



VICTORY GARDENING

storage potatoes are the best seed for this planting, unless one can buy seed from a crop planted in July the previous season, that have been kept in a cool cellar and have not sprouted. If potatoes have sprouted, and the sprouts rubbed off, it weakens the plant, and therefore a short crop is produced. Several persons in Badin have told me about burning their potato vines with Paris green. The potato bug is one of the easiest of insects to control that we have to contend with. Keep in mind that it is the young bugs—those that are soft-bodied—that do the most eating. Paris green, arsenate of lead, or some of the other prepared poisons that can be purchased from almost any drug store should be put on after a rain, or once every week or ten days if rain should not fall. Paris green should be mixed with air-slaked lime, if used in the dry form, in the proportion of one small tablespoonful to a gallon of lime. Mix the lime and Paris green thoroly, and put into a thin flour sack, and shake over the plants in the morning, when the dew is on the vines. If used as a liquid, mix one tablespoonful of Paris green and one quart of lime to two gallons of water. Be sure, when spraying, to keep the solution thoroly stirred. A good plan, when one has not a spraying machine, is to take a small whisk broom, and whisk it on the plants. As I stated in my letter in the June issue, always use fungicide and insecticide together. Bordeaux mixture is used by a great many potato growers as a carrier for Paris green.

—G. S. ARTHUR

Grace for Gardens

Lord God in Paradise,
 Look upon our sowing,
 Bless the little gardens
 And the good green growing:
 Give us sun,
 Give us rain.
 Bless the orchards
 And the grain.

Lord God in Paradise.
 Please bless the beans and peas,
 Give us corn full on the ear—
 We will praise thee, Lord, for these!
 Bless the blossom
 And the root,
 Bless the seed
 And the fruit!

Lord God in Paradise,
 Over my brown field is seen,
 Trembling and adventuring,
 A miracle of green.
 Send such grace
 As you know,
 To keep it safe
 And make it grow!

Lord God in Paradise,
 For the wonder of the seed,
 Wondering, we praise you, while
 We tell you of our need.
 Look down from Paradise,
 Look upon our sowing.
 Bless the little gardens
 And the good green growing!
 Give us sun,
 Give us rain,
 Bless the orchards
 And the grain.

LOUISE DRISCOLL
 In *New York Times*

I Like the Employee

who is working with a definite purpose in view.
 Who realizes that the boss may have a perfectly good reason for wanting something done in a certain way.
 Who won't "stall" when he doesn't know.
 Who doesn't go around with an expression that says, "They pick on me!" but stands firmly on his two feet for a square deal.
 Who has as cordial a greeting for the janitor as for the boss.
 Who doesn't ask "Whaddayou think I am?" when asked to do something not in his line of duty, but says, "Yes, sir!" with a smile—and does it.
 Who stands always for the institution that employs him, and its standards, its management, and its fellow-workers.
 Whose sails are adjusted to the wind, and who, like Pollyanna, sees something to be glad about.
 Whose time is well proportioned according to the work he has to do.
 Who can choose wisely between the worthless and the worth while; who looks ahead, and is not blinded by the impulse of the moment.
 Whose conduct is the same whether he is under the boss' surveillance or not.
 Who is not a dolt, a killjoy, a dare-devil, a dowdy, a smarty, nor a saint.

Mrs. J. Dawkins, 122 Walnut Street, had the first flowers in bloom in Badin this spring. Incidentally, her front yard is now a mass of blooms; and so are those of her neighbors. They look good.