

THE MAN LAND.

Little boy, little boy, would you go so soon. To the land where the grown man lives? Would you barter your toys and your fairy things...

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

"If you please, Mr. Avery, I shall have to run father's looms while he is out." The overseer looked over his desk in surprise at the diminutive figure standing just within the office door...

"How have you managed about Weeden's work, Mr. Morse? Have any spare hands come in? I want you to give those looms to the first one who is capable of running them."

"Well, we'll worry along with the child till her mother can work. Perhaps, between them, they can run the looms. Isn't there a platform in the storeroom? Shorty Briggs used one, didn't he?"

"See Bentley about it, right away. She'll get hurt climbing all over the looms." Morse nodded again, and withdrew. It was a much easier victory than he had anticipated.

Late that afternoon, when three men bore a long, narrow platform down the alley, and laid it between the looms so that she could reach her work at all times as easily as the grown up weavers, Annie let the filling run out, and sitting on the end of it laid her head on a great soft roll of flannel, and cried for joy. She knew then that she would be allowed to keep her father's work.

"She may keep the work up for a day or two; but a child like that can't run those two looms for a steady job. When did she learn?" "Oh, she's been in here nights for ever so long, helping Sam. Stops on her way home from school, and works till speed goes down. Then she goes home with her father. She and her mother put up the job on the old man to get him by the sa-

looms on the way home. I thought you had noticed her."

"She didn't steer Weeden by the rum shops this time, it seems." The overseer smoothed his beard to hide a smile at an ignominious device of the little weaver to overcome the disadvantage of her short stature...

"Probably she's worrying about her mother. Mrs. Weeden is in a bad state. My wife was there all night, after it happened. It came near being a murder. He'll get six months at the very least."

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the overseer. "Morse looked at him in astonishment. 'Weeden is in jail for half killing his wife in a fit of drunken fury. Didn't you read the account in the Bulletin?'"

"The men separated; and when the overseer got back to his office, he found the paper on his desk, and read the report of the tenement row through to the end. This man sedulously cultivated indifference, and prided himself on being 'business-like' on all occasions. Now, however, when the coarse hand of a professional sensation monger tore aside the last shred of privacy that veiled that brave young girl in her stricken home, and used her shame and grief and horrible suffering as material for amusement, trying with all his might to turn a penny by holding it all up to ridicule, and set the town in an uproar, Mr. Avery found it hard to maintain his favorite mental attitude. He had laughed heartily, times without number, at just such clever indecency; but this somehow made his gore rise. He laid the paper down just as Morse re-entered the office with some report connected with the work."

"The neighbors will look out for her through the day; and Annie can manage to get along after working hours. That's a very capable girl. Mrs. Weeden is pretty badly hurt; but she will probably be about again in a few weeks."

"Is she a weaver?" Morse nodded, and then added: "Tip-top. I worked with her in the Borden before she was married."

"Well, we'll worry along with the child till her mother can work. Perhaps, between them, they can run the looms. Isn't there a platform in the storeroom? Shorty Briggs used one, didn't he?" "That's only four inches high," said Morse. "Annie needs one at least eight."

"See Bentley about it, right away. She'll get hurt climbing all over the looms." Morse nodded again, and withdrew. It was a much easier victory than he had anticipated.

Late that afternoon, when three men bore a long, narrow platform down the alley, and laid it between the looms so that she could reach her work at all times as easily as the grown up weavers, Annie let the filling run out, and sitting on the end of it laid her head on a great soft roll of flannel, and cried for joy. She knew then that she would be allowed to keep her father's work.

their simple friends would admit it, she knew the terrible truth. Her mother's life was spared. She would get well in time; but she would always be a helpless imbecile. When this became a certainty, Annie's soul was filled with a smouldering fury of grief and indignation. The months were slipping by; and in two more the man whose insane brutality had reduced her mother to this pitiful state would return, and again rule the house with absolute authority. How could she endure to see her mother once more in his power? How could she bear his hulking presence in the house? He would drink harder than ever, not only to drown the memory of his crime but to put himself beyond the reach of such expressions of disapproval as would inevitably be given him in the neighborhood. The feeling against him was strong; and he would undoubtedly encounter it at every step, except before the bars of the rum shops, where he would naturally take refuge. When he came home—a sullen growling brute—and wrought himself into a fury, how could she protect her mother from his fist and foot?

Day after day as Annie worked with superhuman energy to provide shelter and food for her charge, this storm raged within her; sometimes she felt that anything would be welcome which would rid them of the monster once for all. The storm raged itself still at last. No greater victory was ever won than that of this slight girl who fought her battle out all alone amid the din and roar of the clashing machinery and came to the quiet resolution to make the best of the dreadful situation.

The watched for time approached and passed, by several days. Annie began to breathe more freely. He might have gone away to some other manufacturing town. Perhaps he would never come back.

One day the looms were stopped for lack of yarn; and as it would be two hours at least before any more could be distributed, she ran out through the back yard and climbed the steep bank littered with rubbish behind the row of tenements. It was a much nearer way than going around to the front; and she could always unlock the basement door by slipping a broken panel aside.

Through this small opening she could look through into the kitchen; and what she saw made her pause with a sick feeling of despair. Sam Weeder had returned stealthily, for lying on a chair caught her attention, as was her habit in the afternoon when the house was still. He was carefully searching the little corner cupboard, and presently brought out a tin baking powder can. From this he poured a quantity of speckled beans on a red tablecloth and then pulled out a wad of paper which he unrolled and disclosed a handful of silver—all her hard-won savings. Annie had hoarded a dime or a quarter at a time for other necessities besides the weekly bills for food, fire and rent.

She clenched her hand hard and with difficulty restrained herself from loudly and bitterly denouncing the thief. But a loose bundle of clothing on a chair caught her attention. Weeden was dressed in the rough, heavy winter clothing that he wore when arrested; and a thick, shapeless cloth cap was on his head. It looked as though he had come for his things and intended to go away. Thank God! Let him go. It would be a cheap price to pay for the blessed deliverance. If only her mother would not be wakened. But this was not to be. Weeden put the money in his pockets and returned to his place; but in doing so he rattled some of the dishes. Mrs. Weeden opened her eyes, and looked at him without the least surprise.

"Are you hungry, Sam?" she asked, and the man whistled around, confronting her with a threatening look. "I ain't no thief. It belongs to me. Whatever you earn is mine, and I can do what I please with it. But why ain't you in the mill? I thought you'd both be working."

"His voice was harsh, and he watched her warily; but what he said did not seem to reach her. She seemed remote and strange though she smiled, and was evidently glad to see him. "If you are hungry I'll get you a lunch. There's no hot water, but it will boil in a few minutes on the oil stove. Sit down, Sam, and don't be cross."

Annie caught her breath and sank down in a heap on the back steps. Here was a miracle. Her mother had never offered to do anything of her own accord since her illness, though she would pare apples or potatoes, or perform other simple tasks if the materials were set before her. The sight of her husband had supplied same mental stimulus, and her locked intelligence began feebly to assert itself. That put a new face on the matter. Annie arose and entered the house, but so absorbed was her father in staring at, and trying to understand, the subtle change in her mother, that he barely glanced at her. He was pale, and the three days' stubble on his face looked black and wiry. "What's—what's wrong with Martha?" he asked, trying to speak naturally. He had thrown himself in her chair, when she arose and went cheerfully about preparing a meal for him. "You pounded her head a little one night last winter," said Annie, bitterly, "and she has been a fool ever since. She doesn't know enough to comb her own hair. It is pretty hard for me to get along; and I need the money you swiped to buy shoes and a wrapper for her. I have to plan and work every way to make her comfortable." Weeden handed her the money, searching faithfully for it all his face working with some strong emotion which he repressed, or tried to repress, by shutting his jaw hard, and scowling. Annie gave him back a half dollar. "Go and get shaved after you've

changed your clothes, pa. Things will be better perhaps, now you are home again." There was a note of let-by-gones go, and begin again the relenting in this, and a promise to broken family life. Then Sam Weeden broke down completely, and sobbed with his head on his arms on the kitchen table.

Mrs. Weeden caught Annie by the arm, and drew her away. "He's going to be awful this time," she whispered. "Keep out of his way. I'm never afraid of him till he begins to cry, or starts to praying."

"I'll be careful, mammy; he won't hurt us today, I guess." Annie watched these evidences of renewed mental activity with a keen joy of hope trembling within her. There was a possibility that her mother might get well; nay, she felt sure of it.

Weeden moved and sat up, mopping his face quite frankly with a dingy handkerchief. "I guess I'd better light out before the crowd comes out of the mill," he said. Annie sprang to his side as he stooped forward to lift the bundle which had fallen on the floor, and caught him firmly by the shoulder. She jerked him back in the chair with surprising strength, and shook him so that his head waggled, which punishment he submitted to like a lamb.

"Of all the stupids! Talking about lighting out! Where? I'd like to know! And how long do you mean to stay? Don't you see that she is beginning to think, and do things without being told? Instead of lighting out, go down on your knees and thank God for giving you the chance to undo what you've done."

"Do you mean that, Annie? How can I make her right again, same as she was before?" By staying right here and going to work, and acting just as if nothing had happened. Do you mean to say that you ain't man enough to help her? Of course some of 'em will try to get you to drink up every cent of your pay, but what's that side of this help you can be to mother?"

Annie had spoken rapidly and intensely, but she almost whispered the words in her father's ear. Weeden had made no effort to talk to his wife, and he shrank visibly when she again approached to draw him away from him. He had the popular repugnance and fear of the insane to an unusual degree.

"Dad won't hurt us today, mother. See how good he is," said Annie. Then she put her palm under his stubby chin, and, holding her breath, stooped and kissed the tobacco stained lips. Then a new and unexpected feeling began to assert itself. Annie stepped away and looked at the tramp-like figure in the chair with a man's imprisoned soul trying to reveal itself through the coarse, criminal face and meagre, ignorant language natural to his kind.

"You look like a hobo," she said candidly, "and I ought to hate you, but I can't. I've been trying to get you to stay, and let the sight of you around the house bring back mother's senses if they ain't completely gone. But there's something else. I want you to stay; and if mother was all right, it would be just the same. Look here, dad. You half killed mother, but you was drunk, and didn't know what you was about. But you ain't drunk now; and if you kill the decent man that you always wanted to be, and turn hobo, that'll be a thousand times worse."

Something like superstitious dread seized Weeden as he listened to Annie's argument. He did not know that she had been learning to think in a very superior school for years and years.

Who told her that he loathed himself, and that he always meant to be a decent man, and win numbers of genuine friends sometime? Annie saw that he was unable to reply in words of his own choosing. "Don't you want mother to get well, all well, just as she used to be?" "I'd give my right arm," he began, catching at a convenient current phrase.

Annie laughed. "Nobody's wants your right arm," she said, picking up the garments on the floor and tossing the bundle into the bedroom. "Go and change your horrid old winter duds and get shaved before anybody sees you," she said. It was far from a miracle of sudden reform. Weeden fell and didn't be cross. Annie was vigilant and resourceful, and she usually traced and rescued him before the brutal stage of drunkenness supervened. Her mother's steady improvement was an incentive to large patience and long suffering, and the battle was finally won. It is difficult to believe that the sober, industrious workman, who spends his evenings quietly in his comfortable home, or at the meetings of the clubs or orders of which he is a respected member, was only a year ago the disreputable Sam Weeden, whose drunken frenzy furnished the police reporter with such delectable copy; or that his comely, energetic, capable wife is the lamentable mental wreck who sat all day impassive in her chair comprehending nothing of the life around her.

NEW TEST WITH DEER WILL GET SEX RATIO.

Game Commission Begins Experiment to Settle Long Debated Question.

Determined to learn the exact facts about what has been a much debated question the Game Commission has inaugurated a large breeding experiment to determine the proper sex ratio for whitetailed deer. In a ten acre enclosure near Pine Grove Furnace formerly known as the "deer traps," seven doe fawns three yearling doe and one yearling buck are now confined. About five acres of adjoining woodland thick with young sprouts of aspen will be added to the enclosure after spring opens.

Additional individual deer will be added to the herd during the present year, and probably still others next year. Those in charge also may make exchanges of deer from time to time, as the progress of the experiment may suggest.

The extent of the enclosure and its location away from residences where the deer will seldom see anyone except the keeper provides a setting for the experiment as nearly like the conditions of their life in the wild as it is possible to secure, Commission attaches believe.

Commission officials intend to conduct the experiment until the data sought has been learned regardless of the length of time necessary to establish the actual facts. At least five years and possibly ten may be necessary.

The need for accurate data on the proper ratio of the sexes to propagate a strong, healthy race of deer has been a much debated question since Pennsylvania's deer herd has become so large. At hearings held incident to the open season for female deer wide differences of opinion were registered by sportsmen and biologists. The opinions were based largely upon personal observation and deduction of conditions in the wild and not upon carefully conducted experiments.

The Pennsylvania Commission in conducting the experiment is following its policy of obtaining facts regardless of how difficult the experiments necessary, officials said. The deer feeding experiments conducted at State College were cited as an instance of the best way in which to settle a controversial question.

The results to deer when confined solely to a diet of laurel and rhododendron. It was known that the plants were poisonous to domestic hoofed animals, one third to one half of one per cent of the animal's gross weight being a fatal dose. No experiments ever had been made to learn what happened to deer if confined to such a diet.

The tests proved to the satisfaction of those supervising them that while not poisonous to deer in any amount they would likely eat laurel and rhododendron as a sole food, too deficient in nutrition values to maintain life during an entire winter.

LENTEN REGULATIONS, 1931.

1. All the days of Lent, except Sundays, are fast days. The Lenten fast ends at noon on Holy Saturday.

2. All between the ages of 21 and 59 are obliged to fast, except the sick and convalescent; women in delicate health and condition; those to whom fasting would cause grave injury to health, or would produce such illness or exhaustion as would interfere with their daily duties; and those whose occupations are of a very laborious and exhausting nature. Those who doubt whether they are excused or not should consult their confessor.

3. Those obliged to fast are allowed but one meal, either at noon or in the evening.

4. During Lent every Wednesday and Friday are days of abstinence. However, by special privilege of the Holy See, working people and their families are obliged to abstain from meat only on Ash Wednesday and Fridays. On all other days of abstinence those of the family who are obliged to fast may eat meat at their principal meal; those not obliged to fast may eat meat at any of their meals.

5. The use of meat and fish at the same meal is no longer forbidden.

6. Those who are excused from fasting during Lent should practice self-denial in some other way.

7. The usual Lenten devotions will be provided in all the churches of the Diocese, and the faithful should endeavor by earnest prayer, heartfelt contrition and the worthy receiving of sacraments to profit by the special graces of the Holy Season.

8. The time for complying with the precept of Paschal Communion extends, as heretofore, from the first Sunday of Lent, February 22 to Trinity Sunday, May 31st.

ENOUGH TO EAT?

A family of five in North Lenoke County, Arkansas, dependent on the Red Cross for food, gets \$4.20 worth of rations every two weeks. A family of 13 gets \$8.65. This we learn from the chairman of the county's Red Cross chapter, in a letter to Senator Robinson.

There is, in addition, a shortage of clothing. The chapter collected discarded garments in the towns, and spent \$1,365 for shoes, clothing, underwear and stockings in two weeks, mostly for children, who were cared for first.

Here's the ration for a family of nine, presumably for two weeks, which cost: Flour, 48 pounds, \$1.15; meal, 24 pounds, 65 cents; lard, 5 pounds, 95 cents; beans, 50 cents; rice, 75 cents; sugar, 75 cents; baking powder, 50 cents; four cans salmon, 50 cents; six cans tomatoes, 50 cents. The salmon and tomatoes apparently are to halt the spread of pellagra.

FARM NOTES

ACCREDITED DOES NOT ALWAYS MEAN THE SAME

In describing the quality of baby chicks there are some terms which have numerous meanings, according to county agent, R. C. Blaney. The word accredited has various meanings in different States. If baby chicks or hatching eggs come from accredited flocks in Penna., New Jersey, New York, and the New England States, it means that the breeding stock was tested for bacillary white diarrhea and for the last two successive years there was no tone reactor or carry of this disease in the breeding flock. In Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and some of the other States the word accredited does not apply that the birds have been selected with a reasonable amount of care for good egg production, breed and variety characteristics. Whenever buyers of baby chicks see the word accredited, it is well for them to note which State these chicks came from and what the term accredited means.

RECOMMENDS VARIETIES OF CHOICE VEGETABLES

For the information of Centre County growers interested in the commercial production of vegetables, county agent, R. C. Blaney, gives a list of recommended varieties. These are not brands handled exclusively by a few seed houses but are varieties available from a large number of reliable sources, he explains.

Yellow sweet corn varieties include Golden Early Market for first early only; the Perpee and Harris Extra Early Bantam for second early; White and Golden Bantam for second early. White varieties are represented by Early Market for first early only; White Cob Corn and Whipple's Early for early crop; Whowing Mob and Vanguard for second early; Country Gentleman and Stowell's Evergreen for main crop.

Recommended tomatoes are Penn State Earliana for first early only; Bonny Best and John Baer for second early; Marglobe and Greater Baltimore for main crop.

Cabbage varieties include Golden Acre for first early only; Copenhagen Market for second early; Enkhuizen Glory for mid-season or kraut; Short Stem Danish for fall and winter use.

Siber snowball is the recommended cauliflower. Among the peppers Early Giant is best for early use; World Beater for mid-season to late, and California Wonder for late.

Cucumbers for slicing include Kirby, Early Fortune, and Davis Perfect. Crisphead lettuce varieties are New York No. 12 and New York improved.

Early beets are represented by Improved Egyptian and Early Wonder, with Detroit Dark Red best variety for the main crop. Chantenay and Red Cored Chantenay are the recommended carrots.

In the celery group Golden Plume for sand and muck soils and Easy Blanching for heavy soils are in the recommended class. There are four onion varieties: Yellow Globe for seed, white sets for bunching, yellow sets for maturity, and Riverside Sweet Spanish for transplant.

Commercial fruit growers offer few keepers a great opportunity for service.

Prompt transplanting is especially desirable when tip plants of black raspberries are being planted.

The South Haven peach is a rather new variety originating in Michigan where it has been rather widely planted.

A spray application of lime-sulphur and lead arsenate should be applied to cherry trees when the blossoms shatter or as soon thereafter as the weather permits.

The apple worms do not appear until later on the date of their arrival depending on the season. If the fruit grower sprays so as to fill the calyx cups no worms will enter at that point.

Check over the entire spray outfit and see what is going to be needed in order to start off on time and in good shape.

Any one of a number of diseases can cause raspberries to become dry and useless. One of these diseases is anthracnose.

Some beekeepers have reported the killing of bees at the time of blooming. The fruit growers should spray just before the trees bloom and never when in full bloom.

Lime usually is the first essential in improving pasture sods that are poor and weedy. Superphosphate also should be applied at the rate of 40 pounds or more per acre. On soils of deficient potash, at least 100 pounds of muriate may well be added, or an 0-12-6 or 0-10-10 mixture applied liberally.

A number of perennial and other flowers require staking. Chief among these are dahlias, campanulas, certain phloxes, asters, chrysanthemums and gypsophylla. The stakes are most inconspicuous if painted green.

The coldframe is indispensable for growing early plants and small vegetable crops to maturity. The plants will have to be started in the house, a hotbed, or a greenhouse. Instructions for building and operating these are found in Circulars 120 and 135 which can be obtained from the Agricultural Publications Office, State College, Pa.

WILD TURKEY SURVEY

Harrisburg, Surveys made by field officers of the state game commission since the close of the hunting season show sufficient wild turkeys escaped to assure good hunting next season unless the weather conditions during hatching season are unfavorable.