CORRESPONDENCE.

VILLIARD DISTRICT.

On June 24th the Live Wire 4-H club, Jay Rude, local leader. Seven in number attended Field Day at Fulton. All report a fine time. Coming home with Leon LaRobardiere winning second on his Jersey yearling. Almon Rude first on his Holstein yearling.

Almon Rude returned home Friday after attending 4-H club Congress held at Cornell University, Ithaca, June 29 to July 3 as guests of the First National Bank of Mexico.

THE KORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mackey and children, Cortland, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oris Hurley.

Guests of the week at C. S. Austin's, were Mrs. Net Levia, Hammond; Mrs. Clara Smith, Central Square; Mrs. George Green, Mexico.

Billy Ely has returned to his home in Syracuse after spending some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Austin and Jean were recent callers at Joe Maybie's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Austin, Mrs. Clara Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Austin and son Jean and Erwin Boldt were at Recreation Park, Fulton, Saturday evening.

Ira Austin was in Buffalo one day the past week.

TOLLGATE.

Professor Winfield Smith left for Clinton on Monday morning to attend to some necessary business in connection with his work the coming school year.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Woodward accompanied by her brother, George Wheeler and wife, motored to the Adirondack region on Friday spending one night at Old Forge and another at Tupper Lake; returning Sunday afternoon.

Mabel Hall was home from her work in Syracuse for Saturday afternoon and Sunday. On Saturday evening the Hall family took a trip to Fulton, enjoying the exhibition. On Sunday afternoon her sister Marion accompanied by some friends, carried her to Syracuse.

Edward Hughes and wife, also Mrs. Nelson Cross were week-end guests at the home of their father.

Allie Marks and wife visited Mrs. Cora and W. L. Hall the past week.

The children of Arthur Gorton, Merrick, Thelma and Mary Rose, were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Anson McNett of Mexico on a visit to Valois, the home of Rev. Mr. Lyon. They made the trip on the morning of the 4th, having a very pleasant time and returned Sunday forenoon.

New Oil Theory Held

Another myth about oil has been exploded by scientists, who now believe that heat and time, rather than pressure, are responsible for the natural formation of petroleum in the earth, according to the results of laboratory experiments announced by the American Petroleum Institute.

The old pressure theory thus takes its place as a myth alongside the antiquated notion that the quality of a lubricating oil depends upon the source of the crude. A recent survey by a leading eastern university among professors of organic chemistry indicated that stress is no longer laid by scientists on the origin of the oil from which a lubricant is made, but rather on the refining processes to which it is subjected.

Just Biding His Time

The taxi driver making my change one evening recently hastily took back a coin which he started to give me as a quarter. "That's a puk," said he; "some kind of a Dutch nickel that I'm stuck with." I looked at it, saw it was a half guiden and gave it back. "Saving them?" I inquired.

"Not for long," he said ominously. "I got that from a good, church-going Christian a few minutes ago. I carted him to church, and that's what he worked off on me, the stiff. A swell Christian he is, handing that to a poor taxi driver when he might just as well dropped it in the collection plate and done no one no harm."—Baltimore Sun.

Weather Study

The study of weather is extremely young. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the barometer had not yet been invented. It was not until 23 years later that Toricelli discovered the principle of the barometer.

The word "cyclone," which figures so largely in all discussions of the weather today, did not come into use until 1848. It was first used by Piddington, who published his "Sailor's Hornbook" at Calcutta in that year. The word comes from the Greek and signifies the coils of a snake.

Cows Travel by Subway

Cows in a California dairy get to and from their work by subway. A traffic-crowded highway lay between the dairy buildings and the pastures, constantly endangering the cattle when they crossed it. In order to safeguard the animals a cement-lined tunnel was built under the road for the exclusive use of the cows, says Popular Science Monthly.

FEENEY DROPS RACE FOR SURROGATE

Mexico Man Leaves Field in Favor of William Gallagher.

Oswego.—James C. Feeney of Mexico, formerly of Oswego, one of the younger members of the Oswego county bar Monday night announced his withdrawal as a candidate for the Republican nomination for special surrogate of Oswego county. His decision was reached following a conference.

Former County Attorney William M. Gallagher of Cleveland, town of Constantia, will make the run as the party's candidate and likely will be indorsed soon by the Republican executive committee. It was announced several days ago that Lynn W. Smith of Pulaski would be a candidate.

Mr. Feeney issued the following statement:

"When I announced that I would seek the office of special surrogate I had promises of strong support within the Republican organization. Since then William M. Gallagher of Cleveland has entered the field and many of my supporters who are office holders saw fit to pledge themselves to Mr. Gallagher. On looking over the situation it seemed to me that an expensive primary contest was in prospect.

"The law as well as the ethics of the legal profession forbid the special surrogate to practice in the criminal courts of this or any adjoining county and cannot, of course, practice in surrogate's court of this county.

"The curtailment of my practice following an expensive contest, if I were successful, would be a great sacrifice. In addition, a primary contest would bring out certain bitterness which would be detrimental to my party and I after taking everything into consideration have decided to withdraw."

Water Held in Fallen Leaves Stops Erosion

The blanket of leaves from one year's leaf fall in the forest may weigh more than a ton an acre, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Federal forest service investigators find that a heavy litter is capable of holding vast amounts of water and slowing up the run-off which without the protecting blanket would quickly erode the soil.

In studying the protective value of leaf litter and the result of its removal by fire or other agency, investigators found that the 1930 fall of dry leaves, gathered up on a half acre of pine-oak forest at the Bent Creek experimental forest near Asheville, N. C., weighed 1,300 pounds, oven dry weight. Accumulated dry leaves and litter on the tract previous to the first clean-up weighed five and one-half tons to the acre, dry weight. From two to three years are required for decomposition of the litter, and a heavy blanket of leaves is thus normally present on the area. As a consequence of removal of the ground cover for this study, erosion set in on the area, although the rainfall was unusually slight.

Modern Maiden's Hands Larger Than Ancestors'

The hands of the women of today —are they larger than the hands of their grandmothers? There is no exposition of old-style costume, says the Matin of Paris, which does not reveal, at least by the diminutive gloves, the exquisite smallness of our feminine predecessors, both living and extinct. Few women of this generation, moreover, are able to wear the wedding rings, the other rings or bracelets of their ancestors.

One is able to conclude, certainly, that these souvenirs of the past were chosen in accordance with the fashion and requirement, and not merely curious legacies left to us as something most precious and most rare.

It would be only honesty, rather, to avow that the activity of modern women has done away with much of the delicate slenderness of former times. The hand which controls the flying machine and which wields the racket and the oar cannot, of course, remain as small and graceful as the one which had but to hold a handkerchief of lace.

Spoil-Sports

You will find them wherever you go. There is no escaping them. They rejoice in their unpleasantness. They cannot enjoy what is going on, and they won't let anyone else have any enjoyment if they can help it.

What is one to do with such impossible people?

Sending them to Coventry is a very good way, but these unpleasant individuals have a knack of being impervious to snubs and cold shoulders. Turn your back upon them, and round they come on the other side.

I am inclined to think that the best method is to ignore them. If you keep it up long enough, and prevent these spoil-sports getting their way, they give in eventually. In the long run, they cannot stand it. And they turn elsewhere to work off their little nuisances.

It is a pity these people cannot see how objectionable they are.—London Answers.

Both Were Longing for the Moon

By CYNTHIA BLAIR

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IT WAS a cold, rainy day; one of those days that are hard to endure even when your life is perfectly satisfactory. And Emily Eaton's life was so far from being satisfactory that it didn't give her the least bit of help when she left her office at noon and faced the prospects of walking through the rain to the noisy, crowded restaurant which was the best eating place she could afford at that time.

She had a job, not a very good one, and one that didn't pay her very well; she reminded herself quite frequently that she was lucky to have any position at all, in an effort to appreciate it. And she had a home—that is, she had a room in a large, uncomfortable, badly-run rooming house.

Those weren't the things that really bothered her, however. She could have endured them. The trouble was that she wanted big things. She wanted to travel—to go around the world, to see Egypt and India and Japan, Hawaii and Singapore and the Malay Straits! She might as well have longed for the moon, she told herself, as she walked along the grimy streets that day.

And then the moon faced her, so to speak, in the shape of a large window full of travel booklets—booklets advertising trips to the West Indies, to Europe, to Panama, trips that took you clear around the world. There was a blackboard on which were written the temperatures o various enchanted places that day. There were pictures of people going in bathing, playing tennis, doing all the delightful summertime things. Emily boldly opened the door beside the window and walked into the travel company's office.

"I—I want to ask about your round-the-world tours," she told the young man behind the nearest desk.

He was delighted to tell her all about the round-the-world cruise. Sailing from New York on January 19—or she could join the ship later in San Francisco if she didn't care to go through the Panama canal. Living on the ship was just like being in a wonderful hotel.

"Yes, of course; very comfortable," Emily agreed, feeling like a traitor. He thought she was likely to take one of those trips—thought she had money enough. And she was deceiving him! He'd never have thought so if she hadn't been wearing that suit her cousin had given her, an expensive suit.

Emily was fascinated. She stayed half an hour, talking with him. Wonderful! He must have made the trip himself several times, since he knew so much about all those enchanted places!

She asked him finally how many times he had made it. Then came a confession. He'd never taken it at all!

"But I'm so crazy about travel that I'd rather work here for less money than I could get somewhere else, just to be in touch with what I want to do," he told her. "Longing for the moon—that's what I'm doing at present, I guess."

"Oh, me too!" cried Emily, forgetting that she was supposed to be a young woman with money who could take a trip around the world if she wanted to do it. "I'm crazy to travel, but I can't afford it."

It was a short step then to the rest of her story. They were old friends when Emily left the office, with an armful of fascinating booklets under her arm. She hurried to the cheap little restaurant, and was half through luncheon, hardly knowing what she ate, when a friendly voice said, "Do you mind if I sit here?"

It was the young man from the travel office. She was delighted to see him. He slid into the chair across from her, and they began their conversation just where they'd left off.

He walked back to her office building with her, and when he said goodby he had asked if he might come to see her, and she had said yes.

He came that evening to the dingy rooming house, and they sat in the parlor and talked eagerly. When he left they had decided to join a French class, an inexpensive one that Emily knew about—you really have to speak French if you wanted to travel!

That was in December. It was February when they discovered that they both wanted something else even more than they wanted to travel. The something else was each other. Even though they couldn't afford to marry, they could be in love—a luxury richer people than they could not afford.

And then one day the moon fell into their laps. He came rushing to Emily in the cheap little restaurant!

"What do you think?" he cried. "It's come. I'm promoted. They're going to send me with one of the cruises, the Mediterranean one; somebody always goes, to act as head man for the company—take charge of the people who go on the trip, you know, see that they have a good time on shipboard, that they all go ashore as they should—all that. Sort of courier, you know. I'll be sailing next week."

"Oh, how wonderful," cried Emily.

"Yes—and the best part of it is that I've been given a raise, and can take my wife," I give up your job trunk we saw Longing for the to us."

DEATH'S HARVEST

ALBERT N. SIMARD.

Albert N. Simard died at his late home at Villiards Corners, June 29 after an illness of nine months.

He was the son of Alphonse and Josephine Simard, and was born December 11, 1868 at Villiards Corners where he always resided.

On February 21, 1900 he married Louise Schaffer who survives him; one daughter, Mrs. Edward Schadt, of Syracuse; two sons, Oliver of Syracuse, Robert who resides at home; two sisters, Mrs. Mary Bequillard of Mexico, Mrs. Louise Staffler of Silver Springs.

The funeral was held Thursday morning at 9:30 from St. Anns church French Street. Burial at Hastings.

MRS. ERWIN RUNION.

Mrs. Ruth Davis Runion, 30, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Davis of this village passed away on Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock at her home at Clifford after a brief illness.

The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late home at Clifford.

Burial will be in Mexico village cemetery.

MYRTLE BARCLAY.

Just before going to press we received the news that Myrtle Barclay died Wednesday morning in the Orwell Sanitarium. Miss Barclay is the second daughter of Mrs. Fred Harmes Prattham.

One Saving Grace

The mistress was looking over the new maid's references before engaging her.

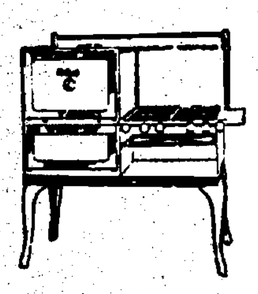
"Do you think you will settle down here?" she asked, after a while. "Remember, you've left a good many situations."

The girl smiled confidently.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied. "But I didn't leave any of them voluntarily."—London Tit-Bits.

Spinsters Never Aged

A philanthropist has endowed a home for aged spinsters. The idea is worthy, but where could one find a spinster willing to admit such a silly affliction as age?—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.



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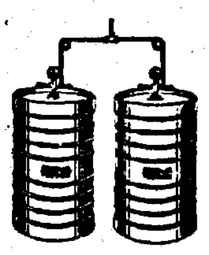

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