

Private "Ginger"—As Seen Through the Barbed Wire

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seven Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

There were six of us.

"Curly" Wallace was called "Curly" because he had the cutest little Della Fox, or spit curl, as the gum-chewers call it, you ever saw.

"Happy" Houghton earned his nickname by his constant smile and happy disposition. He was English, a Londoner.

"Hungry" Foxcroft really earned his title. He took special pains that our rations would not become mildewed by lying around too long in the dampness of our dugout.

"Ikey" Honney, dubbed "Ikey" because in one of our theatrical attempts he took the part of "Ikey Cohenstein," and made quite a hit.

"Dick" Turpin, called "Dick" in memory of the notorious highwayman. He used to help the quartermaster sergeant, so the name was very appropriate.

I was the sixth. The boys put the prefix "Yank" to my name, because I was American and hailed from the "Big Town" behind the statue of liberty.

The six of us composed the crew of gun No. 2 of the machine company. We were machine gunners and our gun was the Vickers, light, 303, water-cooled.

It was a rainy afternoon in June, and we were sitting in our dugout in the front-line trench, about 300 yards from the German lines.

"What is a dugout?" he would look at you in astonishment, and, pitying you for your apparent lack of education, would answer, "What's a dugout? Why a dugout is—a well, a dugout's a dugout. Only being a T. V. pro-

tem—pro tem in my case meaning "for duration of war"—I will try to describe to the best of my ability this particular dugout.

A dugout is a hole in the ground. Gets its name because it is dug out by the Royal Engineers, or R. E.'s as we call them. It is used to shelter the men in the trenches from shell fire. They also sleep in it, or try to. From our point of view, its main use is to drain the trenches of muddy water and give us rheumatism.

It also makes a good hole for rats. These guests look upon us as intruders and complain that we overcrowd the place. Occasionally we give in to them, and take a turn in the trench to rest ourselves.

Our dugout was about twenty feet deep, or, at least, there were twenty wooden steps leading down to it. The ceiling and walls were braced by heavy, square-cut timbers. Over the timbers in the ceiling sheets of corrugated iron were spread to keep the wet earth from falling in on us.

The entrance was heavily sandbagged and very narrow; there was only room for one person to leave or enter at a time. The ceiling was six feet high and the floor space was ten feet by six feet. Through the ceiling a six-inch square shaft was cut. We used to take turns sleeping under this in wet weather.

The timbers bracing the walls were driven full of nails to hang our equipment on. After our ammunition, belt-filling machine, equipment, rifles, etc., had been stored away, there was not much space for six men to live, not forgetting the rats.

It was very dark in the dugout, and as we were only issued a candle and a half every twenty-four hours we had to economize on light. We betide the last man who left the candle burning!

In this hole of ours we would sit around the lonely candle and through a thick haze of tobacco smoke would recount our different experiences at various points of the line where we had been, or spin yarns about home. Sometimes we would write a letter, when we were fortunate enough to be near the candle. At other times we'd sit for an hour without saying a word, listening to a German over in the enemy's front trench playing a cornet.

My, how that Boche could play! Just to make us hate the war he'd play "Swanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," or "Over the Waves." The latter was my favorite. During his recital our trenches were strangely quiet. Never a shot from either side.

Sometimes, when he had finished, Ikey Honney would go into the trench and play on his harmonica. As soon as we'd see that harmonica come out it was a case of "duck down low," for the Germans would be sure, when the

first strains reached them, to send over "five rounds rapid." We hated that harmonica. More than once we chucked one over the top, but he'd sit down, write a letter, and in about ten days' time would receive, through the mail a little oblong package, and we'd know we were in for some more "five round rapids." We didn't blame the Germans.

Still, that harmonica had its uses. Often we would get downhearted and "fed up" with the war, and "grouse" at everything in general. Then Ikey would reach in his pocket and out would come that instrument of torture. We would then realize there were worse things than war, and cheer up accordingly.

On this particular rainy afternoon in June we were in a talkative mood. Perhaps it was due to the fact that Curly Wallace had made his "Tommy's cooker" do what it was supposed to do—make water boil in an hour and a half. A "Tommy's cooker" is a spirit stove which is very widely advertised as a suitable gift to the men in the trenches. Many were sent out, and many were thrown away.

Anyway, the "cooker" lived up to its reputation for once, though a little behind its advertised schedule in making water boil. Curly passed around the result of his efforts, in the form of an ammunition tin half full of fairly good tea. We each took a good swig, lighted a cigarette—they had "come up" with the rations the night before—and settled back against the damp earthen walls of the dugout, to see who could tell the biggest lie. For a few minutes silence reigned—no one seemed to care to be the first to break in.

Then Dick Turpin, turning to me, asked:

"Remember Burton of a company? Think he was in the Third platoon; the fellow that was recommended for the V. C. and refused it. Got the recommendation for rescuing his platoon commander under fire."

I answered in the affirmative and Dick "carried on" with: "I never could see into that affair, because they seemed to be the worst of enemies. The officer was always picking on him; used to have him 'on the crime sheet' for the least offense. Got him several days of extra pack drill, and once he clicked twenty-one days' crucifixion"—(field punishment No. 1, tied to a limber wheel two hours per day for twenty-one days).

"No matter what dirty fatigue or working party came along, Burton's name was sure to head the list. "This Burton appeared to be a surly sort of a chap, kept to himself a whole lot, always brooding, didn't have many friends in the company, either. There seemed to be something on his mind. "Most of the company men said his sweetheart back in Blighty had thrown him down for some other bloke."

Happy Houghton butted in: "That's the way with this world, always hammering at a fellow. Well, I know this Burton, and there's not a better mate in the world, so let that sink into your napper."

"Don't get sore, Happy," said Honney. "If you don't mind, let's have the story. I mean no offense. Just naturally curious, that's all. You can't deny that the whole affair has been quite a mystery to the brigade. Spit it out and get it off your chest."

"Let's have it, Happy," we all chimed in chorus. Happy, somewhat mollified, lighted a cigarette, took two or three puffs, and started:

"Well, it was this way, but don't ask any questions until I am through. "You know Burton isn't what you'd call a prize beauty when it comes to looks. He's about five, six in height, stocky, a trifle bowlegged and pug-nosed. To top this he has a crop of red hair and his clock—(face)—is the boarding house for every freckle in the United Kingdom. But strong! Say, that fellow could make Samson look like a consumptive when he got started."

"In Blighty, before the war, Burton was this lieutenant—his name is Huston—went to the same college. "Huston was nearly six feet high and slender. Sort of a dandy, fair-haired, lots of dough, which he never got by working; his papa wished it on him when he went west—(died). He was good-looking and had a way with the girls which made them think he was the one and only. Didn't care much for athletics. Girls, dances and card parties were more in his line."

"They were in the same class. Burton was working his way through, and consequently Huston looked down on him as a bally bounder. Among the athletes Burton was popular, Huston wasn't."

"Burton was engaged—or thought he was—to a pretty fine girl by the name of Betty. She thought Burton, or 'Ginger,' as she called him, was the finest thing out. One day Ginger took her to see a football game at the college; he was playing on the team, so she had to sit it out alone. During this 'sitting it out,' she met Huston and the trouble started. He was dead gone on her and she liked him, so he made hay while the sun was shining."

"She didn't exactly turn Ginger down, but he was no boob and saw how things were, so he eased out of the running, although it almost broke his heart; he certainly loved that girl. "This state of affairs widened the gap between Huston and Burton. They hated each other pretty fiercely, but Burton never went out of his way to show it, while Huston took every opportunity to vent his spleen. Ginger saw Betty very seldom, and when he did, she was generally accompanied by Huston."

"Then the war came; Ginger immediately enlisted as a private. He could have had a commission, but did not

want to take a chance of having to mix with Huston.

"A few weeks after Ginger's enlistment, Huston joined too—was losing prestige in Betty's eyes by staying in mufti. He went into the O. T. C.—(officers' training corps). In seven months he received his commission and was drafted to France. Ginger had been out three months.

"Before leaving, Huston proposed to Betty and was accepted. By one of the many strange coincidences that happen in this world Huston was sent to the battalion and company that Ginger was in and was put in command of Ginger's platoon. Then things happened.

"Ginger could hardly believe his eyes when he first saw Huston and knew he was to be his platoon commander. He knew he was in for it good and plenty."

"That night Huston sent for Ginger and had a talk with him. Tried to make him believe that he harbored no animosity, detailed him as mail orderly, the first act of a campaign of petty cruelty. By being mail orderly Ginger would have to handle Betty's letters to Huston and Huston's letters to her. Ginger saw through it immediately and his hate burned stronger. From that night on it was one indignity after another, just a merciless persecution, but Ginger never complained; just stored up each new act and swore vengeance."

"It came to such a pass that Ginger could bear it no longer; he decided to kill Huston and only waited for a favorable opportunity to present itself. I think it was only his love for Betty which had held him back so long; he couldn't bear the thought of her grieving for her dead lover."

"One night, in the front-line trench, orders were received that after an hour's intense bombardment of the enemy's lines the company would go over the top at four-thirty the next morning. Huston was to go over with the first wave, while Ginger was in the second. Here was his chance.

"All that night he crouched on the fire step, musing and brooding, nursing his revenge. He prayed to Betty to forgive him for what he was going to do."

"After the bombardment the next morning over went the first wave, a line of bayonets and madly cheering men. Ginger only saw one in that crowd; his eyes never left Huston. His finger twitched and caressed the trigger of his rifle—his long-looked-for opportunity had come.

"The first wave had gone about sixty yards when Ginger let out a curse. Huston had been hit and was down, and he saw his revenge slipping through his fingers. But no, Huston was not dead; he was trying to rise to his feet; he was up, hopping on one leg, with the blood pouring from the other. Then he fell again, but was soon sitting up bandaging his wounded leg, using a tourniquet from his first-aid pack."

"A surge of unholly joy ran through Ginger. Lifting the safety in his rifle, unheeding the rain of bullets which were ripping and tearing the sand-bagged parapet about him, he took deliberate aim at Huston. Then he saw a vision of Betty, dressed in black, with tear-stained eyes. With a muttered curse Ginger threw the rifle from him, climbed over the parapet and raced across No Man's land. No act of his should bring tears to Betty's brown eyes. He would save her worthless lover and then get killed himself—it didn't matter."

"Reaching Huston he hissed at him: 'Damn you, I was going to kill you, but I won't. I'll carry you back to Betty. But always remember it was the man you robbed who saved your worthless life, you despicable skunk!'"

"Huston murmured: 'Forgive me, Burton, but for God's sake get me out of this. I'll be killed—for God's sake, man, hurry, hurry!'"

"That's it, is it? Whine, damn you, whine! It's music to my ears, Lieutenant Huston begging a 'bally bounder' for his life, and the bounder giving it to him. I would to God that Betty could see and hear you now."

"With that Ginger stooped and, by main strength, lifted Huston onto his back and staggered toward our lines. The bullets and pieces of shrapnel were cracking and 'swishing' all around. He had gone about fifty yards when a piece of shell hit his left arm just below the shoulder. Down he went, Huston with him, but was soon up, his left arm dangling and swinging at his side. Turning to Huston, who was lying on his back, he said: 'I'm hard hit—it's your life or mine. We're only ten yards from our trench; try to make it on your own. You ought to be able to crawl in.'

"But Huston answered: 'Burton, but I won't. I'll carry you back to Betty. But always remember it was the man you robbed who saved your worthless life, you despicable skunk!'"

"Huston murmured: 'Forgive me, Burton, but for God's sake get me out of this. I'll be killed—for God's sake, man, hurry, hurry!'"

"That's it, is it? Whine, damn you, whine! It's music to my ears, Lieutenant Huston begging a 'bally bounder' for his life, and the bounder giving it to him. I would to God that Betty could see and hear you now."

"With that Ginger stooped and, by main strength, lifted Huston onto his back and staggered toward our lines. The bullets and pieces of shrapnel were cracking and 'swishing' all around. He had gone about fifty yards when a piece of shell hit his left arm just below the shoulder. Down he went, Huston with him, but was soon up, his left arm dangling and swinging at his side. Turning to Huston, who was lying on his back, he said: 'I'm hard hit—it's your life or mine. We're only ten yards from our trench; try to make it on your own. You ought to be able to crawl in.'

"But Huston answered: 'Burton, but I won't. I'll carry you back to Betty. But always remember it was the man you robbed who saved your worthless life, you despicable skunk!'"

"Huston murmured: 'Forgive me, Burton, but for God's sake get me out of this. I'll be killed—for God's sake, man, hurry, hurry!'"

"That's it, is it? Whine, damn you, whine! It's music to my ears, Lieutenant Huston begging a 'bally bounder' for his life, and the bounder giving it to him. I would to God that Betty could see and hear you now."

"With that Ginger stooped and, by main strength, lifted Huston onto his back and staggered toward our lines. The bullets and pieces of shrapnel were cracking and 'swishing' all around. He had gone about fifty yards when a piece of shell hit his left arm just below the shoulder. Down he went, Huston with him, but was soon up, his left arm dangling and swinging at his side. Turning to Huston, who was lying on his back, he said: 'I'm hard hit—it's your life or mine. We're only ten yards from our trench; try to make it on your own. You ought to be able to crawl in.'

don't leave me—I am bleeding to death. For the love of God get me in! You can have Betty, money, anything I have, it is all yours—just save my life. Answer me, man, answer—"

"You want my answer, do you? Well, take it and damn you! With that Ginger slapped the officer in the face; then, grabbing him by the collar with his right arm, the blood soaking his tunic from the shell wound in his left, Ginger slowly dragged Huston to the trench and fainted. A mighty cheer went up from our lines. Stretcher bearers took them both to an advanced first-aid post, and their journey to Blighty and Betty was started."

On the trip over Ginger never regained consciousness. They landed in a hospital in England and were put in beds next to each other. Ginger was taken up into the 'pictures' (operating theater), where his arm was amputated at the shoulder. Huston's wound was slight; bullet through the calf of leg.

"While Ginger was coming out of ether he told all he knew. A Red

Cross nurse, with tear-dimmed eyes, was holding his hand. Occasionally she would look across at Huston in the next bed; he would slowly nod his head at each questioning glance of hers, while the red blood of shame mounted to his temples.

"Then Ginger came to. He saw a beautiful vision. Thought he was dreaming. Sitting by his bed, dressed in a Red Cross nurse's uniform, was Betty, Huston's Betty, holding his hand. Betty, with tears in her eyes, but this time tears of joy. The sweat came out on his forehead—it couldn't be true. He gasped out the one word, 'Betty!'"

"Stooping over the vision kissed him on the lips and murmured, 'My Ginger, you have come back to Betty.' "Then he slept. Next morning the colonel of the hospital came to Ginger's bedside and congratulated him, telling him that he had been recommended for the V. C. Ginger refused the V. C. from the government; said he had not earned it, would not give the reasons but persisted in his refusal. They can't force you to take a V. C."

"Five months later Ginger and Betty were married. She cuts his meat for him now; says that all his faults were contained in his left arm. He lost that. So, you see, Ginger was somewhat of a man, after all, wasn't he, mates?"

We agreed that he was. I asked Happy how he came to know these details. He answered:

"Well, Yank, Betty happens to be my sister. Gimme a fag, some one. I am about talked out, and, anyway, we've only got a few minutes before 'stand to.'"

Just then the voice of our sergeant sounded from the mouth of the dugout: "Equipment on! Stand to!"

So it was a case of turn out and mount our gun on the parapet. It was just getting dark. We would dismount it at "Stand down" in the morning. Tommy is like an owl, sleeps in the day and watches at night. It was a miserable night, rainy and chilly. The mud in the trenches in some places was up to our knees. We knew we were in for it and wished we were back in Blighty, where one can at least change his clothes when they get wet, instead of waiting for a sunny day to dry them. At times we have been wet for a fortnight."

"The first girl, on one side, read one of her recipes and the others wrote it down, ingredients, directions for guessing what it was—this was silent, of course—then the next one read hers and so on until we had been around the table two or three times and all had been written down. Three or five minutes were allowed, at the end of that time, for looking over and corrections, and then time was called and each one, reading through her recipes again, announced what they were. The girl, who guessed the greatest number of them correctly was given the notebook which had the recipes written in in ink. This was bound in water color paper and, when the outer covering was removed, showed a picture of the girls, which had been taken at one of their summer garden parties. This was a blue print and the hostess had provided blue ink for the writing in of the recipes. Moreover, not only the cover was decorated, but scattered through the book were several blue print snapshots of familiar faces and scenes."

"The refreshments served were simple, a milk sherbet, dainty little cakes and a delicious fruit punch, all prepared by the hostess and according to the recipes which she had contributed to the cook book."

"A small glass jar of salt should always be kept on the bathroom shelf in plain sight. A weak salt solution is highly antiseptic as a tooth and mouth wash. A dessertspoonful of salt to a pint of water is usually strong enough for hygienic purposes."

"A teaspoonful of salt in a glass of water on rising will act as a quick laxative."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Whenever you find humor, you find patches close by its side.—Whipple.

The housekeeper will find a few tubes of oil paint and some squares of a good grade of water color money savers. With the water colors she can touch up breaks and scratches on tinted or papered walls. The oil colors, dissolved in gasoline, give an excellent dye for removing faded or unsightly fabrics. A beautiful velvet rug was ruined for one woman by staining white figures, so she dissolved sepia in the gasoline and went over all these white figures with it, rubbing it in with a stiff brush. The result was a soft, deep ivory tint that enriched the entire rug.

Washing in hard water and neglecting to thoroughly dry the hands after washing are frequent causes of chaps and chilblains on the hands. The most effective water softener in winter is oatmeal, though a little trouble is entailed in preparing it for use.

Most people know that the putting of a stone marble in a kettle will prevent furring, but do not bring that knowledge to bear when it is a question of boiling milk, porridge, custard, etc. A large, clean marble obviates the necessity to a great extent of stirring these things while cooking.

When washing glasses put bluing in the water and it will add to the brilliance. Celery will be more tender if it is allowed to stand on ice for a day or two before serving.

The housewife's first duty is to see that every member of her household is properly nourished.

If unsatisfactory things are returned to the grocer he will stop sending that kind of produce. A portable oil stove is a handy thing when it comes to heating an imperfectly warmed bathroom.

If tan shoes are soiled, moisten a cloth, rub it across a piece of pure white soap and clean the shoes. Boiled ham will be more delicate and delicious if it is allowed to cool in the liquor in which it is cooked.

"Did you ever hear of a recipe party?" she asked of her week-end guest. "I went to one a while ago, and it was such a jolly affair that I have been wanting to give one myself ever since. I am just wondering whether I can have it to have it while you are here; I think you would enjoy it. Moreover, I want you to meet the family, and that would be such a pleasant way."

"The family? Haven't I told you about that yet? It is quite an important institution, to us. We are six—all girls—and we all keep house, in pairs. We enjoy our apartments immensely, and we often have the jolliest dinner parties together. We are all busy people, three school teachers, two social workers and a journalist; but our housekeeping is one relaxation and delight. Every one of us likes to cook and so, I think a recipe party would be just the thing for us. Shall I tell you about the one I went to?"

"The girl whom I was visiting lives in a single house in the suburbs of a city, and she is so much interested in household affairs that her mother, who is a busy woman with many outside interests, lets her have a great deal to do with the management of the place. She chose a Thursday night for the party—the cook's day. The guests were a dozen or so girls, members of a sewing club to which she belonged. Some of them were busy by day with teaching and other occupations outside the home, and some, like my hostess, made themselves useful at home. All were interested in cooking, if only on the chafing dish."

"Each guest was asked to bring two or three of her favorite recipes, but was cautioned not to tell anyone what they were. When all had gathered and exchanged greetings and whatever news they had to bring, the hostess arose, and, inviting them all to follow her, led the way out into the kitchen. The long table in the center of the room was scrubbed as white as could be and the guests were invited to take seats about it. Paper and pencil were given to each, and one was asked to sit at the end of the table and copy the recipes into an attractively decorated little notebook, which had been prepared for the occasion. Then the fun began."

"The first girl, on one side, read one of her recipes and the others wrote it down, ingredients, directions for guessing what it was—this was silent, of course—then the next one read hers and so on until we had been around the table two or three times and all had been written down. Three or five minutes were allowed, at the end of that time, for looking over and corrections, and then time was called and each one, reading through her recipes again, announced what they were. The girl, who guessed the greatest number of them correctly was given the notebook which had the recipes written in in ink. This was bound in water color paper and, when the outer covering was removed, showed a picture of the girls, which had been taken at one of their summer garden parties. This was a blue print and the hostess had provided blue ink for the writing in of the recipes. Moreover, not only the cover was decorated, but scattered through the book were several blue print snapshots of familiar faces and scenes."

"The refreshments served were simple, a milk sherbet, dainty little cakes and a delicious fruit punch, all prepared by the hostess and according to the recipes which she had contributed to the cook book."

"A small glass jar of salt should always be kept on the bathroom shelf in plain sight. A weak salt solution is highly antiseptic as a tooth and mouth wash. A dessertspoonful of salt to a pint of water is usually strong enough for hygienic purposes."

"A teaspoonful of salt in a glass of water on rising will act as a quick laxative."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm glad of that, papa, I was so afraid you wouldn't."

FARM NOTES.

—Potash makes the clover grow.

—Clay land is usually fairly rich in potash.

—Cream rises better in a falling temperature.

—The ash of a pine contains little or no phosphates.

—Cream does not churn so well in autumn and winter.

—Butter should never be touched with the human hand.

—A tractor should never be left exposed to the weather when not in use.

—The success of any branch of farming is measured by the man behind it.

—Liquid manure from a pig sty is richer in phosphates than any other similar substance.

—However well land is cultivated, unless it is properly drained, the produce will never be satisfactory.

—The acidity of milk should always be tested with litmus paper before the rennet is added for cheese-making.

—If milk is acid it will impart a reddish-purple tint to litmus paper. If alkaline it will make the paper bluish-purple.

—There are 15,000,000 globules of fat in one drop of milk, says an English scientist. He must have had a great time counting them.

—In leading a bull with a staff, never go ahead of him. He is more easily controlled by walking by his side, opposite his shoulders.

—For beef cattle: 50 pounds of cornmeal hominy, or corn-fence meal or barley, 25 pounds of cottonseed meal, 25 pounds of oil meal.

—The high protein feeds have a greater manurial value than the low protein feeds; therefore farmers should feed as much of the high protein feeds as possible.

—For lambs and calves: 200 pounds ground oats, 200 pounds hominy, 300 pounds wheat bran, 200 pounds oil meal, 100 pounds gluten feed.—Philadelphia Record.

—Potatoes should be handled carefully and not as though they were cobblestones. The potato is a living thing, with a protective skin, which it is able to keep intact if it has a fair chance.

—One heavy draft horse will perform the work of practically two undersized, inferior plugs, while such an animal can be fed at about the same cost for maintenance as for one of the plugs.

—Delaware and Maryland are the only States on the Atlantic seaboard that raise enough wheat to supply their inhabitants. As we go west, Indiana is the first State to produce a surplus of wheat.

—An inch of rain coming down on a single acre of ground would fill more than 600 barrels of 45 gallons' capacity each. This amount of water would weigh more than 110 tons, or nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

—For dairy cows this ration is recommended: 500 pounds of wheat bran, 300 pounds of ground oats, 500 pounds of gluten feed, 300 pounds of oil meal, 200 pounds of ground barley, 200 pounds of ground hominy.

—When the Indians taught the white settlers of this country how to raise corn, no flight of the imagination could have foreseen a crop of 1918, covering nearly 178,000 square miles, or nearly as much land as there is in Germany.

—One South Jersey potato grower hauled the product of 23 acres to Philadelphia by motor truck, and has not shipped a single potato by rail. Many other farmers are cutting out the railroad as a means of transporting produce and supplies.</