

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

THE GOOD OLD DOG

Some artists seem to think that nothing smaller than a mountain or a shipwreck or a cloudburst at sunset is worthy of their genius and would not stoop to the study of a dog. If I were an adept with brush and colors, says true lover of dogs, I should ask no finer model to express my art than a dog—a dog such as I once owned—honest-eyed, no hypocrisy in the wag of his tail, playful when you are playful, sad when you are sad. Such a dog never malls his master. He picks him out of the snow when over-coming by the ice-blast; he comes bounding through the darkness at approaching peril; dashes in the water to bring ashore your child; lies on the doormat with head between paws when his doctor is ill and gets up as his master leaves, hoping to go in and have another patting from his master's hand. The master dead, he moans the long night through and will not be comforted. When the day of burial comes he follows the funeral procession to the grave, moaning when the procession moves, halting when it halts, until, with both paws on the bank of the upturned sod, he stands, sad-eyed, staring into the opened place. Condolence for others, but no word of pity for him. The kennel will be dark tonight. No hand to pet him now, and none to call him with sharp whistle to the porch and take him up, cleverly holding the sad pad of the forefoot. He is nothing but a dog; but a friend, and what a picture! I would rather have a faithful picture of the loving "Shep," who grieved himself away because of my protracted absence from home, and refuse to eat or drink, till his wasted skeleton was found in the stream on a neighboring far-yes, I would rather have a faithful picture of him than a whole household of the masterpieces of mountain, wreck, and sky.

SWEET CLOVER

Nature persistently offers us sweet clover for the need of our well-worn soil, but as yet only certain districts have made any effort to accept it. We labor under the delusion that it is something to be used only where it is impossible to grow alfalfa or regular clovers, and so turn a deaf ear to all the beseechings of those who so consistently preach soil improvement gospel. But the fact remains that no matter how well alfalfa grows in a certain section, so should its sister legume be grown, for it fills a fertility need that no other crop can equal, not even alfalfa. It does down after lime and brings that lime up to where more common crops have ready access to it, and as to pulling down nitrogen from the air it is the most wonderful plant of all. And now combine lime and nitrogen and we have a mighty good foundation for real farm prosperity. Very often we imagine that our soil is not suitable for the sweet clover start and sustenance, and so at first it may not be. But a little lime and inoculation and patience will surely win the day after which sweet clover will grow gloriously for benefit of both field crops and live stock. But in many cases all that is required to make sweet clover take hold is the simple turning of the seed on the surface. One such case is here reported. A man had a flat 30 acres that needed something. His brother-in-law from another section of the country advised sweet clover. "But it doesn't grow in this country," was the reply, and the debate ended. Then one spring a lot of sweet clover seed samples came into this home from some source or another, and the woman of the house, remembering her brother's advice, sowed these samples in a patch of the questionable ground. Neither lime nor inoculation was used, yet the sweet clover made excellent stand. Now that farmer is a sweet clover addict and the field is redeemed.

TREATMENT OF EWES

Losses frequently occur in ewes when they are confined in close quarters during the last two or three weeks of pregnancy. This disease is called "before lambing paralysis," preparturient paralysis, and acidosis. The disorder generally affects ewes carrying twin lambs, and occurs several days before, or within a few days of, lambing. It is most likely to appear in flocks receiving the best feed. Treatment of ewes showing symptoms of this disease usually has proved of no value, and they usually die. However, if normal lambing should take place in the early stages of the disorder, the ewes may recover. Ewes affected with pregnancy disease usually have no appetite, seem to be in a stupor, and walk with a staggering gait. In the later stages they are unable to rise, appear to be blind, grind their teeth, and lapse into a partial or complete coma. The temperature and respiration of the ewes remain about normal. Death occurs in two to ten days after the onset of symptoms. Losses from this disease can be prevented by causing the ewes to take exercise. No new cases will develop in a flock after exercise has been provided for one or two days. It is therefore recommended that the hay or fodder be scattered on the ground a few hundred yards from the place of shelter. Some investigators have suggested that pregnancy disease may be prevented by maintaining a proper calcium balance through feeding roughages of a leguminous nature or other feeds relatively rich in calcium. Pregnancy disease caused by lack of exercise may be differentiated from an anemia which is often found in ewes carrying more than one lamb. Anemia is due to an inadequate diet. This condition may be avoided by a liberal

STAFF CHICKS RIGHT

The feed that is fed the first few weeks of a chick's life is mighty important, so it doesn't pay to try to economize too much on the ration. The first feed should be the best obtainable, whether that means buying a commercial feed or preparing one at home. The feed should be fed in the right way, too. It is well known that many home-mixed feeds, even in normal years, do not provide the chick with all the ingredients necessary to give it the right start. This also is true of a few commercial feeds, but the large majority of them are adequate. We should recognize that

eral feeding of first quality hay and grain, started about six weeks before lambing time and continued until all the ewes in the flock have lambed.

DAILY POULTRY SCHEDULE

The following schedule is claimed, by many who have followed it to be entirely practical. 4:00 a. m. Artificial lights turned on automatically (evening light may be used if more convenient.) One-fourth daily allowance of scratch feed in deep, dry litter. Water should be available. 6:00 a. m. In summer grain and water are fed at this time. 7:00 a. m. In winter when no lights are used the grain is fed at this time. See that the mash, oyster shell, and grit hoppers are properly filled. 8:00 a. m. Milk or green feed may be fed in summer. 10:00 a. m. Light feeding of grain is sometimes given in winter. 12:00 Noon. Green feed and light feeding of grain in winter. 3:30 p. m. Balance daily allowance scratch feed in winter when morning illumination or no lights are used. Gather eggs, if weather is cold, and give fresh water. 6:00 p. m. In winter, empty water dishes unless heated fountains or evening light is used, and feed morning grain, if morning light is used. In summer, or with evening light, feed balance of daily allowance of scratch grain and allow eggs. Provide fresh water. 8:00 p. m. In winter, turn off lights if evening light is used and empty drinking vessels if necessary. In summer look for broody hens.

THE WATERING PROBLEM

The individual drinking cup has made a good reputation among dairymen because it makes it convenient for cows to get good water whenever they want it. In many instances the drinking cup has proven that cows were not getting all the water they needed as shown by the increased production after the cups were installed. There is no mystery about drinking sumps in supplying water to cows. They are merely a convenient way—a labor-saving device—that does the job better than the average dairyman usually does it when watering cows from a tank. Cows that are offered ice water, even though it be offered several times a day, will rarely drink all they need. It is not necessary to supply warm water in the winter but it is necessary to remove the icy chill. No one has determined if there is an ideal temperature for water for cows. It is generally assumed that cows will drink all they need of water ranging in temperature somewhere between 50 degrees and 70 degrees Fahrenheit, if given opportunity to drink two to four times a day. Besides constituting 87 per cent of milk, water also plays an important part in digestion, in the elimination of body temperature.

CHOPPING HAY

The various processes of preparing roughages, such as grinding, chopping, or steaming and "pre-digesting" had their greatest advantage in making the stock eat the coarser parts of the roughages that they would ordinarily refuse. In this way soy bean hay for dairy cows was improved to the extent of nearly 20 per cent by chopping, whereas alfalfa hay was not improved for dairy cows. References as to no results being obtained in grinding good quality roughage, while informative, should not necessarily rule out the practicability of any and all chopping of chaffing of hay or other roughage, for it has been pointed out repeatedly that much of the roughage consumed by farm animals is of a decidedly low grade such as coarse or, of necessity, poorly cured hay, corn fodder out of the stack, or even certain kinds of straw. One of the important factors in determining the economy of chopping roughages is the price of such feed. If soy bean hay, for instance that in our work was improved to the extent of nearly 20 per cent, cost \$20 per ton, chopping would improve it to the extent of \$4, whereas if we were dealing with \$10 soy bean hay, all other things being the same, chopping would make it worth only \$2 more.

FARM VS. CITY LAD

A young country fellow left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother who chose to stay in the country, telling about city life, in which he said: "Thursday we autored to the club where we lunched and danced to dark." The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we motored to town where we baseballled all afternoon. Today we horsed out to the cornfield and gaddypated until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for a while. After that we staidressed up to our rooms and beddressed until the clock fourthirded."

LEGUME INCREASES YIELD

Margins of profit on wheat may be widened as much as nine cents an acre when the crop follows a legume rather than a non-legume in the rotation. This is shown by a comparison of wheat yields after legume hay and after corn in a rotation of wheat, corn, wheat, legume hay, grown on a western experiment station field. The legume in the case of the experiments was a mixture of alfalfa, red clover and alsike grown for hay and the second crop plowed down for wheat.

FAVOR THE PRODUCERS

Skimping the ration on all the cows in the herd merely to stretch the feed over a longer period is poor business. The problem may be solved by selling two or three of the poorer cows or if all the cows are good, by buying more feed.

the right kind of feed, fed at the right time under sanitary conditions, will give the baby chick the proper start in life.

CLOVER SEED SCARIFIER

Plans may be secured from the agricultural engineering department of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, for a cheap home-made attachment for an engine cutter or grain binder, which makes a very effective scarifier for sweet clover seed. This will handle about 50 bushels per hour, requires about four horse power to operate, and can be put on or off in a few minutes.

Tales of Real Dogs By Albert Payson Terhune



He Looked Like a Wolf

His name was Cirko. He was a great hairy beast with yellow lights in his eyes. He looked more like a wolf than like a dog. Indeed, he was one-quarter wolf, and that gave him his title of "wolf-dog."

With a description like that, one would imagine him risking his life among shells and shrapnel in a first-line trench, or "going bad" and slaughtering cattle on the plains. But Cirko had a much more peaceful and more prosaic job.

Far up in the hills of a Balkan country which in those days was known as Servia, there is a little settlement clustered around a monastery. The settlement is Sichevo. The monastery is the center of the local grape-growing industry. Its monks, for centuries, made wine from the yellowish-pink grapes. And, for several years, big Cirko guarded the vineyards for them.

It was not always as peaceful a task as it might have been. For the vineyards attracted petty thieves, and it was Cirko's duty to drive these marauders away.

Also, in the winter, wolves were wont to sink down from the mountain caves to raid the monastery's sheepfold. Again and again, Cirko's strength and courage and fighting power were called into use for the combatting of these four-footed raiders.

Never was there a human grape-thief who dared face his attack. Nor was there a wolf fierce enough to withstand his whirlwind charge. The monastery smuggled safely amid its hills, with the mighty wolf-dog to protect it.

The monks made a pet of Cirko and fed him well. They even winked at a queer tendency of his. I have said he guarded the ripe grapes from human marauders. But he did not do so for the service he did not do so free of charge. He paid himself for the service by eating great quantities of grapes, picking them daintily from the vines with his terrible jaws.

Often, dogs are fond of grapes. I have had several colonies, here at Sunnybank, which would eat them from the vines by the hour, and seemed to relish grapes almost as much as meat.

On the other hand, the average dog won't eat grapes at all. But Cirko was not an average dog. He was a grape eater. And the monks allowed him to eat all the grapes he wanted.

There were others besides Cirko whom the kind monks allowed to wander unmolested through the vineyards, devouring all the grapes they could hold. These others were the pupils and teachers of the British orphanage, far down the valley, some miles below the monastery.

In the early autumn, by arrangement with the monks, the parentless Balkan children and their English preceptors used to make a pilgrimage up the mountainside, and spend a whole day among the grapes, as guests of the monastery. There they had a grand picnic, bringing along their own lunch, but adding to it a tremendous quantity of grapes.

One year, Cirko was allowed to run loose on the day when the Orphanage held its picnic. The monks knew they could trust him not to hurt the children. Besides, there had been a gang of local boys, the year before, who had "crashed the gate" of the vineyard and had not only stolen quantities of grapes but had annoyed the orphans and their teachers.

The monks knew these boys would not dare molest the guests if Cirko were on guard. And they were right. The prowess of the giant wolf-dog was enough to keep all gate-crashers away, the moment it was known he was to be left at large.

The dog had a wonderful day. Not only did the orphans and the teachers pet him and talk to him, but they gave him quantities of food from their lunch baskets. Never before had Cirko had such a glorious feast. Never before had he tasted so many kinds of delicious food.

Hitherto, he had known only the very simple fare of the monastery. Now he was reveling in cakes and pies and in dozens of sandwiches. It was a new experience for Cirko. Being clever, he associated the marvelous food with the people who gave it to him. If that was the kind of fare the Orphanage kept in stock, then the Orphanage must be a splendid place to live.

In the late afternoon when the children and the teachers started homeward, Cirko followed them. Being part wolf, he was able to creep along among the roadside underbrush without anyone knowing he was there. The dog was following that heavenly food to its source.

As the children got out of the wagons at the Orphanage door and began to march into the building, two by two, Cirko ranged alongside them and marched in with them. He made it as clear to everybody as he could that he was there to stay.

The superintendent had him hoisted into a wagon and took him back to the monastery. Inside of an hour, Cirko was scratching at the Orphanage front door, demanding to be let in.

Again and again he was sent back to the monks. Again and again he made his escape and galloped to the Orphanage. At last, the monks told the English superintendent that Cirko could stay with the children he loved.

Immediately, the wolf-dog was adopted as the chum of the whole Orphanage. He had all the petting and all the food he wanted. He was perfectly happy. And he earned his keep, too, as winter came on and sinister wolves lurked at the edge of the Orphanage grounds while the children were at play.

Savagely the dog drove the wolves away. Savagely he guarded the Orphanage storehouses from their nightly depredations which formerly had resulted in the loss of so many provisions.

Yes, Cirko was earning his keep. With the mighty wolf-dog on guard, the children were as safe on their daily walks as if a machine-gun company was in charge of them.

Then, just a year after he had come to the Orphanage to live, Cirko disappeared. Loud were the wailings of the children who had grown to love him and whose cherished playmate he was. The teachers and the superintendent missed him almost as much. They grieved for him and searched for him in vain.

At last word came from the monks that Cirko had returned to the monastery. He had not gone back to his old home for the sake of seeing the monks themselves, but because it was the height of the grape season. From morning to night, the dog wandered around the vineyards, stuffing himself with the ripe fruit.

The gentle monks did not drive him away. Indeed, they fed him. But he did not care for their simple food. All he wanted was grapes—all the grapes he could eat.

When the grape-season was over, he returned eagerly to the Orphanage. There he stayed happily until next grape season.

He lived on for many years after that. But, every autumn, he would steal away from his Orphanage friends to gorge himself for a week on the monastery's grapes.

More than 50 Santa Clara university, Cal., students turned out for spring football practice on the first day.

Cowboys and Girls Plan To Raise Rodeo Level

Fort Worth, Tex. — (UP) — Cowboys and cowgirls have formed a national union with the object of raising their sport to a par with others by elevating the standards of personnel at rodeos.

The idea, organizers said, is to cull out the "riff-raff." Representatives from virtually all western cattle states were among the organizers—California, Kansas, New Mexico, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming and Texas—and one from Kimberley, British Columbia, Dominion of Canada.

Change of scenery. From Passing Show. "No." "But he looks different." "It's a new husband."

IF YOUR CREDIT IS RUINED Proper Method of Re-establishing It Explained by Writer

Henry H. Heimann in the American Magazine

Suppose that a man, through ignorance, carelessness, bad luck, or bad management, has thoroughly ruined his credit standing in the community. He realizes how foolish he has been, and wants to re-establish his credit. How shall he go about it?

First—He should begin by keeping a careful, detailed ledger of all his expenditures and receipts. Nothing is more reassuring to a creditor than a record. Some years ago, when I was credit manager of a company in Chicago, a business man from the Northwest visited me and said he wanted to buy \$10,000 worth of goods on credit. I was very doubtful about extending it. He took from his suitcase two heavy ledgers.

"This one," he said, "contains every cent of my personal income and expenses for the last five years. The other is a similar record of my business. Look them over." Fifteen minutes with these books was enough for me. A man who kept such a record could not be irresponsible.

Second—The man who wants to re-establish his credit should go to the merchants with whom he has always dealt, making all his purchases not for cash, but C. O. D. so that a full record of them will be preserved.

Third—After buying for six months or so C. O. D., he should take his ledger under his arm and go around to see the credit managers of the various stores (or the owner or manager if there is no credit manager). He should point out that he is again a regular customer at the store; that he has balanced his budget and is resolved to keep it balanced for the future; and that he would appreciate the extension of limited credit to prove his good faith.

Then, when credit is extended, he should pay his bills immediately on receiving them. Thus, slowly, but surely, the confidence and faith which are credit can be restored. And it is worth all the trouble it costs, ten times over.

DANGER SIGNAL

Never was the admonition that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty more aptly illustrated than it was recently in the Senate restaurant at Washington. The going on of that festive day should be sufficient notice to freedom-loving souls throughout this still great if somewhat depressed nation that something has got to be done and don't mightily quickly about the spinach situation. We dislike to keep harping on spinach. The whole subject of spinach is distasteful to us. But there is a great deal more involved here than the mere academic question of whether or not spinach contains more vitamins than sassafras tea or roast ribs of beef or young spring fries. A principle is involved. The paramount issue is this: Shall the freeborn citizens of the United States of America be forced to eat spinach whether or not they like it?

One day recently Senator Huey P. Long, recently up from Louisiana, introduced pot likker to a dozen of his colleagues in the Senate restaurant. But, some naive reader may ask, what has pot likker to do with spinach? The answer is, plenty! Pot likker is composed of two main ingredients, one of which is turnip greens. Turnip greens! First blood cousin to spinach. Spinach is of the greens family, along with dandelions, horseweed and prairie hay. It is but a step from turnip greens to spinach greens. The second ingredient is, according to Senator Long, himself, four bits worth of dry salt pork.

Yeah, dry! He pretends to be a dry, does he? To allay the suspicion of Bishop Cannon and Mr. McBride and Dr. Clarence True Wilson, he calls it "dry" salt pork. But how long does that pork staid dry? They dunk that pork, friends, and in what? In pot likker, that's what! And now Senator Long has fed this demoralizing beverage or porridge or goulash or whatever it is, to 12 other senators. What will be the result? The result will be that the stuff will get a hold on them, as it has on Huey Long, and they will vote it to the rest of us. That's the way with so many politicians. If they like a thing we've got to like it. If they hate it, it's out, whether we like it or not.

You say pot likker is not likely to get a hold on them. Then ponder this: Senator Long had planned to introduce his celebrated dish to the Senate this week instead of last week. But says the Associated Press, he became "impatient" and sent people scouring over Washington for turnip greens and four bits worth of "dry" salt pork. It wouldn't be like the pre-war greens and salt pork that he had dreamed of bringing up from Dixie, but would still have some kick and would have to do. For he was "impatient."

Impatient? His appetite got him! His throat got to burning, he got nervous and shaky and despondent. He was about to see snakes! And now he has fed it to 12 other lawmakers. They will legislate it right into the constitution as sure as you're born. It will become the Twentieth amendment—and then where are your state's rights, your local options, your candied yams and every thing else you fought for in all those wars?

LANVIN'S NEW GAUNTLET Lanvin has designed a new gauntlet that's being copied in this country to accompany crisp summer cotton costumes. It has little fingers and a stiff, flared pique cuff. Worn with a matching pique flower, scarf or gilet it makes a smart ensemble.

So important have games become in the life of most families that permanent card tables form a part of the living room furniture. Excellent reproductions of old 18th century tables can now be found at reasonable prices.

EXPERT FIXES SPINSTER AGE

San Francisco — (UP) — Girls who wait until they are past 27 to marry are likely to remain spinsters for the rest of their lives. That is the theory of Cavenhill Moxon, M. A., consulting psychologist, who has made a study of marriage here for the last 19 years.

"Between the ages of 23 and 27 a girl is at her best," he said. "She reaches the full bloom in physical and mental development. She can choose her husband from the group of men between the ages 23 and 33, the usual marrying period for men. If she waits until after 27, she is apt to find the man of her own age or a few years older, already married. As a rule, younger men will not be interested in her."

Moxon said he believed the underlying cause for unhappiness in modern marriage is the tendency of the times for individualization. "Marriage is easy when everybody has the same tastes, manners and beliefs," he said. "It becomes dangerous for the emancipated woman and individualized man of today. A hunt for perfection is a hunt for the impossible."

WHAT IS A PAUPER?

From the Boston Transcript Whether or not aid given him from public funds in an emergency makes a person ordinarily self-supporting a pauper within the meaning of the constitution of the commonwealth is a question for the courts rather than for the layman. But the layman, in the absence of such a decision, may consider the matter in the light of what he conceives to be the rule or reason.

City solicitor Patrick F. Shanahan of Lynn, at the request of Mayor J. Fred Manning of that city, has given an opinion on the subject. It is to the effect that, as the constitution denies the ballot to paupers unless they be war veterans, voters receiving aid from public funds during the present period of unemployment are disfranchised. In support of this conclusion there is brought to light of day from the dusty pages of an ancient book of court opinions one by the supreme judicial court 100 years ago holding that any person who is the recipient of aid from public funds is a pauper.

The opinion may have coincided with the ideas of the time. It is an anachronism in these 20th-century days. It runs counter to the prevailing judgment concerning the status of people generally able to support themselves and hoping for the chance to do so who find themselves in need and are receiving aid from towns and city treasuries. The world does not look upon them as paupers. It does not take the view that one who receives such help during an unemployment emergency is thereby placed in a class of people who are denied the privilege of the ballot. It is revolting to the sense of fitness of things to consider even the possibility that under the provisions of the constitution worthy people in distress through no fault of their own should be stigmatized as paupers, a word that unfortunately carries with it connotation of shiftlessness, even admitting that there are many paupers brought to that state by causes beyond their control.

It is to be regretted that the question has been raised. The times are sufficiently troubled without it. The suffering of honest and decent men and women reduced to the necessity of asking for temporary aid is a particularly cause of a sense of humiliation. It is none the less to be regretted because it does not appear likely that serious attempts will be made to bar from the polls the thousands of Massachusetts citizens to whom aid has been extended in these days of difficulty. And there is already expression of legal opinion that were such attempts to be made they would fail. Here is reflection of the common-sense opinion that the matter is to be considered in the light of the ideas and standards of 1933 rather than in 1832.

DIVERSIFIED FIBROSPHY That yellow pill of the sack That with alarm some view, On close inspection now appears A little black and blue.

If liquid all its assets are, The banker new have found, Despite the paradox involved, The bank is solid, sound.

The probers view with widening eyes, Each weekly Digest poll; They see the day when reason may Our congressmen control.

If all proposals that are made To end his sorry plights, Bore each a meek little tax, The world would be all right.

Soon European hips will be The best of every man, For they are selling them as fast On the installment plan.

If I were starting out in life, I'd learn the pipe's trade; For every snafu that he Must finally be paid. —Sam Page.

BAFFS A visiting Frenchman says that prohibition has put romance in liquor over here. Maybe that's what gives it that foreign flavor.

BALL PLAYER IS ABBEYDORNER Honey Creek, Wis. — (UP) — The best known citizen of this village is an amateur painter and decorator, but he'll stop work any time to talk baseball. He is Gerald "Ginger" Brannan, for eight years a star outfielder with the Milwaukee Pirates. Brannan went to the States in 1928 after a season with Conde Mack's Milwaukee club of the Western Association. After playing with the Boston Braves, the Chicago Cubs and St. Paul, Brannan retired to his "Centerfield" farm, near here, in 1931.