

THERE'S MORE IN THE MAN THAN IN THE LAND.

Raleigh, N. C. Nov. 10.—That oft sounded doctrine of good farming "There is more in the land," preached by Dean B. W. Kilgore of the North Carolina Experiment Station, is again amply confirmed by the experience of E. T. Grawley, a farmer of Barringer township in Iredell County who is now convinced that regardless of how badly a field has been abused it may be brought back to a productive state without great expense of legume crops are planted. "In 1919," reports District Agent E. S. Millsaps, "Mr. Grawley had a badly washed, hillside on his farm. The field was in plain view of the highway and was an eyesore to the extent that it would not be so oppressive. He filled the gullies, terraced the field and prepared it for seeding to rye. He also made a light application of limestone. In the spring of 1920, he sowed red clover and secured only a scattering stand. This was allowed to fall on the land and make seed for another crop. In the fall of 1921, the field was again sowed in grain followed by clover the next spring. This time he secured a better stand. He has continued this rotation until today he is securing a perfect stand of clover over the entire field and those who pass that way remark on the beauty of his farm. "With this experience as a demonstration Mr. Grawley is now renovating the last of his gullied fields and is putting his farm in excellent shape. He expects in a few years to have one of the best kept farms in his community with no gullies or naked land and he is doing this by the wise use of legumes in his crop rotation."

SMALL-TOP PAIL IS BEST FOR DAIRYING

That the small-top milk pail is a distinct aid in producing clean milk is proved by the large amount of hair and dirt that collects on the cover of such a pail during milking, points out F. C. Butten, professor of dairy industry at the college of agriculture at New Brunswick, N. J.

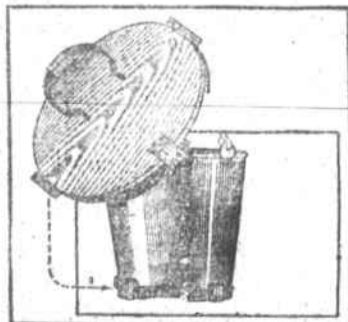
This accumulation will take place on the hood of the pail even when the cow's body, udder and teats are comparatively clean. Without the protection of the hood, this material would fall directly into the milk.

The influence of the small-top pail on the number of bacteria that fall into milk at milking time has been shown by experiment to be as follows: When the cows were dirty and only sterilized utensils used, an open pail gave milk containing 86,000 bacteria in every 25 drops of milk, while a covered pail under the same conditions gave milk containing only 24,000 bacteria in that quantity of milk. It has been said that the hooded pail can generally be expected to keep out at least 60 per cent of the dirt and bacteria that would otherwise fall into the milk.

The more dirt there is on a cow the more important it is to use a small-top pail. In selecting such a pail one should consider the ease of cleaning, the ease of use and the smallness of the opening. All seams in the pail should be soldered flush to make cleaning easy. The interior should be free from angles and inaccessible crevices which harbor bacteria and render cleaning difficult. Some dairymen object to milking into a small-top pail, claiming it is too difficult. With a little practice, however, one can readily become accustomed to its use. The benefit to be derived from this modern pail is well worth the effort.

Keep Milk Pails Clean by Using False Bottom

After trying in vain to keep the bottom of the milk pail free from the mire of the barnyard, a false bottom was devised as shown in the drawing. A round piece, 1/2-inch larger in diameter than the bottom of the pail, was cut



False Bottom Keeps Pail Clean.

from an apple-box side (any similar lumber would do, of course). To this were nailed three lath cleats, across the grain. The middle cleat was allowed to extend 1 1/2 inches beyond either edge of the board, and to these extensions were nailed two 1 1/2-inch blocks cut from one-inch lumber. To one of these blocks was fastened a spring trouser-guard such as is used in riding a bicycle. The spring was held solidly in place with a lath wedge. Two small lath uprights nailed to the sides completed the job. The spring holds the false bottom firmly in place. Popular Science Monthly.

Wires Were Tangled

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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JEAN held the telephone receiver close to her plunk ear, just as though Bob Phillips himself stood beside her instead of sitting in his office staring dejectedly into his own transmitter.

"Your dear old thing!" Jean murmured to Bob, and the response was startling.

"How perfectly idiotic to talk that way!" was the growling answer.

"What did you say?" demanded Jean in a freezing tone.

"Does it matter?" retorted the growl.

"It may not matter much to me," blazed Jean, "but I assure you that it matters to you. I am returning your ring now."

Deep laughter overpowered the receiver. Jean held it away from her ear in disgust. Her blue eyes were wide with bewilderment and every nerve tingled. Suddenly she hung up the receiver, and the tiny click seemed to be the lock on the closed door of happiness.

"The—b-b-big b-o-o-er!" she sobbed recklessly.

Fifteen minutes later Nora tapped at her door. "Mr. Whitten at the telephone, Miss Jean."

Jean flung on a hat and opened the door. "Thank you, Nora; please tell Mr. Whitten that I have just gone to the post office to mail a package to him!"

"Yes, Miss Jean, and begging your pardon, ma'am, your hat is on wrong side before."

Jean adjusted her hat, tied a spotted veil across her tearful eyes, and proceeded to the post office to mail a certain registered parcel that contained one blazing solitary diamond ring and a sapphire bracelet (a birthday gift). "I hate the ring," confessed Jean morosely, "but I wish I could keep the bracelet; a birthday gift is another kind of a keepsake. Poo, I don't want any of his things. I will send his letters back as soon as I can collect them."

Of course Jean knew where every one of Bob's love letters were hidden; she also knew by heart every word in every letter, and could close her eyes and visualize the position of certain words and phrases on the earliest letters. She mailed the package that morning and during the evening Bob called.

"She says she's not at home, sir," said Nora with just the proper degree of respect for a tragic moment.

Bob looked miserable. "Look here, Nora," he said desperately, "what is Miss Jean doing? Is she entertaining—or what? I must see her if I can."

Nora advanced a step and spoke in a whisper. "She's been nowhere much today, and she's crying, sir, fit to break her heart." She winked back a tear in her own sympathetic eye.

"Thank you. . . perhaps she will answer the telephone." He made his way out of the house and went to his club and shot into a telephone booth.

Upstairs in her own room, Jean heard the front door close dully, and applied a fresh handkerchief to her reddened eyes. Presently Nora tapped at the door. "The telephone, Miss Jean," she said hurriedly.

"This is Jean Ross," said Jean, picking up the receiver.

"Ah, Jean. What do you mean, dearest, by sending that ring back to me—and the bracelet?" Bob wanted to know in his dear voice.

"If you will think hard, I am sure you will recall our telephone conversation this morning," returned Jean in icy tones.

"Did we have one?" inquired Mr. Whitten dryly.

"Didn't we?" she retorted.

Bob's voice took on a heavy judicial tone. "I rang you up this morning and asked you to go to the theater tonight, and never received any response from you. I found later that you had been out off, so I waited awhile and rang you again, and Nora said you had gone to the post office, and then in the mail tonight I found that—that junk!"

"Junk!" breathed Jean furiously. "Do you mean to deny holding a conversation with me this morning at ten o'clock?"

"It didn't happen," affirmed Bob.

"Why, Robert Whitten?"

"It's the truth!" stonily.

Jean tottered, clinging desperately to the instrument. "Then," she quavered, "then w-who-oo was it called me an id-idiot?"

"Not I! I wish I could get hold of the fellow—I'd lick him good and plenty."

"I s-said I w-was returning your r-ring, and he laughed horribly."

"The deuce he did! Some cheerful idiot taking advantage of crossed wires. There I was waiting for a response from you!"

Long silence from Jean, and then Bob demanded roughly, tenderly, "Have you been crying, darling?"

"Yes!" she whispered.

"Then I am coming right over to see you."

"Now?" in a panicky voice.

"Yep; but you'll have time to powder your nose before I get there," and his rumble of laughter was adorably different from that of the "big boor."

"I knew all the time it couldn't possibly be Bob," said Jean illogically as she hung up the receiver and flew to the mirror.

Administrators' Notice.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of R. H. Ivie, deceased, late of Person county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 4th day of Nov.,

1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate, or to the firm of R. H. Ivie & Co., will make immediate payment. This Nov. 4, 1924.

R. H. Stokes, Administrator.

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Large advertisement for Chesterfield Cigarettes. Features a large illustration of a football field with a goalpost and a crowd. Text: "There's no stopping 'em! IT'S a clear field with nothing in front but the goal posts! gain—like a swift, smashing drive to a touchdown. Football or merchandising—it's the same story—you can't stop a man or a product that has the stuff to come through. Everywhere men are changing by thousands to Chesterfield. Why? For the best of all reasons—taste! That's what convinced Chesterfield is making gain after smokers the country over. Chesterfield CIGARETTES They Satisfy—millions! Such popularity must be deserved"