

# NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Neglect and lice always mean failure in the poultry business.

Good time to weed out the unprofitable hens from the flock.

If hessian fly is present in the wheat cut the grain high and burn the stubble.

The land that is drained is always ready earlier in the spring for putting in the crops.

The scales and the Babcock tester are the only infallible proof of the good cow. Are you testing out your cows?

Run-down farms reflect the lack of intelligence of those who have by their methods brought them into that condition.

The well-fertilized field will stand a drought better than one not so treated because the plants strike their roots deeper.

Calves raised on skim milk should have some feed to provide the fat content taken out of the milk. Linseed meal has been found to give the best results.

The plow wheel will often become loose and wobble a good deal. To overcome this put in a leather bushing. It will last well and will not squeak.

The day of the educated farmer is upon us. Another generation and the fellow who believes that all the knowledge of farming needed can be gained upon the farm itself will be hard to find.

Don't forget the green stuff for the poultry. If they cannot get it for themselves see that it is provided for them. You cannot have a healthy flock where such green food is denied them.

The small horse has little place on the average farm. It is the heavy drafter that is able to do the hard stunts that the farmer needs. Why will he worry along with a horse that is unequal to the tasks required of him?

Temperature is one of the main points in churning. Cream should have developed about 30 c. c. acidity, and have been standing at about 50 degrees for four or five hours to be in prime condition for bringing the butter.

It used to be thought that the dairyman was the only one who could profitably use the silo but it has come to be recognized after thorough testing that silage is valuable in the feeding of all kinds of stock, and obtains better results from the grain feed than is otherwise possible.

Bob White is surely the friend of the farmer. Investigation has shown that he has been known to destroy 60 different kinds of weed seeds, and it is safe to say that five per cent. of his food is made up of seeds harmful to the farmer. This in addition to the injurious bugs which he eats places him high in the ranks of the farmer's friend.

That the high check rein is a species of cruelty which the humane horseman will not permit is generally conceded. Prof. Minkler characterizes the horseman who drives his horse with his head mounted upward and held in place by a severe check rein as heartless, and declares that he should be compelled during warm weather to wear a cuff around his neck in the place of a low collar.

The silo is the dairyman's savings bank into which he can pour the savings of the summer time and make heavy drafts upon it in the winter and collect a handsome interest on his investment. Almost the entire value of the corn can be saved by canning in the silo, and it provides a succulent food for the winter which will keep up the milk flow almost to the point where it is when the cows are on pasture.

One hoe in hand is better than a dozen hanging in the tool shed.

Mix the varieties of plum trees so that they will pollenize each other.

A two-fold point in favor of alsike clover is that it is fine for bees and makes good hay.

Try the happy cure for your troubles. Don't see the latter and be cheerful though you don't feel that way on the inside.

Small seeds when planted during warm weather should be shaded, as the ground is apt to crust over them and prevent the tender shoot from growing.

The alfalfa raiser should be provided with canvas caps to put over the stacks to protect against rain, for a wetting is apt to prove disastrous to the crop.

Ditch construction is a business in itself, the same as carpentry and masonry work. Keep this in mind when letting work of this character and be sure and get a man who is onto his job.

The heavy hen is a poor one to put on eggs, as she is more than apt to break many of them, and will make a clumsy mother and kill many of the chickens she may be fortunate enough to hatch.

The poor cow is apt to remain poor under the best of care, but the good cow can be easily ruined under careless treatment. Good animals need good feed and care if they are to prove profitable.

A butter tub painted green and set upon a post in the front yard makes a fine receptacle for such flowers as petunias, vincas, coleus, etc., with nasturtiums and other climbers around the other edge to trail downwards over the sides.

One of the most fruitful causes of tuberculosis in cows is the lack of proper ventilation of the stables. It has been found that very few animals that run loose outdoors have the disease. The matter of stable ventilation must be considered by every dairyman.

Oats make a valuable feed for growing chicks as they provide the bone-making ingredients. The best form in which to feed them is in the ground state. The oat has a hard covering, and the young chicks find it hard to grind them up. Do their grinding for them.

The infertile spots on the farm should be so treated that they will average up with the rest of the farm and pay their share of profit. If it is tile drainage which is needed, put the tiles in. If it is fertilizing which is needed, study to learn just what is necessary and then apply it.

Six pounds of timothy seed, five pounds of white clover, three pounds of Kentucky blue grass and one pound of red top per acre has been found to be an excellent mixture for sowing in northern sections. If the ground is inclined to be wet, the red top will soon take the place of the timothy.

You are raising boys and girls as well as crops. See that you are as careful to provide for the wholesome growth of the former as you are of the latter. Many a successful farmer who keeps his farm free from weeds lets the weeds grow up in the lives of his children which prove a curse to them all their lives.

Chickens suffer from crooked breast-bones sometimes. This defect is generally caused by the heavy birds roosting on poles or fences. The bones of the young birds are soft and are turned to one side by pressing on the roost. If you have heavy fowls, let them roost on the floor covered thickly with straw, and you will have no crooked breast-bones.

The trouble with a good many orchards is that the farmer labors under the impression that as the fruit trees are a sort of side issue they need no special attention. What a mistake. There might just as well be a good profit turned from the orchard as from the field, if the same cultivation and care were given which are to the ordinary grain or corn crop.

The first principle in the breaking of a balky horse is in bringing the animal to understand that you will not knowingly ask an unreasonable thing of him. Of course the old and chronic balker may be amenable to treatment, for probably abuse and fool handling have confirmed him in the habit beyond the hope of curing, but with the young horse of intelligence that has manifested a disposition to balk it is possible to overcome the bad habit. By careful handling bring the animal to understand that you are his friend, and not his enemy. Physical suffering never yet cured, but rather confirmed, balkiness.



Usually it is age rather than wisdom that establishes a man as the oracle of a rural neighborhood. But sometimes it is a sort of quaintness, a readiness and an aptness in the expression of opinion, and often it requires more judgment than is likely to be found in most communities to detect the difference between facility of speech and that intellectual virtue which the ancients regarded as sapience. One night at a social gathering to celebrate the golden wedding of a justice of the peace old man Brizintine had for more than half an hour held forth on the beauties of uncompromising truth when Lim Jucklin remarked:

"Yes, there are very few things more beautiful than the truth—sometimes. But I don't know anything that has given the vicious better opportunity to vent their spleen than truth at all hazards. The man that don't know when to tell the truth or to sidestep a trifle from it hasn't enough judgment to be trusted with a dangerous article."

"Do you mean to say," said Brizintine, "that truth is a dangerous article?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes as dangerous as gunpowder in the hands of an idiot. That is, when truth is restricted to its narrowest sense, and that is the way that some men insist upon using it. Mack—somebody—I came across him somewhere—wanted to know if there was such a thing as administerin' to a mind diseased. There is, and it is the withholdin' from that mind the true state of its own condition. A good deal of the sickness of this world is in the mind only. This don't make it any the less real, for the mind is as real as the body and a good deal more so. We see that a man's mind is diseased. He asks our opinion, and if we tell him the truth it confirms his own belief and makes him worse, and maybe a few doses of our truth will finish him. No matter how big a liar a feller may be, we believe him when he tells us we ain't lookin' well."

"I don't exactly follow you," replied Brizintine, "but wouldn't you rather know the truth on all occasions?"

"Well, not perhaps until afterward. I recollect that one time I went on three notes for a man. When the first one fell due the feller that held all three came to me and said that the man I had accommodated had signed over property enough to meet the other two, but that I would have to pay the first one. It didn't amount to enough to warrant me in sellin' my farm, so I went to work with extra force and made the money and paid it. Well, about six months afterward here came the feller again and said a mistake had been made and that it was the third note that was to be taken care of and that I'd have to pay the second one. This shocked me a good deal, but he declared by all that was good and bad that the third one would give me no trouble, so I strained again, doubled the forces of my energy and soon met the other note without sellin' my farm. Then I knew I was all right; but, sir, in due time here came the holder of the notes and said that he was sorry to have made such a mistake but that the property set aside was worthless and that I'd have to pay the third note. This hit me between the eyes, but I strained again and paid the note."

"But I don't see where the virtue of all that lyin' come in," said Brizintine.

"Well, I do. If it had been made known to me at first that I had to pay the three notes I would have let my farm go at a forced sale and would have been worse than homeless; but as it was, believin' that I could meet the small amount, I went to work with a vim and when I got through I found that the surplus of my extra exertion had put me beyond where I had ever been before. The holder of the notes was a wise man. He knew that the feller I had signed for had left the neighborhood, dishonest and broke; and he knew, also, that the full knowledge of it, told to me right off, would crush me. In a way he was a liar, but both him and me benefited by it. There is such a thing as bein' a professional truth teller just as there is a professional honesty. I recollect once there was a toll gate over here on the pike, and it was kept by an old man named Bowles. He and his son worked out in the field while his wife took care of the gate. On one occasion she went away to look after some young chickens and left the gate open. Along came a man on a horse. He halted, lookin' across the field, he saw the old feller and his son at work hoein' corn; so he got down off his horse and trudged across the clods of the field

and came up to where Bowles was sweatin' under the brillin' sun.

"There wan't anybody down at the house to let me through the gate," said he.

"That so?" the old man inquired, lookin' at him sharp.

"Yes, so I have brought you the five cents."

"Oh, you have," he said, takin' the five cents and lookin' at it as if it was a curiosity. "Nobody there eh? But wan't the gate open?"

"Yes, the gate was open all right. 'But you wouldn't ride through?'"

"No, I didn't."

"And you come trudgin' all the way across this field in the hot sun to pay five cents?"

"Yes, sir, I've done that because I'm honest."

The old man turned to his boy and called out: "Jim, watch this feller. He'll steal somethin' before he gets off the place."

Some of the boys laughed and Brizintine said: "Well, but the man proved his honesty."

"Ah, hah, and that was the trouble: He wanted to prove it. He was too particular, and a good many such little things were brought up in his favor some time afterward when he was arrested for forgery, but they proved it on him and sent him to the penitentiary just the same. If honesty hasn't become so much of a thoughtless habit as to be unconscious it will wear watchin'. There ain't nothin' more beautiful than the principle of truth, and its highest aim is to benefit man. But when it is turned into a profession they make a sort of art of it, and from what I can gather, art as art always goes a little too far to be real."

"But you wouldn't teach a son to lie?" said Brizintine.

"No, but I would teach him truth so sly as to make him believe it was born in him. One bit of inherent virtue is better than a hundred virtues acquired. The constitution we are born with will stand more strain than the one we build up. You can fatten a razorback flog, meebly, just the same as a Berkshire, but give him a chance and he will run off his fat, because he was born that way. But keep on fattenin' razorbacks, and after several generations they will lose their disposition to run wild. Gettin' back to truth, it ought to be an unconscious quality, like a healthy organ in the body. A man don't begin to doctor his stomach until he feels that he's got one, and truth that needs medicine ain't of the best sort. You know what the Son of Man said when they asked him if he would pay tribute to Caesar. He didn't say yes or no, but he gave 'em a beautiful figure. A blunt truth would not have been any truer and not half so wise."

"But, Uncle Lim," said a young fellow, "how about a 'possum dog that barks up the wrong tree jest to encourage a feller?"

"My son," replied old Limuel, "I've been talkin' about men and not dogs." (Copyright, by Opie Read.)

### New York's 212 Banks.

Twenty years ago the fact was made much of that New York boasted of 100 banks and trust companies. To-day however, we find that the greater city has no less than 212 institutions of this character.

When we add in the branches we make a total of 326 different banking organizations or places where deposit accounts are opened and the different branches of the banking business carried on.

Of the total of 212 actual institutions 44 are national banks, 61 are state banks, 52 savings banks and 55 trust companies. It is unnecessary to say that the capital and deposits of the 44 national banks overtop the same items in all the other classes of institutions.—Moody's Magazine.

### For and Against Suffrage Cause.

Marie Corelli continues to write and speak against "votes for women," in England, while Beatrice Harraden is busy traveling from place to place giving readings from "Ships that Pass in the Night" and her other books to raise money to help the suffrage cause. It is said that Miss Corelli has refused to meet Miss Harraden in debate, saying she didn't care to make a spectacle of herself.

### The Diet Craze.

There seems to be a growing belief that our mental as well as our physical health depends entirely on our diet. People want to explain everything by what they eat or drink. It is a craze, and, like all crazes, it has no serious foundation. The secret of health remains what it ever has been—viz., general moderation and rational exercise.—Barcelona Gazet Medica.

### He Was Prepared.

The lawyer was doing a cross-examining stunt. "Now, sir," he said to the witness, "tell the court how far you were from the accused when he fired the shot." "Thirteen feet, seven and three-quarters inches," answered the witness. "Oh, come, now," said the lawyer, "how can you tell to the fraction of an inch?" "I knew some fool would ask me," replied the other, "so I measured it."

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