

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



Whitewash the stables.
 Try some pie melons for the stock.
 The Tamworth is a leading bacon breed.
 Corn silage is a more efficient feed than corn fodder.
 No horse will bring his full value in a sale if he is in poor condition.
 Keep the hogs in good condition—a stitch in time often saves nine.
 It is seldom that both horses in a pair require just the same amount of feed.
 Crowded houses are sure to become damp, and hens will not lay when crowded.
 Remove the barrow teeth and have them sharpened before the time comes for its use.
 Mulch cucumbers with any kind of old hay or straw. They stand dry weather better.
 If there is a runt pig, give it extra feed and care. If it does not respond, kill and bury it.
 Watering the cows once a day with a hurried sip won't do. They need all they can get.
 Increase the grain ration of the ewe gradually as the lamb becomes able to take more milk.
 If you can't set your hens on the ground, put a square of sod in the nest and moisten it occasionally.
 It is said that a good remedy for chickens that eat eggs is to feed them wheat bran soaked in vinegar.
 As soon as possible teach the lamb to eat extra grain in a side pen to push his growth to the limit.
 It is not generally known how much fertilizer a crop of apples, pears, or grapes will remove from the soil.
 You cannot expect a cow to give large quantities of milk unless she has plenty of feed and quantities of water.
 To keep potatoes from running out by continued planting of small ones, plant a patch for seed outside of the main crop.
 When the succulent silage runs out, something must be provided to take its place, or there will be a falling off in production.
 The heifer that is about to calve for the first time needs special care and attention if she is to develop into the best sort of a cow.
 Never breed to an unsound horse. Enough colts meet with accidents and mishaps that blemish them without breeding unsoundness.
 There are too few good colts raised on the farms. This should not be. Don't leave this important industry to the horse breeders alone.
 When confined in stables which at best is an unnatural condition for colts they should not be compelled to stand upon a hard floor of any kind.
 Fowls should be as humanely treated as possible and should never be unnecessarily frightened. Contentment materially aids egg production.
 Raise watermelons and muskmelons in the sweet potato patch, and the neighbor's boys will not molest them because they will not look there.
 Before you rid the dairy herd of the "robber cow" make sure that she is having a fair show by being supplied with the proper rations, care and shelter.
 The hen that is off the roost first in the morning and the rooster that crows often and loudly are of the kind that should be used for breeding stock.
 Better marketing means more profit for those who produce, cheaper foods for those who must buy and more money in the country for all lines of legitimate business.
 If the old hen does the incubating on your farm, don't be in a hurry to oust her off the nest when the eggs are hatching. Give her a chance to finish up her job in good shape.
 While coarse manure hauled out and spread in the spring may not greatly benefit the crop of that year it is better hauled out at any time than left to leach and burn in the barnyard.
 High tempered, sensitive horses are more easily spoiled by too much talking than slow and quiet horses, but the too frequent use of the tongue is to be omitted when handling either kind.
 Don't forget that the setting hen must be kept free from lice by frequently filling her plumage full of lice-killing powder or she will not set well and, therefore, will not produce a good hatch.
 Fertility may be restored to worn-out land by saving all animal manures and putting them onto the land; by making use of all crop residues that is, putting back into the soil everything not used for food; by turning under green manuring and catch crops.
 Farm ponds should not be built in the winter or spring. They should be made in the summer or fall.
 Poor policy to feed chickens after they are big enough for market. Every day counts a bit off your profits.
 Prepare to market this season's output from the dairy in a more attractive manner than ever before.
 To a very considerable extent success or failure with swine growing centers in the first six weeks of the pig's life.
 Fowls need grain food, vegetable food, meat food and grit, and the daily ration should comprise some of each.
 When taking chicks from nest or incubator do not put them on ground that has been ranged by other chicks that season.
 The hen that lays soft-shelled eggs is not to blame. She needs more shell-making material, that is all, and you must supply it.
 Tobacco stems spread on the lawn and flower garden is an insect destroyer and it proves an excellent mulch when worked into the soil.
 Sheep manure is one of the best farm manures. It contains a large percentage of nitrogen and a portion of phosphoric acid and potash.
 Because hogs are thin and have large frames it does not always follow that they will feed well. Their previous treatment is an important factor.
 Do not try to dry the calf by rubbing it with hay or straw. Allow the cow to dry it with her rough, warm tongue. She likes to do it, and it is nature's way.
 Never feed more than hogs will eat up freely. Many farmers do not practise this, but keep a quantity of uneaten food lying about the lot at all times.
 The maintenance of fertility on sandy soils requires a supply of the mineral elements, phosphorus and potassium and of organic matter, including nitrogen.
 Keep a good, deep, dry bed under the horse while he is in the stable, day or night, on Sundays especially. The more he lies down the longer his legs and feet will last.
 The efforts to maintain worthless dogs and thoroughbred sheep in the same township invariably end in the elimination of the sheep, and then nobody wants the dogs.
 If a cow is not paying a profit, why keep it? You wouldn't work for nothing for any one else, so why work for a worthless cow? Test the cows and find which are the star boarders.
 Modern farming, like modern manufacturing, is on a highly competitive basis. We must keep up with the times to make a profit, and the man who makes the greatest profit is the man ahead of the times.
 It reduces the labor greatly and improves the results if each setting hen has a nest and little runway to herself, where she can get off and exercise and eat and drink whenever she feels like it and go back on the nest of her own accord, without interference from other hens.

VALUE OF FORAGE CROPS FOR PIGS



Don't Select a Heavy, Lazy Sow for a Breeder. She Should Be Mild in Disposition, but Possessed of Sufficient Energy to Take Exercise. This is a Fine Type of Sow.

Farmers and pig raisers do not always appreciate the value of green feeds and succulent pastures for their animals. Too often the hog is considered a scavenger and his ability to use waste is regarded as his chief value. However well he serves this purpose, he will pay well for good care, feed and housing.
 Forage crops are especially beneficial to young growing animals. It is possible to grow them much more profitably and successfully when a good green field of palatable and nutritious pasturage is provided. Experiments and practical farmers' experiences prove that gains in weight are made at less cost on forage than in the dry lot. Brood sows can be carried through the season on pasture at less cost than when grain fields are entirely depended upon. Foraging induces the animal to exercise and obtain fresh air, and these prevent diseases being contracted, and when the animals are put in the fattening pen their gains are unusually rapid and profitable. The green feeds eaten are of much value just to keep the pig's digestive system in good condition and the appetite keen.
 The entire hog herd can be run on forage crops and will profit by this method of management. Younger animals seem to derive the most benefit, and fattening hogs the least. Herd sows and the herd boar are benefited by having green feeds. It is a good plan to have the brood sow running on green pasture at farrowing time, as this is conducive to a strong, healthy litter of pigs. She should be kept on green forage from the time she farrows. The young pigs will soon learn to eat, and the exercise and the green food in its natural state will start them along in good condition and tend to keep them so.
 The method of feeding when on pasture will necessarily vary according to the kind of crop used. If the crop grown be rape, alfalfa, clover, cowpeas, soy beans, or other crops high in protein content, the grain ration need not be supplemented by feeds high in protein. If blue grass, rye, oats, or other non-leguminous crops are grown, it is best to add a small percentage of feeds high in pro-

tein to the grain. Corn or barley usually furnish the bulk of the grain ration, and when necessary these can be supplemented by adding one-tenth linseed oil meal or one-sixteenth tankage. The rate of feeding will depend on the gains desired. Considering a full grain ration to be four pounds daily per 100 pounds live weight, we may say that for ordinary work with growing shoats a one-half grain ration, or two pounds a day for each 100 pounds live weight will give satisfactory results. If it is desired to make faster gains a heavier grain ration can be used, and if it is desired to maintain the animals as cheaply as possible a smaller percentage should be fed.
 It seems doubtful if it ever pays to try to keep pigs on forage crops alone. These crops are sometimes sufficient to keep the pigs growing, but the gains are not usually made economically. Usually the pigs are kept at a loss in live weight. Where brood sows are kept they should be given enough grain to keep them in good thrifty condition. The fact that the forage crops have high value when grains are fed does not mean that they should be fed alone.
 The crops best adapted to grazing with pigs are alfalfa, rape, clover, blue grass, bermuda, rye, oats, soy beans, and cowpeas. The nature of the soil, the climate, and the rainfall are influences that should govern the selection of the crops to be used. Alfalfa is the greatest forage crop on soils suited to its growth. Rape and clover are also excellent feeds, and both are high in protein, the element needed to balance ordinary grain feeds.
 Farmers are urged to plan some system of forage crops for their hogs. Now is the time to plan some fields to be sown to crops adapted to grazing. If permanent pastures are advisable, fence off a portion for the pigs and plant some crop to keep the pigs growing when the permanent pastures dry up, and the returns from the year's work with hogs will be proportionately increased. Give the pig an honest chance to make you money by giving him green feeds in their natural state, and his growth, health, and pork-making ability will be increased.

GOOD METHOD TO HATCH DUCK EGGS

Best to Use Chicken-Hens for the Purpose—Be Careful Not to Overfeed the Fowls.

Duck's eggs may be hatched in incubators, but it is better to use large chicken-hens when possible. If one wishes to hatch ducklings very early in the season, then the incubator is the only thing that will do the work.
 Ducks scarcely ever get broody and when they do, as a rule the season is far advanced. Besides it is poor policy to place eggs under a duck.
 Don't keep duck eggs over a week after they are laid. The fresher they are the better they will hatch. After a duck egg is ten days old it is entirely worthless so far as hatching is concerned. They should be very carefully handled, as the albumen is much thinner than that of other eggs. This fact, coupled with the age limit, accounts for so many poor hatches; especially where the eggs have been shipped.
 As soon as the eggs are laid, if not placed at once for hatching, they should be carefully wrapped in paper and turned every day. They should be kept where the temperature is neither too high nor too low—about fifty to sixty-five degrees F. Don't keep eggs intended for hatching in a damp cellar.
 When ducks are laying their appetite increases, but one must be careful not to overfeed. If their food is not too highly concentrated and there is plenty of coarse grit and sand within reach, there is little danger of over-feeding. Three or four square meals a day will not hurt a laying duck. When overfed they lay double-yolked eggs.
 Never give ducks buttermilk, or in fact, any other kind of milk, to drink. It may be used to moisten their feed, however. Buttermilk, skim milk and "clabber" are all valuable in duck feeding, but they should be used only for moistening the feed and not as a drink.
Setting Strawberry Plants.
 When setting strawberry plants, be sure to firm the soil well about the roots.

DOCKING OF LAMBS QUITE NECESSARY

Practise Is Not Cruel and Is Absolutely Essential for Cleanliness and Appearance.

(By F. R. PAKE.)
 Lambs should be docked when about a week old. This is not a cruel operation and is absolutely necessary for cleanliness and appearance.
 Docking looks to be simple enough, but it requires great care. If the tail is cut too short with a knife the lamb is likely to bleed to death. Some shepherds sear with a hot iron the end of the tail after being cut with a knife or chisel on a block of wood, and this generally stops bleeding.
 There is now, however, an instrument on the market which does the work quickly and effectually and with no bad results. It is a pair of bluntnedged pliers which are heated to white heat and then used to "bite" off the tail. When these hot pliers are used the tail may be cut closely without bleeding.
 After the operation the end of the tail should be covered with clean pine tar—some shepherds use coal tar—to prevent flies from troubling the lambs. The animals should be watched closely, particularly if the docking is done late in the season, until the wound has healed, to see that no flies have attacked them.
 The lambs should be castrated when docked. This, although a simple operation, should not be attempted by a novice, but should be done by an experienced man.
Important Food Element.
 It is very difficult to figure out a ration that is adapted to the needs of the pigs unless we have pasture and forage to furnish plenty of succulent and bulky foods. From weaning time until the pigs are six months old protein is the important food element in their rations. Corn is nine-tenths carbohydrates, oats contain more protein than corn, but not enough to meet the requirements of the pigs. Rye is richer in protein than oats, but as a pig-feed barley excels all the above, and is a sure crop in many sections where corn seldom matures.

SHE WENT A-PLAYING

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Everybody said it was a wonderful chance for me, but mother wasn't so sure. She didn't mind the stock company, where father could take me home at night, and Anne could sit around at rehearsals; but this was different. And then I think she was afraid of Mr. Cunningham. He was supposed to have as much temper as he had professional reputation, and, of course, that was colossal.
 I coaxed mother over at last. Tommy had the mumps, and she was so worn out with him that she gave in. The whole family had a hand in getting my costumes ready, and I borrowed Anne's feather boa, little thinking what use it would be put to!
 The rehearsals were pretty bad. One morning Mr. Cunningham made me go through a six-line speech—the one where I find the revolver and take out the bullets and then snap it at him—17 times. I was pretty tired, and when he said, "Now—again," I turned on him like a wildcat.
 "If you make me do it again," I snapped, "I—I won't take out the bullets!"
 He laughed—can you believe it? He laughed, and I fumed, and it was bedlam all around. I went home and wept it out on Tommy's pillow—which made him think he was going to die, and his poor, comical face went all mottled. But—Mr. Cunningham kept me. That's where the tragedy comes in.
 He was very particular with me on the road. Once or twice he said that some day I would learn to act, and I walked on air for days. He had his private car, and was very comfortable; but the one-night stands nearly killed me. We followed right along after a monstrosity called "The Merry Maids of Manchester," and the bell-boys thought it funny that we had no poodles, and that we didn't gather to sing in the parlor and call one another by our first names.
 Baldwin, the juvenile, was very nice to me, and we took long walks in the mornings, picking up post-cards to send home, and sometimes running over our scene in the second act, where my guardian—Mr. Cunningham—steps in and says: "Do you love him, Hilda? He—he is a splendid fellow." And, of course, every one in the audience knows the guardian is in love with me and is going to Africa if I take Baldwin. The guardian is married, you see, and Miss D'Arcy played the wife.
 The funny thing was that Baldwin was really crazy about Miss D'Arcy, and talked about her all the time.
 "I wish you wouldn't," I said one day. "I know she's beautiful, and can act like a dream, and all that; but you needn't rub it in."
 "How about you raving over Cunningham all the time?" he retorted sulkily; which was so absurd that I went back to the hotel without speaking to him again.
 And then the most awful thing happened! You know the scene at the beginning of the last act—when we are all at breakfast and the wife sweeps in in a rage? Well, it starts with grapefruit, and I have a line when I taste it and say—to Mr. Cunningham:
 "It's as bitter as—as you have been to me, this last week."
 Well, I put that stuff in my mouth, and at once the most dreadful pain began just in front of my ears and seemed to go all over me. My tongue drew up and my jaws locked perfectly tight! I tried to swallow and couldn't, and there I sat, while Mr. Cunningham looked at me and waited for his cue.
 At last he went on without my speaking, which caused a titter and made him wild. However, the rest of the act went well. In the farewell scene, where he goes to Africa to the war, I tried to warn him to kiss me on top of my head, because by that time I knew that I had the mumps and I was in a fever of fright; but Mr. Cunningham's big scene always carries him off his feet, and that night, to my horror, he kissed me twice.
 Hopper, the stage manager, nearly went crazy when I told him.
 "Now I'll get it!" he groaned. "No, not the mumps, but the devil! You'll have to go on—that's all. Wear a nightcap—anything—but don't put Cunningham up against a new ingenu when he's up in the air with a new play!"
 "Then you'll have to cut out the grapefruit," I said with a shudder.
 "It will have to be bananas, and I can wear big mull ties to my garden hat in the last act and a feather boa in the second."
 So we fixed it. I was not very ill, and, after all, Mr. Cunningham took the news like a lamb, even sending me some jelly his chef had made.
 But a week later Baldwin stopped suddenly and made an awful face over his lemonade in the tennis scene. I knew then what had happened; and when he came to rehearsal the next morning with his neck-line entirely obliterated, and with a silk handkerchief instead of a collar, we all knew. He was quite shiny in spots—I was never like that, thank goodness! Hopper had to take his place, and Mr. Cunningham looked like a thunder-cold.
 Then he sent for me. I went in fear and trembling. He was in front

of his dressing-mirror, graying his hair on top. It is naturally a little gray over his ears. When I came in he got up very courteously and drew out a chair.
 "Will you wait just a moment?" he said, and finished what he was doing.
 The dressing-room was a litter, of course, and right at the bottom of the mirror was a picture in a silver frame. It was a girl in a black gown, and it was exquisite—the picture, not the gown. I thought that very likely it was the girl he was in love with, for, of course, he would be in love with some one.
 I knew what was coming before he said it. I clasped my hands tight together and kept me from crying, and my feet felt numb and cold. I was horribly, awfully afraid of him, and yet I had the most dreadful inclination to pat down his hair where he had ruffled it up in the back.
 "Now, Miss Eleanor," he said, turning round and facing me, "I'll tell you why I want to talk to you. You are looking ill and tired; what would the little mother say to me?"
 "That was the worst thing he could have said. I choked up in a minute and put my head down on the back of my chair.
 "I—k-know I can't act!" I sobbed. "But it's mean to put it off on mother!"
 "You can act," he said very gently. "That's the trouble. In fairness to you, I'll have to tell you that. But it's a hard life, and—I want you to give it up. You're too young, and you've been too much sheltered, to—"
 "I'm twenty-one, Mr. Cunningham," I broke in defiantly. "Even grown people get the mumps. I'm not a child; I'm as old as—the girl in that picture."
 I rushed out then, and in the first act, where I have the scene with my guardian's wife, I burst into real tears at the end and got a curtain-call. I was very unhappy; there were a number of things—but it doesn't matter. One thing was certain—I hated Mr. Cunningham!
 I was quite ill for a day or two at home. Then, nothing terrible occurring, I tried to put the whole thing out of my mind and to forget that my theatrical career had died of the mumps. But the day before the New York opening I heard Ella admit some one. I had just time to slip a picture I had been looking at under some of Tommy's stockings I had been mending when he came in. It was Mr. Cunningham!
 I shook hands with him and tried to hide the basket with his picture and the stockings. Mr. Cunningham did not sit down. He stood by the fire and looked down at me severely.
 "You're a bad child!" he said at last; "a runaway. What made you do it, Eleanor?"
 "I had to," I pleaded. "It was too dreadful—every one getting sick and blaming it on me. Won't you take off your overcoat and—have some tea?"
 I was quite breathless with excitement and reaction, and I was still terribly afraid of him. My hands shook so that I could hardly pour the tea. He dropped into a chair and looked around.
 "Jove, what a thing it is to be in a real home again!" he said, looking very human indeed with his feet out before him. "I always pictured you doing something like this—tea and mending—instead of roaming around the country with a theatrical company."
 I gave him his tea, squeezing a bit of lemon in, and then—suddenly—he clapped his hand to his left ear, and I knew it had come. He waited until he could speak, and then all he said was "Good Lord!"
 He looked at me helplessly. There were only two things I could do—laugh or cry. I had cried so much that now I laughed—laughed while I knew that there would be no New York opening; laughed while the great Mr. Cunningham glared at me; laughed until he looked injured and then got over it and laughed himself.
 "Well!" he said, when we both dried our eyes and got our breath. "I never expected to laugh over a tragedy like this. You make me do anything you want, Eleanor."
 "Oh, I hope you won't be very ill," I said quickly.
 "But I shall be; I'm sure to. I always have things hard," he replied, getting up and coming over to me. "I took you very hard indeed, Eleanor. I don't care anything about 'The Pillars of Society.' I only know I want my little ward again. Eleanor, the day you left I was wild. I can't act—I can't live without you, dear. Why, see—you've put your mark on me!"
 When he said that, what could I do? Anyhow, I forgot completely that this was the greatest tragedian of his time. All I knew was that he was lonely and that I—well, that I didn't hate him. He crushed me to him—I'll admit that; but Anne told it as a great joke, when the engagement was announced, that as she came into the hall she heard me say:
 "Of course you may. I'm not afraid. I've had them!"
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