AGRICULTURIAL NOTES

"The law of supply and demand," says W. B. Greeley, head of the Forestry Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, "is working steadily to create timber values which in large portions of the United States will pay fair returns on forestry as a business."

The use of good home-grown legume hay and silage is the basis of economical feeding of dairy cows. The cost of the grain portion of the ration will depend largely upon the quantity of these roughages available. A dairyman who has several stacks or a barn full of legume hay and a silo full of silage need not worry about the winter feed bill. Every cow should have these roughage feeds.

Volcanoes, earthquakes, tidal waves, and tornadoes have a small effect in comparsion to soil erosion. There are 125 billion pounds of plant food washed off farm lands and pastures in the United States every year. That means at least 200 million dollars washed out of the pockets of the farmers.

"Inside" Information

A good quality of skim milk should have a yield of 15 to 18 pounds of cottage cheese per 100 pounds of skim milk.

Start the new year armed with a well-planned budget which has been drawn up to include all the necessities and some of the desirable purchases your family hopes to make within the expected income for 1928. Food, housing, clothing, and running expenses will be among the essentials. Personal expenses for each member of the family must be allowed, and fixed expenses such as insurance premiums or taxes must be met. More or less problematical is the question of new furnishings or equipment, or the amount that must go to doctors and dentists, and consequently the amount that can be saved. A good budget is one that takes all these points into consideration and keeps the definitely known expenses well within the anticipated income, leaving a fair-sized margin for the uncertain items and for emergencies. After making the budget on a yearly basis, it is helpful to plan for each month separately and in advance, so that as expenditures are made they can be compared with the original estimate in each category. Sometimes it becomes evident that a larger allotment must be made in one field, or that less would do in another, and corresponding changes can be made in the yearly and monthly plans.

Farmers, like the industrial world, are learning to know that surplus producing creates a lower price for the whole.

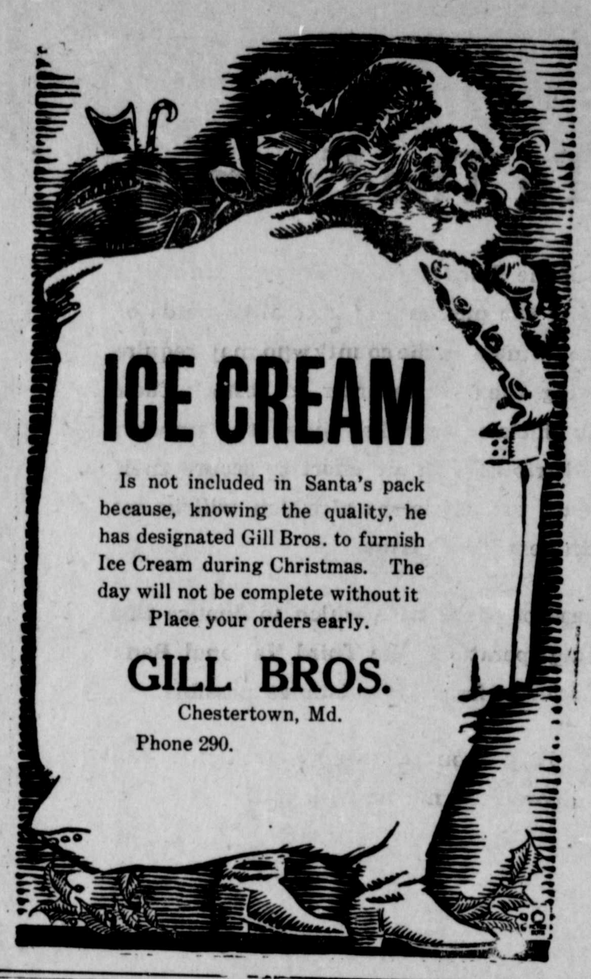
Stem smut in rye may be prevented by the copper carbonate dusting treatment which is widely used in control of stinking smut and flag smut in wheat.

Wood-boring insects cause an annual loss estimated at $45,000,000 to wood products in process of manufacture and use. Much of this could be prevented by proper precautions in handling and utilization.

The first step in better breeding is the elimination of the scrub and grade bull, the next step is the elimination of all inferior purebred bulls, and the third and final step is the general use in all dairy herds of good, purebred bulls that have already proved their ability to transmit very very high production to their offspring.

By the Act of Congress of August 10, 1912, ten percent of the national forest receipts is given each year to the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture for the construction of roads and trails within the national forests. Last year this amounted to $514,040.68, which was prorated to the various States according to the receipts of the forests in those States.

—A wonderful Christmas is reported by Wm. Medders Co., at Still Pond. They are having a run of trade extending from Rock Hall to Sassafras. The people appreciate a Christmas store like they keep.



ICE CREAM

Is not included in Santa's pack because, knowing the quality, he has designated Gill Bros. to furnish Ice Cream during Christmas. The day will not be complete without it

Place your orders early.

GILL BROS.

Chestertown, Md.

Phone 290.

HOME for CHRISTMAS

BY WICKS WAMBOLDT

GEE! It's great to get home for Christmas!

You have been away for the first time in your life, holding down a job a thousand miles from the home town, but now you're on your way home for Christmas, rolling into a country that you know all about.

You are the first one off the train, and the first through the gate. Father and mother are there waiting for you. Mother hugs and kisses you without a word, but there is a tightening of her arms that speaks much. Father shakes hands with you heartily and says, "Well, my boy, you're looking fine!"

When you reach the car, there are grandfather and grandmother, and Aunt Jennie and Aunt Molly; and they all act as though they never had seen anyone in their lives look so good to them as you! You climb into the front seat alongside your father.

It is Christmas morning and most folks are at home. But you see an occasional acquaintance and wave your hand gaily and shout, "Merry Christmas!" And one or two step out from the sidewalk and stop you and say, "Well, I'll be dogged!" and shake hands with you and tell you how glad they are to see you.

You are out of town now, speeding over the road that runs along the river, that beautiful, wide, blue river, where in summer you swam and boated and caught fish, and in winter hunted ducks. There down the road comes a familiar figure with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels! It is Chuck Andrews. He recognizes you a hundred feet away and grins joyously. "Merry Christmas!" he yells. Your father stops the car, and you and Chuck grip hands.

"Jiminy! I'm glad to see you," he says. "How long are you going to be home?" "A week," you reply. "Fine and dandy!" says he enthusiastically. "There is the biggest flock of wild turkeys I ever saw over in Cedar Swamp; and the quail are as thick as grasshoppers this year. We'll start something." The car moves on.

You are turning in at the home place; you are purring up the avenue to the house. Cousin Nat and Cousin Bill have your grip and hat and overcoat and carry them to your room.

Suddenly you ask, "Where's Uncle Harry?" Grandmother answers, "Harry couldn't come. He is so far away he felt he shouldn't leave his business so long." You are disappointed, for Uncle Harry is your favorite uncle, and you have been loking forward especially to seeing him.

You all sit down in the large living room before the crackling, fragrant log fire in the big fireplace. All are talking at once. Then mother says, "Mingo and Maria are in the kitchen. Don't you want to see them?" Mingo and Maria helped raise you.

You open the kitchen door and Mingo and Maria, their black faces shining with affection, greet you with "Chris'mas gif'! Chris'mas gif'!" And Maria hugs you and croons endearing names to you as she did when you were a youngster. Mingo shakes hands with you and says, "I'se sho' powahful glad to see yo', Mistah Sam"; and you tell them you have brought Santa Claus with you.

And Says With a Grin, "You Hit Me Where I'm Weak."

Back you go to the bunch, and you are no more than seated when there is the whir of a motor outside. Somebody looks out the window and shouts, "Here's Harry!" Everybody tries to get out the door at once. Uncle Harry, natty and debonair as usual, steps smiling from a taxi. "Thought you weren't coming!" somebody yells. "Had to come!" he flashes back. "Couldn't stand the pressure." Then the folks crowd round him. And he pushes through to you, grabs your hand in both of his and says, "Well, here's Sam!" And he adds, "I don't know as I should have come if I hadn't known you'd be here."

"Let's have the presents before dinner," suggests some one. And there is a rush for the library where packages are stacked high on the big table. "Sam, you give 'em out," says grandfather. And you tackle the job. Everybody is pleased, or pretends to be, with what he or she gets. And Uncle Peter sidles up to you with your box of cigars in his hand, and says with a grin, "You hit me where I'm weak." Presents are viewed and reviewed and right in the midst of it mother calls, "Dinner is ready."

You all pour into the dining room. There are eighteen of you at the table. Your father sits at one end and your mother at the other. And you are at your mother's right. Your father asks the blessing; then grandfather carves the turkey. There is a jolly clatter. Plates are passed until each has made the circuit and received its load of good things.

After all have eaten all they can hold, your mother pushes back her chair and rises; you all follow suit. And your grandfather says to your mother, "Sally, that was a fine dinner"; and Uncle Bob adds, "Yes, I think I can get along all right now until supper."

The family sifts back into the living room. Mingo comes in and puts more wood on the fire, and the flames shoot up the throat of the chimney.

Talk lags. And cousin Nat asks you, "Who was the most precocious child mentioned in the Bible?" You answer glibly, "Job; he cursed the day he was born." "You've heard that one before," says Nat.

The Chiffonnier Your Father Gave You for a Birthday Present.

Then you give Nat this one:

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet;
And this is true without deceit.

"Say that again," asks Aunt Eleanor. You repeat the doggerel, and are required to do so again and again.

"It's nonsense!" declares Cousin John.

"Hold on!" says Cousin Nat. "There is some catch in the punctuation." And while the rest continue to puzzle, he takes out a pencil and an envelope and writes the thing down. "I've got it!" he announces, and reads:

Every lady in this land has twenty nails;
Upon each hand five; and twenty on hands and feet.

Everybody laughs and Uncle George says, "That's a good one;" then the conundrums fly thick and fast. Before you know it the family is called in to eat cold turkey and other fixings left from dinner.

You spend the evening cracking jokes, and you pop corn, eat candy, and commit various gastronomic enormities. But who cares? Christmas comes but once a year! What if one should feel logy tomorrow? It is worth it. To everybody's surprise, the tall clock in the hall booms twelve. And the folks say good-night and go to bed.

You go up to your room—the room you always have had and always will have. The lights are on. There is a cheery fire on the hearth. The bedclothes are turned down and your pajamas laid out. Your mother has been there. You close the door and look around.

There is the chiffonnier that your father gave you for a birthday present. And paper on the wall, you picked it out yourself with your mother; and you and she selected the carpet. There is the tie-rack which Cousin Marjorie gave you made of embroidery hoops covered with red satin. You go over to the closet and peer in. Your shotgun is right where you left it. You think of what Chuck Andrews said about the wild turkeys and the quail—"Oh, boy!"

There is a tap at the door. Your mother comes in. "I just wanted to tell my boy good-night." You and she sit down on the edge of the bed and talk; then she says, "Now you must go to bed and get some rest," and she hugs and kisses you and goes out.

You step to the window and raise the sash. The full moon is shining as only a Southern moon can shine. The air is frosty and perfectly still. Far off a dog is barking. You hear a cow lowing softly. A rooster, fooled by the moon, crows for daylight. Down in the village the chimes ring out from Matlin tower:

Lord, through this hour be Thou my guide;
That in Thy power I may abide.

You put down the window, undress, and climb into those pajamas that your mother has laid out. You extinguish the light. And the next thing you know you are on your knees by the side of the bed. You have been skipping that sort of thing lately.

You crawl in between the sheets and snuggle your head into the pillow. A delicious drowsiness creeps over you.

Gee! It's great to get home for Christmas!

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

To Help Solve Your Gift Problem

for Father

BATHROBES

A GIFT THAT MAKES WARM FRIENDS

For evenings at home what could afford a man more comfort than to slip into a beautiful Lounge Robe unusually well tailored of soft warm bordered blanket with shank collar and full Razor girdle, attractive combinations, including copen, grey, brown and tan. Small, medium and large, at

$5.00, $7.50 and $10.00.

MUFFLERS

Men's Washable Silk Scarfs and Squares, Radium and Crepe, embroidered and printed patterns, new colors

$1.50 to $3.00

Silk Knit Mufflers, stripes of many colors, fringed bottoms

$1.75 to $3.00

HANDKERCHIEFS

Initialed Handkerchiefs with pretty borders in Beautiful Xmas Boxes. A gift that is always welcomed.

GLOVES

For dress or to combat the cold wintry blasts. From Kid Gloves to Heavy Driving Gloves or Heavy Gloves for outside work.

HOUSE SLIPPERS

Leather Comfy Oprea Slippers, soft pliable upper leather, soft padded crome leather sole. Quilted lining and sock, color, brown. Price

$2.75

Romoes, soft kid upper, color brown; leather sole, low heel. Price

$2.75

Felt Comfys, cushion sole and heel, colors, Oxford brown and dark green $2.00 and $2.25. Other Felt Slippers as above, $1.25 to 1.75.

For Mother

Comfy Slippers

Daniel Green's Felt Comfys, ribbon trimmed and heavy silk pompon, soft padded chrome leather sole. Colors, Delft Blue, Rose, Wisteria Taupe, Ecru, Oxford and Orchid. Price $2.00.

Felt Slippers by another manufacturer in Blue, Ecru, Old Rose and Orchid, $1.00

for Brother

Sweaters

AND LUMBER JACKS

Something that he will not have to be made to wear.

Sweaters $2 to $8

Lumber Jacks$4 to $13.50

BOYS' TWO PANTS SUITS

There is nothing that the school boy would appreciate more than a handsome uit of clothes with two pair of trousers. All the new fall shades with coat, vest and two pair of golf trousers

$9.00 to $15.00

for Husband

SUITS TOP COATS OVERCOATS

IN SHADES AND STYLES TO SATISFY MOST ANY TASTE SHOWING LATEST FASHIONS IN MEN'S DRESS

RALSTON SHOES
GOULASHES, RUBBERS
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Every Thing forMen and Bo

Our patrons are urged to call for their 1928 calendar before they are all gone.

VANSANT & NEWSOME

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