

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



A small patch of sunflowers as a crop pays.

Cream which is ripened without scouring gives good flavor to butter.

It is a poor excuse which tries to excuse the presence of the poor cow in the herd.

Sunflower seed is one of the best feeds for chickens, especially during the molting season.

Increasing the egg production of hens is accomplished by saving only the best layers for breeders.

You cannot keep your flock of sheep free from ticks unless you dip them at least once a year; remember that.

Be sure you have got the best out of your farm before you allow discounts to encourage you to sell out and move.

Four ounces of molasses, one pint of water and a nickel's worth of quassa chips mixed together and boiled makes a cheap fly poison.

If you allow the weeds to take the moisture and nourishment needed by the crops you need not wonder at the small growth and poor yield.

A thrifty apple orchard is the best kind of insurance. It will pay you dividends in a few years and will bestow a valuable legacy upon your family when you are gone.

When planning for better machinery for the farm work, machinery that will save labor, don't forget that there are many things you can provide for the kitchen and dairy which will lighten the work of the wife also.

Set the few poor acres on the farm into trees and start a wood lot. Any of the quick growing trees will return a profit in a few years on land that would otherwise not yield enough to pay the taxes and the interest on the money invested.

Do not wait until the hay crop is ready to cut before looking over the mower and seeing whether repairs need to be made. You may be put to aggravating loss by having to wait for new parts. Find out what you need and send for the parts desired at once.

After fowls have been kept for some time on soft food, whole grain cannot form a considerable portion of their ration without a loss. The organs for grinding and digesting hard food have been so long in disuse that they are quite unfitted to perform the office required of them when hard or whole grain is provided.

A shelter in the fields not only is good for the stock but it proves handy for the men folks when the sudden storm comes up. Not much work to erect a framework and put roofing paper over the top, but it means a mighty sight of comfort in an emergency. And think of the time you save in not having to run to the house for shelter.

It is poor management which tries to do the work of the farm with the young growing horses and then marketing them as soon as they are mature. In the first place, young horses that are worked too hard cannot be developed properly, and, secondly, the work of the farm is bound to suffer. Raise your horses, but don't expect too much work out of them while they are maturing.

It is quite possible to break colts to harness at very early age. One farmer's boy broke a pair of colts at six weeks of age. He rigged a set of light harness with cloth collars, and drove them around the barn lot a few times, and then took them out in the road, driving only 100 yards or so away from barn at first. After about a week's time at this he hitched them to an old buggy, and walked and drove them until he had them well accustomed to the rig, then he got in and rode away, guarding with care that they had no chance to get away.

Break your colts early.

Get the mower in good repair. You will need it soon.

Change of feed should be made gradually.

Brush fences look untidy and are breeding places for pests of all kinds.

Declare war on the Canadian thistle, inaugurate a vigorous campaign and grant no quarter.

The milking machine seems about as near being on a practical basis as the flying machine.

Try and be more sympathetic than the fence board which separates your land from your neighbors.

It is generally the man who has no silo who discovers that silage injures the cow's teeth or works other ill to the stock.

The fair season is coming. Plan now to get something ready for the show, and do what you can to make your local fair a success.

Don't waste much time with the sick fowl. Separate at once from the rest of the flock, and if it does not respond quickly to treatment use the ax and shovel.

We never will know how many farmers owe their success to the management and good judgment of their wives, and what is worse, many farmers do not realize it themselves.

Colorado farmers have the organizing fever and are forming unions with a view to bettering their conditions. They expect to make money by buying in carlots and selling for cash f. o. b.

Not too late to sow silage corn. Get the corn in and then plan for the building of a silo in which to put it next fall. Your stock will respond to the feed next winter and repay you several times over for your trouble.

Machine grease can be readily cleaned from the hands by a little kerosene and sawdust. The oil will cut the grease and the sawdust will absorb both oil and grease together, so that soap and water will have a chance to do its work.

Where the cream of cows of unequal milking periods is mixed together see that the whole is thoroughly mixed and ripened. Unless this is done a considerable portion of the slower cream is washed into the buttermilk as soon as the quicker cream comes to butter.

An Iowa reports the birth of a short-horn calf without a tail, the end of the backbone coming but an inch or two beyond the hip joint. The calf is healthy and doing well. This is not a common occurrence, but a great many similar cases are on record. The writer had a similar case when he was on the farm 20 years ago.

Under the head of fool farming may be enumerated such fads as raising frogs, squabs, skunks, and even raising ginseng. Such fads may work with those who thoroughly understand the business, but the average farmer will find that the potato patch will stand him in better stead than any of these schemes which seem on paper at least to offer big inducements.

The average dairy cow costs \$30 per year to feed. It is easy to figure out that if the income from the sale of her milk does not exceed this amount, the cow is clearly not paying her way. The only satisfactory method of determining this question is by weighing the milk and testing the percent of butter fat it contains by the Babcock test. A cow that does not pay takes up just as much room as a profitable one. Sell her for beef.

This is the ration which a Pennsylvanian feeds his turkey poults with good success. The poults require no food until a day old, as nature has provided for them, but water and sand should be placed within reach. The food should not be of a sloppy kind as that leads to bowel trouble. Curds or Dutch cheese is liked by them and they thrive on it. Stale bread moistened and squeezed dry is good. Onion tops and dandelion leaves minced fine should be fed each day while in confinement. Corn bread is the best food when two weeks old, and later cracked corn or wheat should be provided.

Here is a stock breeder's method of training horns to graceful growth: He bores a small gimlet hole in each horn about one-fourth inch from tip of horn. Take a small wire, such as is used for baling hay, run this through the hole in each horn, wind the wire once around each horn back of the holes; then twist each end around main wire and fasten in center. Leave wire on until horns are well started to curve.



"A love for gamblin' was born about the time that human nature first opened its eyes. A disposition to steal somethin' was born just a few moments before, but a man may gamble and not be a thief. There is such a thing as an honest gambler—that is, a gambler who is willing to give a man a fair chance—to lose his money. The gambler wants your money, and it ain't much trouble for him to accommodate his conscience as to the way he gets it. If he is sharper than you are he compliments himself with the fact that he understands his business, and every man that has a trade likes to know its details better than the other man does."

Thus spoke old Limuel to a few friends who were gathered about the fireside in the Jucklin home. The wind was howling and the snow, like shredded sheets, was flying past the windows.

"But you don't believe that all gamblers are thieves?" remarked old man Brizintine.

"I said I didn't. But there ain't nothin' that will strain a man's honesty more than gamblin' will."

"That's been preached on many a time," Brizintine spoke up. "But I never gambled in my life, and—"

"And you don't know just how far you are honest," Lim broke in.

"I don't know that I understand you."

"Didn't think you did," replied Jucklin. "But I can explain. The man that gambles has more temptations to steal than any other man. When he has lost everything a strong resentment arises against life. It is almost impossible for him to believe that he has been fairly beaten, and if he is broad enough to acknowledge this he then questions Fate for her one-sidedness. He wants to know what right she's got to discriminate so against him. It has been said that all men are natural gamblers, and it may be true, for the most of us have had to fight against it."

"Unfortunately for man, work was put on him as a curse. The fact is, it ennobles him, but he accepted it as a curse. And when his brother has committed a crime, not grave enough to hang him, he says: 'I will sentence you to work.' In the olden times a man that worked wasn't respected as much as the highwayman. They hanged the robber, it is true, but they respected him more than they did the man that handled the hoe. And the gambler is a sort of social highwayman. I don't say he is a bad feller. In many instances he persuades himself to believe that his profession is right. He puts up his money, takes chances, and if he wins he has come by the money as honestly as if he had dug in the ground for it—he thinks. And as long as he wins he may be honest. But his principles undergo a change when he begins to lose. Then he can't help feelin' that he is givin' the other feller too much show. When he has lost all he must have money in order to carry on his business. Suppose he is employed to collect money—suppose he is in a bank. If he refrains from takin' money to gamble with he is honest—desperately honest, you might say. And he may refrain day after day—for years; but some day he may find himself weak. This weakness may consist of an overconfidence in self—in an overabundance of hope, in a faith that he will win and can pay back. Right there he is gone. Think you are strong enough to stand such a temptation as that, Brother Brizintine?"

"I would not use any man's money," Brizintine answered. "I surely have sense enough to know what is my own, and knowing what is not my own I have honesty enough not to take it."

"Yes," replied Jucklin, "and what you have said is the answer that nine out of ten men would make—and honestly, too. But the fact is, you don't know."

"What! do you mean to say I don't know whether or not I'm honest?"

"I mean just what I say—you don't know. It is all very well for the untied man to believe himself strong, but unless he has been severely tried he does not know."

"Do you know, Brother Jucklin?"

"Well, I'll tell you just how far I know. Many years ago I was workin' at a mill that took in a good deal of money. Finally they gave me charge of it. Along about that time a party of us used to meet two or three times a week to play a social game of poker. It got to be so sociable that it kept me broke. I knew that it was largely a game of luck and that the cards would break even after awhile, and that may be true, in the long run, but the run is too long. In the course of a thousand years they might have broke even, but as it was, they broke with just enough promise to hold me tied in fascination to the game. I

began to borrow money—and it took all of my wages to pay it back. One night I went over to meet the boys. I didn't have a cent of my own, and I wouldn't have gone if I hadn't thought that some one would lend me enough to get into the game. But everyone hemmed and hawed and spoke of the extreme need for money, of hard times and the like—the very men who had week after week got all of my wages. Just then it flashed across me that in my pocket were more than a hundred dollars belongin' to the mill. With this amount as a backin' I felt sure that I could win back some of the money I had lost. It was perfectly plain—I could do it. At some stage of the game I had nearly always been ahead, but wouldn't quit. But why couldn't I quit? The other fellers jumped, and with my money. Why couldn't I do the same? I broke out in a sweat. I strove to bring up arguments against my sitting in the game and couldn't. Luck whispered that it was with me, and it didn't seem possible that I could lose. Never before had I felt so strongly that it was my night. I arose and walked up and down the room. I could hear my blood singin'. I turned and looked at the boys, each one with an expression of eagerness on his face. I felt myself superior to them. I could beat them. There they sat, completely within the power of my skill and my luck. I could win enough to pay back the money that I owed, and with my wages I could buy clothes—and I needed 'em. Suddenly I rushed out of the house, and I ran—ran all the way to the home of the mill owner—snatched his money out of my pocket and gave it to him. I told him what I had gone through with, and he turned pale and took hold of the mantelpiece to steady himself. 'My son,' said he, 'I have been all along there, only I didn't run away—until afterward. They caught me and brought me back, and it was only by the grace of—of human nature that I didn't go to the penitentiary.'

In the company there were three young fellows. The old man's recital had moved them. "And did you play again, Uncle Lim?" one of them inquired.

"No, I didn't. And although it may appear narrow in me, but let me say that a playin' card shan't come into my house. In itself a deck of cards is licker enough, and so is a bottle of licker if you don't drink it. It is true, though, so far as my experience counts, that nearly every gambler begins in a social way, without any thought of becomin' one. Very few of them set out with the aim to make gamblin' their profession. Take hesses, for instance. Nearly all men like a fine hess—like to see him run. They develop a judgment as to the runnin' qualities of a hess and finally are willin' to back it up with money. Whose business is it? The money belongs to them and was honestly earned. Understand, now, I ain't a preachin' a moral sermon for I ain't fitted for that. I just want to talk in a human nature sort of way for the benefit of these boys. Don't bet on anything. That's the safest plan. If there's no fun in goin' to hess races unless you bet, don't go."

"But haven't you bet on roosters?" old Brizintine inquired, looking wise.

"Well, I have seen the feathers fly from the wrong chicken," Lim answered. "And if I have bet, and have seen the evil of it, I am all the fitter to talk to these young chaps. Boys, if you don't want to be on trial all your life, don't bet on anything."

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Timid Diamonds.
The lapidary was about to cut the tail off a tadpole-shaped yellow diamond.

"The chances are," he said, "that this fellow will turn white from terror when I split him. If he does, his value will go up 200 per cent."

The lapidary set his steel knife in position, he prepared to strike on the knife's back a momentous blow.

"Wish me luck," he said.

And the hammer fell, the amputated tail dropped into the box underneath, and lo, the yellow diamond that had been split was now quite white.

"The yellow taint," the cutter explained, "was only in the tail. Yet the taint was reflected all through the stone, and this made it seem of a uniform yellow throughout. Now the taint is gone, and our yellow diamond is a pure white one. The miracle happens fairly often."

Native historians of Afghanistan assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghanistan, who was the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of a King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghanistan is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



HILD—Papa, what is a New Yorker? Papa—My child, a New Yorker is one who lives in New York—who has his residence there. A New Yorker may be a Chinaman from Pell street, or a Polish Jew from Rivington street, or a Syrian from Washington street, or an Italian from the Italian quarter, or a Greek or Jap or Swede or any nationality at all, provided he lives in New York city.

Child—Well, suppose a Russian lives in Brooklyn.

Papa—He is a New Yorker.

Child—Well, if a Portuguese lived in the Bronx?

Papa—He would be a New Yorker. Of course, my child, in a large sense, all inhabitants of the state of New York are New Yorkers, but, generally speaking, by the term New Yorker is meant one who lives in the city of New York, and that is why a Chinaman out on Staten island is a New Yorker.

Child—Papa, does a man have to be a foreigner in order to live in New York?

Papa—What a question, my child. Of course not. There are many living in New York whose native language is English.

Child—Oh, they were born there?

Papa—Not necessarily. Some were born in Great Britain and Ireland and some in the British possessions, but they all speak English and they live in New York and are New Yorkers.

Child—Well, papa, you have told me about foreigners who were New Yorkers, and about English-speaking people who were New Yorkers and about Americans who were New Yorkers, but I want to know if there couldn't be a more perfect kind of New Yorker than any of these—one who was born in New York and who spoke English?

Papa—Why, yes, my child; there are thousands born in New York who speak English. They are hard and fast New Yorkers. Their parents were Germans and Italians and Frenchmen and Jews and Greeks, but they were born in New York and they speak English.

Child—Then, papa, they are the real New Yorkers, aren't they?

Papa—Well, I believe that they are considered to be the most patriotic New Yorkers because their New Yorkism is so new; but, my child, in this city of which we are speaking, this city of nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants, there is a little class, without much influence, to be sure, but still self-respecting and respected by others, a mere handful, it is true, but a very intelligent handful.

Child—And who are they, papa?

Papa—They, my child, are the native American New Yorkers, whose parents and grandparents and great-grandparents, to the third and fourth generation, were born and brought up in New York.

Child—And who always spoke English?

Papa—Well, no. They spoke Dutch originally, but they have spoken English longer than the majority of the rest. Those are the real New Yorkers.

Child—I never heard of them. Where do they keep themselves?

Papa—One of them is the president of the United States.

Child—Oh, yes, of course. So he is a Simon-pure New Yorker?

Papa—Well, no; come to think of it, he isn't, because I believe his mother was a southerner.

Child—Well, do the Simon-pure New Yorkers sign their names as from New York?

Papa—Yes, my boy, they do, and they would like to be able to sign in a special colored ink to make it more emphatic.

Child—Well, papa, I suppose that if they could have kept out the foreigners and the English-speaking aliens and the Yankees and the southerners and the westerners, and just left New York for the real born and bred New Yorkers, New York would be even greater than it is?

Papa—No, no, my boy. No city ever gets to the top of the pile unaided. It is because of all these people who have come in to show New York how to misgovern itself that she is the greatest city on the western hemisphere and is destined to be the greatest city that the sun ever shone upon.

Child—And what will become of the real New York New Yorkers?

Papa—They will disappear after a while.

Child—Why, papa?

Papa—Because it is getting to be the fashion to be born in the country.

Child—Oh!

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