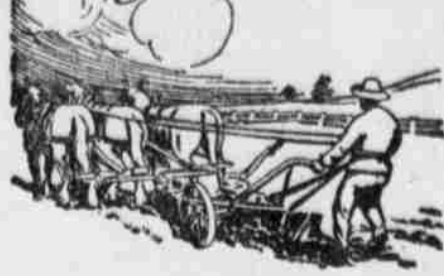


NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Blanket your horse.

Keep the grit box filled.

Pack hatching eggs carefully.

Japan is encouraging the fruit growing industry.

Herbs are in demand at hotels and restaurants for dressing.

Get the hotbed sash and frames ready. It will soon be time to use them.

Cabbage is comparatively easy to grow, and produces an enormous acre tonnage.

Don't wait until you are ready to set the incubator to see that it is in good condition.

Norway spruce, Scotch and Austrian pine, planted about 15 feet apart, make excellent wind breaks.

Don't let the horse stand without a blanket, while you are chatting with a friend in the post office.

Plant sunflowers along the edges of the poultry yards for shade in summer and feed in fall and winter.

A scrub hen is not worth much, but she is as good as any for the man who will not give his flock good care.

The decay of manure or any organic matter is due entirely to the action of bacteria and other low forms of plant life.

Spraying, or the lack of it, is the balance on which hangs success or failure in the management of a large orchard.

The bud moth which works in the swelling buds and destroys them can be controlled by an early spray of arsenate of lead.

Nothing pays on a farm better than kindness, and the lack of it is a constant, though invisible, drain on the pocketbook.

For early hatches it is best to give not more than eleven eggs to a hen, or those on the outer edge may become exposed and chilled.

Keep all plants clean, to avoid trouble with the red spider and other pests. Spray or sprinkle the foliage once a week if possible.

Never compel hogs to sleep in straw stacks, manure piles or any place where they will come out steaming and sneezing in the morning.

Too much water in the soil makes it impossible for the bacteria to carry on the work they find to do, and such soils are unproductive of agricultural crops.

Too many men do not realize the importance of careful and correct pruning. Find an expert orchardist and work with him to gain the proper experience.

No other farm animal requires so much kindness as the dairy cow. Handling the heifer in a roughshod manner is an excellent way to make an unruly, nervous cow.

There never was a time in the history of agriculture when the subject aroused as much interest as it does at the present time. It gets into the blood and will not down.

The "earth" cellar or outside cellar usually gives better conditions for the storing of vegetables than does the house cellar. Such cellars are easily built of cement, and last forever.

The appearance of the grape root-worm in any vineyard should be the signal for the owner to be up and in arms against the invader, as no other insect has done as much damage to grapes.

It is of course possible to keep drilled corn free of foreign grass in the rows but a hundred-mile drive any summer will not find more of such fields than one may count on the fingers of one hand.

The barnyard and the hogyard should be well drained and if possible they should be paved with some good material that will keep the stock out of the mud. One of the best barnyards I ever saw was paved with concrete and carefully drained to a cistern so that all of the liquid manure was saved.

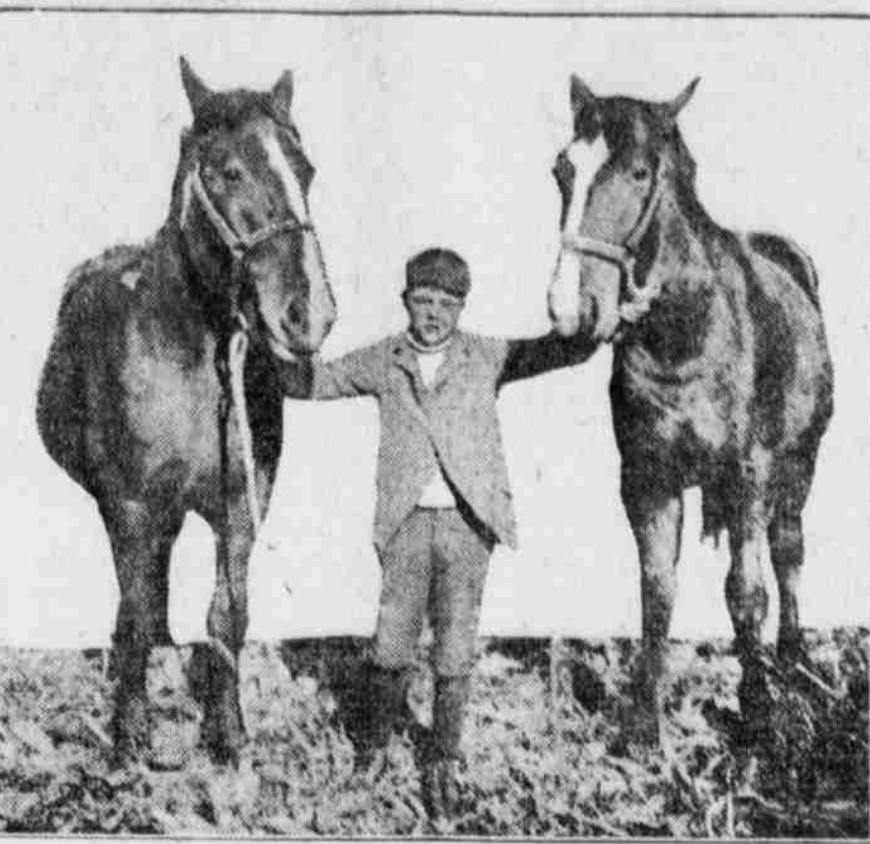
Threshed oats are fine for fowls, if fed intelligently. They will sometimes produce crop-bound, if fed too freely when first fed. Almost any dry bulky ration will produce crop-bound when fed in large quantity. However, oats are a very valuable ration for fowls, but we would prefer to feed it alternately with a mash food made of pure wheat bran, hominy feed and shorts.

A very important thing for the fruit man to know is that the honey bee is his friend and cuts a large figure when it comes to the matter of fertilizing the blossoms. Beekeepers and fruit growers should therefore work together.

Professor Stewart of the Pennsylvania experiment station holds that from the standpoint of the trees the least harmful are tilled leguminous intercrops, such as peas and beans, on account of their favorable nitrogen and moisture rations.

It is no longer necessary to separate the sheep from the goats, because in many of the western markets choice, juicy lamb chops come from fat little Angoras and it is said nobody can tell the difference after they have been served on the table.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TREATING THE COLTS



Fine Work Team, Gentle and Strong.

Some breeders are bold enough to castrate their own animals, still more employ a man who makes a living as a gelder, but does not pretend to be a veterinary surgeon. The danger in castration is in rupture.

So long as the testicles are in the purse, and their cords are occupying to a great extent the orifices in the belly the obstruction into the scrotum of a small knuckle of intestine may be overlooked unless a very careful examination is made; indeed it may then escape the intending operator's notice, if the colt has been well fastened and placed upon his back, remaining there for a minute or two, as during this time the small portion of gut will often slip back into the abdomen.

For this, among other reasons, an old hand will prefer to have the animal on his side while making an examination. Some will squeeze the larynx to make the animal cough by way of a test. If another person does the squeezing (as for wind patients of adults), the castrator's fingers upon the cords of the testicles will tell him of a bulge and he will then exercise special precautions.

It is far better to let the colt get up again and sacrifice the time than to proceed without all necessary appliances. Ruptured colts should never be entrusted to gelders without anatomical knowledge, or not possessing a reputation for operating upon such cases.

The animal should be prepared by long fasting, placed upon his back, rendered limp by the inhalation of chloroform, and the testicles removed while the horse is insensible and unlikely to struggle.

The veterinary surgeon may choose to put in two or more stitches of soluble material across the orifice now no longer partly occupied by the cord.

If his hands and all things used by him have been rendered antiseptic this will probably be the best plan. There will be just enough adhesive inflammation set up by the sutures to

make a plug and stop the escape of the gut afterwards. The suturing material itself will be dissolved and absorbed in a few days.

This suturing material is at once a great gift to the surgeon and a danger if he trusts it too much. It may be absorbed in forty-eight hours before sufficient or sufficiently strong plastic material has been thrown out to guard the entrance to the abdomen, or exit for the bowels as we fear it might prove.

A further precaution may therefore be taken by putting a few stitches of insoluble silk through the empty purse rather close up to the belly. This should be well saturated with an antiseptic as we do not want a formation of pus, although we may have to leave it for three days or more, if the subsequent swelling outside the belly does not satisfy us that it is safe to remove these outside stitches.

Unless any foreign substance has gone in while operating, there is apparently little danger of peritonitis or other ill results. There are other methods of operation the details of which more concern the practicing veterinary surgeon than the horse breeder, who should neither attempt the performance himself nor let another whom he cannot fully trust.

It is to put our readers on their guard against the reckless assumption that every colt is normal, and that no such precautions need be taken that we offer these suggestions, there being no use in idle regrets when an hour after castration a colt is found with his bowels hanging out and beyond assistance.

One may say that such cases have been successfully dealt with, but the delay is nearly always fatal. If the animal can be secured and the bowel held up by a sheet saturated with a disinfectant until the veterinary surgeon arrives, it may be possible to return that portion of intestine and retain it while anticipating subsequent inflammatory troubles by proper treatment.

GOOD TREATMENT OF ANIMAL WOUNDS

Few Injuries Are Materially Benefited Unless Treated by Professionals.

By DR. M. H. REYNOLDS, V. S.

Various preparations of turpentine, alcohol, vinegar, carbolic acid, irritating oils, and even mineral acids are frequently used in the treatment of animal wounds and then because the patient recovers in spite of barbarous treatment, people erroneously conclude that the medicine cured.

Bleeding can usually be checked quite easily. If the blood is from a large number of small vessels, hemorrhage can be checked and finally stopped by the means of ice and by very hot or very cold water, or the wound may be packed in clean cotton or oakum and tightly bandaged.

In case a large blood vessel is severed the artery may be secured by means of small forceps or even a hook made by bending a pin or piece of wire.

In some cases hemorrhage can be easily controlled by a tight bandage placed above or below the wound. If the blood flows in a steady stream the bandage should be on the side farthest from the heart.

If it flows in jets the bandage should be tied between the wound and the heart.

Comparatively few wounds are materially benefited by sewing, bandaging or washing except in professional hands.

If the wound is made lengthwise of the muscle there may be considerable advantage in holding the sides together by sewing. No special form of needle or thread is necessary except that both should be clean and the latter should be of a reasonable size. A darning needle and ordinary cotton thread will do very well in an emergency.

If the wound is made across the muscle and gapes widely it is usually unwise to sew, for the stitches will cut out in a few days and make the scar much worse than if it had been

left alone. Occasionally a wound is such that the edges can be held together by means of bandages. If this can be done there may be considerable advantage in doing so, but these wounds are rare. Bandages should be changed frequently and the wound kept clean.

Maggots may be prevented in small wounds by smearing the following mixture around the border. Turpentine, one part; tar, three parts; fish oil, two parts.

If a wound becomes infested with maggots, use chloroform by spraying or sprinkling the parts by throwing it from a sponge.

FEW TIMELY HINTS FOR POULTRY YARD

Pleasure and Profit Found in Fowls When Rightly Fed and Sheltered.

Rightly bred, rightly fed, warmly and cleanly housed, the fowls at Snow-Bird poultry yards are a never failing source of pleasure and profit.

The ground feed if compounded at home was composed of one scoopful of wheat bran to one of chopped corn and oats equally halved.

Vegetables were substituted for the summertime green food. Cabbage hung by the roots within easy reach, mangel-wurzels split in half then impaled on spikes so the biddies might pick the flesh from the outer covering in a cleanly manner, with added succulence in the form of chopped onions and uncooked potatoes together with clover-chaff and dried leaves as scratch material and roughage, minimized the grain bill and kept the fowls comfortable, vigorous, productive.

Meat was either ground green bone or beef meal. If the former, one-half ounce to the fowl daily, if the latter, it was hopper fed, they eating as much as desired and whenever inclined to.

A tri-weekly cleaning of drop boards; a weekly spraying of perches; a semi-annual house cleaning, together with the usage of effective insecticides kept down the vermin.

BEATING THEM TO IT

By J. P. ORTH.

With an open letter in his hand, just received by rural delivery, Captain Sholto, retired, walked straight up to Judge Disbrow, late of the bench, and said:

"Judge, you are a swindler, sir."

"And you are a rascal, sir!" was the prompt reply.

"You are a liar, sir!"

"And you are a coward, sir!"

"I challenge you to meet me on the field, sir!"

"And I cheerfully accept, sir!"

Both men were over sixty years old; both were of good character and their country grounds adjoined.

The duel would have been fought had they been able to find seconds. They realized what the law would do to all participants.

Two old men who have been neighbors for fifteen years don't call names all of a sudden. While they had been neighbors and had daily association, there was a suppressed ill-feeling. Captain Sholto was the last comer. When he had his land surveyed it was found that the judge had eight inches of his real estate. The judge said that the surveyor was a dunder-head, and that he would have a new survey, but he had never brought it about.

Later on the captain had built a barn which the judge claimed rested upon his land by several inches. The captain was to call in a surveyor, but had procrastinated.

The captain had chickens.

The judge had a dog.

The judge had a colored cook.

The captain had an Irish gardener.

The captain had a daughter, and the judge had a son, and until they were old enough to be sent away to school they were always quarreling and making up. But the outbreak had come at last, and that from a peaceful sky. The two old men had been sitting and smoking their pipes together when the captain remarked:

"By the way, Judge, some one was telling me that you owned Plum Island, over on the sound."

"I do, judge."

"How large is it?"

"Thirty acres."

"Good fishing there?"

"The very best, and shooting, too."

"Must be a good place to pass a month with a little party?"

"I've tried it and know."

"What's your price?"

"Not a cent less than \$2,000."

"Well, have the deed made out tomorrow and I'll hand you a check."

Four days after Captain Sholto had become the owner of Plum Island that letter came. It was from a fisherman who knew him, and who wrote:

"Tell Judge Disbrow that the late great storm washed away half of Plum Island."

The captain gasped for breath. He had just bought Plum Island and paid a good price for it! Did the judge know what the storm had done when he made the sale?

"He did, the old idiot—he did!" was exclaimed. "He had heard the news and wanted to stick me! Half my island gone! A clear thousand dollar swindle! The miserable swindler shall pass the rest of his days behind the bars!"

And the Son of Mars rushed to the combat.

At eighteen years of age Miss Gladys Sholto was a student at Fairport seminary. At twenty years of age Royal Disbrow was a student at Fairport college. There had been something of an antagonistic feeling between them as each was bound to support the contention of the parent, but this had never flamed up. The day after the row over Plum Island the captain wrote to his daughter:

"I have at last discovered what an unwhom scoundrel Judge Disbrow is, and I forbid you to notice his son in any manner. Cut him cold and dead if he dares to bow to you!"

And the judge wrote to his son:

"Captain Sholto has finally revealed himself in his true colors. Avoid his daughter at all costs. Will write particulars later."

The schools were a mile apart, and the students met only on the streets of the village. The two in question had not met for a month when their respective letters came.

"How silly!" was the comment of each after reading the missive; and they straightway started out to hunt each other up. By luck they met at the post office.

"I shall pay no attention to what father says," observed Miss Gladys as they talked the matter over.

"And I shall not let it affect me in the least," replied the young man.

"They have no right to demand that we break our friendship because they have a quarrel."

"Certainly not."

Until that moment neither had thought to apply the term friendship to their relations. Their attitudes had been respectful but indifferent. Now all at once there came a bond between them. They looked at each other with different eyes; they thought of each other in a different way. When they went home on their summer vacation they refused to take up the quarrel, but they began to do things. Miss Gladys wrote a letter the answer to which she smilingly showed her father:

"Some months ago," it read, "a good half of Plum Island was washed away in a big storm. Two weeks ago we had another terrific gale, and lo, it not only restored the island, but added five acres to it! Tell your father I can find him a customer at \$3,000."

The judge had to go up to the city for a couple of days, and his son secured the services of a competent surveyor.

The judge hadn't eight inches of the Sholto land. He hadn't within half an inch of what his deed called for.

The captain's barn did not rest upon the judge's land, but was within his own line by an inch.

"Father has got to build a runway and keep the chickens shut up," said Gladys.

"And our dog has got so old that we expect to find him dead any morning," added young Disbrow.

"Our cook has got to amend her conduct or she must go."

"Lotto our gardener."

To bring about a reconciliation looked as easy as pie, but it proved anything but that.

"He called me a swindler!" exclaimed the judge.

"He called me a rascal!" exclaimed the captain.

"He called me a liar!"

"He called me a coward!"

Both old men saw that they were in the wrong, and both felt ashamed of it, but what was to be done? Some one must make the first advance.

"Never in this world!" exclaimed the captain.

"I'd be devoured by wolves first!"

Things might have hung on this way for goodness knows how long had not fate taken a hand. One afternoon Miss Gladys and Royal stole away to the grove. The girl wanted the wings of a red bird to trim a hat, and he brought along a gun loaded with birdshot.

At about the same hour the captain awoke from his nap and decided to saunter over into an old pasture in search of blackberries.

Ten minutes later the judge awoke from his nap and decided to do the same thing.

There were blackberries there. There was also something else there that in no wise resembled a blackberry. It had horns and four legs. It had a bellow. It had a desire to take human life.

The captain and the judge had not seen each other yet when the bull saw them. There was just one tree to save their lives, and both sought it. They were not Alpine climbers, those old, old men, but the way they made the bark fly as they went up that tree almost stopped the bull in his tracks.

And for the next half hour the bull raged beneath and the two men cussed above. Each cussed to himself and each cussed heartily. And then the young folks were seen returning from their red bird excursion. They had been to the grove and a mile beyond. They had visited for a few minutes with a nice man and wife, and both the nice man and his wife had kissed Miss Gladys and shaken hands with Royal as they came away.

There was bellowing and shouting.

"There was pawing and beckoning."

"Why, it's our fathers up a tree!" was exclaimed in chorus.

"And a bull has driven them there!"

The situation was realized at once, and Royal crept to a position where the birdshot would do its duty and fired and the bull went off on the gallop. The old men had barely reached the ground when they clasped hands and apologized; and a minute later one was saying to Royal:

"You can take her, young man, with my full consent!"

And the other to the girl:

"I shall be proud of you as my daughter-in-law!"

"But you see," said the young man as he took Gladys's hand, "we didn't know how long the quarrel would last, and so while hunting for red birds we hunted for a justice of the peace, and—found one!"

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CREATOR NEVER OWNS MASTER

Yields to Inspiration, But Rarely is Certain What Form His Completed Work Will Take.

The creative impulse does not itself know the next step it will take, or the next form that will arise, any more than the creative artist determines beforehand all the thoughts and forms his inventive genius will bring forth. He has the impulse or the inspiration to do a certain thing, to let himself go in a certain direction, but just the precise form his creation will take is as unknown to him as to you and me. Some stubbornness or obduracy in his material, or some accident of time or place, may make it quite different from what he had hoped or vaguely planned. He does not know what thought or incident or character he is looking for till he has found it, till it has risen above his mental horizon. So far as he is inspired, so far as he is spontaneous, just so far is the world with which he deals plastic and fluid and indeterminate and ready to take any form his medium of expression—words, colors, tones—affords him. He may surprise himself, excel himself; he has surrendered himself to a power beyond the control of his will or knowledge.—John Burroughs, in the Atlantic.

Not Guilty.

The man had been accused of committing an annoyance by flashing a mirror in the eyes of passersby.

"You are quite mistaken," he said to the big policeman. "I haven't any mirror. What these people saw was the reflection of my shining serge coat—I'm a married man and the coat is four years old."

And, turning hastily, he threw the dazzling reflection from his back and elbows into the policeman's dazzled eyes. And by the time the officer recovered he was well on his way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.