

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

PRaise for the Pig

It is believed by many people that the pig is dirty, lazy sort of beast, wanting alike in gratitude and decency, imbued with a spirit of conceit and self will, and generally unmanageable in conduct. He is also regarded as the lowest in the scale of domesticated animals...

For the most part, we are inclined to demur to what is commonly said of the pig; and were he a biped, the people who say it would be had up for libel, or defamation of character, or malicious spite, or something of the kind. We admit that he is not fastidious as to food, or the way it is served, and generally loves to "put his foot in it" as he eats it; but there is less trouble with him on this account, for he certainly is not to speak figuratively, in the habit of minding matters very much. He is a rough and ready sort of being, and can put up with all sorts of inconveniences. He is not in any way dainty, and is content when his belly is full—no matter what it is full of. The question of "grub" does not bother him much, except as regards enough of it. When his wants are supplied he rests longer and sleeps sounder than any domesticated animal we are acquainted with, except man. His powers of digestion are unsurpassed; he is seldom troubled with dyspepsia; and the food he eats he is satisfied with, whatever it is, so long as there is enough of it. Peace and plenty are what he inclines to, but if he has not the latter he disturbs the peace of the neighborhood.

Admitting, then, that he is rather wanting in delicacy as to food, we deny that he is necessarily dirty in his general habits. It is true he has not risen very high as yet in the scale of civilization, but this is not altogether his own fault, though it certainly is his misfortune; and who can tell the degree of refinement of which he is susceptible; it is also true that he still has a fondness for wallowing in the mire on a hot day, but we have reason to believe it is for the cool and not for the dirt that he seeks it. A few more centuries will get him out of it, and, after all, a centry does but little to refine even man. Sheep and cats are perhaps the cleanest of our domesticated animals, for Nature gave them a sharp sense of cleanliness, and to pigs being called the dirtiest. We simply don't believe it.

A horse is clean because he is kept so, and a cow for a similar reason, but we see no special merit in cleanliness of that sort. A pig will never from choice, or even from carelessness, resort to this mode in his pen; but a horse and a cow have no particular compunction on that score. A pig, if left to its own resources, will always have a clean corner in the sty to lie down in, but a cow and a horse take no precautions of that sort. A pig is punctilious on the score of a clean bed, and we have seen him carry straw in his mouth to make it. Did anyone ever see a cow or a horse do such a tidy thing? But a bed is not a thing a pig pines for; he will do very well with a bedstead, so to speak; give him a few hay boards in a corner, and he is as happy—well, as happy as he wants to be.

He pays well for good food and kind treatment, but so far as the latter goes he meets with much neglect; to this, no doubt, is owing the somewhat cold character of his affection for his master or mistress, as the case may be. But he is not by any means incapable of gratitude, wash him to try it, and scrub his side with a brush! He soon comes to like it, and his grunt of approval is not without music—bass it may be, but still music, the music of meaning! Feed him well, and keep him warm, and he will grow, wash him twice a week, and he will grow the faster still; keep him from overmuch exercise, either of body or mind, and his increase in obesity is surprising!

GOOD SILO ESSENTIAL

Just as factory workman must be provided with tools and a factory, so also must the farmer have the necessary equipment for doing his work, says a silo enthusiast who is convinced they are profitable equipment for every farm. "I am inclined to believe, he says, "that stock farmers, especially those practicing dairying, frequently do not do their work without necessary equipment. Losses from poor production of the herd and unnecessary labor due to lack of equipment often render the business unprofitable. Rations and labor are the biggest expense items in the stock business, and therefore they are the two principal departments which must have careful attention. The rations should be first considered as the cost of feeding is the largest item. To supply foods properly balanced and low in cost the silo has proved a necessary equipment. This is true because it stands ever ready to house and preserve cheap, succulent forage which can be abundantly grown on practically any farm. To save labor, especially with the dairy farmer, he must so house this stock that they will be comfortable and that the work of caring for them will be materially reduced. From experiments and tests it has been conclusively proved in every state that the silo furnishes the cheapest supply of succulent feed. The silo economically preserves the forage of the summer and creates

CULLING WOODLANDS

Perhaps we are a little too apt to consider that any tree is a good tree. Any wood-lot is better than no wood-lot, to be sure. But there are valuable trees and weed trees, just as there are vegetables in the garden, and weeds. It is a mistake to tolerate dogwood, ironwood, wild cherry, crooked hick, grape-vines, sumac and their kind. They are the weeds among timber trees, and should be cut to make room for the pines, the oaks, the maples, the ash, the tulip, poplars and the black walnut.

pasture conditions during the winter. Silage will save, in round numbers, about 30 per cent. on the ration. Where all costs are considered it can be figured that the silo will save 12 cents on the cost of producing a pound of butter and about \$1 on the cost of producing 100 pounds of beef and mutton. These figures are deducted from experiments where all items of expense were considered.

The stock farmer of tomorrow will find proper equipment essential in economical production. We are moving at a rapid pace and we must all keep up with the procession. If any department of our industry lags, those engaged in it will soon be in distress. Poor equipment on our farms is one of the principal causes for our agricultural ills. For over a quarter of a century practically every experiment station and college of agriculture, as well as thousands of stock farmers, have demonstrated that the use of the silo is not only economical but necessary for best results, and still we find even among our dairy farmers that less than one-fourth of them are equipped with silos. Good stables with comfortable stalls, gutters that are handy to clean out; carriers, etc., have proved to be necessary for greatest economy, do not have them. We are told that they cannot afford this equipment, but we find they are supplied with autos and other so-called necessities. If we analyze this matter down we will find in a large majority of cases there has been a real lack of figuring and planning on necessary equipment for saving labor and increasing production.

LEGUME INOCULATION

It is quite necessary to inoculate legume seeds with the proper bacterial cultures in order that the plants may begin to assimilate atmospheric nitrogen as soon as they have started to grow, or at least early the first year after seeding. Most farmers nowadays recognize this fact when they are sowing alfalfa or sweet clover for the first time on a given piece of land. With red clover it is somewhat different because it has grown at some time on most western farms. However, even though clover has grown on a given farm some 5 to 10 years ago it will still pay to inoculate the seed.

There is one thing in connection with seed inoculation that should not be overlooked and that is, the age of the inoculating material. When you buy inoculant specify that it must have printed on the label of the container a date showing its age. Well established manufacturers of these cultures make it a rule to specify on the label the latest date that the product may be used. The bacteria in these cultures do not remain virulent forever. They are usually guaranteed by the manufacturer for a year. Products that do not have a date on the label may be more than a year old and therefore they may be of no value. Bacteriological products should always give a date for the protection of the consumer.

Bacteria are plants and when they are kept under unfavorable conditions, in a place where the temperature is too high or when they lose moisture or under some other unfavorable conditions they die, of course, they have no further value from an inoculating point of view.

CORN VS. OATS

A western experiment station reports a feeding trial with pigs in which four lots of pigs (averaging 50 pounds weight) were fed as follows: lot 1, corn; lot 2, oats; lot 3, corn and oats in the proportion of 243 pounds of corn and 100 pounds of oats; lot 4, hulled oats. In addition to these basal feeds each lot of pigs received the same kind of supplement consisting of tankage, linseed meal, ground alfalfa, and minerals.

The greatest average daily gain was made by lot 4 which had hulled oats but the price of this feed, \$62.50 a ton, was responsible for the greatest cost per 100 pounds gain.

The pigs fed corn and oats gained 1.15 pounds per head daily on 404 pounds of feed for 100 pounds gain. This lot had the lowest feed cost, it being \$7.67 per 100 pounds gain.

Pigs fed corn plus the supplement gained 1.10 pounds per head daily on 391 pounds feed per 100 pounds gain. The feed cost was \$7.70 for 100 pounds pork produced.

Comparing lots 1 and 3 we have practically the same results all the way through, indicating that oats may be fed with corn in a limited way to good advantage when the price of oats per pound is less than corn.

Oats fed as the only basal grain did not prove satisfactory, the daily gain being only .91 pound per pig.

A HANDY SCRAPER

A handy scraper for cleaning the droppings boards is the one tool that practically every poultry keeper needs but does not have. This tool, if not carried in stock by the local hardware store, can easily be made by following the suggestions given by a poultry expert who believes in cleanliness.

The scraper blade may be made of one-sixteenth inch steel. A strong old saw or a 4 by 10 piece of an iron ferrule makes a good handle. The blade is attached to the handle by a forked steel rod like that of a garden rake. The end which goes into the handle are tapered and welded so as to fit firmly when riveted in the ferrule of the handle. The parts may be readily fitted together in a local blacksmith or machine shop.

The lower edge of the scraper is turned in about one-half inch to make it cling to the boards. The scraper may be turned over so as to use the top edge in cleaning close up to the wall.

WHERE THE MILK GOES

This is what happens to the average bucket of milk which the average farmer brings in from the average cow in this country: 48.7 per cent. of it is used as whole milk and cream; 35.9 per cent. of it is made into butter; 3.7 per cent. into ice cream, while 3.6 per cent. goes into condensed and evaporated milk and the same amount into cheese. All the calves in the country get 5.3 per cent. of it. Three per cent. unfortunately, is not fully utilized, or is wasted and 2 per cent. is used for other by-products. Nearly all of this bucket of milk is consumed in the United States in some of the following ways:

Latest in Fur Coat Styles



Here are five coats on display at the New York Retail Furriers' Pageant of Fashion: L. to r., white caracul trimmed with sable, white ermine, mink trimmed with ermine tails, ermine evening wrap and an all-occasions ermine coat. The five models shown in the picture were specially guarded by detectives during the show.

Where Kissing Is Unknown

From the Golden Book Magazine.

It seems that even so simple a business as kissing has gone through centuries of evolution to reach the point where John Gilbert can sweep Greta Garbo into a burning embrace and give 10,000,000 movie fans a satisfying—if second hand—thrill.

In fact there may have been a time when people didn't kiss at all. The collected data from records and literature show that kissing has become a practice in some countries only in recent centuries, while in others it is still unknown.

In England, for example, St. Pleric Wensemius wrote in his "Chronicle" in 1622 that the practice was utterly unknown until introduced by the Princess Rowena, daughter of an ancient king of Friesland, several centuries before.

But there was plenty of kissing being done in England in Wensemius' day. Even four centuries ago Erasmus, who was visiting the island kingdom, wrote to a friend that "wherever you go avisting the girls all kiss you."

However, Darwin pointed out that the kiss probably grew from other

forms of bodily contact used by primitive people to indicate friendliness. "It is replaced in various parts of the world by the rubbing of noses, as with the New Zealanders and Laplanders, by the rubbing or patting of arms, breast or stomach, or by one man striking his own face with the hand of another."

Herbert Spencer, too, showed that the kiss is not universal, and is hardly understood by the negro races which have not had close contacts with the whites. Among many primitive races, he said, sniffing replaces it.

Even the kiss as such has taken various forms and been used for many purposes. The Scotch hill folk of two centuries back regarded it as a part of the kiss that the man should hold the girl by the ears. The women of ancient Rome were forbidden to drink wine and so worthy an authority as Cato reported that men kissed their wives for the purpose of discovering whether they had been obedient to the law.

But kissing in some form seems to have existed in Egypt of 3,500 years ago. A papyrus of that date describes a scene in which "she kissed him; she embraced him."

Sunday Radio

Three of America's foremost preachers, we are told have begun religious services by radio. One of them, it is said, is to receive \$25,000 a year for the service. Cheap enough. What a boon the general broadcasting of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons would have been to his generation! And there were other great preachers. Bishop Simpson, for instance, who were pulpit orators of great power. We do not include T. DeWitt Talmage in the list, although he had a great following 40 years ago. We sound on him when he preached on the spot where Christ's immortal Sermon on the Mount was delivered. The whole sermon of Talmage was printed in boilerplate in the country newspapers the day after it was delivered in the Holy Land. That is to say, it was written and kept in cold storage for weeks, maybe months, before it was delivered, although it purported to be born of the inspiration of "standing where Jesus stood." The sort of fakery utterly destroys our respect for Talmage's Talmage.

To return to the radio: We listened to a fine sermon from New York Sunday before last, sitting at home in our rocking chair. If this thing becomes general, preachers in the great cities, broadcast over a dozen or more states is hard on the country preacher. It makes father think he can get a better doctrine and abler expositions of religious truth at home than he can in his church. How many men will be weaned away from morning services in their home towns by "three of America's foremost preachers" broadcasting every Sunday morning? It seems to be against union rules, at least to the extent that no collection can be taken up from the radio audience.

Gigolos Licensed.

From Time. Gloom, distress and shame descended, last week, upon the sleek, waxen faced, bandolined and faintly perfumed gigolos of Paris. These young men have been accustomed to consider themselves superior to their female counterparts. But Prefect of Police Jean Chiappe has now sternly ruled that each gigolo must obtain a license and carry an identity card exactly similar to those issued to common prostitutes.

Though the precise origin of the noun gigolo (zhi-go-lo) is obscure, it probably derives from the verb gigotter "to kick about," the ad-

Smart Street Frock



These huge scarf bows, tied at the front, are a Louise Boulanger innovation for Autumn and already have become a vogue on the continent. The frock pictured above is in olive green wool with matching satin scarf.

jective gigotte "strong sinewed" and the noun gigotte "legs," or "shanks." Particularly gigotte and appetizing was a gigolo who recently invited a bejeweled Manhattan matron, one Mrs. Josephine Neumann 55 years old, to ride with him in the forest of St. Germain-en-Laye. The gigolo said he had sold an automobile to Mr. Neumann. Perhaps Mrs. Neumann also would like to purchase an automobile. Together they drove to St. Germain. Then in a solitary, romantic spot the gigolo suddenly stopped the car. But he made no romantic overtures. Instead, he brusquely demanded all

ward once, the fifth of the name, Richard, but history, supported by Shakespeare, is of the belief that Richard aided nature and trifled a bit with law in order to gain the kingdom which later he offered to swap for a horse.

There are several women in England who are peers in their own right, the Baroness Clifton among them. Only membership in the house of lords is denied them and perhaps the right to devise their title to descendants. But generally, save by special decree issued in times past, male peers must be succeeded by male peers and the daughters of earls must marry other earls

Pants in Persia

From the Miami Herald. At no for distant day it won't be any more fun being a Persian or a Turk than a staid American businessman. For now, in addition to taking away their turbans and fezzes, abolishing the multitudinous wives and making them go to school, the Shah of Persia has decreed that menfolk in those parts must wear trousers instead of robes.

When Kemal decreed that the brown derby must replace the fez for the Turk the tourist agencies gave forth sobs of anguish, for there went some of the scenery that makes touring what it is today. Later the Shah followed suit, and, while the fact that his order made it possible for German day companies to unload 2,000,000 cheap caps in that land, there has been no hint of connivance to date. Apparently Western types of living are following on the heels of Western hygiene.

Shieks will never have the same allure in plaid caps and overalls, but then the word has come back that the shiek of true type is a greasy, fat disagreeable and far from romantic individual, anyhow, so this part order may not change things very much for the story writers. We do hope, however, that the Shah meant real pants and not golf trousers, for in the latter raiment it wouldn't be possible to determine whether the Persian under scrutiny had on pants as prescribed by the Shah or only the lower half of a robe.

plodding English fashion right through the book. "The First Noel." "While Shepherds watch their flocks." "Christmas Awake, salute the happy morn." "Carol, carol gayly." "Hark, the herald angels sing," and "Oh, come, all ye faithful."

Since then they have been every night, it seems, getting larger and larger as the day comes nearer—not the same children getting larger but other children. And Christmas eve; it is always the turn of the story writers. Misses steaming silver or pewter mugs and slabs of the garden dogs of old fashioned mansions, and giggling parlor maids display their Christmas finery to the admiring minstrels. England has a great power of harking back to her past. This year Dickens once more is up to date.

By these signs we were told the old Christmas was coming back, that all the great hearty old ways of Christmas which seemed to have been killed by the war, or been supplanted by hotel and restaurant festivities, were coming back. And it's true. For weeks before Christmas the whole household has been at work; every evening when dinner is over all hands below stairs turn it to stoning raisins, cleaning curtains, shredding suit, cutting citron and candied peel into tiny wafers, and whisking eggs with bundles of twigs. The electric raisin stoner, the chopper and shredder, so familiar to us, are looked upon with mistrust by mistress and cook alike. Even flour sifters are generally considered "rubbishily" over here. But then, British cakes and puddings—"sweets," as they are called—require a heavy rather than a light hand. Cook beats and stirs and turns with a mighty swing; each one wishes his dearest wish as he dumps in his contribution. Last of all the little silver trinkets are slid into the great mixing bowl—a tiny horseshoe for luck, a bachelor's button, a spinster's bean, a ring for a wedding, and a silver half penny piece for wealth.

Then the Christmas puddings, in their great melon shaped bags, are dropped into the steaming pot, and over the open grate, and the servants break into a rollicking song whose echoes penetrate to the drawing room. The yule cakes, very plain but deliciously spicy, and solid loaves of many shapes and sizes, are baked by the score. In the north, every member and servant and friend of the family must have one. English mince pies are little individual affairs about the size of a cookie, made into a thick flaky upper and under crust and, to our notion, very little mince meat; but what there is is rich and hearty.

At last the children come pouring home—down town rings with their laughter. London puts on wholly different mood. The shops glitter, the streets are choked with bustling little folk piloting grownups to bazars and exhibitions. The stations pour forth a constant stream of long legged youngsters in bright striped caps or tall hats, and mountains of sturdy little trunks gradually evaporated and trickle away in taxis and private cars.

Christmas morning a present-giving time in London and the south. In Scotland and Yorkshire (where there still persists a difference between Yuletide and Christmas) it is Christmas eve. The household, family, servants and guests assemble round the roaring fire where stockings were hung over night. The English do not wrap up their presents in fanciful paper and ribbons as we do. A simple parcel with a little slip bearing some friendly motto or an original couplet is the usual thing. Holly and mistletoe are lavishly used in all country houses, and even in London most people decorate at least one room in Christmas green.

In Yorkshire and the north the Yuletide supper is on Christmas eve; servants and masters sit down together and none may leave his place for any purpose whatever, once the meal is begun, not even for a knock at the door. Foods and drinks of ages ago are not served—for there is no service—but put on the table, all in gorgeous profusion. The decorating of the home usually takes place on Christmas eve in the south. Everybody has been on excursions to the nearest wood to pluck evergreen and holly, of which great ropes are made to festoon the stairs and netch posts of the hall. Sprigs of mistletoe are hung beneath every arch and dangle from the hall chandelier. Bare stone corridors for one look hospitable and even the hideous Georgian balustrades acquire a certain grace garlanded with Christmas green.

columns from a pre-existing desire either to buy or to sell.

Once in a while the editor of the Literary Digest picks a "howler" out from among these ads, but their output of humor is not large, whatever other springs of interest they may touch. Remembering the poet's words about those "who come to scold" but "remained in prayer," however, possibly our adventurously expert might be justified in inserting a "howler" here and there with "malice prepense," on the ground that those who seek them would remain to buy.

NOT SO LUCKY

London.—The train he had boarded was taking him far past his station, and fearing that he would lose his job if he were not on time, William Woodcraft, 33 years old, jumped from a train going 60 miles an hour and was killed. At the inquest his landlady said Woodcraft believed he had a charmed life.

Q. Does the Aurora Borealis make a noise? R. F. A. The Carnegie institution says that this has been a moot question but the evidence of most experienced observers is to the effect that there is no noise accompanying the polar-light displays. Some observers claim to have heard a noise somewhat similar to a faint rustling during some displays.

From Answers. Gladys. My father was his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?

George. Not particularly. But I should like to know if he still has it.