

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



By William Pitt

Deep plowing is good for some soils and not good for others.

Liquid manure is richer in nitrogen and potash than the solid manure.

Sour milk is good for the chickens, and where fed brings a larger egg yield.

Put small dependence in drugs, but everything in good care in handling your chickens.

Every crop raised on the farm should help to put the soil into better condition. This is the purpose and aim of rotation in crops.

Good stables, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and arranged with a view to the comfort of the cows quartered there are some of the requisites to a good dairy farm.

The opportunities of picking up fine heifers are growing scarce, as the dairymen are becoming more alive to the value of keeping the promising heifers and raising them for themselves.

A farm without pasture land means that little if any stock is kept, and where this is true it is safe to conclude that the land is being run down, rather than built up, unless lots of manure is bought and hauled upon the land.

Now is the time to attend to the vermin in the hen house if you have not looked to it before. A fight begun this late in the season is better than no fight at all. It will be a hard one, but you must conquer if you do not want the vermin to eat up all your profits.

How many farmers go to the expense of setting out an orchard, taking up valuable land by so doing and who then expect that the orchard is going to run itself without further care or attention from him. What folly. Plant trees and then cultivate them as you do your other crops.

Never let the sod get thin on the pasture land for this always means the decrease of the root systems of the plants and a decrease in their ability to penetrate the soil in search of plant food. When sod becomes so thin that the hoof of the animal will break through it in wet weather, it has reached a state of exhaustion that requires attention.

It is always best to feed the calves by hand because one knows just what they are getting and how much. It is really not such a terrible task to feed a dozen calves, but it is quite a nuisance to go through the motion just for one or two. Perhaps a great many dairymen who object to raising calves for their own herds would change their minds if they should practice it in a wholesale way.

Any old method is a poor way to handle the calf. The most successful dairymen allow the animal to suck the cow for the first two or three days, then feed the whole milk until about two weeks old, then gradually skim the milk. If the calf is healthy and worth raising at all, it will do well on skim milk alone, at this age. At two or three weeks old, place a little whole corn and oats before it, which it will soon learn to eat, also hay and silage. Keep the calf in thrifty condition, for once run down it is hard to get back to normal condition again, and during that time it has lots of good work.

Do not let the soil form a crust. It is at such times that the evaporation of the moisture is very rapid. Run the cultivator through the corn to prevent this condition, and the oftener it is cultivated the better the crop will do. Such cultivation puts a fine dust mulch upon the surface which effectually prevents evaporation except at a very slow rate. Anyone that has examined a well-cultivated field has been struck by the dryness of the surface, and only a few inches below it was almost wet enough to make mud balls. After every rain it is necessary to break up the crust that forms. In this way moisture enough may be accumulated to tide over the period when it is needed most. A little shower often does considerable damage by destroying the dust mulch, and it should be restored as soon as possible.

As a pasture for sows and young pigs, alfalfa proves a wonderfully helpful ration for milk-making in the sow and for growth in pigs. Experiments have shown that pigs make better growth when the dam is fed considerable alfalfa than those from sows fed the best of commercial rations, but with no alfalfa. Of two sets of pigs, one fed clover, rape and soaked corn, and the other with access to alfalfa in lieu of clover and rape, those having alfalfa seemed to grow the more rapidly. For brood sows, it is a most valuable food, either as hay, a molting crop, or as pasture. The litters of such sows are generally large and vigorous and the dams have a strong flow of nutritious milk. Alfalfa meal in slop may be used with profit where the hay is not to be obtained. It is also claimed that sows fed on alfalfa during pregnancy will not devour their young, its mineral elements seeming to satisfy the appetite of the sow, while contributing to the fetal development of the pigs.

When the corn begins to dent is the time to cut it for the silo.

The best cows are the ones that the careful dairyman raises for himself.

Dry feed for young chicks is growing in favor among many poultrymen.

Growing sheep for mutton is all right, but be sure that you have sheep that grow a good back of wool.

Young poultry cannot develop normally if infested with lice. See that they do not have any such handicap in the struggle for growth.

If the pasturage is good it is questionable whether it pays to give heavy grain rations. The difference in gain is not offset by the increased expense.

It looks like a waste when thinning the fruit on the trees, but the harvest time of larger and better fruit proves the wisdom of the course.

Radishes need lots of potash, and for this reason wood ashes sprinkled on the soil where they are grown will give them large and rapid growth.

It is a look a long ways ahead, but just make up your mind now that you will attend your state and county fair this year.

This is a good haying year in most sections. The cool, moist weather has encouraged heavy growth, and there ought to be plenty of hay throughout the country.

Oats and field peas make a good combination crop for hay. The peas add the protein property to the fodder and the oats hold the vines up so that they can be cut with the mower.

In sending eggs to market have them as near in size and color as possible. Ill-assorted eggs never bring as good a price as those with even appearance.

It is the wise farmer who feeds all he raises and then buys some from his neighbors to feed. The farmer who carries such an amount of livestock will be constantly improving his land and making it more productive.

Do you appreciate the fact that if the liquid manure is not utilized the most valuable part of the manure is lost? Use absorbents in the stable to take up the liquid manure, or better still have a cistern into which all the liquid manure can be drained, and from which it can be pumped and used as desired.

Study the character of the soil of your pasture land if the grass is not doing well, and aim to supply the fertilizer containing the elements needed. The droppings of the animals help, but some concentrated fertilizers are also needed. Harrowing the pasture fields will help to break up, distribute and work into the soil the coarse dropping of the pastured animals, besides improving the texture of the soil.

For the first week after farrowing until weaning the sow will be little else than a milk machine, and to be a high-power machine in perfect operation she must have proper care. Nothing else is so well calculated to make pigs grow as a bountiful supply of wholesome sow's milk, and the pigs that have plenty of other feed with the milk of a well-slopped sow for eight weeks will ordinarily have much the start of those weaned at five or six weeks, no matter how much food and attention the earlier weaned pigs may have had.

After the first two weeks you can get the calf onto skim milk. Whole milk is too expensive to raise calves on. Calves thrive much better on the warm skimmed milk from the hand separator than on the skimmed milk brought home from the creamery, where the milk of several hundred cows is probably mixed, or the milk set in pans and crocks or deep cans, which, when the cream is taken off, is always cold and usually half sour. I think skimmed milk may be fed to calves with more profit than to any other thing about the farm, unless it be the poultry.

A cow will make use of between three and four tons of silage a year. With ten cows and other stock to use as much ensilage as the cows, one could use 60 to 80 tons per year. Where enough stock is kept to use to advantage 80 or more tons of ensilage per year may be justified in investing in a silo and the necessary machinery to fill it. The larger and better the herd and the better the dairyman the more profitable ensilage becomes. One is never justified in the use of expensive feed like ensilage unless he gets to be a careful herdsman, furnishes his animals comfortable quarters, good, regular care and protection from storms and winds.

Milking under quiet, favorable conditions is quite important for the following reasons plainly set forth by John Burroughs, the eminent naturalist, in speaking of the supposed power of cows to "hold-up" their milk. Says Mr. Burroughs: "Most farmers and country people think that the 'giving down' or 'holding up' the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact, they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk, and that the cow releases or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory; it is filled with blood from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system; when she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by a stranger, or by taking away her calf, or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is an involuntary act as digestion in man, and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way."

It is well for those who are inclined to use the milk stool on a cow when she refuses to "let the milk down" to remember Mr. Burroughs' statements, which are without question correct.

CLOUDS and MOUNTAINS



THE OZARITZEE

THE AIGUILLE DU DRU

These are natures of the mystical, contemplative order who seek instinctively to correlate their scenery with some mood or aspiration of their inner life—who are not satisfied till they have linked it on somewhere intelligibly with their deepest being, writes Algermon Blackwood in Country Life.

Before a given landscape, that is, they find the explanation of their emotion by translating the color, distance, conformation and so forth into definite spiritual sensations; passing thus, without too great confusion, from the finite to the infinite. Until this is successfully accomplished there is a sense of disquietude almost of pain; the lover's blindness. But, once that inner life is found, the result is peace; the beauty becomes comprehensible with a personal message as it were. They dramatize the view in the terms of soul; doors open; veils lift, there come—wings.

The kind of scenery that best does this varies, of course, with individual temperament. For some the great plains, or the mystery of forests; for others, again—the majority, perhaps, the grandeur and terror of mountains. But to all who understand this process of mind the world appears as the expression of something spiritual and alive, and common objects become a source of vivid revelation. Such persons endow "common objects" with something of their own life; nothing seems quite the same once their transforming imagination has looked upon it.

The immensity of cloud-scenery has already been noticed. Let the eyes on a June day travel up and down the blue lanes of sky between the masses, and with the eye send also the imagination of the piled and heaped-up vapours holds in the end something that appals.

In the high Alps the wind currents that for ever suck through the deep valleys marshal the details with bewildering effects; the black depths, suddenly revealed and as suddenly closed again, the awful chasms, opened and shut so swiftly, throw the imagination into a state of disorder that adds enormously to the confusing grandeur of the spectacle. Only a few days ago, while climbing across the middle slopes of the Blumtsalp, I was fortunate enough to see the pagant in all its splendor. The hot spring sunline joined forces with the snow-cold air to produce a vast chaos of cloudland. Far below, the huge trough of the Oeschinen See, was filled with seething vapour, that rose and fell as the winds directed it, allowing occasional glimpses into the green glacier water through profound tunnels of mist, yet, as a whole, climbing gradually upward to where we stood. Overhead, the summits rose clear in a sky of summer blue, with the single exception of the great Doldenhorn, where an immense cloud, forever shifting, and shedding whole precipices on its way, moved off laboriously till it was caught by the air-draughts from

the Gastern Thal, and mysteriously spirited out of sight altogether.

But, meanwhile, the sea of vapour at our feet had risen till it spread in a single plain of white that somehow made one think of Shelley's "flat forms of the wind" become visible. This sea was without a break. Apparently, too, it was motionless; yet on looking closer through field-glasses it showed itself really alive with movement; the rising and falling of waves, rifts with fringed and jagged edges shooting in all directions, though never high enough to destroy the general effect of calm surface. There were swift draughts and whirlwinds castir through the entire mass. It was the colossal scale of the thing. Far below us, from some steep slope hidden beneath the sea of mist, there rose a curious long-drawn round that at first suggested nothing we could recognize. It was only a few minutes later when the thunder followed that we realized an avalanche had plunged into the gulf. First we heard the hissing of the sheet of sliding snow—then a low hissing that more than anything else strikes error to the heart of the climber. It rose up to us through the mist as the sound of an explosion might rise through the depths of the sea. Then, as the mass fell from ledge to ledge and finally dropped over the last dizzy cliff into the Oeschinen See, we heard the thundering roar that echoed below, behind and overhead, and later felt the icy wind that followed the displacement of the air. Yet no signs were otherwise visible. The surface of the mist-sea remained untroubled. Nothing stirred; only the mighty sounds and the message of the loosed wind. And far overhead, the iron battlements of rock stood serene and terrible, their foundations rising out of the vast platform of vapour that wrapped them about like an ocean, their summits of shining ice inhabited by the flames of the sunshines.

Yet, several hours later, when we watched the same mountains from the safety of the comfortable Gemml hotel and listened to the warnings of Herr Dettlebach, the proprietor, about spring avalanches, it all seemed somehow unreal—the scenery all incredible and phantasmal as with the coloring of a splendid dream. The clouds had risen; like fragments of flying fire they floated far overhead now in the sunset. It became impossible to see again that ocean of mist. What we had seen was no scenery of the known world. It belonged, surely, to the scenery of such dreams as carry the imagination into the beyond—into infinite distances above the clouds.

Alarmed. Suddenly there was a great commotion in space and Mars was observed to be whirling away from the earth at top speed.

"What's the trouble?" queried the astronomer on the earth. "Afraid we want to steal your canals?"

"No," signaled the Martians, "we just heard that that man Castro was about to pay us a visit."

Best and Worst Cigarette

Veteran Travelers Agree That Russia Has the One and France the Other.

There are two things that smokers who travel extensively are agreed upon: That the worst cigarette ever forced upon an unsuspecting stranger is the French, and the best cigarette is the Russian.

One writer describes the French cigarette as follows:

"The tobacco, which has been aptly described as consisting of scorched linen flavored with assafoetida, and glue, is very coarsely cut, more so than for the pipe in England, and very dark. To reduce its strength it is steeped in water. The resultant cigarette is indescribably horrible; English smokers fail to recognize it as tobacco. Yet of those cigarettes, France smokes some three hundred billions a year; in any form but that of the cigarette it would be intolerable. An Englishman will face up to moved the armies of France or the

howlings of her mobs, but from her cigarettes he flies apace."

The Russian cigarette, which is so deservedly popular in California, is the exact opposite of the horrible mixture which masquerades in France under the name of cigarette. The Russian cigarette is equipped with a paper holder, thus giving a cool, satisfying smoke, and is composed of the most delicate blends of Turkish tobacco, carefully selected and painstakingly prepared by experts who spend their lives in learning just what proportions will produce the perfect cigarette.

Soldier Something of a Hero.

John Ross, the British general who led the force that burned Washington, was killed in a battle with the American army at North Point, Md., near Baltimore. The Americans were defeated. Ross fell into the arms of Capt. McDougall, and the same officer caught Gen. Pakenham in his arms at the battle of New Orleans.

BETZVILLE TALES

Sue Granger and the Lamp Post

By Ellis Parker Butler
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



"Uth a wuth a wuth Uth Uth!" She said.

Surgical science is getting to be a great thing these days. You would never believe, to see Sue Granger of Betzville lick a two-cent postage stamp, that she was born tongue-tied. She was, though, until she was two years old, and then a surgeon came down from the city and loosened up her tongue, and when he was done she had the best quantity and quality of all-round tongue in the village. She has such a sizeable tongue that when she is writing a letter it lops out like a dog's on a hot day, and it was only last week that she bit it badly whilst writing to that blonde-headed young fellow that comes up from the city to see her on Sundays.

I never shall forget that day last winter when she was walking down Main street eating a hunk of yellow tam and choked on it. Just as she choked she had to cough and her tongue flew out and the end hit an iron lamp post, and the frost in the lamp post glued the tip of her tongue to it so tight that it seemed as if nothing short of warm weather and a thaw would ever get it loose again.

Of course we're not what you might call curious-minded in Betzville, but it ain't human nature to see a girl standing right in front of the grocery on our most prominent corner with the end of her tongue against a lamp-post and her hands waving in the air, and not take a little interest. So mostly all the population gathered there in two minutes, being surprised to see a young lady of our best social circles rolling her eyes wildly and connected close up with a lamp-post like she and it was a sort of new style Siamese twins. We walked all around Sue and talked it over, but we couldn't make any sense out of it, and we was just about to decide it was just some new suffragette notion that had just come to town when Uncle Ashdod Clute thought he might as well ask Sue. So he did. She rolled her eyes at him kind of grateful.

"Uth a wuth a wuth uth uth!" she said.

Uncle Ashdod is a pretty wise old man, and he guessed what was the matter right away, and as we seen it was inconvenient for Sue to stand there that way until warm weather turned up, on account of that lamp-post being a favorite hitching-post, and some horses being biters and liable to bite Sue on the tongue, so we set to work and formed a committee to get her loose.

But it wasn't any use. Sue Granger had the most flexible tongue I ever saw, and when the fellows had pulled her back to the window of the grocery store they saw the tongue wasn't going to come loose at either end, so they let go, and the tongue contracted like a rubber band and yanked Sue across the sidewalk and slammed her up against the lamp-post. All she said was "Uth!" but we could see she did want to get it. And she wasn't going to have it tried again, either, for she wrapped her arms around that lamp-post and hugged it tight.

Then the committee didn't know what to do! We walked around and around that lamp-post and studied the situation, and then we saw that when Sue had slammed up against it two or three more lengths of her tongue had struck the iron post and glued themselves onto it tight. Well, it was

lucky it was a lamp-post, anyway, for while we were cogitating over it night came on, and all we had to do was to light the lamp on top of the post. It made it more cheerful for Sue. So when we had done that and had got a high office stool so she could sort of sit down we felt that the committee had done about all it could for that evening, and we adjourned. But Uncle Ashdod Clute saw that it wasn't right to leave a girl out that way all night alone, and that she ought to have a chaperone, so he sent for Aunt Rhinocollura Betz.

She came right down and said she would be glad to chaperone Sue, but she didn't believe a word of that nonsense about the frost in the post glueing Sue's tongue to it, and she showed Uncle Ashdod that it was all nonsense by sticking her own tongue to the post, and there it stuck! So then Uncle Ashdod was sure Aunt Rhinocollura would not go away and leave Sue unprotected, and he went home satisfied in his mind.

The next morning the committee came around quite early, after it had done up its home chores, and it found Aunt Rhinocollura and Sue were real peevish. It looked as if they had quarrelled during the night over who should sit on that high stool.

"Uth a wuth a wuth a wuth!" said Sue, angrily, but Aunt Rhinocollura just drew herself up indignantly and said:

"Uth a with a with a with!"

Anybody could see that they were mortal enemies from that minute on, but we had nothing to do with that, and we consulted and decided that the thing to do was to put both of them in a hospital, and as there wasn't any hospital in Betzville, somebody's house would have to be used. So they chose Aunt Rhinocollura's, and we dug up the lamp-post and put it in a wagon, with Sue on one side of it and Aunt Rhinocollura on the other, and when we got to town Aunt Rhinocollura's women put them to bed. I guess it was a pretty cold lamp-post for we could hear the two of them yell about the time they ought to have been undressed.

The committee gave the case to Doc Perkins, and the first thing he did was to take the temperature of the lamp-post, and he said it showed a low temperature and no fever, and he would advise packing the lamp-post in snow to take the frost out. So they did. But the lamp-post didn't seem to improve. So Doc Wilkins was called in consultation, and he said that the lamp-post needed was hot-water bags at its foot and mustard plasters up its sides to heat it up. So they tried that. No good. Then Doc Perkins wanted to amputate the tongues of the ladies, but Doc Wilkins objected. He wanted to saw the lamp-post down the middle, so each lady could have a half, and Sue could go home. Objected to. So nobody knew what to do, and those two females might have stayed in bed with that lamp-post forever if Sue hadn't thought of the only possible thing to do. We were all surprised to think we had not thought of it ourselves. What she told us was this:

"Uth a 'thup-thup-thup, wuth aith uth, Uth a wuth wuth wuth-uth!"

Well, of course, as soon as we did that both their tongues came loose. You can see for yourself that they would.

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Grand Feat of Balancing.

A certain English mayor—the London Daily Telegraph tells of him—whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying the work of the year.

"I have endeavored," he said, "to administer justice without swerving to partiality on the one hand or impartiality on the other."

The amateur gardener is generally cured by one good dose.

To Clean Mother of Pearl. Mother of pearl ornaments should be cleaned with a paste of whiting and cold water. Soap discolors them.

Wisdom from the Past. I am likewise convinced that no man can do me a real injury, because no man can force me to misbehave myself.—Marcus Aurelius.

WHAT WERE THEY THERE FOR
Reporter's Seemingly Superfluous Question as to Happenings at Cabinet Meetings.

Postmaster General Meyer is of a serious turn of mind, but he has a bit of humor in his makeup, nevertheless. Being looked upon as the shrewdest politician in the president's cabinet, he is the objective point for newspaper correspondents on cabinet days.

Last week as Mr. Meyer emerged from the White House a newspaper man asked:

"Mr. Postmaster General, can't you give us some news about the cabinet meetings?"

"There really is nothing to say," replied the cabinet officer. "We discussed nothing of especial importance."

"Do you mean to say you did not discuss politics?" the newspaper man queried.

The postmaster general burst into laughter. When he recovered his usual serenity he said:

"Do you suppose we were all muzzled?"

A JOB FOR TWO.



"What you fellers got in that box?"

"It's all right, officer. We're takin' home Mamie Casey's hat wot she wore at de lawn party last night!"

Here's a Good One.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when he got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some 80 pounds of ivory, valued at about \$250.—Circle Magazine.

Lazy Men Power Generators.

Learned Justice Betts of Kingston, N. Y., says: "Lazy men have a right to live." Our lazy men are our most potent. History shows that as a rule, with a rule's exceptions, our greatest men had either indolent or shiftless fathers, as fathers of Shakespeare, Lincoln, Napoleon, Bismarck and other worthies indicate. On the other hand, great men's children are few and far between. Power in a lazy man is accumulative, as in a colled spring, but the great man has little or nothing left for offspring.—New York Times.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearability of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

No Romance About It.

The stricken man constantly moaned the name of the young woman who had jilted him.

"Tell her," he said to the medical man, "that her cruelty killed me. Tell her I am dying from a broken heart."

"The medical man shook his head. "Go on," he said. "That would be shamelessly unprofessional. Your heart's all right. It's your liver that's the trouble."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Placing the Bother.

"They say we are not to be bothered by the big hats much longer."

But, really, we aren't care how much much longer they are—it's the height and width that bother us.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nebraska Directory

M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery

The Best in the West OMAHA, NEB.

Taft's Dental Rooms

1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

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