

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Kill all sick fowls.
Keep the chicks at work.
Be regular with the milking.
Get out the blankets and use them.
The draft horse is always in demand.
A well-fed, well-nourished ewe will shear a heavy fleece.
Grade cows with good production records are nothing to be ashamed of.
Hogs often have sore throat, quinsy, etc., from exposure to drafts and cold.
If your pigs squeal they are either cold, hungry or uncomfortable in some way.
Isn't the first month of the year a first-rate time to begin testing the cows?
Feed the heifers so they will keep on milking and form the habit of persistency.
Dish water and hotel slops are about equal to south wind and sea water as swine feed.
A cow lying on a bare floor cannot be expected to make much of a show in the dairy.
Every man who handles horses should have the fundamental gift of common sense.
Keep your separator and milk house clean. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
Do not let the flock rush through narrow doors. You may lose both ewe and lamb in that way.
If you have a horse which the women and children can drive safely, think twice before you sell it.
Clean up the yard and farmstead generally. Plan to set out a few more ornamental trees and plants.
Land which receives the same treatment year after year rapidly depreciates in its crop-producing power.
This winter will again find the cream can the meal ticket on many a western farm—that and the egg basket.
Sudden fright and excitement at once tells on the egg crop. Never allow strange dogs about where the hens are.
Do not forget to salt the horse once a week; or, better still, keep salt always before him. He knows best how much he needs.
The dairy farmer who has a good bunch of hogs to eat up his by-products on the farm is sure to make money in the deal.
In hot weather or in drawing heavy loads, watch your horse's breathing. If he breathes hard, or short and quick, it is time to stop.
The implement dealer's best friend is the farmer who houses his farm machines at the side of a barb wire fence or under the shade of a leafless tree.
Butter or cream may be hauled to market at less expense than any other farm crop. And you are selling less fertility off the farm than with any other crop.
Remember that vigor and good digestion are more necessary to egg production than the exact color of the feathers, though it is possible to have both in the same bird.
Because of the fact that the weather is cold, do not neglect giving the hens all the fresh water they can drink. It should be slightly warmed to keep it from freezing up at once.
Forcing a cow for a short period cannot always be accepted as the legitimate measure of her capacity of any breed, no matter how well authenticated any great performance may be.
The most profitable method of starting tomato plants is to sow the seeds in dirt bands in the hotbed, and shift the plants to the field at setting time with the dirt band and soil intact.
It takes about the same amount of dry matter to make a pound of butter as a pound of beef. Beef may sell for \$5.50 per hundred and butter for \$20. The latter leaves more fertility on the farm.
Some of the most interesting parts of the papers that are published nowadays are the advertisements. There is no reason why a person should skip these; in fact, some writers say that they judge a magazine by the advertising it carries.
If you have a heifer making udder and one of her quarters is not filling out properly, rub that quarter daily knead and roll it between your hands. A liniment of lard and alcohol may be applied and well rubbed in, but rely mainly upon the rubbing.
There is very little possibility of going wrong in the hog business. The man who has a few good hogs to use his skim-milk and to eat up part of the corn that has not been put in the silo is sure to market both of these commodities at a high price.

Improved during the last twenty years. Until the sheepmen of the west became recognized as specialists in mutton production, treacherous fluctuations were matters of almost daily occurrence. There are records of declines of fifty cents per hundredweight in prices within an hour. The large western shipper was obliged to forestall such ruinous conditions. This was done by establishing feeding stations on the railway lines tributary to Chicago from the west. Most of these are owned and controlled by the railroad companies. The large shipper consigns his sheep to some one of these feeding stations and then awaits the advice of his commission firm as to the number of sheep and the time he shall send them to market.
A shipment of say twenty thousand sheep is thus distributed over a period of a week or ten days instead of all being dumped on the market on the same day. Since from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of the sheep reaching Chicago market are sent first to the feeding stations, it can readily be seen how much they aid in preventing market glutting. The record run of sheep on the Chicago market for one day is about 60,000 and a run of 40,000 is considered very heavy, but were it not for the feeding stations it is claimed that there would frequently be days when the run would be nearer 100,000 head.

UNIFORMITY IN MARKETING THE SHEEP



An Excellent Trio.

(By W. C. COFFEY.)
If close proximity to the regions where most of the sheep are produced were the only factor in determining the best location for a market, the largest markets would be still farther west than they are, because nearly seventy-five per cent. of the sheep in the United States are west of the Mississippi river and fifty-seven per cent. are in the Rocky mountain region and west to the Pacific Coast.
Shipping facilities for getting the output of the packing houses to the consumer have an important bearing. Still another factor which has a great deal of influence is the fact that many sheep from the west are fattened in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Many of these are handled twice by the markets, first as feeders, and again as sheep intended for slaughter. When sold as feeders they go only a comparatively short distance from the market and this is a factor that equalizes the seeming disparity of the markets being too far removed from regions of heaviest production and really makes such places as Chicago and Omaha the actual centers of the sheep trade.
The great central sheep markets of today have enjoyed a very large growth during the last twenty years. The number of sheep received in Chicago being 2,857,253 more the last year than twenty years before. This growth is largely traceable to the turning of the sheep husbandry interests in the west from wool production, as a primary object, to the production of both mutton and wool, and to the rise of the sheep feeding industry. By liberal infusion of mutton blood into their flocks, and by marketing their sheep at a younger age than formerly, Western flockmasters supplanted a dry, ill-flavored mutton with a wholesome product that met with ready demand. Almost at the same time sheep feeding, became popular, and these better bred sheep of the range were also better fed. A further impetus was thus given to mutton consumption which has now reached the point in many of our cities at least, where the only check to liberal consumption is the lack of the ability to buy.
With this greatly increased activity in the production of better mutton in the west and in feed lot operations, the large markets have not only increased in volume of business but they have also improved in their organization, as may be seen in the review of conditions past and present at the Chicago market. Formerly sheep on this market were not classed and graded, but were sold in mixed bands just as they were unloaded from the cars. Often these mixed shipments were made up of all ages and sexes, in every degree of quality and condition. The volume of business was small; mutton was not much sought after, and hence the need of careful discrimination was not felt. To the commission man or the buyer this system perhaps did not offer great inconvenience. Perhaps the buyer even counted it to his advantage as he is inclined to measure the value of the whole offering by the inferior individuals in it. But to the shipper who occasionally visited the market, little opportunity was presented by such a system to determine the preference of buyers. This system gave way to one that is more orderly and definite. The day of the buyer taking "pot luck" on shipments is over. Now they are sorted into the different classes and grades and thus prepared for the inspection of the buyer. The result is a market by which the man who follows his shipments to sale may be enlightened, and from which market quotations may be made that will be of aid to those who have sheep to sell.
With respect to control of receipts so that violent fluctuations in prices do not occur within a short space of time, the Chicago market has greatly

SISTER HANNAH'S VISIT

By C. B. LEWIS.

Miss Dorothy Spencer, spinster and forty years old, lived in the outskirts of the village of Grafton. She kept a servant and a cow, had a cat and lived in a comfortable way on her income. She was neither homely nor good-looking. She had a widowed sister living in Iowa, and one day that sister arrived on a visit. Her name was Hannah, and like most other widows, she was full of business. There were things she wanted to know about almost before she had taken her bonnet off, and there was one thing in particular that she lost no time in bringing forward.
"Now, then," she said, as she got seated in the big rocking chair, "I want to know why you haven't married. It's nothing less than a burning shame that you have lived to your age without catching a husband."
"I haven't been asked," was the embarrassed reply of the sister.
"But why not?"
"I don't know."
"Then we'll find out. Haven't you kept company with anyone?"
"Yes."
"For how long?"
"Please let's not talk about it, sister. Were the Perkins family well when you left home?"
"Never you mind the Perkins family, but pay attention to this other matter. What's the name of the man you've been keeping company with?"
"It's Henry Goodheart. I don't know whether you'd call it keeping company or not. He comes Sunday and Wednesday evenings and talks for awhile."
"Twice a week, eh? And how long has he kept this up?"
"Nine years."
"Dorothy Spencer!" exclaimed Sister Hannah, as she almost sprang out of her chair. "Do you mean to tell me that a man has been dawdling around here for nine years and never said a word about marriage?"
"But he's one of the most bashful men you ever saw," protested Dorothy. "and I—"
"You are going to say you couldn't ask him to marry you. Of course you couldn't, but you could have brought him to time years ago."
"He's a very nice man, and everybody thinks so. I guess he thinks I don't want to get married to anyone."
"What business has he to think that? Of course you want to get married. Every woman does. All widows and single women are just dying to be asked. Nine long years and he has not asked for your hand! I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere, and have come on to see about it. I have been married three times in eighteen years, and I'm expecting the fourth man to come along any day. I didn't keep company with any of my husbands over six months. After that time had passed I just wanted to know what they were hanging around for. Dorothy, something has got to be done. That Goodheart, or Goodlover, or whatever his name is, has got to come to time."
"Please, Sister Hannah. If you should go to mixing in I'd be so ashamed that I'd feel like running away."
"You leave it to me, and don't worry. I'm older than you are. I've had three husbands and know how I got 'em. They were all bashful men. I shan't do anything to shame you."
It was a conspiracy of one. Neither Dorothy nor Mr. Goodheart was taken into the widow's confidence. She had been in the house three days when Sunday evening came and he showed up on his bi-weekly tour. The widow liked him. He was slow, but sturdy and honest. He didn't look nor talk love. He talked more of sunflowers and onions than he did of love. Dorothy was ill at ease, as she did not know what was coming, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer as the widow finally said:
"Mr. Goodheart, I think I shall take Dorothy back to Iowa with me when I go."
He gave a start of alarm and the red came to his face. He made no reply, however, and soon took his departure.
"How could you!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a glance of reproach, as the gate was heard to latch behind the man.
"I wanted to jar him," replied the widow. "He'll be over here within a day or two and ask you to make him happy."
"But it will look as if we were dragging him in by the hair of the head."
"Never you mind the looks. The great object is to get married."
Mr. Goodheart didn't show up till his usual Wednesday evening, however. About the time he was expected the widow was at the gate to meet him. When they had saluted each other she said:
"Mr. Goodheart, I want to ask you a question in confidence."
"Yes?"
"I understand that a sewing machine agent who comes through these parts is very much smitten on Dorothy. Is his occupation an honorable one? Do you think him the man to love and care for her? As her elder sister I feel like a guardian toward her."
Mr. Goodheart gave a start, and his hand on the gate trembled. He had to wait a minute before he could trust his voice, and then he answered that he didn't go much on sewing machine agents. The widow sighed and said it was a cold world, and the two went into the house together. Her object had been to arouse the spark of jealousy,

but after the man had stayed his usual hour and departed she could not tell whether it was a success or not. He had talked about as usual.
"Did you say anything to him out at the gate?" asked Dorothy.
"None o' your business whether I did or not. He's the woodenest man in four states, but I'll bring him to the mark. He has either got to show his hand or dust along and make room for somebody else. I imagine he'll be around tomorrow night."
"It's awful, sister—positively awful," said Dorothy, as the tears filled her eyes.
Mr. Goodheart did not make his appearance at the time expected. He was in no hurry to get up a feeling of jealousy. The widow was provoked. On Sunday evening she met him a quarter of a mile down the road and gave him more of her confidence. She confided to him the fact that Dorothy was one of the best housekeepers for a hundred miles around. She was also economical. Also loving and clinging in her disposition. Mr. Goodheart agreed to all this, but during his hour he sat and talked of chickenpox and measles and went away as placid and serene as usual. The widow had no remarks to make, but she did a heap of thinking. She knew that Mr. Goodheart would be hoing potatoes in a certain field next morning, and at nine o'clock she was there. She didn't have any time to waste.
"Mr. Goodheart," she began, "at the time I spoke to you about the sewing machine man I didn't know that you and sister were engaged. You really must excuse me. When talking with you last night I did not know that the marriage day had been set for the fourteenth of next month. I congratulate you. You will have one of the best wives in the state. I shall stay to the wedding and tender you my heartiest wishes."
The man stammered and blushed and looked around for a way to escape. There was none. The widow had run him to earth.
"Yes—just so," was all he could say, but a month later he was on hand for the wedding.
"Here only two weeks, and yet see what I have done!" said sister Hannah after the knot had been tied hard and fast. "I tell you, Dorothy, the way to get married is—to get married. I've tried it three times and ought to know."
Tradition has it that from the early garden of Gov. John Endicott in Salem, Mass., came what is now perhaps the commonest field flower in the United States. Few persons, writes Grace Tabor in "Old-Fashioned Gardening," know that the pestiferous white-weed, the jubilant, smiling daisy, is an imported exotic.
From this old dooryard garden it has danced to the music of the east wind straight across the land; up and down the meadows, through the long grass and the short grass, along every highway and every byway. Wherever man has gone it has followed gaily; often it has driven him completely out of the fields he has made. That Endicott valued the daisy enough to bring it with him to the new England from the old marks him as a man of taste, for this flower had in ancient days "found its way into the trimmest gardens; the green-swards and arbors were 'powdered' with daisies," and Chaucer wrote of it in superlatives. It is not native to England, either, however, but came from the continent, or perhaps by way of the continent from an original home still farther east, in northern Asia.—Youth's Companion.

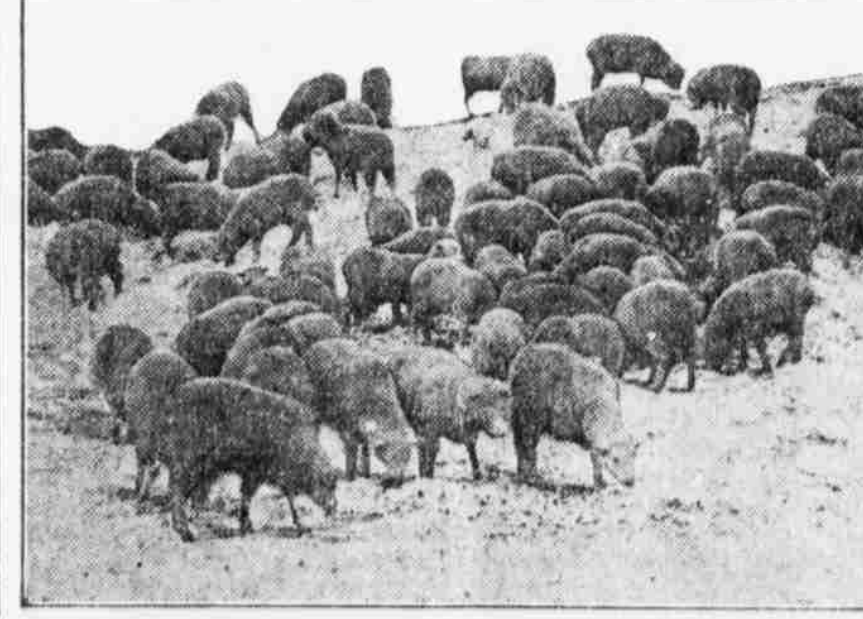
WAS AN IMPORTED EXOTIC

John Endicott Credited With Introduction of Well-Known White-Weed or Daisy.
Dr. Charles B. Colmore, the new bishop of Porto Rico, said of divorce in America:
"Oh, ours is not the only country with a rampant divorce spirit. I was talking one day to a Roumanian priest and he said that the Greek church only allowed three divorces."
"Only" mind you—those were his very words—only!
"He said he married a couple once and the bride having already been divorced twice, he said to her in a whisper at the altar:
"You'd better be careful this time. Remember, by the law of the church, this is your last chance. This time it's for keeps."
"Oh, no," said the bride, with a toss of the head; "oh, no. My first husband was my cousin, so that marriage was illegal, and consequently I have still some scope."
Fillial.
Violet found herself the other day in the company of an old schoolmate—one she hadn't seen for quite a year. There were many questions to ask.
"And, oh Daphne," said Violet, "what's become of that jolly girl that used to come to see you at Miss Prism's—the awfully young and pretty one, you know?"
"Oh, that frisky mink!" was the startling answer. "Hain't you heard? She's my mother now."
Apprehensions Aroused.
"All the Christmas presents I want are a few things for the table," said she.
"What, for instance?" asked her husband.
"Well, some oyster forks and some egg cups and a fish set and a game set and—"
"I don't mind getting you the dishes. But what's the use? We'll never be able to buy the food to fit 'em."

ANTI-HOG CHOLERA SERUM TO FARMERS

Department of Agriculture Been Endeavoring for Years to Prevent Spread of Disease.

The United States department of agriculture has been engaged continuously for more than 25 years in endeavoring to discover some method of preventing or curing hog cholera. As is now quite generally known, these experiments of the department finally resulted in the discovery of a serum that will prevent the disease when properly prepared and administered. The results of these experiments of the department of agriculture were brought to the attention of the authorities in all of the states, and as a result approximately 30 different states are engaged in the distribution of anti-hog-cholera serum to farmers.
This work has undoubtedly resulted in a great saving to the individual farmer, but it has not resulted in the eradication or noticeable diminution of the disease in the country as a whole. The department of agriculture believes that with this serum to use as a basis, a country-wide campaign, looking to the elimination or control of hog cholera should be undertaken. Congress has recognized the importance of such work by an appropriation of \$75,000. This appropriation authorizes the department of agriculture to demonstrate the best methods of controlling hog cholera and the work thus authorized has already begun, although, owing to the small amount of money available, it is necessarily restricted to a few localities.
Millet May Not a Safe Feed.
As a result of extensive investigations, the North Dakota experiment station decided that millet hay when used entirely as a coarse feed is injurious to horses. It produces an increased action of the kidneys, causes lameness and a swelling of the joints, produces an infusion of blood into the joints, and destroys the texture of the bone, rendering it softer and less tenacious so that traction causes the ligaments and muscles to be torn loose.



Hustling for Feed During Winter.