

GOD'S LOVE CALL

Hills--and the scent of pine trees, Night--and the stars above. A soft cool wind is blowing. Such beauty shows forth God's Love. Rocks--and the sea beneath them, Ships--and the waves of blue. The cry of flying sea gulls, God's beauty is there for you. Twilight--a bird is singing, The sky--and its one lone star. Distant church-bells ringing, God's beauty--which nothing can mar. Morning--a street in some city, People--these smiling, those sad. Some of them call forth our pity, God's beauty could make them all glad. But some cannot see His beauty, Life is not "stars" to all. So be glad if you find it your duty, To help others hear God's Love Call.

THE TAKING OF SLIPPERY DAN

Elegant Jones regarded his pay check with a cold blue eye, and then reread his mother's letter. He must have more money. After deducting library dues, church dues, sports dues, and incidentals, from sixty cents a day, constable's pay, there was little enough to send home. And he must send more. "Say, Slim," he called across the barrack room, "you know I'm not a fortune-hunter don't you?" The other Mounted Policeman grunted. "Well," pursued Elegant, "can you let me have ten?" "If you'll lend me twenty." "This is too commonplace to be funny." "But I'll tell you how to get it," continued Slim, lounging over on the other elbow so that he could talk to Jones. "Catch Slippery Dan and make a corporal. I heard the old man say yesterday it was a standing offer. He was mad enough to eat glass." "Mad?" replied Elegant. "What at?" "Slippery, you paving-block. It was on account of a stove. You see, a lot of supplies came up from Benton, including a very fine range for the kitchen mess, and it was put in the yard 'till things were made ready. Well, Slippery has a taking manner, you know, and he lifted a lid, a door, or a leg every time he came around, until there was only a poor denuded framework of a range left. Nobody noticed, because that tarpaulin was over everything, but Slippery knew he couldn't very well get away with the skeleton, so, displaying more reasoning power, he emptied a pail of water on it and waited until it was red with rust. Then he went to the O. C. and asked permission to 'take that old stove home, seeing as it ain't doing much good where it is.' 'Where it is?' asked the old man. 'Here, sir,' and Slippery showed him the disreputable results of his guild. 'I didn't know we had any old wreck like that around,' said the O. C.; take it if you want.' Well, yesterday the O. C. stopped in to Slippery's in that dust storm and saw a bright shining range, big, warm, and comforting, and doing splendid work. 'That's a pretty fine stove, Dan. Where'd you get it?' 'Why, exclaimed Slippery with that astonished look of his, 'don't you remember that stove? You gave it to me, you mind, and I've just polished it up a bit.' Corporal Lane was with him and he told me that the O. C. simply scratched his chin and remained silent, but after they left he said, 'I'll get that fellow yet. There's stripes in it for somebody. T'd go to it, Elegant, if I...' An orderly's head poked into the doorway, "The O. C. wants Jones at once." "There you go," said Slim. "Luck never stops for some." It was not luck that summoned Elegant; it was the effect of his nature upon others. All that he had learned in the rough Northwest in the three long years since he was seventeen had not diminished the refinement he had brought from home, and the boys had called him Elegant, but not in the same complimentary way as before. Even if there were no prohibition law it would be a theft, and under the present ordinance he is doubly guilty. Now I have information that Slippery has left for Benton. That is equivalent to saying that he intends to smuggle back another lot of fire water. You will ride out at midnight, so that none of his accomplices can spy on you, hide at the boundary for two or three days as best you can, and arrest him as he returns if you feel sure that he has the goods. I am particularly desirous of ending Slippery's career as a smuggler. If you make that arrest, there's a promotion for you." "Very good, sir," and Elegant withdrew. Three days alone, where there were no houses, no people, no fields, nothing but the familiar sky and prairie, seem pretty long. On the fifth he began to wonder if Slippery had not passed by in the daylight hours when he, Jones had slept. He pulled in his belt and envied his horse the grass. "I'll make it a week," he said doggedly. Once more the last green of day merged into night. August was turning cool now after midnight. Elegant lay by his horse for warmth

and thought of his mother and her need. "She may be as hungry as this, if I don't get him," was the thought that harassed the boy, and his eyes sought the sky in firm resolve. Orion was passing, on his great patrol, the routed Pleiades were flying down the dawn, and sunrise of the sixth day came. Elegant's head swam with faintness as he saddled Pinto and led him down the river. A curious thought came to him as he approached the little rill which ran into the muddy stream, "If I lie down, shall I get up?" Then he said "Nonsense," and drank. But it was not nonsense. He was weak. He lay there a little while in the warm sun, and Pinto looked at him. Then with his ear to the ground there came to him a sound such as he had never heard, a curious clank clank of a lot of huge tin frogs jolting along. "Say! I didn't know I was that far gone," he said to himself with a grim smile. The noise increased and Elegant lay there until he saw rounding the corner of a wind-scratched butte a string of pack horses, eight at least, with an Indian boy trailing at train, while Slippery Dan, unmistakably mounted on his iron-gray saddle, reported stolen but unproved, led. The noise came from the plumping up and down of kerosene tins on the pack animals. "Strange he should advertise," said Elegant to himself, and creeping to Pinto he managed to drag himself into the saddle and start toward his prey. At sight of the policeman, Slippery gave a startled yell, lashed his ponies into the river at the ford. Three broke away and Slippery followed them, the rest turned and were pursued by the Indian boy. Elegant naturally spurred Pinto after Slippery and overtook him at the steep trail up the cut-bank. The clay banks whirled before Elegant's eyes, but his voice was steady as he said "I've been waiting for you, Slippery, and I've got you fair now." "I thought you was trying to beat me across this here ford," said Slippery. "Goin' my way?" "You're going mine. You're under arrest." "All right," and Slippery assumed his look of innocence. "Ef you Mounties gets a thing into your heads, jest talkin' never gets it out." Elegant looked around for the Indian, but he had vanished, and he knew that the bird in the hand was worth ten in the distance, he motioned for Slippery to ride ahead. For hours they jogged along in silence, until they reached the fork of the trail which led to Slippery's home near the Reserve. Slippery started to turn off. "Where do you think you're going?" asked Elegant. "Home, o' course," in apparent surprise. "I told you you were under arrest; you're going with me." "Aw, I thought you was jokin'," and Slippery managed an injured tone, "but, ef you say so, of course it's true. Jest wait the shake of a mule's hind hoof, will you?" and he calmly began to untie the cans. "I kin pick these up on my way back." Elegant summoned what strength he had and said, "You're under arrest for smuggling contraband, and we're going to take it to town." "All right," sighed the drab prisoner resignedly. It was past noon when they traveled into the village, and the news leaped ahead of the jaded train before it arrived at barracks. Elegant's anxious brother-at-arms, some in shirt sleeves, some in scarlet crowed around as the jingling ponies stopped before the guard-room door. "He looks all in," said Red Mathews. "Had it tough, I'll bet." "But he gets his stripes," said Slim. Elegant had started to untie the pack on the first pony himself. "What you doin'?" demanded Slippery in vast astonishment. Elegant made no reply. The old rustler came around and put a hand on the constable's arm. "What you doin'?" he repeated. "Ridding you of your precious load." Elegant's voice was suddenly not so firm. "Precious load! Why, there ain't nothin' in these tins." The first came unloosed at that instant and rattled hollowly to the ground. A hasty glance proved Slippery's contention true. "I just brung them over to s'athe my shack," he continued; "I'm so afraid o' prairie fires, you see." "Where's the goods?" asked Elegant, holding to the saddle. "The goods?" repeated the old suspect. "Why; that's safe enough. The boy was tendin' to that. Why didn't you tell me what you wanted, and I wouldn't have come up here out of my way. Kin I go now?" Elegant's permission to clear out was lost in the shouts of mirth that came from his fellow constables, good natured mirth but loud. The tricked policeman leaned against Pinto and smiled, too, but it was a wan, unsteady smile, and he had to bite his lip to keep from fainting. It was Slim who first noticed him stagger. "Lay off, men," he ordered curtly, "he's done in. Lean on me, kid." "That's all right. I'll be all right when I get home." "He's out his lip," noticed Red Mathews. They carried him in, gave him gruel, rest, and real food, and in the evening he reported to the Officer Commanding. When he came from the office there was a smile on Elegant's lean face. It was the smile of a man who was determined on an interesting undertaking. Fort Benton, though still the source of supplies for the North, was past its prime. The supply of coffins for tricky gamblers had caught up with the demand and the men who had spent their days building fences around their neighbors of the night before had settled down into gossiping citizens. One of them kept the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Emporium. He rejoiced not only in the name of Straddle Jim, but

also in the confidence of his guests, by whom the lobby was occupied on an evening in September. He dropped into a chair beside Slippery Dan, saying: "Hear you're pulling out in the mornin'. Want a couple of passengers?" "Depends," and Slippery looked around him like a coyote. "Kin they drive? I pretty near ruined an arm lifting --" his voice lowered beyond hearing. "Them's the two," and Straddle Jim pointed to a clergyman and a young man dressed in a manner that proclaimed him a tenderfoot anywhere west of Chicago. Slippery spat. "Couldn't drive rabbits. What's the sky-pilot want of us, I'd like to know? Funny way to earn a livin', callin' people sinners 'em they'd be profitable, if the police turned up." "No funnier'n makin' 'em sinners, eh, Slippery?" and Straddle Jim poked the smugger humorously in the ribs. "How're you takin' it in this time?" "Careful," and Slippery lowered his voice again. "Eggs. Imitation eggs, crates of 'em, and a few tin Bibles." Mirth seized the old man. "Sure, tell the sky pilot I'll take him, and that other specimen. Maybe they'd be profitable, if the police turned up." "What about the police these days, Slippery?" asked Straddle. Slippery expressed his lack of use for them in a manner which must have made the ears of the Inspector, two hundred and fifty miles away, burn. Even the young tenderfoot glanced uneasily at this loud mouthed man and left the room while the clergyman ventured over to negotiate passage for two. Slippery stopped his remarks just long enough to receive the booking money in advance. For two days the six-mule team containing the clergyman, the tenderfoot, and the imitation eggs crawled northward in a driving rain. The boy, who apparently had never seen a prairie chicken, a gopher, or a mule, asked questions so naive and innumerable that Slippery, already goaded to exasperation by the mud-holes, burst into invective upon the wagon seat, when the clergyman had retired, did he unburden himself to the tenderfoot as they sat before the glow of burning buffalo chips. "Some sky pilot!" grumbled the grizzled man. "What's he calculate I'm to do? Them mules ain't used to poetry. What kin I say when we strike the river to-morrow, and all them mud-holes--psalms!" He looked at his helpless companion in disgust; then he looked with interest. "Say, brother, if this weren't your first turn west, I'd vov I'd seen you before." "Ever been to Chicago?" asked the tenderfoot, moving a step or two back from the fire. "Oncet, before you was born, but I'd risk a lot of dust that I've seen you since then. You wasn't drivin' mules down to--no, that feller's hair was different. I wish you could drive mules. I've got a bum arm. But six, haw haw! Slippery stopped short, then added--"We have to carry water quite a way sometimes." The tenderfoot paid no attention but said: "T'd like to help you, sir. Perhaps, if you show me how--" Slippery haw-hawed. "T'd as soon see you hitch up a team of rattlers, son. Come around after you've been in this country a couple of years, and I'll break you in on one mule. But six, haw haw! And don't say sir out in this country, kid. I don't do it." "Thank you for telling me," said the tenderfoot. This remark so disgusted Slippery that he turned in without another word to anyone. The mud holes got worse. At noon they crossed the boundary line in a storm of rain, and the heavily laden team came to rest in a slough. Slippery Dan looked dumbly at the mud and quoth to himself, "How'n the name of shrimps is they to know, ef I don't talk familiar to 'em?" He looked at the watery reeds, the muddy wheels, the sleek, dripping backs of the mules that waited for their customary commands; then he turned to the clergyman and said: "I know it's wicked, mister, to speak so wicked a lingo before you, but it's a sight wickeder to die a lingerin' death in slough for being too dainty to speak. Will you give me leave? Or will you walk?" "I suppose so," said the good man, looking down. "T'll cover my ears." Slippery Dan gathered in the reins a few lashes and some producing words to the mules put new life into them. The astonished team suddenly strained, splashed, and jerked the load--clergyman and contraband--out of the slough. They broke into a gallop. Mud spun from the wheels. A clod hit Slippery in the face, blinding him. The team swerved from the trail and went wheel down into a little gully. There was danger of overturning. Slippery was clawing at his face, whooping into the wind and rain. The clergyman stood up, gazing ahead with white face, for now they were careening along the rough prairie. A vicious bolt threw him to the floor. "Stay there!" yelled the tenderfoot in a tone of authority quite removed from tenderfoot practice. He himself was doing a strange thing: he was clinging onto the front seat of the swaying vehicle. The mules were running now, and Slippery's face dripped rain and mud, was temporarily blind. "Let go," roared the ten-

derfoot into Slippery's ear, and grabbed the reins from his hands. "Let go and hold on!" Slippery Dan gathered in the reins. There was no stopping of the mules by force; it could only be done by artifice. Skillfully swinging to avoid a gopher hole, which would have thrown them into one disastrous heap, the tenderfoot drove them straight at water. Into the slough they went, slowed, stopped as they reached the far side. Slippery's bandana came out and wiped away the mud: he turned his red and astonished eyes on the youth who had brought them through. "Who'n the name of mule-drivers are you?" he said. "I think you've seen me before" and Elegant began to smile. "Do you remember the last time you were importing contraband?" Slippery Dan's attention was not diverted by the head of the clergyman rising from behind. He continued to gaze. "You?" he shouted; "him?" "The same," said Elegant. "Constant James of the Mount' Police, soon to be corporal, thanks to you--whom I now arrest." It was then that Slippery began a series of remarks which were not the thing for even mules to hear. But this time the clergyman did not notice; he was shaking hands with an embarrassed boy who was scarcely listening to what was said, being quite occupied with thinking how happy someone would be far away in a home across the water. --The Target. ONE IN SEVEN RECEIVES ASSISTANCE FROM STATE Approximately fourteen per cent. of the State's population is in the care or custody or receiving treatment or assistance from some institution or agency under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Welfare annually, according to figures compiled and made public today by John L. Hanna, State Secretary of Welfare. A compilation of the number of inmates, prisoners or patients who come under jurisdiction of the Welfare Department indicates that about one-seventh of the Commonwealth's population or more than a million and a quarter persons are included in the figures. The number is divided as follows to date: Bureau of Assistance County, city, township and district almshouses 23,000* Relief in homes 80,000* State aided hospitals 399,734 State aided homes 8,850 Non-State aided homes 7,000 Clinic and out-patients 55,000* Bureau of Mental Health State and State aided mental hospital 16,896 County mental hospitals 17,175 Private mental hospitals 1,321 Mental defectives--State institutions 4,582 Mental defectives--State aided institutions 1,020 Mental defectives--County institutions 319 Private institutions for epileptics 250 State institutions for epileptics 196 Mental Health clinics 2,933 Bureau of Restoration City and county jails and prisons 101,880 State penal and correctional institutions 8,048 County criminal courts, (cases before) 38,930 State Council for the Blind State aided organizations and agencies 8,500* Bureau of Children Institutions, homes and agencies 40,000* County organizations, Mothers' Assistance Fund, Orthopaedic clinic centers 27,000* 4,450 *Estimated. 1,347,760 INSPECT ALL ROADSIDE STANDS H. M. Haines, chief of the section of restaurant hygiene in the state health department said that personnel connected with his section is checking up on the observance of the food regulations as applied to the 7,000 roadside eating and drinking stands which are located along the main and secondary highways throughout Pennsylvania. "While each year sees a more conscientious attention to state regulations relating to foods and food handlers, the department inspectors still find many infractions of the law," said Haines. "Somehow a number of proprietors of this type of food service imagine that because they are not within borough or city limits, the state rules do not apply. Nothing is further from the truth. Sanitary requirements are just as obligatory, health certificates for food handlers just as necessary as in the more formal establishments. "Patrons of roadside stands can very materially assist the department in developing the proper standards by the simple process of refusing to give their patronage to those that plainly are insanitary and carelessly operated." RELIGION, HAPPINESS SEEM HAND-IN-HAND True Happiness lies in good health and the possession of a religious nature, if the results of a test just completed by Dr. Randolph C. Sailer of Teachers College, Columbia University, are considered trustworthy. Dr. Sailer sent a questionnaire to 500 men from 17 to 35, from all walks of life. Most of those who described themselves as happy and satisfied with life harbor some religious faith and are in good health. Mostly those who said they are unhappy said they consider religious worship unnecessary, Dr. Sailer said. Mother--This letter from Charlie is very short. Father--Yes, so is Charlie, or he wouldn't have written. DATA ON MAKING AUTO TAGS FOR 1932 Motor vehicle registration plates for 1932 are now in the process of being manufactured at the western penitentiary at Pittsburg, Benjamin G. Eynon, commissioner of motor vehicles, announced today. The color scheme is the reverse of that used for the current year, of golden yellow background, numerals and letters in blue. The size of the plates of all vehicles, except trucks, remains the same as at present, six inches by ten inches and six inches by twelve inches. Truck plates have been changed from six inches by twelve inches to six inches by fifteen inches over the length of those used at the present time. It will require 730 tons of steel to produce the 3,536,600 plates necessary to meet the requirements. This steel will be furnished by the Apollo Steel corporation, Apollo, Pa., the successful bidder out of nine steel companies in West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania that submitted samples and bids for this material. Approximately 6000 gallons of golden yellow enamel, 5000 gallons of varnish and 4500 pounds of blue numerical ink are required for the finish of these tags. There were more than twenty competitive bids for these materials from companies located in New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The contract for the paint and varnish was awarded to the Sherwin Williams company, Philadelphia. The M. B. Suddard company, of Pittsburgh was the successful bidder for the ink. Assembling and issuing these plates, it requires approximately 1,937,400 envelopes and a like amount of waxed paper which contract has been awarded to The Duplex Envelope corporation of Chicago. The waxed paper is placed between the plates to protect the finish. All registration plates, except truck will remain the same for 1932 as those of the current year with regard to numerals and letters. The truck plates will show the classification of the vehicle by the prefix letter. Under the present system a tag does not exceed five digits, either five numerals and letters, which will be the same system, followed on the plates used for all classes of motor vehicles, except trucks, for the coming year. The registration plates for 1932 issued for a truck having two axles will contain one letter and five numerals or six digits in all. The prefix letter will indicate the class in which the truck is registered, followed by five numerals which will run in numerical order beginning at 10,000 for each class of truck registration. With this policy of issuing a six digit plate, in cases of trucks only, it will be a simple matter to distinguish a truck license and the class of such license can easily be determined by the prefix letter. For example, a truck having a chassis weight of less than 2000 pounds, which comes in class "R", will be assigned a license number R-10,000 and up. Trucks having a chassis weight of 2000 but less than 3000 pounds, which is the "S" classification, will be assigned license number S-10,000 and up, etc. An amendment to the vehicle code provides eight new classes of registrations which cover vehicles equipped with three axles. Here again a six digit tag will be used as in the case of the two axle vehicle, by using two prefix letters and not less than four numerals which will run in regular numerical order beginning at 1000. To designate these licenses from those for trucks having two axles, eight new series of truck plates are provided, by using two prefix letters, the first letter indicating the class in which the truck is properly registered and the second letter (which will always be "Z") indicating the three axle license. For example, three axle vehicles having a chassis weight of less than 3000 pounds will be assigned license plates EZ-1000 and up. Three axle vehicles having a chassis weight of 3000 pounds but not less than 4000 pounds will be assigned license plates SZ-1000 and up, etc. By the numbering system outlined above, a duplication will not exist between the passenger motor vehicle series and truck classes. The passenger motor vehicle tags run from "R" to R-10,000, making a difference of one digit in the tags. Passenger registration plates begin at "EZ" and run to RZ-999. Truck registration plates for three axle vehicles starts at RZ-1000 and up.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. Centre County Commissioners to James Heaton, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$22. Centre County Commissioners to James Heaton, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$14. Centre County Commissioners to James Heaton, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$14. Joseph H. Burroughs to Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, tract in Rush and Taylor Twps.; \$10,069.25. William R. Baker, et al, to Charles M. Long, tract in Walker Twp.; \$800. J. I. Reed to Charles D. Lauck, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$300. L. L. Smith, treasurer, to Edward J. Thompson, tract in South Philipsburg; \$5.50. Edward J. Thompson, et ux, to Abraham L. Ryver, tract in South Philipsburg; \$1. Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to P. P. Henshall, et ux, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$400. J. Milo Campbell to George N. Dreihelbis, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$450. Charles Jodon, Adm. et al, to W. H. Sockinger, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$800. S. Cora Stover to Edward Flick, et ux, tract in Union Twp.; \$3,000. Minnie A. Moore to Gertrude T. Rowe, tract in Haines Twp.; \$500. --Millions of minute, dark, grama like insects, called trichogramma will be released in the peach orchard district of south-central Pennsylvania soon in an effort to destroy it Oriental moth that has preyed on it crops there in past years. The state agricultural department said today that entomologists bred more than 500,000 of the parasites in its Chambersburg laboratory as a last resort in an attempt exterminate the moth. All other methods have proved to be either unsuccessful or only partially effective, and it is hoped that the insects, which have been successfully in the south, will prove to be the needed cure here. --A little attention to the ram may be very profitable both from standpoint of the individual and standpoint given. A large percentage of rams which change hands during the fall go direct from the raiser and fitters to the farm flock owner. Sheep on the average farm are usually considered a side line, and sometimes receive very little attention. The rams need feed and should be purchased in good breeding condition, not overlooking the conformations and make-up. As a rule breed animals are thin and underfed, condition which should not exist. Some breeders discriminate again a heavy fleece on the ram, and it indeed burdensome if he lugs it around during the breeding season. T difficulty, however, can easily be remedied by clipping the ram at breeding time. --Snap beans, lima beans, pea and sweet corn deteriorate in quality if not harvested soon after reaching edible maturity. Green onions, rashes, turnips, carrots, beets, asparagus, rhubarb, kohlrabi, parsnip lettuce, spinach, kale, mustard Swiss chard, and New Zealand spelt may be harvested as soon as edible portions reach a fair size. --Get your job work done here

FARM NOTES. --Geese need protection from the extremely hot sun. If plenty of shade is available, no housing will be required. --It is preferable to feed whole milk to calves during the first two weeks after birth, but in cases that cannot well be done, whole milk feeding may be limited to one week. Small calves, such as Jerseys and Guernseys, should be given about seven and one-half pounds of milk a day. Larger calves, such as Holsteins, Ayrshire, Shorthorns, etc., should be given ten pounds a day until they are at least two weeks old. If this cannot be done without too much trouble two feedings a day will suffice, but a little smaller quantity of milk should be given. That is, a calf that will consume seven and one-half pounds a day in three feeds should not be given more than about six and one-half pounds a day in two feeds. Overloading the calf's stomach should be carefully avoided. See to it that the milk is always fed at an even temperature of about 95 degrees Fahrenheit. --A grain mixture for cows can be compounded from three or four feeds, but a variety of five to seven grains is desirable. Such a mixture will usually be more palatable and carry plenty of bulk, both features necessary to get the best results. A mixture that will stimulate the flow of digestive juices which in turn will mix best with the ration when it is bulky. In this way the grain mixture is more thoroughly digested and the best results are obtained. --During the summer months it is very easy to neglect the waterers and feeders. As the chicks approach maturity, it becomes constantly easier for them to step in and roost upon the waterers and feeders. This increases danger of contamination. Disease is spread by the working in of dirt and filth from the floor or ground, into the waterers and feeders. This danger can be lessened considerably by keeping clean feed and water before the chicks at all times and by placing the feeders and waterers so that chicks will not mix in the dirt. --Poultry keepers who fed a wet mash in addition to the regular grain and dry mash kept their hens laying heavily last year, says L. M. Hurd of the New York state college of agriculture. Hens should be kept in production through careful feeding during the summer and early fall so that they will molt rapidly and soon return to producing. Records of the Missouri College of Agriculture show that early molting hens lay fewer eggs during the following winter than those hens which molt late. In the summer and fall, hens should have an abundance of tender leafy green food, shade, and fresh clean water at all times. Hens that do not respond to good treatment should be removed so as to give the others a better chance. Skim milk or semi-solid buttermilk, at the rate of one or two pounds to a hundred birds should be used. A good plan for feeding this is to mix it with enough water with the regular mash. This mash should be fed in the afternoon, just before the night feeding of grain. The hens should have only what they can eat up in twenty minutes. If milk is not available, fill a pail half-full of dry oats, fill it up with water, and let it stand from one afternoon until the next. Then add enough of the regular dry mash to take up the remaining moisture, as feed as described above. After September 1, poultrymen have had good results from using lights to prolong the laying season late in the fall this should be discontinued to give the hens an opportunity to molt before cold weather, and rest for the breeding season. --Millions of minute, dark, grama like insects, called trichogramma will be released in the peach orchard district of south-central Pennsylvania soon in an effort to destroy it Oriental moth that has preyed on it crops there in past years. The state agricultural department said today that entomologists bred more than 500,000 of the parasites in its Chambersburg laboratory as a last resort in an attempt exterminate the moth. All other methods have proved to be either unsuccessful or only partially effective, and it is hoped that the insects, which have been successfully in the south, will prove to be the needed cure here. --A little attention to the ram may be very profitable both from standpoint of the individual and standpoint given. 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