FARM AND GARDEN

VALUE OF THE SILO.

Tribune Farmer readers may remember that last fall we tried the experiment of slow filling our silos, using only our own farm team and regular help, putting the sweet corn stover in the silos at the rate of about fifteen tons of mature silage per day. Later I reported that the silage had every appearance of being first class in every way. The winter has now passed, and we have had lots of satisfaction all along feeding this silage. There has been absolutely no waste; it has been very light in color, free from odors and from surplus water. Another thing very noticeable is the fact that, although exposed to the weather, with no attempt made to cover it and entirely away from any warmth that might come from the animals, the silage has not frozen to the sides of the silo, even during the severest weather of this most severe winter.

It would seem that this result ought to encourage those who have feared the extra expense and labor necessary to the rapid filling, to build silos, fill them and thereby very materially add to the stock carrying capacity of their farms. It seems to fully warrant me in my idea that sweet, light colored, dry silage comes from fairly mature fodder, cut fine, put in the silo slowly and without tramping. Neither need the expense of cutting machinery be any great drawback, as all farms need a small power for various purposes, and this power can be used without additional expense for cutting silage. The cutting machinery need not be very expensive and with proper care will last for many years.

The time for planting will soon be here, and I hope this experience may lead many others to increase their acreage under the plough, add more land to their corn fields, prepare good silos for storing it and thus take full advantage of this the greatest American fodder crop. Stave silos of fifty ton capacity can be built for $50, including foundation, and as larger ones are built the cost per ton capacity is decreased.

In the silo we have in condensed form a nutritious, palatable food, one that can be fed at less labor cost than any other coarse fodder and one that costs less to grow and store for feeding than any other. This food is equally valuable for winter and for summer feeding, as it carries the farm stock through the period of dry feeding and insures it against the drouths of summer. Through feeding this succulent feed in winter our cows and young animals will eat with relish the straw from our oat fields when fed at night every other day, and as it is eaten rapidly I feel sure that its digestibility is increased thereby. I doubt if this more economical use of the coarser products of the farm, through the feeding of silage, is fully appreciated and think that as the fact becomes more widely known more farmers and dairymen will turn their attention to the silo.—B. Walker McKean, in the Tribune Farmer.

SUCCESS IN BREEDING.

The time of year will soon be here when the brood sows will give evidence whether they are profitable or not. Some are apt to think that all depends on the breed of hogs you keep, but let me say, do not fall into this grievous error. It is true some sows produce better litters and some are naturally better sucklers, but the point I wish to make is that the care and management of the brood sow may make a good sow a poor one or it may make an ordinarily poor sow a fairly good one. I frequently find farmers who keep their brood sows in a close pen or lying around an old straw stack with an exclusive diet of corn and ice water. Under such conditions who could expect a brood sow to produce a nice thrifty litter of pigs?

The sow, like all other breeding animals, should have plenty of room to exercise in; also, a good dry and well bedded place to sleep. A coop 6 by 6 feet is an ideal place, and we have found shredded fodder makes just a little the best nest for them to sleep on. We keep our coops in an open field; in fact, we have no inclosed hog lots; even our fattening hogs are never shut in lots or pens, but let run on pasture fields. This gives the needed exercise and aids in digestion keeping them spry and active. It is a pitiful sight to see a hog cripple off on three feet just because he has been inclosed in a close, foul pen. Then again, the hog is a splendid manure spreader which requires no team or hand to assist.

Instead of that carbon diet called corn feed, a nitrogenous diet of ground oats, middlings and oil meal should be fed. This will keep the digestion good and will nourish the unborn pig. A brood sow kept inclosed and fed corn continually will be constipated and cannot submit the nourishment to the unborn litter. Therefore, she may be a good brood sow but fail because of bad management. The hog, being a foraging animal, will eat and relish good clover hay; red clover is good; but we find by experience that alfalfa is relished much better.

As farrowing time approaches see that the sow is provided with good, comfortable quarters away from other hogs, so that she may be as quiet as possible. Do not allow her to have too much litter as it may cause her to lie on the pigs. Do not feed her for about twelve hours after farrowing; then let her diet be small quantities of bran or some light and easily digested food. Overfeeding at this period will cause an abundance of milk, which will produce scours in the pigs. In case scours should attack the pigs feed a tablespoonful of salicylate of soda to the sow twice a day until relief is obtained. In about two weeks you can gradually bring the sow up to a full ration. Remember that the sow must be well fed if you expect the pigs to develop well. No other feed is so well adapted or as rich in its component parts as the sow's milk. See that the pigs have plenty of exercise from the time they are two or three days old and you won't need any cure for thumps.

FEED FOR POULTRY.

I do not raise my poultry on dry feed alone and yet I do not condemn that method, for other poultry raisers practice that plan and are successful, but I notice that most of the complaints are from persons that feed grain largely or entirely. Many use cracked corn almost exclusively, which I consider unfit for growing stock, says a writer in National Stockman.

Our grandmothers used to feed a corn meal dough wet up with water and just let the chickens run and succeeded in getting a fair per cent. of them raised, but we can't do it that way and succeed, at least I can't. Their success can be attributed to free range and plenty of insect life, for they didn't hatch their chickens until warm weather.

RAISING PIGEONS.

Pigeons cost less to keep than chickens. You do not have to feed them. They forage and pillage for miles around, and are more active in existing upon the crops of your neighbors than your pet bull-terrier is in working the garbage-pail route with the Italian of the stove hook. The most astounding advertisements appear in the magazines about the profits in pigeons. I read one the other day which stated that a pair of pigeons would raise twelve pairs of squabs in a year, worth 70 cents a pair, and I assume, knowing something of American credulity, that the advertiser is doing a land-office business selling his wonderful breeders at fancy prices. Here is an income of $8.40 a year from every pair of pigeons in the flock.—New York Press.

TULIP TREE ROW.

The tulip tree, one of the most ornamental of shade trees, succeeds well when transplanted, after the leaf buds begin to appear, but it is pretty sure to fail if removed earlier. Such, at least, is the reported experience of one who planted a row of them a mile long, the trees being six to eight feet high, of which hardly one in a hundred was lost. Possibly, however, there was something in the soil or situation which gave him success, and the rule may not work in all cases. The tulip is well worth experimenting with, for when grown it is a handsome, symmetrical tree, with a peculiar leaf and a beautiful blossom.

HAVE A HICKORY GROVE.

Almost any farm has at least a small piece of ground which does not yield any particular returns, and which could easily be utilized for a hickory grove. The trees are easily grown, and not only add to the appearance and value of the farm, but also yield a profitable and desirable crop; the nuts nearly always bringing a good price.—Weekly Witness.

Ironical Honesty.

The whip-flicking hero of this story had driven an irascible old fellow a good three-mile journey in the metropolis. When the fare climbed stiffly out and slowly produced a big pocketbook, cabby drew a deep breath and prepared to be sarcastic. A watchful constable standing near prevented all thought of his relieving his feelings by the use of picturesque terms.

Cabby watched the fare make a lengthy mental calculation of the distance he had been driven, select the exact legal fare, count it twice over, and then proffer it to him with an expression on his face plainly indicative of "Now, then, you dare dispute it and I'll take your number!"

But cabby didn't dispute it. Instead, he promptly accepted it, but slipping his hand into another pocket he produced a farthing, which he handed to the fare.

"What's this for?" demanded the old fellow.

"One farden, currint coin o' the rellum, sir," said cabby, gathering up his reins. "I druv yer just the exact distance represented by arf of that there shekel under the three mile you reckoned. I ain't got no arf-farden about me, but it don't matter. You can keep the change, I ain't mean. Good-by, sir, and God bless you. Gee up, 'orse!"—Tit-Bits.

Every German soldier's equipment includes a Bible and a half-pound cake of chocolate.

Weather and Character.

By John L. Cowan.

To how many men and women has the thought ever presented itself that crime and climate bear to each other the relation of cause and effect? That man's morals are very often a fair index of weather conditions? Police records and a little quiet retrospection will prove to any observant and unprejudiced individual that criminal tendencies bear more than a causal or accidental relation to a falling barometer.

A "low-pressure" area on the weather map ought to be a signal for "high-pressure" activity on the part of the police and detective forces of the affected area. A meteorological storm centre marks the point of greatest criminal activity with almost mathematical precision.

The path of falling barometer is the path of falling virtue, traced in a red trail of suicide and murder, and outlined in burglaries, assaults and a myriad of minor lapses from the straight and narrow way, only a small percentage of which ever find their way into the newspapers or receive an airing in the police and divorce courts, says John L. Cowan, in an article on "Barometric Mortality," in the Overland Monthly.

So delicately adjusted is the mechanism that preserves our mental balance that a trifling variation in pressure, or a little excess or deficiency in the amount of oxygen, nitrogen, ozone, carbon dioxide or any other element or impurity in the air that sustains life may cause one to behave in a manner that he would never dream of under strictly normal conditions. An oxygen jag is nearly as bad as, and a hundred-fold more common, than a whiskey jag.

Like the Nebular Hypothesis, the theory of Barometric Morality will account for a good many things that have long puzzled both the wise and the curious. It will extricate scientists, philosophers, statesmen, moralists and criminologists from the maze of many difficulties.

It explains why virtue varies directly and vice inversely with distance from the equator. It shows that there is a reason in nature as well as in heredity for the duello, the vendetta and the harem; and that the stolid German, the phlegmatic Scandinavian, the stable Briton, the analytic Scot and the fire-eating Spaniard owe to elemental activities the peculiarities that they boast of or deplore as race characteristics. Climatology explains why the venerable De Lesseps and a host of his countrymen sullied their fair names and reputations in saturnalian revelry and unspeakable dishonesty in perfervid Panama. The mercurial character of the French makes them respond to atmospheric variations as readily as the quicksilver in the bulb, and the canal builders were, perhaps, as devoid of moral free agency.

In this convenient and comprehensive theory we find a cogent reason for the fact that we must go to Ohio for our statesmen, to Indiana for our poets and playwrights, to Kansas for our cranks, to Massachusetts for our philosophers, and to New York and Pennsylvania for our political bosses.

It is in the air, and no man can escape his destiny, save by a change of climate. He inhales it with every breath.

It explains why the cow pasture and the hay field are the nurseries of genius; and the mill, factory and counting-room the cradles of mediocrity. It teaches us to expect nothing good or beautiful to come into being in London, New York or Chicago.

The dwellers in the world's great centres of population borrow the great thoughts, imitate the great deeds and assimilate the great conceptions of all ages and peoples; but if one wants first-hand inspiration he must get away from the muggy, murky blanket of smoke, soot and all uncleanliness that envelops the city like a wet, dirty dishrag, and breathe the ozone of the seashore, the oxygen of the mountains, the honey-laden air of the farm or the pine-scented breeze of the forest.—New York World.

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Our Real War With Japan.

By William Inglis.

THERE is a form of conflict in which the United States must forthwith meet Japan—the warfare of commerce. Although there are many elements in which each nation is helping, and must continue to help, the other, there is no doubt that these two must contend for the carrying trade of the Pacific, and ultimately for the business of supplying flour, petroleum, and other staples to the vast population of China and other Far-Eastern countries.

The struggle for commercial supremacy will be exceedingly interesting to political economists as well as to the parties engaged, for the government of Japan, by taking over an active partnership in the chief manufacturing and trading companies, is virtually incorporating itself into the greatest trust in the world. The wise gentlemen who pore over acres of statistics, and tell you exactly how much every nation in the world is gaining or losing in the struggle for life, probably will furnish most entertaining reports of the coming conflict between the trust nation and the trust-worrying nation.

The war itself has long been imminent in the eyes of men familiar with conditions in this part of the world; but, curiously enough, a formal declaration of it was made only a few days ago, by Viscount Hayashi, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply to interpellations in the Diet. After declaring that the Japanese government relies entirely upon the assurances of the American government as to the San Francisco school affair, and reiterating that Japan is not increasing her armament with a view to fighting Russia or seeking more territory, Viscount Hayashi boldly proclaimed Japan's intention to wage another kind of war.

"In matters of navigation, commerce and trade," he declared, "we are bound to expand ourselves in foreign countries, and will take necessary measures in the encouragement of the same. This strife is that of peace and virtue. No nation or people is without this heavenly endowed right."

So far as the navigation of the Pacific is concerned, the Japanese have already made great advances. Aided by subsidies and other government favors, the Japanese steamship companies have taken and are taking much of the Pacific trade away from American ships. Americans of long and extensive experience in navigation declare that unless American lines are aided by subsidies they must go to the wall. An American who is not interested in any shipping line, but who has had for years vast experience in the Pacific trade, told me yesterday that the case is nearly hopeless.

"I don't see how we can take control of the carrying trade of the Pacific," he said. "The Japanese are crowding us out. They can build and equip ships more cheaply than we can, and their cost of maintenance is much lower than ours—to say nothing of the direct help given by the government. Unless Congress shall grant generous subsidies our days on the Pacific are numbered. And if Japan should go to war at any time, and draw off her ships in the Pacific trade for use as transports, etc., our Far-Eastern commerce would be badly crippled."—Harper's Weekly.

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A Husband's Qualifications

By Winifred Black.

THE City Council of Fort Dodge, Ia., has passed a law which says that any man between twenty-five and forty-five years of age who is not married must prove to the mayor of that town that he is either mentally or physically unfit for matrimony, or he will have to pay a good, big fine.

Interesting idea, isn't it? The only thing lacking in it is that the mayor ought to get a good, practical woman to come and help him decide whether a man is or is not fit to be a husband.

I'd rather be married to a helpless invalid than to a cold-blooded, selfish creature who considered me as simply an upper servant, bought by my paid dressmaker's bills to give up my whole life and my whole individuality to him.

The man who hates children is just as unfit to be married as the man with hereditary consumption in his blood.

The man who loves a good time with the boys better than a quiet evening with his wife is no more fit to be married than the woman who thinks home is the one place on earth to keep away from, or the freak who insists on having the word obey cut out of the marriage service.

No sensible man would expect his wife to obey him in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but no woman of sense would dream of objecting to the idea of the new-fashioned form of "obedience," which simply means a good-humored agreement.

Now, when I said that about the man who loves a good time with the boys, I didn't mean that there is anything particularly wrong with that particular kind of good time. It simply shows that he is not the sort of man who will find domestic life amusing, and when a man is bored by domesticity, look around the corner, not very far from him, and you will find a wife who is very unhappy.

A man who likes restaurants and cafes and late suppers and red automobiles and fur-lined coats and yellow spats is no more fitted to marry and settle down than he is to go out on a farm and make his living hoeing corn.

You've cut out a large and enthusiastic piece of work for yourself, Mayor Charles Bennett, of Fort Dodge. I wonder how you'll feel about it in something like a year from now, when you've really tried to carry out that funny ordinance you have helped to pass?

Can it be that you are a married man yourself and that you want to fine everybody for the privilege of staying single? The dog in the manger was a very human sort of brute, but, after all, we hardly look upon him as an example of unselfish patriotism, do we?—New York American.

Love Your Enemies.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"Me enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!"

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—Kansas City Independent.

WOMAN'S WORLD

CULTIVATE PERSEVERANCE.

Most lives are filled with half finished tasks, which were begun with enthusiasm, but which have been dropped because the enthusiastic beginners had not enough grit to carry them to a conclusion. But it is the things that are finished that count, not those that are only well begun.

How easy it is to start a thing when the mind is aglow with zeal, before disappointment has lulled ambition! It does not take much ability to begin a thing; we cannot estimate a man by the number of things he commences. We do not judge him by his speed at the beginning of the race.

The test of character is in a man's ability to persist in what he undertakes until he adds the finishing stroke. The ability to hold on is one of the rarest of human virtues. There are plenty who will go with the crowd, and who will work hard as long as they can hear the music; but when the majority have dropped out, when others have turned back and a man feels himself alone fighting for a principle, it takes a very different order of ability to persist. This requires grit and stamina.

Look out for the period in your life when you are tempted to turn back! There is the danger point, the decisive period. All the great things of history have been accomplished after the great majority of men would have turned back.

The world owes nearly all its great things to those who have persisted when others have given up. You may gain a certain amount of success without education, without culture, without brilliancy, but you cannot do much without staying power and grit.

More young men have achieved success in life with grit as capital than with money capital to start with. Grit has overcome the direst poverty; it has been more than a match for lifelong invalidism.

No matter how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have this year, resolve that, whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face the sunlight, no matter how deep the shadows. You can make poetry out of the prosiest life, and bring sunshine into the darkest home; you can develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings. It is not circumstance, so much as attitude of mind, that gives happiness.

"Nothing can disturb his good nature," said a man of one of his employes; "that is why I like him. It does not matter how much I scold him or find fault with him, he is always sunny. He never lays up anything against me, never resents anything."

That is recommendation enough for anybody. No wonder this man did not want to part with such an employe.

Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it attracts everybody? Everybody wants to get near sunny people; everybody likes to know them. They open, without effort, doors which morose natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps cannot open at all.—New York Journal.

A GREAT WOMAN.

Wilbur Nesbit, being asked to say who in his estimation was, or is, the greatest woman in the world, replied promptly: "The unknown who invented apple pie. She was and is and ever will be the woman who has done more than any other to gladden the heart of man." Undoubtedly, Mr. Nesbit's tribute will not be relished by that section of the feminine which resents the implication that gladdening the heart of man constitutes woman's chief mission or crowns her glory. To invent an apple pie for the sake of cheering the heart, or captivating the appetite, of man will seem an unworthy accomplishment in the eyes of some who are suspicious for the sake of the sex. Yet it may be reflected that woman herself is not insensible to the attractions of a good apple pie; and it is further to be borne in mind that the invention of the apple pie presupposes in the inventor virtues and talents of the highest order. No mere frivolous feminine or weak-brained women could have ever devised the apple-pie. She was, without question, a well-poised, clear-eyed, clear-headed individual, with an intellect for organization and a heart for noble ideas. Nobody but the apotheosis of womanhood could have invented apple pie.—New Bedford Record.

CARE OF THE EYES.

In reading or writing, in either standing or sitting, the head and body should be erect.

The act of bending constricts the neck veins, hindering the return of the blood from the head. This is one of the common causes of short-sightedness.

Do not work by flickering light. Fine needlework, particularly colored embroidery, should be worked only in a good light.

Be careful not to read lying down, as there is then too much blood pressure in the eyes and the external muscles soon become very tired.

Do not read in the direct sunlight, as the glare is a direct irritant.

In reading by artificial light the back should always be turned toward the source of illumination, allowing the light to pass over the shoulders.

When working by artificial light it should be high enough to permit the shading of the eyes by the brows, else an opaque screen, or, better still, a translucent shade should cut the glare of the light from the eyes.

The light of an oil lamp is very restful to some eyes. Yet gas and electric lights may be made almost equally so by applying some of the modern improvements to the light.—New York Press.

LIFE'S HANDICAPS.

It is a terrible thing to go through life with chained ability, conscious of powers that cannot be used to advantage. To make the most of ourselves, we must cut off whatever drains vitality—physical or moral—and stop all the waste of life. We must cut off everything which causes friction, or which tends to make our efforts weaker or to lower the ideal and drag down the life standards—everything which tends to kill the ambition, or to make us satisfied with mediocrity, says Home Chat.

Multitudes of people, enslaved by bad physical habits, are unable to get their best selves into their work. They are kept back by a leakage of energy and vital force, through bad habits, or dissipation.

Some are hindered by little peculiarities of disposition, by stubbornness, slovenliness, meanness, revengefulness, jealousy, or envy. These are all handicaps.

Many people go through life galled by their chains, without making any serious, continuous effort to emancipate themselves.

INDEPENDENT OF MILLINERS.

Many women are willing to be ridiculous if Fashion commands them to be so. They calmly put on hats on which the bows and feathers stand out at right angles from the head, suggesting a hurricane is sweeping across the wearer's head. But year by year we see accessions to the ranks of the society women who positively refuse to look to the milliner's mandates when those mandates are displeasing. And that independence relates not only to style, but to prices. Mrs. George Law is not the only one who has startled milliners of the Rue Royale by telling them that many of the hats she wears are fashioned by herself. Mrs. Law remonstrated with a shopkeeper about the price of a hat she was inspecting. "But the one you have on surely cost more than anything in our stock," the milliner said. Mrs. Law laughed. "I made that myself," she retorted, "and it cost $7."—New York Press.

ONE OF MOTHER'S MISTAKES.

Nearly every mother imagines her daughter has musical talent and frequently she makes the mistake of trying to develop that talent to the neglect of plain sewing.—Atchison Globe.

WOMEN LANDSCAPE GARDENERS

To those qualified by a love for and knowledge of the subject we could hardly recommend a more appropriate profession for women than that of a landscape gardener.

FASHION NOTES.

Flowers show a disposition to heap themselves on the top of the hat crown.

Lovely hats can be made entirely of worn lace after it has been side or accordion plaited.

With a tailor suit, a colored kid or leather girdle, chosen to tone with one's hat, is the smartest thing.

Nothing is in it that is not striped, apparently, judging by the new gowns from famous French houses.

An ordinary four-in-hand tie is much used for morning wear. A narrow one, of course, that ties into a slender knot.

Plaited bows of lace are very much in style, and are pinned under the chin at the base of the collar with a good-looking brooch.

Embroidered linen collars promise to be worn with all manner of voile and foulard gowns as well as with shirtwaists.

Little dangling bunches of red currants drip down the front of one French waist by way of fastening, and cascade fruitily from the girdle in back.

Stripes veiled in tulles, voiles and other semi-transparent fabrics are fashionable both for street and home wear.

China and Japanese blue straw mob-cap shapes with full ruches of pale green tulle and touches of green and blue ribbons are quite delightful.

Stiff little tailored hats in odd shades of blue, heliotrope or green straw, with many looped bows of self-colored ribbon at the back and a wreath of roses or field flowers around the crown, will be worn with coat suits.

A millinery novelty is a wreath of flowers disposed not in the ordinary manner round the crown or as an outline to the brim, but reared at one side or hooped at the back.