

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



The sharp hoe shortens the row.

Shade must be provided for the hogs if they would thrive.

Sponge the horse off under the tail. It helps to cool and rest him.

Hens in the stable are like pigs in the door yard. Both are untidy and unclean.

The horse that gets well curried at night is in good temper for work in the morning.

Provide a dry place for the dairy salt so it will not gather dampness and get lumpy.

More machinery on the farm rusts out than wears out, and shame on the farmer that it is true, too.

The rattling wagon makes poor music for the good farmer. Tighten the bolts and save wear and tear.

Calves should be watered at least twice a day, and it goes without saying that the water should be clean and fresh.

Keep a sharp eye on the lambs. Give special care to the neglected ones. Help at the right time will save many a loss.

Well-fed and well-housed pigs of ordinary breed make a good appearance, in fact they look better than the neglected pigs of pedigree stock.

Hogging off corn pays under right conditions, as it has been shown by experiment that hogs thus fed gained nearly one-third more rapidly than did those fed in the yards.

The successful poultryman is the one who can distinguish the dividing line between the pure bred stock that is all for show, and the pure bred stock that is for the egg and flesh making business.

Be sure the box on your machine you are taking to the field has in it the tools you may need. A little forethought will save the time and trouble of going back after what is needed.

The good old farmer's prayer that the Lord would "preserve him from the itch, tight shoes, a cow that holds her milk, kicks and debt," was born of a wealth of experience and indicated that he desired to walk in the easy paths of peace and contentment.

The successful horse trainer says that the breaking of the colt should begin when only a few weeks or months old. Why should not the same principle apply to the heifer calf. Get her used to being handled. Let her know what it is to run your hands over her flanks and underneath upon her udder. Such familiarity will prove invaluable at the time of her first calving. Try it and see.

In a series of experiments made by the Ontario experiment station it was found that sweet cream churned in less time than ripened cream, that buttermilk from sweet cream contained more fat than buttermilk from ripened cream, that the moisture content of the butter was fairly constant, averaging 13.79 per cent., and that butter made from gathered cream was as good as that from cream separated at the factory.

The large ant hill can be effectively destroyed by the use of carbon bisulphide, used as follows: Make several holes in various parts of the hill and pour into each hole about a tablespoonful of carbon bisulphide, and cover the whole nest with a blanket. The heavy fumes of the insecticide will permeate the ant hill, killing all insect life. The operation may be made more effective by exploding the vapor under the blanket with the aid of a light on the end of a pole. The latter procedure drives the poisonous fumes throughout the nest, rendering them more fatal to the inmates. The best time for this treatment is in the evening, when most of the ants will be at home.

Trap the moles that are ruining your garden.

Lambs three or four months old should be weaned.

As a rule drilling in small grain is a safer method than broadcasting.

Hot weather hath its recompense in the increased corn growth, so don't growl.

Rutabagas are good for sheep, and it's not too late to plant some, if you do it right away.

Some farmers there are to whom a hog is a hog if it only have a snout and a tail and a squeal.

Don't let the overheated horse stand in a draught. Blanket him and let him cool off gradually.

The right time to churn is when the cream is ready. Don't permit other things interfering with the work.

More and more are the farmers coming to understand that it pays and pays big to raise their own dairy cows.

Unsheltered machinery will suffer more damage during one season than the wear of two seasons' use under careful handling.

Don't fail to keep some of your best lambs for breeding stock. High prices are apt to tempt a man to part with animals he will sorely need later.

Dust the sore place on the shoulder of the horse under the collar with corn starch, and be sure that the collar is smooth and clean. A little care and the place will soon heal.

The dairy is a manufactory for the turning of the vegetation of the farm into a finished product. Remember that grain farming depletes the soil fertility, but dairying is the sure agency of replenishing it.

The average weight of the average draft horse is 1,500 pounds. The farmer will find that the horse of lighter weight on the farm will not handle the work easily or well. It is economy to have heavy horses, and it pays to raise that kind, too.

Good butter comes not by chance, but by cleanliness, good feed, separating the cream and then aerating cooling and ripening it, and lastly, churning the cream when it is ready. The good butter-maker is the one who observes carefully all these points.

Some horses have the trick of rolling in their stalls. This can be prevented by running a strap from a ring fastened to the overhead strap of the halter to a ring in the ceiling just back of the manger. The strap is run through the upper ring, a slight weight taking up the slack as the horse raises its head. The strap should be so adjusted that the horse can rest its nose on the ground but not the top of its head.

Keep the dog out of the cow lot. His presence there worries the cows and anything that disturbs the cow reduces the flow of milk. The story is told of a man who noticed his cows standing by the pasture gate, and thinking they should not be there at that time of day, set a dog on them. In their flight from the dog they went over a pond dam, one falling and splitting her udder. As one man expressed it, she has to be milked with a club now. Something usually happens when you say "sic 'em."

The farmer is judged largely by the appearance of his place. Be neat around the farm buildings and the house. Keep the fences in good repair and the fence rows clean and seeded to good grass. Cleanliness is the next thing to being good, and we all like to be called good. Others will say that we are good farmers if our farm looks neat and clean. Keep the barn and barn surroundings clean for both utility and beauty. The model farmer makes the living place for the animals he keeps as sanitary as the dwelling in which he himself lives. And this is right from every point of view.

Clover hay if poorly made is poor stuff, but if made well it cannot be beaten as a winter feed. As a rule farmers allow clover to get too far advanced before cutting. While it is difficult to definitely fix a period for cutting, it is safe to begin cutting when a few brown heads are showing among a mass of blue. Our experience has been that the presence of external moisture, dampness of dew and rains, have been the cause of much poor hay. Clover hay will carry a large quantity of moisture in the stem and cure splendidly in the mow, but dew on the leaves and small stems will cause dust and mold. Not a bad way to make hay if the acreage is not too great is to cut and mow the same day.

Lim Jucklin on War and Prayer

By Opie Read

A traveling evangelist who had halted for the night at old Lim Jucklin's house had said that he hoped to see the time when there would be no more war, when the old man remarked:

"Yes, and I reckon King David hoped to see the same blessed day. In this life there are two sets of prayers that don't appear to have had much effect—prayer for rain and prayer for war to cease. But there never was but one time when there wasn't no war nowhere on earth and that was when rain wasn't needed. I refer to the time of the flood when Noah held his peace congress in the ark."

"But the time of universal peace will come," insisted the preacher.

"Yes," agreed the old man, "when all of the kinks have been straightened out of human nature. It's a mighty hard matter to correct a thing that has started off wrong, and man seemed to have set out with his worst foot foremost. He got hungry and he fought for somethin' to eat. He fell in love and he fought for woman, and then kep on fightin' because he'd got his hand in. And ever since I can recollect they have been holdin' peace congresses every once in a while; and whenever they hold a right good one a war is sure to follow. One nation has always got somethin' that the other one wants. Statesmanship shows a nation what it needs and then the soldier goes out to get it. The statesman that has avoided war is nearly always put down as a failure. If he goes into war and gets the worst of it, then the people know that he wasn't a statesman after all."

"But I am inclined to believe," said the evangelist, "that with the passing of the war between Russia and Japan the great wars will have come to an end."

"Yes, a big war always has been the last one. When they got the machine gun the wise men said that the end of war had come, and it looked that way till another war came along and asserted itself, and then it was observed that the machine gun didn't cut any very big capers. Man has always shown sense enough to outwit the machine he invents. Whenever they find that to stand off five miles is effective, they'll stand off five and a half and go a little closer when they want to be desperate. The Japs have taught the world that war hadn't quite reached the top notch. Every age has thought that it had the best of everything, but compared with the time to come every age has been a dark age. Ever since time began the sun has been comin' up, and no man has lived in the noon of the world. He thought he did, but his clock was wrong. Unfortunately about all he can study with any degree of accuracy is the past, and you may know all the past and yet be a poor guesser as to the future. The college is the storehouse of the past, but the little chap that can't talk yet is the future, and you may know all that has been said and not foreshadow what he is goin' to say. There ain't nothin' that is more of a constant experiment than wisdom is. It keeps man on the dodge. The man that writ the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' could sit amid the ruins and look back a thousand years, but he couldn't look forward as far as his eyelash."

"The Lord is opposed to war," said the minister, "and in His own good time will bring it to an end."

"Yes, in His time, but not in ours. It was said that the Lord was sorry that He made man, and it ain't no record that He was ever glad again."

"Limuel Jucklin," said the old man's wife, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk that way, and in the presence of a preacher, too."

"Sister," remarked the preacher, smiling kindly, "he might as well say it as to think it, for what a man thinks he thinks in the presence of the Lord."

"There," said the old lady, "what do you think of that?"

"I think it's all right, Susan, because I don't see how he could have said anything else. But gettin' back to the subject of war: After we have printed an extra million or so of tracts and blowed particularly hard over the work of our furrin' missions, we always like to think and believe that the world has been made kinder, that even war itself is more humane, that men are killed in a softer and gentler way than before. And then we read of barbed wire intrenchments full of spikes and secret mines ready to blow a whole division of an army into the clouds. But after all, war is war, and when a man's killed, no matter whether it's with one of these nice little bullets or a snortin' minnie ball, he's dead, and so far as he is concerned the whole earth has been split asunder. I recollect that while our civil war was a goin' on the folks over here at Ebenezer meetin' house used to assemble and pray for it to end. Old Lige Anderson was the principal prayer and sometimes it seemed that he would command the Lord. He never

came into the house of prayer that he didn't have some special information for Providence. Yes, he was goin' to hold the Lord personally accountable if the war didn't end putty soon. The folks that had been conservative with Providence after a while turned radical, and I remember that we were all mightily astonished one night when Lige he suddenly flopped."

The preacher looked up in astonishment, and the old man explained:

"To flop, you know, means to make a quick break for the other side. Yes, Lige he flopped. And the cause of his sudden turning was this: He come into possession of a beef contract for the army. I don't know whether the government got afraid that he might have an influence with the heavenly powers or not, but at any rate he got the contract. And the next meetin' afterward, when old Brother Haskill had poured forth the usual dose of lament because the war hadn't come to a close, why Lige he suddenly gets up and without strikin' the usual attitude of prayer, snorts out: 'Lord, before any action is taken, I think it might be better to use your own judgment in this matter. Of course, we would all like to see the war close—when you feel that it ought to close—but—'

"The blasphemous old beast," said the evangelist.

"Well, yes," Limuel admitted, "but it didn't sound so then. And the war lasted till old Lige he was rich; and afterward I heard him say how thankful he was for what the Lord had done for him."

After a time the preacher said: "It does not appear, then, Brother Jucklin, that you believe in the effectiveness of prayer."

"Oh, bless your life, yes. But the greatest good it can do a man is to make him feel his dependence on the divine will—his humbleness. The man that prays for something he needs is simply selfish. I know an old fellow that was kneelin' beside a log in the woods prayin' to beat the—"

"Limuel," his wife broke in.

"To beat the Salvation Army band, and everybody that saw him was struck with his piety. But I happened to be lyin' off on the other side of the log, watchin' for a wild turkey, and I hearn what the prayer was about. And it was simply a beggin' petition that he wanted the Lord to grant—wanted to make money on a certain venture that he had set on foot. Tryin' to set up a bucket shop in the new Jerusalem. That sort of prayer ain't half as honorable as cussin'. But don't understand me to say that prayer never does any good, for it does: It makes a man better able to stand misfortune. It doctors his mind and fortifies it against sufferin'. I know that prayer rightly employed is a good thing on the farm. The most religious man I ever saw raised the best crops. Prayed twice a day—night and morning."

"Yes, sir. Prayed night and mornin', but between prayers he worked harder than any man in the neighborhood. His prayer was for strength so he could labor. I tell you that there is many an amen in good digestion and many a hymn in a muscle. Yes, sir; and I want to say to you that war will cease not when the world becomes more merciful, but when every nation is so well prepared that no other nation can afford to attack it. The big battleship is the plea for peace."

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Few Desertions from German Army.

"Desertions in the German army are almost unknown," said Maj. Wackwitz of Saxony, an officer in the kaiser's army. "The discipline in the German army, as is well known, is perhaps the most rigorous of any in the world, but there is rarely a thought of deserting."

"This is due largely, I suppose, to the fact that service in the army of Germany is compulsory. It is part of every man's life, just as school education is. Boys are taught in school to obey, and in later life, when they enter the army, discipline is so instilled into their minds that there is never a thought of disobeying orders."

"Duelling, once so common in Germany, is now a thing of the past. One never hears of the code of honor any more."

Neglected Abbotsford.

The mansion-house of Abbotsford, world-famous as the home of Sir Walter Scott, is in want of a tenant. The famous library and collection of antiquities are held in trust by the dean of the faculty of advocates, Edinburgh, on condition that the heirs of the builder of Abbotsford find accommodations for them in five out of the 40 rooms in the house.

Motherly Interest.

Lady of Title (to the nurse)—"They tell me my baby boy is a perfect beauty; please do let me take one look at him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



WHY is it that the importance of tags is so often undervalued? How are we to know whether a thing is good or not if we don't know who did it? How are we to know whether a man is to be treated with distinguished consideration and respect if he has no tag?

Let us put it in concrete form. Let us suppose a room full of men and women assembled for a musicale. They have come to be entertained by music which they presume is up to a certain standard, for they have some faith in the judgment of their hostess, whom we will call Mrs. Bushel; but it happens that she does not understand human nature, and she carelessly neglects to place a label on the young man who sits down to play, and what is the result? Why, he is rewarded with half-hearted applause. And he himself neglects to say that the piece he is playing is a well-known thing of Greig's, and the audience is doubly handicapped. They see he plays well, but they do not wish to be led away by false enthusiasm.

Yet, as it happens, this young man is a great pianist, and not only that, but a man who in Dresden is beloved by the ladies—a second Paderewski. Imagine the chagrin of some of his auditors when they hear him the next evening at Mrs. Lionhunter's. She understands the value of tags. She buys them by the dozen at her stationer's. She goes around in her gushing, compelling way, and says: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Whom do you suppose I have captured for tonight? Albrecht Musikhelm, the wonderful pianist from the Dresden conservatory. He has played but once in this country, and then it was more of a rehearsal than anything else; at that impossible Mrs. Bushel's, who would extinguish Etna if she came near it. I have asked him to play that adorable thing of Greig's that he composed for King Oscar. You have never heard piano-playing until tonight"

And then when the audience is assembled and quiet she leads Herr Musikhelm in—on stilts—and all in the room are immediately swayed by his magnetism, and prepared to accept him before he touches the piano. Even you who heard him last remember that you thought he was remarkable, although you forgot to say so. He knows that his tag is on for tonight, and he plays better for the knowledge. And you know that the piece he is playing is famous, and by Greig at that, and you immediately predict his success in this country. But let me tell you, it will take plenty of tags and a good deal of ability too, for some of these newspaper critics are really discerning. I say some of them are really discerning, and one or two claim that they can dispense with tags. I wonder!

Years ago the magazines did not tag their articles unless they were by men who had been tagged for years, men like Anthony Trollope and Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. What was the result? Why, people had no opinion of American literature, but read English books in preference to those written by Americans. Then some magazine started the fashion of tagging; literary journals sprang up to puff those tagged, and it acted as a direct stimulus on the writers, and also enabled the readers to express intelligent opinions.

Now and then the ordinary run of mortals enjoys the huge farce that is enacted when a number of art critics dispute as to whether a newly discovered picture is by one of the old Dutch masters or not. The picture has swallowed its tag, and they are all at sea. There are two sides to the question, and equally eminent critics take opposing sides.

Is it an old but hideous daub by some strolling Haarlem sign-painter, or is it one of the best examples extant by Ruysdael? The question is not an easy one, and experts have to be called in. If it is by an unknown and crude sign-painter it naturally possesses only such value as clings to an antique of any sort, but if it is one of the best examples extant of the great Ruysdael there are a dozen millionaires who are willing to pay thousands for it.

It is a pretty question, and it furnishes employment for the experts. But it shows the necessity for tags, and I dare say that somewhere in the vast unknown Ruysdael and the itinerant painter are splitting their sides over the discussion. Only it is a little humiliating—to Ruysdael—that his picture is not its own tag.

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