Bellefonte, Pa., June 10, 1932.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,

And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a closet, and guarded and kept

from the day In the dark, and whose showing, whose

sudden display Would cause grief and sorrow and life-

long dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, or a girl or a boy. That will wipe out a smile, or the least

way annoy A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

COMPROMISING CATHBURT

Patrick Haines had discovered relatively. Not Mr. Einstein's brand, perhaps, but he had perfected a system for making time and space seem as important as a Vice President. Almost without effort he could paste six crumpled sheets back on the calendar and re-establish the space-time co-ordinates of a previous epoch.

The piano was the essential background. Only when he was playing as tonight could he recapture the past. Given the piano and the throb of the dance orchestra around him, closing his eyes would do the trick. Here he was at the Diamond Lake Resort—"society's preferred play-ground," the letterhead said. The time was six months A. C.-after the crash that truly stupendous crash with which Haines International By-Products became just another of those things. Now he was Patrick Haines, orchestra leader, playing for the nightly dance in the Diamond Lake Casino.

Now he closed his eyes. Curious. Nothing but a nightmare. He was back at the old Chi Omega fraternity house. Except for that exam in Bug 7, he had not a care in the world. Why worry? International By-Products represented one of the largest private fortunes in the Middle West. He was Princeton Pat. of unassailable position. He played the piano because if he stopped he would have to fuss around with a flock of depressing close-ups of chicken eggs in a rather delicate condition.

Simplicity itself. He was rich and popular and unworried just as long as he kept his eyes closed and the orchestra bleated at his back. But the descending run in unfinished sevenths was coming, and even his expert fingers needed guidance there. Eyes open. Bang! And he was back at the resort, playing the piano for his bread and butter.

From the orchestra platform one could see everything. Not so good, because it made one remember. First of all, he saw Mrs. Ruggles. Somehow one always saw Mrs. Ruggles. There was a good deal of her, more or less covered with expensive clothes, and illuminated with expensive jewelry and exhibited in expensive places. Ruggles Radium Beauty Clay, you know. A bare six months set a new record coming home." ago she had thought Radium Beauty Clay and International By-Products would combine very gracefully. But Radium Clay had merely shrunk, while I. B. P. had exploded with a magnificent report. Good joke on the old girl if he had married her daughter before the pop. Tough on Ricarda, though. He had been rather fond of Ricky. If they hadn't been so busy outwitting her mother's plans

It took him some time to locate fearful agony I'm suffering, you kicarda. She was harder to find than her mother, but worth the trouble. over a log and lie unconscious until Gray chiffon and silver; young and cool and slim; not exactly thin, but lost." compared with her mother's ponderous elegance-

She was dancing with Cuthburt Luck for Cuthburt, although being mother's candidate was strenuous. Patrick could have given him some pointers on the job, but Cuthburt carda. wasn't the sort of person you gave "You pointers to. He had an almost vulgar amount of money and an amazing full-midiron shot. What more could you ask? Wasn't this the fourth time he had danced with Ricarda? Patrick closed his eyes.

After the dance he escaped from the pavilion and wandered down to the shore, where a small fishing pier seemed to promise the seclusion proper to serious thought. It was a calm night and the moon had not considered this not tween wipes, as it were, he would have done other things to convince the shore, where a small fishing pier worth answering. She stood very still, watching him, waiting for have done other things to convince the shore, where a small fishing pier calm night and the moon had not yet set. In a minute now he would start thinking. Meanwhile, the moonlight glittered on the ripples.

'Hello. I didn't know there was anybody out here." He jerked to his feet. How those high-heeled silver slippers, appearing at his elbow like a ghost? Gray chiffon in the moonlight-very

'Do you mind if I join you?" asked Ricarda.

"That's undiplomatic," said Pat. "On account of how be serious. you've already joined me, mean is, it's practically an invitation to be rude

"I'll leave if you want to be alone," offered Ricarda, curling her- them. seld up on the bench in a manner that struck him as distinctly permanent.

It seemed hardly necessary to reply to that, so Patrick sat down burt. again. He sat and looked at Ricarda. She appeared rather frail and helphugging her slim silk knees with her slim white arm. But Pat-

rick knew that was an illusion born of chiffon and moonlight. Ricarda could ride all morning and play tennis all afternoon and dance all night; and then maybe go swim-ming. He hoped she wouldn't suggest it. It was just possible for her to sit out here with an orchestra leader in the moonlight, but for them to swim together at this hour was simply one of those things that wouldn't do.

Ricarda made no suggestion. She merely sighed, very deeply.
"You sighed," said Patrick. "Can
I do anything about it, Ricky?"

"Nobody can do anything," she "But I am practically nobody,

he offered. Ricarda paid no particular attention to his remark. She seemed to watching something very far out on the lake.

"It's very hard to talk about," she said at length. "You see, Pat, I want to marry a man."

There was rather an awkward pause. Patrick hoped it was dark enough so that there was no need for him to grin. "Why not?" he mused gravely.
"I—I haven't been asked," Ricarda

whispered. "Pat, isn't there any way to make a man propose?" "Have you tried letting him rescue you from sudden death? They say that's rather effective."

"Did you ever rescue a girl?"
"What's that got to do with it?" "You saved three last summer. And only two were shamming. And did you marry them? You did not. Did you marry even one of them? Not noticeably.'

Patrick scowled. He didn't care to think of his own matrimonial possibilities tonight. Flippancy—that was the remedy.
"What you really need, Ricky, is

desert island. All the books agree that when a couple get cast away on a desert island they rush for the altar as soon as they're rescued.
"H'm," said Ricarda. "Would you mind handing me a cigarette and a desert island?

"Here you are." He proffered the package. "And there you are." He waved his hand toward a dark blot in the track of silver moonlight. "You mean Whitlows Island?" Ricarda stretched her own match. "Who ever heard of a desert island

with a \$10,000 log cabin on it?" "You did, Ricky. You're hearing about it now. The only indispensable for a desert island is that it be deserted, and the Whitlows are

Norway. "H'm," said Ricarda thoughtfully. "You guarantee it will work? Tomorrow we will go to the island. We must pretend that the Whitlows have written to me to run over and see if their place is all right." "I beg pardon," said Patrick.
"Did you say 'we?"

"Certainly. You and I and-and the other." "You simply don't understand," Patrick protested. "Ordinary rules are off in this case. A chaperon is just something that isn't done on a

desert island.' "I know, said Ricarda, nodding very seriously. "But something has the water. to happen to the boat. You're just the thing that happens. You see, as soon as we reach the island I shall fall down and sprain my ankle in several places. You will go for a doctor. And if you come back I

shall be very deeply offended."
"That's terrible," groaned Patrick. He felt a queer sense of relief in discovering that it might not be so easily managed after all. should sling you in the boat and

"You would not," Ricarda contradicted him calmly. "While I'm spraining my ankle I might just as "While I'm well break a few ribs. I shall scream like a panther whenever I'm touched. The doctor must be brought

"Why won't he be? Unless I fall out of the boat and am drowned on the way after him."

"Not at all necessary," said Rito throw them together, they might carda. "You distinctly remember Dr. have had time to fall in love. How Young is fishing at Razorback that carda. "You distinctly remember Dr. far away those brave, careless days afternoon, so you row directly to the seemed, now that he had his eyes end of the lake and take the trail over the ridge. On account of the dark. Then, of course, you can be

"I still think it would be more convincing if I were drowned," murmured Patrick. There was no point St. Claire. Mother's doing, probably. in taking this seriously. Ricarda was ly in the corner of the big lounge just talking. "By the way, who is the—er—the third party?" "Haven't I told you?" asked Ri-

'You have not." "He's-Cuthburt St. Claire." "Ricky! You don't—you don't mean it? You're just being funny, aren't vou?" 'What's funny about it?" asked Ricarda, very surprised and a little

"Do you really want him, Ricky?"

"You win, said Patrick. "If you really want him I'll get him for

you. This was a perfectly impossible situation that he had got himself into. Of course, Ricky had a reputaearth had she moved so silently in tion for doing the madly impossible, but there ought to be a limit, even for Ricky. Each long stroke of the oars was taking them nearer to one casual. Silly, but losing your money ghostly indeed. This night was full of those things that simply didn't made you feel differently about happen. It wasn't fair, Patrick conmost everything. tended. If a man talks drivel keep from being serious and then has to work out his nonsense in per-He shook a warning finger. Mustn't fect seriousness, what was the be serious. "On account of how world coming to, and so forth? And What I things were happening so beastly fast. Here he was barely pulling, and that silly island was simply leaping across the lake to meet

> Cuthburt would begin to get suspicious in a minute. Why didn't he say something?
> "Well, here we are," said Cuth-

> "I shall do it any minute now," whispered Ricarda.
> "Wait, Ricky. Let's think it over."

"But everything's perfect. There leaped to his feet and dashed to the you. Absolutely, Completely. More cuted.

Cuthburt had gone back to the boat for some cigarettes. Patrick had to admit that it was a sterling opportunity for the trail was high and narrow at this point. Still, he couldn't take this calmly. So far it had all been faintly amusing non-sense, but once Ricky did her acci-dent," as she described it. there as she described it, there would be no going back. It wasn't reasonable, but he felt that within the next few seconds she would be practically married to Cuthburt.

"After all, Ricky, this is pretty silly, isn't?" he offered.
Ricarda paid no apparent attention. "Do watch carefully, won't you, Pat? I dare say I shall roll quite a

ways."
"What! Get sense, Ricky. You're never going over there. Just sink down on the path with a piercing scream if you must. Nobody is required to roll over half an acre of hillside to sprain their ankle.

"You distinctly pointed out," argued Ricarda, "that you and Cuthburt would merely sling me in the boat under those conditions. I've got to break at least one rib." "Let's call it off, Ricky. I'm sure

can think of a much better idea." "Here I go," said Ricarda. Patrick was somewhat confused about the next few seconds. Things rather blurred for a moment, and then he found himself battling with Ricarda on the edge of the path. There was no other word for it. His arms were around her and locked behind her back, and she was struggling and pushing at his shoul-ders. It seemed to Patrick that this went on for a long time. Then he almost lost his balance and crushed her against him as he staggered, whereupon she went quite limp all over. He looked down anxiously. She had not fainted, but tears were running down her face, and that seemed infinitely more awful. You never thought of Ricarda as crying, some-

"Now look what's happened" she wailed. "But it's all right, Ricky.

"Oh, I don't know what to do Ricarda moaned. next," "Leave it all to me, Ricky. fix it some way."

It was Ricarda's face that stopped him. She was staring out past his shoulders with the most amazing expression. He released her suddenand turned around.

Looking down through the trees, Patrick could see the lake, with a long point running out into it. Just coming out from behind the point he could see a boat. It was their Cuthburt was in it rowing

very vigorously.

"Hey!" yelled Patrick. He put his hands to his mouth and bellowed. He forgot altogether about the proper way for an orchestra leader to address one of his employer's patrons. "Where the Sam Hill do you think you're going?"

Cuthburt stopped rowing. He peered up at the island, as though seeking them among the trees. Finally his voice came faint and flat across "I'm going for the doctor,"

Then he started rowing again, still very vigorously.
"I think he suspected something." said Ricarda.

"Not really!" said Patrick heavily. feeling rather foolish. "He must have heard the whole plan. He must have been hiding in eyes. the bushes or something.

"I guess he didn't want to marry

me very much," said Ricarda. Patrick sought some moments for comforting thing to say. "And now wouldn't you feel silly if you were lying down there all bent out of shape?" he offered at length.

"I wish I were," said Ricarda. "Let's go up to the house and break a window and play the piano."
"Good heavens!" said Patrick suddenly, breaking off in the middle of a chord. For some moments he had been hearing a queer gurgling he escaped this one. So, to be perlittle sound between the notes. flashed upon him that Ricky was crying again. Spinning around on old-fashioned piano stool, gazed across the room in helpless course, he would have paid no par- you know." ticular attention, but it was wrong for Ricky to be curled moistwith her smooth head buried between two violent pillows. Ricky just didn't cry. Look how sporting-ly she had taken this amazing frus-

tration of their not so-well-laid plans. The really devastating part of it was that there was nothing for Patrick to do. In the old days, of course, he would have dashed across the room, picked her up quite cas-ually and quite comfortably and dried her tears with a large, crisp tween wipes, as it were, he would have done other things to convince her that she was not so utterly desolate and friendless as she sounded. All of which would have been quite proper. Ricky would have been quietly grateful and neither of them would ever have referred to it again. But that wouldn't do at all Ricky would be liable to think all

"Don't, Ricky. It will be all right. propose just as soon as he around to it. I promise he will. I'll fix everything-

Ricky buried her face yet deeper. Patrick crossed the room, sat gingerly on the extreme edge of the davenport and patted her shoulder. No, even that made him feel presumptuous and uncomfortable. 'It'll turn out all right, Ricky."

"that it's getting dark?" "It usually does about this time.
What of it? There's nothing—"

ing. There was no boat in sight at all. Three miles of absolutely unpopulated water stretched between the and the Diamond Lake resort land-

"But Ricky, he couldn't do that! Not even Cuthburt. I mean that would be simply low, wouldn't it? He's just been delayed."

"He fell over a root and is lying unconscious," said Ricky bitterly. "But he can't—he simply couldn't do that. It wouldn't be decent." 'We were going to do it to him."

"But that was different. You were in love with him. You were going to be married. I'll go down to the landing and build a big fire. Somebody may-somebody is sure

"You know people often camp here," Ricarda gulped. "You'd better build the fire in the fireplace. It's going to be cool tonight." We can't stay here," said Patrick positively. "We must be down at the landing when they come. Why, suppose they got here and found us all stored away up here at the house-

"Would that make it any worse?" asked Ricky.
"I've got it. You stay here and I'll go down and watch for them.

Then-"If you think you're going to leave me alone up here, you'd bet-ter think twice more," said Ricarda promptly. "If it will do any good, we'll go down and roost on the pier. But it looks to me as though we were in for it. If I could only see mother's face when she gets the

news. The only gleam of light in the whole mess, and I'm going to miss it." "You mustn't take it too serious-Patrick urged. And at the same time he realized that he was taking it very seriously himself. Anyway you figured it, there was going to be a fearful howl about this. pecially since she hadn't sprained anything after all. He sought in vain for something light and cheer-

ful to say. "It's barely possible," said Ricarda "that the Whitlows left a sardine or something. Shall we forage? And if we must sit on that pier, I'm for taking a blanket and some pillows.' It was quite dark by the time they stumbled back down the path. There had been no sardines, but soup and beans made a fair substitute: Patrick would have enjoyed himself immensely if he could have forgotten the situation. They sat on the pier and talked. They smoked a great many cigarettes, and even tried a song or two. They said: "Cuthburt will be here any minute

But it hardly sounded convincing. Ricarda yawned, as attractively as possible. Then she opened one eye. Then she closed it quite rapidly. "I never saw the moon so bright,"

she murmured. "You never did," agreed Patrick. "That's the sun." He was positive about it, because he had watched it come up. He had been awake for some time but he hadn't moved on account of Ricar-

fortable and satisfactory that he hadn't wanted to disturb her. "Then this-this is tomorrow?"

"This is the morning after, if "Probably on the other pier," said that's what you mean," said Patrick. Patrick. "Voices carry amazingly "How long do you think your dear friend, Cuthburt, will leave us on but friend, Cuthburt, will leave us on burt.

this blasted island?" "I should think," said Ricarda, growled Patrick. very judicially, "that noon would be about the limit. He can't stay lost in broad daylight, and it wouldn't business." be very convincing to fall over

another root," But why? why would he do such

a thing?' "I don't believe he wants to marry me at all," suggested Ricarda. 'And he's probably afraid that we would think up a better scheme if he escaped this one. So, to be per--he's-oh, you can see, can't you?'

"I cannot." "Well he probably sort of thinks that now you'll have to marry me. horror. If it were any other girl, of On account of being shipwrecked,

> "But that's all nonsense." "Is it? That's nice, if you're quite CHEAP SEEDS PROVE TO He probably heard you say sure. that when a couple were cast away, they always-

"should know that I can't marry you. I haven't any money.' "Not any?" asked Ricarda sleep-

publisher for the last two numbers seeds or will not grow. and that new night club-But it's out of the question, of course." "Of course," agreed Ricarda. "But it's nice of you to think of it. Still,

I don't think two people would be

mean, he ought to-you know-more or less love her, don't you think?" could stand, and some that he

ment, he boiled over. fore long, and be very happy and him. very popular and successful. And this very seriously. But I can't go without letting you know that I've just discovered that you're the most Both State and Federal agricul-

for a space.

isn't a more convincing place on the island to sprain your ankle. And Cuthburt will be here any minute." window. For some reason he had than anybody, not excluding your future husband, will ever love you was right. There was no boat comtant and polite and proper all the rest of our lives. But anyway, I've

told you." He stood up quickly, after propping Ricarda against the side of the boathouse, and stalked off the pier. He was very excited and a little ashamed of himself, taking advantage of her plight. But this was an impossible situation, so he might as well talk of impossible things. course, it was impossible. He had had a rather undefined feeling that he would feel better if she merely knew about it. But he didn't feel better. This "never-see-you-again" stuff was a good gesture but it wasn't exactly an amusing way to spend a lifetime. What was he going to do with the next fifty years or so? He heard a slow step on the path behind him. "Pat."

"Yes, Ricky. I'm sorry." "Do you-do you really feel that

way? "Forget it, Ricky. I was a perfect twirp to mention it. If you say so, I'll swim a hundred yards off shore and float around until the boat comes.

"There's a boat coming now, Pat."
"That's—that's nice." He couldn't make it sound very enthusiastic. "And I thought we ought to decide things somehow before they

come." "There's nothing to decide. We'll let Curthburt do the explaining." "I mean that-well-after all, we've been cast away, and you feeling the way you do, and I guess I didn't love Cuthburt very much af-

ter all-"Ricky! You mean-you-" For a moment, his heart leaped unreasonably. Then he returned to sanity. "Don't, Ricky. I'm not ever worth pity. Just forget about me." "I can't, Pat. Not if you really care. Because, when I think it over, I guess probably I—I do, too."

'You what?" She came to him hesitatingly and laid her hands upon his shoulders, gently, timidly, as though she expected to be pushed away.

"Ricky-child. You mean-you'd be willing to wait." "No, Pat," said Ricarda. wouldn't think of waiting." "Now we'll have your story," said

head.

Patrick.

stubbed my toe on a bally minnow "You mean root, don't you?" quently I took something of a header, and whanged my noble brow on sprayer gives about the right the pier with considerable vim. Would you believe it, my dear fel- treated this way, pile in a heap and

memory.

da's head. Somehow it had got jam-da's head. Somehow it had got jam-listen, old thing. You are—you are be made at any time before sowing but it is advisable to plant soon af-"I was afraid you wouldn't. But stiffly. Cuthburt was the last person vapor acts as an irritant, breathing with whom he cared to discuss it. it should be avoided by holding the asked Ricarda, without opening her Cuthburt apparently considered it a catastrophe to be engaged to Ricar-

da. He sank back and sighed deep-"Whew! What a relief," said Cuth-

"What do you mean-relief?" "My dear chap, I simply never

"Is it possible," Patrick wondered aloud, feeling rather dazed, "that you did light on your so-called head? What has boxing to do with

"It's rather a long story," said Cuthburt. "The high spots, quite simply, are these: Ricky said she'd have her biggest brother beat me to a pulp if you were rescued soon, And I know for a fact that the chappie's one of the best ama-

teur welterweights in the East." "Oh," said Patrick. There really wasn't much else to say.--By Hunter Eaton.

"Even Cuthburt," said Patrick, hould know that I can't marry peddlers who truck in from another not getting the crushed oyster shell State a quantity of lowgrade, mis-branded seed and sell it to farmers poultry rations. An occasional egg ily.

"Not from your point of view. Of of the territory before the farmers than an accident of production, course, we're going to make some find that the seed, which looked so records in the fall, and I've found a good, either is polluted with weed

elevators, farm auctions, or on trips have been exterminated in from farm to farm. A common practice seems to be to establish a very happy if they got engaged just sales agency through a farmer or because they were shipwrecked. I grain elevator in rural districts, the investigations of the Federal authorities and State agricultural agencies There was some things Patrick show. With the agency established, the farmer or grain elevator sells couldn't. This was the subject about directly or takes orders for the seed sorts of embarrassing things. And which he had been thinking most of and the tuck owner tends to avoid the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night, and it is not a subject a legal responsibility and has to spend the night. man keeps to himself if he has the only a little time in the State. By slightest encouragement. For a mo- the time the seed buyer tests the ent, he boiled over.

seed, the truck seed salesman is grain growers can save hundreds "Ricarda Ruggles, listen to me. gone, or is in another State where of thousands of dollars, which are You'll marry some decent chap be- seed officials are powerless to reach lost annually through plant diseases.

> Recently the State seed laborayou'll forget all about me, because tory examined a sample of "bootat the earliest opportunity I'm going leg" soy bean seed and found that or it can be applied after the corn to beat it out of here and go some it contained morning glory seed at place where you'll never hear of me the rate of 10,500 seeds to the bush- ground. again. So you don't need to take el. A farmer buying this seed would

-the most-" He gurgled impo- tural officials are urging that farmers and seed dealers report the ac-"What I mean, Ricky, in pure and tivities of peddlers of illegal seeds unadulterated language, is that I- at once so that the responsible par-All at once it dawned on him. He I-well, as you might say, I love ties can be apprehended and prose-

FARM NOTES.

-Through years of selection the Tennessee agricultural experiment station has developed a red clover that is highly resistant to southern anthracnose or scorch, a common disease of the plant which leaves

the field looking as if swept by fire.

The United States Department of Agriculture warns that although the clover grown in the Tennessee regions where scorch is prevalent is apparently the most resistant, not all clover grown there has this quality. Farmers cannot get this valuable strain simply by ordering Tennessee seed, but should specify Tennessee scorch-resistant seed.

-Where weak or flabby lambs are common, or where trouble is experienced from goiter in lambs, iodine may be administered to the ewes in the form of iodized salt. At one experiment station iodized salt. is prepared for the ewes by drying the moisture out of 50 pounds of common salt and sprinkling it with two ounces of pottasium iodide dis-

solved in water. Three or four weeks before lambing, the ewes should receive about one-half pound of meal daily, the amount being increased somewhat after lambing. The amount of meal fed will depend largely on the condition of the ewe. If she is nursing twins, she should receive a liberal supply of meal so as to insure a good flow of milk. A very satisfactory meal ration consists of three parts of bran, two parts crushed oats and one part oil meal.

Arrest the oat smut thief. During the past few years, oat. smut has been increasing, and it is estimated that this fungus robber reduced the yield of oats in Pennsylvania last year two bushels to the acre on the average and in many instances it caused loss of one-third to one-half of the crop.

-"Expenditure of 2 to 3 cents an acre for formaldehyde and about three minutes of time in using it would have saved all the lost bushels," declares County Agent, R. C. Blaney. Treating oats for smut with the latest method of applying formaldehyde is easy and inexpensive. One pint of 40 per cent formaldehyde solution is the right amount to use on 50 bushels of oats to get complete control and yet cause no Cuthburt was lying on a chaise-lounge with a towel about his fore-used seed injury may result.

"And a very amazing story it is, —"Dilute the formaldehyde with old chap. No sooner had I landed an equal quantity of water and pour and hastened up the dock than I into a hand sprayer of one quart capacity. "Dump the oats on a clean barn floor or canvass. While the oats are being shoveled from one pile to "No, no. Minnow oucket. Conse- another, spray each shovelful with the solution. One stroke of the amount. "After all the oats are low, I suffered a complete loss of cover with garden sacks or blankets which have been sprayed inside and "I would not believe it," said Pat- outside with the solution. Allow the oats to remain covered for at least five hours, after which they may be "I have that honor," said Patrick ter treating. Since the formaldehyde sprayer close to the oats and by working from one side of the pile only.

Use of this method will permit farmers to grow just as many oats on nine acres as would be grown on 10 acres sowed with untreated seed. Spending 18 to 27 cents will save working and planting the extra went in very keenly for this boxing acre, which may be considered as growing nothing when the crop is full of smut. In addition, the oats are more convenient to handle and the straw is clean when the seed has been treated.

> Soft-shelled eggs may result from lack of lime in the ration, a uefect that can be corrected by keeping crushed oyster shells before the hens, or it may result from inefficiency in the egg producing mechanism of the hen that is hard

to assign a cause to. Alfalfa or clover leaves from well cured hay supply needed lime and minerals and cod-liver oil and direct sunlight that does not come through glass helps in the utilizing BE WEEDS, SELLERS GONE of the lime and other minerals in the food. If the hens are laying soft-

There are still many thousands of these so-called "wild horses" in The seed is usually sold by the some of the western States, such as driver on city streets, at country Idaho and New Mexico, though many years. They are the descendants of Spanish horses liberated in the Sixteenth century.

> -The home gardener may extend his growing season in the fall by the use of hotbeds and cold frames.

> On soils containing sufficient lime the most productive grazing

> -Lime can be spread and disked in ahead of oats, corn or soy beans,

-By treating their seed carefully

or soy beans come through the -Alfalfa meal is not a good protein supplement for chickens, even

in very small quantities. -An ideal pedigree carries a uniform line of meritorious animals

throughout. -We will do your job work right