

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 10, 1931.

THE TOWN OF DON'T YOU WORRY.

There is a town called Don't-You-Worry.
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy
Blossoms sweetly all the while.

Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Never-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill.

There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town;
And on every hand are shade-trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer.

Everybody there is happy
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.

BEHIND THE BULKHEAD

It is entirely safe to say that at least five million men in America today would understand the feeling of horror that came over Sid Barney at 6:10 A. M. on the morning of August 21, 1918.

Barney's horror came from no physical danger. The weather was warm and clear. On the eastern edge of the ocean, toward Europe (which was only about one hundred miles away) a rosy glow told of the rising sun. A vagrant gull circled over head. The sea was smooth and very blue.

There was nothing to unnerve a healthy young man of twenty-two, a crack baseball player and something of a boxer, in merely standing on a vessel's deck and drinking in fresh, crisp air of a high-sea dawn. And yet Barney's face was ashen, his eyes were staring, his knees felt weak beneath him, and his stomach had that sick, "gone" sort of feeling which a fellow feels just before the referee blows the whistle for the kickoff.

Briefly the situation was this: When war was declared in 1917, Sidney Barney had just been about to graduate from the University of Chicago. He planned to enter his father's law firm, the well known Barney & Birdsell. Instead he chose to serve his country by joining the Great Lakes Naval Training school at Chicago. He soon got a commission as ensign and took command of an armed guard on an American merchant ship plying between Boston and Liverpool. For a year this ship successfully beat off German submarines and made her regular voyages. Not until August 19, 1918, was she torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. The commander of the U-boat, Lieutenant the Baron Gerlach, chose to set all hands adrift in their lifeboats, to be picked up by the first destroyer patrol that passed that way.

To Barney he said at the time in perfect English: "I think I will take you with me. I have never known an American. It will be a pleasure to find out what they are like."

It was not a new idea. In the World War, U-boat commanders often took a prisoner or two along with them, either for entertainment or for purpose of pumping them for information.

"All right, Captain," said Barney, because it wouldn't have done him a bit of good to say anything else.

Two days later the U-boat had the luck to fall in with a derelict, the half submerged hull of a tramp steamer that had apparently been torpedoed and had failed to sink. Behind this bulk Baron Gerlach put his U-boat with its decks just awash. "We now have a blind such as one uses in shooting ducks," he explained to Barney.

There was a sinister assurance in his remark that made Barney ask: "Will the ducks soon come?"

The Baron waved a yellow raido dispatch blank on which a message was written in German.

"This morning, Herr Barney, my orders tell me."

And now, just as the Baron had predicted a few moments before, Barney saw on the western horizon a wide black smudge which as he watched rapidly spread and reformed into a score of smaller black smudges.

It was so terrible that it sickened Barney. At the same time it was so pleasing to the commander of the U-boat that he touched Barney on the shoulder and exclaimed: "You see, Herr Barney, it is part luck and part efficiency! It is luck we can hide behind this bit of wreckage right in the path of the convoy; but it is efficiency that my raido dispatch tells me the night before to be ready."

"You're really going—to sink one of them without warning?" Barney's breath was short as if he had been running.

The Baron spread both hands palm up and shrugged his bony shoulders. "It is the only way," he said. "Suddenly his tall figure stiffened. Over his shoulders he snapped an order. At once the wireless mast was folded. All hatches but one were secured. Everything was made ready for submerging."

He clasped his hands in kind of glee. "Only six destroyers!" he exclaimed. "And the ships are well behind them. We shall sink three, I think! Oh, easily three!"

Three ship loads of Americans to drown and suffocate!

At this moment a kind of madness seized Barney.

Near the Baron's feet on the little connecting tower deck lay a rolled-up signal flag. Before the German could stop him, Barney seized

the flag and sprang over the rail to the deck of the derelict. He ran forward to where the decks were higher out of the sea. As he ran he shook the signal flag loose.

Behind him came the thud of running feet and a pandemonium of shouts.

When he reached the highest point on the derelict's flying bridge he stood clearly silhouetted against the rising sun. Not five thousand yards westward foamed an American destroyer bent on scrutinizing the piece of wreckage. Three times Barney swung the flag back and forth before he was dragged violently from his perch.

It was the Baron himself who felled Barney with a blow on the jaw; but Barney went down smiling. Even in the flash before he lost consciousness he knew that keen eyes on the destroyer must of seen him waving and have instantly signaled the whole convoy to bear swiftly off to a new course in case a submarine were about.

Barney came to lying in a bunk. His first impression was that he was in a subway. The semi-darkness, the roaring of machinery, the sense of many people cooped up in a small space combined to give him this impression.

He sat up. His jaw ached and his legs were wobbly, but he managed to make his way across the small living compartment to a door which hung ajar. He almost butted head long into the Baron.

Barney sprang back, swaying slightly as he braced himself for the attack he felt the German would make. If the Baron tried to kill him for having thwarted the torpedoing of the troop ships he would not be surprised.

However to his astonishment, the German commander motioned him to a low folding chair near the port bulkhead and closed the door behind him, shutting out some of the tumult beyond.

The Baron then bowed deeply. "First, let me apologize," he said to Barney's wonderment, "for having struck you. I do not usually treat you prisoners that way."

"Don't mention it, Captain," said Barney, trying to smile. "I'd have swung on you if I'd seen you first."

The Baron bowed solemnly again. "What has gone on is the fortune of war. I expect we may all be dead in a few minutes."

"A shot-hole in our conning tower," the Baron continued coolly. "The destroyer you signaled opened fire before we got our hatches closed. It was long range, but she got in one three-inch shot aft, the periscope before we went down."

Before the Baron could continue, the door opened and a German petty officer saluted smartly and made a report in his own tongue. Almost at the same instant a terrific concussion shook the U-boat from end to end. Her lights went out. The deck under Barney's feet hove upward and then listed several degrees to starboard.

When at last the light came on again, Lieutenant the Baron Gerlach was standing exactly where he had been before. The petty officer had disappeared.

The Baron went on as if nothing had happened. "Our pumps are taking care of the shot-hole. But there is worse danger. Apparently the same projectile nicked our oil tanks just under the skin further aft. So as we sit here below and pump we are leaving a good trail for the destroyer to follow. When she is in position she drops a depth bomb and we fall to pieces."

"Then you are lost," declared Barney bravely. It was not a pleasant thought to feel he must go to the bottom. But he knew that his sacrifice might mean saving the lives of thousands of other Americans.

"Ah-ah, Herr Barney, you do not know the trade. When the last depth bomb came down I let go a lot of oil and a little wreckage. The wreckage I have kept lashed for weeks near our conning tower for just that purpose. When those above the destroyer see the oil and wreckage appear immediately after the explosion of their bomb they will conclude they had sunk me."

"But don't they still hear your pumps and engines through their listening devices?"

The Baron swung the compartment door wide. The U-boat's interior was a silent tomb.

"We have plugged the shot-hole now. Every piece of machinery is oiled. The crew has orders to sit and play cards until further orders, and in the morning we shall be at our post for another troop convoy which is coming on the same course."

Four hours later the U-boat came to the surface. She came very slowly. And before she "broke water" her "asparagus," as German U-boat sailors called a periscope in 1918, was cautiously raised and the sea scrutinized. No other craft was in sight. Not a smoke or a sail was visible to show that men ever used the sea for traffic. Only about a mile away was the queer lifeless bit of wreckage that had been there before.

The U-boat emerged until not only her bridge above the conning tower was out of the water but her long steel-plated deck. The lid of her main hatch opened, and out stepped the tall Baron Gerlach. When Barney joined him the Baron pointed ahead and said: "There Herr American, is our blind for hunting some more ducks."

Barney was too surprised to answer. Yes, there was the same derelict that had been floating by the submarine in the morning. One end of her was still nearly submerged, but the other projected high enough to make a perfect screen for the U-boat to lurk behind.

"But why didn't the destroyer stick around?" was his puzzled query.

The Baron gave a short laugh. "I told you, Herr Barney, that they sank us with their depth bomb—at least they had good reason to be-

lieve they did. And we have just heard them report their victory to London by radio. How happy your friends must be tonight!"

When the U-boat tied up alongside the derelict, Barney clambered aboard the latter. He wanted to get some fresh air—and to think. He could not bear to feel that he must witness the torpedoing of helpless American ships.

"I'm a stupid fool if I can't do something," he muttered.

"Was ist?"

"Was ist?"

He started at the sound of a voice at his shoulder. Turning around he found a German seaman at his elbow. The man wore side arms.

"What do you want?" snapped Barney.

The seaman nodded toward the U-boat, where the Baron stood.

"After what happened yesterday you must forgive me Herr Barney, if I keep you under guard."

"Suit yourself," said Barney shortly.

"You see, tomorrow morning," he waved the usual radio signal that seemed always to be coming to these efficient Germans—"we shall have another convoy. Think of it: two in two days! I tell you there is some luck in this game we play!"

What could Barney do? He was unarmed; guarded and under suspicion. His every move was being watched. When the dawn came the U-boat would dash out, as she had almost dashed out this very morning, and sink one—two maybe three—helpless ships full of more than helpless Americans.

It was horrible—horrible. Barney walked toward the higher part of the derelict. The German seaman obediently followed him at a distance of about ten feet. It made him angry to be treated this way. Yet he could not blame the Baron.

He crawled out over the derelict's rusted bridge and dropped down to her well deck, which was awash. At least he would get Heine's feet wet.

But the German sailor was too smart for him. When Barney splashed farther aft and crawled up the slippery plating that led to the main deckhouse the seaman merely grinned and waited for him. He was sure he had the American prisoner in a safe place.

By this time the sun had dipped below the horizon, and the twilight of an early evening was shifting down upon the sea. Barney stood by the deckhouse door and gazed despairingly westward, the direction from which the doomed convoy would come in the morning.

"Pss-t!"

The first he heard the little hiss he thought it was the running whisper of the water along the broken deck seam. Then came a distant low spoken call: "Hey, buddy!"

He dared not seem to hear. Besides it might be a delusion of his tired mind.

He glanced back to where the guard was standing. Luckily at that moment the German was staring at a school of porpoises which were passing.

Quickly Barney stepped close to the door, glancing inside the gloomy interior as he did so. Despite the darkness his eyes could make out two shadowy forms in American Naval uniform. He leaned up against the door frame in a position that made it seem that he, too, was watching the porpoises; yet one ear was cocked clear.

"Say," said a low voice from within, "we know your face, but we've forgotten your name; any way you are an American. Heaven only knows why you are on an enemy sub! But we figure you wouldn't have a guard if you were one of 'em."

"That's right," replied Barney in an undertone.

"Well," went on the voice, "we're here to signal in the morning when the sub pulls out and submerges. Our boats are coming back early enough to be on hand when the convoy passes. Guess it was you that gave us the high sign this morning."

"It was," whispered Barney. "But didn't you report having sunk us?"

"Sure. But that was just to fool the enemy into coming back here again. The skipper let us drop off here and hide behind a loose bulkhead and keep watch. Now you better go back and not give 'em any idea we're here."

With beating heart Barney obeyed. The thought that two of his own kind were right there aboard the derelict filled him with new hope. The knowledge that the enemy was to be outwitted elated him. The assurance that the convoy was to be saved delighted him.

Then, suddenly, Barney realized that his own death warrant was sealed. It was a ghastly thought. If the U-boat went down, he must sink to his death with her.

Grimly, he rejoined his guard. The seaman turned to follow him to the U-boat. When Barney sauntered around the derelict's deck to stroll for time the seaman grunted impatiently. In a flash of anger Barney turned on the man. He was going to give him a piece of his mind. Instinctively the German reached for his cutlass.

By chance at that moment Barney noted that they were hidden from the U-boat by the body of a venting cowl which rose from the derelict's tilted deck. This fact and his impulsive resentment spurred him to rebellious action. He stepped forward and sent a smashing blow to the German's chin. Down the seaman tumbled. Then in a flash Barney had a great idea.

He leaned down and snatched off the sailor's cap. In five more seconds he had unbuttoned the jacket and rolled the limp body out of it. With the cutlass strap he hobbled the man's legs. With his own handkerchief torn into two pieces he tied the wrists behind their owner and tightly gagged his mouth.

Then, gathering cap, blouse and cutlass into his arms, he casually made his way aft to the deckhouse, where the two American Navy men

were secreted. He thrust the articles in and called out softly: "Here's our chance. It's nearly dark. One of you dress up like my guard. Quick!"

"What's the big idea?" came from within.

"Hurry up, you ham!" hissed Barney.

Next morning, just as the Baron had predicted, there came to be seen on the western horizon a wide black smudge, which rapidly spread and re-formed into a score of smaller black smudges. Each black smudge was a ship. Each ship carried thousands of American soldiers.

At the proper moment the German U-boat slipped out from behind the derelict which screened it. She steamed on her course toward the convoy. This would give her the bearing of her victim. Rapidly an American destroyer and the U-boat drew together.

But the U-boat did not submerge! The destroyer opened fire. A shell screamed over the U-boat. Then more shells. One splashed within twenty feet of her bow. Then one struck with a loud crash along a main seam aft.

Three figures on the U-boat's little bridge struggled frantically with some line and what appeared to be a piece of torn underwear. At the same moment the U-boat began to circle. Then she hoisted the white underwear—a signal of surrender. "Submarine there!" hailed the American destroyer. "Do you surrender?"

"Of course we do!" came the astounding answer back—shouted with a good old Yankee twang.

The destroyer came alongside just as the main hatch of the submarine opened. One by one the crew of the captured enemy came on deck. Their faces were blank with amazement.

"Yes, this fellow Barney happened to be aboard her," one of the derelict's "scouts" said later to the commanding officer of the destroyer. "It was an idea for one of us to dress up in the uniform of his guard and get aboard. We had quite a scrap in capturing the skipper and two deck hands."

A cry came from the destroyer's bridge.

"Hey Come aboard! She's going under!"

True. The enemy was at least going to save his vessel from falling into the hands of the Americans. A watchful engineer had opened the sea cocks. As the last captive sprang to the destroyer's deck the doomed U-boat went down in a swirl of green.

"Well, old man," said the destroyer's skipper to Barney, if you could do that every day we'd end this blistering war!"—The Industrial School News.

THE 1931 WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Last summer the Watchman published a cut and description with measurements of Miss Dorothy Dell Goff, 17-year old girl of New Orleans, who was chosen at Galveston, 1930, as the most beautiful girl in the world. A pink-and-white blonde, 5½ feet tall, weight 122 pounds, bust measure 34 inches, waist 26 inches, hips 36 inches, ankles 8 inches, wore 2 AA slippers.

Miss Netta Duchateau, a Belgian girl has just been declared winner of the Galveston pageant for 1931.

Chosen by "La Patrie," Belgian magazine, to represent her country, Miss Duchateau started on the long trip to America. About \$1,500 was spent for clothes in Paris and she was ready to conquer the assembled beauties of the world—and she did.

Her bust measures 33½ inches; her waist, 27 inches; her hips, 37½ inches.

She has had what would amount to a Junior College education here—six years of school work after her graduation from the gymnasium, which corresponds to our primary grades.

Omelets prepared in every conceivable way and canteenoups which are plentiful in Belgium chiefly compose Miss Duchateau's diet. Little or no meat appear on her menu.

For all of her slim 20 years, Miss Universe has done more than win a beauty contest. She has the brains and nerve to qualify as a licensed pilot. She has been flying since she was 18 and loves it.

Miss Duchateau has a \$2,500 prize award and a \$1,000 silver plaque as spoils of her victory.

BANK MAKES PHOTO OF ALL CHECKS CASHED

When a housewife loses the canceled check that shows she has paid her grocery bill, and the grocer insists she hasn't paid it, she needn't worry under a new scheme of check photography recently instituted by a large bank with offices throughout the country. She has merely to take her supposed creditor to the bank, where a photograph of the canceled check will be flashed on a screen at her request. The photograph is acceptable legal evidence that the bill is paid.

Every check drawn by one of the bank's depositors is photographed upon a strip of motion picture film when it returns through the regular collect on channels, with a machine invented by a New York banker and perfected by the Eastman Kodak Company. The device ends disputes over unpaid bills and guards against forgery.

WILL CREATE SANCTUARY FOR BIRDS AND BEASTS

Hopkinton, N. H.—A paradise for bird and beast will be created in a forest preserve here at a cost of half a million dollars. The sanctuary, to eventually cover 1,000 acres, has been made possible under the will of Samuel Myron Chase of that town and Chicago, who died recently.

Mr. Chase: "Where shall I hide Tommy's birthday present?"

Mrs. Chase: "It will be perfectly safe in the bathroom."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

Every man in the brass band thinks his instrument makes the best music.

—Good color combinations are great for the eyes. For the soul, too. Doesn't it pep you up to know you're looking smart and jaunty? Color, rightly chosen, makes you look that way.

What color combinations are in fashion. White-and-something is one of summer's best. And the "something" can be most anything, since all colors look fine with white.

White-and-brown, white-and-navy, white-and-bright red, white-and-brilliant green, white-and-yellow—these are some of the most effective.

With brown as a starter, put with it white, yellow or beige, and your costume is a pleasant harmony.

With navy blue, the smartest accent is white and yellow is next. But a new note is the green accent on navy, while lighter blue is always a safe choice.

A very new idea is a beige costume with deep red accessories. But to be really effective, the red must be almost a burgundy and used with discretion. A hat, handbag and flower of this red would be quite sufficient with a beige dress.

If you wear gray, try with it brown gloves, handbag and shoes. It's different looking. More difficult to wear—but individual if it's becoming—is gray with a yellow scarf, bag and belt.

Three color costumes are harder to put together, of course. But if your second accent color is white, then it's easier. A brown costume with yellow and white accessories, for instance. Or a navy costume with lighter blue and white.

Navy can be smartly combined with lighter blue and lighter brown; beige with dark brown and just a touch of deep burgundy red.

A dark coat with contrasting dressings is one good way to put color into the costume. With a brown coat you could smartly wear an all white dress, an apple green dress with white trimming, or a printed dress that combined brown and beige yellow, with maybe a spot of green or red here and there.

Scarves, short jacket, belt, handbag, gloves, hat, jewelry and boutonniere are the best places to put your sharp color accents. And not in all of those places at once, either. For example, a bright navy suit, for example, smartly proportioned colors would be navy blue shoes, navy handbag, white-and-a-yellow scarf, white gloves, yellow bracelet.

With a white dress, your belt, handbag and necklace could be bright red. But your gloves, hat and shoes would better be white. When darker colors are used as accents on white it's possible to use more of them.

It is sheer nonsense not to have something of the openwork variety in wool in the wardrobe these days, with everyone wearing them and looking so nonchalantly comfortable and cool in them.

Contrasting jumper or jacket is a smart thing these days. You have no idea how you will meet the contrasting theme everywhere you go.

—Greens are good mines for vitamins. You know, the closer a plant is to the sun, the more vitamins it will gather unto itself. And since the sun beats down on the greens in the growing all day long, it is only logical to reason that they embody in themselves the life-prolonging vitamins.

Spinach was for a long, long time the ugly duckling of the vegetable family. And it was left severely alone, as the ugly duckling proverbially is. But now, thanks to the scientists, who declare spinach vitamin-filled food, spinach has become almost as necessary to the daily diet as the potato. And there are other greens, just as valuable, just as healthful.

The markets are filled with them these days. Kale, for example; it is a sort of understudy to spinach. The leaves are a trifle coarser, but they are just that much easier to clean, and kale is prepared exactly as you would prepare and cook spinach. You may have it boiled or creamed, or with a butter sauce; season it nicely, and it will prove as appetizing as it is good.

And, speaking of cleaning greens thoroughly, let me give you a few simple suggestions:

Immerse head vegetables in cold salted water to which a teaspoon of vinegar is added. Before washing, soak for a few minutes to remove any impurities which may cling to the leaves.

In washing greens, lift the leaves from the water. This method cleans the leaves thoroughly. In simply draining the water off, the grit is washed back into the leaves.

Avoid any prolonged cooking of greens or the vitamins are destroyed. When the leaves begin to darken in color you know they are being overcooked.

If you have a prejudice against the tangy flavor associated with spinach, try chard instead. Chard, too, is easy to clean, and it combines the best features of spinach and celery. Cut off the root end of the chard to separate the leaves.

Beet tops make an excellent addition to the "greens" family. The leaves must be green and crisp and devoid of any holes. Both the leaves and the stems may be used. Cook beet tops in a few tablespoons of hot water to keep them from scorching. Cook them rapidly for fifteen minutes, then serve seasoned with salt and pepper and melted butter.

Dandelion greens are a delicacy. You'll find they have attained quite a dignified status in the city markets. Wash the dandelion and remove the coarse, outside leaves. Place the greens in a cheesecloth bag and plunge them in boiling water for five minutes. To remove any bitter taste place them in another kettle with fresh boiling water and cook for about twenty minutes. Season and serve with melted butter.

FARM NOTES.

—As soon as the picking season is over, work should be started in rejuvenating the strawberry bed. The first step is to remove the straw mulch by raking. Cultivation should follow immediately. An application of nitrogenous fertilizer then will stimulate new growth.

—To prevent damage by wind the taller flowers should be staked, say Penn State ornamental horticulturists. These stakes should be as inconspicuous as possible.

—Next month Chinese or celery cabbage can be planted for fall use. The last planting of corn can be made July 1 to 5. Sow late lettuce and endive. Beets and carrots for winter storage can be sown July 1. Beans for the fall crop can also be planted.

—Hens may be broken of broodiness by removing them from the flock, placing them in a broody coop, and feeding a balanced ration.

—Very often old coatings of paint fail to give adequate protection against weathering long before they flake noticeably. This is especially true of flat-grained boards of light weight, fine textured species that hold paint well.

—Sod orchards which were plowed this spring should be reseeded now to a cover crop. Legumes, such as alfalfa, sweet clover, common clovers, soybeans, and vetches are preferable.

—Thinning apples and peaches increases size of fruit, improves color, eliminates breakage, and reduces harvesting costs.

—To control Colorado potato beetle spray with 4 pounds of lead arsenate or 3 pounds of calcium arsenate in 100 gallons of bordeaux.

—Any properly prepared garden soil is suitable for endive. Sow in rows 18 inches to 2 feet apart, to allow for cultivation and thin the plants to 1 foot apart in the rows. The leaves are blanched either by tying together with some soft material, or by standing boards on each side of the row, bringing them together in an inverted V. In two weeks to a month the heart of the plant will be nicely blanched. If the inner leaves are wet they are likely to rot. Endive will not endure hard frost, and it is usual to lift the plants in the fall, and set in a frame where they may be blanched under mats. The plants may also be set in shallow boxes and brought into the cellar for storage and blanching.

—It should be kept in mind that any four-horse abreast hitch for a sulky plow with no horse on the plowed ground is bound to cause increased draft because of the tendency of the plow to run sideways. The tandem hitch, two horses in front and two behind, is the only really satisfactory four-horse sulky plow hitch. One can secure a leaflet from the Horse Association of America, Union Stock yards, Chicago, for the asking.

—Poultry raisers who can spare a little time should study up the art of canning. Capons demand a good price upon the market, and are always in good demand. The operation process is easily learned and is so profitable that it pays any poultryman to try his hand at it. The slips are not lost, and if you kill a few by practicing you can sell the carcass on the market or use it for home consumption. Of course it is necessary that you have proper tools to do this work, but these can be purchased at poultry supply stores anywhere.

—Some farmers make the mistake of turning young calves, those under six months old, on pasture, expecting them to get most, if not all, of their feed from grass alone. The most successful dairymen, those who have well grown heifers for herd replacements, continue their calves on grain, skim milk, and hay until they are well on to nine months old before they depend entirely on pasture to supply all the feed. This plan saves the needed pasture.

—Cows as well as people need vacations if they are to do their best work, says Prof. H. A. Hooper, of the New York State College of Agriculture. Six weeks is the minimum and cows in poor condition should have a rest of two months between lactation periods.

It is not generally understood, says Professor Hooper, that when a cow is producing milk she uses the minerals from her body faster than they can be replaced. A cow producing 6,000 pounds of milk a year must manufacture 750 pounds of dry matter, or more than is contained in the carcass of a 1,250 pound steer. If a cow is given little or no rest, she enters the next lactation period in a weakened and run-down condition with the result that she can produce less milk than she could have had she been dried off a few weeks before she freshened. It is false economy, according to Professor Hooper, to try to keep cows in nearly constant production.

To allow them to replace the minerals which have gone into the production of milk, cows that are dry during the pasture season should receive legume hays and pasture or be allowed to graze on a legume pasture. At other times legume hays and silage should be fed to dry cows if possible.

—Get after the red mites in the hen-house before they cause a drop in egg production. Before the poultry mites become too numerous is the time to treat the roosts and other parts of the house.

Hot weather is most favorable to the reproduction of the mites and they multiply very rapidly, soon causing a falling off in egg production. These mites are much more harmful than the lice that live on the body of the hen all the time.