FARMERS,

LIST YOUR

Repair Needs.

It would be hard to find a farmer what at some time or another had not lost valuable time waiting for necessary repair parts. Take this territory and total up the time lost in this way and it will astonish you. And all because repairs are not ordered as early as they should be.

There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared to met every call promptly.

Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

PAUL COMEGYS
MILLINGTON, MD.

Pygmy Tribes of High Order of Intelligence

The pygmies of Africa are friendly, clean, intelligent and, in medical matters, wise beyond the wisdom of white men.

I saw one pigmy tribe perform a trepanning operation that was one of the most remarkable things I have seen on my travels. The operation was performed on a child. They used no anesthetic, of course. For a surgical instrument they used a sharp arrow head, with which they punctured the child's skull, using a stone to drive in the arrow head. The child screamed lustily, of course, but the operation was successful and the patient recovered.

The pygmies also know a remedy for leprosy, but they are wily enough not to reveal their medicine to the white men. White men, therefore, have been unable to learn whether the medicine they use is a permanent cure or only a check. Whatever it is, however, it will be valuable to science when scientists can induce the pygmies to reveal it.

Occasionally now the pygmies intermarry with the normal-sized natives, and it is not unusual to see a short, little black man going through the jungle with a wife towering over him, who lifts him over the jungle undergrowth as though he were her child. —Delia Akeley, quoted in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Response

The prodigal wrote his father that he was starving. Two days later a package arrived by parcel post.

"Queer way to send funds," remarked the youth.

"Smells more like a cheese sandwich," said the postman.

Selfish Man

Bluebeard—You have the freedom of the entire house excepting this closet. This, you must never enter.

His Eighth Wife—Do you mean to keep an entire closet for yourself when I haven't room to hang half my things?

OUTDOOR SPORT



"He says he's engaged in outdoor work."

"True, true—necking in the park."

Badge of Office

A poet laureate must be
Slight in affairs of state;
Not much a poet, men agree,
But mostly laureate.

"Marry Gold"

Longwed—Do you believe in such sentiment as saying it with flowers?

Neverwed—No. A man can't be too careful. When old Mrs. Bullion was ill I sent her a bunch of marigolds, and she took it for a proposal.

Even Split

Angry Mistress—"In the time it takes me to tell you to do the work, I could do it myself."

Housemaid—"Yes'm, and in the time it takes me to listen to you, so could I."

Demanded Caution

Daughter—Daddy was quite pleased to hear that you were a poet.

Suitor—Really.

Daughter—Yes, you see, the last young man I had was an amateur boxer!

Had It in Her Eye Once

"And how is your poor husband, Mrs. Dorfindinger?"

"Oh, he suffers something awful with his foot, and I know what it's like because I've had it in my eye."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Perfect Harmony

"Is your husband musical?" asked the visitor.

"Not a bit," replied the hostess, adding with a smile, "but I have taught him to play second fiddle perfectly."

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50
Chestertown, Md.

POULTRY NOTES

ITEMS THAT WILL INTEREST OUR POULTRY READERS FROM FAR AND NEAR

BY POLK T. BRAMBLE
Proprietor Bramble Poultry Farm

An account of the first poultry show in America, Boston, November 15-16, 1849, mentioned Daniel Webster as the most noted exhibitor and visitor. Webster was then the foremost living American. His interest in the show probably contributed more than anything else to the publicity given to it by the newspapers throughout the country. He exhibited seven domesticated Wild Geese and a pair of Java Fowls, of what color is not stated.

The little that can be learned from references to "the Farmer of Marshfield" in the press of the time suggests no more than a superficial attention to the practical details of agriculture. When we go to the volumes of his private correspondence published after his death, we find that in the later years of his life the improvement of agriculture in America had first place in his thoughts, and that he viewed the whole subject from the background furnished by his own early life on a farm, and with a right appreciation of values in farm produce, particularly in products of live stock, derived from long acquaintance with markets catering to consumers who wanted the best of everything in foods.

Webster had two farms, the one which was his birthplace at Franklin, N. H., and the farm at Marshfield, Mass., which was his summer home, and which he designed to make a model practical farm stocked with fine stock of all kinds, and demonstrating the best methods of farm practice in growing and utilizing field crops.

The San Fernando Valley is the home of the most amazing chicken ranches that ever were. There are electric-lighted, gas-heated, automatically watered chicken houses in which chickens are born in incubators, snuggle up in lots of 600 under the broad bosom of a gas heater and never get temperamental, because they have no parents or grandparents to spoil them. They get just the right number of vitamins—count 'em—every day, and begin to lay the very day they reach a certain age and size, so that the eggs will all be large and uniform. They are such creatures of normalcy and habit that they actually line up for mess at the proper time, and stand in line to take their turns at the nest when they reach the age for laying. If all the people who are laying around would produce like the San Fernando Valley chickens there would be no hard times in this or other country.

And the San Fernando Valley isn't unique. There are thousands of chicken ranches on every side of Los Angeles.

As November closes in on us and we realize that winter is most here, and as the laying flocks are beginning their year's work of heavy egg production, it is essential to give a moment of consideration to the conditions which are to surround our birds as we shut them in for the winter. We want them to lay well throughout the cold months, for winter eggs are usually amongst the most profitable of the year's production. Pullets and hens, well bred and well fed, will not balk at winter egg production, if they are given a fair break a fair chance to work in a sanitary and comfortable environment.

A few years ago we advised the use of deep litter in the winter poultry laying house mainly because we fed the grain in that litter and forced the birds to exercise more or less violently in their efforts to find the food which we had scattered in the litter. If that system could have been continued and still considered sanitary, there is much that might be said for it. But it would seem that our present knowledge of poultry diseases and their control entirely rule out the feasibility of scattering any food deliberately in litter.

Every precaution should be taken to prevent the contamination of the food by manure and filth. The grain and mash are both fed more sanitarily and economically in hoppers, up off the floor and away from the litter. This means that this objective of littering the poultry laying house no longer exists at least to anywhere near the extent it once did, and our problem of littering must be met by consideration of other reasons for providing it.

Sunshine and Vitamin D

The general, hazy idea that sunshine puts vitamin D into the body is wrong, although it is on the right track. Rather, it is the sunshine that wakes vitamin D into action through the effects of the ultra-violet ray. The vitamin is there, but remains inactive until activated by the rays.

The absence of the rays prevents the body from making use of the lime and phosphorus in the food, and, in the case of children, brings about rickets, bow legs, pigeon breast, knock-knees and similar abnormalities.

In adults, while the effect is not so serious, it brings about the withdrawal of minerals in the bones, making them porous and brittle.

Deflated

His favorite aunt long had been possessed of that meaty accumulation so personally adverse to the wishes of all womankind—avoirdupois. But the youngster liked it—he chose her to be fat!

One day announcement was made that auntie had gone to the hospital for an operation, all of which was very mystifying to the youngster. In due time she returned and to his horror the rotund relative had become as slender as Anita Page.

"Aw, I don't like her that way," the youngster proclaimed in aggrieved tone.

"Why, what's the matter?" he was asked.

"Now she won't bounce so good!"

HEARING ON NET LOCATION

The subject of placing of fish nets in Chesapeake Bay in the vicinity of Tolchester Rock Hall and Love Point, Md., was considered at a public hearing held before representatives of the Corps of Engineers in the Community Hall in Rock Hall, Md., November 26, 1930, at 7.30 p. m. Parties interested in the subject were given an opportunity to express their views upon the matter.

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The First-Aid Girl

By JANE OSBORN

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BILL OTIS was talking emphatically over the telephone in his private office which he, as recently appointed costs expert for Walter and Dawkins, had occupied for less than two weeks. As he hung up the receiver he looked at his hand and saw drops of blood on his fingers and on the papers on his desk. Then he remembered that in the heat of his argument he had raised his hand emphatically and brought it down hard on something sharp. It was the keen-pointed paper spike, he discovered, and apparently he had given his finger a rather deep but not necessarily serious cut.

"Anyone got any cotton for bandages here?" he asked of a young clerk who happened to be passing. "I scratched my finger."

"You'll get it from the first-aid girl down at the last desk," said the clerk. "She's got all those things. Aromatic spirits of ammonia when anyone faints."

Bill Otis, still holding his handkerchief firmly around his finger to hide any scarlet stains that might have shown it was something more than a scratch, went down to the last desk in the large main office. A young girl who seemed to be very busy making records in several enormous books sat there. Bill hoped sincerely that she was the first-aid girl for he had noticed her several times before.

"It's just a scratch," Bill said. "Give me a little bandaging, if you don't mind."

"You'd better go back in your office," said the girl. "I'll follow."

Two minutes later Bill was seated in his large armchair with this very pretty young girl beside him. With immaculate white and shapely hands she was bathing the finger that had been cut—using sterile cotton and a little white enamel cup. Then she took Bill's large hand in hers and looking at it almost tenderly asked him if it didn't hurt. "It was a rather bad tear," she told him. "I think I should have fainted." She applied some healing salve on a bit of sterile cotton and then neatly bandaged it—so neatly that you would have thought a graduate nurse had done it.

The next day in passing the desk of the first-aid girl, Bill Otis stopped to thank her for her trouble. He likewise asked her her name. Margaret Clark, she told him. He told her she was a born nurse.

"Really I'm not," she said. "I've always hated anything like that. But when I took this job the first-aid kit seemed to go with the desk. They said that the girl that sat at this desk always had had it. Some one had to be responsible—and so I took it. Nothing ever happened like this before, though," she said, rather proud that at last she had been called upon to show her skill.

More than ever Bill Otis admired this girl at the end desk, and every time he passed he made some mental observation of her. She was dressed so smartly, her hair was always so smooth and glossy and well brushed, and her hands—he always noticed them—were always so immaculately white and free from office grime of any kind.

A few days later he sent her a large bunch of violets with a card enclosed, saying simply, "From a grateful patient." By that time the office people were talking pleasantly about Margaret Clark and Bill Otis.

Then one day something really did happen. Bill Otis, in his office alone, went to raise the heavy swinging window. Through a defect in the chain, that was supposed to hold the window, it fell with a crushing thud on Bill's arm. As he turned to go back to his desk the walls seemed to bend and the furniture went swimming round the room. Bill tried to raise his arm and almost fainted.

"Perhaps spirits of ammonia would pull me around until I get out of here," he said to himself, and with all the fortitude he could muster went to the door and asked the girl nearest him to ask Miss Clark to come in with her first-aid. The girl laughed and Bill shut the door and staggered over to his chair.

Bill doesn't remember just what happened then, except that he made Margaret understand that he wanted to pull himself together so as to be able to get away without anyone in the office knowing that he had been hurt. It was the ammonia spirits that she mixed up that gave him the strength he needed—that and the promise that if he could get to the main entrance she'd meet him there with a taxi.

She drove with him to the nearest hospital where doctors gave him ether and learned that he had sustained a compound fracture of his arm.

As Bill opened his eyes and felt the slow, dull pangs return, there was Margaret Clark, his first-aid girl, beside him.

"I know I'm only a first-aid," she said apologetically, "but I wanted to see you through." The pallor on her pretty cheeks told Bill that her ordeal has not by any means been an easy one.

Bill murmured something. He tried to tell her that he loved her and to ask her to marry him, but she did not understand. Two weeks later when the arm was in fair shape again he repeated these words and this time Margaret understood.

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