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HOW TO MAKE FARM WORK EASIER

Even though you have been short of help, you may have found plans to make your work easier so that you could do more yourself. Here are some good plans that other farmers have used with success :

Harvest will soon be over, and Ontario farmers will have a little more time to themselves. They don't have any too much time to themselves at any time, but it does seem, in these days of labor shortage, that many farmers have come across some wrinkle on how to make farm work easier. For the purpose of passing things like that along to other farmers, this department has been opened, and will be published from time to time. Anyone who has found some plan to make his or her work easier on the farm is invited to tell it in plain words on one side of the paper only, and send it in to The Farmer, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto. It will be published in this department. Here are some ideas that will help. If you have any, let us have them, and thus others will benefit also:

A TREATMENT FOR SCALY LEGS

If you raise your chicks with hens in the old-fashioned way, you may be troubled with scaly legs, on the hens. Although the disease itself is not especially dangerous, the birds that are suffering from scaly legs usually do not do well, and if you attempt to sell them for meat they do not bring as good a price. So scaly legs are to be avoided.

The treatment for this is very simple, and if you use the plan I have outlined, the work will be reduced. The remedy is to dip the legs of the fowls into kerosene. My plan is to fasten a tin can at a convenient height on the side of a box. This can be filled with kerosene and the bird's legs dipped into it. It is important that this can be nailed to something, because if it were simply placed on top of a box, the struggle of the birds would be sure to tip it over and not only waste the kerosene, but much time would be lost.

My plan is to place one of these cans in position and keep it filled with kerosene oil until the disease has disappeared from the flock. If it were necessary to get a new supply of kerosene and hunt up a can in which to put it every time a scaly leg was seen, the treatment would probably be neglected.

F. BASSETT.

A BETTER WAY TO PLANT POTATOES

I have found a ditching spade is the best tool for planting potatoes. It makes a hole large enough, is easier to handle, and enables me to plant my potatoes much faster, and to control the depth at which they are planted. This is especially true if I am planting potatoes in sod or in heavy clay soil.

F. A. WARNER.

MY BEST STRAW CARRIER

I have found that a binder canvas is the best thing to use for carrying straw when you have to move it in small quantities for some little distance. For example, when I carry bedding to the small hog houses that are located about 100 yards from the barn, this canvas comes in handy. I can carry more than I can on a pitchfork, and do not scatter it along the way, as would be the case if I carried it on a pitchfork and the wind were blowing.

I use an old canvas, which I fill and then buckle, and you can see that it is an easy matter to carry a big bundle of straw on your arm when handled in this way.

F. A. WARNER.

ONE FARM HAND TELLS WHY HE CAME TO TOWN

Better Living Conditions Are Needed For Workers, He Declares---Year 'Round Job Should Be Provided, So Men Won't Go Elsewhere.

(By Lord Ogilvy.)

We get very limited expression from our farm workers possibly because we are poor listeners or, as our correspondent says, it is safe to communicate from a distance. Let the latter, however, speak for itself. Here it is:

"Lord Ogilvy:

"I see some prominent writer says that you could no more persuade the country-bred boys to leave city life and go back to the farm than you could make the water of the St. Lawrence river reverse itself and run up stream.

"Another writer says that the "back to the farm" movement can only be accomplished by putting farm life on the same plane as city life. An article of yours a short time ago commented on the thousands of farms all over the country as being tenantless, not being cultivated. And, too, at the very time that production should be at its greatest.

"Now, I am an ex-farm hand, having left the farm a short while back. I am called an all-'round farm man and irrigator, handle four to six horses and am familiar with all kinds of farm machinery, stock feeder, etc., and I believe several points could be cited that would be to the advantage of the farmer as far as holding his farm help is concerned. And as his own boys leave him he has to depend more and more on outside help. As a rule a farmer never likes to be told anything, especially by a farm hand, and it is always safest to tell him from a distance. Very often that is his loss. Then, again, it is his gain, as there are all kinds of farm help, from the good and indifferent, to the rotten and I. W. W. kind.

Square Deal Needed for Farm Laborers.

"Fair treatment and a square deal applies, or should apply, the same on the farm as in other lines of work. In the first place, his married help (and that is the reliable, dependable kind) should be provided with a comfortable house (not a beet shack), not too close to the boss's house, nor at the same time tucked up to or against a stable; a place for a garden; water so it is not necessary to carry it one-quarter mile, places for chickens and a hog or two. The latter two items, with milk, cut a figure in both contentment and a big reduction in living expenses.

No. 2—On the farm it is absolutely necessary to attend the chores, but it can be made a big or a small job. An hour of chores at morning and from one hour to one and one-half hours of chores in the evening after a day in the field is a little trying. If an employe of a factory was asked to clean up around the factory an hour before the whistle blew and put in the same time after the quitting whistle sounded he would soon chuck his job. If farm workers were put on an hour basis, with chores classed as work, the farmer would have the unimportant kind eliminated and do only the essential. Or he and his family would do more chores themselves. Another advantage about the hour basis, say in the spring or harvest time, it would be to the farm hands' interest financially to put in as many hours as possible.

Year 'Round Work Should Be Provided

No. 3—If you were running a factory and worked but eight months out of the year, you would have a different and more incompetent force at the beginning of the factory work. You couldn't expect to retain your old force or your experienced help when they were obliged to follow some other occupation the other four months of the year. It is the same way with farming. It costs money to move. And if a farmer doesn't feed stock during the winter months, or do some other kind of work thereby giving his help twelve months of work, he can't expect to have very competent help for a few months of the year. No wonder he classes all farm help as "rotten."

"My reason for leaving the farm was, without capital I couldn't see any future. I didn't want to be a farm hand all my life. But you can bet your bottom dollar that if I ever have a chance to get back on a farm where there is a future chance of being able to farm for myself some day, that's where I will go. I like the open life; the fresh air and sunshine; I like to see things grow, I love stock of all kinds and I like to raise better crops than the other fellow. Yes, the hours may be long and things look discouraging sometimes, but a good night's sleep and a healthy appetite puts new mettle into a fellow for the next day's work. Many an ex-farmer in the city would be glad to chuck his city job and locate on those tenantless farms could some way be found to so do, and thereby become producers instead of consumers.

EX-FARMHAND.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

Francesca scarcely slept, the night seemed so short in which to think and wonder. All her thoughts were in the future. Danver's clumsy love-making, Millie's flat, the whole evening was forgotten, only the next day mattered.

She met Millie at the Shepherd's Bush tube the next morning at eleven—Millie resplendent in white furs, and a hat rammed down over one eye with an osprey sticking straight out from it.

An invisible cloud of perfume seemed to surround her. Francesca had only her old blue suit and a lace blouse which, at eleven o'clock in the morning, looked as though it were part of an evening dress. She had sported white gloves for the occasion, and wore a bunch of violets, a tribute from Danvers.

Millie had brought the song with her.

Mr. Tubby Nathan lived and had his private being apparently in a flat off Shaftsbury avenue. His greatness and power were outlined by Millie in one comprehensive sentence, "He's the boss of all the halls, and does all the engagin'! Now you know who you're meetin'."

He proved to be a big, youngish looking man with beautiful clothes and thick, shining black hair brushed straiht back from his forehead. His tie-pin was gorgeous, also real, and his hands were white and much manicured.

"Well, Miss Melton," he said in a rather low voice; "what's this you've brought me?"

Francesca saw to her amazement a new Millie reply to the question, a diffident, almost cowed Millie, with a subservient manner and anxious smile.

"I ventured to bring my friend, Mr. Nathan. She wants an engagement to sing; and you asked me, if you remember, only last week, if I knew any one who could sing well, so I—"

"Yes, all right," Nathan interrupted.

He stared at Francesca, who stared back.

He reminded her vaguely of De Vlan, her sister-in-law's Eurasian would-be admirer. She had keen intuition; she realized at once that Nathan's usual mode of treatment was belittlement, and from that she judged her man.

She had seen De Vlan come to heel like a poodle, even if he were in a violent temper, when Phrynette had roused herself and met his outbursts of swearing with a certain gay impudence.

"Well," Nathan said, "I haven't much time. You'd better get on with what you can do, Miss—er—what? Trent? I suppose Miss Melton 'll will play for you.

Without asking permission, he cut a cigar and lit it. Frankie made a grimace at him behind his back and signed to Millie to begin.

She sang better than she had done the previous evening. For one thing, the room was much larger and it was not full of smoke and the smell of supper. When she had finished she turned and said calmly to Nathan:

"Well, what d'you thing of it?"

He faced her, looking rather astonished.

"I've heard better," he said laconically.

"And I bet you've heard worse," Frankie flashed back in her attractive voice. She suddenly noticed that his cigar had gone out. "Anyway," she went on recklessly, "you forgot to smoke while I was singing."

"You seem to notice things, Miss Trent," he said, still smiling at her.

She smiled back—a radiant smile of youth and excitement.

"You know I can sing," she said. "Won't you give me a trial?"

"Because you can sing here doesn't prove you can sing in a huge music-hall," Nathan said abruptly, his business instinct blotting out his amusement.

"Try me."

He consulted a tiny note book. "All right. You can come to-morrow at ten-fifteen to the Royal Casino. It's practice day and you can sing to the orcestra."

Frankie looked back at the door and saw him watching her. She made him a little half-impudent, half-graceful reverence.

"Decently bred and a spice of devil," he said aloud, settling his immaculate tie at a large mirror.

CHAPTER IX.

Into the Night.

Sheer blind terror, which made her feel sick and ill and cold, seized Frankie as she waited for her turn at the Casino. There were no lights today, no sense of excitement and quick life; only a bored-looking orchestra and a row of people nearly all as nervous as herself.

"Go on," an irritable young man said, coming up to her, 'and be quick. We don't want to be kept here all day."

She walked with shaking limbs onto the huge stage It was now or never; she had a marvelous chance in so little time that it seemed almost incredible; and it was up to her to take it or go under.

A half-formed prayer floated in her mind, something like, "Please God, mal e me succeed, only make me." A blur of faces in the stalls arrested her eyes. Nathan was there.

"Now, then," the conductor's voice said sharply.

She opened her mouth; no sound came forth, her throat was swelling, her eyes filling with tears, she bit her lips till the under one was hurt violently.

"I will," she said, and began again.

Her voice trembled, rose, grew clear. It was a wonderful voice, really—a God-given voice which, despite youth and no training, was yet beautiful and appealing. The conductor, at a sign from Nathan, repeated the chorus and she sang it again.

She stood for one instant, when she had finished, staring in front of her; then, conscious that some one was calling her, walked off the stage.

"It's all right; you've done it; it was fine," Millie breathed. "Fine. Tubby 'll take you on for a cert."

"Here, where's that new girl?" the fair young man was calling. He espied Frankie was beckoned to her. "Mr. Nathan wants you at once in his office. Here, this way."

Frankie, her heart thudding against her side, found herself alone with Nathan in a round room which seemed full of photographs and big armchairs and luxury.

"Well, Miss Trent," he said, smiling at her, "Mr. Cousens, the conductor, thinks that you'll do, and so do I. I'm willing to give you a three months' contract round the London halls, to sing not less than three songs a night.

"You'll be billed as fifteen—you don't look any more—you can wear your hair down and a big bow and a short frock. As to salary, I propose"—he eyed her keenly—"thirty shillings a week to start with and an increase of one pound at the end of the time if you prove yourself worthy of it.

"It's a great risk for us," he added. "You're entirely unknown, and, although you can sing, you may not prove a draw with the public. Just sign this, will you?"

He pushed a printed paper across to her; with hands trembling with joy she signed it.

"You'd better come to-morrow to Mr. Cousen's flat—bring Miss Melton if you like—and he can choose your songs for you."

"Oh," said Frankie, "I want to thank you; I can't tell you how grateful I am. I—you see. I'm all alone; and I was so terrified I'd never, never get a chance, and now—"

Nathan looked at her, a curious smile round his lips.

"That's all right," he said—"quite all right. Good evening, Miss Trent."

Frankie almost danced in the tube on the way home. Success, fame, wealth, all were coming to her. Mrs. Baggs was jubilant; Danvers full of his share in the great chance. He was openly in love with Francesca now, and told her so upon every available opportunity.

Francesca was too busy getting the frock and practising hard to worry much about him. She was to begin on the 15th at the Casino. Millie Melton was on there the same week.

The two had become friends; they went together to rehearsals, and frequently on Millie's "off" nights, to other halls where they swaggered in on presentation of Millie's card. On the night of the 15th they went down early to the Casino.

Francesca was rather amazed at her frock, which had been made by the theatrical dressmaker. It was of scarlet chiffon, with a huge black-velvet sash, and there were scarlet silk stockings and satin shoes to go with it. She was to wear her hair done as usual in front and tied in a flapper's "door-knocker" behind.

She looked darkly chic and alluring in her new frock. She refused to make up her face and only allowed Millie to "intense" her eyes. When they were both dressed they had half an hour to wait.

Baila, the fair-haired stage-manager, came into the room. He looked annoyed and uncomfortable.

"Here, I say, Miss Melton," he began, "Mr. Nathan thinks two of you in the program too much. He's sent you a week's salary in lieu of notice; and says he's very sorry, but he's sure you'll understand." Without waiting, he hurried from the room.

Millie stared at the envelope, and as she stared big tears began to roll down her face, making lines upon the grease-paint and powder.

"Oh, Frankie," she sobbed, helplessly.

Frankie's mind leaped to the situation; she had been put in over Millie. She knew her voice was a hundred times better than Millie's. Two scarlet spots flamed up in her face.

Millie had helped her—given her of her best generously—and now she was being used as a weapon to hurt her.

She knelt down beside Millie and put her arms round her tenderly.

"It's all right," she said tenderly; "it's all right, Millie. Don't cry; you look so awful. Quick, make up your face again. I shan't go on; I won't sing. You can take the place, my place and keep it. I'll tell Nathan exactly what I think of him."

The call boy was crying No. 6. It was Frankie's number.

"Go on," Frankie implored, dusting powder over Millie's face, "and don't be a fool. I can look after myself, dear."

She watched Millie go onto the stage and heard the clapping, and then she raced down the stairs to Nathan's room and flung open the door. He stared in amazement at her and realized for the first time how pretty she was.

"Hello!" he said, smilingly.

"I have sent Millie on in my place," Frankie said. "You turned her off because of me, and, as I consider it abominably unfair, I have given up my chance to her."

"D'you mean you've upset the program?" Nathan asked, flushing darkly.

"Yes," said Frankie easily, "I think I have. You deserved it."

"Leave my office, d'you hear."

"I can't very well fail to hear," Frankie said; "you bellow so. I am going. To be entirely truthful, I do not care to stay anywhere near a man so mean as you. Good night."

She was out of the building before he had stopped cursing.

She went from the Strand to the Embankment and leaned upon the stone coping and, with her face hidden in her hands, cried and cried.

(To be continued.)

"The Foolish Lovers"

Now that the civil war in Ireland has penetrated to Belfast and its neighborhood those who are interested in getting a first-hand picture of the people may have some glimpses of them in Mr. St. John Ervine's new book, "The Foolish Lovers." The tale commences in Ballyards, which is a disguise for the neat little town of Newtonards, which has been included in the riot and looting area. The County Down family depicted are faithful types of the people and their language and mode of thought will be promptly recognized by all who are familiar with the country. Johnnie McDermott lives with his mother and two uncles, William and Matthew, who keep a grocer's shop. Matthew is delicate and regarded as being weak in mind as he is in body. His veneration for "the Oul' Queen" leads him into grevious trouble and he becomes an object of compassion to his brother, of vituperation to his sister, and of sympathy and comradeship to his nephew. Johnnie's visits to Belfast, twelve miles off, on Saturdays, are the beginning of his romantic period. He discovers Smithfield. He goes to the Theatre Royal, and sits in the pit, and falls in love with F. R. Benson's Juliet, and then gets a sweetheart of his own in the sudden fashion of seventeen. The book is full of Ulster humor, which is largely unconscious, but frequently rare and dry, and Mr. Ervine's narrative is a delightful one. Ulster is a rich mine for the novelist and Mr. Ervine is making classical progress.

The largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of spark plugs is at Toledo, Ohio. Thirty-five million plugs were produced last year.

A special permit is required for the operation of motor trains consisting of tractors and trailers not exceeding 100 feet in total length, between 8 p.m. and 5 a.m. in Milwaukee, Wis.

How Newspaper Advertising Helped Win the Great War.

The story of some of the accomplishments of daily newspaper advertising in war work is told interestingly in a handsome booklet, which may be obtained from any one of the offices of A. McKim, Limited, of Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton or Winnipeg.

While it is not complete in its records of everything accomplished by the advertising columns of the daily newspapers in securing subscriptions to war loans and funds for relief at home and abroad, of energizing the people to war effort and acquainting them with the novel and varied regulations of their lives and habits made necessary by war conditions, it deals with all such campaigns handled by the McKim agency, which was a great majority of the whole.

"The Force That Makes Ideas Live" is the title of this thesis, and the author therein has conceived a new and dignified status for all advertising. While the propaganda advertising with which the booklet deals is comparatively new, all advertising is propaganda either of a product or of ideas, and behind every product is an idea. The thought of advertising as a propagator of ideas gives it a new dignity and a new dignity to the humblest product of which it promotes the sale.

The booklet declares that the newspaper press is the greatest agency for moulding public opinion, and that in the advertising columns the story can be presented uniformly, when and wherever desired all over the country, and can be reiterated and repeated till the impression is scure.

When one recalls the educational work and influence of just a few "propaganda campaigns" such as "Made in Canada", "Belgian Relief", "Canadian Patriotic Fund", "Thrift and Increased Production", "The Military Service Act", "Raising of $1,000,000 for the Navy League of Ontario", etc., one can well appreciate that a new era has dawned in the use of advertising—"a great opportunity for commercial, public-spirited and governmental bodies to render constructive educational service."

The History of a Name

ARMSTRONG.

Variation—Armstrong.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A nickname.

The family name of Armstrong, of course, is most celebrated and widespread as a result of having been borne for centuries by one of the most influential clans of the Scottish lowlands. But it is by no means borne only by Scots, and it is a product of the English, not the Gaelic tongue.

The name appears to have sprung up independently in many localities, being a sobriquet or nickname of the type denoting a physical characteristic. Such nicknames were quite common in medieval England. Its meaning, of course, is exactly what is seems, "strong arm." One variation of it which virtually has become obsolete and is very rarely met with in Canada is "Strongitharm."

There is no doubt that in the cases of a number of families the name is simply the Anglicized equivalent of the Norman-French "Brazde-fer" or "Bras-de-fer" ("arm of iron") adopted at the period when the Anglo-Saxon influence reasserted itself throughout England.

There is a legend that the name of the founder of the Armstrong border clan was named Fairbairn, but that a Scottish king conferred the former name on him for his feat in aiding the monarch to mount his horse, burdened with heavy armor as he was, when his former steed had been killed under him in battle, a legend born out of the crest, which shows an armored arm, with the hand grasping an armored leg, evidently meant to illustrate the act mentioned.

The Shutter Test

A story from the Levant is not supposed to have authority, but one of the latest from that unreliable quarter seems to leave sufficient basis for acceptance. It is to be effect that the iron rolling shutters used in the shops there have led to more riots, massacres and pogroms than any political cause. The shutters make a noise like a machine gun when slammed down in their slats, and they are slammed down every time a merchant hears a rumor of danger and fears a raid. As soon as one man bangs his shutters down his neighbors do the same, not stopping to enquire, and the noise spreads over the town like the sound of a battle. The public hears the noise and mobs are organized with the usual result. Shutters or the absence of them are the decided test of civilization. One Geoghegan was the last man in Chicago to put shutters on his store on Fifth avenue, about 35 years ago, and it used to be pointed out to visitors. Wherever disturbances are common, as in Irish towns, shutters are evidence to the traveler of what is to be expected. When a population advances to the level of being able to control its animosities, and to keep its hands from picking and stealing the unguarded windows of the shops and stores indicate this commendable stage of public morality. Fortunately there are but few shutters in Canada.

FARMER TAKES CHANCES

One day of unusual heat at the critical time may reduce the yield of an oat field 25 per cent.

A few hours of rain can half ruin a crop of wheat.

Potato yield may be reduced from 25 to 50 per cent. by a short dry spell.

One cold rain can ruin an apple crop.

One hot muggy day may entirely spoil a crop of beans.

And to these features must be added the fact that countless insects are at constant war with the farmer.