

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Days of terror, years of trial, Scourge a nation into life. Lo, the youth, become her leader! All her baffled tyrants yield; Through his arm the Lord hath freed her; Crown him on the tented field! Vain is Empire's mad temptation! Not for him an earthly crown! He whose sword hath freed a nation Strikes the offered scepter down. See the throneless conqueror seated. Ruler by a people's choice; See the Patriot's task completed; Hear the Father's dying voice! "By the name that you inherit, By the sufferings you recall, Cherish the fraternal spirit; Love your country first of all; If its hands may be untied; Listen not to idle questions Doubt the patriot whose suggestions Strive a nation to divide." By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE LIE CHIVALROUS.

For the Children.

"Now, children," announced Miss Hard in her commanding voice, "I will pass out this book for you to look at."—she wrapped smartly on her desk with her pencil at the little stir which followed her words and the forty-five mites in Grade II subsided meekly.—"I will pass out this book for you to look at," she repeated, "and if anyone hurts or mars it in any way, I shall punish him or her by sending him or her to Mr. Walton."—another stir, for Mr. Walton was the dreaded and august principal of school No. 27, and another spirited rapping from Miss Hard.—"To explain such carelessness. The book is to be looked at by only one pupil at a time and there is to be no whispering. Those pupils who are not looking at the book may copy carefully the sentence on the blackboard. George Washington never told a lie." The room is to be absolutely silent. She ended and glanced down the rows of desks with their serious-faced little occupants. Then she took up her pen and seated herself at her own desk. Miss Hard had a letter to write and didn't wish to be disturbed. She had provided the children with work so her conscience was clear. Miss Hard disliked children and considered that they were to blame that she earned her living by teaching them. She was proud of her discipline which changed the sensitive little bodies quivering with life into graven images of propriety. In Miss Hard's room a dreary order reigned. Even the worst boys covered under the sharpness of her eyes and the strength of the arm which dealt out shakings at any infringement of her iron-bound rules. It was the twenty-first of February and the children had been making paper hatchets and cocked hats and bunches of cherries. Also they had been stepped in Washington lore for a week past, as the outline of the primary supervisor required. They knew all about the historic cherry tree and the hatchet. It had been duly impressed upon their young intellects that George Washington was a truth-teller before everything. Also the moral had been drawn that, although he became a great general and the Father of His Country, these things were after all small in comparison with his inability to tell a falsehood. Furthermore, any boy or girl might follow the example of the primary supervisor and become a worthy of admiration as Washington himself. It was a glorious thought! There was not a child in the room who did not resolve henceforth to speak the truth in all things, daring punishment as did little George, for the right. In Miss Hard's room perfect honesty reigned supreme.

The book, a big gaily illustrated volume of Revolutionary times, was duly passed from desk to desk. The busy pens went scratch, scratch and little earnest tongues were slightly protruded as their owners strove manfully to write in their best vertical hand. The new little girl who had come to school for the first time that day was very flushed as she bent above her copy and her light brown curls swept her desk. She was painfully shy and the day had been one of exquisite torture to her. She was wholly terrified by Miss Hard's manner and bewildered by the newness of everything. Meredith Mann, who sat across the aisle from her, couldn't help feeling sorry for her. He was a bashful boy, serious and thoughtful, and he had suffered a few things himself since he had been in Miss Hard's room. Moreover, just at present Meredith was lifted up under the inspiration of the great Washington. He was never going to tell a lie no matter what the consequence. He was going to be good for ever and ever. And when you are under the influence of a mood like this your heart feels very big and kind. The new girl received the book before he did and began tremblingly to turn the pages. Miss Hard's direful threat rang in her ears. Suppose something should happen to the precious volume while it was in her possession. Suppose she should hurt it in some way and she should be sent to the principal. Oh, if such a thing were to happen she should die of fright, she knew she would. The colored pictures danced before her uncomprehending eyes as she thought upon the possibility of the awful ordeal. And then the dreaded thing happened for somehow she tore a page. Hastily closing the book she passed it to Meredith Mann. Her flushed face had grown white. She hid her face on her desk in an agony of apprehension and her light brown curls fell all around her as though they would gladly conceal her if they could. All her childish brain was bursting with the awful thing that had fallen to her lot.

Then somebody pushed a scrap of paper under her curls. Under the cover of her ringlets she read the note and knew it came from the boy across the aisle.

"I'll tell her it was me," it said. Miss Hard finished her letter and glanced at the clock. "Who ever has the book at present may bring it to the desk. The rest of the children may see it some other day," she said briskly. It made no difference to Miss Hard that half her pupils were smothering with exclamation of disappointment. She had finished her letter and that was the end of it. Meredith Mann brought the book to her. His face that had shaken inwardly did not show the least sign of committal. He was committing a sin, knowing that in so sinning he was forever giving up his chance of being like the truthful Washington, Meredith Mann was about to tell a deliberate lie.

"Miss Hard," he announced in an unsteady voice, "I tore the book." There it was over—the thing was done that blotted out forever his chance to become a hero. And he had sacrificed it all because the real culprit had beat a girl and a timid one. It seemed perfectly natural that she should accept his sacrifice without an objection. It was all part of an inborn, unexpressed principle, that the stronger should protect the weaker and that the weaker should allow the stronger to do it. He met Miss Hard's steely eyes unflinchingly. It seemed to him that she was almost glad to have a little timid new girl could never have stood that look. It made you hot and cold—it made your knees tremble and the tears come to your eyes. It was an awful thing—that penetrating gaze of Miss Hard's.

"Take the book to Mr. Walton," she said. "I shall let him deal with such carelessness." Meredith left the room and climbed the stairs that led to the dreaded office. Mr. Walton sat at his desk alone. He turned sharply around on his whirling chair and looked over his glasses at Meredith. "Well?" he said. Oh, it was not well, it was very, very ill to have to tell your lie all over again. And then as the little boy looked at the tall severe man, another inborn principle asserted itself. It was man to man now and he would tell Mr. Walton the truth. It never occurred to him that Mr. Walton might not believe him—might think he was trying to shield himself. So he told his little story without a doubt as to its reception and the august Mr. Walton listened with a queer expression in his sharp eyes.

"I didn't mean ever to tell a lie," Meredith Mann ended, "I wanted to be a hero like Washington. But don't you s'pose, perhaps, if Washington hadn't really chopped down the cherry tree but he knew who had, and it was somebody awful afraid, he might have said just the same, 'Father I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet?'" Mr. Walton looked very thoughtful. He wanted to shake hands with the boy but he had his duty as a teacher to perform. "But if Washington had said that, don't you think it would have been perfectly all right for his father to have punished him for chopping down the tree instead of praising him for being brave enough to take the blame for someone else?"

"Why, of course," replied Meredith unhesitatingly. There was no doubting the sincerity of his attitude. He was ready to pay the little new girl's debt to the uttermost. Mr. Walton's face relaxed still more. "But suppose Washington's father knew that his son was trying to save somebody else and insisted upon punishing the real offender?" "Oh," said Meredith Mann with a confident smile, "that would just spoil everything."

Then Mr. Walton really smiled. "I think I'll keep you with me for the rest of the afternoon," he said. "I need a boy to run errands for an hour or so and I want one I can trust." And this was all the punishment that Meredith Mann ever received.

NO BURDENSOME TOIL IN 2030. "How to live," rather than "how to make a living," will be the goal of public school training a hundred years hence, in the opinion of Dr. William John Cooper, Commissioner of Education. Basing his predictions for the coming century on progress recorded in the one just ended Dr. Cooper said that by the year 2030 automatic machinery would have "removed burdensome toil from the backs of men."

Most youths would be in school until they become of age, he said, "learning how to spend their leisure time to advantage, how to discharge their civic duties, how to make worthy homes and be capable parents." He added that the "standard of living will be higher than ever dreamed of by any philosopher," and that "intelligence will replace emotion in settling public issues, and affairs of the State will be in the hands of men and women trained especially to discharge public responsibilities." Mechanization of industry will go to greater degrees and trades and merchandising jobs will be so simplified as to be soon learned, he added. "The poverty-stricken school district of 1930, with its underpaid and poorly-educated teacher will have 'disappeared,'" said Cooper. "Schools will be administered by the States, through such units as afford financial responsibility. Equality of educational opportunity will be guaranteed through State and Federal equalization funds."

CLAIMS WASHINGTON FIRST MILLIONAIRE.

The first American millionaire was George Washington, according to Eugene E. Prussing, Los Angeles lawyer, formerly of Chicago, who has just completed thirteen years of research into Washington's career as a business man. Summing up the results of his study in the American Magazine, Mr. Prussing says: "It is customary to think of Washington as soldier and statesman. He was also a man of business, successful farmer, builder of transportation, engineer, pioneer and promoter. He was a man of broad commercial vision and rare business ability. He spent one-fourth of his life in public service and yet left behind him a record of business achievement and a fortune that entitles him to be called our first millionaire. He started life with but a few cents of his own. When he died the land and other investments that he directed were sold were worth, by his own conservative estimate in his will, \$530,000, and this did not include some of the most valuable portions of his estate. To many of us Washington is a mythical figure hidden behind fables like that of the self-righteous little boy and the hypothetical cherry tree. As a matter of fact, he was a very different sort of person. He was a man who would have been perfectly at ease in a group of modern big business men around the directors' table. And he enjoyed fox hunting and dancing, as the modern man enjoys golf.

"In his ideals, his sense for giving value as well as getting it, his zeal for big constructive undertakings, for striking into virgin fields, seizing opportunities, opening avenues to development, his instinctive sizing up of the possibilities of profit in a deal—in all these matters and others like these, his attitude was strikingly similar to that of the best modern business man. He did not definitely formulate any rules for moneymaking, but he followed certain basic principles throughout his career."

Washington's apprenticeship in business started soon after his father's death, which occurred when the boy was twelve. "From that time," Mr. Prussing says, "he was pretty much on his own, and was always faced with the problem of making a living. Washington's first job was as an apprentice surveyor with G. W. Fairfax. At seventeen he became official surveyor of Culpepper county, and began his life work as an engineer. He had the thrifty idea of not taking all his pay in cash. He knew where the best acres were located, and believing that land prices would rise, he began putting his extra pay into good land.

His returns on farming later averaged as high as \$15,000 a year. He ran a gristmill at Mount Vernon. He conducted fisheries on ten miles of waterfront, shipping his product to England and the West Indies. He maintained a ferry across the Potomac, which paid a handsome profit. He devoted six years as managing director of a company which was engaged in drainage and lumbering operations in Virginia, and he was president of the Potomac River navigation and development enterprise which eventually evolved into the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Baltimore systems. He purchased 53,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

"In business he was careful about exacting value and giving it. He performed his contracts and promises according to the spirit as well as the letter, even when doing so involved heavy losses. He dealt with his business affairs by exact knowledge. He always knew where he stood. He kept complete records of receipts and expenditures and of all business transactions."

STATE FORESTS EXTENDED.

Statistics announced by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters reveal that additions to the State forests during 1930 amounted to approximately 14,000 acres, acquired at a cost of \$393,632.11. Lands added to the State forests during the past year bring the total forest area belonging to the people of Pennsylvania, and administered by the Forestry Department, to 1,429,860 acres, as of January 1, 1931. Last year's purchases were exceeded only by those of 1902 and 1904 when 175,035 acres and 142,203 acres, respectively, were secured.

Sullivan county was added to the long list of counties in the Commonwealth in which the State forests are located, now numbering 33. In this county 16,890 acres and 96 perches were purchased during 1930, at a cost of \$69,117.10. State forest extensions during the past year embraced the following counties and areas: Adams, 17 acres; Bedford, 1,189 acres; Cameron, 17,345 acres; Centre, 13,763 acres; Clearfield, 3,815 acres; Clinton, 28,756 acres; Cumberland, 2,185 acres; Elk, 5,659 acres; Franklin, 1,396 acres; Fulton, 16,066 acres; Huntingdon, 1,427 acres; Lycoming, 6,155 acres; Mifflin 458 acres; Perry 551 acres; Pike, 527 acres; Potter, 13,183 acres; Snyder, 4,670 acres; Sullivan, 10,891 acres; Tioga, 3,716 acres; Union, 968 acres.

MOUNT VERNON ESTATE.

Mount Vernon contained 10,000 acres, about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size which were under the personal supervision of Washington. In 1787 he had 500 acres in grass; sowed 600 acres of oats, 700 acres of wheat, as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc., and 50 acres in turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers and 500 sheep. In 1788 he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use of his family and provisions for his negroes.

TOURING EUROPE WITH BYRON H. BLACKFORD.

In our issue of January 2 we published the first of a series of letters from Byron Haverly Blackford, of Belleville, who is touring continental Europe. He was then in Germany and his observations there were very interesting. In the letter that follows, written from the Hotel de la Gironde, Paris, under date of January 25, he gives his impressions of Italy.

The ride across Austria is one of the most beautiful imaginable—the scenery rugged and wild—the farmhouses and people remarkably picturesque. Innsbruck set down in a valley, entirely surrounded by dizzy picture spots of Europe. Here life flows on in a quiet and even way—it is a common sight to see men with "rucks" (a kind of knapsack) who live in the mountains, carrying unbelievable loads of provisions on their shoulders—the winter will soon set in (Early November) and the snow and ice prevent them from getting down into the village before spring.

The journey from Innsbruck to Venice takes nine hours and is most picturesque. We crossed the Alps over the famous Brenner pass and were rewarded by seeing some of the grandest and most rugged scenery in the world. The railway construction over this pass is remarkable in a number of places the track seems to be hanging in mid air, and one can see down into deep ravines two or three thousand feet below. The train passes through many tunnels and runs at a good speed.

We arrived in Venice late at night and took a gondola for our hotel which we found to be very near the Cathedral of St. Mark's. Many descriptions have been written about Venice, but all fail to describe the real beauty that she possesses. She rises like a water flower—the most fantastic city that art and nature ever created. The modern and the old rub shoulders—and one is never quite sure which it is—so carefully is it blended. The soft coloring of the crumbling buildings, the beauty that is everywhere is one of the most difficult tasks to describe—one has to be there to see and to feel it. We explored many of the narrow, winding streets (contrary to general belief—there really are streets in Venice—rode in gondolas, fed the pigeons—paid a visit to St. Mark's—had tea at Florian's, explored the Rialto and did everything all good Americans are supposed to do when they visit the "Queen of the Adriatic." The manufacture of blown glass, lace shawls, etc., makes Venice a city of some commercial importance.

Florence is sometimes called the gateway to the hill country, which turns across the north central part of Italy from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. It lies in the hollow of its hills; is rich in buildings of the middle ages and of the 16th and 17th centuries; St. Mary of the Flowers, one of the most magnificent Tuscan-Gothic cathedrals in the world—the Pitti Palace, which houses one of the world's greatest collections of pictures—the Uffizi Gardens, the Palace of the Signoria, Giotto's Tower said by John Ruskin to be the most beautiful building in Europe, the Uffizi Gallery and old City Hall (600 years old). The tombs of Michael Angelo Machiavelli and many members of the famous Medici family—who left such an indelible imprint on the city that may still be felt and seen.

The wonders of Rome are so numerous and complex that the visitor feels completely overwhelmed at first. Everything may be found here: history—art—legend—poetry—mythology—archaeology, etc. Our hotel, across from the new American Embassy (the former palace of the queen—mother Morgharita) was pleasant and central. A week was spent in Rome where everything of importance was seen. Our first sight of ancient Rome was seen from the top of the Palatine Hill where one can obtain a rapid and general idea of the ancient city. One must descend to see the Forum and Arch of Titus and to enter the Colosseum and to see the Arch of Constantine and the Temple of Castor and Pollus. The Mussolini Museum, only recently instituted, contains artistic relics brought from the Antiquarium. The Castle of St. Angelo—St. Peter's, The Pantheon and The Vatican are so well known that a description is superfluous. Some of the most famous of the world's masterpieces are lodged here, however. Passing through the whole length of the Galleria dei Candelabri—the Galleria degli Arozzi di Raphael and the Geographic gallery—one reaches the Sistine Chapel—where the superb work of Michael Angelo may be seen. The Sistine Chapel is the most magnificent of the whole Vatican.

Out of Rome's three hundred churches, one of the most interesting is the Church of St. Peter in Chains. The Borghese Palace with its lovely gardens of trees and flowers surrounded by oak and ilex trees is one of the show places of Rome. It was here the lovely Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon the Great, lived and it is here where her statue now may be seen—the work of the celebrated Canova. The Catacombs and Church of the Cappuccini were very interesting, although the Catacombs had been denuded of their skeletons, the bones having been sealed in large vials and distributed among the various churches in Rome. The Cappuccini contains the bones of some 4000 Capucine monks and saints and is very grotesque. There are numerous rooms and passage ways decorated with row upon row of grinning skulls—even the electric light fixtures are composed of bones.

An interesting drive was made over the famous Appian Way out to the wonderful suburban villages of Tivoli and Frascati.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the works of the world. Perhaps the first thing to think about in planning a Washington's birthday dinner is the color scheme—red, white and blue. There are practically no blue things to eat, white ones are too common, and all the red ones have been used over and over again for Christmas, New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday and Valentine's Day.

When the family comes to the table they may be agreeably surprised to find the table bouquet has taken on patriotic colors. For a small sum you may make a red, white and blue bouquet of artificial flowers and leaves. You might use bachelor's buttons, blue bells or larkspur for the blue. Red leaves, roses or dahlias for the red and one of any number of white flowers. The blue and the bright shades of red that you want will be hardest to find. You don't want a dull red. But the blue flowers are so few that you will have to be a little less particular about them.

Then get some little nut cups. You will be able to find plenty at a very reasonable price—George Washington hats, or little cups decorated with red cherries or hatchets. Start your dinner with a fruit cup or red cherries—just as a reminder that Washington and cherries are to be thought of together—With such a starter let your menu read something like this. Red cherry fruit cup, roast beef, mashed turnips, mashed potatoes; fort and flag salad, gelatine dessert; coffee, tea or chocolate.

The main course is composed of good oldtime dishes which George himself might have enjoyed. The salad is no more than a fort made of cheese straws and filled with vegetable salad. It flies the American flag. And the only thing which changes the gelatine pudding from the most ordinary dessert in the world is a small picture of Washington himself, stuck on a toothpick and used as a decoration. Here are the recipes for the dinner.

Three pounds rump roast of beef, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 cup water.

Heat the roaster well. Rub the meat with the flour and brown on all sides in the hot roaster. Sprinkle with salt and add the water. Cover tightly and roast in a moderate oven, allowing about 20 minutes to the pound. Use the drippings for gravy.

Prepare the mashed potatoes and mashed turnips in the usual way. Six cheese straws per person, 3 pickles, 19 olives, 2 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons green pepper, 1 stalk celery and 1 canned pimiento.

Cut the ingredients (except the cheese straws) into small pieces. Mix with either mayonnaise or French dressing. Make the fort on the salad plate by laying the cheese straws rail-fence style. Fill the center with the vegetables and set up the flag in the center.

For ease and comfort use a commercially prepared gelatin to which you merely add boiling water. When partly congested stir in a bit of fruit—sliced bananas or oranges cut in small pieces or any canned fruit. Serve with or without whipped or plain cream. Stick the toothpick with the picture of Washington in the middle of each dessert as it is served.

The earliest openings show no change in hemlines except that they are slightly shorter for sport. Less tweed is seen, but many woollens are shown, finely plaided or marked with a herringbone pattern. Stripes are introduced on the bias or chevron style.

An enormous amount of green of every shade is shown, also dachshund browns trimmed with palest blues, green or cream. Full-length dresses, blouses and skirts are seen for sports, but there are very few sweaters. The blouses range from lingerie linen to a loose, shetland-like knit. Box and flat-pleated skirts predominate. Much pique is used for trims for sports and morning wear. O'Rossen morning suits are in fine mannish woollens, with blouses of silk faconne, plaid, shirting, plaid chiffon or georgette inlaid with Venetian lace or embroidery angles.

Afternoon ensembles frequently contrast, showing a light dress with a dark coat, or vice versa. A new dull satin called peau d'ange is much employed, especially for afternoon jackets and evening wraps.

Dresses are gracefully shaped and are usually narrow-belted. Many fan pleatings mark skirts, also flounces and gentle fullness inset into them. Many short sleeves are seen. Crepe marocain, crepe de chine, flamange and the new silk and wool shantung-like weaves are popular. In colors, less black and more navy is used, with negre, greens, light blues, beige and very pale pastels also favored. Burnt orange is used with tennis rigs, and for trimming white; also large red or white coin spots.

Lingerie trims are seen on all day dresses. Many organdie sets are embroidered with tiny white beads. Patterned silks show orderly designs.

If you rub a bit of dry soap across the new spool of silk you will not be bothered by having the silk unwind too quickly when threaded into the machine.

Two coats of oil and wax, with no filler or varnish, is an excellent method of finishing oak flooring. It has an appearance distinctly different from the standard filler and varnish job. A choice between the two is practically a matter of taste.

Subscribe for the Watchman

FARM NOTES

Records kept on Pennsylvania farms for the past nine years reveal that it costs approximately \$70 a year to keep a matured brood sow under present conditions. On a six month basis the costs are divided as follows: feeding, \$24.66, labor \$4.55, bedding 42 cents, breeding fees \$2, pasture \$2.55, depreciation on buildings and equipment 40 cents, and interest \$2.88. This makes a total of \$36.66 for the six months and \$73.32 for the year. Reports from the Department of Agriculture show that only 5.5 pigs per litter are raised in this State and only 40 per cent of the sows raise two litters per year. This means that the average sow weans about eight pigs a year at a cost of \$9 each, which is a losing proposition.

Since the cost per pig at weaning time depends on the number of pigs raised in the litter it is important to give the sows the care and attention needed if all the thirty pigs farrowed are to be raised.

The New York experiment station found electric brooders very satisfactory except in extremely cold weather, when this type of heat did not warm up the space in the house away from the brooder. Like electric incubators, brooders heated by electricity are clean, easy to regulate and very convenient. Individual farm light plants extend the advantage of this electrical equipment to farms which are not located on an electric "high line." Because many farm plants are equipped with both generator and battery power, the supply of current for the incubator or brooder is constant and reliable.

A form of shelter for turkeys which has proven very satisfactory when it is necessary to construct shelter, is the open shed of the machinery shed type. One end can be closed at the front and the roosts placed in that end, so that they will always be protected from wind and storm. This type of structure affords excellent ventilation, ample room for exercise, and all the protection that is necessary. Another advantage of this type is the fact that the shed can be used for sheltering small machinery in the summer.

Check the laying house and see that everything is in preparation for winter. How is the roof? Water from above will make a damp house this winter. A damp house may subject the birds to disease. Close the rear ventilators.

From a sanitation standpoint it is far better to place all grain and mash for chicks in hoppers or boxes than in litter or on the bare filthy ground. Diseases and parasites can be spread easily through feed which comes in contact with filthy litter or ground.

Cod liver oil is an important item in winter rations for poultry because it helps to maintain egg production, prevents lameness and helps them to lay strong shelled eggs. It contains vitamins A and D which promote growth and maintain vitality and disease resistance. Cod liver oil is essential to hens that are closely housed during winter. Vitamin D in the oil is a substitute for direct sunlight. Therefore its use is most desirable during winter.

Goose eggs usually require about 30 days for incubation, but the hatching may occur any time from the 28th to the 32d day, and it may take longer. The eggs in the same nest may hatch unevenly and it often pays to remove the first goslings hatched and keep them in a box near the stove until the hatch is completed. This avoids losing some of the goslings in the eggs that hatch slowly by keeping the hen or goose from leaving the nest too soon.

Salt is essential to dairy cows and they should have access to it daily. The average requirement is about three-fourths of an ounce daily per 1,000 pounds of live weight with an additional three-fourths of an ounce required for each 20 pounds of milk produced. Cows may be allowed free access to salt or it may be mixed with the grain feed. One of the most practical and satisfactory plans is to mix it with the grain in the proportion of one pound for each 100 pounds of the grain mixture.

Ice cream production continued to increase last year and reached a grand total of \$65,448,000 gallons as compared with \$48,046,000 gallons in 1928, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. Inasmuch as imports and exports of ice cream are negligible, all of the production is assumed to have been consumed. On this basis, the consumption per person last year was three gallons. Ten years ago, the per capita consumption was a little more than two gallons.

It is not the lack of exercise directly that causes trouble in winter breeding geese. Exercise is probably slightly beneficial, but lack of it does not entirely account for lowered vitality, health and fertility. The common feeds for wintering geese are almost entirely farm grains, corn, wheat, oats and barley. Little else is commonly fed. When the ground is bare or nearly so they will supplement such a ration by means of grass, dead and partly dead, and hay leaves and stems if allowed around the barns and feedlots. Given no chance at legume hay, they will strip off and eat the more tender leaves of corn fodder. Geese are normally foraging fowls making the bulk of growth and gain from grass and other green feed.

If a window is put in a closet there is no musty, dusty smell; clothes are easily distinguished and the contents of the closet are much more easily cared for.