

# HELPFUL HINTS TO CITY FARMERS

By H. L. Rann

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**THIRD ARTICLE.**

**I**F every farmer who has a hard milking cow would use husking gloves when draining the animal he would find it a sure cure for the holdup habit. Some cows are tight by nature and have a deep aversion to loosening up. When a tight disted heifer feels the warm clasp of a pair of spike studded mitts, however, she will be ready to give to the heathen, if necessary.

The self opening farm gate is a delusion and a snare. We used to have one, and it was a bigger four flush than an elder who led a double life and a camp meeting at one and the same time. This gate was guaranteed to open at the sound of its master's voice in the teeth of a head wind and was warranted halter broke and sound of wind and limb. As a matter of fact, that gate always had to be opened with a set of jack screws and a season of prayer.



OPENING A GATE WITH PRAYER.

It was the biggest nuisance on the place and caused all the hired help on the farm to fall from grace. We finally gave it to a Methodist neighbor who wanted to test his piety.

A farm paper raises the interesting query, "Can a farmer raise mules and retain his church membership?" It depends on what church he belongs to. It is easy if he is an Episcopalian, but if he is a hard shell Baptist it is a little doubtful. We had a Methodist neighbor who tickled the curriculum of a mule in a moment of playfulness and had both of his eyeteeth riveted to his collar button in reward, and when he came to the next day he rose to his feet, repeated the third chapter of Nebuchadnezzar backward, then swore a streak which blistered the lining out of a new steel range. The man who can rear a family of mules from help-



queen bee carries a noisy and penetrating sting in her hip pocket, so considerable care must be exercised in fondling her.

Horace Greeley used to say that you can never get milk from a cow which is dissatisfied with her lot or inclined to nurse a grudge. The same is true today. The man who tears around the barn like a demented vessel, planting a kick here and there and talking loudly through the basement of his Adam's apple won't stand jack high on creamery pay day. A kiss on the cold, moist nose of a heifer is a better dividend producer than wharf rat profanity. A cow whose slats are liable to be replaced any minute by an irate milker will back her milk away out of reach of the cheese factory. After you have creased a milk cow across the breadbasket with a No. 11 boot you might as well try to extract milk from a farrow mule.

When chickens perspire too freely and take cold it will usually be found that their pinfeathers need resetting.



A KISS ON THE COLD, MOIST NOSE OF A HEIFER.

**CHASE THE BIRD AROUND THE BACK YARD**

This is a simple and easy process and will save many a pullet from pneumonia. Chase the bird around the back yard until the perspiration oozes from her pores, then lay her on her back and chink the pores with port land cement, which will hold the pinfeathers in place.

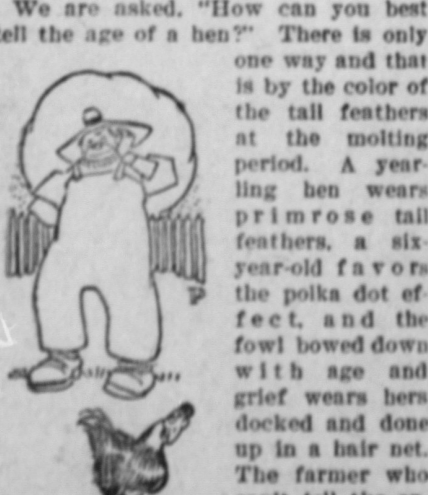
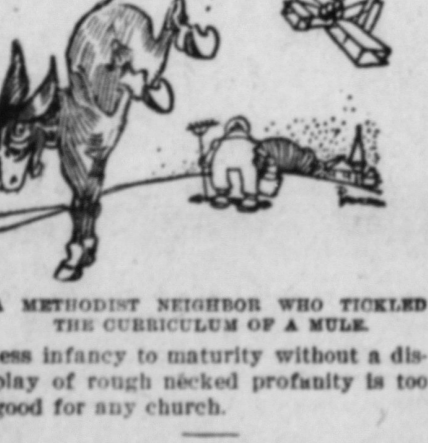
If your gasoline engine bucks, it will do no good to hammer it over the foretop with an ax. First see if the crossbar which connects the cuspidor with the spark plug has not been short circuited, then examine the bowels of the water jacket with a dark lantern in search of microbes. If this does no good, run your gasoline through an Oystermere mattress and hang out to dry.

A good many of the fashionable hotels of the country are introducing pumpkin seed tea as a vermifuge. The plan is a good one. The pumpkin has been the butt of ridicule in song and story ever since it displaced the Hubbard squash as a choice entree, but we are here to say that a nine inch slab of pumpkin pie, washed down with cider vinegar and dill pickles, will make a section man's stomach sit up and take notice. The man who clasps a cold pumpkin pie to his bosom on an empty stomach and survives the ordeal will never need a massage for his digestive apparatus.

We have a word to say to the farmer's wife. If your husband sticks up his nose at the meals lead him up to the feed cooker by the ear and tell him to drench his appetite with pig fodder. Some men will sit down in their own home before a nicely cooked meal and roar from soup to apple pie about the way things taste, but they will go to town and let a fifteen cent dinner soak into their esophagus without a murmur. We knew a man who kept this up for a number of years, and one day his wife reached over the spoon holder and jerked him into several kinds of dishabille before the whole family. When he got his jaw back into alignment and picked his false teeth out of the gravy he was a changed man, became so mellow in spirit that he offered to buy four rounds with a soup bone. As a rule, we deplore violence in the home, but sometimes the only way to get along with a cross grained feeder is to beat him up with a mop handle.

**LEAD HIM UP TO THE FEED COOKER BY THE EAR.**

**WE ARE ASKED.** "How can you best tell the age of a hen?" There is only one way and that is by the color of the tail feathers at the molting period. A yearling hen wears primrose tail feathers, a six-year-old favors the polka dot effect, and the fowl bowed down with age and grief wears hers docked and done up in a hair net. The farmer who can't tell the exact age of a pullet by face to face inspection of her tail feathers ought to leave the farm and study law.



**A NEARBY READER** who has a fine bird of male and female bees asks us, "How can you catch the queen bee so as to clip her wings?" We generally use a scoop shovel with a pucker string, which should be slipped over the shoulders of the bee and tied in a bowknot, after which the wings can be clipped with a pair of tinner's shears. The

## For the Children

The Story of Tabby Frisk and Fluffytail.



Miss Tabby Frisk of Tompkins row Has grown quite thin with worry, And when about her tasks she goes She's always in a hurry. And, it must also be confessed, Her temper is not of the best, Miss Fluffytail of Mousie street Is ever gay and hearty.



She really is the life and soul Of every pussy party, Look on this picture, then on that, And say 'which is the wiser cat.

**The Camel of South America.**

The llama is the camel of South America, its most useful beast of burden, fitted to live in the mountains, however, instead of in the desert. It is handsomer than a camel, although it has the same shaped neck and calloused places on its breast and fore knees. It is about as big as a donkey and looks something like a long legged and long necked sheep.

The llama has been the beast of burden in Peru and Chile for hundreds and hundreds of years. It was in Peru when the Spanish conquerors first got there. It is exceedingly useful. Its meat is good to eat, its wool is good to wear, and it is so strong and tame that it can be made to carry a weight of from 150 to 250 pounds and can march thirty miles a day for five days in succession. Its gait is so steady that its load need only lightly fastened.

About 300,000 llamas are in constant use for carrying silver bars from the Peruvian mines to the smelting works and taking back provisions. A train of these animals marching one behind the other in the greatest order, following a leader adorned with a decorated halter, a bell and a little flag on his head, is a pretty sight. In this way the llamas, led by a couple of Indians, will march along the snowy summits of mountains or along the edge of precipices where not even a mule could go.

**What an Animal Taught.**

The editor once heard a civil engineer say that his profession is indebted to animal instinct for two important principles. First, he cited the beaver's method of building its dam. It does not build straight across the stream, but with an arch against the current, its instinct telling it that the dam will thus better resist floods and the impact of floating ice. It is true that engineers generally build a dam straight, perhaps to save material, but the arched dam is gradually coming into use. A case in point is the Great Bear valley dam, in California, which is built on the beaver's plan, and the engineer said that dams of that kind would be sure to prove more economical in the long run.—Chicago News.

**A Brave Turkey Mother.**

While a turkey in a Michigan farmyard was leading around her little flock in search of food the air above was darkened by a hungry hawk about to swoop down on the young turkeys. The mother turkey was up in arms instantly and tried to drive off the hawk; but, finding herself weakening, she drove the little ones under a sloping board, where the hawk could not reach them readily. Then she sped away and in a few minutes returned with a flock of ab bodied adult turkeys, and the whole party made a combined attack on the barnyard pirate and beat him off. Then the little ones came forth from their hiding place, and there was a chorus of gobbles and whistles of triumph.

**Bird's Fly—A Game.**

This is a very simple game. Each player places a finger on the table, which he must raise, whenever the conductor of the game says "Birds fly." "Pigeons fly" or any other winged creatures "fly." If he names any creature without wings, such as "Pigs fly," and any player thoughtlessly raised his finger, that player must pay a forfeit, as he must also do if he omits to raise his finger when a winged creature is named.

**Conundrums.**

What day in the year is told to go ahead? March 4th.

Why are deaf people like Dutch cheeses? Because you can't make them hear.

What letter of the alphabet is used in making a shoe? The last.

Why is a tired man like an umbrella? Because he is used up.

## FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

**THE GRUMBLER.**

He grumbled when a baby, He grumbled when a youth; He grumbled at a falsehood, He grumbled at the truth. He grumbled at his father, He grumbled at his mother; He grumbled at his sister, He grumbled at his brother. He grumbled at his children, He grumbled at his wife; He grumbles and he grumbles, And he'll grumble all his life. He grumbles at the morning, He grumbles on till noon; He grumbles at the stars, He grumbles at the moon. He grumbles when it's hot, He grumbles when it's cold; He grumbled at his childhood, He'll grumble at his old.

He grumbles at dry weather, He grumbles at the rain; He grumbles when he has health, He grumbles at a pain. He grumbles at his horses, He grumbles at his dogs; He grumbles at his cattle, He'll grumble at the doctor. He'll grumble at the nurse; He'll grumble at his coffin, He'll grumble at the hearse. He'll grumble at old Satan, Or grumble at his mother's old. He'll grumble at the sexton, When he's placed beneath the sod. Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth. The average man won't admit he has enough till he has too much. Electric fans will soon be here. The baseball fan has already arrived. It's the unexpected that happens, especially when we bring it on ourselves.

**His Place of Worship.**

A minister meeting a young man one Sunday evening, said: "Did you ever attend a place of worship?" "Yes, indeed, sir; regularly, every Sunday night," replied the young man with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

**Peculiar "Father."**

An Episcopal minister who had recently moved to a small town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, passed two youngsters on the street "Good-morning, Father," said one of them, misled by the clerical garb. "Don't you know nuttin'" said the other contemptuously, when the minister was past. "Dat guy ain't no father. Why, he's married an' got two kids."

**Worth Looking Into.**

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became president as to the financial condition of a neighbor. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: "Yours of the tenth instant received; I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to anyman. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50, and three chairs, worth, say, \$1. Last of all there is in one corner a large rat-hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln."

**No Difference.**

One day a bishop chanced into the store of a druggist who was very fond of a joke—on somebody else. Wishing to number the bishop among his victims he said: "Bishop, can you tell me the difference between a bishop and an ass?" The bishop could not. "Well," said the druggist, smiling all over, "an ass carries his cross on his back but a bishop carries his cross on his breast." "Very good, replied the bishop. "Now my friend, can you tell the difference between an ass and a druggist?" After some hesitation the druggist answered: "No, sir, I can't." "Neither can I," retorted the bishop, so he walked out.

**Rare Piety.**

During the Civil War the late Col. Gabe Bouck organized a regiment, which he controlled as a dictator. "I am an humble servant of the Lord," said the itinerant evangelist, who had wandered into camp one day, "endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the 14th Massachusetts, where I was directly instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness." "Adjutant," thundered Col. Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No damned Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

**Little Johnny's Father.**

Little Johnny's father is a physician and his mother is a Christian Scientist. Recently the little boy was threatened with appendicitis. His sister, going into the room where Johnny was in bed, found a very indignant little boy, who made this complaint: "Father and mother won't let me talk slang, but when I told mother how sick I was, she said, 'Forget it,' and when I told father he said, 'Cut it out.'"

## COMMENCEMENT EXPENSES.

The following is an extract by "A Parent," in the Lewistown Sentinel:

"There is a matter of serious moment that at present is agitating the mind of more than one parent in Lewistown. The approaching Commencement Exercises of our High School will bring to many homes expenses which they are not prepared to meet, if former years are any criterion upon which to base a judgment. Each class aims to out-vie the preceding one, and each member of the class aims to out-dress every other. To be able to say that she was the best dressed person on the stage is, often and by many, esteemed greater honor than to have made the best oration, or to have ranked highest in scholarship. The average cost of the elaborate wardrobe of the young lady graduates of our High School of recent years exceeds that of Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr and other noted colleges.

More than one home has been seriously embarrassed in other years by the extravagant demands of the occasion. In fact more than one merchant can tell of unpaid bills which have robbed Commencement Day of all its pleasure to parents at least. Wherein lies the fault? Not with the school management. The teachers have no sympathy with the extravagance of former occasions and have, by precept and example, urged on the classes economy and becoming modesty in all the arrangements. But they refused to heed. The trouble arises out of a false pride, and a mistaken idea, on the parts of mothers and daughters, of the importance of the occasion. It is looked upon as a time for the display of elaborate gowns, a sort of Horace Show. The people of this community are not sinners above all others in this direction. The folly is wide-spread. In one of the larger towns of the State commencement exercises have been abandoned as the only remedy to check the growing extravagance. Parents have only themselves to blame for listening to the pleadings of their immature children, who seem incapable or unwilling to view conditions properly. Mothers, perhaps, more than fathers, are to be blamed for this. No mother likes to see her child out-dressed on such an occasion, even though it invites bankruptcy, so expenses are piled up without a thought whether or not they can be afforded.

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## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

Estate of Sarah S. Dillen, late of Huston township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Sarah S. Dillen, late of Huston township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

FRANK W. DILLEN, Adm'r.  
N. B. Spangler, Julian Pa.  
Attorneys. x18

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

Estate of John H. Getzlie, late of Walker Township, dec'd.

Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pa., all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, duly authenticated without delay to

MARY WEAVER, Adm'r.  
Getzlie, Hower & Zerbe, Hubersburg, Pa.  
Attorneys. x19

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

Estate of J. Edward Poorman, late of Boggs Township, dec'd.

Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pa., all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, duly authenticated without delay to

IDA A. POORMAN, Adm'r.  
W. Groh Rankle, Runville, Pa.  
Atty. Bellefonte. 19

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**

Estate of George Heverly, late of Liberty township, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been issued to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will please present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

G. A. WILLIAMS, Exr.  
Getzlie, Hower & Zerbe, x17

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