

FARM FURROWS

FARM NOTES

But the dross, male and female; and let the producers have their...

saving of more than half in the seed required for a given area. Not many of our farmers have tried alike, and we must take the testimony of those in other sections as to the plant.

Alike is harder than red and stands rougher winters without injury, and comes out all right where the other fails. Analysis shows that alike contains more solid matter and protein than red clover. It is also an excellent bee plant, yielding more and better honey than the other varieties of clover. It should be sowed and treated as red clover, with a little more care in preparing the seed bed; the ground should be pulverized as fine as possible.

MOLASSES AS STOCK FOOD

The first suggestion of the use of molasses as a stock food was made by Hermandt in 1811. The first recorded ration was used in 1830 and consisted of chopped straw and 220 pounds of molasses per day for 2,000 sheep, eighty head of cattle and twenty horses. In 1850, rations mentioned by Stockard, Hennenberg and Stohman consisted of molasses, oat-straw and hay. They limited the amount of molasses to eight pounds per 1,000 pounds live weight of the animal fed.

WATCH THE BROOD SOWS

The food of the sow during the month previous to farrowing has much more influence on the pigs than most people imagine. Weak, puny pigs, of all shapes and sizes, are the natural result of improper feeding. If the sow is fed fresh and bone-making foods, the result will be well-formed, vigorous pigs. Corn is not a fit ration for brood sows, because it does not contain the elements needed to grow the frame of the pig. Wheat bran and shorts have always been found splendid food for sows both before farrowing and afterwards. I have recently been advocating clover or alfalfa hay for these sows. It is surprising how the sows will work over a forkful of nice clover hay, and she usually consumes all but the stiffest stems. I have tried blood meal and meal scraps with some success. It seems the sows need something of this kind to supply protein. Sows which become excessively fat do not make good mothers, nor do they usually bring large litters. Right now is the time to work for good, strong litters and do it by properly feeding and caring for the sow. —L. C. B., in the Indiana Farmer.

PRINTING PATS

It may seem a small matter to have the fowls get to know one's voice by speaking to them now and then, but I have found this a very good thing at times. Take, for instance, the comely of entering the poultry house at night with a lantern; sometimes this will alarm the fowls and they will crowd together on the perches and some will jump to the floor, yet if upon entering I speak to them; they will at once recognize my voice and remain quiet. In another case, if I enter the yard with a person who is a stranger to them they soon quiet down. Fear acts harmfully upon poultry and no fowls can do well that are subject to its influence. A certain control is always necessary for best results, but it can be had without arousing fear. Fowls are quick to recognize this control, and if it is held to will seldom overstep its limits. —Tribune Farmer.

MORE THAN STRAW

It takes something more than straw and corn to make prime fat cattle. It takes variety to keep the appetite keen and working to its full limit. When steers begin to fess over on a day of corn-and-cob meal, and along toward the finish, deal out two pounds of oil meal once a day to each steer. —Indiana Farmer.

THE PROFITABLE COW

The cow that comes fresh in the fall is the one that should make the best profit in the course of the year. Consider this when buying or breeding cows. When cows are to be bred it is not always practical to act on this principle, but one should do so when he can. —Progressive Farmer.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

The following is furnished by the Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.:

GUMPTION ON THE FARM. 'Tis well to apply the hoe Ere the weeds can grow; For a lick in time Doth surely save nine.

Sometimes a minute of think is better than an hour of hustle. Are you ready to jump into spring work when nature says "Jump"?

About the time some people get ready to saw wood it is time to begin planting potatoes.

The outlook is good for those farmers who, after they have harrowed their ground twice, will give it several turns more.

Anybody can whack his thumb while pounding tacks and such things; but it takes a nice man to hold still and not say by-words.

Make your plans to sow some corn next month for green feed when the dry weather cuts the pastures short. A single acre will furnish many tons of splendid feed.

Spring seems to be a sprite of change. As we look up our annuals: To her we bow and doff our hats— But will not doff our flannels.

Two or three weeks can be gained by starting lima beans in dirt bands in the hotbed. They should be planted and handled the same as melons and cucumbers.

Fixing fence is a good deal like darning stockings. Only you can't take the fence-mending when you do "down to see Aunt Sally." It must be done right on the spot, no matter how tiresome it may be.

The beautifying of your place may mean to pull up grass and weeds, to trim shrubbery and trees, to cut away rubbish, and to nail up a plank or two, also to do a little whitewashing and cleaning. But after it is done you will be glad of it, and so will your neighbors.

Does the spring work crowd you? Do not get into a fret. Remember the largest house is built simply by laying one brick upon another. Lay out, beforehand, a definite amount of work for each day—no more than you can comfortably get through with—and then do it. You will be surprised in a short time to find how steadily everything is moving on.

Success does not depend upon luck. When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is out-in.

The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. Which is the hardest of all sows? (Cattle—rest steel).

When does a chair dislike you. When it can't bear you. Measure your troubles with an inch rule; your blessings with a ten-foot pole.

The man who thinks he has money to burn Will find later on he has money to earn. Mother used to say, "Do your work so well that you won't have to do it over again."

Trump—Madam, I was not always thus. Madam. No, it was your other arm you had in a sling yesterday.

The young man who does his work indifferently because he thinks he is above his job, proves thereby his unfitness for the job that is above him.

"Well, he's not handsome," said the tourist, taking his first look at a Florida alligator, "but he has a deal of openness when he smiles."

Shut the doors after you, close the gates, hang up your hat and coat and wipe off your shoes; then this will be a nice world for boys and every one to live in.

"How far is it from here to the next town?" asked the man in the motor car. "It's four rocky hills, two deep gullies, and nineteen policemen with stop watches," replied the up-to-date rustic.

Tom Hughes said: "The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come with long, tough roots like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves."

A city firm hung out a sign, "Boy Wanted." In less than five minutes a red-headed little chap stepped into the office with the sign under his arm. "Say, mister," he said, "did you hang this out?" "I did," said the proprietor. "Why did you tear it down?" Back of his freckles the boy gazed in wonder at the man's stupidity. "Why," he replied, "I'm the boy." And he proved to be.

Siberia, long regarded as a barren country, is now producing a great deal of foodstuffs.

The municipality of Valparaiso is about to erect a theater building with a seating capacity of 1,600 on the site of one destroyed by the great earthquake of August, 1906. It is to be up to date, and as nearly earthquake and fireproof as can be built. Large quantities of steel will be used in its construction.

SEEDS BLUE RIBBON COLLECTION Big Offer BUSINESS BUILDER SEND 10 CENTS

A USEFUL DIALOGUE

Young Man: How can I get on with you?

"I don't know why I'm telling you," said Ruth Martin, fatteringly, as she met the keen, friendly glance of the older woman. "You can't say a thing that mother hasn't told me, but, some day, when Law acts offended, it—if I don't seem to matter half so much about his having a deep, reverent respect for me all his life as about his liking me right at that minute, I tell you, I want to be popular, like Lucile. The boys think she's perfectly fine, and yet I know she lets them all—well, she calls it 'spoon.' She told me so herself. Of course I couldn't be like that—you needn't lift your eyebrows—but, well, with Law, I don't know. He says I'm too strict, that he ought to be an exception, and—"

"Have you any idea of marrying Lewis?" Aunt Isabel inquired, in an offhand way.

Ruth's face flamed. "Marrying! Of course not! Why, we're too young to think of such things!"

"I see. Well, I suppose one of the things your mother has told you is that some day, when you come to marry the man you love, you'll be glad if—"

"Oh, yes! All that about the mistake of making sacred things common, and I agree to it, with my mind, but, surely, it's now that matters to me. It isn't about future man I'm thinking about. I want Law to like me best. I—I don't want him to get to going with Lucile."

The girlish voice trembled with the intensity of fifteen years, and Aunt Isabel understood.

After a minute or two of silence, she spoke abruptly. "Now I know why I put that in my journal last summer," she said, crossing to her desk, and beginning to turn the pages of a little book. "I was staying at that summer hotel, and the partitions were just like paper, and one night I couldn't help hearing this dialogue in the next room. I was writing at the time, and something prompted me to set it down, word for word. Listen. I've headed it,

TWO WOMEN TALKING. "Yes, she hid my hat when I started to go. Made me fret."

"Doesn't it, though? Did she follow you out on the steps to look at the moon?"

"Sure." "But you kissed her." "Bet I did."

"D'you call her if it was the first time, Bobby?" (chuckling softly.) "That's what I did."

"What'd she tell you?" "Oh (in a mocking voice) 'Once, long ago, when I was just a little girl.'"

"Dust of laughter." "Oh, they're all alike, Bobby! I've had 'em tell me that, and think I believe it, too. Not much! If a girl lets you spoon, she'll let the other fellow. Don't fool yourself!"

"But, Aunt Isabel," Ruth protested, with a disgusted expression, "they must have been low, horrid fellows—not our kind."

"On the contrary," was the answer. "I found out next day that they were both boys of good family. Yes, I'm sorry to say it, Ruth, but they were 'our kind.'—Youth's Companion.

Encouraging Fido. A woman, carrying a small dog in her arms, boarded a street car in New York, says a writer in the Evening Post, and earnestly besought the conductor to tell her when they reached 42d street. As she seemed unusually anxious, he said he would. At the first stop they made after leaving 73d street, she glanced appealingly at the other passengers. At the next stop she half rose to her feet.

"Is this—"

"Fifty-ninth" called the conductor. At 50th street she stumbled forward as if to escape with the foremost, but the conductor laid a detaining hand upon her.

"Not yet, madam. I told you that I would tell you when we get there."

"How soon shall we get there?" she asked, breathlessly. The conductor looked wearily at her.

"I will tell you when we get there," he repeated.

At last, looking pointedly at her, he shouted loudly, "Forty-second street! Forty-second street!"

The woman clutched her dog and, standing up, lifted him to the window. "O Fido," she said, almost tearfully, "look, look, Fido! That's 42d street, where you were born."

Our Mother Tongue. He may be a druggist who drugs. But he's not a huggist who hugs. And no thinker ever has tank; Though you can't get a craftsman to crew A respectable draftsman may draw. And a drinker may often be drunk.

We say of the swimmer, "He swam." But not of the trimmer, "He swam." And we never say rovers have rove; Though a man who has brought may not bratch. The one who has caught still may catch. And many a thrower has thrown.

'Tis common for sailors to sail. But it isn't for sailors to tail. And more than one plan are not pins; If the leader is not one who breaks. Still the smoker may be one who smokes. And more than one man are called men.

Though never a spender has spoon. The kind-hearted lender may loan. And many a dealer has deal; We may say that the man who weaves wove. But not that the one who grieves grove. And no squarer ever has square. —Pack.

Tongue Tied Talkers. How many educated people there are who have no more than a peasant's vocabulary. They do not use the words that a peasant does, but they do not improve upon them. They still go on saying, "How amusing!" "How lovely!" "How nice!" to the end of the chapter. Nobody can be interesting who is always working a limited vocabulary. —British Weekly.

See Memory. Bacon—"Do you remember when you went to mother's knee?" Robert—"Yes; that's rather a sore memory to me."—Youth's Statesman.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

The Frame.

He sent to her his photograph; 'Twas in a frame of gold. With butterflies and ivy leaves And starry lilies scrolled. He went without cigars a week And lunched on apple pie And to and fro his office walked. The costly thing to buy.

She thanked him in a charming note That filled his soul with bliss. And then she took his picture out— Oh, sly, deceitful miss!

She put her own, in regal pose, With opera cloak and fan. In that expensive frame and sent it to another man.

—Miss Irving, in the New York Press.

WHY SHE ALLOWED HIM. It was close on midnight, and the professional guest felt it was high time for him to stop playing. "Perhaps I'd better not play any more tonight," he said wearily. "I see you have near neighbors, and they might be annoyed."

"You needn't mind them for a minute," said his hostess earnestly. "We are perfectly sure they poisoned our cat, and if they did nothing is too bad for them."—Youth's Companion.

DETERMINATION. "How can you sleep so late in the morning?" "Just will power, mother."—Life.

RAKING UP THE PAST. "Say, Burroughs," said Markley. "how about that \$10 you've owed me since last year?"

"Oh, come, old man," said Burroughs. "why can't you let bygones be bygones?"—Philadelphia Press.

SHED HAVE TO SPEAK. "It is impossible," cried Mr. Nagget, finally. "for us to live together and not quarrel."

"But," snapped Mrs. Nagget. "it is possible not to quarrel if neither of us speak."

"Of course, but, as I say, it's impossible for us to live together and not quarrel."—Catholic Standard and Times.

RAISED THEM. "How much are these chickens?" asked the lady in the market. "I sell them at 25 cents a pound," said the German marketman. "Do you raise them yourself?"

"Oh, yah! They was 22 cents yesterday, all ready."—Youkers Statesman.

THE PRESENT WAY. Captain Medico—What was that manoeuvre just now, Master Navigator?

Navigator—Please, sir, they broke out her spinnaker.

Captain Medico—How careless of them! Let the spinnaker be put in splints immediately.—Baltimore American.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS. Patient—Doctor, do you think that people are occasionally buried alive? Doctor. (reassuringly)—It never happens to my patients.—Catholic Tribune.

THE SUCCESSION OF PARTS. The Old One—In adopting a theatrical career, you are entering a touchy and jealous profession. Keep guard over your tongue.

The New One—Oh, I've found out that I'll have ample opportunity to think before I speak!—Pack.

THE EDITOR'S REGRET. Office Boy—The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them.

Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that? Office Boy (triflingly)—Well, not exactly. He just said, "Take 'em away, Pimples, they make me sick."—London Tattler.

SHED HAVE TO ASK THEM. Bacon—I advertised for a lost pocket-book and I just had a letter from the man who found it.

Egbert—You're lucky. "But I'm too busy to go and see the man who found it just now." "Send your wife."

"That wouldn't do. You see, in my advertisement I said: 'No questions asked.'"—Youkers Statesman.

PROPER NAME FOR IT. The lawyer's pretty daughter and a young man were occupying chairs on the veranda.

"It's rather cool out here," said the fair maid. "I move that we conclude the session in the courtroom."

The young man having seconded the motion, they at once repaired to the front parlor.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE. Fair Patient—I suffer greatly from tannosmia, doctor. Doctor—You should eat something just before retiring.

Fair Patient—But you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed. Doctor—Oh, that was a year ago. Science has made rapid strides since then.

WAYSIDE NOTES. "Iuster git a good deal of junk from dat house, but don't no more."

"De ledly must be trimmin' her own hats."—Washington Herald.

NOT EXPECTED OF HIM. "So you want a job, he? Well, what did you do at your last place?" "I didn't do anything. I was the office boy."—Judge.

AN OLD, OLD CRY. "Shall we abolish the thumb-screw?" asked the king. Some were in favor of so doing, others opposed the idea.

"It might hurt business," declared the latter, glancing timidly east.

The Difference

Rockefeller can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$50,000.

THAT'S CAPITAL.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, stamp an eagle bird on it and make it worth \$20.

THAT'S MONEY.

A mechanic can take material worth five dollars and make watch springs worth one thousand dollars.

THAT'S SKILL.

A woman can purchase a hat for \$3 but prefers one which costs \$30.

THAT'S FOOLISHNESS.

A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of dirt for \$1.

THAT'S LABOR.

There are fellows that will tell you that they will sell you goods for less money than J. W. Nash.

THAT'S GALL.

If you want to trade where your dollars will go the farthest trade with the old reliable, J. W. NASH, THE GROCER.

THAT'S GOOD JUDGMENT.

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