready for the next horse race! Let the children ride these wild Arabian steeds! Catch the brass ring, kids, and get a free extra ride! Here, little lady!" The tall figure on the platform, as he swung a curly-headed baby up to the back of a shiny brown horse caught Doty's eye. Something familiar. And then the voice again—"come on, now! Let's go! That's the boy—and sister!" As the man hoisted another chubby youngster up, Doty's eyes met—Donald Pelder! The horseman! Well, of all the liars—but she had barely time to catch her indignant breath when, with a hasty signal to the man who started the carousel, Donald had jumped down from the platform and was at her side. "Gosh," he said. "And just when I'd decided that I'd never see you again! Here—come over here and sit down—I want to talk to you. Don't be mad about that swell horseman business—I want to tell you—" The bewildered Doty found herself sitting on a small iron chair, and listening to the flood of eager words. She mustn't, he said again, be mad at him. It was all a joke. He'd just as soon have said that night that they were wooden horses. But Cort (Cort ran the boat on the sea slide) had met this Killgore woman, and she put so much big talk that he thought it would be fun to string her along. Donald hadn't minded—until he saw Doty. Then he was sick of the whole thing, and wanted to tell her. But he didn't know how to go about it—particularly if she was secretary to this head buyer woman. He had started to explain—did Doty remember that? Well, Cort had tried to get hold of Mazie again and make another date for the four of them, because Donald wanted to see Doty. They found that Killgore had left the store, and Doty was away sick—and they wouldn't give employees addresses—and she was a stock girl, not a secretary—and the "head buyer" was a clerk! Donald broke off. It was Doty's turn to apologize. But he wouldn't let her. What did it matter, now she had turned up? But one thing—his job. He really loved it—he wasn't ashamed of it. He was badly shot up during the war, and had to do something outdoors. Now that he was well he wouldn't give it up for any other job in the world. His own boss, making good money. Outdoors all the time—south in the winter—here in the summer. And a fine lot of people in the show, really. Lots better than any city job he had ever heard of. Look—look at the ocean. Doty looked—and decided that it was. The sea was only a little bluer than Donald's eyes. She found herself telling him about having lost her job, and how she didn't know now just what to do. "Poor kid," he said. "Look here—would you? You know these little carnivals aren't the tough joints people think they are. Not ours, anyway. We watch out pretty sharp—and the patrons are mostly families, and children. No rough stuff. If you'd like to help out old Mrs. Kelly, at the toy booth, you'd make more than you do in town—and she's a nice old girl. Has a little house of her own here. The sea air would do you good—and I'd see you often." Maybe that decided for Doty. Anyway, the 10:30 went back to New York without her. Those 12 horses suited her just as they were.

REMOVING ROADSIDE SIGNS. Caretakers of the Pennsylvania Department of Highways have just completed the destruction of 32,225 roadside signs embodying every type of blur, daub, scrawl and tattered legend that came within the definition of illegal advertising. A reported submitted to W. A. VanDuzer, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Department, tabulating the results of the six-weeks' clean up campaign instituted by the Department Forester, who is in charge of roadside beautification. To Erie county the award was made for the most notable improvement in roadside appearance. In that county alone caretakers hauled out 6,427 of the noxious emblems. Employees in nine other northwestern counties took down more than 7000 signs. The campaign was State-wide. Orders were issued that illegal signs, including those on the highway right-of-way and those erected on private property without specific permission or lease, were to go. Each caretaker was instructed to scour each foot of his section, questioning the property owners along the roadway as to the legality of the signs on their land. While Erie county saw the record number of signs pulled down, five other counties yielded from 1000 to 2000 signs: Armstrong, Butler, Clinton, Cambria and York. Other counties rid of from 500 to 1000 signs were: Crawford, Venango, Schuylkill, Luzerne, Beaver, Greene, Washington, Blair, Somerset, Berks and Bucks. Signs constructed in imitation of the Department's official markers met with the official taboo and the perpetrators warned that such imitation is illegal. Prominent among this class, according to the report are signs erected by roadside stands, bearing the words "Stop," or "Warning."

RIGID RULES FOR SCHOOL BUS In order that the public may be informed as to the character of school buses and bus drivers required by the Department, Assistant Superintendent of Schools E. E. Marvin has asked the following rules to be published: "All vehicles must comply with the provisions of the motor code. Conveyance may be either horse or motor drawn. "Construction: The vehicle shall be easily and quickly closed or have a closed body, or one that can be easily and quickly closed on both sides and rear. Proper ventilation shall be provided. Curtains, when used, shall fit snugly. Provision shall be made for adequate light. The driver shall have an unobstructed view to the front, both sides and rear. All exits shall be but one compartment for both driver and pupils. Aisles leading to doors used by pupils shall be unobstructed. Steps shall be provided for all exits used by pupils. "The inches of seating space shall be provided for each pupil. All seats and back rests shall be well padded. "School Buses shall be printed in large letters on rear of vehicle. "Equipment: See section 811 to 820, Motor Code. Brakes and all other equipment shall be in good repair. Blankets or other means to keep the pupils comfortable shall be provided. Motor-driven vehicles shall have in addition to the above extra tires, chains, windshield wiper, and outside mirror. "The driver shall be in good health, thoroughly reliable, of good moral character and good repute. "If the vehicle is motor-driven the driver shall have a driver's license; shall have good use of both hands and both feet; shall not be under the age of twenty-one (21) years. See section 605, Motor Code. "Proper schedule for each vehicle shall be maintained as provided for in contract. All vehicles must come to a complete stop before traversing railway or trolley grade crossings whenever any signal gives warning of the approach of a train or trolley. (Section 1003, Motor Code). All motor vehicles used in the transportation of school children shall come to a complete stop immediately before traveling railway or trolley grade crossing. (Section 1027, Motor Code). The contractor shall satisfy the board of school directors as to his financial ability to carry out the provisions of the transportation contract and other legal obligations. "The party of the second part shall report immediately to the party of the first part or its designated representative all misconduct while said children are in his charge. He shall treat all children in a courteous and civil manner, shall see that they are at all times protected from the storm, and shall care for and safeguard them to the best of his ability. He shall cause the vehicle to come to a full stop before crossing any steam or electric railway and ascertain positively that it is safe to cross said railway before attempting to do so."

CRUSHED TO DEATH IN COAL MINE SHAFT. As he was about to quit work, Monday afternoon of last week, George Padisak, a miner of Clarence, stepped into the shaft of one of the Lehigh Valley Coal company's mines, was caught under the cage and crushed to death. He was 42 years old and had been employed at the mine about fifteen years. He is survived by his wife and six children. The funeral was held on Wednesday morning following, burial being made in St. Michael's cemetery.

The annual meeting of the Centre County hospital corporation will be held in court house on the evening of October 13th.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN Supposin' fish don't bite at first— What are you goin' to do? Throw down your pole, and chuck your bait— And say your fishin's through? You bet you ain't—you're goin' to fish 'N' fish 'n' fish, 'n' wait 'N' use up all your bait. Suppose success don't come at first— What are you goin' to do? Throw up the sponge 'n' kick yourself 'N' growl and fret and stew? You bet you ain't—you're going to fish, 'N' you'll bait 'n' bait ag'in. Until success jest grabs your hook, For grit is sure to win. —From "The Railroad Trainman."

Woman suffrage in this county is ten years old and its opponents asks scornfully, "What have women done?" They have done many things, and, most important, they have made politicians ask, "What do the Women want?" Women want what is right, and when they are not deceived concerning prohibition or pacifism, they are the most powerful and useful influence in politics. —Lots of sleeves are feeling very puffed-up these days. And right ly so, for sleeves are receiving all sort of attention from designers. Tight cuffs, over-sleeves, little sleeves, cape sleeves, and now the leg-o-mutton and the all-puffed-up sleeve, that is being shown on some of the newest frocks. Coat sleeves are also being accorded all kinds of attention, as you have no doubt noticed. —Want to experiment? Take your favorite shade of last fall's stockings and try them with one of this fall's new costumes. They look a bit queer, don't they? As if they didn't quite belong. It's because costume colors have changed. They're dark bright shades this year, instead of just bright. So fall stockings colors have changed, too, to fit into the ensemble. Stockings are a little darker than they were last fall—noticeably darker than they were this past spring. But—this doesn't mean that fall stockings are dark brown or black. They're still lighter than the costume, but they're dark enough to harmonize with the darker colors of shoes, gloves and costumes. Let's see what the fashionable colors are. And right here—a suggestion as to the way fashion-knowing women are choosing new fall stockings. Whenever possible they're taking with them a sample of the costume color that the stockings are to be worn with. And they try various shades to determine just which goes best. They're trying these stockings over the hand, too, to see what effect they have over the skin. And they're looking at the colors in the daylight—if they are daytime stockings. Our check-ups show that women are buying more taupe shades than for many seasons. In fact, they're a first favorite. Not the old, rather uninteresting taupe that you used to see, but new shades especially designed to go with the new tone of fall costumes—really browner than they are gray, but still gray enough to look well with black. There's a light taupe that's neutral in tone, but that takes on more color over the skin. And this is fine with black costumes as well as some of the browns, greens and blues. Mauve taupe is a warm, rosy tone that can be smartly worn with black the new browns and red. Beige taupe has more brown in it, and so is a good choice for the brown costume. Browns are running a close second to the taupe in the choice of fashionable women. They're chosen in them for brown costumes and for other colors when the coat is trimmed with brown or beige fur. Their first choice is a rather neutral brown that can be worn with many shades. And second, a mauve brown with a slight purplish cast that goes well with some of the new browns that have this same cast. Beiges are still being worn—but they're darker, neutral beige that blend into the costume. And gunmetal is another important color. This new gunmetal, like the new taupe, has a slightly brownish one which harmonizes better with fall costumes than the old gunmetal. Fashionable stockings have square heels of medium width and height. They're the most inconspicuous—and the stocking role in the smart ensemble is an inconspicuous one. There are all sorts of stockings to choose from. Chiffon is the first choice of fashionable women for general wear. But the dull lustered ones are growing more important, too, because they harmonize with the dull finish of most costume fabrics. And for your tweeds and sheer woolen dresses—try the pin point mesh. You'll see them everywhere these smart wooleens go. —For mint jelly take a large bunch of the fresh leaves, picked off the stems; wash thoroughly, pour over them two cups of boiling water and set where it will simmer slowly for half an hour; strain and add half a package of dissolved gelatine or two teaspoonsful of the "minute" sort; sweeten to taste and add as much lemon juice, strained as liked. This can be poured into molds just as it is or a tablespoonful of capers added, if for a meat relish; then set aside to cool. If for regular jelly, pour into glass tumblers and seal; some other jelly, as mint is not strong to "jell," like fruit juices. It makes a pretty addition to the table by turning out of the mold on a glass dish and sticking a few sprigs of fresh mint upright in it. —We will do your job work right

FARM NOTES. —Wheat can be used to replace corn wholly or partially in the ration of fattening pigs County Agent Rothrock says. In fattening ration ten parts of wheat and one part of tankage can be used. Since wheat is of a hard, flinty nature, it is difficult for hogs to chew and, therefore, should be ground before feeding. If corn or oats are available, adding some of these grains to the ration make it more palatable and easier to eat. Where wheat is to be fed to fall pigs during the growing period, Rothrock urges that other grains be added. He suggests as a good mixture the following: 4 parts of corn, 3 parts of wheat, 2 parts of ground whole oats, and 1 part of tankage. —When the pasture dries up and the grass becomes rather unpalatable, it is time to increase the amount of grain being fed to the dairy cows," says John Toliver, deputy Colorado state dairy commissioner. "It is also advisable to make sure that they have a good supply of fresh water. From 12 to 30 gallons of water are needed by a cow at this time of the year, depending upon the size of the cow, the nature of her feed and the state of lactation period." —Too often a close examination of the pasture will reveal far less grass than a glance would indicate. It becomes dry, short and few cows can maintain their body weight. Let alone enough to provide for milk production. Toliver recommends at least one pound of grain for each five pounds of milk produced, if the cow is on pasture. If not, add another pound. A suggested grain mixture would include: One hundred pounds ground oats, 100 pounds bran, and 50 pounds barley chop. The barley chop should be fed where corn chop cannot be had or 25 pounds of cottonseed meal may be substituted for the ground oats. If possible, it is a good idea to cut and feed corn or some of the kafirs. They may be cut each day as used. "Remember," says Toliver, "that a cow producing milk will drink three or four times as much water as a dry cow, and that walking a long distance to and from the water hole takes additional energy as well as reduces the amount of grass consumed. Be sure that the creek has not dried up or that the water hole has not become stagnant and anything but attractive and fresh." —Silage is an excellent roughage for dairy cows. Its succulence makes it especially desirable, but it is well to remember that it is very low in protein. Alfalfa hay or grain containing protein feeds would be used to supplement the silage. —Breeding records eliminate guess work as to calving dates and permit the dairymen to dry up a cow a reasonable length of time before she is due to freshen. —Dairy cows should be on the roughage they will eat. The grain mixtures should be fed at the rate of one pound for each four pounds of milk produced by cows of the Holstein and Ayrshire type, and one pound for each three pounds of milk produced by cows of the Jersey and Guernsey type. —Some people have objected to the early layers in the fall, as they will often molt in the early part of the winter and thereby slacken up in the egg production. On the other hand, when such birds do go into the molt, they will gain start laying in the early part of the year and the eggs will be especially suitable for hatching purposes, as the birds will be better matured. In fact, many hatcheries prefer eggs from this age of pullets for hatching purposes. —The future lives of some 50,000,000 bees, a rough estimate of the number which now inhabit the hives of Monroe county, is in the hands of half a dozen human experts. The apiairy kingdoms, which greatly aid the pollination of the trees in the county's famous fruit belt, have become weakened by a scourge, and a half-dozen experts from the State Agricultural Department at Albany are here to their rescue. The men arrived several days ago, and set out, armed with face veils, muffers and gloves, to sack and burn the homes and members of the weaker tribes, and transport the stronger ones to new hives, with an eye to a heartier and more abundant fruit crop next year. The disease, which has particularly affected the apiaries of this section, has been killing millions of the creatures, still in the larvae stage, and the fruit growers have become worried. However, farm bureau officials believe that before the summer is over, the bee colonies will be in strictly sanitary condition, and destined to be the forebears of a healthy generation. —One of the problems connected with worms in poultry is building up health and vigor and condition after the worms have been removed by the proper drug. Prof. J. J. Halpin, of the University of Wisconsin, makes a recommendation in regard to the use of cod liver oil that appears sound and worth trying, to the extent of making 2 or 3 per cent of the mash cod liver oil. Professor Halpin says: "Some of our correspondents have had trouble with worms in their flocks; after they fed cod liver oil, they found the trouble from worms practically disappeared. I wouldn't recommend cod liver oil as a treatment for worms, but I think cod liver oil will undoubtedly prove of benefit in any flock where resistance is lowered, due to cold, worms, or anything of the sort. Naturally, the more practical thing to do is to give a good worm remedy, and then use cod liver oil to help build up the flock."