

**Making Shady Roads for Future Generations.**

If young lovers of the future do not take to the air for their summer joy rides, they will find ideal conditions for romance by driving along the highways of Minnesota. Long, smooth stretches of road, shady lanes and stately trees—all will be there. Minnesota is building a 7,000-mile state trunk highway system, and is lining the roads with trees.

"A state of tree-lined highways"—such is the goal of W. T. Cox, state forester, who has set out to prepare Minnesota for this rather pleasant distinction. During the past year, with the co-operation of the State Highway Department and interested citizens, he has planted 30,000 trees along the highways of Minnesota. But that's only a start. As quickly as possible, he is to plant trees along all the 7,000 miles of the state trunk highway system. It will take some years to finish the job, and require many thousands of trees. After that he hopes to extend the work to all the local and connecting roads. Every highway in Minnesota lined with trees—that is the ultimate goal.

Consider the prospect, a paved or gravel road through a continuous lane of trees. Sounds inviting, doesn't it? So it did last spring when Mr. Cox launched his campaign. Civic and commercial organizations were quick to join in the movement. So were the municipalities. The Boy Scouts and the American Legion enthusiastically took up tree planting.

All Mr. Cox and his assistants had to do was to furnish the trees. He found everybody ready to put them out. In fact, he couldn't begin to supply the demand.

Because of this co-operation and partly because of a fortunate purchase, planting one of those trees at the side of a Minnesota road cost the state just a little more than two cents. For \$678, it planted trees along more than 100 miles of highways, and retained a generous number for replacement next year.

Now, there's a valuable lesson in that, not only for Minnesota, but for other states. It suggests a most effective way of making our highways attractive, almost without cost, and at the same time it constitutes a splendid illustration of reforestation, now so much needed in this country.

Suppose we look into the future a bit and see what we may expect from \$678. In the highway planting in Minnesota this year, black walnut was used. Later, other varieties of trees are to be planted, depending upon conditions in the localities where the planting is done. But the first year's work was confined to black walnut trees, which were set out in Southern Minnesota.

In 20 or 30 years, these highways will be lined with fine, big trees. For that \$678, the state will have more than 100 miles of roads bordered with attractive trees. Nor will the improvement be of passing moment. The walnut trees will live from 150 to 200 years, according to Mr. Cox. The other varieties selected for highway planting likewise are long lived. Thus, one of these two-cent trees will go on shedding its benefits upon succeeding generations. Indeed, lining highways with trees makes a very impressive monument for the future.

P. O. Anderson, silviculturist of the Minnesota Forest Service, put the case this way:

"Trees along the roadside protect the traveler from the direct glare of the sun and the hot, dry winds of summer. A journey through a region barren of tree growth will soon convince anyone that roadside planting is almost as necessary as road improvement. It increases the value of the state as soon as such a planting is started, and it continues to increase it yearly as the trees grow. The people are beginning to appreciate this. I have known road commissioners even to leave individual trees in the center of the road, and no interference with traffic has resulted."

But beautification of the roads, desirable as that may be, is not the only idea back of the movement. Providing for the comfort of the future traveler is something. Raising walnuts for him may be of some moment. But there is something else back of the program.

"We want to make the roads attractive," Mr. Cox said. "But in addition to that, we want to encourage people generally to plant trees. Every man who plants a tree becomes a friend of forestry in other lines, and right now we cannot have too many people interested in planting trees. We must plant more trees. We should have more trees on the farms, and there are vast areas of cut-over timber lands that need to be reforested."

"Twenty years ago, Minnesota was at the top of the timber-producing states. Now, it is sending out of the

state \$30,000,000 a year for timber products. We are hauling timber 1,000 to 2,000 miles from the west coast or the South. Take Iowa, for example. Iowa pays \$18 freight, a thousand feet, or something like that, to get its lumber from the coast, whereas, it might get it from Minnesota at \$4 if we had it.

"Now, we can just as well raise all our own timber, and have some for export. If we stop the fires, adopt conserving methods of logging, and reforest, we can supply Iowa, Illinois and the Dakotas with great quantities of timber. For every \$12 spent now in the planting of an acre of forest, there will be a saving in imports of approximately \$1,200 for Minnesota in 40 years.

"Timber is being cut over and destroyed in Minnesota at the rate of 200,000 acres a year, while only 100,000 acres are being cleared. The original stands of old timber in the state are few and far between. At the present rate, it will be practically all cut over in 15 years or so. Unless more planting is done and the forests protected from fire, 20 years will see Minnesota practically eliminated as a lumber-producing state. The timber we have now is inadequate to stand the constant drain of eastern and middle-western consumption.

"So, you may see why we are so anxious to encourage the planting of trees in every way we can. Of course, we have great areas of young timber coming up, but many thousands of acres are barren because of improper logging or subsequent fires. Much of this cut-over land is unsuitable for farming and should be reforested.

"We have wasted areas of timber. This is true not only of Minnesota, but of nearly all states which once had great forests. We have allowed the forests to be logged clean, instead of preserving the young timber, and fires have destroyed big areas.

"It's time we did something definite to reforest these lands. We need to realize in this country that timber is a valuable crop. European countries have reforested lands that for centuries were regarded as untillable and only waste. There are forests in Europe that have been furnishing timber for hundreds of years, and they have just as many trees as in the beginning."

"Plant trees, plant trees—that's what we need to do! We want to get people in the habit. Every farm should have a woodlot. And then, there is the shelter belt.

"More and more, farmers are realizing the value of placing a shelter belt of dense and low-branched trees along the side of the fields. It increases the yield by reducing evaporation, beautifies the farm, aids in weed control, and provides a nesting place for birds that eat insects. This may affect the crop over a whole field of 40 acres. The crop is noticeable better in the lee of the growth. Evaporation increases with the square of the velocity of the wind."

The trees are set about 50 feet apart, being "staggered," or alternated. This gives opportunity for circulation of air, and the shade will not be dense enough to interfere with drying of the road.—Dearborn Independent.

**Salvation Army Will Provide Big Dinner for One Thousand.**

Preparations are being made by the Salvation Army for its 17th annual Christmas dinner. Adj. J. V. Breazeale of the Salvation Army is expecting to provide for about 1,000 people this Christmas. This number is larger than the usual number provided for at Christmas time.

Adjutant Breazeale said that practically all of the homes in the city had Christmas boxes for the Salvation Army this year and that there were also boxes for collection in the leading stores, cafes, and other public places.

The kettles will start boiling Saturday. These familiar looking Salvation Army kettles will be located on all of the principal street corners to receive money from the passersby in order that those less fortunate than they may have at least a comfortable Christmas day.

As Christmas comes on Monday this year, the baskets will be delivered Saturday from the Salvation Army headquarters on Lady street. Monday night there will be the annual Salvation Army Christmas tree celebration with a real, live Santa Claus for about 200 of Columbia's kiddies who will perhaps, not find quite as many of Santa's gifts in their stockings on Christmas morning as other Columbia children.—The State.

**Turn under the cotton stalks and starve the weevils.**

**The Point of View**

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

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"I do wish you wouldn't keep interrupting me, Daisy," said the popular author. "Here I've got to complete this story by twelve o'clock and I can't think of a thing to write about."

"Oh, well, you needn't be so snappy," answered the popular author's pretty young wife. "I'm sure I don't want to trespass upon your valuable time."

She went out and slammed the door. Fired with desperation, the popular author leaped at his typewriter, and began:

"It was all over. Their six months of married life had shown each conclusively that they were mismatched. Eric had done everything in his power to conciliate the beautiful creature to whom he had devoted his life, but all was in vain.

"Sometimes, indeed, he wondered if she could possibly be the woman he had loved so blindly, so devotedly, with such consuming passion—"

"Was it really consuming passion?" the popular author demanded of his machine. "Was it not just infatuation?"

And what was going to happen next? He must bring in a third man somehow. But who? How? Where? The popular author's fingers fell from the keys. The plot refused to come.

He looked up angrily as the door opened.

"I'm sure I don't wish to be a nuisance to you, Eric," said Daisy, "but, unless you're prepared to go without meat for supper somebody's got to go to the butcher's. I can't, unless you want the pie to be scorched."

"D—n the butcher!" said Eric viciously.

"Well, that's the limit," answered Daisy. "That's the first time you've sworn at me, you monster."

"I didn't swear at you, I swore at the butcher."

"Oh, yes, you may have some particle of decent feeling left in you, but it isn't enough for me. I'm going home to mother, and you can let your old pie burn," sobbed Daisy, giving the door one of those peculiar slams that impart the greatest amount of sound and vibration and the minimum of damage.

The popular author gritted his teeth and leaped at his typewriter again.

"With such consuming passion. She had turned into a fiend, a slave-driver. She had no consideration for his work at all. And now she was going home to her mother."

"He knew that he was glad. He had grown tired of her. Her presence drove him mad. He loved her no longer.

Was there another man? He was sure of it. He knew that she was pulling the wool over his eyes, but he laughed inwardly. Let her go—let her go forever.

She came into the room. "Have you anything to say to me, monster, before we part for all time?" she demanded.

"Only that I'll be glad to see the last of you," he answered. "Don't trouble to come back. I'm sailing for Paris tomorrow."

"What are you going to do in Paris?" she queried insolently.

"Forget that you ever existed in the smiles of the beauties of the Gay City," he replied.

"Wretch, that insult constitutes the last word!" she cried, and slammed the door. It was one of those peculiar slams that impart the greatest amount of sound and vi—

The door opened. Daisy came softly in and glided up to the popular author's desk.

"I've telephoned for the meat from Mrs. Higginson's," she said, "and—I'm sorry, dearest. I know I have been horrid to you, but I get so nervous with the housework. Won't you forgive me?"

The popular author turned from his machine. He caught Daisy in his arms and set her down on his knee. They kissed each other. They were very happy.

"I suppose I'll have to go or the pie will burn," said Daisy. "But we mustn't have any more quarrels, must we, darling?"

"Never again," answered the popular author.

"How are you getting on with your story, darling?"

"Oh, fairly well," the popular author answered. "I've just got to change the end a little."

When the door had closed softly behind her the popular author leaped like a demon at the typewriter.

"Forget that you ever existed in the smiles of the beauties of the Gay City," he replied.

She sank, half swooning, at his feet. "Oh, I can't bear it," she pleaded. "Forgive me, and I'll never make you angry again. Take me back, or I shall die!"

He raised her in his arms and put her down on his knee. "Darling, I was only speaking in bitterness," he answered. "There never was anybody but you."

Sometimes Gets Reversed.

"A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

"There's a continual 'hello' around her head."

**POULTRY**

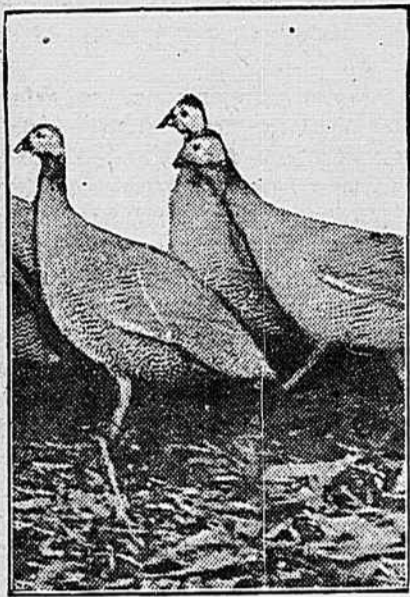
**GUINEAS GROWING IN FAVOR**

Raising of Fowls Becoming More Profitable Because of Gamey Flavor—Market in Fall.

Guinea fowl are growing in favor as a substitute for game birds, with the result that guinea raising is becoming more profitable.

They are raised usually in small flocks on general farms, and need a large range for best results.

Domesticated guinea fowls are of three varieties, Pearl, White and Lav-



Guinea Fowls Gain Favor as Substitute for Game Birds.

ender, of which the Pearl is by far the most popular.

Guinea fowls have a tendency to mate in pairs, but one male may be mated successfully with three or four females.

Guinea hens usually begin to lay in April or May, and will lay 20 to 30 eggs before becoming broody. If not allowed to sit they will continue to lay throughout the summer, laying from 40 to 60 or more eggs.

Eggs may be removed from the nest when the guinea hen is not sitting, but two or more eggs should be left in the nest.

Ordinary hens are used commonly to hatch and rear guinea chicks, but guinea hens and turkey hens both may be employed successfully, although they are more difficult to manage.

Guineas are marketed late in the summer, when they weigh from one to one and one-half pounds at about two and one-half months of age, and also throughout the fall, when the demand is for heavier birds.

**RATS ARE GREAT ANNOYANCE**

Best Time to Take Precautions Against Rodents Is in Building of Poultry House.

Rats are often a source of much annoyance and loss in the poultry yard. Perhaps the best time to take proper precautions is in the building of a new poultry house, through the use of cement and fine mesh wire netting under the floor and around the bottom of the side walls to make it rat proof.

The next best thing is to have the poultry house or houses erected by themselves at a little distance from the other farm buildings, and so constructed as to make it hard for the rats to find lodgment there. In this case the rats will have to travel some little distance before entering and therefore run more risk of being caught by the family dog or cat.

**TRAP NEST HAS ADVANTAGES**

Mighty Useful for Breeder Seeking Higher-Producing Hens—Necessary for Pedigreeing.

Trapnesting is usually not practical on general farms where chickens are kept largely for eggs and meat, though it pays well to head the farm flock with cockerels out of high-producing trapnested hens. Trapnesting is tremendously practical for the constructive breeder and absolutely necessary for pedigreeing, unless birds are mated in pairs only and each pair separately penned. Pen matings, as compared with pair matings, make it impossible to identify the eggs laid by individual hens unless trapnests are used.

**POULTRY NOTES**

Stale water is not good for any animal, much less for a laying hen.

Eggs kept in a cool place will retain their fine qualities for several days.

Gather the eggs at ten in the morning to prevent tramping through the day.

It doesn't pay to let the chicks get sunburned. Provide plenty of shade for them.

Have a good litter of straw on the floor. Hens wipe their feet if they have a "door-mat" to scratch in.

A pile of fine sand serves as an excellent bath which the hens relish these hot summer days. Sand is better than dust.

**Police Get Frick in Georgia City.**

W. B. Hughey, clerk in the police department, returned from Augusta last night, where he went to get George Frick, who is wanted in Columbia on a charge of grand larceny. Frick was lodged in the city jail. Frick was arrested at Augusta Monday night on complaint of J. E. Medline, a grocer at 500 Green street. The shopkeeper claimed that Frick was a clerk in the store and that \$33 was missing from the cash register shortly after Frick left the place Monday afternoon.—The State.

**Buying a Great State.**

It cost the Republicans State Committee of New York \$429,271 to defeat Nathan L. Miller in his race for re-election as Governor of that state. This is the amount expended by the Republican State Committee; but it is claimed that with the amounts spent by local Republican organizations the total cost of the Miller campaign to the Republicans of New York was far in excess of \$500,000. It is said that for every one thousand plurality for Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate for Governor, the Republicans paid about \$1,000. Two years ago it cost \$579,699 to elect Mr. Miller Governor; this year it cost the Republicans \$429,271 to run Mr. Miller for governor without going into office.

The men who put up "the dough" for Mr. Miller were men of large wealth and individuals and corporations who were investing in an enterprise giving promise of fat dividends.—Spartanburg Journal.

**Too Much Football.**

"Athletics, and particularly football, is becoming entirely too important in present day college life," Dr. W. M. Riggs, president of Clemson College, declared in an address in Greenville last Saturday.

"People think too much of the calibre of a football team put out by a school and too little of its curriculum or the degree of training it gives young men of the country," said Dr. Riggs, who added that thoughtful educators are beginning to "view with alarm and apprehension the extent to which football has supplanted other school features in the mind of the public."

Dr. Riggs is entirely right, and it is worthy of passing notice that The Carolina Citizen in its last issue expressed somewhat the same views.

Football is not of itself harmful or detrimental to college life. The same may be said of any other sport.

But sports can easily be carried to extremes, and there is a widespread belief among the people that this has happened at most colleges during the past few years. It is gratifying to see that Dr. Riggs and other leading educators are beginning to realize the necessity for putting on the brakes.—Carolina Citizen.

**The Whiskey Traffic.**

Judge Peurifoy, of the circuit court, has the right view of the whiskey traffic and those who engage in it. Read the following from the Yorkville Enquirer:

In sentencing a number of negroes and whites yesterday for violation of various phases of the liquor laws Judge Peurifoy gave them his ideas as to the heinousness of their crime. Among other things he told them that whiskey is the cause of more degradation, more destitution, more poverty, more crime, more disease, more insanity, more death, than any other one thing which afflicts humanity. The man who will sell whiskey he said is responsible for all the crimes that arise out of the traffic. The only thing that makes men do this is greed for gain, and the man who is willing to coin the blood and tears of women and children into money through the sale of whiskey is lost to every human instinct. Further, he went on to say that "the people of this country have determined that this traffic must stop, and I am here to do what I can to help in the carrying out of their righteous purpose."

Judge Peurifoy is right. Less excuse can be offered for making and selling whiskey than for making any other crime against the laws today. Most people are beginning to realize this, and judges who impose heavy sentences upon violators of this law will be warmly supported by the public at large.—Carolina Citizen.

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