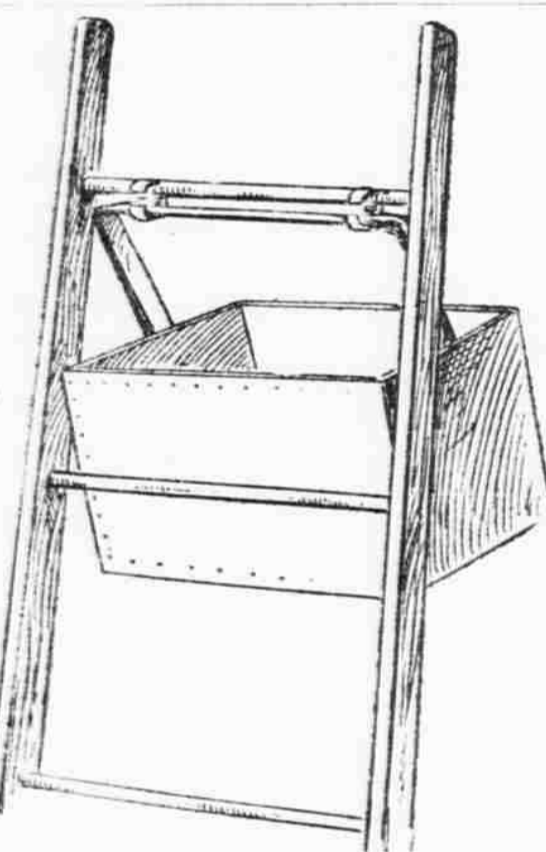




Running a Farm.

When I was young at farming,
I'd watch the turnip tops,
And quickly go to wishing
For good, big, rousing crops.
I wished for mammoth pumpkins
All others to outweigh;
In short, I took to nothing
But wishing all the day.
A solace sweet and soothing
In every wish would lurk,
Till dreaming speculation
Seemed surer than hard work.
I wished my cellar full of
Potatoes with a will;
I wished the granary groaning
With corn to go to mill.
While other farmers wished for
A good supply of rain,
I thought it as sound logic
To wish for fruit and grain.
And so I went on wishing,
Contented with my lot,
In autumn no potatoes
Were boiling in my pot.
I tell you I'd discovered
That wishing only breeds
Keen disappointment; wishing
Won't pull up choking weeds;
It won't hoe corn in summer,
Or husk it in the fall;
I tell you, boys, that wishing
Won't run a farm at all.
That winter my potatoes
I had to go and buy
Right from my smiling neighbors,
Who had a good supply.
They'd slyly nudge their elbows,
And taunt me with a laugh,
That labor's wheat that's golden,
And speculation chaff.
I learned this goodly lesson—
And in my heart it seems—
One day of honest labor
Is worth ten years of dreams.
And now in idly wishing,
My duty ne'er I shirk;
But just roll up my shirt sleeves,
And like a beaver work.
A Fruit Picking Box.
A contributor to the New York Tribune offers the following suggestions:
The ordinary basket is not a convenient receptacle into which to pick fruit from a ladder. Too little of the opening is presented between the rounds, owing to the round form of the basket's top. The round form also keeps the basket from being stable, as it is constantly swinging about on the one hook sup-



FRUIT PICKING BOX.

porting it. A fruit-gathering box is shown in the cut which obviates both these defects. Its handle is made from a flat hoop soaked in water and bent into the proper shape. This handle can be supported by two hooks, keeping the box very firm. With a box the full opening from one side to the other is afforded for putting in fruit. If the box is carefully lined with a double thickness of burlap there will be less likelihood of bruising the fruit, in the smallest degree.
Barreling Apples and Pears.
In barreling apples it is quite safe to pile the apples as much as two inches above where the head will fit in the cask. If pressed down evenly there is elasticity enough in the apple skin to allow such compression without bruising it. If the apples are not thus pressed down they will shrink so as to be loose in the barrel, and will thus bruise in handling the barrels worse than they would if pressed down. Pears cannot be thus pressed down. They are best packed with a paper around each, which will keep it from touching its neighbor.
Fall Plowing to Kill Insects.
One of the benefits of fall plowing that more than compensates its disadvantage is washing the surface soil by plowing and washing, is that it destroys millions of destructive insects. In orchards especially, many of the larvae that are injurious are hidden under leaves or stones, where they will be partly protected from wet, and will there endure any amount of dry freezing without injury. But turning the soil over to the depth of five or six inches disturbs these insect arrangements. Moisture means that the larva must begin to prepare for emerging

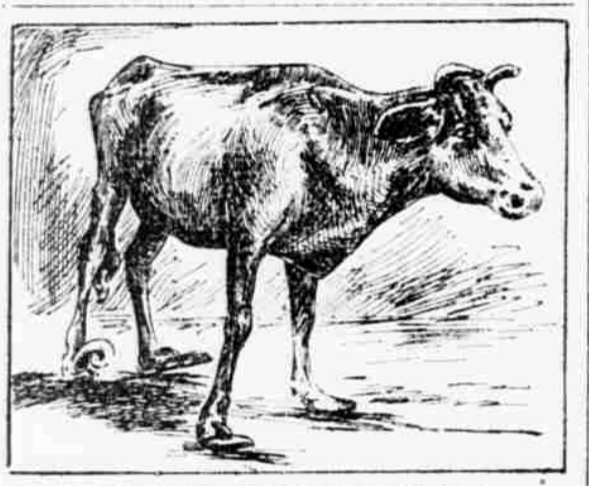
from its cocoon, or if already an insect it may be tempted to move to escape it. Any such movement before there is settled warm weather is death to it.

Cutting Corn.

Corn fodder, if secured when it is in its best condition, is almost as good as hay for cattle and sheep; and for milch cows there is no other feed that I have ever tested equal to it. Just as soon as the corn is well in the dough it is ripe enough to cut. Some farmers let their corn stand till the stalks get dead ripe before cutting. Corn thus cared for may be a little heavier after it is husked (at least it is so claimed by some), but the waste in fodder more than consumes the extra grain in weight of corn. The average day laborer will, in cutting by the shock, cut seventy shocks containing sixty-four hills in each shock, per day. An expert worker will, in medium corn, cut from 100 to 125 shocks in the same length of time, and of equal size. Twisted rye straw or marsh hay is good to use, although the best thing that is being used is a No. 9 wire, cut about 3 1/2 feet long, with a hook bent on each end, so that they can be quickly fastened or unfastened. These wire bands can be saved and used year after year.

Hoofs Like Horns.

Here's the picture of a freak cow owned by a Massachusetts farmer. The abnormal hoofs are apparently of regular horn substance, and further than to seriously impede the animal's locomotion do not otherwise seem to interfere with the performance of her ordinary functions. These hoofs, or horns, as they might be called, when trimmed



COW WITH ABNORMAL HOOFS.

off soon grow again to the size and shape shown in the illustration.

Fall Seeding of Corn Ground.

A crop of corn may be succeeded the following year with grass for pasturing or hay if the land is fitted right. A light plowing, or rather cultivating so as to pull down the corn butts, and then following them with the roller to press them into the surface will be all that is needed. Then run over the leveled surface with the smoothing harrow, which will roughen it and sow the seed. If a permanent pasture is desired sow some June grass seeds with the timothy, and in the spring sow some clover seed. All will grow, and the first year each will help the other, as the more grass or clover growth can be got on the land the earlier it will dry out when spring comes. Most attempts to seed without grain fail because not enough seed is sown.

Threshing Buckwheat.

Owing to the great amount of sap its thick stalk contains, buckwheat cannot well be piled up in sacks or put in mows. We have known it to be threshed by machine, but it took so much power to thresh the buckwheat by threshing machine that the experiment was not profitable. It is extremely easy with a little heating of the head to dislodge every grain of buckwheat. But when stalks and all are put in it has to be done very slowly, else the green buckwheat stalks would clog the cylinders and stop the machine. It takes much more coal to thresh buckwheat with a steam thrasher than it does to thresh grain whose straw is dry.—American Cultivator.

Stabling and Blanketing Horses.

Horses that are exposed to rains should be blanketed while out of doors, and the blanket, or rather a dry one, should cover the horse after he is under shelter. Under the blanket the heat gathers from the internal heat of the body, and as there is thus a double protection between the skin and the outer air the skin does not chill. Carefulness in blanketing a horse has at all seasons more to do with his condition than feeding grain. If a cold is developed in the early winter it is extremely likely to last until spring, and may then develop into much worse disease than an ordinary cold.

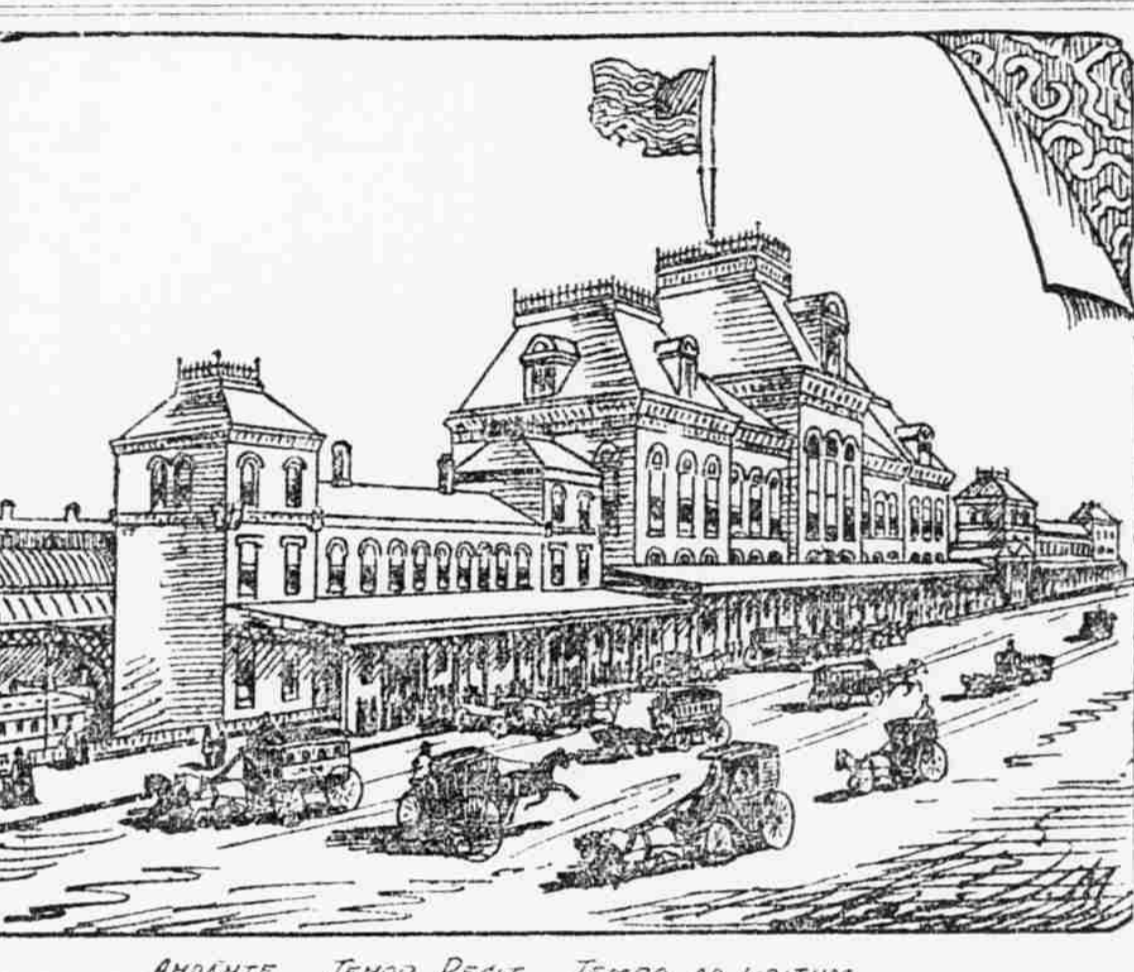
Poultry Notes.

Filthy quarters produce sickness, and sick hens will not produce eggs.
Cull out the poor layers and give the prolific hens more room to work.
After the second year the hen's value as a winter egg-producer lessens.
Green rye is the best form for feeding; as a grain it is a poor poultry food.
Make the hens work. Exercise helps digestion. Feed all they will eat up clean.
Keep the fowls indoors while there is snow on the ground or the air cold and raw.
When the weather is cold scald the morning mash and feed while in a warm state.
Hens and pullets may lay as well without the attention of a male bird as with it.
Corn should not be fed exclusively. It should be only a night feed in very cold weather.
Ten cents a pound is about the average price for hens in market for the whole year.
Boiled buckwheat fed once or twice a week to the hens makes a good alternate food for egg-production.
Ten cents should feed a chick, and it should then weigh ten pounds, if highly fed, 10 cents covering the greatest abundance of food.

MUSICAL CRIES OF DEPOT CALLERS.

Chants of Chicago's Railway Station Guards While Announcing the Various Trains.

WHEN the impressarios who manage the great opera companies are out of singers and are looking for a few choice tenors and baritones to stop the gaps in their troupes they might do worse than gather in some of the men who make a living by calling trains in the various railroad depots of Chicago, says the Sunday Chronicle. These have voices of strength and power and penetration, and although they are probably unconscious of the fact their announcements of trains are musical to a degree.
The train caller has a peculiar position, and he is a necessary adjunct to the railroad business only in a city like Chicago, which is the initial point of the trips of all trains. That is, no train arrives at this city and continues on its journey. This is the end of the road for all of them, and passengers wishing to go further in any direction must change cars. This usually necessitates a wait of more or less duration either in the depot at which the passenger arrives or at one in some other part of



ROCK ISLAND DEPOT.

ANDANTE TENOR RECIT TEMPO AD LIBITUM.

Par-tis-sea-gers for the South and East for Lo-gans port

Par-tis-sea-gers for the South and East for Lo-gans port

Ke-ke-mo Rich-mond Cin-cin-nat-ti In-dian-ab-o-lis

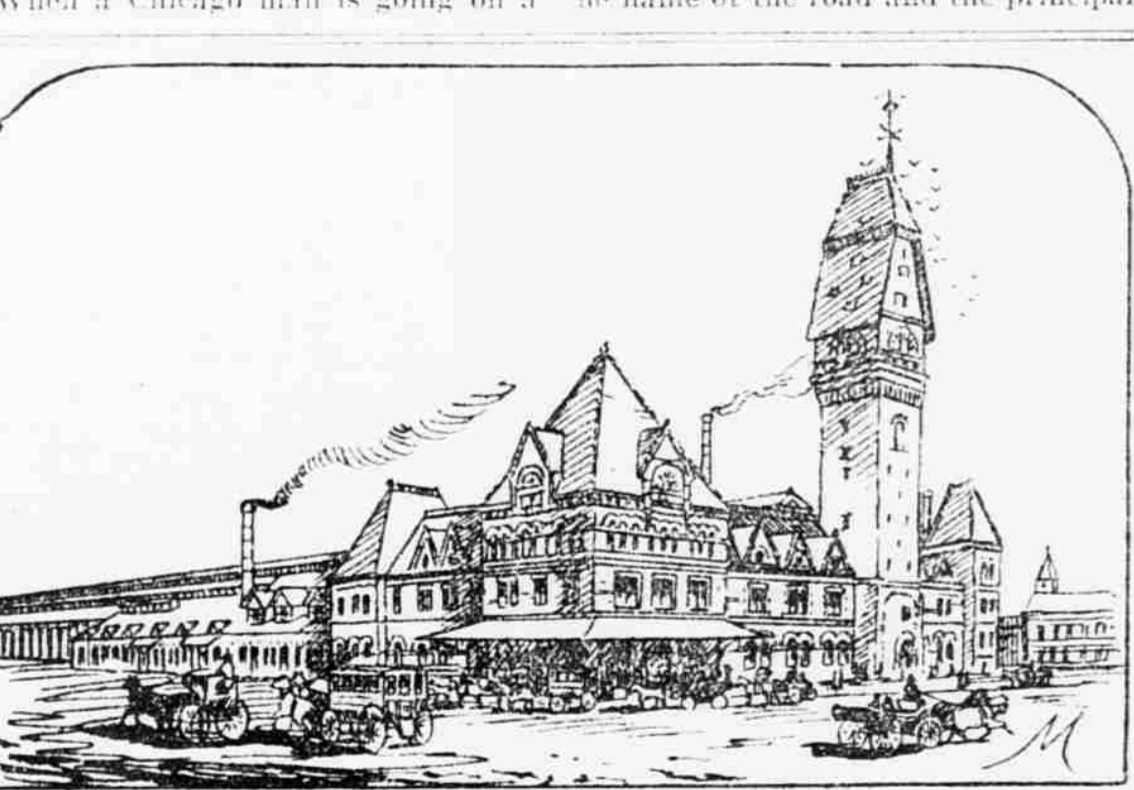
Leu-is-ville Co-lum-bus Pitts-burg Har-ris-burg Phil-a-del-phi-a

New York Bal-ti-more and Wash-ing-ton Train leaves

down stairs

UNION DEPOT.

perhaps the caller walks leisurely into the big echoing room again, and he is watched and listened to by every one as he begins his slow chant. It is the train of another road this time, and as he announces the name of the road the people who have tickets for that line begin to gather up their effects, straighten out their children and put on their coats. As he concludes with the welcome news that "the train is ready," a small procession hurries out the door toward the train shed and the disappointed ones settle back in their seats to wait the glad moment when their trains shall thus be announced.
Develops a Chant.
In the course of time naturally the announcer develops a chant or song to which he fits the announcements. It comes easier than a plain recitation of the name of the road and the principal



DEARBORN STATION.

Chi-ca-go and Erie Trains going east

Hunt-ing-ton Mar-i-on Col-um-bus Ni-a-ga-ra Falls

New York Bos-ton and all points east

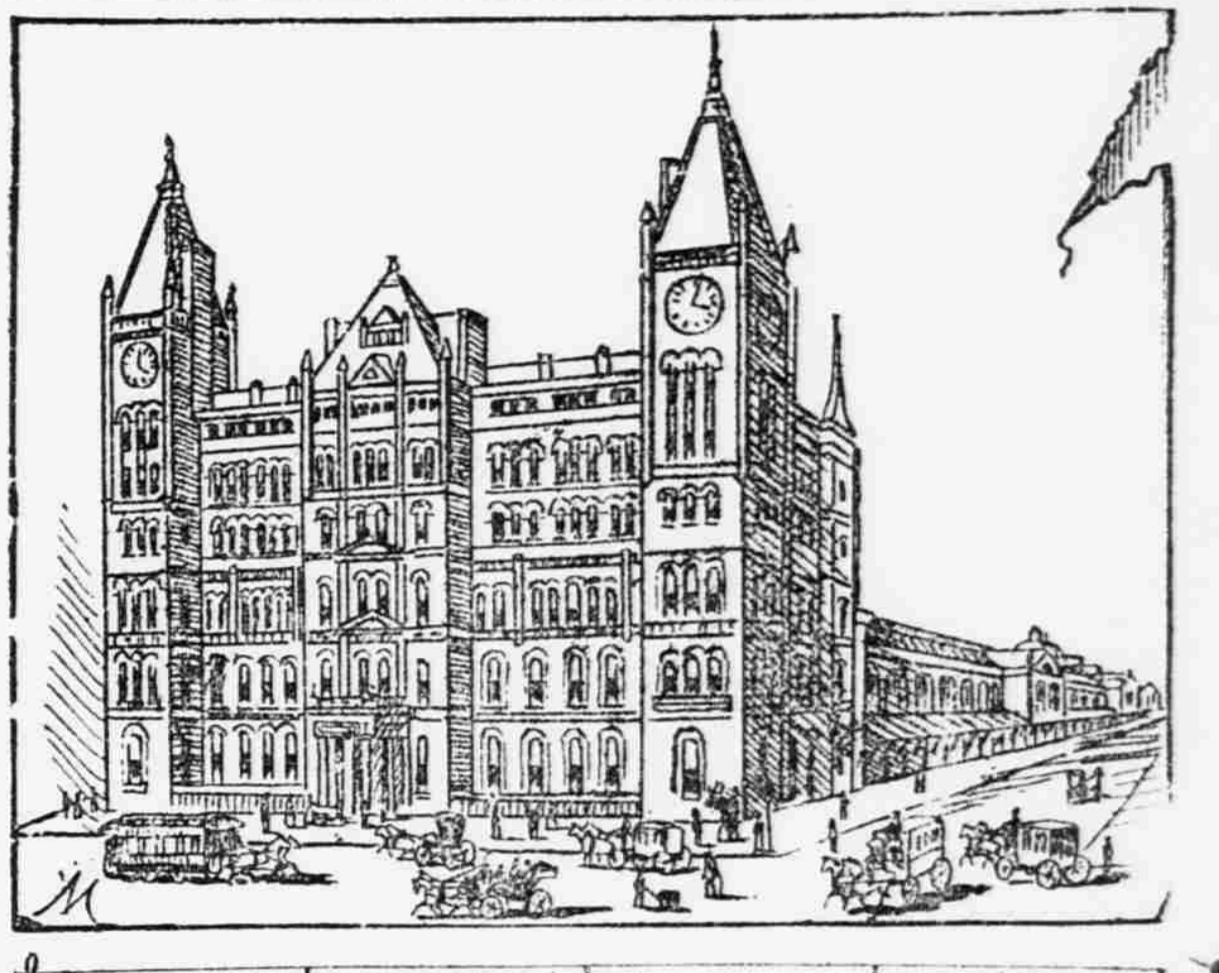
Chi-ca-go and Grand Trunk go-ing east All a-board.

DEARBORN STATION.

town to which he is hurried in an omnibus.
When a man or woman has been traveling a day or two across the country and is dumped in a big noisy depot in Chicago, hustled into a bus with a lot of other tourists and rattled across town to another depot equally large and noisy and confusing, with clanging bells and arriving and departing trains, it is a bit difficult to know just what is going on. The tourist is likely to become confused and not remember over what road the remainder of the journey is to be taken. The time the train is to leave is also a puzzling point, and to guard against mistakes and the missing of trains by inexperienced travelers the train caller is employed to announce every train half an hour or so before it leaves.
When a Chicago man is going on a

fall in regular cadence, and doing this day after day it becomes as natural for him to sing the calls as if he were chanting a popular ditty of the hour. It is largely unconscious music on the part of the caller. He does not stop to think about the tune he is chanting, the key in which he sings or the pitch of his voice. His business is to let people know about the trains and not to beguile their weary moments with song. But he is a picturesque and welcome feature of a very prosaic and humdrum place, the big depot in a big city.

"Chicago and Grand Trunk train going east. All aboard!"
He does not vary the theme particularly, and while his rendition may be lacking in color it certainly is full of atmosphere. His voice is robust, and what might be called, for want of a better term, comfortable. He seems at peace with all the world, except probably the farmer who insists on smoking a villainous pipe in the ladies' waiting-room, and for him there is short shrift. The officer says that the number of duties he is called upon to per-



GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

Par-tis-sea-gers for the Rock Is-land and Pacific

ROCK ISLAND DEPOT.

The man who does most of the calling at the Union depot is young and good-looking and possesses a splendid voice. His name is Tom Kennedy, and he seems to be as happy as it is possible amid the depressing surroundings of tired passengers, crying babies, mis-sent baggage and late trains which serve to make life miserable for most of the employes around a railroad station. He has four big railroads to keep tab on—the Burlington, Alton, Milwaukee, and Pennsylvania—and they manage to send out a good many trains every day and evening. This gives Kennedy little opportunity to make money on the side or tell funny stories to the bus drivers, for he is kept fairly busy watching the clock and remembering what train is next on the list to be announced. Shortly after 8 o'clock every evening he enters the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, and in a sonorous monotone he chants this melody:
"Panhandle, Pennsylvania train is ready. Passengers going south and east for Logansport, Kokomo, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington. Train leaves down-stairs gate No. 4."
His voice rings through the lofty room and is echoed from the vaulted ceiling, and as he rests after enunciating the name of each city there is no opportunity of mistaking what he says. The latter portion of the announcement, referring to the train leaving down-stairs, is delivered a minor

Bal-ti-more and O-hi-o Trains now ready

for Gar-rett Chi-ca-go junction Mans-field

Wheel-ing Bel-loire Graf-ton Wash-ington

Bal-ti-more Phil-a-del-phi-a New York and

In-ter-me-di-ate points

Train leaves track nine in fif-teen min-utes

GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

third lower than the other part in a sad, heart-rending way, as if Tom Kennedy deeply regretted the necessity of having that train go out.

New York and intermediate points. Train leaves track 9 in fifteen minutes."

In direct contradistinction to Kennedy, at least as shown by the tone of his voice in calling, is the fat, jolly policeman who makes the announcements at the Dearborn Station on Polk street. While the Union depot man sings in a minor the policeman pitches his voice in a major which seems to express fully the content with which he views the world, and even in his position as arbiter of all troubles that come to the traveling public. His job is even more trying than that of the man in the Union depot, for he has more roads to look after. The Erie, Grand Trunk, Santa Fe, Eastern Illinois, Wabash and Monon Roads are under his care, so far as announcing the trains is concerned, and he manages to keep plump and good-natured, and it is reflected in his voice.

All this is delivered in a true baritone voice, which he uses with every word is pronounced clearly and distinctly, and after the name of every city he rests long enough for the mental impression produced by the enunciation of the name to sink into the minds of the listeners. The voice is full of melody and is under complete control of the caller. Were Gimberling to take up music for a while he would not have to call trains any more.
At the Rock Island and Lake Shore depot the caller does not pay much attention to the musical part of his work. He calls the trains in a jerky way, using one theme, which he makes fit all announcements, regardless of what he says. He does not chant, but rather speaks, and his voice is not musical. It needs cultivation to bring it up to the standard of Kennedy and Gimberling and the big policeman at the Dearborn station. The theme he uses might well be employed for a waltz melody when he makes this announcement:
"Passengers going on the Rock Island and Pacific train. Rock Island and Pacific all aboard!"

He does not call loudly and reverberantly, filling the waiting-room with his voice, but prefers to walk to different parts of the room and make the announcement in rather a low tone, which fits well with the subdued hum of voices in the waiting-room.
Altogether the callers at the depots form an interesting study of voice culture, or rather lack of culture. Each of them chants in a different key and uses a different theme from the others, and probably none of them ever stopped to think that he was really singing what he said.

At another time he makes this simple announcement:
"Chicago and Erie train—going east. Huntington, Marion, Columbus, Niagara Falls, New York, Boston and all points east."
At another time he makes this simple announcement: