

LIVE STOCK → AGRICULTURE

WASTE ON FARMS

Where Some of That Missing Money Disappears.

TAKING CARE OF THE TOOLS.

One of the Easiest Ways to Save Cash. Cry of "Farming Doesn't Pay" Due Largely to Neglect of Simple Matters. Farmers Who Make a Profit.

Farmers often ask themselves, "Where has that money gone?" I can tell them a little about it. I am riding over the country and visiting farmers and doing some work on farms almost daily. I speak "by the book" and not from theory or hearsay. Plows costing \$8 cash and \$13 to \$16 time and mostly bought on time, \$30 cultivators, \$125 binders and other farm machinery equally expensive are in fence corners and where they were last used. That's where a very large part has gone.

A few years ago I was selling a certain mower, a writer in the Farm Journal says. I drove to the house of a farmer of my acquaintance, spoke to him in regard to buying a new machine and told him the kind, when he interrupted me, saying: "If it's as good as the old reaper (naming the one I was selling) I will take one. I have one that I will cut wheat with this year that I have used twenty-six years." I went to look at it and it was tight and sound. It has been taken in each season as soon as done using, taken apart, cleaned, oiled, the wood-work painted and all the bolts tightened up, knives ground and fixed ready for work. That man had not lost his share of "that money," you can safely bet.

I recently cut some trees on the

FEWER ACRES, MORE CORN.

Better Than Cultivating Larger Area With Poorer Results.

"I have this year listened to the suggestions of my better judgment and broken away from the habit of plowing and planting every acre I possibly could," says a correspondent of Farm Progress. "This year I planted corn only on the land that I could manure heavily, and though the acreage was smaller by a good deal than usual it did me good to look at the field whenever I got near it. And, what is of more importance, the smaller area returned a larger crop than I had been getting.

"I manured heavily all my corn land with stable manure, broke it deep, harrowed thoroughly and planted in rows just as near together as I thought would give room to run the cultivators through.

"The rows were something less than three feet apart and drilled in the row, then thinned to about fifteen inches apart.

"It is surely an object lesson that is worth having. Getting a big crop from a small acreage is surely a great deal better than cultivating double the area to get the same quantity of grain and probably not very much more fodder. It looks as if the 'little farm well tilled' idea is the proper thing.

"Certainly the experiment is well worth making. I am confident that if all the corn growers in the big corn states—Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois—had reduced their acreage and prepared and cultivated the land better they would have made as large yields and made more net profit."

To this may be added the advice: Get the boy interested in the corn crop. Let him know how important a thing corn is and how big a part it plays in the feeding, finances and

READING CHARACTER.

Lips and Jaw Tell What Sort of Person You Are.

We talk of thick lips as indicating sensibility, and of course our reason for doing so, declares Dr. James J. Walsh, professor of nervous diseases and physiological psychology at Fordham university school of medicine, is that we have come to know by observation and experience that usually the sensualist has these features. When there is a combination of a narrow chin and thick lips we very often find not only a tendency to sensual indulgence of some sort or other or perhaps of several kinds, but also, as a rule, a lack of control that leads to or may lead to these excesses.

We must not forget, adds Dr. Walsh, that sometimes there may be behind these appearances a power of will that completely vitiates the conclusions we might draw from them. We used to think that these conditions of physiognomy, especially the narrow jaw and the full thick lips, were congenital, due to the nature of the individual, and that therefore it was simply a matter of making the best of them. In recent years, however, we have come to realize that while there are congenital elements in some of these cases most of them represent conditions acquired from the functioning of the mouth and jaws.

The rolling, full lips occur, we are reminded by Dr. Walsh, particularly in mouth breathers. The process of breathing through the nose is easy and natural, and it develops that organ so as not to leave it narrow and thin and incompetent to fulfill the function of drawing in all the air that is needed. Mouth breathing, on the other hand, requires effort and leads to overgrowth of the lips and to their turning outward.

With the discovery of Meyer, the great physician, of the role that adenoid growths in the pharynx and occlusion of the posterior nares play in the causation of mouth breathing, or, rather, in the prevention of nasal breathing, a great light was thrown on the whole question of changes in the face consequent upon the function of breathing. This action of respiration repeated from fifteen to twenty-five times a minute all during life can, as will readily be understood, produce rather striking effects upon the organs connected with it.—Current Literature.

HARD ON NOBLEMEN.

Aristocrat Advertising For Lost Umbrella Makes Distinction.

Lord Clonmel has lost his camera, and he announces the fact in an advertisement. According to the San Francisco Argonaut, he took it with him on the Rollita, and as this gray little steamer was specially reserved for members of the house of lords who wished to see the naval review at the coronation he felt that he might relax the vigilance usually advisable with regard to portable property. But he was mistaken. His camera disappeared. He laid it down and turned away for a moment, and when he looked again it was gone. He should have known better. He knew the steamer was full of aristocrats, and yet he allowed himself to be negligent. And now he inserts an advertisement asking the "noblemen or gentlemen" who inadvertently annexed his camera to return it.

There was another aristocrat who lost a costly umbrella at a fashionable London club, and he posted a notice to that effect, asking the "noblemen" who had pilloined it to have the goodness to make restitution. Fancy a nobleman returning anything! The club secretary asked why he addressed his appeal exclusively to noblemen. "Well," was the reply, "the club is composed exclusively of noblemen and gentlemen, and certainly no gentleman would steal my umbrella." These are sad incidents and go far to explain a hostility to the hereditary form of government.

Remedies For Chicken Ills.

Here are a few good remedies for chicken diseases; Canker is a disgusting ailment, but generally in the start it can be checked by several applications of fine salt rubbed on the sore spots. Four drops of acetic acid in a half pint of drinking water given daily for a week or more are effective in cases of catarrh.

Chicken pox can be successfully treated by anointing the head and wattles with carbolated vasoline after having been bathed well with hot water. A one grain quinine pill should be given each night for a week.

A one grain quinine pill given each night for a week will also work wonders in cases of cold. Cases of constiveness can also be relieved by adding ten drops of sulphate of magnesia to each pint of drinking water.

Live Glaciers in Greenland.

When you were a boy you used to sing "On Greenland's Icy Mountains." Well, the country is simply a vast nest of green mountains covered with snow, ice and glaciers. These are known as live and dead glaciers. The dead glaciers are a mass of snow and ice which has accumulated between gorges for a million years or more and has become so condensed that you could not penetrate the mass except with a steel drill.

The live glaciers are those that break off and fall into the waters and become floating masses of ice, often inflicting damage to ships. Where the sun can strike a spot the trees, which are of a dense growth, but small, wear the most beautiful green.—Engineering Magazine.

SINGING VENDERS.

Only the Really Tuneful Hawkers of Tokyo Prosper.

CRY WARES ALL DAY LONG.

Streets of the Japanese City Ring With the Quint Melody of Oichini and "Amal, Amal!" Beginning With the Coming of Dawn.

Passing and repassing through the streets of Tokyo are vendors of every description. Early in the morning one's slumber is disturbed by their plaintive cries, and should the widow of the house look upon a thoroughfare there may be seen through the sudsari a countless procession of hawkers, but they do not need to be seen to be recognized, for their characteristic cries echo and re-echo from morning until night.

Take the oichini, for instance, the strolling medicine vender. Often he is a musician with a tuneless accordion. Envious glances may be cast at his red and white epaulets, his uniform and his cap. Many a youth might consider it the height of ambition to be able to go about the city in just the same manner and win smiles from all the young women in the streets through which he passes. But the oichini has all he can do to make his daily bread, and his lot is often very hard indeed.

The center for the distribution of this medicine is at the merchant's house, which is situated on the little island of Tsukiji, Tsukijima. The applicant who wishes to become a traveling apothecary must pay 5 yen as a guarantee to be faithful to the master. The next day he is given a cap, a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. In addition he receives medicine to the value of 7 yen, and his breakfast is supplied every morning. For his other meals he must shift for himself and eat them in whatever part of Tokyo he finds himself when he becomes hungry.

All the vendors must assemble at the master's house in the morning and be ready to start out by 8 o'clock for the 808 streets of Tokyo. The oichini sings a song which has for conclusion the expression oichini, or one, two, keeping step to the music of an accordion and walking stately and slowly. Whenever the street gamins hear this song they run after the oichini, just as the rats ran after the mad piper of Hamelin, says the Japan Advertiser. If he is not a success at singing the song he will be of no account as a vender, for the secret of his popularity lies in his rendering of the peculiar melody.

When you hear the ra-uya, or repaire of bamboo pipes, in the neighborhood it seems as though a miniature locomotive was letting off steam, for one peculiarity of the ra-uya's trade is a cart which has in it a little furnace, a steam vent over which the pipe is placed to clean it thoroughly on the inside and also through the roof of the cart a steam whistle.

For the privilege of pushing his cart through the streets the ra-uya must

pay 3 yen a year as tax. It takes a long apprenticeship to know all the tricks of the trade, and no one who is not accustomed to this kind of mending can be a success. The number of ra-uya is steadily on the decrease, perhaps because there are fewer and fewer old-fashioned people now who use this kind of pipe.

In the old Yeddo days the trade was a brisk one, and the ra-uya ran through the streets, two baskets slung at the ends of a pole across his shoulders, and his cry was a most familiar one. Now he is minus the baskets and the cry, but the cart and the steam whistle have taken their place. Then, too, so many people today smoke cigars and cigarettes that the ra-uya finds his old bamboo pipes few and far between.

Another personage among the street merchants is the Amazakeya. His cry, "Amal, amal!" (sweet, sweet), is so suggestive of sweet things that the cry brings the children from every quarter. The men who ply this trade are generally old. They form one of Tokyo's picturesque street elements with their two large red lacquered boxes on either end of a shoulder pole.

An applicant who wishes to enter this business goes to the merchant with a person who acts as a guarantor and, borrowing the outfit, which consists of the aforesaid red boxes, is almost ready to set forth on his travels. But he must buy his own clothes, which consist of coolie nether garments and a blue cotton coat with the advertisement of his trade in white characters on its lapels and a Chinese character for Amazake on his back.

He must also be fitted out with an iron pot for boiling the sweet liquid. His red boxes contain the hibaschi and the heavy pot; also charcoal, drawers, trays and cups.

It is very hard for an old man to carry two such heavy boxes, and the Amazakeya is often taken with a desire to rest by the wayside. But this is against the law, and if the policeman catches sight of him he is told to move on in the polite language of "Kora, kora!" Sometimes he is fined from 20 sen to 1 yen for thus loitering on his way.

Fresh Rhubarb During the Winter.

Fresh rhubarb can be easily raised during the winter after the season outdoors is over. All that is required, says an Idaho bulletin, in the way of room is a warm cellar or basement.

As soon as the late fall arrives dig up the roots, allowing as much dirt as possible to adhere, and pile them up on the north side of some building to prevent alternate freezing and thawing.

When winter arrives remove the roots to the cellar and plant them close together in shallow bins or boxes with a little soil between them. The soil should not be kept wet, but simply moist and mellow in order to allow a good circulation of air around the roots.

Shoots grown in this manner are remarkably tender and of an excellent flavor. In order to obtain a supply over a long period they should be set out about every two weeks. At the end of a month the roots are usually exhausted. Roots forced in this manner are worthless for planting out again in the spring.

BOYS ARE BORN INDIANS.

So Says Writer Who Believes Normal Youth Should Be Noisy.

I firmly believe that all American boys, at any rate those that are normal, are born Indians, says H. W. Calvin in the American Club Woman. This Indianism is suppressed by surrounding circumstances in babyhood and early boyhood. But, while it can be kept suppressed for a time, it is bound to break out eventually.

The mother should be on the watch for the time when her boy shall put on his war paint and feathers. When she sees the signs she should let the spirit have full play. If the locality of her home allows of it she might let the boy live in the woods while the spell is on him. Let him build his wigwam and make his bed in it.

Perhaps more important than anything else is to see that the boy has full opportunity to make all the noise that his lungs and limbs will manufacture. A boy can't develop without noise.

The common difficulty with mothers is that they fail to distinguish between what are character faults and what are annoying habits. A noisy boy, one that can't help slamming the doors, has an annoying habit. But it is not a character fault. It's an indication that there is something in him.

Character faults manifest themselves negatively in a boy. There is always something wrong with a boy who does not know how to make trouble.

Children, of course, should be allowed to read the kind of stories that they like. Their natural tendencies must be guided, but never thwarted. No boy will want to read cheap detective stories if his mind has been guided in the right direction. He will crave wholesome tales of adventure.

As the child lives in a world of its own imagination, we should not try to yank it over headlong into our sphere. It is nonsense to ask the child to jump to us. We must get down to him.

An Early Street Sweeper.

Recently at one of the luncheons of the City club of Philadelphia there was read an extract from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia. The incident is interesting also, however, as illustrating citizen co-operation in its original simplicity, says the Survey.

"One day," Franklin wrote, "I found a poor industrious man who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense. I sent one of these papers to each house and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe to an agreement to pay these sixpences. It was unanimously signed and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved and made the people more willing to subscribe to a tax for that purpose."



SOUTHERN BOYS' CORN CLUB.

farm of a gentleman who is known as a good farmer. One part of the stubble field showed a very fine stand of clover and the balance rather thin. Said I to one of the men: "How's this? Was that a potato patch?" "No," said he. "When we were done sowing clover seed we had some left, and we went back as far as it would go and sowed it over again." That part of the field will pay; the balance won't. I saw wheat cut one season that ran three and a half bushels to the acre, and across the road the same kind of land had fifteen bushels to the acre. One was sowed on clods and no stand. The other was properly put in. Both cost the same for fertilizer, seed and drilling, cutting, hauling, etc. Now I suppose the three and a half bushel man wonders "where that money has gone." Does any one else wonder where his share went?

"Farming doesn't pay," I hear every day. Well, I know that any other business, I don't care what kind, will fail, too, if run on careless, slipshod lines. I do know plenty of farmers who make a profit of 5 per cent on a fair valuation of farms in addition to an excellent living, and a business that does that is pretty good.

Let the farmer raise more diversified crops, practice the careful small economies that any large corporation does, put up his goods honestly, keep his fence rows clean, his machinery in good order and under shelter, and his part of "that money" will stay by him.

Winter Ration For Sheep.

We have found that sheep to be wintered correctly need a legume forage, writes an Iowa man who knows the sheep business. In concentrates that legume, beyond a doubt, is clover. However, alfalfa is coming into favor, and I doubt not that it will be the leading forage in a very few years. In the west alfalfa is the ideal forage, and in the south cowpeas or some of the clovers best adapted to that section of the country make excellent forage.

Mulching of Vegetables.

Any time during the fall the mulching of rhubarb, asparagus and all of the vegetable and flowering perennials may be done. Any kind of fine or coarse manure will do. The fall and early winter rains will dissolve out richness of the manure and carry it to the roots of the plants before freezing. It is best to mulch the lawn some time in December or January.

commerce of the nation. If your neighborhood has no boys' corn club formed to stimulate the youngsters' views about our great crop, get together with your friends and help to form one like the one in the picture. Offering prizes for biggest and best ears, for biggest crop grown on a small patch, etc., helps to arouse the boys' interest in corn.

Keeping Water Warm For Poultry.

Those who have not the regular fountains for keeping the drinking water warm for the poultry may arrange a vessel as follows: Take a low candy pail or any like vessel, place another smaller vessel for water in the center of it and carefully pack hot sand, dust or grit around it. This will not only keep the water from chilling for some time, but with the sand or grit one of the chief requisites to winter egg production will be present at all times for chickens to pick. Also poultry is not so apt to dabble in and befoul the drinking water in such a vessel as soon as it would in an open vessel by itself.—Breeder's Gazette.

Winter Protection of Small Fruits.

For strawberries the usual covering of straw is good. In mild locations a layer of straw not less than four inches thick should be applied. In more severe locations this would be increased to six inches, and in the prairie sections it is desirable to use eight inches of straw or even more.

Protecting Trees From Animals.

Trees may be protected from injury by rabbits and mice, says the North Dakota experiment station, by keeping litter away from them and painting the trunk with whitewash to which paris green has been added. They may also be protected by wire screens.

Needed For Good Crops.

Much depends upon the vegetable matter added to the soil. No matter how much plant food there may be present, the soil will not produce large crops without humus. To supply humus vegetable matter must be turned under or barnyard manure applied.

To Loosen a Nut.

When a wagon wheel nut has become so set that it does not yield readily to the wrench, center a stream of hot water on the nut from the spout of a teakettle. In a few minutes the nut can be turned off with the fingers.

A FEW CURES TO ROUT THE BLUES

Settling a Case of Levity.
Boarder—I have named the coffee November, my dear madam.
Landlady—Indeed, sir. And why?
Boarder—Because it is so cold and cloudy.

Diagnosed.
"My poor little Fido is dead," sobbed Mrs. Maydup, "and only a few hours ago I was petting him, and he seemed so well."
"I suppose you were letting him lick your face and all that sort of thing," replied her heartless spouse.
"Yes, I—"
"Ah, painter's colic!"—Philadelphia Press.

Explanatory.

Corroboration.
"Good morning. How do you do this morning?" said the duck, meeting the hen.
"None of your business," replied the hen. "You are no doctor."
"Quack!" squawked the duck angrily.
"That's what I said," cackled the hen.—Detroit Free Press.

Teaching Manners to Pussy.

"Dear, dear me, Master Tommy Tiles! You are very dull this morning. Now please say after me again, 'One mouse makes one meal, not six mice.' Little boy cats must not be greedy."
"Why did they go east on their wedding trip?"
"She wanted to. She said it would be time enough for her to see the west when she goes to Reno."—Detroit Free Press.

Unding a Candidate.
Southern—I've been thinking seriously of employing a woman bill collector.
Nixon—Take my advice and don't.
Southern—Because why?
Nixon—Because, according to the old adage, "a woman's work is never done."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not So Quiet.
Mrs. Muggins—Your husband dresses rather quietly, doesn't he?
Mrs. Buggins—Humph! You ought to hear him sometimes when he can't find his collar button.—Philadelphia Record.

Pursued.
Patience—And did her father follow them when they eloped?
Patrice—Sure! He's living with them yet.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Ineligible.
"No," said the practical politician, "we don't want him figuring in the campaign."
"But he is exceedingly well informed."
"I doubt it. He has put in all his time studying the tariff and finance and the United States constitution. He doesn't know anything about politics."—Washington Star.

Dad's Comforting Reflection.

Mabel—Father's so glad you're a poet.
Scribbler—Ah, like yourself, he adores poetry?
Mabel—Oh, no; but you see, poets can't fight. My last beau he tried to throw out was a football player.—Brooklyn-Citizen.

Taking Something Along.

"I made a rule never to leave a house without takin' somethin' wid me."
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