

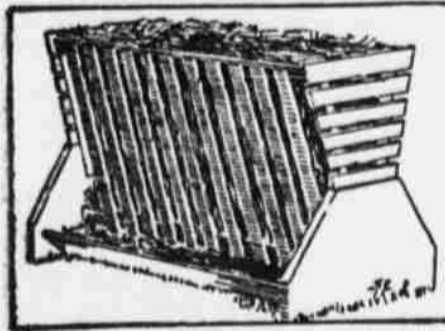


SOWS NEED GOOD ATTENTION

Neglect at Farrowing Time Will Eat Up All Profits Made in Year—Feed is Important Problem.

(By H. M. COTTRELL.)
Give the sow all the water she wants for the first 24 hours after the pigs are born, but no grain. Take the chill off the water in cold weather. For three or four days after the first 24 hours, give plenty of water, but feed grain and milk sparingly. Then slowly increase until, when the pigs are three weeks old, the sow is having all the feed she will consume. Give the pigs exercise and sunshine from birth, but do not allow them to get damp nor to be exposed to the wind.
When the sow is given a warm, rich slop, or other milk-producing feeds just after her pigs are born, a strong milk flow is forced. The newborn pigs get too much and have diarrhea, which often kills them. They cannot take all the milk, and the sow's udder becomes inflamed and caked. When the pigs suckle the pain becomes so intense that in desperation she jumps up, kills and eats them.

The profits for a whole year can be thrown away in a few hours by a little neglect at farrowing time. An investigation in one of the chief hog-producing sections showed that the farm-



Neuhage Self-Feeder for Swine—Rack of This Kind is Handy and Prevents Waste.

ers were losing from one-third to two-thirds of the pigs that were born alive. Last year a man with 14 sows raised to weaning time only 15 pigs, while his neighbor, who used less feed, but spent every hour with his sows during the farrowing time, raised an average of over eight pigs to a litter from a large herd of sows.

An Automobile Thanksgiving
By Kate Upson Clark

"I HATE 'em!" good old Deacon Phipps was in the habit of saying, whenever he saw an automobile. From the first moment the new invention appeared, scaring his steady old horses almost to death, and breaking up one of his best farm wagons, Deacon Phipps had no patience with any kind of a motor vehicle.

As time went on, and many of his neighbors bought automobiles, his horses became wonted to them and turned never a hair when they whizzed by; but the good deacon did not relent. Whenever one passed him on the road, throwing, perhaps, a shower of dust or mud upon his modest carriage, and leaving behind it a trail of ill-odor, he would mutter (under his breath) words which no good deacon should ever, ever use.

The deacon and his wife grew old, and their six children all married, excepting Rhoda, the youngest, who stayed at home to take care of them. The four sons were prosperous, and the older daughter had married a very rich man and lived one hundred or more miles away. Two sons had become farmers and lived quite near. One was a merchant in a large town perhaps fifty miles distant. The fourth one was a minister, settled in the same town with the merchant brother. To the infinite disgust of Deacon Phipps, all of these sons, excepting the minister, owned automobiles, and Thomas, the merchant, actually sported three or four. When his father found this out, he came almost to the point of breaking off relations with Thomas.

In the old days, the family had used to gather on the day before Thanksgiving, and the large, airy chambers of the ample Phipps homestead could accommodate them all. Now the children and the grandchildren had increased in number until such gatherings were no longer possible. The uncles and aunts had died or had become infirm. There had been some pretty lonely Thanksgivings at the hospitable Phipps farm.

It was during the week before the great day that Deacon Phipps was sitting before the open fire in his big, comfortable sitting-room, and pondering over this melancholy fact.

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"Tain't right," he grumbled to his gentle wife, who sat smiling beside him. "Tain't right to have families scattered so at Thanksgiving. I wish we could get our folks all together, Susan, just once more. Here you an' I are vergin' onto eighty, an' we hain't had our folks all together, for goin' on ten year now. Here's this great house, dinin' room fit to seat thirty, an' this room to spill over into for as many more, and countin' Sister Judy an' Brother Ben, all the sister an' brother we've got left, bless 'em!—except Betty, an' she's tied to the house by her broken hip, an' always will be, it's likely—all put together they only count up forty-one, but we can't get 'em together."

"Well," he mused on, "we'll try to get a dozen or so of 'em an' call it a family party, but you an' I an' Rhody, an' the help are strong an' hearty, an' could take care of 'em all, if they would only come. But I don't see any way."

"No, there isn't any way," sighed his good wife, "but you hadn't oughter complain. Silas, you've got a sight o' blessin's, an' we'd oughter think o' those we've got an' not hanker after those we can't have." Which was good doctrine, though it could not quite stop the deacon's grumbling.

Miss Rhoda Phipps was quite equal to the task of taking care of the old people. A strong woman helped her in the kitchen, and there were neighbors near by who were ready to do extra work. Job, the good middle-aged man who had taken care of the horses for many a year, was no mean hand at household as well as stable service, and at this special Thanksgiving season Miss Rhoda kept them all busy until the pantries were piled thick, with dainties. Mrs. Phipps thought that there was too much food prepared.

"Why, Rhoda, what do we want with twenty apple pies and six turkeys and ten chicken pies and a gallon of cranberry sauce?" she cried.



Deacon Phipps Was Restlessly Peering Up the Road.

"We never in the world can eat them up before they spill! As near as I can make out, there are only about ten coming, anyway."

But Miss Rhoda said she "would risk it," and laughed her mother back to her post beside the fire.

By ten o'clock Thanksgiving morning the whole farmhouse was in speckless order. Aunt Judy and Uncle Ben had promised to come early, and so had son John and his family. Deacon Phipps was restlessly peering up the road, long before the proper time, and Mrs. Phipps was almost as impatient as he.

Presently over the brow of the hill came a great touring car. The deacon scowled, but as he heard, first the sweet Gabriel horn, and then the rough roar of the Klaxon, his face relaxed a little. "Who were in the car? It was not the family of son John. Surely it was Thomas and his minister brother, with several members of their families, and Mrs. Phipps fairly cried with joy as she saw them.

"There is another load just behind us," they shouted, as they drew up before the door.

"Another load!" There were half a dozen loads before the final toll was taken, and when two strong, big Phipps sons lifted out from one of the cushioned limousines poor, lame old Aunt Betty, who could not have dreamed of coming in anything except such a softly padded vehicle, the tears were dropping all over Mother Phipps' best white lace-jabot.

Such a Thanksgiving! Every single one of the Phipps children and grandchildren was there! The good deacon's voice trembled with joy as he asked the blessing, and poured out his thanks before God.

"But you know, father," said Thomas Phipps, slyly, "there are several of us who couldn't possibly have come if it hadn't been for those automobiles that you hate so."

The deacon abommed, and bristled a little, but in the face of the loud merriment which greeted this perfectly true reminder, his few rather growling remarks could not be heard.

"You know there really isn't much danger from automobiles nowadays, father," proceeded Thomas Phipps diplomatically. "The chauffeurs are better taught than they used to be, the machines can be stopped more—"

(Continued on another page)