SAYS COLD WIND WOULD RUIN FRUIT

Dr. J. M. Macfarlane Asserts Big Drop in Temperature Would Be Serious

APPLES AND PEARS SAFE

Though the weather man predicts a drop to 40 degrees by tomorrow morning, Dr. J. M. Macfarlane, professor of botany at the University of Pennsylvania, and famous authority on plant growth, does not look for crop damage such as cost the East millions of dollars last year.

"The only danger," said Prof. Macfarlane, "would be if cold, sharp winds came along with that temperature. The plums in some localities are pretty well out, and if the warm weather continues the peaches all will be out by tomorrow. Some of the peaches, no doubt, are out today. A cold wind, with a temperature even as high as 40 degrees, would be harmful to their delicate, tender blossoms. The apples and pears still are safe.

"Everything depends on what happens in the next six or seven days. Had we been able to get through the next ten days safely, with not too high temperatures, conditions would have been best of all. However, things are fine and really could not be much better. All vegetation is in a beautiful state.

"The real pity and the real damage will be if the temperature falls to 34 or 35 degrees. That would be serious. Such a temperature is very chilling for young fruit, especially if a wind is blowing.

"Really, however, I do not expect trouble. It has been so warm the last twenty-four hours, that the northern storm will have spent most of its force before it arrives here."

Reports from the West today told of snow in Iowa and sleet in Northern Michigan, and temperatures below freezing in the Dakotas. There was freezing weather or near it in Western Kansas, and temperatures near freezing at some points in Texas.

The famous "dare back" of winter last year came a bit earlier in the season. On March 28, the thermometer had registered 83 degrees at 2:15 o'clock, when the drop in temperature began. A storm came up, with snow, hail and great volumes of rain. The temperature fell rapidly. It had fallen nearly 34 degrees by 5 o'clock. By 8 o'clock at night the temperature was 42, and at 1 o'clock the morning of March 29, touched the low mark for the city of 39 degrees. The sleet and snow and freezing winds, colder than the temperature of the air, caused damage to the fruit, berry and early vegetable crops. In all outlying sections the temperatures were lower, in many places freezing or less. The blossoms of all fruit trees withered under the searing touch of the frost, and in a few days, after a thaw came again, it grew all too evident that the fruit crop was ruined.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Flour White
By DADDY

Jack and Janet are invited to a party in Birdland, given in honor of Mysterious White Strangers. No one knows who the strange birds are, but Jack and Janet and the Fairy King do not like their eyes.

CHAPTER II
The Nests Are Robbed

JACK and Janet joined in the fun of the Birdland party. They danced and they frolicked with the birds.

But every once in a while their eyes would stray to the Mysterious White Strangers in whose honor the party was being given. The Mysterious White Strangers did not dance. They stood in a row—ten of them, all in white—looking on. And as the Mysterious White Strangers looked on their eyes glittered.

Again Janet said: "I do not like their beady brown eyes." And again the Fairy King agreed with her.

"I have never seen white birds like these," whispered the Fairy King. "They may be as good as they look, and worthy of the fine welcome Birdland is giving them, but I feel inside me they are up to some trick."

"From where did they come?" asked Jack.

"No one knows," answered the Fairy King. "They weren't here and then they were here. That is all any one knows about it."

"Why doesn't somebody ask them who they are?" suggested Janet.

"They don't answer questions," replied the Fairy King. "They seem to be dumb."

"That is another queer thing about them," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"Yes," agreed the Fairy King. "It may be a clue to help you guess who they are."

"What is a clue?" asked Janet.

"I know," spoke up Jack. "It is something that guides a detective so he can find burglars or other bad men. If the burglar leaves his hat behind, the detective guesses to whom the hat belongs, and so he catches the burglar."

"Yes, and if you guess who these Mysterious White Birds don't say a word, because you can guess who they are."

All the birds of Birdland were at the party. Even the mother birds had left their eggs to snatch a dance or two.

Now King Bird stopped the dancing and called for order.

"This is a guessing party as well as a dancing party," said King Bird in his pert way. "To any one who can guess who these Mysterious White Strangers are the Fairy Queen will give a Glad Kiss as a prize."

At once the birds began to guess. And as they guessed the Mysterious White Strangers looked rather nervous. They didn't seem to want the other birds to guess who they were.

"Wild geese are white," said Judge Owl, blinking at the Mysterious White Strangers. "But these strangers haven't long necks like wild geese."

"Gulls are white," rattled King Fisher, "but gulls have webbed feet and these birds have claws like the rest of us."

"Swans are white," rasped out Reddy Woodpecker, "but swans are much larger than these strangers."

The birds guessed and guessed, but they couldn't guess who the Mysterious White Strangers were. So the birds quit puzzling their heads over the matter and went back to their dancing.

But Jack and Janet and the Fairy King didn't quit puzzling. They kept watching the Mysterious White Strangers. And presently Jack and Janet noticed there didn't seem to be so many of them as there had been. They counted: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Yes, there were only eight. Two were missing. The birds, not being good counters, never noticed this. Jack and Janet watched more closely and soon saw two birds slip back into line. But in a moment only eight were left again. Two more were missing.

These two came back, and then two others vanished. And so it went on until two by two all the Mysterious White Strangers had dropped out of the line. Where had they gone?

About this time, during a rest in the dancing, the bird mothers remembered their nests. They hurried away to see how their eggs were getting on.

The bird mothers had been gone only a moment when there arose a shrieking and a wailing in the woods. The bird mothers came rushing back.

"Oh-ee-ee! Oh-eee! Oh-ee! A thief has stolen one of my precious eggs!" screeched Mrs. Cat Bird.

"Oh-eee! Oh-ee! A thief has stolen one of my dear eggs!" screamed Mrs. Brown Thrush.

"Oh-eee! Oh-ee!" all the mothers wailed and shrieked. And all had the same woeful cry: A thief had stolen an egg from each nest.

Jack, Janet and the Fairy King looked at the Mysterious White Strangers.

"Did you notice how they sneaked away, two by two?" whispered Janet.

"That's another clue," Jack whispered back.

"These strangers are dangerous," whispered the Fairy King. "We must find quickly who they are or they may do great harm in Birdland."

(Tomorrow will be told how Jack and Janet turn detective and find clues to the nest robbers.)

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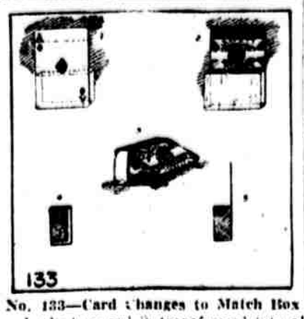
After-Dinner Tricks



No. 133—Card Changes to Match Box

A playing card is transformed into a match box by simply passing the hand over it.

The trick is accomplished by pasting a playing card, preferably a narrow one, from a pack of bridge cards, to the match box, as shown in the diagram. The card is bent forward and over the side of the box. A label from another match box is pasted to the back of the card and the tip of the back, that overlaps the side of the match box, is blackened.

The card is first exhibited unfolded, with the match box concealed behind it. By simply folding the card over the box, the transformation is accomplished.