

SOME NERVY PLAYERS WHICH IS REAL "FIND" OF THE SEASON?

Bresnahan Praises Men Who Can Deliver When Needed.

Substitute Catcher for Chicago Cubs Praises Frank Schulte, Gutfelder, and Heine Zimmerman, Slugging Third Baseman.

In baseball there are two kinds of nerve, according to Roger Bresnahan, substitute catcher. One is possessed by the type of player who bullies men on the field, has a weak heart when he is asked to go to the plate in the ninth inning with a man on third and drive home the run that will win the game. The other is the player who refrains from pugilistic tactics, but has a heart of steel, takes a viselike grip on the bat and grinds his teeth when the responsibility of scoring a run is put up to him.

Bresnahan declares the first is the easiest to beat in a game and the second is the fellow who makes competition keen all the time.

Bob Bescher, left fielder of the Cincinnati team, struck Bresnahan last year in the jaw, after a game of ball, because the fielder struck out in a pinch when a long fly or a single meant a victory. It was while discussing this episode that Bresnahan defined the two kinds of nerve in baseball.

"There are two kinds of nerve in this game," said Bresnahan, "and I profess to have only one. I'll admit Bescher took a solid punch at me. I stood for it. There may be a lot of fellows playing ball today who can trim me off the field, but when it comes to matching brains and nerve during a game I think I can hold my own with any of them."

"Bescher was up in the ninth inning in a pinch, when just a little single would have given the Reds the game. He was aware that it was up to him to rap out the hit that would turn the tide. But he was as nervous as a cat. I joshed him about it and he took it seriously. That was how the argument started. That was exactly what I was looking for, because I won the game for me. He struck out in the pinch and that was what made him angry."

"Frank Schulte is about the best example of the man with the nerve in a pinch I know of in the league today."



Roger Bresnahan.

You never see Frank argue or dispute with any one, nor you never heard of his having a battle on the street. But you have seen him go up to the plate with runners on the bases in the ninth inning, smash out a single or extra base hit off the best pitchers in the league and win the game. He is the type of man to have on a team.

Heine Zimmerman appears to be extremely boisterous and rough, but he is a corking good man in a pinch because he is stubborn. He is too arrogant to have it said that he lost his nerve, and it is just that bit of pride that makes him so great a player."

"Come-Back" Surprise.

Charlie Smith of the Cubs is a come-back who has surprised baseball fans throughout the big leagues. In 1891 Smith pitched for Atlanta and looked like a promising kid. From here he was shipped to Cleveland, where he gained a victory over Rube Waddell. A week later he was sent to New Orleans. Then he was shipped to Atlanta and then back to the big leagues again. He saw service with the Washington and Boston American league clubs and in the Eastern league. The Cubs secured him from the Eastern league, and his thinking power and curves have helped the Cubs on numerous occasions. Smith takes pitching seriously and never cracks a smile when on the mound.

Leading Hitters.

Four American leaguers are hitting about the 400 average, while only two National leaguers have so far been able to comb the ball for this extra high percentage. The four leaders in the younger organization are Collins, 511; Speaker, 468; Schaller, 462, and Compton, 400; Viox, with 435, and Miller, 429, are blazing the way in the National.

Hit by Injuries.

Clark Griffith's Washington's have been hard hit by injuries to players. The Nationals have had Catchers Ainsmith and Williams, Pitcher Cashion, Third Baseman Foster, Second Baseman Morgan and Outfielder Shanks on the hospital list. No wonder the team slowed up.



Ray Schalk, Clever Young White Sox Backstop.

An interesting question that has bobbed up in the American league recently relates to the problem of slinging out the catching "find" of the season. Chicago fans are practically unanimous that the palm should go to Ray Schalk of the White Sox and they have much company in other cities. They consider the problem an easy one. Some critics have appeared to dispute the right to the honor of the young backstop corralled by Comiskey recently.

"I watched Wallie Schang of the Philadelphia Athletics closely in the series with the Cleveland Naps and with all due respect to Schalk I think Connie Mack has bagged the biggest young catcher, all things considered, in the major leagues," said a Cleveland scribe.

"I have seen Schalk in several series and I also have been in a position to watch the work of Schang in a bitter series in which Cleveland was battling Philadelphia with the clubs in first and second place. Schalk is just as good a receiver as Schang, but I think this young catcher of Mack has the edge on the Chicago backstop in speed, in throwing and batting—important considerations in a catcher."

While some fans and critics are inclined to be prejudiced in favor of such stars as Schalk and Schang, it is interesting to know what scribes and fans of other cities think of these players when they are visiting hostile camps.

The work of Schalk has stood out in marked contrast to that of any of the opposing catchers on other teams in the recent whirl of Comiskey's athletes around the eastern circle. His great plays at times were so thrilling as to draw spontaneous applause from a crowd rooting for the visiting club's downfall.

Following is the opinion of an observer in Boston, after watching Schalk in the series between the world's champions and the White Sox recently.

"I have seen all the catchers in the American league this season and I think Schalk is head and shoulders

BONEHEADED PLAY BY COBB

"John Anderson" Was Only Excused by Catcher Henry's Forgetfulness and Poor Work.

Ty Cobb's "John Anderson" in the first inning of a recent game caused more comment in Washington than any spectacular play Ty has made in recent years!

It is the first time that Cobb can be justly accused of pulling a rank bit of "boneheadedness," and Ty got out of the fix because of the surprise and momentary mental lapse of John Henry, Washington's star catcher.

Bush had reached third on an error and a sacrifice, and Cobb had walked.



Ty Cobb.

ed. Ty then stole second, and the theft was so easy that he raced on to third. Henry was so visibly surprised that he crept down the third base line, with the ball in his hand, as though intent on reaching and tagging Cobb.

Cobb saw the situation, and after grinning at Henry for a moment he shot back toward second and passed McBride before the shortstop took Henry's throw.

above the whole lot. In getting down in front of the plate for bunted balls and whipping the sphere to first I have never seen his equal. His throwing is accurate, his receiving a delight to see and his batting surprising. He seems as quick as a cat in tagging runners out at the home plate and also seems absolutely fearless."

These two opinions of Schalk, expressed by critics outside Chicago, show how highly this young catcher is rated even by those who give Schang the shade in a comparison of the work of those two young stars. Chicago fans have had little opportunity to judge of the relative merits of these young catchers. They are strong for Schalk and chances are few White Sox fans could be found who would give any other catcher in the world the edge over the former Milwaukee phenom purchased by President Comiskey last fall for the record price of the season paid for a minor league player.

Schalk's wonderful play, requiring brains and action, in the eighth inning of a double header at Comiskey park, is only a sample of the kind of work this young catcher has been doing all the season. It was a thrilling play that roused the fans and caused a storm of applause in behalf of the young catcher's work. Johnston, on first base, tried to go all the way to third on Austin's bunt to Lord. The bunt had drawn Lord off third and nobody was present to cover the base. Johnston, seeing this, had rounded second and was springing toward third, with Weaver, who for once was tardy in covering the bag, in hot pursuit.

In this crisis the brain of Schalk was there in the pinch as usual. He had caught the situation at a glance and dashed for third. Hal Chase timed his throw and Schalk slid in with the ball in a wild mixup with the base runner. Schalk won the double and completed one of the most daring double plays seen at Comiskey park in many a day. It saved the game for the White Sox, as Johnston would have scored with the winning run a few minutes later.



Mike Balenti, the former Carlisle Indian, now with the Browns, is becoming a star shortstop.

They say that Empire Byron has a pose back of the box seats that would be hard for a professional model to hold.

Billy Murray, the Pirates alert scout, discovered Catcher Coleman when sent out on a hurry-up order from Fred Clarke.

Ty Cobb and Joe Jackson are putting up another neck and neck dash for the American league batting supremacy.

One of the greatest joys of Moose McCormick's life has been suddenly taken away from him. He can no longer bat for Josh Devore.

Turning back the pages of history we find that some years ago a Cleveland team was leading the league at this stage—and finishing fifth!

Lee Magee, the young insider of the Cards, pulled off a Ty Cobb stunt in a recent game against the Phillies. He scored all the way from first on a short single.

When Evers is unable to get on base in his first two times at bat against a pitcher he generally orders himself out of the game and substitutes Phehan.

GIRL AND A BEAR

Brave "Little Sister" Gets Reward for Capturing "A Great Ferocious Monster."

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"I should die of fright," declared Netta Farbes. "I am sure I should. Why, just think of it, Beauty—way off on the very edge of civilization, wild animals, savages and mountain outlaws! No, thank you, not for me!"

"But David will be there," explained Beatrice Merrill, the bride of a week, and she spoke in a simple confident way that indicated her brave bright husband to be a power of valor and strength in her estimation.

"Well, that is a good deal, I will confess," admitted Netta. "But David can't be with you all of the time, can he? If he's going to be the great cat-king he thinks he is, he must have a lot of work to do. You sure you will faint at the first sight of a fierce cowboy, and as to those Indians—think of seeing them creeping—creeping—creeping through the grass, with their hideous tomahawks and scalping knives—ugh!" and the imaginative miss shivered in incipient hysterics.

Beatrice only smiled sweetly, optimistically. It was true she had been brought up tenderly, the only child of fond doting parents, shielded from every rude alarm, her girlhood experience a path of ever-blooming roses.

But it was true also that the rugged earnest figure of David Merrill had come into her life as a hero. His love had filled her existence magically. One of nature's real noblemen, he had come from directly next to nature to woo and win and carry away to his rude far western home a timid, inexperienced prairie flower.

And when the eventful departure came, every stage of the journey accomplished seemed to carry Beatrice into a new realm of delight. Even that last stage drive over the lonely hills and into a settlement crude as a frontier mining town, was full of novelty and excitement. Beatrice clapped her hands innocently as some delighted child at the queer antics of

the playful prairie dogs. She went wild over the splendid, full colored flowers. Then when a cavalcade of genuine cowboys came to Last Limit to accompany them to the ranch, their honest loyal admiration charmed the pretty bride and she felt that she was going among true friends.

"There are no bears," she wrote excitedly to Netta two weeks later. "The Indians are poor harmless creatures who come to the door begging only once in awhile, and make you glad to be able to be charitable. But there is the clear, clear sky—oh, so infinitely blue all of the time! And such sunsets! And the boys—dear, rough, honest fellows, who come around bashful and proud of their 'little sister,' as they call me, and who would die for me, if I asked them. And David—Oh, so grand and splendid when he goes off on a horse that would scare you! And me, poor little me—gained ten pounds already, brown as a berry, and oh, so happy in this lovely peaceful spot, so sweet and solemn in the clear morning sunlight, that I reverently call it God's land!"

"As to the mountain outlaws—booh! Once there was a few of them, but they have been driven off the trail. There's a band, they say, with a leader named Buckskin Joe. They say he is a bad, desperate fellow. There's a thousand dollars offered for his capture, so it isn't likely he'll ever dare to venture near a ranch where half a dozen brave powerful herders would be glad to make a target of him. Bugaboo, all the horrid things you predicted! Come out and see me, and see what real men look like!"

In fact Beatrice had become so in love with her new life, that one morning when she found the vicinity of the house deserted she was not one bit worried. David the day before had made a famous sale and had gone off to a distance to negotiate for a new herd. Most of the men had accompanied him. The others had been given a holiday and had gone to Last Limit, where a circus had come along.

Beatrice went about her pleasant home tasks happy as a sprite, singing merrily, planning with delight her famous strawberry pie of gigantic proportions for her formidable horde when they should return, ravenous and delighted, at supper time. She had gathered a great apron full of the rich, luscious fruit in the ravine about a quarter of a mile from the house, when she heard shots and shouts in the distance. These died away, and she started for the house leisurely, attributing the commotion to some hurrah exploits of the cowboys on a neighboring ranch.

Then suddenly Beatrice uttered a sharp cry. There burst from a cove a great shaggy bear. Its mouth was foaming, the blood was trickling down from its face, and it swung along at a fearful rate in the direction of the

house. "I won't faint!" determined Beatrice. "Although I hardly know what to do. Oh, dear!"

She flattered like a frightened butterfly. Seeking refuge or eatables, the bear tore through the little house garden, aimed for the open cellar doors, darted down the steps, and then—Beatrice ran fast as she could, reached the house, slammed down the cellar doors and set the heavy oaken bars across the heavy planks. Then she ran into the house, locked and bolted the door leading into the cellar and sat down to cry.

It was only as a relief to her overwrought excitement that the tears came, for Beatrice felt fairly triumphant. She had controlled her fright, she had caged the enemy. What an exploit to write to Netta about! What a grand thing to narrate to her husband! How the gallant cowboys would praise and make a veritable heroine of her! Beatrice was very proud of her first exploit in capturing "a wild savage denizen of the primeval forest."

Beatrice valiantly took down the house rifle from the antlers over the dining room clock and placed it on the table. Then she got the axe from the yard. Next she added the poker to this warlike equipment.

She listened for some demonstrations from below. The "frenzied growls," the "frightful leaps," she had read about as pertaining to bears, did not ensue as she had expected. She wondered if the infuriated animal had gone to sleep. She hoped he had not discovered the old cupboard in which she kept the butter and milk.

About an hour later Beatrice heard the tramp of horses and the sound of human voices along the trail. Six mounted men came into view. Their leader doffed his hat as he drove up to the doorway where Beatrice stood. "We are looking for a stray bear," he began.

"Oh, yes!" announced Beatrice eagerly, "a great ferocious monster—"

"Not at all—a harmless toothless old animal escaped from the circus in Last Limit, but valuable as a trick bear, and \$100 offered for its capture."

"Why, what is this?" inquired David Merrill, as he and his hearty crowd sat down to the smoking supper that evening, and he found a little heap of bank notes under his plate.

Then Beatrice told her story, with dancing eyes. And David swung her up in the air and kissed her at its termination, while the enthusiastic cowboys gave "Huzzah!" with an admiring echo for their brave "little sister."

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BROUGHT WEALTH TO PERU

Guano Beds, Consisting of Most Wonderful of Known Fertilizers, Sold for Immense Sum.

It is said that Humboldt added the greatest wealth to the reports of his discoveries when he called the serious attention of Europe to the guano beds of Peru.

Near midway of the equator and the tropic of capricorn on the Peruvian coast are the Chincha Islands, whose guano deposits have been worth more in money than the copper, gold and silver of the world's best mines. For this great fertilizer \$1,000,000,000 had been paid up to the time that exports were prohibited by Peru itself.

The islands are small, high and rocky, barren and uninhabited to the last degree; yet it is said there is no other spot of equal size on the earth's surface from which so much wealth has been taken.

In some cases the deposits reached a depth of 150 to 180 feet and are calculated to be thousands of years old.

Nowhere else in the world are marine birds found in so great quantities as along this coast. Their presence in such immense numbers is due to the quantities of fish found there, upon which the birds feed. Cormorants, pelicans, seagulls and marine crows, in clouds, numbering hundreds of thousands, may be seen flying low to or from the islands.

But the birds alone could not have produced the Peruvian guano. It was necessary to have the rainless climate of these islands in order to accomplish the result.

"Rain seldom falls that aged men can count on the fingers of one hand," says one commentator, "the times in their lives when they have seen this marvelous thing—water falling from the skies."

It is on this account that Peruvian guano in its natural state, never having been exposed to rain or dampness, has retained its nitrogen and is of such great value. Some guano contains all three elements of plant life—nitrate, phosphate and potash—and all of it contains two elements—phosphates and fixed nitrogen. It sells as high as \$100 a ton.

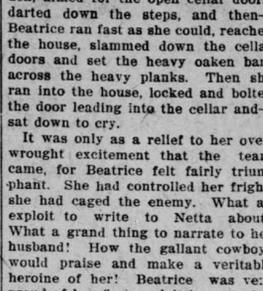
We Take It All Back.

In giving advice to the government's expert investigator in regard to rural health, the Cincinnati Times-Star says:

"Preval on the farmers to throw their frying pans, deadly dyspepsia nurturing instruments into the ditches."

How, then, will the farmer's wife cook fried apples with New Orleans molasses, her chief hold over the farmer's disposition? What will become of the doughnut, dainty piece de resistance of the summer banquet? And chicken must be toothsome drumstick be wasted because some city folk have feeble digestion? What is to become of the rasher of bacon in these hygienic eras? Are ham and eggs with their sunny side up to be obsolete? Throw the frying pan into the ditch, indeed! One might as well ask the farmer to give up planting soy beans and cow peas.—New York Sun.

SHEEP TO CLEAN UP NEGLECTED PLACES



Typical Cheviot Sheep.

There should be a few sheep on every farm. It is always admitted that a few horses, or a few cattle, a few pigs and some poultry must be kept on every farm because they are necessary and economical—why not sheep? If the dogs bother the sheep, shoot the dogs. Perhaps, says a bulletin issued by the organization of Illinois Farmers' Institutes, the chief reason for not raising more sheep is that most people do not understand them, but they are easily understood when one begins to deal with them.

A farmer in southern Illinois told the writer that his flock paid 85.7 per cent. on the investment. He said that the lambs each year sell for as much as the mothers cost and that the wool pays the cost of keep. Each year the flock produces as many lambs as there are ewes. A 100-pound lamb sells for seven dollars, as much as the mother cost. The mother will shear a ninety-pound fleece that will sell for \$1.50, and this will pay for the keep of the ewe and the lamb. The average ewe will weigh 120 pounds, and at five cents will bring six dollars, a profit of 85.7 per cent. on the investment.

Sheep delight to clean up neglected places—in the potato patch, the pig lots, the stubblefield, fence rows and everywhere. In Minnesota it was found that out of 480 kinds of weeds there were only fifty kinds that sheep would not eat.

The best time to sell a sheep is when it is a lamb. If it weighs 80 pounds, is fat and has the quality, it will sell as a prime lamb at any season of the year. This is the popular weight for a market lamb, but it must be fat; if it is not fat it will be discriminated against. Alfalfa hay and a little grain or corn silage is a good ration for use in finishing lambs for market. The quality of a lamb is indicated by short legs, fine feet and compact form.

Male lambs should receive attention when from eight to sixteen days old, and neglect means that the lambs will bring less money on the market. With a meat animal shortage of several million head in this country, and with the price of meat fast putting it out of the reach of some of us, there can be no doubt that the sheep

industry of Illinois will be profitable for many years to come, and a few sheep on every farm will help to decrease the shortage, clean up waste places, conserve fertility and increase the bank account.

Experiments carried on with cattle showed that cattle given plenty of water with their pasture contained more moisture and less dry matter than did the carcasses of cattle given pasture, but no additional moisture. It is a generally accepted principle of feeding that it costs more and more to produce meat as the moisture decreases and the dry matter increases. From this we are able to deduce the fact that it costs less to grow the steers that had plenty of water, and so made watery carcasses, than it did to grow the steers that had no water other than that in their food and re-produced a dry carcass.

What is true in the cases of steers would hold equally true in the case of sheep. Sheep given plenty of water will produce mutton more cheaply than will those deprived of it. Muscle expansion will be more active in the one case than in the other, and that is another reason why mutton production would be cheaper.

There is considerable water in any of the pasture crops that sheep eat, and they get still more moisture from the dew that collects on the grass blades in early morning and late evening; but from these two sources, while it gets enough water to keep it alive, a sheep still does not get enough water to keep it in the very best growing condition nor to keep all its bodily processes going on in the most effective manner possible.

There is not an organ in the body that can function properly without water to aid it. Being one of the chief constituents of blood, water is carried to every part of the system, and not alone helps it in getting its nourishment, but also in ridding it of its impurities. It is obvious that a large amount of water must be necessary to keep the sheep doing well. Enough is not gotten with the food, even in summer, and this amount should be supplemented by all that the sheep will drink when given constant access to it.

SEVERAL SUMMER FEEDING PROBLEMS

Intelligent Provision Gives Substantial Advantages to Live Stock Farmer.

Although the question of summer feeding has become one of the most important in the country, so far as many farmers are concerned, there are many who, in my opinion, miss some of the main points altogether. An intelligent provision for summer feeding gives substantial advantages to the farmer.

Less land is used for pasture and consequently the percentage of waste is reduced. If there is a saving in the amount of land it simply means the use of less capital in this branch of agriculture.

In other words a farm of 100 acres should yield as good results as one of 150 acres under the old methods.

Of still greater importance perhaps is the matter of keeping up the milk supply to contract requirements and that of maintaining the growth and strength of live stock generally.

In the early part of the season when pasturage growth is rapid animals waste fully as much fodder as they consume, but by midsummer the dry weather is pretty sure to curtail the growth of grass to such an extent that the milk supply is lessened and flesh and growth are impaired.

The conclusion is that the farmer should not depend on pasturage after the first of July and therefore only so much land should be devoted to grazing as may be needed in the most favorable part of the season.

The problem of supplying summer fodder can easily be settled by the cultivation of the part of the pasture land which is saved. Young stock will then obtain uniform growth while by the same means a dairy will keep up its milk supply.

Should the whole season prove favorable for pasturage much of the fodder raised for summer feeding may be sold in the market or the dairy may be enlarged.

A silo is a good auxiliary in providing for either summer or winter feeding and there are various methods along the line of intensive farming which will enable owners of cattle to use less land and at the same time attain the results desired.

A crop of rye can be cut for hay

Keep Soil in Fine Tilth. In dry, hot weather keep the surface of the soil in fine tilth. Hoe and rake as soon as the ground dries after a rain, and never under any circumstances allow a hard crust to form.

Forming Fruit Buds. Many farmers who have been growing fruit for years, do not know that the apple and most other fruit trees form fruit buds in the late summer months.

Keep Freshman. Senior—What do you think of the Culebra Cut? Freshman—Well—er—I never tried it. The sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.—Pelican.

Breaking Into Print. "My cousin once wrote something and had luck—it was printed." "What was it?" "His marriage announcement."

Icehouse Overlooked. Rather sorry now that you did not build an ice house and fill it last winter, eh?

Stunts Growth. Do not let any fruit ripen on the small fruit plants set out this year. Premature fruit stunts the growth.

Ventilation Needed. Cows require ventilation just the same as human beings, but many farmers do not think so. Judging from the odor and heat that meets one upon first entering the stables. Yet they should not be cold. Means should be devised for pure air circulation without any direct draughts.

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