

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Plant a tree on arbor day.

The safe bull is the one you want to look out for.

The lambs should have free access to salt, also good clean water.

Trouble with some people is that they have more wishbone than backbone.

To keep the rats and mice from gnawing harness rub a little castor oil over it.

If you did not cut out the borers from the peach, quince or apple trees last summer, do it now.

A simple form of filter for the cistern can be provided by building a partition of porous brick through the cistern.

Fanny how the cattle seem to find the weak place in the fence every time. One weak spot may make a mile of fencing useless.

If the horse has not shed off its winter coat and shows lack of thrift he should be clipped before being set to work in the field.

The man who has learned how to grow good crops in dry weather has laid hold of one of the secrets that will help him to make money.

When planting a new orchard place the later and harder sorts on the outside rows, as that is where the frosts first strike and are the severest.

One load of manure finely and evenly spread is worth two spread unevenly in the lumps. This is another good argument in favor of the manure spreader.

A mortgage, like a porous plaster, is a good thing if properly placed, but remember, it is easier put on than taken off, and the latter process is apt to be painful as well.

Start with the breed you think you want and then stick to it. The stock raiser who shifts every few years to a new breed never gets anywhere in his operations, except nearer to the poor house, perhaps.

It is mixed farming which brings the surest results. Special crops in favorable seasons may net larger profit, but when the losses of bad years are deducted, the balance of the account will be found to favor mixed farming.

You get sick sometimes through carelessness and injudicious living, and then you take steps to get into condition again. How about your soil? Have your methods put it out of condition? and are you doing nothing to restore it to its old time vigor and productiveness? What folly.

Shingle your turkeys and keep them from flying off. The method adopted by one turkey raiser is to bore four holes in a shingle and through these holes pass strong tape under the wings close up to the body. Tie the ends of the tape securely. Sounds easy, but would the turkeys thrive and grow under the restraint?

The old farmers of a generation or so back used to plant their corn when the white oak leaves were as large as squirrel's ears, and it is said they raised good corn, too. This suggests that the farmer of the old days was a closer student of nature, carrying out the farm program in closer harmony with the season's development than does the farmer of to-day.

When it comes to making repairs and one finds that because of lack of tool house and work room the tools are scattered through the house and barn and other buildings one realizes how fine it would be to have such a work room. Don't say you cannot afford the extra building. Such place will prove true economy in the end. It will not only bring all your tools together where they will be handy to use, but it will economize upon your time in making needed repairs. And then one can work in such a place on stormy days.

Plan your work and then work your plan.

The waste places on the farm should be put to work.

Trust the bull by putting a ring in his nose and keeping in a safe place.

A few cows on the farm is full warrant for the purchase of a separator.

Keep the lambs growing from the start.

The dairy cow which is fat and at the same time good is the exception to the rule.

Rolled oats, stale bread, corn-bread, cheese curd, wheat and table scraps make good feed for little chicks.

Five points to remember if you would have a productive orchard: Fertilize, cultivate, spray, thin, prune.

The hair of the horse that has been well fed from birth is as a rule finer and softer than that of the horse not so fed.

After the breeding season is over separate the roosters from the hens. Better for both sexes and the eggs will keep better.

A better living can be made by careful, thorough cultivation of 20 acres than from five times that amount of land poorly managed.

The best way to market your crops in on the hoof. Feed to your stock, keep the fertility on the farm and drive your stock to market.

Grow enough fruit for your own use. Not a bad idea to have some to sell. These little extras from the farm can be made to aggregate quite a sum.

After all the pig has more wisdom than some people. He is content to stay in the pig class while many a human wastes life in trying to seem what he is not.

No wonder the poultry business is growing each year. There are more than 5,000 poultry shows held annually in the United States and Canada. Surely the hen is the American bird.

Don't cut off your farm reading because the busy season is on. The rush season on the farm is just the time to test out new ideas in a practical way. Get other people's ideas and set them to work for you.

The four points are made in favor of the portable hog house as follows: It is easily and economically constructed; it can be easily moved and located wherever desired; it is useful both to the general farmer and to the breeder of pure bred stock, and of all systems for housing swine it is the most natural and sanitary.

The rule observed by a successful hog raiser in selecting the brood sows is to pick the long-bodied ones that are rather coarse and long legged. They make the best breeders and have better constitutions than the small ones. By selecting a male that has good quality you can get larger hams and shoulders from the pigs of a large sow than from a small one.

The farmers are slow to take advantage of all the government agricultural department and the experimental stations of the various states are doing for them. Every farmer should at least get the bulletins from the experimental station of his own state, and he would find it greatly to his advantage if he received the government bulletins as well. These are all mailed free on application, and a postal card with the request that your name be placed on the mailing list will do the business. If you do not care for all the bulletins and only those which deal with certain features of agriculture you can so state and only these will be sent you.

Three remedies for chicken cholera which have been used successfully by poultrymen: The first is burnt corn. When any chicken shows the least sign of the cholera, burn some corn on the cob and leave where the chickens can have free access to it at all times. The corn must not be burned to a crisp, but scorched. Keep this kind of feed before the flock until all signs of cholera disappear. Second—Shut the sick fowls away from the rest of the flock. Whitewash the hen house and nests with hot whitewash containing a liberal supply of carbolic acid. Put one teaspoonful of carbolic acid in two quarts of water and give the fowls to drink. Give some kind of good poultry food according to directions. If fowls are too sick to eat, put some of the medicine in a teaspoonful of sour milk and pour down the throat of the fowl. Third—Get some red oak bark and boil it, giving the tea to the chickens to drink instead of water. Trim the rough outer bark off, put the inner into a kettle and boil until very red. Drench the sick ones, but don't give much food.



It was a mellow day for such a sermon. The year was fulfilling all of the promises made in early spring. In the woods there was a blaze of red, the ripe juices of autumn, and in the air there was that melancholy sweetness that makes a man think, that makes him look upon his neighbor as his brother. On a bench not far from the pulpit old Lim Bucklin sat, determined to surrender himself to the influences of the sermon. During the week just ended human nature had not been overstrong in him. He had told one man that the only truth about him was the truth that he was a liar, had swapped horses with a chicken peddler and was glad now that he had not succeeded in overtaking him afterward; he had trapped a few quails out of season, but had sent the most of them to the sick—had done a few other things not strictly in line, such as halting for a few moments at a livery stable to see two dogs fight; but now as he sat ready to listen to the word he knew that down in his heart he hated no man.

The old minister arose and gave out the hymn, militant verses written by some ancient fighter, and then looked with a scowl at the empty benches at the rear end of the room. Old Dock Hency cleared his throat and settled himself down and Sister Buckworth, repository of every neighborhood scandal for more than two generations, smacked her mouth, for she felt that this was to be an occasion for what the rude slangists called "hot stuff." And it was. The preacher tiptoed in his wrath against the world. Never before had that broad boulevard leading to destruction been so frightfully crowded. It did not seem that there was a possible show for anyone to be saved. And it was not a figurative hell that the preacher painted, but a great pit roaring with flames. Into the house he so strongly brought the smell of sulphur that a boy sneezed, and a little girl, shuddering in fright, crept closer to her mother. Old Peter Balch, shaver of notes and holder of mortgages on the homes of widows, cried out "Amen," and a mule that had been tied to a swinging limb broke loose and tore off down the road.

When the sermon was done Limuel waited for an opportunity to speak to the preacher. "Just want to talk to you a few moments," he said. "No hurry. Wait till you shake hands with all these folks that are crowdin' one another on the road to destruction." The preacher held forth his hand and Jacklin took it, holding it for a moment, looking him in the eye. "I want to talk to you privately. Would you mind goin' out here and settin' on a log with me?"

The minister smiled. "Limuel," said he, "are you at last about to ask for terms? Has the light fallen on you?"

"Well, I don't know but I am a little scorched. You women folks go on home and I'll overtake you."

"Shall we have witnesses as to what you are going to say?" the preacher inquired.

"No, I'd rather talk to you alone out here where the wild grapes are purple in the sun."

"Limuel, I thank you for this long sought opportunity. Come."

They went out into the woods and sat down on a log. A gray squirrel peeped at them. "Limuel, is it about my sermon that you wish to talk?"

"Yes," said the old man, cutting off a chew of his twist.

"I am glad that it struck home."

"Ah, hah. Glad, I reckon, that it scared that little girl. Wait a moment. I have listened to you, so now you listen to me a while." He slowly wiped his knife on his trousers, snapped it and put it into his pocket. "As I sat in yonder just now, brother, I could hardly believe that I wain't away back where the world was when I found it—just ripe for destruction. The first picture that was drawn for me was of little children in torment, and I went to bed and cried nearly all night because I felt that nothin' was of any use. My poor mother was scared and my father was afraid to say much, for there was the preacher ready to snatch away any encouragement. We had all of us been condemned from the first and unless we did an impossible task there was no hope. But as I grew older the world appeared to get better. The rocks in the graveyards said that the dead folks were all right. Humanity had done away with imprisonment for debt. The slave ships were all sunk. People were better fed and better clothed. Books filled up the empty shelves in the country. Newspapers with their white wings flew everywhere. And all this time hell was a coolin' off. It seemed to me that it was almost ready for irrigation till you turned loose to-day. What made you do it? Don't answer me now—jest let me talk—but what made you do it? Don't you know that God is

gettin' so good that some of the churches have to meet every once in a while to acknowledge it? Don't you know that after all it is love and not fear that moves this old world? You sing: 'Oh, for a closer walk with God,' and you make such a thing impossible. You make Him a destroyer instead of a builder. You would take away the softness and the holy sweetness of the Saviour, and when that's done, all is done that can be done for evil. Instead of a great book of wisdom you make the Bible a threat, backed up by the devil. You would have the people read it with frightened eyes, and I want to tell you that when a man's scared he can't learn anything to speak of. The people are growin' all the time, and so is the church, but some of you preachers want to pull back. Do you know why all over the country there is a disposition to put out the old preachers and to take in the new ones? It is because the young men are more liberal. They are not so set in creed and therefore they are kinder hearted."

"Jacklin, it is not for you to talk like this. You would have me tried for heresy."

"Brother, where one man is tried for heresy 20 are dropped for narrowness. Put that in your pipe and smoke it a while."

"I don't smoke, sir."

"But you would have everybody else smoke. Did you see that little girl clingin' to her mother? It will take a long time to get that awful picture out of her mind. And maybe by the time that one is wiped out you'll be ready with another one; and when she grows up and glances about her in the light of pure truth she will look back and pity your ignorance."

"Jacklin, I know one man whom the devil is waiting for."

"Accordin' to your story he's waitin' for every man."

"But he is waiting for one in particular."

"If you mean me let me correct you a little. He can't get me, for I believe the Saviour when he said he died to save sinners."

"You do not believe the Saviour; you have denied him."

"No, brother, I have denied you—and the devil. Now let me tell you what to do: Come over to my house and get some of the books that my son has sent to me. They'll do you good."

"Tracts issued by Satan, and you'll find it out one of these days. Jacklin, I thought you wanted to talk about the welfare of your soul, and here you are scoffing at the Gospel."

"Oh, no, I'm not scoffin' at love; and the Gospel is love—the sweetest message of love that was ever breathed upon a helpless world. And it seems strange that at this late day some of you haven't found it out. I believe I hear you say once that the printing press was keepin' folks from goin' to church, and you called it the agent of the devil. You didn't stop to recollect that unless the Bible had been printed you never would have had one. But go ahead, preachin' your doctrine of hate and the first thing you know you'll be out of a job. You can't convince a thinkin' man that the world—which is just as much God's now as it ever was—is worse off than it used to be. There are more flowers to-day than the world ever saw before. There are more human hearts and therefore more human love. God—wisdom—is comin' closer; and the devil—ignorance—is goin' further away. You frown at empty benches, but after a while you won't have even a bench. And about that time you'll see happy people comin' out of a new church. That's about all I've got to say."

"Jacklin, you are going to hell."

"Well, not before I get a bite to eat, I hope. Good-day."

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Puzzles in Millinery.

"The hats this last winter have been puzzlers to even their owners," said the well-dressed woman, as she carefully adjusted before the mirror a handsome creation of velvet and plumes. "When I went to my milliner's a few days ago with this hat on she looked at me a minute in surprise, and then said: 'You are not wearing your hat right.' She removed it and replaced it as she had intended it to be worn, and then I saw that all winter I had been walking one way and wearing my hat the other."

Unrequited Genius.

The world has never learned the idea of the genius who conceived the name of spreading butter upon his bread, a combination of food elements more palatable, more wholesome and more universally popular than any that the combined wisdom of all the professors who have ever lived has been able to devise.—The Epicure.

I've Been Thinking

By CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS.



W HAT would we have thought of that mother who 30 or even 15 years ago allowed her children to play tag and spin tops on the railroad track of a trunk line? We would have called her lacking in common sense. But the world moves, and although mothers still object to their children playing tag and spinning tops on railroad tracks, steam cars are now allowed on our highways and byways, and whereas the railroad train runs on a schedule, the modern steam car and its brothers the electric car and the gasoline motor run at full speed under no schedule, and they run where children most do congregate.

And so used do we become to dangers that we mothers—I speak as a man—sit at our bedroom windows and calmly continue our sewing as we watch Willy elude a machine running at 20 miles an hour, and Jenny calmly step aside to allow the passage of a road-devouring monster, painted red and "chugging" in a manner unknown to our fathers, who did not even know what "chugging" was.

Now, when air-ships are common and they begin to fall from the sky, as they most certainly will in the hands of inexperienced aeronauts, the careful mother will at first make her children play in the house or in some protected playground, but after awhile she will realize that this world is meant to be lived in, danger or no danger, and she will merely say: "Willy, if you hear a strange noise overhead look up and dodge or I can't let you play out of doors."

And in learning to dodge a falling airship and at the same time keep out of the path of a hurtling motor-car, the children of the future will get to be so nimble that the race as a whole will be improved. It will be a fast race, in fact.

Which shows that everything is for the best.

RE you socially your husband's inferior or his superior?

If you are his inferior he is probably too much of a gentleman to have told you so, but if you are his superior I am very much afraid that you have let him know it.

But if you are and if you have, don't let it rest at that. Try by all the means in your power to lift him up to your social level. If your table manners are better than his; if you cannot eat a dinner without the use of from two to three forks, while he is prone to get along without any, try to educate him. If he won't use three compromise on one. That will be a beginning.

It will be a great pity if you let him drag you down to his level. It is always a pity when a man or a woman coasts from birth instead of climbing from birth. Let your motto be: "Ever upward." Don't you want to be superior socially to anyone on earth? How can you become so if you do not climb and drag your husband along too?

Lift him up and teach your children to be a little better than either of you. This will not be hard, as they already feel they are—that is, if they are good Americans. If they are Chinese they are becomingly humble and think that the sun rises and sets in you and your husband. But it is safe to say that your children are not Chinese. They want to move on a higher social plane than you moved, and on a much higher plane than their father moves.

And when they have reached what they have striven for, just use them to pull you and your husband up and the end of your family will be some Blue Book.

It's a great ambition. (Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

To Thine Own Self Be True.

Don't measure your actions by "What will people think?" Most people don't think. What opinion will you have of yourself afterward, is the only test.—John A. Howland.