

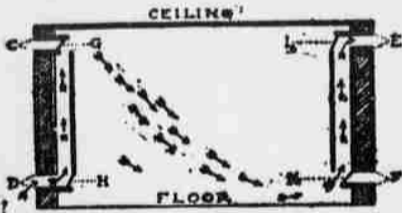
FARM AND GARDEN

VENTILATING A PIGGERY.

A System Established at the Canadian Agricultural College.

A piggery is about the most difficult of farm buildings to ventilate properly. It is always wet and damp under ordinary circumstances, unlike a cow stable in this regard, and the system of ventilation which answers for a cow or horse stable does not answer for a piggery. The Rutherford system of ventilation which I described in The Tribune Farmer recently I hardly think will answer for a piggery, neither will the King system. Something radically different is required. The system which I am about to describe has been in use at the experiment farm here for twelve years and has given splendid satisfaction.

Described in a general way it may be said to consist of a number of hollow shafts or tubes, placed inside the stable in contact with or close to the walls. These hollow shafts start about a foot or eighteen inches from the floor and extend vertically upward to within three or six inches of the ceiling. At the top and bottom these shafts turn at right angles and traverse the wall. They are also open to the air—that is, inside or outside air that shall flow through these shafts is controlled by dampers at the top and bottom as described below. The number and size of these ventilating shafts will of course, depend upon the size of the piggery and the number of swine therein. There should, if possible, be one or more on each outside wall. The total area of opening through



the walls at the bottom should be about three square inches to an animal housed in the pen. To illustrate, a piggery holding thirty head should have four ventilators, each 2 by 10, or six ventilators 2 by 6-1/2, or eight each, 2 by 6 inches, inside measurement. The large area required is on account of half of the ventilators having to serve as outlets, as will be seen later, because when these ventilators on the side or sides when the wind strikes serve as inlets, the ventilators on the opposite side serve as outlets.

In the diagram ventilators are shown on opposite walls, and the swinging parts or doors set to allow air to enter by way of D and G, from the left, and leave the pen by the way of K and E, through the shaft on the right, entering at the bottom K, and going up and out at E, as indicated by the arrows.

On the left, the trap or door H is set to prevent any air entering the piggery or going out at that point, while G is set to prevent any air entering or leaving the room at the opening C. The same may be said of the doors L and K.

The doors are placed in these positions when the wind is coming from the left side, but when the wind happens to strike the right side of the stable then the positions of all ventilators are reversed and the air should enter by way of F and L and leave by way of H and C. The ends of the ventilators should not project from the walls on the outside.

The trap doors may be constructed of wood or sheet zinc and may be controlled by means of projecting handle or by means of cords. By letting the upper doors hang vertically some of the warmer air near the ceiling may be drawn off if the temperature becomes high. If the wall be built with a space between the studs two studs may be used in the place of the shaft shown, and so nothing but inlets and outlets show.

Sweetness and Wrinkles of Corn.

It is claimed by seedsmen that ears the kernels of which are of a deep amber color and more or less transparent are much sweeter than those in which the kernels are opaque and white, and kernels having a fine wrinkle are also supposed to be sweeter than those with a coarse wrinkle. A test of these methods of selecting seed at the Maryland station showed practically the same sugar content in kernels of different color, but there appeared to be a relation between the wrinkle of the kernel and the percentage of sugar. "The lowest percentage of sugar in the fine wrinkled kernels is above the average percentage in the coarse wrinkled and the highest percentage of sugar in the individual ears having a coarse wrinkle is much less than the average in the fine wrinkled ones."

Put Feed on Boards.

When soft food is given to either young or old fowls, it should never be thrown upon the ground. Feed it upon board, smooth boards.

Care For Farm Machinery.

If you want your farm machinery to live to a ripe old age, don't forget the oil can and grease bucket.

PITTSBURG TOGS INEVITABLE

Scientists and Experts Declare They Can't Get Rid of the Great Annoyance.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Pittsburg always will be foggy. John Brashear, scientist, says so, and is corroborated by Joseph M. Searle, chief smoke inspector, while Geo. M. Lehman, secretary and chief engineer of the Pittsburg Flood Commission, which is dealing with flood conditions, asserts he cannot see how that organization can do anything to eliminate the fogs. The question was put up to them because of the annoyance Pittsburg has suffered, particularly in the last two weeks, when day has been turned into night. "Pittsburg will have fogs for 100,000,000 years," said Dr. Brashear when asked his views on the matter. He said:

"Until this old ball of ours gets rid of its moisture we will have fogs. Fogs are not peculiar to cities where there is great manufacturing. I have seen dense fogs on mountain peaks and in canyons where there was no smoke within miles. Of course, smoke accentuates a fog and makes it denser than usual."

"Fogs are really nothing more than clouds. A particle of moisture in the air is the nucleus for several particles of dust. Smoke is nothing more or less than dust. There is only one way to get rid of fogs and that is to get rid of the moisture and atmosphere. Fogs have existed from the time the earth cooled off and will exist until the end."

"While we cannot eliminate fogs, we are eliminating smoke, which makes the fogs more dense," said Chief Smoke Inspector Searle when asked if his bureau could do anything to eliminate the fogs which have enveloped the city.

PLEA FOR THE MUSKRAT.

Rodent, Once Killed for Bounty, is Well Worth Saving.

Eharon Hill, Pa.—If the petition that is being circulated by Frank S. Morris along Chester pike is acted upon favorably by the Legislature, there will be a "closed" season for shooting and trapping muskrats, which at present are not protected by law.

At one time a bounty was paid for them on the presumption that they burrowed through the dykes and river banks and caused floods in the lowlands, but now the rodents are hunted so much by pot hunters and trappers, who sell their flesh and their skins, that the old rats are killed off in September and October, before their young are able to take care of themselves. In the petition it is requested that the open season be from November 1 to March 15.

At present the flesh of the muskrat is considered a delicacy, comparable to possum, which, together with the craze for coat linings of muskrat skin, it is said, portends that the rodent will be exterminated unless some means are taken to protect it.

ALASKA GLACIER MOVING.

It Has Advanced Two Miles in the Last Three Years.

Cordova, Alaska.—In Alaska for the purpose of studying glaciers and glacier movements are Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell University, geologist; Lawrence Martin of the University of Wisconsin, instructor von Engels of Cornell, Prof. Bean of the University of Wisconsin, and A. R. Campbell of the University of Washington, all under the direction of the National Geological Society, which has arranged for a series of annual expeditions, this being the first. Speaking of his investigations, Prof. Tarr said:

"I visited Hidden glacier in 1906, and from measurements taken this year I found it has advanced two miles in three years. Generally speaking, glaciers in Alaska are receding. Some, however, fluctuate like the famous Swiss glaciers, which change every thirty years, advancing and receding. The Columbia glacier has begun to advance again."

As proof that Alaska was once a tropical temperature country, Prof. Tarr found Jamaica flora in coal bed formations.

THERE'S A LIMIT TO WAITING.

Chicago Court Causes Rejoicing in the "Ham and Beet."

Chicago.—The downtrodden patrons of restaurants obtained a great moral victory in court here. The problem was how long should a patron be expected to wait for his order in a restaurant.

William C. Plumble, a New York magazine writer, ordered "ham and beet" in a Madison street restaurant. Then he waited, kept on waiting and waited some more. Then he started to leave, and was arrested for disorderly conduct. Judge Newcomer ruled that persons need wait only "a reasonable time," and discharged Plumble.

Milk Their Cow in a Cafe.

Middletown, N. Y.—At a cafe in this city two young men who were unable to get milk punches, owing to the scarcity of milk, took a cow into the place and milked her. The animal had been purchased by the young men, and in driving her home they had encountered great difficulty, which made them feel greatly in need of refreshment.

Grace Now Said at Convicts' Meets.

Lansing, Kan.—For the first time in the history of the Kansas Penitentiary, a blessing is now asked upon the food the prisoners eat. Twice each day the chaplain says grace while the prisoners stand at the tables.

The Currency of Heaven.

A rich man was dying. He had been a miser who hoarded his money all his life until he amassed a gigantic fortune. When anyone asked him to assist in some charitable act he always said: "I cannot do that, my friend, I must be saving my money, for money is everything in this world."

When he was about to die he thought:

"I am sure that money must be worth something in the other world, too, and I must see to it that I do not go there with empty hands."

He called together his children and ordered them to place a bag of gold in the coffin with him.

"Do not be stingy," he said, "make it a big bag and fill it up with gold." The very same night he gave up the ghost. His children carried out his wishes and placed a bag with 5,000 gold pieces in the coffin.

As soon as he had arrived inside the gates of Heaven he had to go through the usual formalities. He was asked where he came from, what he had done and so on, and he was very much tired and terribly hungry and thirsty before the whole thing was over. He was just about ready to think that he must die a second time from starvation when he saw a counter filled with eatables and beverages of all kinds.

"This seems to be just like the waiting room in a large railroad station," he said to himself. "You may have everything here, and I even think I smell a roast somewhere. How fortunate that I thought of taking along money." He opened his bag of gold, looked at its contents with loving eyes, went over to the counter and pointed to a plate with sardines in oil.

"How much does that cost?"

"One kopek," was the reply.

"That is very cheap," the rich man thought, and again he asked: "And how much do these patties cost?"

"Also one kopek," the saleslady replied with a smile.

"If that is so," the rich man said, "please give me ten sardines and five patties, and then—"

As his eyes wandered over the tempting dishes he seemed at a loss to select anything.

The girl behind the counter looked at him patiently, and then said slowly: "It is customary to pay in advance here."

"Pay! With the greatest pleasure." The rich man took from his bag a gold coin and said: "Please."

The saleslady turned the coin between her fingers, looked at it from all sides and handed it back: "No, this is not the kind of kopeks that we use here."

Immediately afterwards two strong men came and carried off the rich man between them. He was very downhearted and also very much offended.

"It is very annoying that they only accept kopeks here. How strange, I must see that I get some change," he thought. During the next night he ran back to his sons and whispered to them in a dream: "Take back your gold, I can't use it here, and instead of it lay down a bag filled with kopeks on my grave, if you do not want me to starve."

Terrified the sons ran to the cemetery the next morning, dug up the bag of gold and replaced it with a bag filled with kopeks.

When the rich man had received these he rushed to the counter and said to the girl: "Now I have kopeks, so please hurry up and give me something to eat for I am terribly hungry."

Although the money was there the girl smiled, shook her head, and said: "I see that you have not learned very much during your life. Here we do not accept the kopeks which you hold in your hand, but only those that you put into the hands of others. Think back and see if you cannot remember that you have ever helped a poor man or encouraged a sick one?"

The rich man bowed down his head and thought. But never had he assisted anyone, never had he done anything for the sick or the poor.

The two strong men appeared again and carried him off below.

Monotony of Home Life.

So many wives complain of the monotony of marriage. They envy women who write, paint or act, because they imagine all the callings spell infinite variety. But any life can become monotonous if people allow it to be so. Wives who grumble at the dreary sameness of home routine forget that their husbands have to face the same tiresome monotony at the office. The only way to get out of the "rut" for wife or bachelor or maid alike is to cultivate interests and hobbies. Marriage is monotonous only for those who make it so.

Training the girls.

"How shall we train our girls?" is an important question. Train them with about 22 yards of black silk, if you want to please your girls. A velvet train would also make them happy.—London Tit-Bits.

The Empire of Sultana, Morocco, is one of the few still independent countries on the Dark Continent. In area it is a little larger than Germany, and about the size of our state of Texas.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

CHILDREN'S SEASON.

International Bible Lesson for Dec. 26, '09. (Matt. 2: 1-12).



No birth is insignificant. As the mother bends over the form of her sleeping child she sees infinite possibilities. The rising generation will have among their number more noblemen than their predecessors. We are every day walking unconsciously

among Enochs and Augustines and Websters and Lincolns. They are to be the men of might and the men of power in future years.

But the pre-eminent birth of the world was that of the babe of Bethlehem, whose anniversary we are celebrating. Festivals are in order, and the children of the world rejoice because back in Judea, thousands of years ago, an infant rested in its mother's arms.

The Manger Cradle.

We do not know the day and hour of his birth. It is not probable that it was the 25th of December. But whether we keep the very day of His birth is of small moment. It is not necessary to believe that the Lord was born Dec. 25 in order to enjoy the happiness which is associated with the recurrence of the day. That he was born is certain, and so we celebrate on earth one day, a birthday, in memory of the Divine Infant.

That makes the Christmas season the children's season. It puts new value on every child in every home. Had it not been for that American mothers would doubtless be imitating their dusky Indian sisters and sacrificing their children on bloody propitiatory altars. But as we read anew the story, and sing it, and tell it, and hear it, a sympathetic chord is touched in every soul, from the negro mother in her little hut crooning over her ebony darling, to the queen on her throne watching dawning intelligence in the eyes of her royal offspring. We all shall love children more from the fact that He was once a wee, helpless, beautiful babe, cradled in His mother's arms.

Christmas is the time of gift-making, and therefore a season of embarrassment. There are people who are at their wits' end to find something their friends have not already, and others who are at their wits' end to find the means to buy with.

The Best Gift.

The tradition is that when the Eastern sages found the Babe of Bethlehem and bowed before Him as the new born king, a strange and prophetic thing happened. One of the wise men was a prophet, and links him with the gift of myrrh, as a type of the sorrow and hunger of the hearts that were crying out to God. The second is described as a priest, bringing his gift of frankincense, and representing the needs of man for a Saviour's intercession and offering. The third is a king, and brings his gift of gold. And the tradition is that when the gold was poured at his feet, the little child looked in the face of the worshipper, but made no other sign. And as the second presented his fragrant incense, He gently smiled in the face of the sage. But as the third bowed with his sorrowful face and his gift of myrrh, the Child stretched forth His little hand, and tenderly touched the trembling man who was weeping at His cradle. It is only a tradition, but it has a beautiful suggestion. Our costliest offerings—our gold and silver—are acceptable to Christ; but more welcome is the sinner's approach bearing the frankincense of guilty need and plea for His intercession; and most welcome of all is the penitent and broken heart with his offering of myrrh. For such a one he has a touch of healing and comfort.

Therefore, let us not forget that there are gifts more priceless than gold or jewels, which every one can give. Visit the sick and give them a comforting word. Going down the street to business, give a smile and a cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies. Let Christmas cheer melt the ice which has accumulated around your heart. Give patience to the complaining, give love to your households, give yourself to the world.

Christmas is the children's day, and "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." They will not hang their stockings in the chimney corner many years longer; be not the first to shatter their bright illusions. They will soon enough realize the struggle of life; let them enjoy the harmless fancy of the reindeers and midnight visit of Santa Claus a few years longer.

Stuff their stockings while you may. Forever shriveled be the heart that would tear down the garlands, and frost the flowers and hush the hollowness of the children's joy. May the chiming Christmas bells proclaim the ushering in of the time by angel voices prophesied, "Peace on earth—good will toward men."

When Greek meets Greek. A young Irishman in want of \$25 wrote to his uncle as follows: "Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame as I am writing you would pity me. Why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

"F. S.—Overcome with remorse for what I have written; I have been running after the messenger in order to recover this letter, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may stop him or that this letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."

The Butterfly's Eye-Spots. What do the eye-spots on butterflies' wings mean? The naturalist, says Mr. Percy Collins, must answer frankly, "I do not know." It is thought that they have some utilitarian application, and they form one of the most intricate of all natural designs. The fact that butterflies have been captured with their eye-spots pierced, as if from the attack of birds, has been used as an argument in favor of the view that they may be "protective markings," imitating eyes because birds strike at the eyes of their victims. But this suggestion is hardly regarded as satisfactory. Among butterflies the most striking examples of eye-spots are found on the under surface of the wings.

Roll of Honor

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

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Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.



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