

**Two Types Insects Attack Flowers and Shrubs**

You can look a horse in the mouth and tell how old it is. You can also look at the mouth of an insect which is attacking flowers and shrubs and tell how old it is.

of insecticide to use against it, says J. O. Rowell, entomologist of the N. C. State College Extension Service.

There are, generally speaking, two major groups of insects from the standpoint of control, Rowell explained. One group includes those insects with chewing mouth parts

and which are controlled, for the most part, through the use of stomach poisons. The second group includes insects with sucking mouth parts and these are controlled mainly through the use of contact insecticides and fumigants.

The entomologist says that it is usually very easy to identify the insects with chewing mouth parts, either by examining the parts or by observing the nature of their attack.

Perhaps the most satisfactory stomach poison on the market to control chewers is arsenate of lead. Rowell declared it can be used as a dust or spray, but caution is advised since it is poisonous to humans and animals.

The insects with sucking mouth parts include plant lice, scale insects, and leaf hoppers. They suck the juice from their host plants. The most common and widely used contact insecticide for this type of insect is nicotine which may be applied as a spray or dust.

Rowell stated in conclusion that a satisfactory combination stomach poison and contact spray may be made by preparing an arsenate of lead solution and adding one half ounce of soap and 1 teaspoonful of 40 percent nicotine sulphate for each gallon of arsenate of lead solution.

**SPECIAL DELIVERY**  
(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

By Roger Wheeler

EDITH'S drab room over-

Not the clean, cheery snow like they had back home on the farm but a murky gray covering on which rested the soot of a thousand city chimneys.

"So this is Christmas," she moaned, leaving her chair to pace the floor. "Oh! What I'd give to be back home tomorrow!"

But then, Edith had two Christmas presents to which she could look forward. Today, Christmas eve, the mailman MUST bring her annual package from home. And tomorrow there would be Christmas dinner with Ken—dear Ken who was working so hard these days that he

could hardly take time off to think about Christmas.

Edith heard the bell ring downstairs and she skipped to her door, opening it softly and waiting tensely while the old landlady, answered.

Yes, it was the mailman! And then came the shrill cry: "Miss Harris! Mail for you!"

Edith practically leaped downstairs, for there would be her package from home. Then her heart sank, for the landlady handed her only two letters, a greeting card from her friend Margie and (of all things at Christmas!) a bill from the department store.

Edith climbed sorrowfully back to her room and wept. Something was wrong, for Mother and Dad never forgot her at Christmas. She cried spasmodically the rest of the day, while downstairs she heard the other roomers shouting Christmas greetings as they arrived and departed.

But finally Edith consoled herself, for she could still look forward to Christmas dinner with Ken tomorrow!

He was due at two o'clock that day, and after church Edith hurried home to get ready. At 1:30 she was seated restlessly awaiting the doorbell.

She was still waiting at 2:30, for Ken did not arrive. And Edith was getting hungry.

Three o'clock passed, and Edith frowned.

"What could have happened to him?" she asked herself.

"At four o'clock she cried. It was too much! First her family had forgotten, and now Ken had chosen Christmas day to tell her in this painful fashion that he didn't care!

At 6 p. m. misery began mingling with the pangs of hunger. Edith put on her coat and started to the corner restaurant. But she never got past the door. There she ran into a breathless Ken.

"Edith, dear!" he cried. "Sorry to be so late, but I knew you'd understand when you got my note."

"But—" Edith was confused, "I didn't receive any note, Ken."

"What? But I sent a special delivery message when the boss asked me to finish that laboratory experiment this afternoon. What happened to it?"

The blundering old landlady answered him.

"Please come in or go out, and close the door," she barked from the hall. Then—

"Incidentally, Miss Harris, I forgot to give you these things. They arrived this afternoon."

She handed Edith the missing special delivery letter—and a huge package from home! Edith tore into the Christmas box and found a note from Mother. They'd had a blizzard; couldn't get to town; she hoped Edith would get the package Christmas day.

A few minutes later a happy Edith sat across the table from her Ken in the little restaurant around the corner.

"And now, dear," he began very carefully. "How about your Christmas present for me?"

"But I gave you the fountain pen, Ken," she protested.

"Yes, silly one, and I appreciated it. But if you want to make me still happier, listen to this. The boss came in tonight and said I'd done such a fine job on that research project that he was raising my salary. Know what that means?"


"Not the faintest idea," Edith lied. For, after all, you can't take the words out of a man's mouth when he's about to propose!

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**Badger Feast**  
One of the strangest surviving Christmas customs is the badger feast held at Ilchester, Somerset. It was started by poachers in Norman times, says the Montreal Herald, and has continued without a break. The lads of the village catch a badger, kill and dress it some time before the feast. On Christmas eve it is strung on a spit over a huge fire at the inn and cooked slowly. When it is ready the party attack it with fingers and pen-knives; no cutlery other than this is allowed.

Total American crop production this year was the second largest on record, being surpassed only in 1937, reports the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Higher agricultural income is the principal reason why an increasing number of tenant farmers have bought farms this year, says the Farm Credit Administration.



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