

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

SUCCESSFUL WEED KILLER

Ammonium sulfocyanate, a by-product of coke plants and long considered waste material, is a weed eradicator of the first order, according to experiments. It has now been tested by Doctor Harvey not only on all noxious weeds but on the common barberry, carrier of the black stem rust of wheat; on wild currants and gooseberries, host of the white pine blister rust; on oak sprouts and hazel brush, and even on small trees that were in the way. Tests have been made on farms along roadsides and on the rough hilly lands that skirt the rivers of the state. In every instance it has proved a good killing agent. In its crude crystalline form ammonium sulfocyanate can be applied either dry or in water dilution. It is so soluble that a pound of it is quickly dissolved in a pound of water. Put on as a dry salt about the base of the shrub or plant, 40 pounds of it will destroy 100 bushes. In its diluted form it can be sprayed, one to five pounds to a gallon of water, the leaves of thistle, burdock, quack grass, poison ivy, prickly ash, scrub oak and nettles are quickly killed. A seeding burdock four feet tall can be wiped out by a tablespoonful of the chemical sprinkled around its base. Scrub oaks an inch in diameter have been killed by applications of three or four tablespoonfuls. Barberries begin to die two or three days after a single treatment. Dandelions in lawns have no show when treated with a small dose of the liquid made up of two and a half pounds to the gallon of water. Other points in its favor as a weed destroyer are its freedom from fire hazard and explosion; the fact that it yields fertilizer values from the ammonium and sulphur which it contains; costs less than other weed destroying chemicals; sterilizes the soil for comparatively short period only. This authority says that for weed killing it should be applied at the rate of two to four pounds to the square rod. It can be sprayed on as a concentrated water solution or by sprinkling the dry salt over the area.

TO SECURE BIG YIELDS

Because of the close relationship between yields per acre, costs of production per bushel and profitable returns in winter wheat production it is more essential than ever that every effort be made to produce high yields per acre. The condition of the soil during the summer and at seeding time has more influence on the yields of wheat the following season than has any other factor over which the grower has any influence. The requirements of a good seed bed are plenty of available plant food materials, a good supply of moisture and a firm soil at seeding time. It makes little difference what method is used if these requirements are met. Fortunately it requires the same cultural practices to meet all three of these conditions. A good seed bed usually results in low yields and frequently in a crop failure. In the regions of medium to heavy rainfall wheat yields usually correlate with the quantity of nitrates in the soil at seeding time, and high nitrate development can be obtained by plowing early in July and cultivating just enough thereafter to destroy all weed and volunteer grain growth. At one experiment station it has been found that each week of delay in plowing after the middle of July results in an average decrease of one bushel of grain per acre the following season. Land plowed in July and cultivated as required during the remainder of the summer has on the average produced eight bushels more wheat per acre than has land plowed in September. The moisture stored in the soil at seeding time correlates closely with the yields of wheat the following season in the lighter rainfall regions as in the hard winter wheat region. Early preparation of the land with the lister, plow or one-way, followed by sufficient cultivation to prevent the growth of vegetation, is essential in the taring of moisture.

BOGUS LEADERSHIP

The story is told of a group of scientists in search of rare specimens of nature who planned a trip through a wilderness. To lead them from one side to the other they hired a guide who knew this stretch of wilderness. This leader knew a great deal about the country but he did not know very much about the men he was working for. Little did he realize that this group of men might become interested in a peculiar plant or an odd shaped stone and forget to dodge along close to his heels. This very thing happened. The guide was solely interested in his job of getting to the other side. He failed to notice that his followers had lost sight of him. Soon he was far out ahead, far beyond call. His superability as a leader was now lost to the men who had chosen him. When he failed to understand his followers well enough to keep always in their sight, he became worse than their destruction. There are plenty of leaders who would like the job of guiding farmers through these trying times. In so many, many instances that have come to our attention these self-styled "master-minds" have never milked a cow, neither have they planned, planted, cultivated, nor harvested a crop to supply their feed needs. They have never lived in the farm home to truly understand its real joys, its problems, and its necessary limitations. They have never had to prove that their knowledge of the business of farming would bring in the wheat withal to pay the interest on a mortgage to buy acres for the baby and to bring other necessities, comforts, and conveniences to farm work and farm living. Better check up on the man who pre-

PREFER SMALLER TURKEYS

Turkey demands are changing and consumers are now taking small to medium size birds in preference to the heavy. This change was very pronounced last season and it is probable that it will be the light instead of the heavy turkeys that will command the premium again next Thanksgiving and Christmas. The change has been brought about by the reduced buying power of the general public, relatively few families forgo turkey at Thanksgiving and Christmas if they can help it, but reduce the outlay by purchasing a lighter bird. Last season retailers found that the young hens

tends to know all your problems and how to solve them. Ask him a few questions. It may be better to find out how much many of our would-be farm leaders know about us, their followers, before we go too far into the jungle that may mean our destruction.

CAUSE OF WATERY EGGS

The writer had an interesting experience in a flock owned by a successful poultryman who was exercised over the eggs produced by his hens. When broken in a saucer, the white had the consistency of water. The same condition was revealed under the candle. The eggs wouldn't hatch; they sold at a discount. He was feeding a well-balanced mash and generally his management was good. However, he had been feeding about five pounds of cabbage—four ounces per bird—a day for 20 hens. He had his hens confined in lots of 20 because he was going to use the eggs for hatching. Now the normal feed consumption of a bird is four to five ounces a day scratch, mash and green feed. By their unusually large consumption of green feed this man's birds ate less grain and mash. This reflected directly upon the quality of the eggs. We would advise that, when birds are confined to laying houses under limited range, they be given about one ounce of green feed per day per bird. When they are on range well-filled mash hoppers are necessary so that the birds will not be compelled to overeat on green feed. We might add that a large amount of green feed also affects the color of the yolk—that is, the yolks will be darker. This is especially true of alfalfa range. Weak bodied eggs can also be caused by a lack of vitality in the hens, which can be brought about by parasitic or bacterial invasion. Hens infested with roundworms or tapeworms often reflect this condition in the eggs produced. Forcing the layers excessively can influence the body of the egg.

HOUSE PULLETS EARLY

Many of the January or February hatchings of pullets come into production this month. It is well to put them in their laying houses rather than to keep them on range. They should be in their permanent quarters before laying starts, so there will be no interruption due to moving them. Also, if permitted to remain too long on range, they may develop the bad habit of laying eggs in haphazard places. Confinement in the laying houses also permits of closer watch over their feeding; it will permit of uninterrupted egg production if the birds have production bred into them, and if they are in good condition. Don't force these pullets or production hens, they are well up to weight. A feeding of about 12 pounds of grain per 100 birds per day, divided into two feedings, with a dry laying mash kept before them, should do well at this time. If many of the birds are rather light in weight, a wet mash can be fed once a day, about two pounds per 100 birds. It can be made of equal parts of corn meal and ground rolled oats moistened with milk until it is crumbly, but not sloppy. If it is possible to put the earlier maturing pullets together, and those that are a little later in maturing even though they are of the same hatch, in a pen by themselves, better results can be had, for the feeding can be still more closely watched.

A NAIL IN THE FOOT

If you were to run a dirty, rusty nail in your foot, the first thing a good doctor would do would be to give you a hypodermic injection of tetanus antitoxin. Then he would treat the wound. We do not want to be accused by social workers of doing more for animals than for people, but a horse should have the same treatment under similar circumstances. It will take the price of a good many more bushels of oats to replace a dead horse with a live one than to buy a treatment of tetanus antitoxin. After the tetanus antitoxin treatment, the foot should be thoroughly cleaned by scrubbing with soap and warm water. Open the wound to permit the escape of blood, serum, or pus but do not probe down into the wound. Swab the sore with a 5 per cent solution of mercurochrome and inject it into the opening. Cover the sole of the horse with sterilized cotton soaked in a 1 to 1,000 solution of bichloride of mercury and bandage in place. This treatment may suffice in simple cases, but in more severe cases that have become badly infected a veterinarian should be given the job.

PREPARING POSTS

Cutting fence posts in the woods and placing them in the ground a few days later, without barking or tarring them, constitutes a great waste both of posts and labor. Posts should be cut several months before they are set, and it is especially important that the bark be removed. The life of a fence post is of course, influenced by a number of other factors besides those mentioned, such as the amount of heartwood and sapwood it contains, the rate at which it has grown, the kind of soil in which it is set. The most durable woods are osage orange, white oak, mulberry, red cedar and black locust. When these woods are barked and properly cured, they will last from 20 to 30 years under ordinary conditions. Quicker growing and softer woods, after being cured, should be treated with creosote. When this is thoroughly done, they will last as long as harder woods. A fence post from which the bark has not been removed holds the moisture which it absorbs in rainy seasons, thus making conditions favorable for bacterial and fungus growth. Moisture held between the bark and the wood furnishes an ideal place for the growth of wood-destroying fungi and insects that shorten the life of the post.

and lightweight young toms were taken most readily and the largest birds were hardest to sell. A premium was paid for turkeys weighing 8 to 12 pounds while those weighing 16 pounds or more were discounted. Growers will do well to keep this point in mind because well finished, plump young birds weighing under 15 pounds, preferably not more than 12, will probably bring a higher price per pound than the big fellows, especially if the latter are coarse and bony.

Sheep grows of 50 Tennessee counties disposed of their wool through a pool this year.

Tales of Real Dogs

By Albert Payson Terhune



This is the tale of a hero dog which used not only his courage but also a queer "sixth sense" that seems to have warned him of an impending danger to a human he never had seen. The human behaved gallantly, too. The story is well worth your reading.

You have heard much about the St. Bernard dogs that have been bred for centuries in an Alpine monastery and whose rescues of snowbound travelers have become historic. (The first article of this series was about Barry, one of these St. Bernards.)

But have you chanced to hear of the long line of gallant Great Dane dogs bred by the Trappist monks of St. Norbert's Monastery in Canada? More than one of these magnificent Danes has a human rescue to its credit. They are gentle and fearless and wise and beautiful. Incidentally, they are allowed to grow up as nature intended them to.

You have seen many Great Danes. You have noted the sharply-pricked ears, which give them such a fierce and yet smart appearance. Do you imagine they were born with such ears? They were not. They were born with long and flapping ears, almost like those of a hound.

In puppyhood, those soft long ears were cut, by knife or shears, into the pricked and short aspect demanded by canine fashion. But that was all the agony the luckless puppies were called on to endure.

Often, in healing, the cut ear would pucker and wrinkle at the edges. These healing ears were pulled straight, as fast as the puckers appeared. The pain must have been great. And all to make the dog have a "smart and tailor-made look!"

It has been so with bull terriers and Doberman pinschers and several other breeds of naturally long-eared dogs. They have had their ears cut and then pulled into the appearance demanded by fashion. Several states have now forbidden the useless cruelty by passing laws against cropping dog's ears. But the good Trappist monks of St. Norbert's did not wait for such laws. Humanely, they let their Great Danes' ears grow as nature intended.

One of these St. Norbert Great Danes was a young giant named Tiger. The monks gave him to a man who lived in the beautiful city of Winnipeg. This man went to New York to live, and he could not take Tiger along. So he gave him to Dr. J. B. Goldstone, of 165 Mayfair avenue.

Tiger was a loved and honored member of the Goldstone household. Also, he was a favorite playmate of the children of the neighborhood. He never lost his temper with even the smallest and weakest or most teasing of the many children who romped with him, nor was he rough with them.

He carried his gentleness further, by preventing big dogs of the neighborhood from bullying smaller dogs. All the helpless little mutts of the region looked on him as their protector, and he was the terror of larger canines which enjoyed attacking dogs smaller than themselves.

One day in the late winter of 1931-32 12-year-old Peter Broslawski was walking along the edge of the frozen Assiniboine river, when he was joined by the huge Great Dane.

Never before had Peter seen the dog, never before had the dog seen him. It was not Tiger's custom to follow strangers. But, for some mysterious reason he came galloping over to where Peter was walking and fell into step at his side.

All during that long afternoon walk, Tiger would not stir from the boy, refusing to be driven away and seeming eager to guard Peter against some unknown peril.

Even now, I can't understand that part of the story: How Tiger knew this stranger was son to be in danger of death. It is one of the many traits of dog-mentality

Princess Elizabeth Treats Urchin Pair With Candy

London —(UP)— Said the small ragged urchin, gazing through railings of the great house, "Garn girl."

"She is, I tell yer," replied his equally ragged female companion. — "She ain't a princess — she's a 'she is a princess'."

The boy appealed to the demure little lady behind the railings. "You ain't a princess, are you?" he said.

Princess Elizabeth, elder daughter

of the Duke and Duchess of York — for it was she whose royalty was doubted — stopped her play, looked at the urchins with solemn eyes, and said with great seriousness, "Yes, I am."

There was a brief embarrassed silence, in which the boy looked crestfallen and his companion triumphant. Then the Princess came forward and held out a box of candy.

Reluctantly, almost with awe, the urchins took one each. Then, overcome with shyness, they took to their heels.

A Quandary

By HELEN WELSHMER

I MIGHT give a party
And have people come,
And play silly games,
But that would be dumb.

I MIGHT try a movie
But I'd be so dumb
To cinema stuff
That I'd waste fifty cents.

I MIGHT read a book
But I can't concentrate,
And there is no point
To a substitute date.

I SNT there something
Somewhere I can do
Till I get over
Remembering you?



"THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN"

By Dr. Frederick Shannon
"I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the land of beginning again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,
And all of our selfish grief,
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on again.

"I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

"We could find all the things we intended to do
But forgot and remembered—too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken
And all of the thousand and one little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

"It couldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again,
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudge
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving clasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

"For what had been hardest we'd know has been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain;
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've freed it and laughed it away;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after,
In the Land of Beginning Again.

"So I wish that there were some wonderful place,
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,
And all of our selfish grief,
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again."

NOT A MERE CHAPLAIN

Father Duffy of New York Was a Man of Kindness
From the New York Herald Tribune
It is impossible to understand the almost universal admiration and veneration which Father Francis P. Duffy attracted to himself if he is remembered as a war-time chaplain only. To be sure, the bright, particular luster which attached to his name derived much of its initial brilliance from his heroic efforts in the service spiritual, and also very personal and practical, of the men of the "Fighting 69th" during the dark hours in France when the fate of half the world hung in the balance, but it was also the less dramatic and less emphasized services to the people of New York which endeared him to countless thousands in the words of Cardinal Hayes, he was in fact "the ideal army chaplain and the ideal parish priest," and in estimating the churchman the cassock should not be forgotten for the military tunic.

Father Duffy, despite his Canadian birth, was a New Yorker of New Yorkers. "If anybody sticks a pin into me," he liked to say, "he'll

THE FARMERS' TAXES

From the Chicago Tribune
Farmers in several states are coming together to consider their taxes and discuss what can be done about them. Very often it is the tax bill which breaks the farmer's back. It lands on his means of livelihood. The rates go on his stock, his tools his land and his stored crops. The drain is on his cash assets, if he has any. In bad times the taxes may take virtually everything he has been able to convert into money. The federal income tax affects the farmer indirectly by levies on his mar-

find that I am very American, very Irish and very Catholic, but if he'll leave me alone, I'm just plain human." As a war time chaplain he "was not a chaplain to Catholic alone . . . could not obtrude his religion upon those who did not share it," never shrank from the discomforts and hardships endured by the enlisted men, but from which his position would have exempted him. As peace-time pastor of Holy Cross church in West Forty Second street, he displayed the same insatiable capacity for being of service to those who had need of him, and hundreds of acts of personal charity and kindness are held in grateful remembrance by as many who benefited by them and became his friends.

In any walk of life men of Father Duffy's intense enthusiasm and vibrant personality are rare. He had that transcendental faith in men and in his religion which enabled him to overlook anything but the dominant characteristics, the essential qualities of both. He did not think it unseemly that a man of the cloth should partake of a very great gusto for the things of this world. His passing is a loss to the Catholic church, to New York and to all who knew him, just as his memory must be a satisfaction to all of these.

NIGHT DRIVING

A world of blackness and a streak of light
And we have passed . . . Familiar places seem
Remote with mystery; our headlights beam
Lures giddy insects to a headlong flight
Ecstatic into death; across the night
A cat's eyes catch the light with eerie gleam;
Behind the nodding corn, farmhouse dream;
Dim poles on either side march left and right.

We paint a sweep of brilliance on the road,
And from the shadow into shadow pass
Leaving no record on the countryside.

Is all life such a flashing episode
From dark to dark—an image in a glass,
—Dorothy Brown Thompson in Poetry World.

SOFT, LOW AND SWEET

Soft, low and sweet, the blackbird wakes the day,
And clearer pipes, as rosier grows the gray
Of the wide sky, far, far into whose deep
The rath lark soars, and scatters down the steep
His runnel song, that skyeey roundelay.

Each with a sigh awakes; and tremors play,
Coy in her leafy trees, and fall'ring creep
Across the daisy lawn and whisper, "Well-a-day,"
Soft, low and sweet.

From violets-banks the scent-clouds float away
And spread around their fragrance as of sleep;
From every mossy nook the blossoms peep;
From every blossom comes one little ray
That makes the world-wealth one with spring, away
Soft, low and sweet,
—Johannes Carl Andersen, in "Songs Unsung."

kets. His false friends have seen that a good deal of the income tax has been wasted in pretenses of doing him good, and before a farmer is required to pay an income tax himself he has made some money. Other taxes hit him whether he has made any or not.

STATE DEPUTY SHERIFF SEIZES SLOT MACHINE

Sioux Falls, S. D. — (Special) — Saturday afternoon a state deputy sheriff seized a nickel slot machine in Ole's pool hall. No court action has yet taken place.