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Pointers on Silo Filling.

Packing Silage Is Like Handling Money---Put It Away Right and It Will Stay Right.

BY GEORGE H. BURBANK.

If it were not a farmer who invented the saying that life is "just one thing after another," it is not because farm life does not fill the description. And right here let it be said that one of the things that comes first on the schedule is none other than filling the silo. There are so many tricks to the process and so many odds and ends to keep in mind when tackling the job, that every now and then even the expert is wont to admit he does not know it all. As an aid, then, to the farmer who owns silo-filling machinery as well as the silo, the following suggestions are offered. A good place for them is the scrap-book.

One of the first essentials is to plan and then plan some more for the important job of cutting, filling and packing away enough feed for many months to come. The farmer who is no longer dependent on the roving community fillers has to figure out his line of procedure. He must consider his help, his equipment and make measurement for placing cutter and power.

A good foundation should be picked out for the machine and the blow pipe or carrier should be erected in as vertical a position as possible, to avoid unnecessary length and friction. Grooves should be made for the wheels of the machine. The apparatus should be fastened securely with stakes and set on the level.

Corn stalks contain approximately 35 per cent. of the nutritive value of the entire plant. When the corn is fairly well matured it has the greatest amount of this food material and then is the time to get busy. In determining this stage it is well to observe the denting of the corn, the drying of the lower leaves or some of the outside husks. The corn is best matured for putting in shocks in the early dent stage. If it is apparent that the corn is too mature, water should be added at the blower by means of a hose, using from one-half to one barrel per load, the dryness of the fodder determining this proposition. If fattening of stock rather than milk production is the desired thing, the corn must be mature, and in those sections where a late crop will not mature it is best to plant an early variety of field corn.

A thing of prime importance is to cut the fodder clean and fine. By fine is meant one-half an inch or less, but it is best to cut one-quarter inch if the corn is very mature, the finer cutting lessening the amount of water required and insuring better keeping qualities. As silage is preserved by the "pickling" or fermentation, the process setting in which the juices are liberated, it may be seen that fine cutting is a big advantage. It sets free more juice, aside from the fact that it makes better packing. Exclusion of all air is necessary to good fermentation, and slipshod or improper packing may produce small air pockets to interfere with the curing and cause spoiled silage. With cutter bar and knives well sharpened and adjusted any cutter will do a good job.

The quality of the ensilage and the capacity of the silo depend on how well the packing is done. Packing is more than one-half of the game. The use of a jointed distributor is recommended, for with this all parts of the stalk will be packed together and one man in the silo can be put to other work. A distributor will be paid for in one season by the cut down in labor. Tramping of the edge next to the wall should receive special attention. The wall must be smooth—a small block tacked on the wall may relieve weight and pressure and thereby spoil several bushels of ensilage. With the filling advancing toward the top, more attention should be given to packing and perhaps extra help pressed into service.

The preservation of all the corn in the silo is difficult. At the top a few inches, as a rule, will spoil, but this can be reduced to a certain extent by placing some very green fodder at that point. Sunflowers, hay or weeds may also be used.

No point in handling the cutter is more important than the pulley size. Tractor manufacturers have not set a standard of belt travel, and as a result a pulley that might serve with one tractor will be wrong for use in connection with another. Suppose a farmer has a cutter just right for the size of his tractor, but that the size and speed of his tractor belt pulley are such as to drive the cutter too fast. If he were to operate the machine in this way he would find that owing to the increased capacity resulting from the excessive speed of the cutter, his tractor would not work at full power. The speed of the tractor would be cut down and the whole outfit reduced in efficiency, and the chances are the blower would clog.

There is a very simple formula for determining the required size of the cutter pulley. Multiply the number of revolutions of the tractor crank shaft by the number of inches in diameter of the drive pulley on the tractor; and that number divided by the number of revolutions that the cutter is to be driven. The result would be the diameter of the pulley required on the silo at the point where it takes the power from the tractor

Long belts are better than short ones wherever possible, the heavier weight of the belting offsetting the danger of slipping. A short belt is better, however, where the power is light, as it requires extra power to handle a very long belt.

With the cutter set on a level and as close to the silo as possible, it is ready for starting. But just before the start a few minutes of inspection may make a world of difference. The operator should make sure that all bearings are well oiled, that all bolts are tight, particularly those holding the cutter bar and knives. In the knife adjustment the knives should barely touch the cutter bar steel as they pass them. Having made certain of these things, the operator should run the cutter slowly and then look over the important parts again. After that the feeding may start, doing this slowly until everything is running smoothly.

Many a machine has broken down because of overcrowding. Uneven feeding or overcrowding throws a strain on the entire cutter. Aside from easing the cutter, even feeding makes for better and cleaner cutting.

Improve the Home So That Daughters May Stay on the Farm.

Why girls leave the farm home is a subject that has been investigated lately by the United States Department of Agriculture. As girls and women and farm home conditions are largely the same on either side of the boundary the findings on the subject will doubtless have as much interest in Canadian as in United States homes.

More than half of the women interviewed, says the government report, although classed by the census office with having "no occupation," are up and at work by 5 o'clock in the morning. The working day of the average woman is 11.3 hours the year round, and in summer it is 13.12 hours. And 87 out of each 100 women have no regular vacation in the year.

No Help for the Women.

Five additional men are required for at least six weeks in the year on 30 per cent. of 6,083 farms reporting, but only 14 per cent. of the women included in the survey reported hired help and that only for about three and a half months each year. Yet 94 per cent of the women made part or all of the family bread, 60 per cent. churned their own butter; in 96 cases out of 100 they did the family washing, 43 per cent. having no washing machines and only 32 per cent. having running water in their homes; 92 per cent. did all the family sewing, and otherwise looked atfer their families, the average numbering five persons, and their homes, meaning in the majority of cases a 7-room house.

In addition, 24 per cent. of the women assist in the field work, 25 per cent. help to feed and bed the livestock, 36 per cent. assist in the milking, 8,000 include milk pails in their dish washing and 5,703 wash the separators. Eighty-one per cent attend to the poultry, meaning on an average 90 hens, and 56 per cent. spend part of their time weeding, hoeing and tending the vegetable and flower gardens.

These tasks accomplished, the farm woman has nothing else to do and may devote herself to such social diversions as are possible at an average distance of 5.9 miles to the nearest high school, 2.9 miles to the nearest church, and 4.8 miles to the nearest market, and to the care of her children, if she has any.

Far From Medical Help.

Significant in this connection are the figures showing that the average farm home is more than five and one-half miles from the family doctor, twelve from a trained nurse, and fourteen from a hospital.

"This means," commented Miss Florence E. Ward, in charge of the department's extension work with women, "that even though the farm nome be provided with a motor car and a telephone (62 per cent. have motor cars and 72 per cent. have telephones) the farm family may be obliged to act unaided in case of sickness, child birth or serious accident."

What this means to farm mothers is indicated by the recently published reports of special field agents of the children's bureau on maternal and infant welfare in rural areas in widely separated states.

"Scarcely a mother in any of the rural areas studied had prenatal care measuring up to an accepted standard of adequacy, and more than three-fourths had no medical supervision or advice," stated Miss Julia Lathrop of Chicago, chief of the children's bureau, in her annual report to congress.

Menace to Rural Life.

"The waste of woman power is one of the greatest menaces to the rural life of the nation," according to deductions drawn by the specialists of the department from a study of the survey. "Although compared with even ten years ago the returns show a change for the better, the burden is still far greater than the strength of the average woman can long endure."

What is to be done about it? The department suggests some definite things. The real task is to convince the man of the family that the farmhouse should be as well equipped as the up-to-date barn.

"The farmer," comments Miss Ward, "usually considers modern farm equipment as so much currency with which to buy efficiency. Of the total number answering the question, 48 per cent. reported power for operating farm machinery. When we consider that it is a simple matter to connect the engine used at the farm with household equipment, it seems a singular fact that but 22 per cent. of the farm homes reporting have this advantage. Power for such frequently recurring tasks as churning and using the washing machine would greately relieve the farm woman.

"Running water is the pivot upon which such modern conveniences depends. Of those reporting, only 32 per cent. of the homes have running water, 48 per cent. have water in the kitchens only. In 61 per cent. of the homes into which water must be carried this work is done by women."

Bathrooms for 20 Per Cent.

Of 6,784 women answering the question, only 20 per cent. had bathrooms in their homes.

"The loss to family and community by the waste of women's energy here described could be prevented by a reasonable aomunt of planning and well directed investment in modern equipment," concludes the department's report. "There is much talk nowadays of the economic importance of a contented rural population, willing to stay on the land and help build it up. Perhaps the greatest factor in bringing this about will be the healthy, alert and expert homemaker, who will see to it that a part of the increased income from the farm is directed toward the improvement of the home as a means of contentment and stimuli for farm work.

"Economists of our country, seeing the steady migration cityward, recognizing the dearth of farm labor as a limiting factor in production and connecting this with the isolation and inconvenience of rural living conditions, are pointing out that where these exist it is doubtful business policy to use increased incomes to buy more land with heavy interest charges against it rather than to spend part of income in raising standards of living so that farm women may find contentment in comfortable, efficient homes, and young people will not necessarily go to the cities in search of attractive living conditions and amusement."

BETTER LIVESTOCK.

It is interesting to note the regularity with which milk and butter fat production records are shattered. First it is one breed of cow, then another that hangs up a new record for her kind.

This denotes only one thing—that dairy farmers are improving their herds. Sires bring new high prices right along and got to all parts of the country. In this way the scrub cows are going into the discard where they belong. The cost of producing milk is a great deal more now than it was a few years ago. Successful dairymen are installing accounting systems by which they know to a fraction of a cent what it costs to produce a hundredweight of milk.

Better livestock need better homes. They cannot produce the quantity or quality of milk of which they are capable unless they are housed in winter in warm, well-ventilated barns. The feed a cold cow consumes goes to keep her warm instead of making milk.

VOLUNTARY PRISONER.

"Uncle Bill Edwards," a wealthy Texan, is voluntarily doing penance in prison for a murder years ago. He was sentenced to serve 36 years. Twice, during the eleven years he has been in prison, he has been offered a pardon, but has refused it. In each instance Edwards declared he wanted to remain in prison until he had, in a measure at least, suffered for the crime he committed.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

The half hour ended, Mrs. Baggs's warning cry of "Now then, Mr. Danvers, no disobedience to doctor's orders," reached them from the bottom of the stairs.

Danvers rose. "Good night," Frankie," he said.

She beckoned to him.

He bent down, and she put up her hands and drew his head closer and kissed him once, very gently.

Faintness seized Danvers again.

"Sure—sure you really realize what you're doing?" he whispered, his face bent to hers.

Frankie began to laugh, a little bubbly laugh that was real amusement.

She stopped quite quickly and looked at Danvers.

"Sure," she said, "and good night, you dear."

CHAPTER XI.

At the Theatrical Agency.

Three weeks later Frankie resolutely set forth in search of work.

She had paid the doctor's bill, despite his protestations, and she also paid Mrs. Baggs, who wept, and hoarded up one pound per week in a stocking, which riches was to be sent, later on, in ananymous postal orders back to Frankie.

But Frankie was far from any thought of real necessity.

She would seek work till she found it. She was convinced in her blessed youth that one verse in the Scriptures had been specially written with regard to those out of employment, and she therefore took the Tube to Trafalgar Square with every sense of expectant hope.

In a back street off the Strand she found the agency she sought. She went up the dirty, wooden stairs to the second landing, where Mr. Anstruther, an agent of immense power, according to his advertisement, had his dwelling.

The dwelling was visible by a glass door, the glass frosted and bearing the words painted on it, "Theatrical Agency. Apply door 3."

Frankie saw door 3. It was half open, and two girls were visible, much painted and more powdered, with hats pulled down on to their necks, and with decolletee blouses, despite the cold.

Frankie went into the room. It was very small, and a youth with much curled hair and sharp, black eyes sat on a chair, and was pushing himself backward and forward by means of a foot balanced against the leg of a dirty table covered with papers and a typewriter.

He stared at Frankie without removing from his mouth the straw he was chewing. The girls stared too, and nudged one another and giggled.

"Good afternoon," Frankie said clearly, her face burning, but her courage rising. "Are you Mr. Anstruther?"

The girls laughed loudly, and the youth, with an "Oh, my golly," rolled in his chair with mirth.

"Or are you an idiot?" Frankie pursued sharply. The youth brought the chair to the ground with a bang.

"May I ask if this delicately ribald question is meant for me?" she said, giving a loud sniff.

Frankie faced him.

"Your behavior was so remarkable, you see," she said. "I suppose you are a clerk, or something. In that case please tell Mr. Anstruther that Miss Trent wishes to see him."

"Sure you wouldn't care for me to ring up Buckingham Palace and tell George you'll wait for him here?" the youth suggested earnestly.

The girls shrieked again.

Frankie turned and walked straight from the room and into the door marked "Private."

She saw two men and a girl drinking together at the window. The room was full of smoke and scent, and on a writing table a pile of gold was placed. The little group at the window all turned.

"Which of you is Mr. Anstruther, please?" Frankie asked.

"Well, I'm not, me dear, you can take it from me," the big woman answered with a laugh, catching up a big fur and throwing it over her shoulders, and Bert Lupe is generally pretty well known;"

She turned to a thin, big man with the bald head and the eye-glass and said affectionately:

"Well, so long, Andy, if you keep yourself as you keep me going we sha'n't meet in the house yet."

"By-by, Cissie," the man said, "and if the Ross Company try to do you down, let me sue 'em for you."

The pale youth, who had apparently come with the fair lady, went out with her. Frankie and the big man were left alone.

"And how the deuce did you get in here, my dear?" he asked.

"Because you keep a tame idiot in that room next door," Frankie responded promptly.

Anstruther stared at her and said in a different voice, "What have you come to me about? Do you dance, sing, act? What is your name?"

"Francesca Trent."

"Frances—you don't mean you are the girl who turned Tubby Nathan down?"

"Mr. Nathan didn't play the game," Frankie said.

"And you kindly told him so? You must be a good hand at carpentering, I should say, my dear; put any more nails in your own coffin since then?"

Frankie sighed wearily. The driveling form of chaff which this sort of man seemed always to use was wholly incomprehensible to her.

"Do you get engagements for people to sing?" she asked civilly.

"Not for young ladies who fly off and nearly upset an evening's show," he said. "Nathan's posted you pretty well, I don't think."

"Do you mean that Mr. Nathan has forbidden people to engage me?" Frankie demanded.

Anstruther winked broadly.

"You've hit it first round," he said.

"But he doesn't control all the halls," Frankie said, striving to collect her scattered thoughts.

"Only the biggest," Anstruther said, taking out a toothpick.

"Do you mean," Frankie asked again, "that you can't get me an engagement anywhere?"

"Can you pay the fee?"

"What is it?"

"Two guineas."

Frankie nodded, she had exactly four pounds and a shilling with her.

"Yes, but will you get me an engagement for sure, Mr. Anstruther?"

"Let's hear what you can do," he said, rising and going to a piano in one corner of the room.

It was merely a form. If Frankie had not an idea of music he meant to pocket two guineas and promise impossible things. Fools are nearly as necessary to the world as geniuses

"What'll you sing, Miss Trent?" He flicked over a pile of songs.

Frankie, standing beside him, saw "The Rosary," and on the spur of the moment pointed to it and said. "That one, please."

Anstruther played over the first verse, waited, and began again.

Frankie opened her lips, a husky, yet strident sound came from them.

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart," the words sounded as though some street singer were debasing them. Frankie stopped and gazed with blind terror at Anstruther.

He burst out laughing.

(Continued Next Week.)

ENGLAND'S CHEAP BREAD

In spite of the new price—which ranges about 1s. (24 cents) a four-pound loaf—bread in England is cheaper than anywhere in Europe, and save for Australia, it is probably the cheapest in the world, an official of the Food Ministry told a Labor conference in London during the course of a speech marked by many cries of angry dissent.

ELEPHANT HOLD UP.

A story is being circulated of an elephant who held up a train. He was traveling with a circus and had been put into a car adjoining the tender. The big brute, when the train stopped at a station, filled his trunk with water from the tank, and drove driver and fireman off the cab, and incidentally put out the fire in the engine. A man on the platform was enjoying the joke till the elephant turned his hose on him, knocked him off the platform, and bowled him down an embankment. The elephant remained monarch of all he surveyed till the tank was empty. Then they relit the fire and made another start.

After 30 years' waiting, Miss Harris Smith, debarred from the Institute of Chartered Accounts because of her sex, has been admitted and becomes the first and only woman chartered accountant in the British empire.

A Little of Everything

HOW SHELLAC IS MADE

Shellac is the product of a tiny insect which infests certain trees in the East Indies. The term lac is the same as the Hindu numeral lac—a hundred thousand—and indicates the countless myriads of insects which make their appearance each spring on the young, tender shoots of the infested trees. These feed upon the sap in the bark, and after passing it through their bodies exude it in the form of a crimson-colored resin, which in course of time hardens into a tiny semi-transparent cocoon or shell.

It is these cocoons which, after being melted in boiling water and poured out on a cold surface, constitute the shellac of commerce.

Shellac has many uses. Sealing wax is practically all shellac. It is the principal ingredient in most varnishes. Hat manufacturers cannot make hats without it, a shellac solution being essential for the stiffering process. Photographers find it absolutely necesssary in their business, a similar solution entering into the composition of all films, while it is, of course, the main essential in all kinds of lacquer work. In fact, there is hardly any substance that is so generally used in so many widely-different trades and manufactures.

Nor has any real substitute for it ever been found. Yet but for the fact of a tiny insect desiring to keep itself warm and comfortable the world would have none of it.

TESTING YOUR HEARING.

Many persons suffer from deafness without actually being aware of it. A specialist in diseases of the ear describes the following tests which every one who values the powers of hearing clearly should apply to himself.

The man with normal hearing can distinguish in a quiet room the ticking of a watch held in the hand by another person five feet away. Can you?

A man with normal hearing can hear distinctly every word of a conversation being carried on 70 feet away. Can you?

Again, if you are sitting in a concert room, a theatre or a church, do you, when listening to the words of the speaker, lean forward in your seat in order to hear more clearly? If you do, it is a sign that your hearing is less normal than that of the rest of the audience; and the same applies, of course, to others who find it difficult to catch the words when sitting in a natural position.

If you are talking to a person in the street you may find yourself listening acutely for every word he may utter. Such a practice may have become a habit with you; it shows, at any rate, that your hearing is not what it ought to be. If your hearing is not normal, you should consult your doctor at once.

WHY SALT IS NECESSARY TO FOOD

Practically everybody thinks salt is only used to give food a pleasant flavor, when from a physical standpoint it is most important part of the diet. Where salt is scarce it is considered one of the greatest luxuries and probably no one article is in more universal use, unless it be water. You pick up the salt shaker and sprinkle your food with it, not once thinking of its wonderful qualities, where it comes from or how it is prepared for your use.

Salt is sometimes found in an almost pure state, but as a general rule it is mixed with other things that must be removed before it is suitable for table use. However, there are some salt mines where the only thing necessary for its preparation is to pulverize it.

Salt is found in large quantities in sea water, but this kind has never been used for the table, as the purer forms are so much more available. Rock salt is the purest form of salt, and the greatest deposit of this kind is in Russian Poland, where one bed alone is known to be 500 miles in length, 20 miles wide and about 1200 feet thick. In many of these European salt mines the men working there never come to the surface, as they would lose so much time. As a result some of them have been known to spend their entire lives down in the bowels of the earth with their four walls of nothing but salt, salt, salt. In one of these mines there is a church sculptured entirely from salt.

Probably you do not know that your blood contains about the same proportion of salt as the water of the ocean does normally. For that reason whenever you put an excessive amount of salt in any of your food very soon afterward you feel a craving for water. This is because your system calls for water or liquid of some kind to counteract the oversupply of salt you have absorbed.

COLLECTED 15 YEARS' PAY

A man who spoke with a pronounced Swedish accent appeared recently at the U. S. income tax office in St. Louis and exhibited two new leather cases which contained $9,000 in travelers' checks. He said that he had just had his only pay day in fifteen years and had heard that an income tax was due. It appears that during the fifteen years he was employed on a ranch in Washington under an agreement with his employer for wages plus board and clothes. During the fifteen years "he went to town" only twice a year and drew no money, he said, because his employer had bought everything for him. When last month he decided to go to South America to become a rancher in his own name his employer accompanied him to town and bought the checks for him. He was told that no tax was due from him.

The first man who made a name as a dressmaker was Rhomberg, the son of a Bavarian peasant. He established himself in Paris about 1730 and owed his rapid success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure.